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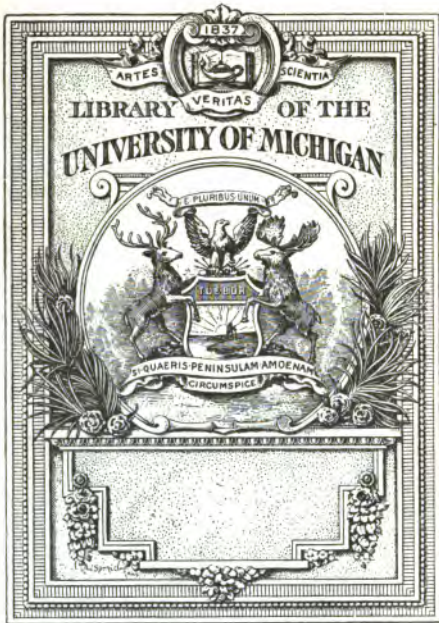
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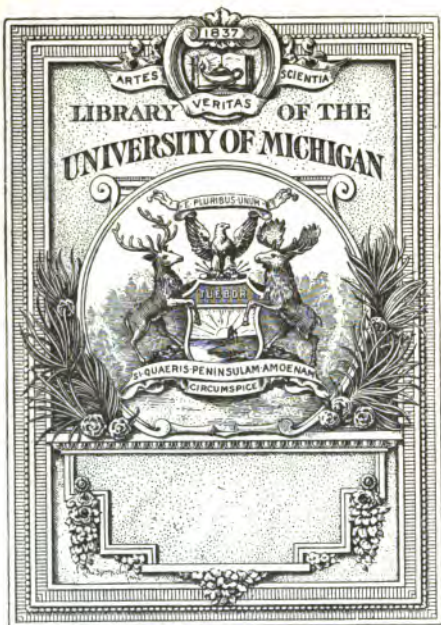
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DOUGLAS JERROLD'S  
SHILLING MAGAZINE.



DOUGLAS JERROLD'S



SHILLING MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

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BY JOHN LEECH.

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DOUGLAS JERROLD'S  
SHILLING MAGAZINE.

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THE HISTORY OF ST. GILES AND ST. JAMES.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

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CHAPTER XXII.

JINGO was born for greatness. He had in his character the great element of a great general—a great statesman ; marvellous self-possession. Meaner boys would have been in a flutter of impatience ; not so with the pupil of Tom Blast. Hence, he sat under the bed, with critical ear, listening to the hard breathing of the drunken man, who soon began to snore with such discordant vehemence that Jingo feared the sleeper might awaken his bottle friend, Mr. Folder. Jingo knew it not ; but his testimony would have been very valuable to Mrs. Tangle ; for the snoring of her husband was one of the disquietudes of that all-suffering woman ; the rather, too, that the man constantly denied his tendency to the habit. He never snored. Of course not ; nobody ever does. Now Jingo might have been a valuable witness on the side of Mrs. Tangle, who could never succeed, talk as she would, in impressing her husband with a sense of his infirmity. On the contrary, her accusation was wont to be repelled as a gross slander ; an imputation unworthy of a wife and a woman. It is bad enough to endure an evil, but to have the nuisance treated as a malicious fiction, makes it intolerable. And Mrs. Tangle felt it so. Of this, however, by the way. Return we to Jingo.

With knowing delicate ear, the child continued to listen to the stertorous agent. At length, the boy crept from beneath the bed, and treading lightly as a fairy at a bridal couch, he made his way to the window. Now, had anybody attempted to open it for any

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\* Continued from p. 500, Vol. II.

honest purpose—had Molly, the maid, for instance, sought to raise it merely to give her opinion of the moon and the night to any rustic astronomer below—it is very certain, that the window would have stuck, and jarred, and rattled; it was too old and crazy to be made a comfortable confidant in any such foolish business. Ten to one, but it had waked the mistress of the Olive Branch, who would inevitably have nudged the master. And now a robbery was to be done—a most tremendous robbery—perhaps, to be further solemnised by homicide—for who should say that the Parcæ who wove the red tape of the life of Tangle, attorney-at-law, were not about to snip it?—who shall say that so awful a crisis did not at that moment impend—and yet silently went the window up; easily, smoothly, as though greased by some witch; smeared with fat “from murderer’s gibbet.” It is a pity that the devil makes evil so very easy to the meanest understanding.

Two or three minutes passed, not more, and Tom Blast thrust his head and one of his legs into the chamber. There was a grim smile upon his face—a murderous simper at his mouth—a brassy brightness in his eyes, that showed him to be upon a labour of love. No soldier ever scaled a wall, to receive, it may be, a bullet or a bayonet, with the after-leaf of laurel that the Gazette punctually lets fall upon his grave—no hero, we say, his nerves strung with shouts, his heart beating to the beating drums, his blood boiling at slaughter heat, his whole soul breathing fire and gunpowder, and all to gloriously slay and sack, and burn,—no such adventurous plumed biped ever looked more grimly beautiful than did that low-thoughted burglar, that leprous-minded thief. Strange and mournful this to think of! For what was there good or noble to make *his* muscles iron? What holy flame of patriotism raged in his heart, refining its grossness—what laurel could he hope for, wet with a nation’s tears, nations always weeping when the private soldier falls? He had none of these exalting elements to sublimate him, for a time, into an immortal imp of glory. His motive was gold; brutalising gold! His enemy, if he came to close quarters, a weak, wine-soddened old man. His fate, if he should fail, no laurel wreath, but suffocating rope. And yet, we say, the conceit of poor humanity! We feel humbled for our nature, but we must declare the truth. Well, then, Thomas Blast, prepared for robbery, and it might be, bloodshed, looked as horribly animated—as ferociously happy—as though he had mounted

some Indian rampart, graciously commissioned to slay man, woman, and child, to pillage and to burn, and all for glory—all for the everlasting fame—of who shall count how many years, or months, or days! How very different the picture—the fates of the two men! And then, again, there is no Old Bailey (at least in this world) for the mighty men of the bully burglar, Mars!

Whilst writing this piece of villany as, should it strangely enough find its way into any barrack, it will be called, we have not kept Tom Blast astride upon the window-sill. Oh no! he has business to perform—hard, worldly business, as he deems it—and he has entered the chamber; and with much composure—a placidity which it has been seen he has transmitted to his son—he gazes at the sleeping, hard-breathing Tangle. Mr. Blast was not a man, in any way, above his profession. He never neglected, however petty they might be, any of the details of his art. This feeling of precision was, we have no doubt, born with him; and long custom had brought the principle, or whatever it was, as near to perfection as may be allowed to any achievement of fallible humanity. Had destiny put Blast in the respectable position of the attorney in the bed, sure we are, it would have been the same with him. Certain we are he would have been as particular with his inkhorn, his pen, his parchment, his ferret,—as he now was with his equipments of dark lantern, crowbar, and rope.

For some moments, Blast, by the aid of his lantern, looked meditatively upon Tangle. Possibly he felt such a deep sense of security that he liked to dally with his subject—to coquet with robbery—to gently sport with sin, to give it a sweeter flavour. For this is a trick of humanity: in evidence of which, we could and we would quote rosy examples: but no; we will not treat the reader—in this history we have never yet done so—as though his bosom was stuffed, doll-like, with bran: we believe that he has a heart beating in it, and to that interpreter, we write, as we should say, many things in short-hand: sometimes we may lose by it; nevertheless, we disdain to spell every passion with its every letter.

“He’d never be stole for his beauty, would he, Jingo?” asked Blast, in a loud whisper, blandly smiling.

“And whatever beauty he has, he shuts it up when he goes to sleep,” replied the child. “Oh, isn’t he drunk!” the boy added, with considerable zest.

“He is,” said Blast, who still looked contemplative. Then

shading the lantern, to catch the best view of Tangle's face, he continued—"What a horrible pictur! He looks as if he'd come from Indy in a cask of spirits, and was just laid out, afore he was to be buried. Jingo, my boy"—and the paternal hand was gently laid upon the boy's head—"Jingo, your poor father may have his faults, like other men—I can't say he mayn't; no; but he isn't a drunkard, Jingo, else he hadn't got on the little he has in the world—he hadn't, indeed. And so, take warning by what you see—by what you see," and Blast stretching his arm towards the sleeper, said this in a low voice—touchingly, that is, paternally. "And now, Jingo, where's the shiners?" asked the man of business.

The thoughtless reader may deem it strange, unnatural, that a man about to perpetrate gibbet-work should thus coolly delay, and after his own fashion, moralise. But then the reader must ponder on the effect of long habit. In his first battle—though common history says nothing of it—Julius Cæsar, not from cowardice, but from a strange inward perturbation, bled at the nose: similar accidents may have happened to other heroes when they have drawn what with an odd gallantry is called their maiden sword. Still the reader may not yet comprehend the composure of Tom Blast. The more his loss. But then, probably, the reader has never been a housebreaker.

Return we to our colloquy. "Jingo, where's the shiners?"

"There!" said the boy, pointing to the closet: "and see," he whispered, with a proud look, at the time producing Tangle's pistols—"see, I've got his pops!"

This touch of early prudence and sagacity was too much for a father's heart. Tom felt himself melted, as with undisguised tenderness he said, taking an oath to the fact—"Well, you are a bloomer! you are—"

At this moment, Tangle rolled upon his side, gabbling something in his sleep. On the instant, Jingo was at the bed-side, with both his pistols presented at the sleeper's head. The eyes of the little wretch glittered like a snake's—his lips were compressed—his eyebrows knit—his nostrils swelling. At a thought, he looked an imp of murder.

"There's a beauty," said the encouraging Blast, "don't let him wag—if he should"—it was needless for Blast to finish the injunction; a terrible grin, and a nod from Jingo, showed that he clearly understood the paternal wish.



*"The door yielding to the instruments,  
opens with a dull sudden sound" P. 5.*



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"This is the closet, eh?" said Blast, with a very contemptuous look at the frail partition between him and El Dorado. Then Blast took a small crowbar from his pocket; a remarkably neat, portable instrument. For some seconds he stood twirling it in his hand with the composed air of a professor. Had he been a fashionable fiddler, he could not have fondled his alchemic Cremona more tenderly, more lovingly.

One moment he looks at the door. Ha! that was the touch of a master! How it was done, we know not. By what sleight—what dexterity of hand, we cannot guess, but in a few seconds, the door yielding to the instrument, opens with a dull, sudden sound; and Tom Blast surveys Tangle's chest of gold, Blast's son and heir still presenting two pistols at Tangle's drunken head.

At the opening of the door, Jingo looked round and laughed. Before, his eyes were bent upon the sleeping man; and it was plain, from the working of the boy's face, that he was fighting with some horrid thought—some damnable temptation. There was he with death in his two little hands—there was he with a terrible curiosity growing in his features: his lips trembled, and he shifted uneasily on his feet; he breathed hard; he glanced, for an instant, down the muzzle of each pistol. There was the man—sleeping—still alive, though seethed in drink, and looking like death. There he was—the dreaming man with his dreaming murderer. For should the devil—and the boy felt him at his side—should the demon only jog his elbow, crook his finger—and how odd, how strange, how very curious it would be, to see that sleeping face, with a flash, asleep in death; to catch the look—the brief one look, as the soul shot into darkness!

But Tom Blast suddenly burst the door, and the boy laughed and trembled. He thought it very strange—very odd—he could have wept.

"All right," said Tom, "we're lords for life!" He then laid hands upon the box—paused—and looked suddenly blank. Wayward, obstinate Plutus! He would not be lifted—no, in his heavy majesty, he would not be made to budge. Again and again Tom Blast essayed to stir the god—to take him in his loving arms, and, hugging him to his breast, to bear the divinity to some sweet solitude, and make him all his own. Provoking, was it not, that that which added to the treasure, added to the difficulty? Tom could have cursed the patriotism of the voters of Liquorish, that—the immovable box declared it—bore so high a price. He

had no belief that their virtue could have been so very valuable—to themselves. Tom, however, would not be baffled. No; a voice issued from the box, that, like the voice of jeering beauty, at once piqued and animated him. And now he was resolved. His sinews might crack—his Adam's clay might be flawed beneath the load—nevertheless, he would lift it.

“Jingo,” whispered Tom, “don't move a foot. The damned box”—in this way does ungrateful man too often treat his superflux of wealth!—“can't be lowered out of window; 'twould go smash. I'll creep down and unbelt the deer, and then”—Blast had said enough; Jingo nodded his perfect comprehension of his father's plan; and the robber, silently as a shadow creeps along the floor, passed from the room. Jingo was alone—alone, with his murderous toys—for to him they were very playthings—and the sleeping sot. Again, did strange thoughts tingle in that mistaught little brain—again did a devilish spirit of mischief begin to possess him, when his paternal monitor returned, with a lightened, a pleased look.

It was, doubtless, a charming sight—a spectacle hugely enjoyed by the few select spectators—to behold Hercules make his final muscular preparation for the achievement of any one of his labours. The majesty of will—that moral regality of man—must have so beamed and flashed around his brows, that even the gods may have looked from the windows of heaven, pleased with a royalty that seemed a shadow of their own. And so be of good heart ye many sons of Hercules, fighting, wrestling with the monsters of adverse fate—be of good faith, though you combat in the solitude of a desert; nevertheless, believe it, if ye fight courageously, there are kind looks from heaven always beaming on you!

We incline to the belief that Tom Blast had never heard of Hercules; or if indeed he had, the name was so associated with the Pillars, that if he ever considered the matter at all, he may perchance have thought Hercules some very famous tapster, and that certain London hosteries known as Hercules' Pillars merely eternized his reputation. We forget, too, the name of the antiquary who wrote a very thick book, proving that the pillars set up by Hercules—vulgarly supposed to commemorate his labours—were no other than a very classic public-house, wherein, after his last day's work, he drained his cool tankard. Be this as it may, Blast was in no way strengthened by the thought of the reforming Hercules, when he prepared himself to lift upon his shoulder that

bitter sweet—that “heavy lightness, serious vanity”—that sustaining, crushing weight of gold. Nevertheless, the preparation of Blast was worthy of the best scoundrel hero of the world’s old age and weakness. He looked at the box with flashing resolution—set his teeth—fixed his feet—and put forth his arms, as though he would rest up an oak.

And now shout, ye imps! Scream, ye devilkins,—for it is done! The gold is on the thief’s shoulder! His knees quiver beneath the sudden wealth—his chest labours—his face grows purple as grapes—and the veins in his gibbet brow start thick and black with blood,—yet a proud smile plays about his horse-shoe mouth, and he looks a Newgate hero!

Breathing hard, in hoarse whispers, the robber gives directions to the boy—“Jingo—good fellow—don’t stir—only a minute—only a minute—when I’m clear off—then—you know.” And with this broken counsel, Blast—his strength strained to the utmost, turned to the door—and staggered from the room. Young Jingo’s face darkened, and now he glanced towards the window, to secure himself a retreat, now he listened to catch the progress of his father’s footsteps. To trip—to stumble but an inch—and what a crashing summons to the whole household would result from that fallen heap of gold! Still he listened, and still he felt re-assured! The robber made silent and successful progress. It was a difficult passage—that narrow, crooked staircase; and as the thief accommodated his burthen to its winding way, thoughts of mortality would come into the thief’s brain; for he marvelled how when anybody died—and it was an old, old house—they carried the coffin down that confined, sinuous path. But gold—heart-strengthening gold—is on his shoulders, and he bears up with Atlantean will, the whilst he moves along noiselessly as the hare limps on the greensward. He has crossed the threshold—closed the door behind him,—he is in the wide world, with his fortune on his shoulders. Whither shall he go?

Direct, assist him, ye good geni that, all unseen, favour and strengthen the mere money-maker; the man, who only eats, and drinks, and takes his temperate rest, that he may be keener at a bargain, sharper for profit. How many,—save that their golden burdens are lawful gains, that is, obtained by no gross violation of the statute—are, like Tom Blast, puzzled, confounded, by the very treasure they have toiled for? What a hard, ungrateful weight,—their monstrous wealth! Somehow, with all the blessings.

mingled with it, they cannot extract heart's ease from it. They sweat and toil under the load, when—though they know not how to secure the happiness—they would fain sit themselves down on some green, pleasant spot, and enjoy their long-toiled-for delight. No, it may not be. The spirit—the sole possessing spirit that, day and night, made them subdue all gentler, softer influences, to the one exhausting purpose, wealth—the spirit is still their despot, and rules them as tyrannously when in cloth of gold, as when in frieze. They have worked, sweated for the precious load; and, when obtained, it is hung about with fears. How many have crawled, brute-like, on all-fours through dirty, winding ways to wealth, with the sweet unction at their souls that, arrived at the glorious bourne, they would then walk very erect; would cleanse themselves of the inevitable defilements of the road; would, in sooth, become very sweet men indeed. Well, they have reached the shrine; they have learned the true “Open Sesame!”—they are rich, past all their morning dreams of wealth—but somehow, there is the trick of old habit,—they cannot well stand upright; and their hands have been so dirtied, *feeling their way* to Plutus, it seems to them a foolish task to try to whiten and purify them. This, however, they can do. They can, somehow, blind the world: yes, they can put on very white gloves.

Take from Tom Blast the spot of felony,—and as he staggers onward in darkness and uncertainty, almost crushed with his weight of wealth—knowing not where to find repose—he is no other than your monstrously rich man, who has exchanged his heart at the Mint for coined pieces.

Fatigued, perplexed with rising fears, the robber goes on his unknown way. He strikes wide from the village—goes down lanes—crosses fields. And then he pauses; and casting his load upon the earth, he sits upon it, takes off his hat, and wipes the streaming sweat from his brow, a myriad of unthought of stars looking down upon his felon head.

Yes; he has taken the good resolution. He will henceforth be an honest, respectable man. Let fate be only so kind as to assure him his present spoil, and he will wash his hands of all such work for the rest of his days. He will—he thinks—leave London. Yes; he will discipline his soul to forego the sweet allurements, the magic wiles of that city of Comus. He will go into the country, and be very good to the poor. He will change his name. With such change, he cannot but slough much of the bad reputa-

tion that the prejudice of society has fixed upon him. He will become a country gentleman. He will give away a bullock and blankets at Christmas. He will go regularly to church. Yes; he will show that he can be truly religious; for he will have a pew as fine, if not finer, than any pew he had peeped into yesterday. If fate, for this once—this last time—would only be kind to him! This virtuous determination so befooled the felon, that he felt his heart opened; felt all his nature softened to receive the best and kindest impressions. Though, in his various crooked ways, Tom Blast had gulled many, many men, yet had he never so completely duped any man, as, at that moment, Tom duped Tom. He felt himself mightily comforted. He looked around him—at the hedges—the trees; as though carefully noting their particular whereabouts. He rose blithely, with some new resolution. With renewed strength, he swung the box upon his shoulder, and in a few minutes he had hidden it. He would come back at a proper season—and with proper means—to make the surer of it.

Return we to Tangle's chamber. Oh, innocent sleep! There was the parliamentary agent—the man with the golden key to open the door of St. Stephen's to young St. James—there was he, still in port-wine slumbers—still sunk in the claret sea! Beautiful was the morning! The nimble air frolicked in at the open window—for the mercurial Jingo had not closed it when he departed with Tangle's treasures. The glorious sun rose blushing at the ways of slothful man. The sparrows, tenants of the eaves, flew from distant fields, many a one proving, by the early worm that writhed about its bill, the truthfulness of proverb lore. And still the attorney slept! Sleep on, poor innocence! Thou knowest not the gashes cut in thy pocket; thou knowest not how that is bleeding mortal drops of coined blood; for how much seeming gold is there, that, looked upon aright, is aught other metal? Sleep on.

And Tangle sleeps and dreams. A delicious vision creases and wrinkles his yellow face like folds in parchment. Yes; Tangle dreams. And we know the particular dream, and—sweet is the privilege!—we may and will tell it. Somnus, father of dreams—what a progeny has he to answer for!—did not kindly send to the lawyer a visionary courier to apprise him of his loss; and so to break the affliction to his sleep that, waking, he might perhaps the better endure it. Oh, no! there would have been no sport in that. Contrast is the soul of whim; and Somnus was inclined to a joke with the razor-sharp attorney.

Whereupon, Tangle dreamt that he was on his death-bed—and nevertheless, bed to him had never been so delicious. He knew his hour was come: a smiling angel—all effulgence—on either side—had told him so. And Tangle, calling up a decent look of regret at his wife and children, standing about them, told them to be comforted, as he was going: immediately to heaven. This he knew; and it showed their ignorance to look any doubt of the matter. That chest of gold—the gold once taken to pay the electors of Liqueurish—was, after the manner of dreams, somehow his own property. And therefore, he ordered the chest to be placed on the foot of his bed, and opened. The lid was raised; and oh, what a glory! It was filled to the edge with bright, bright guineas, all bearing the benevolent face—a wonderful likeness, in fact, as every face on gold is, a speaking likeness, for it talks every tongue—of George the Third! When Tangle saw them, he smiled a smile—ay, could we have followed it—to the very roots of his heart. “I am going to heaven,” said he; “I have toiled all my life for that goodly end; I have scraped and scraped those blessed things together, knowing that if I had enough of them to bear my weight, they would carry me straight to Paradise. No, my dear wife, my darling children, think not my brain is wandering; think me not light-headed; for at this solemn time, this awful moment, I only hope to consummate the great object of my life. I have made money in this world, that, by its means, I might make sure of heaven in the next. And they”—and Tangle again pointed to the guineas—“those bright celestials will carry me there!” And now comes the wonderful part of the dream. When Tangle had ceased speaking, every guinea rose, as upon tiny wings, from the box; and, like a swarm of bees, filled the death-chamber with a humming sound. And then gradually every King George the Third face upon the guinea grew and rounded into a cherub head of glittering gold, the wings extending and expanding. And who shall count the number of the cherubim glorifying the chamber with their effulgence, and making it resound with their tremendous music! A short time, and then Tangle dreamt that the cherubim were bearing him from his bed—all lifting, all supporting him, all tending him in his upward flight. And then again he smiled at his worldly wisdom, for he felt that every guinea he had made—no matter how, upon earth—was become an angel, helping him to heaven. And still in his dream—smiling and smiling, he went up—up—up!

Now, if any cavilling reader disputes the authenticity of this dream—if, pushing it aside, he calls it extravagant and ridiculous, we are, without further preparation, ready to prove it a very reasonable and likely dream; a dream that is no other than a visionary embodiment of the waking thoughts of many a man, who hoards and hoards, as though every bit of gold was, as the lawyers have it, seizin of Paradise. When (and it does sometimes happen) a high dignitary of the Church dies with a coffer of some hundred and forty thousand pounds, who shall say that the good man has not hoarded them, in the belief that every pound will serve him as an angel to help him to heaven? He knows he cannot take *them* to bliss; but, with a wisdom unknown to much of the ignorant laity, he evidently believes that they can carry *him* there. Hence even Church avarice, properly considered, may be excellent religion—hence a crawling, caterpillar miser may only crawl to soar the higher—a triumphant Psyche!

And still Tangle, in his dream, was ascending to the stars. Was ever man brought back to this earth with so terrible a shock? Compared with it, a drop from a balloon upon Stonehenge would be a few feet fall upon a feather-bed.

“Hallo! Bless me! My good friend! Well, you have a constitution! Sleep with the window open!”

Such were the exclamations of Mr. Folder, up and arrayed for an early walk. Though by no means unwell from the last night—certainly not, for he was never soberer in his life—he thought he would take a ramble in the fields just to dissipate a little dulness, a slight heaviness he felt; and being of a compassionate nature, he thought he would hold out to Mr. Tangle the advantage of accompanying him. Whereupon, he tried the attorney’s door, and, finding it unlocked, with the pleasant freedom of a friend, he entered the chamber. The opened window struck him with vast astonishment. The election was not over, and Mr. Tangle might catch his death. Again he gave voice to his anxiety. “My dear sir,—Mr. Tangle—the window—”

“Ten thousand cherubs,” said Tangle, still in the clouds,—“ten thousand, and not one less. I knew I had ten thousand; and all good: not a pocket-piece among ’em. Cherubs!”

“Bless my soul!” said Folder, “he’s in some sweet dream; and with the window open. Well, if I could dream at all under such circumstances, I should certainly dream I was in a saw-mill with a saw going through every joint of my body. And, what’s more, I should wake and find it all true. Mr. Tangle!”



With other exclamations—with still more strenuous pulling—Mr. Folder saw that he was about to achieve success. There were undeniable symptoms of Mr. Tangle's gradual return to a consciousness of the £ s. d. of this world. Gradually, cherub by cherub was letting him down easily to this muddy earth. The attorney stretched out his legs like a spider—flung up his arms—and with a tremendous yawn opened his mouth so wide, that Mr. Folder—but he was not a man of high courage—might have seen that attorney's very bowels: Tangle unclosed his stiffly-opening eyelids. It was plain there was a mist—possibly a cloud, as from burnt claret—passing before his orbs: for it was some moments before the face of Mr. Folder loomed through the vapour. At length, Tangle—with every vein in his head beating away as though it would not beat in such fashion much longer; no, it would rather burst—at length Tangle, resolving to be most courageously jolly, laughed and cried out—“Well, what's the matter?”

“Why, my dear friend,” said Folder, “as to-day is a busy day, I thought we could not be too fresh for work: and so, as we were a little late, I may say, too, a little wild last night—”

“Pooh, pooh; not a bit. I never felt better: never, in all my life. I always know when I'm safe, and drink accordingly. Never was yet deceived, sir; never. There's no port in the world I'd trust, like the port you get from the gentlemen of the cloth: they're men above deceit, sir; above deceit.”

“Nevertheless, I do think a walk in the fields—just a turn before breakfast—”

“No,” said Tangle, “turning upon his side, evidently set upon another nap: “no; I like buttercups and daisies, and all that sort of thing—breath of cows, and so forth—but not upon an empty stomach.”

“Well to be sure,” said Folder, “you economize. You get your air and sleep together.”

“What do you mean?” grunted Tangle.

“Why you sleep with your window open, don't you?” asked Folder.

“Never,” replied Tangle.

“No: then who has opened it for you?”

Mr. Tangle raised himself in his bed. We will not put down the oath which, to the astonishment of Folder, he thundered forth, when he saw his casement open to the winds. Suddenly he leapt from the bed; and as suddenly Mr. Folder quitted the chamber.

“Robbery! Murder!” cried Tangle, with amazing lungs.

Now, we have never known this confusion of terms in any way accounted for. True it is, Mr. Tangle saw, as he believed, the clearest evidence of robbery; but there was no drop, no speck of blood, to afford the slightest hint of homicide. Wherefore, then, should he, falling into a common error of humanity, couple murder with theft? Why is it, we ask, that infirm man, suddenly awakened to a loss of pelf, almost always connects with the misfortune, the loss of life? Are purse-strings and heart-strings so inevitably interwoven? We merely let fall this subject for the elucidation of the metaphysician; and so pursue our story.

“Robbery! Murder!” yelled Tangle, dancing in his shirt about the room like a frantic Indian. Mr. Folder, at the door, took up the cry, and in a few minutes landlord and landlady, chambermaid, waiter, and boots, with half-a-dozen tenants of the Olive Branch, were at Tangle’s door. “A minute—only a minute,” cried Tangle, as they were about to enter—“Not dressed yet—the murderous thieves—nearly naked—the scoundrel malefactors—guineas, guineas—gone—gone—where’s my stockings?” Very distressing to a soul of sympathy was the condition of Mr. Tangle. As he hunted about the floor for his scattered articles of dress, his face—he could not help it—was turned towards the empty closet, as though in his despair he thought some good fairy might replace the treasure there, even while he looked.—Thus, looking one way, and seeking his raiment in divers others, he brought his head two or three times in roughest companionship with the bed-post. At length, very sternly rebuked by one of these monitors, he made a desperate effort at tranquillity. He ceased to look towards the closet. Setting his teeth, and breathing like a walrus, he drew on his stockings. He then encased his lower members in their customary covering; and then the turned-out pockets once more smit his bruised soul. He dropt upon the bed, and sent forth one long, deep, piteous groan. “The murderous villains! Even my ’bacco-stopper!” he cried: and then his eyelids quivered; but he repressed the weakness, and did not weep. “Somebody shall swing for this—somebody!” he said; and this sweet, sustaining thought seemed for a time mightily to comfort him. And thus, the attorney continued to dress himself, his hand trembling about every button-hole; whilst the crowd at his chamber-door exchanged sundry speculations as to the mode and extent of the robbery, the landlord loudly exclaiming that nothing of the sort had ever been known in his house: a statement emphatically confirmed by his dutiful wife.

“And now,” cried Tangle, tying the white his neckcloth like a hay-wisp; “and now, ladies and gentlemen, you may come in.” Instantly the chamber was thronged. “Look here—look here,” he said, waving his hand towards the empty closet as a tremendous show—“this is a pretty sight, I think, for a respectable house!”

“What’s the matter, sir?” said the landlord. “Have you lost anything?”

“Lost anything!” exclaimed Tangle; “only a box of gold! Yes—I—I won’t say how many guineas.”

There was something touching, awful, in this intelligence; for every one of the hearers, in some way or the other, called upon Heaven to bless him or her, as the case might be; everybody also declaring that, he or she had never heard of such a thing.

“But, sir,” said the landlord, very provokingly, “are you sure there’s no mistake—was it there when you went to bed?”

To this impertinent, insulting, unfeeling question, Tangle made no verbal answer. He merely looked daggerwise in the face of the querist, and laughed scornfully, hysterically. He might as well have laughed in the dead face of a dead-wall, for the landlord continued:

“Because you know, sir, and this gentleman”—he meant Forder—“and Molly Chambermaid, and boots, and my wife, all know that you was a little the worse or the better for liquor, as you may think it, when you came home from Lazarus Hall. You must feel that, sir; I’m sure you do feel it.”

“I tell you what, landlord,” said Tangle. “I tell you what, sir; this insolence shall not serve your turn—not at all. You shall not rob me of my reputation to cover the robbery of my money.”

“I rob you! I rob you!” cried the landlord, advancing towards Tangle, and followed by his wife, the maid, and boots, all taking part in the music—“*He* rob you!” “Master rob you!”

“Look there! I take you all to witness,” cried Tangle, running to the bed, plucking away the pillows, and showing a key—“the key of the closet; of that very closet. Now, had I forgotten myself for a moment as a gentleman or a man of business, is it likely that I should have been so particular with that key?”

“They must have come in at the winder,” said the boots, gaping at the open casement.

“Hallo! my fine fellow,” cried the too subtle Tangle; “you seem to know something about it?”

“Acause,” answered the unshaken boots, “acause this gentleman said he found the winder open.”

The landlord approached the closet, looked about it as though possibly the box might still be in some corner; then scratched his head; then with his thumb and finger felt the bolt of the lock, and then sagaciously observed; "he was an old hand as did this. All the marks on it, sir; all the marks on it."

"A great consolation," answered Tangle, with a ghastly grin. "Well, Mr. Landlord, seeing yourself in this condition—what do you propose?" And the looks of the landlord answered—Nothing.

"You see, sir," at length the Olive Branch made answer, "you see, sir, this is election time. Now there isn't a honest place in the world—though I was born in it, I must say it,—than Liguorish. But at election time, all sorts of villains come about us, as you must know. I don't see what you can do— Yes; you can send the bellman round with a reward for the thief—and"—

"Pooh, pooh, foolish man!" cried Folder, who then drew Tangle aside. "Don't you see, my dear sir, how such a step would damage us? Don't you see how it would serve the other party? Imagine! 'Lost, a box of guineas from the Olive Branch!' Consider; what squibs they'd fire at us. They'd swear,—that is, they would insinuate,—that we had brought down the gold to bribe the electors."

"That never struck me," answered Tangle; "'tis more than likely. Heaven help us! What's to be done? Five-and-thirty years have I been in practice; and never—never before such a blow. Stript, sir—stript," he said, in a tone of maudlin sorrow—"stript even of my 'bacco-stopper."

At this moment, Doctor Gilead's carriage drove up to the door, and the footman entered the Olive Branch, bearing a letter for Mr. Folder. This arrival, coupled with the silence of Tangle, caused the landlord, landlady, boots, and chambermaid to quit the room; and they were speedily followed by others, some of whom said, "What a pity!" Some, "How very odd!" and some, "It was very mysterious; but doubtless time would show."

"My dear friend," said Folder, having read the missive, "it is a summons from his Lordship, who observes that we may as well blend breakfast with business. We've no time to lose."

Tangle looked blankly at the floor—blankly at the ceiling. He then wailingly observed, "That such a calamity should happen to me! To me, above all men in the world! How can I ever face his lordship!"

"My good friend, it's not so bad. The loss, heavy as it is," said Folder, with a smile, "can't be ruin."

"You're a kind comforter, Mr. Folder; indeed you are," said Tangle, trying hard at a smile on his own account.

"For you're a rich man, Mr. Tangle; a very rich man, and can make up the loss without—"

"I make up the loss, Mr. Folder! I make—pardon me, my dear sir, you really speak in total ignorance of such matters. No, the gold being his lordship's—for his lordship's special use—if an accident has unfortunately happened to it—why, of course—"

"Well," replied Folder, catching the drift of Tangle, "that you can settle with his lordship himself. In the mean time, we had better prepare for our visit. I shan't be five minutes—but you—you need a little preparation. Don't you shave this morning?"

"Not for millions would I attempt it, Mr. Folder. In my state of mind, not for millions. I couldn't do it, sir—I couldn't so provoke fate. I tell you what I'll do—I'll walk on: in my present condition, I'd rather walk. I shall find a barber in the village, and—I shall be at the hall as soon as you—tell his lordship quite as soon as you."

And Tangle with a wandering eye, and unsteady hand, sought and took his hat. He then ran from the chamber, and Mr. Folder retired to his own apartment.

## "THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

A FAIRY TALE OF HOME."

It is the time of gentle thoughts and words,  
 When voices that make music in the ear,  
 (As do the love-notes of sweet-throated birds,)  
 Are speaking the old welcomes, trite, yet dear:  
 And folk, made happy by their Christmas cheer,  
 Tell o'er the names of friends in by-gone times,  
 And sing old songs such as their sires did hear,  
 Until their carols mingle with the chimes.

At such a time thou comest, little book!  
 And find'st a welcome waiting everywhere:  
 The gorgeous chamber and the chimney nook,  
 The SPIRIT of thy leaves is asked to share,  
 As tho' he were a guest expected there,  
 And coming with an honoured kinsman's claim—  
 Such a "familiar face" he seems to wear—  
 And such a household word doth sound his name.

## MEN OF LETTERS AND THEIR ABETTORS.

AN UNSPOKEN SPEECH.

BY PAUL BELL.

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter. KEATS.

TO THE EDITOR.

I WAS prevented, Sir, as perhaps you may have heard say, from delivering a short address at the Manchester Athenæum meeting of the 24th ult. Not that I ever should have dreamed of putting myself forward on the occasion, had not some of my neighbours requested it: there being also members of my own family who are good enough to think that what I had to say was worth listening to. Most persons, even the humblest, have some who encourage and think well of them. When we came home that night from the party (with my speech unspoken) there were tragical faces in my house, I promise you. It was of little use to remind the discontented ones, that to hear me would have been no novelty to them—that some of us, even, knew parts of the oration by heart: one having copied it out thrice, with annotations and corrections. Wail they would, and I must needs listen. Therefore it is for the sake of family peace, not my own vanity, that I have acceded to their entreaties; and as you, Sir, they insist, were one of the causes which postponed indefinitely the arrival of the “opportune moment” (as a female relation of mine phrases it), it is to you, they continue, I ought to communicate the fact; together with some particulars of the topics intended to be embraced on that very interesting occasion. In so doing, I beg you again to believe, that I am considering the feelings of others—not my own.

For will you credit it, Sir?—the very subject on which I was desirous of speaking was the neglect of Genius—a fertile theme, though rarely, I must add, treated agreeably: though now, it appears to me, of greater and more general interest than ever. For see how The People are writing The People’s library! Here we have a man from the ranks, laid snugly up for his old age in Chelsea Hospital, who gets some one to put down what he remembers life in the ranks at war-time to have been—what he thought of Peninsular quarters—how he got on among the common people in

foreign parts—and when, and where, and how he caught a glimpse of Napoleon for himself; and, like every one else, friend or foe, felt a strange thrill at sight of the grey coat and the business-like-looking cocked hat. There, again, a lot of Leeds, and Nottingham, and Sherwood people, rallying about such true men as James Montgomery, or Ebenezer Elliot, or William Howitt, are setting themselves to describe the old walls, the dales, and the wood-openings of their own neighbourhoods,—till localities which I doubt not would be thought in reality very so-so, by people who cannot admire anything lower than an Alp, or nearer home than Italy, get hold of one on paper with a strong fascination—the sorcery of truth. Southward we shall find a Dorsetshire schoolmaster, good William Barnes, not only putting down true village thoughts in sweet village poems—I would say nearly as good as Burns', only I am rather afraid of some Scotch relations of mine, who have more than a touch of the thistle in their composition—but also contributing an essay on an obsolete local dialect or language, complete and clever enough, I am told, to attract the attention of philologists and antiquarians. Abroad, even, where the people are not so free to speak as with us, unless I am misinformed,—there is the same sort of work going on. It was only last year we were reading the experiences of the travelling Tailor of Werdohl, in Westphalia, who stitched his way through Europe and a good part of Asia. Then has not Miss Costello (though she is wrong about the Welsh) told the English ladies how, if they go to Agen on the Garonne, Monsieur Jaamin the Barber-Troubadour or Troubadour-Barber, instead of curling their hair, will make them weep with reciting his own Provençal ballads—to say nothing of M. Reboul the baker of Nismes, and Savinien Lepointe, and scores of other lowly working men in France, who have found that they are worth songs as well as souls of their own! Can I, who am but a humble old travelling clerk (“a bagman” Theodore Hook would have contemptuously called me), and dare to write like the rest of them, see all this and be unmoved? No, truly, Sir. I am proud to live in such a time.

Very proud, but a little jealous also. “Ay, there it is!” will cry some active member of the Society for the Obstruction of Knowledge. “The old bore is honest after all! Of course, all that speechifying made him uneasy, wanting, as he owns, to be on his legs himself. This comes of all your wholesale cultivation of the masses!” And forthwith is rehearsed a bead-roll of the

dangers of exciting ambition, bad passions, and the like; being merely a repetition with variations of the Laureate's lament for his privileges, and his "Shut Sesame" of the Lake country against the commonalty! Not so fast with your interpretation, charitable Sir! What my wife thought (or the partial female friend who copied my oration), I will not profess to assert; but I, at least, was not jealous of any of the London gentlemen, who entertained us so pleasantly. I am jealous, not *of*, but *for*, those of my own order. I want them to enjoy the full benefit of the period they are living in. If the swords of feudal times are to fall to them for ploughshares—if, of the spears of a decrepid aristocracy of intellect, it is their privilege to make pruning-hooks, I want them to have the full use, and enjoyment, and profit of the weapon turned into an implement.

And, to this end, I would have a somewhat different language held to them than has hitherto been employed:—in some cases out of incapacity, in others out of mistake; in most, with the speakers' idea of enhancing their own consequence. The friends and well-wishers of men of genius have been far too lavish of pity; far too narrow in their ambitions, and gross in their encouragements. Let us take an instance. The world does not relish Mr. Amaranth's verses, or fathom the depths of Mr. Dive's philosophy in a twinkling; and you shall see the poet and the thinker, encompassed by a choir of sympathetic or tragical persons, railing at Her Majesty because she does not there and then make Mr. Amaranth her prime minister; or at his Grace of ——, because he is slack in pensioning wise Professor Dive, while he works out the Good and Evil question. Now, I doubt not but the poet, if promoted, would at least play his part as well as nine-tenths of the official machines who turn and creak their hour, as long as they were wound up for, and then stop, to be replaced by cleverer inventions. And I will hope (this is much) that the admirable philosopher might, if glorified with purple and fine linen, continue to rack his brains for the benefit of mankind, as diligently as he does now in his home-spun attire. But do the sorrowful and irritable people, who surround these gifted ones with an atmosphere of complaint and scorn, ever take into account how their friends really stand? Why they exist? What they possess? Are the Amaranths and Dives already so very far beneath kings and princes, as to make the denial of more places and treasures so very cruel an injustice? Has the poet no empires wide beyond the swoop of Russia's ambition!—the philo-



sopher no mines of thought, such as the "North Countrie" cannot match for profundity? And is it enough the usage to dwell on these heritages, as, in themselves, honours and possessions; in the warding of which there is glory; in the stewardship of which, a noble duty? Far too little. On the contrary, *because* the poet commands fair domains, and the thinker works veins of the purest ore, he is *therefore* also to have the honours of the world! He is encouraged to accuse Fortune, because he does not share in the splendours of an emptier greatness, in the money bags of the trader, whose ideas reach the mysteries of the rule of three, and little beyond. Is this not worldly? Is it not the counsel of weakness?—the expectation of irrational assumption? God wot, I am none of those hard and cruel preachers, who talk glibly of "ranks" and "diversity of fortunes and of pleasures" and so forth:—and, themselves rubicund in the fatness of the earth and the fulness of good cheer, proclaim to the poor that a mouldy crust is the epicure's best eating; and that rags, somehow or other, keep out the cold better (especially if the wearer be lean) than furred mantles and treble-piled velvets. But to insult the miserable, and to encourage the high-hearted, are widely different offices. To those who make verses, or who ponder grave questions, as a mere means of enriching themselves, my observations don't apply: nor my consolations. They are traders; and so that they have to sell what the world wants to buy, and so that they neither waste their substance, nor cheat their competitors, they *are* to be pitied, if opportunity is denied them, and bad debts fall in. But which among "the following" of either Poet Amaranth or Philosopher Dive will admit that his idol stands in his category? Why then, by the style of their Jeremiades, abase two sincere and admirable men, to the level of the tricking, the common-place, and the rapacious?

Once again, I am not addressing the world at large, but the world of genius. Is not the mechanic who sees beautiful forms and colours in every tuft of moss and patch of heather, as he crosses the corner of the moor behind the foundry—who can call up the fairies in the blue mist of the hollow, or imagine Cleopatra's pomps in the red light careering from the furnace' chimney upward into the dark night—a richer and a happier man than the clod who trudges homeward thinking of nothing save his coarse appetites? Cherish, then, you who have to do with the gifted, thankfulness for this privilege, as not the least valuable assistance you can give him; who have possibly neither money, nor places, nor renown

at command. Do not lie to him by professing that he would be as great as Shakspeare if he had the opportunity, nor encourage him to strive to rise by pointing out the folly and madness of those in high places. Tell him of his own greatness:—of the high thoughts God has given him, if not to create, to appreciate withal; and should these fail to produce him earthly reward, remind him that he *has* enjoyed pleasures neither to be bought nor stolen away. Bid him prove himself worthy of these and better by patience and self-denial, and avoidance of all that shall tarnish their beauty. He has a brotherhood with the chosen spirits of the earth; let him look to it. You will help him, if you can, to comfort and to fame, and to kind companionship; you will rejoice to see him wear them well; but, if these are long in coming, or come not at all, you will also help him to retire into the sanctuary of his own lovely imaginings or lofty contemplations, there to find the unequal lot made equal—the incompleteness of time and change completed!

This is what I want said to the People as an humble brother, and not as a callous overseer. For, if it applies to some among the uncomprehended great whose pilgrimage through life must be seriously embittered by the ceaseless wailing of the one or two who bear them company, how much the more is it a necessary wisdom for that far larger company of aspirants who have genius enough to excite them, but not to raise them, still less to sustain them, and whose part on earth is to partake by enjoying? I have seen much of this class, sir, from one or two circumstances. In some sort, I belong to it myself, since, whatever my Mrs. Bell may say when she is in a fond humour, I assure you that I am neither a Scott nor a Byron. Well, I am convinced by some experience, that the notorious amount of suffering which falls to its lot is in no small degree ascribable to a short-coming view of the functions of Genius on the part of the looker-on; which, conjointly with what is called affectionate sympathy, may and does drive the poor dreamer, many a time and oft, to vent himself in the manner recommended by Job's wife. B. writes pleasant poems on the aspects of Nature—B. has kind friends. He reads them his verses. They are honestly enchanted—"As good as Wordsworth's!" is the chorus. B. is modest;—"cannot form a judgment on his own poor productions;" but his friends would not deceive him, surely! For a week or more, then, he walks about his counting-house, or homeward down the same daily insipid

lane, with a glory round his head. The world, however, always slow in saying "Amen," does not continue the praise; accordingly, B.'s friends must begin again; and, to prove themselves sincere, must rail at the world as stupid, or maliciously neglectful. B., who has been pondering "the Rydalian laurels," in more shapes than one, is with little difficulty *scratched up* by his warm-hearted bepraisers into the half-delicious half-tormenting glow of feeling himself an ill-used man. Good bye, then, to the court of Oberon and Titania seen in the dingle;—to "Egypt" floating down the Cydnus, as she once showed herself in the amber and crimson glow of the flame-light! His path is filled with mocking shapes instead; brandishing chains and bolts and barriers, making fast every door, blocking up every avenue; and in the fore-ground he sees a weary figure sinking forlorn to the earth, under the contempt of Man,—where so lately walked the thankful and enchanted lover of Nature and of Fantasy.

I am not supposing, Sir—I am telling what I have seen. It is now many years since (so long ago that to mention the matter will harm or pain no one) some of my family were shown the verses of the wife of a fellow-clerk: husband and wife, as neat and happy a little pair as often start in the world, without much of "the deceitfulness of riches" to perplex them. She, it is true, was rather pale and thoughtful, with very large bright eyes; but the seriousness was well understood when once we were told that Mrs. Eden had a turn for verse-making—"mewing" as an old nurse of mine used to call it;—and the ladies praised her all the more because she was no slattern with ink on her fingers and shoes down at heel: but a thrifty, if not a willing house-wife. Eden, the more foolish of the two, was very vain of his mate,—who can wonder?—and would sit long winter evenings copying her verses in copperplate-hand, in a ruled book not unlike a ledger. Moreover, he was perpetually reciting them to every listener he could find; and this "poem," so ran his commentary by way of deprecating censure, "would have been better finished if the baby had not been ill," and "the other Italian legend must not be harshly blamed if the scenery was not quite right, since Mrs. Eden had not been in Italy, yet." Resolution will always get its owner a hearing, sooner or later, nay, nine times out of ten, a congregation, if two or three will content him. Meek little Mrs. Eden became talked of up and down her street. Albums were sent her, all redolent of musk and otto of roses. Presently, something of

yet sweeter savour "smoked upon her board"—incense to herself. — and —, best natured of poets and critics, had each acknowledged some specimen of her powers,—which, bolder grown, she had sent forth,—with phrases of delicious encouragement: to them, merely words of course; to her, alas! gospel truth. She was heard to say that "her fame should make no difference in her feelings towards her old friends." In short, the clerk's wife was lost, and the Poetess, as she would have said herself, "stood confessed."

Did I wish, even for a wholesome purpose, to pain you needlessly, I would write, day by day, the history of "Susannah Eden's Poems," and their publication; how they were born in "a fever of vain-longing;" how they only saw the light through a series of struggles and economies, amounting to privations, not merely for herself and husband (they were proud, and preferred to spare and pinch and wait), but also for their poor infant. Publishers look on such effusions, Sir, with different eyes from those of friends "having albums," or indulgent celebrities. Sixty pounds was to be made up for the publication; but what matter, when every one who had looked at "Mary Queen of Scots, a Drama," declared, loud and long, that it was one of the most remarkable efforts of female genius, sure to produce an El Dorado of six hundred golden guineas at the least! Eden, who was a clerk, ought to have tested this praise by the amount of money any one was willing to risk thereupon; but he had lost his calculating head, and was become a dreamer for a dreamer. "More vigorous than Miss Baillie;" "More musical than Mrs. Hemans;" "Fuller of fancy than L. E. L."—with such fine phrases did he keep off hunger and cold, and stave off, for a moment, the importunity of debt. And alas! he was cheered on in his folly, not merely by honest, foolish friends, who thought such encouragement precisely what was best fitted to support the Genius; but by base persons who found an interest in trading on his delusion. The Editor of the *Eatonswill Gazette* has too many kindred up and down the country; and so long as the Edens had a roof over their heads, they might count upon what their friend of "The Caterpillar" called "the powerful influence of the press;"—meaning his promises of praise in that veracious and widely-spread journal.

I met the little woman two evenings before her book came out, walking with her husband. One could see in her face, sallow as death, traces of the severe emotions she had passed through (for her pangs ever composition were to her, be sure, as severe as those of

a — when in the agonies of poem-birth) ; but one could read, too, in her large, wild pair of eyes, now very brilliant, that fanatic self-occupation and enthusiasm, which, while it lasts, leaves no room for fear to grow, nor feelings which pain can hurt. She did not heed her shabby shawl, nor her bonnet put on awry, that hot summer evening, as her husband handed her along, with a sort of secondhand simpering copy of her raptures ; and the look of one who should say, “ Behold my Corinna ! ”

I did not see the Edens again for some time, a business journey calling me from home. During the interval, the poor poetess of — Street, had proved one or two changes more important than agreeable : she had exchanged the pleasures of admiration for the comforts of condolence. Who need be told the fate of her venture, so extravagant to herself, so less than insignificant in the eyes of the world ? But the injustice of the public to “ Mary, Queen of Scots,” declared the condolers, was neither new, nor, unhappily, unaccountable. There had been intrigues, underhand influence employed—*there must have been*—to stand between a work of such merit and its due. In particular He of “ The Caterpillar ” knew how one poetess of renown could prevent half a dozen reviews from lending a helping hand to any new comer :—how another tragedy-writer held all the daily and weekly press in fee. The ear of the poor woman was filled with lies like these ; and her heart with bitter, bitter thoughts. There was no one about her to whisper how that she stood in a false position ; and besides, she was long past believing such a truth. It was easier to fancy every human being that wrote verses, false, envious, malignant, and leagued against her, than to come down from her delusions, and own herself mistaken. So, there were to be new gripings—new fevers—new sacrifices—(this time the meagrely furnished but neat house quitted for a sluttish lodging, under pretext of change of air being necessary for Mrs. Eden when she was writing)—and, in process of time, there was forced out—another volume.

Am I growing prolix over my tragedy ? The rest may be told in a very few lines. On my return home from another protracted absence, I inquired, among other friends, for the Edens. Stephen had disappeared—none knew whither—in terror, it was concluded, of a printer’s bill. Where Susannah was gone, was better known—to the Lunatic Asylum ! “ And so ended,” commented some of the very friends who had been foremost in fooling the poor susceptible creature, “ her attempts at poetry : as if she could

have made anything of it!" And the literary man of "The Caterpillar" announced the dismal fact, in a lugubrious paragraph, giving, with an admirable show of delicate humanity, the last fancies of her shattered brain,—the last verses she had penned—"On the death of her infant."

Believe me to be serious, kind sir, when I repeat that I could tell you half a dozen true stories as dark as this. And with such experiences, do you wonder that I am jealous for all of *us* minor prophets who write, without any extraordinary originality or depth of talent?—Knowing ourselves, we can neither be made ridiculous nor become unhappy; but let not our friends destroy or darken this self-knowledge by misplaced flatteries. If God has given us fancies and feelings of finer tissue, and rarer sparkle than belong to others; let us take them for what they are—blessings and enjoyments; comforts for our own hearts when lonely; food for our own thoughts when sad; even though they will not win for us "the purple robe, the golden chain." These last are good; and the admiration of our fellow-men a good thing also; but, better than either, is the resolved and healthful spirit of him who can be glad in the riches of his own spirit, be they less or more, if temporal rewards are denied to him!

..... "I am ashamed of you! Paul Bell!" cries the keen voice of one who is looking over my shoulder; "one would fancy you wanted to show the world how to make little of you! As if there was not enough of *that* going on already!—and as if you were no better than poor, silly, Susannah Eden!"

"Nay, who has a right to speak, if I have not?" was my answer.

"Well, take your own way," was the answer. "For my part, I say that those who go half-way to show others how to neglect them, deserve to be neglected, Paul Bell; and I hope you will be, that's all."

"As you please, dear; so you *will only leave me in peace!*" But I will not, after this, trouble you with the remainder of my speech. It is of the less consequence, since nothing will pacify my wife and my wife's sister but having it printed separate.

*Ardwick, Nov. 1845.*

## THE IRON HEART.

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### I.

The day is gathering up the mist  
 As though it were a kirtle grey,  
 Some maid (that kept a morning tryst)  
 Would not have dew-stain'd by the way.

The cheerful birds are all a-wing,  
 The wak'ning flowers scarce smell of earth,  
 Whilst Dove in song is murmuring—  
 Too soft for grief, too low for mirth.

Come ! let us wander through the dale  
 Where billowy Dove delights to flow,  
 And I'll recal a grandam's tale  
 Was told me long, long years ago.

### II.

Once on a time—(O happy words !  
 What pleasant memories are thine !)  
 A serf that kept Lord Robert's herds  
 At morning miss'd a brindled kine.

In vain his rustic horn he blew,  
 No welcome lowing met his ear.  
 Alack ! poor villain, well he knew  
 Lord Robert's loss would cost him dear.

And o'er the wold and through the dale  
 The livelong day he vainly sought,  
 Until his heart with fear did quail,  
 And he became like one distraught.

Then saw he, or 'twas grammarye,  
 Lord Robert riding all alone,  
 The knight stopped 'neath a blasted tree,  
 And sat down on a rugged stone.

He took a little cross of gold  
 And broke the holy sign in twain,  
 Then blew a blast both clear and bold,  
 And lo ! a voice replied again.

"What would'st thou? Speak! I must depart  
Ere ponder night-stars do decline."

The knight replied, "AN IRON HEART!"

A voice like thunder said, "'Tis true!"

And at the sound Lord Robert's steed  
Did bristle up his flowing mane:  
He was a horse of noble breed,  
And yet he dripp'd with sweat like rain.

The knight sprung to the saddle-bow,  
And though uncased in mail or plate,  
His gallant war-horse reel'd I trow,  
As though o'er-master'd by the weight.

Day came and when Lord Robert heard,  
The brindled kine had gone astray,  
He swore that by his knightly word  
The idle serf should die that day;

And as he swore so did he do—  
The *man* did for the *beast* atone!  
The IRON HEART God's image slew,  
As though it were but flesh and bone.

## III.

Young Marian May was very fair,  
And gentle as the turtle-dove.  
Her eyes, as blue as violets are,  
Seem'd almost tearful with their love.

Her old blind sire would never stir  
Unless his Marian held his hand:  
"Though I am dark," he said, "with *her*,"  
"The power of light I understand,

"I seem to *feel* the roses blush  
"When Marian's cheek on mine is lain,  
"The lily's silver glory—hush!  
"Thou'lt *hear* it when she speaks again."

Lord Robert saw the gentle maid,  
And lustful doom'd her for his prey.  
His will was whisper'd and obey'd,  
For who such master dare gainsay?

A shriek rang through Lord Robert's hall;  
O no! 'twas not the screech-owl's cry;  
Though harsh, it could not so appal  
As did that burst of agony.



And Marian May was rarely seen ;  
 None spoke of her above their breath :  
 Lord Robert's IRON HEART, I ween,  
 Had chill'd the gentle one to death.

She died—her father could not stay,  
 And so they laid them side by side.  
 And though men spoke of Marian May,  
 None dared to tell why Marian died.

## IV.

Lord Robert and a clump of spears  
 Went forth to battle for the Rood ;  
 And in that Holy strife, for years  
 None rode so deep in Paynim blood ;

Where'er the IRON HEART had led  
 His ruthless vassals on, alack !  
 Were crimson heaps of ghastly dead !  
 —He never brought a captive back.

And deep and loud his revels were,  
 But wine could never heat his brain,  
 And much men marvell'd lady fair  
 Did ever smile on him in vain.

Nought could delight him—nought distress  
 In human feelings he'd no part ;  
 He cared not who might ban or bless—  
 God keep us from the IRON HEART!

## V.

Lord Robert was an aged man ;  
 His sinews weaken'd day by day,  
 His bleared eyes with rheum ran,  
 His raven hair was thin and grey ;

And ever and anon he'd start  
 And gnash his teeth and cry aloud,  
 " Hell's curse upon this IRON HEART  
 " By which my weary limbs are bow'd."

Then would he pace his chamber round  
 And mutter fearful words of sin,  
 And beat his side and lo ! a sound  
 Like death-bells answer'd from within.

Still would he beat and sweat with dread,  
 Until outworn he swoon'd away ;  
 And those who heard those sounds have said  
 They seem'd the knell of Marian May.

His awe-struck knaves would raise him up,  
 And seek with wine him to restore,  
 But he would dash away the cup  
 And swear the blood-red wine was gore.

At night his was a fitful sleep,  
 Although so weary and so old ;  
 With ev'ry breath his flesh did creep,  
 His IRON HEART made him a-cold.

At length he died—unshriven died,  
 Though three great abbots proffer'd aid.  
 His corse they holy rites denied,  
 And in unhallowed ground 'twas laid :

The delvers sung that dug the hole ;  
 And as they bore him from the cart  
 None pray'd for mercy on his soul,  
 But curs'd aloud the IRON HEART.

M. L.

## THE WINTER ROBIN.

I MEAN to say that the man or woman who can deny that the robin which conducted Jane Foster over the moor, and saved her from perishing in the snow last winter, was commissioned by Heaven, is not a whit better than a Pagan. I hold fast to that ; if I didn't, I should be a Pagan myself. I don't—and I would wish this to be distinctly understood—I don't believe all that is told about it. For instance, when the neighbours assert that the robin changed its shape after leading her to the cottage door, and that she saw an angel spread his wings and rise from the ground, and that she watched him in dumb awe till he disappeared in the thick, vapoury atmosphere, or was hidden by the blinding snow that came feathering down—I don't believe *that*. Neither do I much credit the tale which her old grandmother repeats with an air, it is true, of great veracity, how that sitting by her fireside at the time when Jane must have been crossing the moor, and fretting herself lest the child should lose her way in the snow-storm, she heard songs floating in the air which no earthly voice could have sung—sweet holy songs about the love which the Divine Friend bore towards little children while he was on earth,

and how he loves and cherishes them now, looking down upon them from his far, high home.

It was a very cold morning, and they had eaten little on the previous day; and for many days past the cloth had been spread upon the cottage table for potatoes alone. Fuel they possessed, the windfalls of the woods, gleaned before the severe weather set in; but only one crust of bread on that cold morning, and no money to purchase any, while, alack, alack! the baker refused further credit—having three shillings and fourpence already scored against them. So Jane pretending that the crust was larger than it really was, and that she had satisfied her appetite, soaked it in some warm milk for her grandmother, and carried it to the old woman's bedside.

"Grandmam," said the child, "I want to go to Rookfield to-day."

"To Rookfield!" exclaimed the old woman. "Is the girl mad,—to think of going to Rookfield this weather?"

"But grandmam, what are we to do? We have no bread, and no potatoes."

"Is it to get bread and potatoes you would trudge sixteen miles afoot on a lone common with snow-drifts higher than the hedges? No, no, Jane, stay at home, and—"

"And starve, grandmam?"

"Why should we starve—isn't there a God above us all?"

"Yes, grandmam."

"And does he not feed the young ravens that call upon Him?"

"Yes, grandmam."

"And do not we say our prayers morn and night?—Why then should you go to Rookfield?"

"Because, dear grandmam, God only helps those who help themselves. If we wait both at home, bread won't fall into our laps. I must go out and seek it."

"And how will you seek bread?"

"I will beg, grandmam."

"Beg?"

"Yes; I will tell the gentlefolks, as they pass by, that I have a grandmother at home who is very old and ailing, and that we have no food to eat. Oh, they are very generous—are the rich people, for they are Christians, you know, grandmam; and does not Scripture say, 'He that giveth to the poor, leadeth to the Lord?'"

"My poor, poor child! my poor Jane!"

The girl was very simple—so simple indeed as to imagine that she had but to utter, in sincere and appealing tones, a true and moving tale to gain compassion, and, what was of more consequence to her, relief. The old woman, though simple enough in her way, was wiser on that point than her granddaughter. She had seen a little of the world, and knew that the Christianity of the rich is too often, like the working-man's best garment, worn only on Sundays.

"My poor Jane, do you suppose that the gentlefolks will listen to you?"

"Yes, grandmam; why not? I shall tell them that you are old and hungry."

"Does it snow now, Jenny bird?"

"No, grandmam: it is quite fine, and I shan't feel the cold, I walk so fast, you know."

"You shall go to Rookfield. God will protect my darling. Fetch me that box, and give me the key from my pocket."

"Yes, grandmam. Oh, how good you are to let me go."

"Not to beg, my child; you shan't beg yet. I've something left in this box that will keep the wolf from the door a little longer, and who knows but what—but there," added the old woman, checking herself, and speaking below her breath, "best to say nothing of him. Poor Richard, we shall see you no more till we meet in heaven."

She drew forth a chain from the box—a gold wedding ring, which, if we may judge from the interest with which she surveyed it, she prized highly. The girl had hastily attired herself in shawl and bonnet,—both greatly the worse for wear, as the saying is, and offering but slight protection from the severity of the season.

"Take that to the pawn-shop at Rookfield, and ask them to lend you ten shillings upon it. Mind you don't lose it, and see that you bring the ticket and money safe home," said the old woman, placing the chain, carefully wrapped in paper, into the girl's hand.

Cheerily, cheerily, Jane departed on her mission. Blithe as the summer lark—light and agile as the skipping fawn—shaking her glossy curls as she ran—her cheeks glowing with the exercise. She sang like a delighted bird pouring forth rich notes, all the richer for that they were wild and lacked the culture that would have fitted them for the ear of refinement. Onward and onward. Eight miles were accomplished. She was at Rookfield.

She entered the pawnbroker's shop boldly, for she was not ashamed of honest poverty, and felt, perhaps, like many others who have sought, under temporary need, the same accommodation, that it is better to borrow money of a tradesman (not an usurer) in the way of business, than to ask a loan from a friend. The shopman, after many questions, and much impertinence, for he saw the girl was poor, and, in his own opinion, he was an individual of great importance himself, consented to take the ring, but would only lend half the sum demanded.

"Five shillings, and if you don't redeem it I shall lose by it," said the man, with as much apparent sincerity as if he spoke the truth.

"Well then, five shillings," sighed Jane.

The ticket was made out. The money was paid, and Jane left the shop. It was a great disappointment to have got only five shillings for the ring. It would not last long, husband it as best they might. She was strongly tempted to beg. Would her grandmother be angry? It was market-day at Rookfield, and there were many well-dressed people walking in the streets—ladies with smiling, happy faces—some of them leading by the hand little girls, younger than herself, who were snugly wrapped up in furs and pelisses. Then these ladies were buying at the shops—not mere necessaries, but luxuries and dainties—toys for their children, ornaments for their houses, fruits and preserves for family enjoyment.

"Ah," thought Jane, "those ladies who have so much money to spend will not refuse to help me. I won't show them the five shillings—but no—no," and she hastily corrected herself, "I have five shillings, and that, as grandmam says, will keep the wolf from the door. There are poor folks here who, perhaps, have not a penny,—let *them* get alms from those who are disposed to give. If I were to beg, I should only wrong such as have neither money nor food."

Thoughts akin to these passed rapidly through the girl's mind, and she determined to return home without delay, lest her grandmother should grow uneasy at her long absence. And, in the act of increasing her pace, she felt for her money, which, folded in paper, she had thrust into her bosom, to assure herself that it was safe. Alas, alas! it was gone! The ticket was also gone.

They were gone. With ashy face and palpitating heart, she felt and felt again. They were gone. Overpowered by her mis-

fortune, she sat down upon a doorstep and wept in agony. The house to which the doorstep belonged was evidently the habitation of a wealthy individual. It was situated in the aristocratic quarter of Rookfield. Moreover it was exactly fronting the Church, whose taper spire pointed, like the clergyman's Sabbath finger, upward; and which, being thus set, even on week days, before the eyes of those who dwelt in this and the adjoining houses, could not but revive in their minds each morning, and every hour of the days of labour, those lessons which had sunk so deep into their hearts therein, on the preceding day of rest and worship. Not that the owner of the house in question could be supposed to need such admonition,—for he—the proprietor of the doorstep upon which poor Jenny sat and wept—was the clergyman. Opportunely, or otherwise, it happened that at this critical time the reverend gentleman, who had been summoned half an hour before to attend the bedside of a dying man, returned home, accompanied by a friend who had joined him on the way.

“What—what—what is this?” exclaimed the clergyman, pointing with his gold-headed cane to the weeping girl. “A child crying on my doorstep. Really, how inattentive the servants are! The old cry, I dare say. Eh, Fisher? Want, hunger—that's it, eh?”

“I shouldn't wonder,” replied the reverend gentleman's companion, with a shrug.

“Come—come—speak out, child,” cried the pastor. “Didn't you hear me ask you what was the matter? Do you know who I am—eh? I am a clergyman and a magistrate! Do you hear that? I allow no beggar in Rookfield. I send them all to prison. What, you an't frightened—an't you?”

Certainly Jane Foster, although she had risen hastily and was wiping her eyes, was not in the least alarmed. She curtseyed to the gentlemen, and was in the act of moving away.

“Stop—stop—not so fast. I asked you what was the matter? She does look faint,—does she not, Fisher?” said the clergyman.

“Y-e-s, I think she does, a lit—tle,” replied Fisher.

And if she did, there was nothing extraordinary in the circumstance, for she had walked a long distance, and had not broken her fast since the previous day, and then she had dined off potatoes.

“I feel confident that this is a case of imposition,” whispered the clergyman to his companion, with a singular inattention to his

foregone remark; "I'll answer it. Now, my little maid," he added aloud, "what is your name, and where do you come from?"

The girl replied to each of his queries.

"And what—I ask you for the third time—what do you sit my door-step?"

"As if she were following the Hindoo method of sitting in dharna," said Fisher, who had been a traveller.

"I—I didn't mean any harm, sir," replied Jane, bursting afresh into tears. "I have lost five shillings; my grandmother sent me to pawn a ring, and I have lost the money."

The clergyman looked his friend solemnly in the face. "To pawn, to pawn!" he exclaimed, giving to each syllable its due impressive enunciation. "The vice of the lower classes is abominable—to pawn!"

The shock was too immense for the reverend gentleman to contend against. He waved his hand, saying, "There, get away child, get away;" and walked into the house, followed by his friend.

Jane hurriedly left that neighbourhood. No good, she thought, could come from such a vicinity. But what was she to do? She must beg now, and haply she might meet with those who imputed to the lower orders something which was not "*vices*." It was with a heavy heart that, turning out of the street in which the clergyman lived, she stood where the ladies passed home from the market, and looked in their faces with eager, hungry eyes. It began to snow just at this time. Timid and ashamed, she watched an opportunity to make her first appeal. But every one was in such haste to get home, now that snow was falling, that her supplicating attitude, and pale, attenuated face were scarcely noticed, or gained only a cold, unsympathising stare. Ah, it was sad for the poor girl to see so many fellow-Christians, not one of whom was disposed to lend to their Maker an unstateable fraction of the wealth He had bestowed upon them. It is true that she had not yet petitioned with her tongue,—but her eyes, her cheeks, her pinched limbs and bare attire, what eloquent tongues they had! How impressive their oratory! But it was a week-day, and Charity was a theme for Sundays. Once in seven days, the rich folks of Rookfield condescended to call the poor their brethren.

Faster fell the snow, The girl's bonnet and shawl were white as the roofs of the houses. She shivered and her teeth chattered. The marrow of her bones was chilled. She had addressed five or

six individuals, none of whom deigned a reply, or recognised her existence by so much as a shake of the head, or other mute rejection of her suit. "Only a penny,—'tis for my grandmother; I have lost five shillings, and we have nothing to eat at home." Faster fell the snow, and those who were thus entreated walked faster on their way.

*He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord. Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it not to me.* Holy words, accredited by those who turned a deaf ear to the petition of the shivering beggar girl.

Upwards of two hours did Jane stand, exposed to the thickly-falling snow, and suffering the severest privation from the combined effects of cold and hunger. And during all that time she got angry and even abusive words, deprecating looks, and threats of Bridewell, but not one halfpenny, not one.

And now the day was so far advanced that the night would soon close in. It still snowed fast—fast. The cold was extreme. As she hurried along the pavement, she caught frequent sights of rousing fires in grates, and happy people warming themselves thereby. The cold was in her limbs, and in her heart. She must hasten home, lest her poor grandmother should die with fright because of her long absence. Yet once more she would beg—yet once more, for her aged relation's sake, she would beg.

A sailor, rather an uncomely personage in Rockfield, approached. She raised her hands in supplication, her pale face, streaming with tears, and her supplicating attitude, attracted the worthy tar's attention. She told her story, and the humane seaman drew from his pocket a leathern purse, and placed five shillings in her hand, saying that he gave it to her for the sake of his mother, who was also an old woman, and whom he was hurrying to meet, after a long—long absence—if she were still alive—if she were still alive. He should have a child too, he said, but he thought she was dead,—he didn't know.

Oh joy—oh, light-hearted joy! Heaping unsounded blessings upon the head of the generous son of Neptune, our happy Jane set her face homeward in good earnest. She was on the moor now; but soaked to the skin by the penetrating snow, and chilled almost beyond the power of her slight, enfeebled frame to bear. At every step she took, her strength grew less and less. The snow fell now so fast and thick, that objects at a trifling distance were obscured, and her little feet sank deeper every instant.



Oh—to die upon that lonely moor—how horrible! To sit frantically down, and—as she remembered to have heard it told that people so had perished—to heap the snow wildly around her, and build herself a frightful tomb therewith! Were such to be her end, through the long hours of that bitter winter's night, how would her old grandmother rave in mad despair, and call vainly upon heaven to aid her darling child!

Thicker and faster—thicker and faster yet. No sky, no horizon, no object on which to rest the eye, but all one waste of snow, that made the eyeballs ache to look upon. Faster and faster yet, and feebler and feebler grew her steps. A dizziness came over her—a strange sensation spread around her heart. She could not hold out much longer. She felt herself sinking—Yet one more struggle for her young life.

A chirp, as of a little bird, sounded in her ear. It was close beside her—a robin—a winter robin.

The moor was, in summer, particularly barren, even for a moor. There was not a tree for a bird to perch upon. Only a few shrubs, and they were now hidden by the snow.

Chirp,—chirp.

It was only a simple robin,—but God alone knows how greatly its presence cheered our little maiden, battling against the storm on that shelterless and dreary moor. What trifling circumstances infuse new life into the desponding breast! The Scotch warrior gleaned new vigour from watching the efforts of a spider. Mungo Park, when resigned to die in the African desert, beheld a tiny weed lifting its obscure head to the heaven that encloseth all the world, and felt that God, who planted that humble vegetation there, and did not withdraw from it His sustaining hand, but sent the breeze to fan it, and the rain to water it,—would succour the child of his own likeness also;—and from that consoling thought, there grew such energy, that his limbs received new strength thereby, and he prosecuted his path anew, and arrived safely at the village he had despaired to reach. And this little robin,—this humble robin, dearly beloved by tale and fable, and homely rhyme—of the music of its speech, of its *chirp, chirp, chirp*—were begotten such resolution and courage in the heart of the sinking child, that there was no longer any question of her drooping and dying; but a certainty that she should behold her grandmother again, and live, please God, to bless Him in after years for preserving her amidst the dangers of that afternoon.

The robin, too, became her guide. Not that she could have missed her way, but the trodden path being hidden by the snow, one direction, so that she did not wander far from the conjectured track, was as good as another. And the robin went right onward, hopping now—now flying, and ever strengthening her resolution. And so she found herself, ere long, at the door of her grandmother's cottage, and then she saw the robin no more.

She related her story to her grandmother while warming herself at the fire which blazed on the hearth. And oh, what fervent thanksgivings ascended that night from that lowly roof to the Throne of Glory!

The next morning there came a knock at the cottage door, and when Jane opened it, who should present himself but the sailor who had given her five shillings on the previous afternoon. He started with surprise at seeing Jane, and enquired whether Dame Foster lived there. When Jane replied that she did, the seaman gave a cry of joy.

"That's Richard's voice," exclaimed the old woman from within. "I know it is. God be praised. He has sent me back my son."

"My mother, my dear mother," cried the sailor rushing into the cottage.

We pass the scene which followed.

"And so this is *my* Jane,—my own child," said the seaman, presently, taking her in his lap, and kissing her for full five minutes without drawing breath.

"Yes, that is poor dead Mary's child," said the grandmother. "It was her mother's wedding-ring that she pawned yesterday."

The old woman, the neighbours, Jane herself, all assert that it was no robin; but an angel from the skies, that led her over the moor that afternoon. Who shall dare laugh at their belief? For are not the resolves, which, nobly taken, enable us to battle successfully with the storms of life, and conduct us safely HOME—angels, and guardian angels, too? So, here's God speed the Winter Robin on repeated missions!

A. W.

## ENGLISH SCENES AND CHARACTERS.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE more one sees of other countries, the more one is satisfied of the truth of the common assertion, that there is no country where such variety of curious and independent individual character abounds as in our own. The freedom of our constitution, both in politics and religion, is undoubtedly the cause of it. We have so many sects, and so many opinions of our own on all matters, that we stand up for them with a pertinacity which grows on us both with the growth of centuries, and of our own years. We have no government police entering into our houses, however they may now parade before them, and compelling us to do this and that, even to the sweeping of our chimneys, and the making of our coffins, contrary to our own pleasure and notions of what is right. Government fleeces us sweepingly enough of our cash, but in other respects, and especially in provincial towns and country places, we do just as we like, and some of us grow into habits and ideas most amusing. I have formerly shown some specimens of this in my "Nooks of the World ;" and how many more Nooks might we visit in this land of good, hard-headed John Bull, abounding with oddest scenes and characters. There might be a dozen more volumes of "The Eccentric Mirror" written out of one's own knowledge. Let us from time to time pen a few down.

### NO. I.—THE COUNTRY MANTY-MEKKER.

A friend of mine had remarked for some time in Nottingham, where he lived, a singular-looking woman going to and fro in the streets past his house. She was tall and strong ; had the figure and gait of a man ; had a strong expressive countenance, full of a strange but original character ; in short, was one out of the ordinary class of mortals. "That woman," said he to himself, "is no townswoman. She has grown up in some country-place ; she has not only a character, but a history, and I should like to know it." As he passed her once in the street, she seemed to look hard and searchingly at him, as if to say, "Who are you now ? You don't seem to me just like the rest of these town-folks, who don't care a halfpenny for anybody that isn't dressed

up as grand as my lord or my lady." Perhaps it might be that he looked hard at *her*. His desire to have a little talk with her increased.

One day he saw her enter a shop, and stepped in too. The tall, strange woman was asking for a pennyworth of red ochre. The shopman put it down before her ready wrapped in paper. She slowly opened it, and then pushed it back towards him, saying—"Well, now, cut that into two." The man very politely did so. She weighed the two pieces in her hand, and giving him one back, said, "Wrap me that up again; I'll take this masser—it's neither the heaviest—'tather's for a meebor."

As she saw my friend smile, she turned towards him, and without any preface, added—

"What a thing this self is! It's the last thing that leaves us i' this world!"

"That's an honest confession, at least," said my friend. "I think, my good woman, that you were not brought up in this town."

"No, I reckon I warra neither. You're right there, mester. I'm none o' your finikin townswomen. You may see that at a look. I reckon I should mak two of the regular town-grown women. No, I was born and brought up i' th' country, where there's life and strength i' th' very air. I was used from a little wench to run about i' th' elceases; fetch up th' cows; look after th' lambs and pigs; aye, and drive th' plough at a pinch. My fayther war a little farmer, and a hard-working man he war, and made us all work snaw. When I war grown up, my fayther dead, and left me up o' th' farm, and I war fool enough to marry."

"Fool enough?"

"Aye, fool enough! It's truth, man; I danna pretend to deny it. I'm none of your fine, finikin things as is schemed to say th' truth. What's done's done, and cannot be undone,—more's th' pity! But where's th' use to deny it? Aye, fool war I! But I war only like mony o' one besides. That's th' misfortin on 't, young man—mind what I say, that's th' misfortin on 't. We have to tak the most important step in our lives, th' step as requises most sense, just when we've gotten th' least sense; and so we have to smart for 't. By Liddy, I've smarted enough for my folly. Th' young fellow as I married, war a likely enough young chap to look at, but he war good for nowt. He war too fond of sitting i' th' ale-house nook, and I soon fun out that he'd

only married me for what he could get. I went on working<sup>7</sup> day after day. I went to th' plough, to th' team, fetched up th' cows, and milked 'em. I war up o' summer mornings by four o'clock, and came home from milking daggled up to th' knees wi' dew, and there was he hulking i' bed. By Leddy, I war fit sometimes to go and fling a good, sousing bucket o' watter on him as he lay. But that warna the worst. Every night he war sure to be i' th' ale-house; and mony and mony a time have I had to fetch him away, and pay his shot into th' bargain.

"Thinks I to mysen, my lad, this wunna do for me. I dunna mean thee to slurt th' bit o' money my fayther got with such sweat and trouble; no, by Guy! that I dunna! So, I threw up th' farm; sold th' stock, and come reight away to Nottingham."

"And what became of your husband?"

"What became of him? He followed me, to be sure—what was he likely to do, a poor dirty rogue? Trust him for running after the money. Aye, he set his nose after it like a ferrit. He made hissen sure now of laying hands on 't in some hole or coorner o' th' house or other. But I took pratty good care he shouldna.

"'Where's th' money wench?' he often said.

"'Where should it be?' said I, 'but gone to pay debts off that a drunken sot like thee sets on.' But it signified nowt—he knew better, and he war always gropin' about, high and low, after it. 'Get to work!' said I; 'thou's limbs big enough, and a carcass strong enough—get a spade, or a pick, and do summut for thy bread, as I do. I shall turn Manty-mekker.'

"Aye, mester, you may smile. You dunna think I look much like a manty-mekker; and I'll allow," said she, showing her great hard bony hands, "but these hands as ha' handled th' pitchfork, and th' dung-fork, and held th' plough, dunna look th' likeliest i' th' world to handle a needle and thrud. But where there's a will there's a way; and I can assure you, I can mak a tightish sort of a gown—aye, I can please these fine town wenches better than you'd think for.

"But I'm overrunning my story, I took a house, and began manty-mekking. That dirty rogue of a husband o' mine was always progging about th' house to find out where I'd put the money, but I took care. One day, in walks a man with a book in his hand, and said, 'Messis, I want th' poor-rates.'

"'Poor-rates!' said I. 'By Leddy! thou art come to a wrong house then. I'm a poor woman mysen, man.'

“ ‘That may be,’ said he, ‘but you’ve ta’en a house of five pounds a year, and either you or th’ landlord mun pay the poor-rates.’

“ ‘Then let the landlord pay ’em,’ said I, ‘he’s able enough.’

“ ‘That’s true as th’ gospel, missis,’ says th’ man, ‘but he wunna !’

“ ‘And I canna !’ said I.

“ ‘But you mun,’ said he.

“ ‘But if a body canna,’ says I, ‘what then ?’

“ ‘Then,’ says he, ‘you mun go to th’ workhouse, and other people mun pay to you. That’s the way now o’days ; all pay as long as they can, even when the children are crying upon the door-sill for a roasted potato ; and when they can pay no longer, they turn en out, and so to th’ workhouse.’

“ ‘Mon,’ said I, for I had bin conning him o’er as he war talking at hissens,—and I seed as plain as a pike-staff, that th’ fellow, spite of his trade, war an honest sort o’ chap—‘ Mon,’ said I, ‘canst tell me where to put a bit o’ money out safe ?’

“ ‘Well,’ said he, giving me a queer sort of look, as much as to say, ‘I thought you said you’d got none,’—‘maybe I *could* do that too.’

“ ‘Then do !’ said I, getting a chair, and retching up to th’ top of an old cupboard—‘do ; for here I’ve gotten the plague of my life,—a bit of money in an old stocking, and it keeps me in a continual fever ; for that dirty rogue of a husband o’ mine is always frogging after it, and one of these days he’ll get hold on ’t, and then I’m ruined for ever.’

“ So down I brings th’ owd stocking, and holding it open afore th’ man—‘There,’ says I, ‘there’s just four hundred gowden guineas there !’ and wi’ that I held it up to hin, and my eyes ! but th’ mon did stare !

“ ‘Missis,’ said he, ‘that’s a sight good for sore eyes, however.’”

“ I am afraid,” said my friend, “you were not very prudent though, to show such a sum thus to a stranger.”

“ Prudent, warn’t I ? Dost ta think then, mon, that I’ve got no white in my eye ? Yay, I know an honest man from a rogue when I see him. The man was as good as his word. He took me to a gentleman that gave me good security for my money, and I get my interest to this day. Many’s the time that dirty rogue of a husband o’ mine has hunted the house over for th’ money.

Nation! how he wonders what's gotten it! I can always tell when he's bin after it. I find everything turned topsy-turvy i' th' drawers and iverywhere. But I'll take care that he never comes at it, a dirty rogue, him."

"Well," said my friend, "you certainly have little comfort in him."

"Comfort! no! my comfort lies in a different quarter. I look for very little comfort i' this world; but, thank God, there is a comfort, even here, and that's in religion!

"We're all poor creatures! I found my business flourish; money came in; and yet I wasna somehow right. Everything seemed so cove and hollow. I war always sighing and melancholy i' th' midst o' plenty. My husband's gamings on made me half-mad. Night after night I had to fetch him home from the pot-house. One day, however, comes a nice young woman to have a gown made, and she says to me—'Missis, do you ever go to a place o' worship?'

"'No,' said I, 'I'm ashamed to say I duana. To say th' truth, I duana rightly know where to go to. Thou sees, I'm a stranger here, and I duana like to go amongst folks as I duana know.'

"'Ah!' said th' young woman, 'I wish you would go with me on Sunday to the Methodists' Chapel; I think you'd be pleased; and perhaps you'd find a comfort you little dream of. On Sunday, oh! there is a nice man coming from Lunnon, they call him, Robert Newton.'

"'Well,' says I, 'as thou says so much, and axes me so kindly, I duana mind if I do go. I'm sorely in want of sussant; and I think it's because I duana seek religion.'

"Well, I went. It was a big chapel, an' lighted up into a blaze brighter than any sunshine wally; and as I went in at th' door, says I to mysen—'Now, wool this wench be ashamed on me? I shouldna wonder, for I'm not just th' sort to be proud on for a companion; and it's one thing to ax a poor old woman like me to go to chapel, and another to like to be seen wi' her. But in we goen. It war as bright as day, and a pratty throng o' fine dressy folks there war; but up walks th' brave lass up th' middle of aw, and turning round to me—'Come along, neebor,' says she, 'my seat's up here;' and in she takes me. By leddy! I niver felt so queer in aw my life! Aw eyes seemed to be set on me; and well they might, fer I seed that I must look like a crow in a

sock o' piggins. And what a mean war that Robert Newton! Ah! what a tongue he had! Ivery word that he said went like a shot to my heart. He told us what sinful creaturs we aw war; and ivery time that he lifted his hand, it war like Moses, armiting th' rock i' th' wilderness. Th' watter started out o' my heart, and th' tears run down my cheeks; and he soon seed that, and what does he, but fixes his eyes on me, and pointing to me, shouts out—'There! that woman is touched! She is reached! If she stands to what she has get, salvation is come to her!' and then one and another cried out—'Christ Jesus, grant it! Amen! Amen!'

"Well, I was niver in such a talking in my life. I was all of a tremble and a quake, and th' lights and iverything spun round wi' me. As we went home, th' young woman asked me how I liked it? 'Oh,' said I, 'I niver was so bad and niver so well in all my days. Oh! what a sinner I've bin! Oh! what must I do to be saved?'

"'Thank God! thank God!' said th' young woman. 'You are in the right way now, and if you only go on it will be a blessed day for you, and for me too, you came to the chapel.' And now, aw my comfort's i' religion. I go regularly to chapel. I'm in a class, and all the society is very kind to me. But dunna think that I've had nothing but swimming work of it. No, the divel came after me like a roaring lion,—and oh! what a nasty divel it is!

"One day a young woman brought a gown-piece for me to make up. It was a very fine, rich, valuable gown-piece indeed; and when I come to measure it, then I found that there was a yard and a half of the stuff too much; and such good stuff too!

"'Tak it! tak it!' says the divel; 'they'll niver know!'

"But the Lord said in my heart, 'Dunna tak it, woman, it's none o' thine!'

"'Tak it!' again says the divel.

"'Let it alone!' says the Lord.

"Oh! what a day I had on't; till at last I ups and rolls the piece together, and off to th' young woman, and flinging it down, says—'There! there's that too much!' Away I goes back, thinking then what gladness I should have. But I was mistaken. The divel seemed like a raging going-fire. He war at me aw the way home. He seemed to drive me up th' street like a great wind. 'Well,' said he, 'and what better art thou now? Art ta any fuller, or any fatter; any richer or any better?' Oh! what



a nasty divel it is! Well, well, I mun bear my trials and my temptations, I reckon, like other folks; and learn not to set my heart too much on the things of this world. And that's what that dirty rogue of a husband o' mine is always telling me; and it's true, but I know why *he* tells me that,—it's because he wants to find th' owd stocking-full o' guineas. But I'll tak precious good care that he doesna. Oh! what a dirty rogue he's bin to me,—he has driven me to God!"

With this the old dame turned to march out, nodding significantly to my friend, but stopping suddenly, she looked at the two halfpenny-worths of red ochre which she held in her hands, and said, as to herself,—“Let me see, which is which? Aye, this is for mysen, it's the biggest—tother's for a neebor!"

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### THE FATE OF CITIES.

*Reflections on coming in sight of "New Portland Town," on the Finchley Road,  
Nov. 9th, 1845.*

#### I.

THE throbbings of the City's plethoric heart  
Strengthen and quicken, and export its blood  
In human streams more wide and far apart  
From its dense centre: man in social brood  
Subjects the fields to cities: where the wood!  
Harboured the wild bird thro' Time's silent years,  
And cattle on the still lea had their food,  
Usurping man's warm home of joy and tears,  
Filled with his life and death, its awful walls uprears.

#### II.

So on the Indian wild the Banian tree  
Spreads vast its bowery branches; which bend down  
And root in primal earth far o'er her free  
Domain:—a forest from one trunk alone.  
And from Convention's law which is outgrown  
From Nature's, into Nature's man should seek  
Duly for Truth's pure nurture when the tone  
Of civil life is jarred; its laws too weak  
To balance wills, and unity 'mong units make.

#### III.

Man shall be social ever: civil states,  
Shall they for ever rise and fall? can Time  
Perfect a social mould for human fates  
Infrangible?—must national suns climb

To noon-tide greatness but to slope thro' crime  
 To sun-set ?—it is matter's law of change :  
 But of man's moral will 'tis the sublime  
 The laws of Truth to poise, decay estrange ;  
 As Askalon's orb stood in its meridian range.

## IV.

Creation's scheme is progress : citted states  
 Are agents in their rise ;—what in their fall ?  
 " We rose for ruin "—read upon their gates :  
 " Ye fell to make us safe from Ruin's call "  
 Wise modern states should answer : " in your fall  
 Wisdom we learn your grandeur never taught."  
 Rome's, Athens', genius survives o'er all :—  
 Truth's phœnix soaring from their ashes caught,  
 Poised on her moveless wings,—oh, England ! fear for nought.

FRANCIS WORSLEY.

## THE ENGLISHMAN IN PRUSSIA.—No. VI.

DOMESTICITIES—MANNERS—MORALS—AMUSEMENTS—  
 GENERAL OBSERVATIONS—CONCLUSION.

GERMAN houses are generally built upon the principle of a thorough draught—that is, of obtaining, not avoiding, a thorough draught. Opposite a door, window, passage, or gate-way, there is usually another door, window, passage, or gate-way ; and by these means you continually find yourself in the centre of a strong current of air. It does not matter in the warm seasons of the year ; but in the winter or other cold windy months, and more particularly in Rhenish Prussia, it is dreadful. In addition to this, the doors and windows do not fit close, so that you may sit and roast your body close to your stove, with a draught cutting your ankles off, from a long gap underneath the door, and another draught cutting your throat from the sides and chinks of the window-frame. We have sat at dinner on a cold windy day in winter, in a room like an oven, but with our feet as cold as ice, from the wind of a great stone hall below, that had a wide staircase opposite the front door (continually opening), the head of which staircase was directly facing the dining-room door, the said door not touching the floor by at least half an inch all along. As there are no carpets or other impediments to the wind, we had it " fresh and fresh " as any of the doors below

leading to street or garden were opened, to say nothing of open windows. Then, the method of warming the rooms in winter by the German stove, is detestable. You are either made hot to suffocation, the horrid thing becoming red-hot, or it does not give out half enough heat, and is often the only warm thing in the room. If the stove was alight and warm, we were never able to convince any host or hostess of any house, public or private, that this fact was *not* the principal consideration, and that it was the *person* occupying the room who ought chiefly to be considered—it was whether *he* was warm or cold,—that was the point; the stove being warm was, in itself, little or nothing to the purpose—the stove was not lit to warm itself only. It was of no use;—they smiled, or took it amiss, and went away, saying, “Englishers were an original people!” Sometimes the stoves are lit by an aperture from the outside of the room, so that the regulation of the temperature being thus totally out of your hands, they either freeze you, or regularly bake you, just as the case may happen; and you have no remedy but to run out of the room. In the comforts and luxuries of social life, Germany is a hundred years behind England.

We should here observe that Germany is a nation of philosophers who do not understand ventilation. So much has habit the power to deaden perception, mental as well as bodily, that even men of science are confused, or do not distinguish the facts of the case. We have complained to German physicians of the dreadful oven which our apartment had become by means of the stove getting red-hot, and remarked that we could not get open a door or window, as the wind would rush coldly in, and hence there ought to be some method of ventilation adopted in their rooms; but the gentlemen aforesaid have deliberately pointed to the iron flue of the stove, observing that *there* was the ventilation! Dr. Annett ought to go to Germany, and deliver a lecture on his stove at all the principal towns.

While upon the subject of domestic economy, we have a few more uncomfortable observations to make. The beds are all too short. A short man can scarcely lie quite straight without his feet pressing against the foot-board. A tall man must either lie hunched up nose and knees, or his naked feet and ankles must stick out over the wooden barrier at the bed's foot, or else (as the pillows are generally higher than the head-board) his head must hang over the pillows, and dangle towards

the floor,—an attitude in which, to our certain knowledge, several English travellers have awoke in the morning, to their momentary confusion and stupefied astonishment. In winter—and this is the trying period—(few of our tourists know anything about the winter)—then comes a fresh discomfort. In the first place, the blankets are not made to “tuck in;” they are much too narrow; the part tucked in would be considered as wasted. For of what use is the part tucked in? they would ask. This would be foolishly extravagant; the blankets therefore are properly and wisely of the same width as the bed. The consequence is that half a dozen times in the night you are awake by the cold coming in at one side or the other; in your efforts to repair the opening you make an opening at the other side, and by the morning your bed-clothes are huddled round you in no shape at all, and with no good success. So much for blankets; but very often your only bed-clothes is a sheet with a stuffed bag, in fact a small feather-bed laid over it. Now this puffed bag, which covers you, is just the width of the bed, or something less, and little more than two-thirds of its length; and here is a scene of misery! You must inevitably lie in the shape of a frog, or your neck and shoulders would be quite uncovered, except by the mere sheet. A quarter of an hour of this, and you are sure to be in a vapour bath, the feather-bag is so excessively hot; but every time you turn from one side to the other, the narrow fat covering jumps up somewhere, and lets in the freezing air of your wintry chamber. If you turn at all hastily, you raise the thing on both sides, and a thorough draught instantly passes through your hot vapour bed, and astonishes your poor legs and back. Sometimes in the night, and in the darkness, you have “a scene” with your feather bag, which can scarcely be described. You awake with a frozen limb, or side, or shoulder—endeavour to adjust the bag and cover yourself properly—find you have got the thing broad-ways over you instead of long-ways—try to put it right—it gets corner-ways—then no-how—changes its shape so as utterly to baffle and confuse you in the dark, till you do not know, and find it impossible to discover, whether you are in a wrong position in your bed or have got the bag wrong;—you are in a fever—it now gets hotter than ever, and less in size—becomes elastic, perverse, alive—has a will of its own—and finally slips off upon the floor, either rolling underneath the bedstead, or getting itself involved with legs of chairs, so that you are compelled to get out in the frightfully cold air and grope about in the

darkness, upon the icy carpetless floor, to recover your detestable and accursed companion.

The furniture of the house is for the most part ill-made and badly put together, like the slop-work articles of our cheap upholsterers or furniture-brokers. Heads and points of nails and screws often project from chairs, tables, and sofas; as also splinters and sharp edges of badly-finished articles, to the frequent injury of the clothes, and the hands or other parts of the person. The sofas in the great majority of houses, and in all lodging-houses, are manifestly not made to lie or loll upon, because if you do so, you are sure to "start a plank," or knock out the back or sides. Twice have I had the upper half of me deposited upon the floor behind, in consequence of sinking back with misplaced confidence upon my sofa, on returning home fatigued. The sofa-back fell out in an instant.

The Germans pride themselves very much on their tailors, and of late years they have claimed the honour of making boots equal to the Parisian *cordonniers*. Their clothes are certainly well made, and the fit excellent. You purchase your own materials, cloth and silk, and the expense altogether, at the highest, is yet one-third cheaper than the same article in "quality and cut" can be obtained in England; in some cases (such as silk, satin, velvet, and other fancy waistcoats) the price is less than half. The boots made by the best bootmakers are also about a third cheaper, well made and durable. The objection to the shape which an Englishman would always make is that adopted in the toes of the boots, which extend two inches and more beyond the actual toes, and speedily acquire an upward direction, as if intended to cover some withered excrescence at the end of the foot. German gentlemen dress well, with great care and neatness, and with good taste, even on "the bright side of things;" a style which is always dangerous, and requires many additions to justify and carry off becomingly. Clean hands are an important addition, and certainly a very uncommon one. The ladies dress well; but, considering their station, no young women dress so well as the bonnet-makers, sempstresses, shop-girls, and that class. The prevailing characteristic of good dressing among the younger women of all ranks is the arrangement of the hair. This is generally dark and profuse, and the great beauty of it is displayed in a variety of graceful plaits, bands, rolls, or shell-shaped designs at the back of the head; and as they commonly have handsome necks and shoulders, the effect is quite beautiful, and

in many cases, no doubt, irresistible. The objectionable portion of women's dress of all ranks is the shape of their shoes. Nothing can exceed the uncouthness and ugliness. The shoe presents just such an appearance as would be obtained if a lady dipped her foot slowly into a bason of blacking as high as the ankle,—took it out carefully, and allowed it to dry and cake.

It is impossible to pass over German cookery. Many of their dishes are excellent; and of their three hundred methods of dressing potatoes, a very desirable selection might be made. A great many of their soups also, for flavour, wholesomeness, and economy, are not to be surpassed. But for originality, for inventiveness, for the bringing together of the most apparently uncongential and incongruous materials, they certainly exceed anything that an Englishman could imagine. The *table d'hôte* of a good hotel always presents an agreeable variety. Pea-soup with slices of raw beef in it, or followed by raw herrings ("cured" in some way, but not cooked); baked beef with preserved plums, and hot yellow goose-fat laid upon slices of brown bread or toast, may seem rather startling to delicate stomachs. Baked ducks stuffed with chestnuts and onions, and garnished with a sauce of pickled cherries or very sour brandy-cherries; potatoes fried with vinegar and sugar; turnips covered with cinnamon; and black pudding "assisted" by baked pears preserved in syrup; potatoes stewed with onions and sugar; French beans fried in brown sugar; and boiled salmon smothered in custard, or a light batter pudding;—all these may appear ingenious, if not generally seductive. After a great many dishes of this kind, the last that comes before the desert, is almost always hot baked mutton with a rich brown sauce, made "thick and slab." The following specimens of Koch-Kunst will also be found interesting:—a duck stuffed with almonds and apples; raw ham with pancakes and salad; potatoes and caraway comfits; a turnip sliced, and made delicious with rock-salt, pepper, and caraways to be eaten with coffee; a hare stuffed with chestnuts, &c. In the matter of poultry, the German cooks have need of all their art, as there is really very little flesh upon the bones of their fowls; and a goose is commonly a mere skeleton, with a gristle and a thick yellow fatty tough skin over it; in fact, an English friend has truly designated it when he said a German goose was just like "a little fiddle in a leathern bag." The use of blood in many of their dishes is alarming to our notions of refinement, especially as it is made no secret of "the art," but is

openly carried in jugs and cups from slaughter-houses. The legs of mutton are also apt to be very muscular and pipy. The King of Prussia sends to Windsor for his mutton. How gladly would every Englishman in Prussia do the same.

The wines of the country are light, clear, wholesome, and very agreeable, when you get used to the peculiar flavour which most of the best possess. The red wines of Germany are commonly half the price of the white wines. Some of the former are really little better than a rough sort of red ink; others, however, are very good, and not without strength. The poorest of the white wines simply resemble bad vinegar, and a quantity of sugar is sometimes used in drinking it—not generally, though;—the eternal pipe qualifies everything. The best of the white wines, whether the high-flavoured hock or Moselle wines, are by no means cheap, in fact the same price as Champagne. The finest of all these white wines costs the merchant himself six shillings a bottle on the very vineyard of its birth. The price of these wines varies, not merely with the district and aspect of its growth, but even with the part of the mountain. Thus, the grapes are not of so rich a quality in the vineyards at the top of the mountain as at its foot, nor at its foot so rich as in the centre. The sun remains longer there, and consequently those grapes contain the most sugar. They draw distinctions in this matter between vineyards that are within a few yards of each other, and apparently with reason. The *Schartzberger* has by no means the same fine flavour as the *Schartzhofberger*, though both grow upon the same mountain. We have seen the whole course of the vintage season—wine-making and all—and feel convinced that the distinction is always well founded. Coffee in Germany is very good, and pretty well made; but the tea is always poor, if not detestable. The greatest portion of what is sold for tea, is not tea at all; we have often dried the leaves, and found them to be demonstrable hedge-row impostors. Besides, the water with which it is made does not properly boil; nor can you get really boiling water in Germany, unless you take out a tea-kettle (as they have none) and see to it yourself. The urn they bring you at the hotels never really boils.

Those hotels only which have been accustomed to the visits and residence of English people, are comfortably habitable to English people. This is the case now with all the principal hotels, and even those of the second class are now aware when they have got a troublesome customer. "We would rather have

ten Germans than one Englishman in the house," is a common saying, with reference to the trouble given. No wonder we give trouble where nothing is comfortable or "fit," according to our habits. They say we ought to "conform," as Germans do when they go to England. Yes—well they may conform—it is easy to conform to a nest of clover, as they must surely find our houses after their windy abodes. But let us imagine an Englishman of the middle class, and accustomed—we will not say to the first-rate hotels, but to the best commercial hotels of his own country: let us merely imagine him entering his bed-room in a German inn, and discovering bare boards in the coldest weather, no sort of curtains or hangings to his bed, draughts from windows and crevices all round, a strong smell of stale tobacco-smoke, a towel the size of a shaving-cloth, and a jug and bason no bigger than a milk-jug and slop-bason—or else the water is contained in a wine-bottle, and to obtain more is of course one of the "troubles" given by an Englishman. Then the landlord and waiters place themselves at once on the most easy, familiar, and indifferent terms with you. We once called at an inn where a certain learned physician lodged. We met the landlord on the stairs. "Is Mr. Doctor L—— within?" The landlord passed on, saying, as he disappeared through a door, "I haven't the least idea; you can go and look." Being very busily engaged one day in writing, we paid no attention to the entrance of the waiter, who came in to look after the stove, as it was a cold day at the latter end of autumn. He passed round behind our chair to do something or other, and we continued writing. Presently we began to feel horridly cold, and with a wind cutting into the back of our neck; when, looking round, there was my lord the waiter leaning out of the window, which he had opened for the purpose, laughing and chatting with a girl, who was leaning out of a window from the next house! These sorts of things are of daily occurrence. I allude to the regular German inns and ordinary hotels, which are the true versions of nationality in these respects. I do not allude to the hotels constantly frequented by English families and travellers, for these are "sophisticated." Yet these are all that are described by most of our tourists.

The manners of the Germans are polite, pleasant, cordial, and very ceremonious; not in all respects refined (the contrary in respect of "smoking and spitting," and in some habits at table &c.), but for the most part obliging, and without any of those airs of



pride and superciliousness with which Englishmen are so constantly and so justly taxed. A German, of whatever rank, is pretty sure to return a civil answer to any decent person who addresses him. They converse freely with strangers, and are never averse to begin the conversation, except with an Englishman, because they say, and very truly, that whenever a stranger, (his own countrymen included) speaks first to an Englishman, the "great man" immediately thinks the speaker wants to be acquainted with him, and therefore he will not encourage such familiarity! The German manners may be regarded on the whole as frank, unreserved, and pleasing; but we must except the ladies of the middle class, who are all rather reserved, and "out of doors" abominably so. The style in which a lady of this class receives a salutation from any gentleman in the streets, of whatever country, is like the most chilling and repelling "cut." This is not intended; it is merely thought good style, especially in all small, and therefore scandal-talking towns. As for the younger girls, they pass you in the streets with faces as hard as if carved in wood, and even in cases where the wearers of these faces are well known in the town to belong to no such unimpressible and impenetrable fortresses as they would have you believe.

The question of a nation's "morals" is rather a nice subject—in fact, it is always rendered a ticklish matter to discuss "morals" in our own country, by reason of the vulgar limitation of the sense of the term—which vulgarity has now become universal among us. It refers to just one thing. Justice, honour, truthfulness, fair dealing, charitableness, sincerity of feeling—none of these qualities are included. The one thing always meant by "morals" is the legal or illegal commerce of the two sexes. Now, with respect to justice and even-handedness among the Germans, we should say that, as a national characteristic, they are more prevalent than in most nations; and the same may be said of honour and truthfulness; but it will be understood by all who have read the previous papers of this series, that we by no means include the Prussian government or its bureaucratic officers in this compliment.\* Of

\* A gentleman named Brooks (in all probability an Englishman), had written some account of the Prussian soldiery. He was accused of *treachery*; seized, tried, and acquitted at Aix. The minister Kamptz (this was during the reign of the present king's father) said he was astonished at such a verdict; had him again seized and brought before the court at Magdeburg, which found him guilty, and he was imprisoned for more than a twelve-month! But worse than all (as an insult to Justice and a free court), the minister ordered the court at Aix to reverse its decision,—which it was obliged to do!

their fair-dealing in matters of trade we confess we have had very few and slight opportunities of judging. The Germans have the reputation of making clever bargains, and are often said to take unfair advantage when they can safely do so. In the majority of instances, however, we think this accusation will be found to hold good only with the Jews, of whom there are an abundance in Germany. As for making the English "pay double" for many things in the shops, that is not much to be wondered at; and, though it is not right in any case, yet the temptation is hardly to be resisted, because John Bull has such a swaggering way with him—is so determined to have the thing he wants, at any price—is so suspicious of being cheated, which commonly provokes cheating—and is, moreover, known to bring over money for the sole purpose of spending it. The Germans are in general very charitable, sincere, and extremely hospitable. If you have a sufficient introduction to a German family, they are pretty sure to welcome you at once, and if they do so afterwards, you may be satisfied that they sincerely mean it. In the matter of "morals," as the term is exclusively understood in England, the greatest hypocrisy prevails in many parts of Germany, and undoubtedly in all small towns, especially small university towns. It is true that the young men, and men in general, are far less licentious than in France, Spain, Italy, and England—for has not the German his pipe? But, notwithstanding this national "sedative and soothing abstraction," there are instances and occasions enough, in which his peccadilloes might be brought to light, to the utter confusion of the grave and denying countenance which is habitually assumed, with reference to all such lawless doings. Nevertheless, there are in the larger cities houses of ill fame regularly licensed—and therefore the "lawless" in morality becomes "lawful" in civic regulations. But the grave offender regards it all as beneath his high character, and has no toleration for it in others who are discovered so to forget their philosophic dignity. We overheard a German gentleman lecture a friend in these words:—"You have lost your character. I don't care how the fact stands; but why did you suffer your folly to be known?" This is a bad condition of morals, it must be admitted; but what nation shall cast "the first stone?" Verily, the world needs a vast deal of rational purification, and the first step to it must be—not a stone—but Truth.

The amusements in Germany are not numerous, nor of an ex-

outing kind. They are more simple, inexpensive, and harmless, than with us. They consist of clubs, at which every evening the members meet to play at billiards, dominoes, draughts, cards, and ninepins. The German billiard game is characteristic. It is constructed on the principle of rejecting everything that is tolerably easy of accomplishment, and which renders the game amusing to the great majority of players; and it only tolerates and depends upon a successful calculation and execution of all sorts of complicated designs and movements. There is no fun in it, and, except to a scientific hand, it is intolerably stupid and unprogressive. The game at ninepins (or large and tall skittles) is in all respects excellent amusement. Concerts are also numerous, and for the most part, very indifferent. Talk of a musical nation! why, any one of our first-rate London concerts will contain more superior artists, and always a more liberal and varied selection than shall be found in any half-dozen first-rate concerts in Germany, with the exception of those which are given on the greatest occasions in such places as Vienna, Dresden, and Berlin. It is true that most of our best solo performers in this country are Germans; but that only proves that our nation, and not the supposed "musical nation," has got the best men. The fact is, the concerts in Germany are generally confined to the heaviest German compositions, very indifferently and harshly executed. As for their theatres, there is not much to be said about them. To be sure, they are far better than ours at the present time, which is saying little enough. Their exhibitions of gymnastic performances and of horsemanship are admirable. The most exciting and least temperate of all the amusements in Germany occur during the carnivals.

The Carnival begins with long processions through the principal streets of all great cities; and of small towns also, according to their means; consisting of triumphal and emblematic waggons and cars and chariots, and eccentric edifices on wheels, all highly ornamented, and filled with men and women,—often some of the most respectable among the inhabitants, in fancy costumes. There are horsemen and footmen, and riders on donkeys, and goats, and pigs, and calves, and stuffed imitations of colossal birds, all of whom are also attired in a fanciful manner, and distribute printed ballads and witticisms to the admiring crowds around, and to these also who throng the windows, and to whom the papers are presented at the end of long poles as the procession and all its motley train

moves along. The period for all this is in the month of February; and as the weather is either snowy, rainy, or there is a hard frost upon the ground, everybody looks purple and white with the cold, and probably has his feet wet through half the day if he issue into the streets. At Mayence, last year, the performers of the carnival introduced the pleasant appearance of a number of drunken houses reeling about in the squares and public places, effected by the houses being made of some very light material capable of being carried and danced about by men inside, and unseen, who supported the inebriated edifices on poles. But a still more numerous and varied series of displays and processions takes place at the Carnival of Cologne. After the splendours of the streets are concluded, all the parties retreat to different hotels to dinner. The close of one of these dinners, of which we were partaker and witness, presented an extraordinary scene. An elaborate description of it appeared in a London periodical some half-year ago, from which we crave permission to make the following extract. We might have been more scrupulous in quoting our own words, but that an ingenious rogue has deliberately pirated the whole account for an ornamental book, which appeared after the Queen's visit to Prussia, and without a syllable of acknowledgment of the obligation. The after-dinner scene in question we related nearly as follows.

The band now began to play a well-known air, which had been some years since composed for the carnival, and the whole happy company at each table took part in it in the following manner. One of the heroes took the post of leader of the chorus, and sung the air with the band, accompanied by the whole room. With the beginning of the next verse, or recommencement of the air, the leader set the example of clapping his hands "to the tune;" and this hand-clapping accompaniment was accordingly made by all present. The leader next began to whistle with the band, and we all whistled. The next thing was to tap the wine-glasses with the back of the desert-knives, which produced a multitudinous ringing and jingling sound, and of course many glasses were broken by ambitious performers. Marking time, or beating the "melody" with the feet upon the floor, followed this with a sounding, unanimous, satisfactory effect. The next variation upon this very original melody was that of rattling the plates upon the table; and because at the conclusion, enough plates had not been broken, a number of gentlemen broke their plates upon their own heads, the

white fragments falling upon and down their backs in all directions. Then we had an imitation of the braced drum, everybody drumming upon the table with the handles of his knife and fork ; a harsh noise, in which the band could scarcely be heard. A laughing accompaniment followed, and was very well executed by us all. The leader now took a cork,—cut one end of it,—dipped it in wine, and rubbed it up and down the outside of a wine-bottle, producing a squeaking sound as if a mouse should sing, only sharper ; the band thus had an accompaniment of three hundred squeaking instruments, the effect of which was indescribably ridiculous. The last variation was to sing with the band, and drum upon the table with both fists ; which was accordingly performed to admiration, every glass, plate, knife and fork, tumbler, and even decanter and bottle, leaping up in the air, or contributing its share of sound and merriment to the accompaniment, and thus terminated the amusement.

The grand conclusion of the day's entertainments—ranking above the theatres, the horsemanship, the puppet-plays, &c.—is the great masked ball, which takes place at the Gürzenich—our account of which was also “ adopted ” verbatim, without acknowledgment by our friend of the black flag.

Literal description of the Gürzenich Ball is out of the question. The reader will understand a rough cartoon of it much better. Imagine a dancing saloon, so long that it requires two bands of music, one at each end, and when you are at one end (the saloon being full of talking and laughing masqueraders), you cannot hear the band at the other. Imagine three or four thousand people there. You are in the midst of a crowd of ugly-painted monsters. Cheeks of chalk and scarlet, goggle eyes, carbuncle noses, long ears and horns, dogs' faces, ghosts' faces, fools' faces, devils' faces, jolly faces, and women half face and half mask ; bulls' heads, leopards' heads, asses' heads, Turks' heads, and girls with giddy heads and gold ornaments ; princes, princesses, merry-andrews, Swiss and Tyrolese peasantry and brigands, white-robed figures and dominoes ; all these there are, and many gentlemen in plain clothes, all of whom, by the violent contrast, look like undertakers. We are assured that sometimes there have been five thousand and upwards crammed in. To dance is impossible ; nobody thinks of it, but to walk is also impossible ; you cannot stand or move except as the grotesque mass around you stand or move. If an apple were to fall from the roof into the saloon, it would not reach

the ground, one would think for hours, but bob about from shoulder to shoulder. A walking-stick would find itself unable to stand without great pressure on all sides. At about four o'clock in the morning the density of the crowd has diminished, space is obtained, and dancing commences.

Next to the carnivals, the Christmas festivities take rank among the enlivening scenes, and not very numerous public demonstrations of hilarity, in Prussia. We will just say a word or two on Christmas-time in Berlin.

Christmas is the period when everybody makes presents to his friends, male and female ; it will, therefore, be readily understood, that all the shops are fitted out to the utmost of their owners' means, and make their most striking displays. There is a great deal of cake-eating performed in all the northern parts of Germany, and particularly in Berlin, where the confectioners' shops are on the first scale of magnificence. Some of them endeavour to attract attention by a variety of exhibitions,—such as beautiful views from Italy, the Rhine, China, &c. In the Conditorei of Fuchs there is also a sort of magic-lantern, exhibiting about fifty caricatures relating to the “*chronique scandaleuse*,” and the bureaucratic administration of the city. Few, however, possess a universal interest, and are solely adapted to the time and place. The wit and humour are, in fact, in almost all cases, of a local character, and would be uninteresting, if not unintelligible, to all who were not familiar with Berlin. Kroll's “*Wintergarten*” is the most magnificent and extensive of all these palaces of sweets. There is an immense saloon in the centre ; a band playing continually ; and round the walls are two-and-twenty elegant shops, under tents and fancy arbours, where a profusion of glittering things, eatable inclusive, are waiting to be purchased as presents. Both the wings adjoining the saloon are decorated like hot-houses ; the walls are covered with climbing plants ; and Chinese lamps hang from the roof. The large curtains of the windows are transparencies, chiefly displaying painted caricatures. There is also in Berlin at this time a popular Lotterie, in which, by paying 5 groschen (about 6*d.*) for a chance, a variety of “*invaluable*” things are possible to be obtained. The exhibition of Faust's “*Blumengarten*,” is also a sort of lottery, in which the prizes are all living flowers. The saloons are glass-houses, very profusely decorated with flowers. Last Christmas, the Royal Academy had, for the first time, the following ingenious and beautiful exhibition. Six paintings of Albert Durer were copied upon a

transparent ground, and displayed by a rich illumination, with an accompaniment of choruses selected from the works of old masters, such as Palestrina, Gluck, Haydn, &c., so as to give an harmonious exposition of the subjects of these great pictures.

In concluding this series of papers, the "Englishman in Prussia" requests permission to offer one or two emphatic remarks. Much has been said of a disparaging kind in the views he has taken of the politics, religion, morals, and customs of Prussia; nor have various objectionable characteristics and domesticities been allowed to pass without comment. All he can now say is this,—he has spoken the truth exactly as it presented itself to his mind. But no disparagements that he has thought himself bound to utter,—no sense of absurdities, incongruities, and shortcomings, have in any respect altered his estimate and opinion of the essentially high qualities existing in the inner spirit of the German nation. He regards Germany as the great store-house of new ideas; as the nation by which the kingdoms, equally of imagination and of science, have been reled over in modern days by potentates of a genius ranking with the highest; as the nation producing the greatest number of indefatigable and life-devoting spirits in the cause of Truth, both abstract and practical, though chiefly abstract; as the nation to whom, of all others, the modern age is most indebted for new food for its soul; and as the nation in which (though the practical development and organization may devolve upon England and France) the redemption of the modern world will be originated.

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## A VISION.

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METHOUGHT, upon a barren promontory,  
 Rearing a mighty bulwark 'gainst the sea,  
 Whose wild waves round it roared tumultuously,  
 I lay in slumber, and a form of glory  
 Came in a dream, and told me the sad story,  
 Of dark crime brooding over misery;  
 Of human laws that warred perpetually  
 With the soul's holiest instincts, and the dowry  
 Bequeathed to man by nature of free thought,  
 Free bread, free labour, filched from human kind,  
 Who in their struggles as their fury blind,  
 Like the wild ocean chafing 'gainst the rock  
 That stands unshaken, freedom vainly sought  
 From tyrants who their prayers and threats did only mock.

## THE HEDGEHOG LETTERS.

CONTAINING THE OPINIONS AND ADVENTURES OF JUMPER HEDGEHOG, CABMAN, LONDON; AND WRITTEN TO HIS RELATIVES AND ACQUAINTANCE, IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD.

LETTER XXIV.—TO THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

MY LORD,—Having put the nose-bag on the mare, I sat down to my porter and paper. I was soon hard and fast in the “Naval Intelligence.” I don’t know how it is, but I’ve a hankering after the navy. I had an uncle who was discharged a midshipman at forty, and died a light porter. That was, however, in the good old times; they say, we don’t see grey-headed reefers now. Well, having a sort of regard for the wooden walls, I was looking for the ship news, when I run my head against these words:—“The Admiralty, to mark their sense of the noble services of the late Dr. Sidney Bernard on board the *Eclair*, have presented a near relative of his, Mr. Robert Bernard, assistant-surgeon of the *Rigue* frigate, to the rank of surgeon in the navy.” All well and good, and all success to Mr. Robert Bernard! Still, I can’t help thinking it, that the Lords of the Admiralty might, as I may say, pay a still prettier compliment to the memory of the dead hero—for a hero he was, dying the death of a hero, as much as my Lord Nelson, though no bullet went through his shoulder—than by promoting his relation. Pardon a cabman’s boldness, while I tell you what I mean.

Doctor Sidney Bernard boarded the *Eclair* to attack a fever that was laying all hands low. The noble, big-hearted fellow volunteered to lead the forlorn hope against death, and fell the foremost. That’s granted. Well, how do you think, if I was a Lord of the Admiralty, I’d reward the dead? I’ll tell you.

You’ve several new frigates at the present moment on the stocks. They must all, when they’re launched, be christened. Well, why not call one of the best and trimmest of the lot, the *Sidney Bernard*? You can’t think that she’d sail the slower, or answer her helm less readily, for bearing such a name? You can’t think that the jack tars aboard of her, nay that the sailors of the whole fleet, would think the worse of the craft, because called after the



sailor's friend—the noble courageous man who died in the sailor's service. Well, my lord, what do you say? Do you think the proposal a bold one—do you fear that the nobles of the navy would look glum at it? Let us talk the matter over.

In the first place, my lord, run your eye down the Admiralty List. Well, saving your presence, wouldn't you think that sometimes Satan, in a waggish humour, named her Majesty's ships, and not Christian men? Here we have *Griffins*, and *Rattlesnakes*, and *Vipers*, and *Furies*, and *Harpies*, and all sorts of terrible and filthy things, all complimented and honoured by the Lords of the Admiralty, as if they were their own dearest pets, and they wanted to show the world how much they thought of 'em. Now, for once, let their lordships show they can have another sort of favourite. At the present moment they may intend to call one of their new frigates the *Flea*, or the *Spider*, or the *Cockroach*, or the *Polecat*, or the *Water-rat*. Let them pause awhile; let them think again, and, renouncing the foolish notion, determine to name her the *Sidney Bernard*. It is a name that must glorify her timbers; and who knows—even her gracious Majesty, delighted with their lordships' choice—might, herself, condescend to christen her.—'Twould be a pretty compliment from a British Queen to Britannia!

Consider, my lord, what a very nice thing it would be to have a *Sidney Bernard* afloat! How pleasantly the fleet would look upon her! How, at certain times, in every sea of the world, she would carry with her the recollection of the gallant surgeon—how she would help to keep up the spirits of the young and struggling, who, wherever her pennant was seen, would see the gratitude of England to humble, but heroic men! It is worth while, depend upon it, my lord, to keep up this spirit; so have nothing to do with the *Flea*—cast aside the *Cockroach*—renounce the *Polecat*, and stick to nothing but the *Sidney Bernard*.

Who knows, if the good example be once set, how, among all future Lords of the Admiralty, it might spread! There is a *Vixen* in the List—why then, on the other hand, should we not, some day, launch a *Grace Darling*? I don't think that even the *Trafalgar* or the *Howe* would be ashamed to sail in her company; do you my lord? At all events, you can but try a little bit of this kind of reform; and, therefore, my advice to you is, begin with the *Sidney Bernard*. For my part, I don't see why you shouldn't have all the great names of England afloat: I

can't understand why *Shakespeare* shouldn't sail as well as the *Devastation*, or that *Milton* shouldn't go as close to the wind as the *Canopus*.

And so I am,

Your obedient servant, my lord,

JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

LETTER XXV.—To Mrs. HEDGEHOG, OF NEW YORK.

DEAR GRANDMOTHER,—Knowing your love for all titled folks, I write to tell you that at this moment I *do* think all dukes double hazardous. I shouldn't wonder if my next letter should tell you that they're entirely repealed—smudged out of the Peerage. We've been in a pretty pucker for this last month, and a few dukes have done it all. Good souls! They all mean well, and yet people will misunderstand 'em: nay, I heard one low fellow declare that the Duke of Norfolk only wanted bells to his coronet to be quite in character with his talk. Excellent man! How much has he been mistaken!

You must know that the Duke of Norfolk can't abide the Corn Laws. With all his heart and soul he wants 'em repealed. But he doesn't bawl and shout against 'em; no, he goes quite another way to work; he tries to joke 'em down; but somehow, either dukes are commonly bad hands at a joke, or vulgar people won't give 'em credit for it; for which reason the Duke's joke has been taken quite the wrong way. Nevertheless, it was so good—so original—that it was impossible to be altogether spoiled.

However, the Duke's waggery is this. The people will want wheaten flour, whereupon Norfolk (without a smile on his face) has advised them to take, in nice warm water, "a pinch of curry powder" going to bed. What a friend at a pinch! He said "he meant to try it himself *with* his labourers;" that is, I suppose, "*on* his labourers;" a very different thing. Should his Grace succeed, I do hope that there will be a labourer's show; when I have no doubt that Norfolk will carry away the prize—say a jar of mixed pickles—for a curried ploughman. Norfolk further explained to the ignorant mob that curry powder was made "of spices and that sort of thing," and was very good "with a little bacon or any little thing of that kind"—(I believe pickled pork is the nearest cousin to bacon)—"they might have: IT WAS A PICKLE!" But why did not his Grace further recommend with

curry powder fowls and rabbits? They are, I believe, equally good with "a little bacon," and quite as soon to be had, by people who can't buy Corn Law bread.

It is said—but I don't believe it—that the Duke of Norfolk is so certain that curry powder is as good or better than wheaten bread, that he has given orders to plant, I don't know how many acres of his land, with pepper and nutmeg trees. To be sure, he'll not be able to grow spices so cheap as he can bring 'em from the Indies—no more than we can grow wheat at the price we can get it from other countries—but it will only be a part of Corn-Law wisdom if the Duke should try it.

However, I don't believe a word of this story. As I say, I'm certain the Duke of Norfolk hates the Corn-Laws; for he's gone a new way to work, and made monopoly quite ridiculous. He has flung a squib at it made of curry powder—and never squib did more mischief or made a greater noise. It is not the Duke's fault if his joke has not been taken the right way; nevertheless it has done better service than his best seriousness. Never was Jack-pudding more successful! For my part, I can quite believe that his Grace foresaw that he should be misunderstood; but nevertheless, knowing what injury his mistaken joke would do the Corn-Laws, he did not care to be thought, for a time, very ridiculous, so that in the end he might continue to be useful.

Once, grandmother, I read in Roman history that one Curtius jumped on horseback into a tremendous deep ditch, to save his country from ruin of some sort. Curtius was smashed, buried, of course; but Rome was saved. Well, the Duke of Norfolk has done the same generous thing. Once a man advertised that he would jump into a quart-bottle—but didn't so much as try it. Now the Duke, in his ducal robes, and with his coronet upon his head, to save his country has jumped right into a curry-bottle. There he is, corked for all posterity! There he is, as I once read—

Like bottled-up babes that grace the room  
Of that worthy knight, Sir Everard Home!

Who would think that a great duke could make so little of himself?

But I tell you, there's something broken out among the dukes, just as something has happened to all the potatoes. There's five or six of 'em, just now, very bad indeed. The Duke of Wellington, for one, is, they say, in a high state of inflammation; he is

so pestered with the Corn-Laws and his proxies. But, perhaps, you don't know what noble proxies are. I'll try to tell you. You see, when an English peer has no conceit whatever in his own brains—when he doesn't know when to say "Content," and when "Non-content,"—he gives, I may say, his whole soul into another man's keeping. He is satisfied to be a sort of breathing carcass in the world, having made over his opinions to another. Well, they do say that the Duke has seventy of these very small souls in his pocket! Consider it, grandmother! Properly looked at, what a sight is the Duke of Wellington. People who don't think, only see in him an old, thin, pale-faced gentleman, with not a very gentle look—but I, who often see him from my stand opposite Apsley House,—I always look on him as something tremendous! I always see those seventy proxies, as I may say, mixed up with him; seventy-one heads under that one small-rimmed hat; seventy-one hearts beating under that short little waistcoat! Why, the Siamese twins were nothing to it. It's wonderful, isn't it, grandmother, when peers, by their proxies, can put their souls into another man's mouth, and be made to preach what he likes,—just as the showman talks for Punch!

The next of the dukes, a little indisposed, is the Duke of Cambridge. He says he doesn't believe in bad potatoes; and no doubt he's right,—for he has never seen them, either at Windsor or Buckingham Palace, or Cambridge House, or at any of the noble tables he has so often visited. *His* potatoes have always been capital!

The Duke of Rutland, too, speaks up for potatoes. There has been a wicked conspiracy this season, to take away their characters; for, like a certain naughty being, they are by no means so bad as they are painted. But, then, says the Duke, "there must be something really affecting the British character, to make one person in every three what are termed *croakers*." But the Duke is not one of these three! Therefore, let all the poor take pattern by him; *he* never complains! *He* is no croaker!

The Duke of Richmond is also, just now, a person of great interest. He loves the Corn-Laws and prize oxen; that is, he will make corn dear to the poor man, and cram cattle with oil-cake until the poor beasts can't stand upon their legs—can't breathe—can't look out of their eyes for grease! Lean labourers and fat oxen! Well, I can't help saying it. I *do* wonder that some of these noblemen can take such a pleasure in breeding such mountains of

tallow, for they make nothing better. It's plain that all they think of with their beasts is to show what great beasts they may become! All I know is, if I was a monstrous rich nobleman I couldn't do it. I should think that I was somehow mocking myself, knowing that I had so much and others so little, when I crammed and stuffed an ox as nature never intended him to be stuffed, and all to make him a monster of fat,—a devouring wonder. I do believe it, grandmother; when I saw such an over-fat, useless creature, I do think my conscience would smite me, and I should say to myself—"Juniper Hedgehog, think you have four legs, and that's you." However, I thank my stars that I'm not a duke. If I was, I should certainly go into quarantine for a time; for there's something abroad—a ducal fever—that's catching; I'm sure of it.

You ask me, grandmother, to send you news about new books. With all love and affection, I think this only a bit of conceit in you; because you must know that whatever we do that's good, the Americans always steal from us. And I must give 'em this credit, they know what they're about; they're not ignorant thieves, for they always steal with a taste. Then, as of course you'll have *The Cricket on the Hearth* printed on brown sugar paper, and sold for three cents. (a very high compliment this to Mr. Dickens), I shall say nothing more about it. I shall only call your attention to a great escape that that gentleman has had from the murderous *Morning Post*. It's well known that no author ever survives a cut-up in the *Post*. No: then he's as done for, as if one of their own man-milliner's needles had gone right through his heart. After such a cut-up, a man is generally found dead in his bed the next morning. Hardened offenders have been known to live two nights, but this is rare. Well, knowing this, you will judge my feelings,—loving the man as I do for a noble work of God, doing noble work—you will judge my feelings when I read what follows in the blessed *Morning Post* of Dec. 22. It was in the very third page, in the very fifth column; and was part of a review of *The Cricket on the Hearth*. Well: the *Post*, in the fifth column, page 3, says:—

To notice such rubbish at all, as literary works, is perhaps not over consistent; but, recollecting that they are the offspring of one who is paraded at public places as a "great gun," yea, a tremendous cannon, of literature, we are bound, *in justice to our readers*, to express our opinion upon them. . . . The man who could write, and the people who can read, such unmitigated twaddle, are fit only to resume their

pinafores and betake themselves incontinently to tops-and-bottoms and sago pudding . . . A silly, slovenly nurse-girl, who realises the juvenile idea of

“ See-saw, Margery Daw,  
Who sold her bed and lay upon straw,  
Was not she a dirty slut  
To sell her bed and lie in the dirt ?”

and an enthusiastic manufacturer of cock-horses, and other similar prodigies of the animal creation, with his blind daughter and grinding employer, together with a pair of “loveyers,” make up the *dramatis personæ*. They are all eminently stupid in thought and foolish in action.

Well, when I read this, you might have knocked me down even with the goose-feather of the *Post*. At a glance, I saw that Dickens was lost to us. Knowing the *Post's* tremendous power—for at least three French milliners take it in—I felt that the author could not survive it. It must kill him. In a minute I saw Mr. Wakley, the coroner, and all that, and read the verdict—“Died by the *Post*.” Well, hardly knowing what I did, I turned over the leaves of the *Post*, and came to another notice of *The Cricket on the Hearth*, in page 6, column 4 ; a notice of the drama of *The Cricket*, in which the book was spoken of after this fashion. Yes,—in the same paper ; at page 6, column 4 :—

The characters are flesh and blood characters, with live hearts in their bosoms, bounding and palpitating, and fluttering with human aspirations, and human joys and sorrows. It is a simple story, wholesome and natural ; and breathing as freshly of the rural homes and the yeoman life of England, as a canvass of Gainsborough or Morland. Its great and abounding charm lies in its fine spirit of goodness—its inspirations spring up gracefully and lightsomely from the well of the home affections, and are evoked by the tricksey beings that haunt the chimney-nook. The cricket's chirp is the *féery* music that charms within its circle all the gentler virtues and the abiding amenities that shed a sacred halo around the domestic hearth.

You may be sure I was astonished at this. But it has all been cleared up since. I now understand, that in future upon all great questions of letters or politics, the *Post* intends to have two separate hands to do 'em—that is, one way for the fools and knaves, and the other for the decent people. Yes, in future, the *Post* is to be like a chess-board, entirely made up of black and white. The above I think a very pretty sample of the way in which the thing will be done.

And now, good bye, grandmother. Who knows when I shall be able to write to you again! For folks do say that we 're going to cut one another's throats about a place they call the Oregon. Well, if it does happen, I know what will be the end of it. We shall kill a few hundreds—perhaps a few thousands—we may knock a few towns to pieces, and play other devil's tricks. We may have our sea-fights, with—for the glory of war—brigs going down with their colours nailed to the mast: and after we've done all this, we shall then see whether we can't call in somebody to settle the matter, gunpowder having failed to do it. Now, let us try this plan first.

There's been a very good notion afloat, that the merchants of both countries should meet and address one another, and so smooth away the difficulty, that the matter might be put to what is called arbitration. Well, I think the plan a good one. Squares of infantry, and squadrons of horse, are very pretty at a review,—but let the war be fought by quiet gentlemen in a fight of words; let the worst weapon used, be a goose quill—the worst ammunition, ink.

With this wish—not forgetting also to wish you, and, by the bye, everybody else, a happy new year, I am,

Your affectionate grandson,

JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

### THE OLD SOLDIER.

CLOTHED in rags, and blind and lame,  
 Hunger-smitten, bent and old,  
 To my door a beggar came,  
 Shivering in the winter's cold.  
 Pity for the poor old man  
 Touched my heart, I gave him food,  
 And questioning him, he thus began  
 His life's sad tale in pensive mood.  
 "Four score years the earth I've trode,  
 Forty years I've begged my bread;  
 My manhood's prime I spent abroad,  
 Hired the blood of men to shed.  
 I remember, when a youth,  
 How I loved each blood-stained story,  
 All to me was sacred truth  
 That pertained to war and glory.

Twenty summers o'er my head  
 Scarce had flown, when from a home  
 Of peace and love I madly fled,  
 Afar in foreign lands to roam.  
 For a paltry sum of gold,  
 When my brain was fired with drink,  
 Mind and body both I sold—  
 For a soldier dare not think !  
 I never felt a soldier's pride ;  
 I felt I was a slave and wept ;  
 While with war's ensanguined tide,  
 O'er the groaning earth we swept.  
 Horrid sights I oft have seen,  
 Dreadful sounds I oft have heard ;  
 In a hundred fields I 've been,  
 Where my blood hath stained the sward.  
 I left a limb in Hindostan,  
 On Egypt's plains I lost my sight,  
 And home returned, a homeless man,  
 My eyes—my heart—bereft of light."

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### THE SPIRIT-VOICE.

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IN our nature there are circles of being : inward, deep is the principle of adoration ; feelings profound, wanderings of melodious joy, outborne from the consciousness—the growing consciousness of our connection with the eternal ; generated by waves of spiritual life, outflowing from divinity and diffusing themselves over our being : out from these, powers connecting us with humanity, social, brotherly ; whence love, compassion, and tenderness flow : out farther still, powers taking cognisance of beauty, light and shade, colours variegated, and all the forms of material things : and out from all these, and surrounding all these, are powers of sensation, the last link of our connection with the universe. Our nature is one, although the circles of life are many. Travelling up and down in it is a voice, unceasingly uttering itself, sounding through the whole of our being, from the interior of our spiritual constitution to the outskirts of our physical organisation : coming forth from a power—a living power, hidden in the depths of the soul, beneath its foundations. In this power we rest ; from it we draw life. It meets us at every step, in every feeling, in every



thought, in every act : we are wholly encompassed by it. Beyond it we never can go ; retire from it we find impossible : it is within and without, beneath and above, near and afar. It desires to diffuse itself throughout our nature, to fill every circle of our being ; beginning in our deepest and inmost parts, and spreading up through and out through our frame, leaving not the least fibre of physical organisation unanimated by its life. It is an exhaustless fountain—an inextinguishable light—an indestructible power. It is love and joy—purity and peace—harmony and melody.—beauty and grace ;—it is courage and fortitude—manliness and strength ; all perfecting, creative.

The voice ever uttered by this living power, has been heard in all nations, by every rational soul ; hitherto faintly, sometimes more, sometimes less distinct. The moment a soul hears its utterance, it acknowledges its authority. When it speaks through a man, the thrill passes over humanity. Eighteen hundred years ago, it spoke through one with an awful sublimity, its tones richly laden with a musical joy ; humanity heard the voice and was refreshed ; felt itself more divine than its consciousness had hitherto attested : that voice spoken from a great depth, with a germ of the eternal in it, continues still to be heard, waxing louder and more sublime, inspiring the benevolent with courage—the upright with a love of purity ; whispering hope into the ear of the despondent and down-cast—giving strength to the feeble and oppressed—and a balm to the wounded ; making the heart of the oppressor quail with fear—arresting the criminal in his career, and annihilating the life of corruption ; opening up a bright future in this world, and bearing humanity on towards the land of life, purity and peace.

And humanity, subject to illusions and delusions and vain wanderings, becomes more eager to hear the voice. It has listened, and listens still ; it has heard, and hears more ; it obeys as it hears. Following its every act of obedience, it becomes finer toned ;—and by the action and reaction of obedience and its results, its progression proceeds—the channels of its being become sounder, purer and more properly positioned, and truth flows in as if in streams ;—the change in its being has caused a change to come over nature ; and so finely touched is its inward parts, it “hears the beating of nature’s heart,” and God in the soul holds communion with God in nature.

This change stealing in upon a soul brings along with it high

appreciations of the capabilities of humanity. Hitherto it seemed "a thing of no value;" but now its dignity, its greatness, and the design of God in reference to it are all-absorbing. This conviction constitutes its dedication to God and humanity; and the "unbounded prospect" of a ceaseless on-going, is to it a source of unfailing inspiration; it feels the hand of God actively at work inweaving divinity into the texture of its being; and seeing its own divinity in every other one, its salutation is, "Brother, we are one in nature, let us bow before the Highest, that God may become one in us." Such an one has tasted of the water of life and can never die.

It is souls such as this, with their heads in the heavens, that mediate between God and man: they are prophets to the race. They stand as channels through which the divine Spirit-Voice uttereth its inspirations in the ears of mankind: and, when through these the senses of the soul are awakened to it, the fountains of the deep break up; the Spirit-Voice finds an echo in its constitution; and in its turn it becomes an oracle for God.

Throughout all being the Spirit-Voice is one—its aim one; yet be it remembered that in its thousand-fold manifestation, the *condition* of the soul determines the form of its expression. It may be seen far through, somehow or other, at the bottom of hate—it is full expressed in love; it also lives covered and enshrouded beneath selfish accumulation—it appears in broad noon in acts of benevolence: in despondency and hope—in repose and activity—in punishment and reward this voice is; humanity in its lowest condition is not without it; it may be heard by it as but the faintest echo, but the time comes when it shall speak, and the broad heavens reverberate the sound.

There is no up-going with despair, so let us ever hope. Expressions of discontent are heard; seen, are commotions, dread upheavings on the earth: 'tis humanity—humanity labouring to be delivered. That hollow, grumbling sound which passes heavily behind the mountains is the echo of its complaint—it reaches the ear of God—and from his throne streams down light on the path of life—the angel of love in the distance beckons humanity on—the invitation embraced, it plants one foot in the Future and shall shortly bid adieu to the old world for ever.

D. H.

## A HISTORY FOR YOUNG ENGLAND.\*

What a pitie is it to see a proper gentleman to have such a crick in his neck that he cannot look backward. Yet no better is he who cannot see behind him the actions which long since were performed. History maketh a young man to be old, without either wrinkles or grey hairs; privileging him with the experience of age, without either the infirmities or inconveniences thereof. Yea, it not onely maketh things past, present; but inableth one to make a rationall conjecture of things to come. For this world affordeth no new accidents, but in the same sense wherein we call it *a new moon*; which is the old one in another shape, and yet no other than what had been formerly. Old actions return again, furnished over with some new and different circumstances.—FULLER.

### CHAPTER THE TENTH.

#### RICHARD THE FIRST, SURNAMED THE LION-HEART.

1189—1199. RICHARD, the eldest surviving son of Henry Plantagenet, held the duchy of Aquitaine and ruled it with an iron sceptre, at the time of his father's death. Fourteen days after that event, on the 20th July, 1189, he received the title of Duke of Normandy; but it was not until the day of his coronation in the palace of Westminster, on the 3rd of the following September, that the title of English King was conceded to 'Duke Richard.' There had however been no disposition to question his succession; and in the interim, by his appointment, his mother Eleanor had been released from her captivity and invested with the powers of Regent, which she seems to have exercised presently. We are told by contemporary writers that she made a deries of state progresses; released prisoners unlawfully confined; pardoned offences against the crown; restrained forest severities; reversed outlawries on common fame; by proclamation ordered all freemen to swear allegiance to Duke Richard and obedience to his laws; and everywhere distributed alms, in her own name and that of her son, for the soul of the husband and father whose heart they had broken.

As the body of the old king was borne from the pleasant town of Chinon on the Loire, the Windsor of our Norman princes, to the sad old abbey of Fontevraud, their favourite place of burial,

\* Continued from p. 565, Vol. II.

Earl Richard met the procession and accompanied it to the great church. As the funeral rite went on, and the knightly mourner stood by his father's body, the dead face was uncovered and blood burst from the nostrils. This miracle, which the chroniclers carefully relate, very strongly marks the feeling of the time. It was the body of the dead bleeding in the presence of its murderer. Richard shuddered; fell in prayer before the altar; and after the space of a paternoster left the church, never to return to it till borne there in the pride of manhood to a grave at his father's feet.

It was he who had thrice refused to sheathe the sword he had drawn against his parent; it was he at whose bidding, when his brothers Henry and Geoffrey had made ample submission, the unnatural strife arose again. For on none of the princes had the old king's discountenance of the martial tendencies of his age fallen so heavily as on Richard. While yet in boyhood, his personal prowess was the favourite theme of the poetry of his time; and as years passed on, high above the most noted warriors of Normandy and England towered the haughty crest of the youthful Count of Poitou. With a body incapable of fatigue, and a heart inaccessible to fear, he lived but in the tournament or battle; and there was not a tilting ground in Europe he had not visited as a private adventurer, and borne off its prize of valour. The chroniclers err who ascribe his departure for the Crusades to remorse for his father's death. With the passionate spirit of enterprise that distinguished him, he had publicly taken the Cross some months before that event; which only served to confirm his resolve. The succession to the throne had brought with it no sense of duties or responsibilities. The confidential counsellors who bore tidings of his approach to claim his English crown, were charged with projects to drain the resources of England for no purpose more closely connected with its government, than the recovery of Jerusalem and the punishment of Soldan Saladin.

It has been seen that he did not receive the kingly title till he had passed through the Form of his coronation. The thoughtful reader will discover in that circumstance; in the popular measures with which Eleanor thought it prudent to grace his accession; and in the description I shall now briefly give of the coronation ceremonial itself (of which his is the most ancient preserved in formal records); ample confirmation of what has before been urged against the false impression of too many histories. These Norman princes did not, by the mere physical right of conquest, govern a conquered people. They were not serfs or slaves who

crowded the passages from the palace to the abbey of Westminster on the coronation day of Richard the First, and whose voices, though but as a matter of form, were solicited to confirm him King. They were a part of the day's dignity and power, as essential as the clergy, the abbots, and the bishops, who advanced first in the procession; as the two barons who followed with the cap of state and the golden spurs; as the earls who carried the rod and sceptre; as the three swords borne by John the king's brother, by David brother to the king of Scotland, and by William Earl of Salisbury; as the six earls and six barons, who carried on their shoulders the gorgeous accoutrements of royalty; nay, as the ponderous crown itself, which was on this day borne in the stout hands of the Earl of Albemarle. Richard came last; supported by the Bishops of Bath and Durham, under a canopy of silk stretched on four spears and held by four barons; and was received at the altar by Baldwin Archbishop of Canterbury, who administered to him the oath of the Anglo-Saxon kings. He then threw off his upper garment, put on golden sandals, was anointed in various parts of his person, and received successively from the proper officers the cap, the tunic, the dalmatic, the swords, the spurs, and the mantle. The Archbishop conducted him, thus robed, to the altar, and solemnly adjured him not to assume, even then, the royal dignity, unless prepared and resolved to observe the royal oath. On this he renewed his promise; vehement shouts from the crowded aisles of the abbey answered the Archbishop's formal appeal to the People for confirmation of this election of their Governor; and Duke Richard, taking the crown from the altar and presenting it to the primate, Baldwin placed it on the head of King Richard the First.

While this passed within the abbey, a horrible and disgraceful scene was in course of action outside, which, even so late as when industrious simple-hearted Speed wrote his useful Chronicle, and beyond that time, seemed quite an auspicious event, and comforting to Christianity. The coronation of Richard, he says, 'was accidentally hanselled and auspicated by the blood of many Jews (though utterly against the king's will) who, in a tumult raised by the multitude, were furiously murdered; which, though it was afterwards punished by the laws, might seem a presage that this lion-hearted king should be a special destroyer of the enemies of our Saviour.' That the murder of a Jew should have been utterly against the king's will, only proves what the power of money already was. Even a Jew might on that ground claim

protection. On the other hand, what recommended them to the king, apart from the curse of their unbelief, made them hateful to the people. They were the bankers, the capitalists of Europe. They held exclusive traffic in the markets; with absolute, and, unless by ruffian violence, unrestricted control over the element which with labour governs the world. The impulse given to commerce by every fresh crusade, I have before pointed out; at such a time, their demands rising with the number and wants of borrowers, their profits became enormous; at such a time, superstitious excitement raging high, their religion became especially odious; and this therefore was always the aptest time for some shocking scene of persecution. Hatred of their faith, and envy of their gains, were indulged together. The present outrage began in a dispute at the abbey door, where some Jews had mingled with the crowd and pressed for admittance; it spread throughout the city; it was inflamed by a report on the following day, that the king had made glorious commencement of his reign by a general permission to kill the Jews and plunder their property; and it was not quelled until, not alone in London, but in York and several of the larger cities of the kingdom, it had been signalised by the most frightful robberies, conflagrations, and massacres. Richard seems to have been the least to blame. It was suspected that not a few of the more powerful barons had most assisted to inflame the popular passion, for a cloak to the design they had more deliberately formed of sharing among themselves the spoils of their victims, and of effectually extinguishing their debts by destroying at once the securities and the persons of their creditors. When the king deputed his justiciary, the famous warrior and lawyer Glanvil, to disperse and judge the rioters, the result of his task showed what a feeling he had had to contend with, and what power must have backed it up. Three men only were executed; and of these, one because he had stolen the goods of a Christian, and the other two because the flames they had lighted in the houses of the Jews had spread to the dwellings of Christians. Beside this indeed, Richard offered his royal protection to the Jews, and forbade any further interference with their persons or property; but it availed them little.

Meanwhile he had been busily occupied in raising money for his Crusade. His father's treasury gave him a hundred thousand marks; but he required a sum gigantic as his warlike projects, and there was but one mode of getting it together. He turned his presence chamber into a market overt, and offered everything for

sale. He sold the demesne lands, he sold honours and offices, he sold bishoprics and abbacies. He compromised a quarrel with his natural brother Geoffrey, lately elected Archbishop of York, for a bribe of three thousand pounds; for one thousand he sold the earldom of Northumberland and lordship of Sadburgh to Hugh Pudsey the Bishop of Durham, who also purchased of him the office of Justiciary; for ten thousand he restored to the King of Scots what his father had wrested from him; and when a remonstrance was addressed to him on the impolicy of all this, with appeal to the example of Stephen, he swore that he would sell London itself if he could but find a purchaser. His arrangements completed by expedients of this kind, which cost him four months' incessant labour, he held a great council in Pipwell monastery, and provided for the regency of the kingdom. He divided its powers between his chancellor, William Longchamp Bishop of Ely, and his justiciary, Hugh Pudsey Bishop of Durham. Neither to Eleanor nor to John was any share of authority committed; but he increased his mother's dower; and, with the vain hope of engaging that mean and jealous nature to his interests, endowed his brother with the earldoms of near one third of the kingdom. He left England on the 11th of December, 1189, never to return to it, or to take further share in its administration, until the 13th of March, 1194.

His departure was the signal for attack on the Bishop of Durham by his brother regent the Bishop of Ely. The weaker vessel broke; and in a few months Longchamp was not only sole regent, but had received from abroad, on his royal master's intercession with the Vatican, the office of papal legate, and reigned supreme in church as well as in state. He was in some respects a remarkable man, and undoubtedly very able. He was of the lowest birth (his grandfather had been a serf in the diocese of Beauvais), and had passed to the service of Richard from that of his natural brother Geoffrey. A proficient in the dexterous arts which win their way to power, his ambition had grown with every new success till it overtopped all means of restraint and of repression. The descendant of the serf of Beauvais was the only man whom Richard did not dismiss, when, on his father's death, either with sincere remorse or to invite popularity by the show of it, he sent his own old counsellors from his service, and called to his side those who had remained faithful to his father. When tidings of Longchamp's conduct to his fellow regent were borne to Richard on the Continent, he did indeed send formal instructions for the

reinstatement of the Bishop of Durham : but they were unaccompanied by any limitation of the power already turned to such bold uses by Longchamp, and the latter, declaring himself acquainted better with the king's secret intentions, openly refused to comply. The trust he had received at the king's departure, he added, was meant to comprise whatsoever powers he deemed needful to its discharge. And he should govern the kingdom alone.

In what way he governed it, is unhappily to be read only in the statements of men manifestly his foes. They say that he was not only haughty and insolent, but grasping and prodigal ; that to the laity he was more than a king, oppressing them with fines ; that to the clergy he was more than a pope, ruining them with exactions ; that he never enforced submission by his justice, but by the promptitude and severity of his vengeance ; that had he remained in power 'not a knight could have kept his silver belt, nor a noble his gold ring, nor a woman her bracelet or necklace, nor a Jew his merchandise or gem ;' and that, in the line of Norman kings, no such pomp or parade had ever been exhibited, as was indulged by this son of the serfs of Beauvais. Wherever he rested, a formidable guard was in waiting ; when he rode forth, a body of fifteen hundred horsemen attended him ; he sealed public acts with his own seal, not with the great seal of England ; he imported from France large bands of minstrels, troubadours, jongleurs, and jesters, who did nothing but wander about the public streets, singing of the chancellor and regent, and declaring that the world had yet produced no equal to William de Longchamp ; and these songs and shoutings quite drowned the curses of the native population.

It is doubtful if these curses were heard, certainly. On the contrary, there is a suspicion that Longchamp was popular with every class beneath that of the haughtier barons and the immediate adherents of John. Worthy Peter of Blois praises him for his wisdom and unbounded generosity, and talks even of his amiable, benevolent, and gentle temper ; and, making all allowance for the quarrels his mere superiority must have created, and for the many persons in every class likely to be most mortified by what was most praiseworthy in him, it will be safe to conclude that good predominated over evil in his character, as it rarely fails to do with men of real ability and genius. I take the secret of his position to have been that, very shortly after Richard's departure, he discovered John's designs on the succession ; and



felt that they could only be effectively resisted by the seizure of extraordinary powers. This seems to derive confirmation from the fact that, while yet in Sicily on his way to Holy Land, Richard not only took occasion in a treaty with King Tancred, and in letters to the pope, formally to declare the succession in Arthur, son of his dead brother Geoffrey, but secretly commissioned his chancellor to engage the help of the Scottish king should it become necessary, in support of Arthur's pretensions. John had at the same time spies in Messina; and, on this being conveyed to him, redoubled his exertions against Longchamp. As for the possibility of a safe return to his adventurous brother, it never seems to have entered into the dream of his mean ambition. He had but to triumph over Longchamp and seize the throne. A crusade was hitherto but another word for the grave of whomsoever joined it. Prince or plebeian, the chances were against his safe return.

While Richard yet lingered in Europe, little can be said to have passed beyond an active preparation for the struggle between Longchamp and John. When he set sail for Asia, the struggle desperately began. Through a space of more than two years, it continued with very various fortune; but the combination of interests attracted to the side of the usurper, proved at last too strong for Longchamp. Geoffrey, the previous chancellor, now Archbishop of York, left France in defiance of a royal interdict, and joined the confederacy against him; it best served the independent designs of many of the Norman barons to take similar part in the contest; and it ended in the precipitate flight of the so powerful chancellor and regent. This last incident is the only one deserving of special note in this somewhat tedious and vulgar strife. The tall figure of what seemed to be a female pedlar, with a pack of cloth under the arm and an ell measure in hand, was observed by some fishermen's wives on the sea-shore near Dover; and on nearer inspection revealed, from under a 'green hood,' the black face and new-shorn beard of a man. It was the chancellor waiting to embark for France. He would have escaped, it is added, but for his ignorance of English. The fishermen's wives could get no answer to their inquiries for her wares, but a loud laugh; which raised suspicion of his sanity, and induced the inspection that discovered him.

This incident may remind me that it will not be unimportant or uninteresting to make mention of the state of the language at this time. The Saxon was now assuming that form in which its rela-

tion to our present speech becomes distinctly apparent. That there had ever been any deliberate design in the Normans to abolish the native language, I have before characterised as an assertion wholly without warrant ; but the same causes which induced a gradual amalgamation of the races, brought about also important modifications of the language ; and a general and free communication of foreign clergy with every grade of the Saxon people, had of course an important influence in these changes. Such instances as that of Longchamp were now becoming exceptions, in the higher places of government ; and even of him it is said that in his last chancellorship he knew more of Saxon than in his first. But one of the striking homilies preserved and translated by the learned and ingenious Mr. Conybeare, is in itself the most vivid illustration I could offer of this transitory state of the language of our forefathers. Its date is of the age I am now treating ; and probably there is no better specimen on record of what may be called the latest period of Saxon. Few grander things, it may be added, have been written in any speech, in any time of the world ; and it would be noble employment for the noblest writer, to give back an answer to its gloomy and dark sublimity which should become the brighter prospects and the sincerer faith of a more hopeful and happy world.

The wes bold gebyld  
 Er thu iboren were,  
 The wes mold imynt  
 Er thu of moder come  
 The hit nes no idiht  
 Ne thes deopnes imetæn  
 Nes til iloced,  
 Hu long hit the were,  
 Nu me the bringæth  
 Wer thu beon scealt,  
 Nu me sceal the meten  
 And tha mold seoththa :  
 Ne bith no thine hus  
 Healice itimbred,  
 Hit bith uneh and lah ;  
 Thonne thu bist therinne  
 The helewages beoth lage,  
 Sidwages unhege.  
 The rof bith ybild  
 Theie brost full neh,  
 Swa thu scealt in mold  
 Winnen ful cald,  
 Dimme and deorcæ.  
 Thet clen fulæt on hod.  
 Dureleas is thæt hus.

For thee is a house built  
 Ere thou wert born,  
 For thee mould was ashapen  
 Ere thou of mother camest ;  
 Its height is not determined,  
 Nor its depth measured,  
 Nor is it closed up  
 (However long it may be)  
 Until I thee bring  
 Where thou shalt remain  
 Until I shall measure thee  
 And the sod of earth.  
 Thy house is not  
 Highly timbered,  
 It is unhigh and low ;  
 When thou art in it  
 The heelways are low,  
 The side-ways unhigh.  
 The roof is built  
 Thy breast full nigh ;  
 So thou shalt in earth  
 Dwell full cold,  
 Dim, and dark.  
 That clean putrefies.  
 Doorless is that house

And deorc hit is withinnen  
 Deer thu bist fest bitye  
 And Deeth heftþ tha cæge.  
 Lathlic is thæt eorþ hus,  
 And grim inne to wunien  
 Ther thu scealt wunien.  
 And wurmes the to deleth.  
 Thus thu bist ileyd,  
 And ladest thine fronden,  
 Nefst thu nenne freond  
 The the wylle faren to,  
 Thæt æfre wule lokien  
 Hu the thæt hus the like,  
 Thæt æfre undon  
 The wule tha dure,  
 And the sæfter haten  
 For some thu bist ladlie  
 And lad to iseonne.

And dark it is within :  
 There thou art fast detained,  
 And Death holds the key.  
 Loathly is that earth house,  
 And grim to dwell in ;  
 There thou shalt dwell  
 And worms shall share thee.  
 Thus thou art laid  
 And leavest thy friends ;  
 Thou hast no friend  
 That will come to thee.  
 Who will ever inquire  
 How that house liketh thee ?  
 Who shall ever open  
 For thee the door  
 And seek thee ?  
 For soon thou becomest loathly  
 And hateful to look upon.

At the time when John seemed most secure in his triumphant usurpation of the regency, intelligence reached Europe of Richard's departure from Palestine. The eager anticipations of the people then became evidence of the detestation in which John was held, and of the fresh popularity Richard had acquired by the reported prodigies of his valour. I have not dwelt upon his career in the East, since it did not come within the province of my History, and, for the present, the origin and practical influence of the Crusades have been enough adverted to. But, apart even from the poetical exaggerations which pervade every available record of Richard's life, and which have made him the theme of romance in every age, there can be as little question of the extraordinary character of his martial exploits, as of their ludicrous inutility. His greatness as a soldier contrasts throughout with his incapacity as a leader. He was too fickle and passionate to pursue steadily or rightly any victory he had gained; he was too headstrong and obstinate to keep together the jarring forces with which he had to deal; he was pre-eminent in personal strength and bravery, and in these alone. The name of CŒUR DE LION, which had preceded him, he well maintained; but the repute of his father's wisdom, which had also travelled to Holy Land, he did not support so well. Every champion that dared to oppose him, he vanquished; wherever he charged, though into a host of Saracens, the enemy retired from before him; he worked like a common soldier at the heavy battering engines under the walls of Acre, and even in sickness was borne on a mattress to the trenches; his cry of 'St. George! St.

George !' became a word of fear throughout the East ; and for a century after his death, the Saracen mother terrified her child, and the Saracen soldier rebuked his horse, with the name of Richard of England. But he left the land which he had only helped to deluge with blood (for his cruelty was not less remarkable than his valour), without the achievement of one enduring advantage ; and there was a better than *his* reason for the grief and shame with which, as he left, he is said to have raised his shield before his eyes when passing within sight of Jerusalem, and to have declared himself unworthy to look upon the holy city which he had not been able to redeem.

What indirect advantages of commerce this as well as subsequent crusades promoted, will better appear hereafter ; but it should not be omitted, as a fact very significant of the general progress of the kingdom under his father's reign, that Richard had sailed for the East in a fleet of fifty-three galleys, and a hundred and fifty other ships. So strong a naval armament, manned with seamen so capable of their duties, had probably not before been seen ; and some few of the ships carried as many as four hundred persons. It is interesting to couple with this the fact that the laws of Oleron, the origin of modern maritime jurisprudence, and an authority to this day, have their date in Richard's reign. They are even said to have been written by the king ; but his troubadour songs, and his rhyming libel on his friend the Duke of Burgundy, are better authenticated. I may add in connection with maritime affairs, that one of the only two legislative charters dated in his reign had a tendency to favour and protect the adventure and enterprise of seamen. It mitigated the severity of the old law of wrecks ; by which, in cases of shipwreck, unless the ship could be again set afloat within a given time by her surviving crew, it became, with the cargo, the property of the crown or of the lord of the manor. Richard's charter declared that the owner in no case forfeited his claim ; and that if the owner perished, his sons and daughters, and in their default, his brothers and sisters, should have the property in preference to the crown.

Romantic as his Eastern adventures, but not more relevant to sober history, were the king's mishaps on his way back to England. Impatient of his long-delayed arrival, and wholly ignorant of its cause, public expectation could but rise and fall with every scrap of party tidings brought by returning pilgrims ; till at length an intercepted letter to the French king from the German emperor, revealed the truth that Richard had been taken prisoner on

his passage through Germany. The emperor had bought the royal prisoner from Leopold of Austria for sixty thousand pounds; and had lodged him in chains in one of the castles of the Tyrol; where, by day and by night, naked swords guarded and watched 'this enemy of the empire and disturber of France.' What followed,—from the hearty sympathy of his English subjects, from the gallant efforts of Longchamp (who had escaped to France and been again in treaty with John) to negotiate his release, from the royal prisoner's gallant self-defence before his judges, from the enormous ransom claimed and the horrible exactions resorted to in raising it—to the flight of John when the French king's famous mission told him to Look to Himself for the Devil was broken Loose, and to the arrival of Richard on the shore of Sandwich amid the acclamations of multitudes assembled there—needs but this cursory mention. Chancellor Geoffrey was dismissed to his archbishopric, and Longchamp was reinstated in his office; a new coronation purged the monarch from the humiliations of his late captivity; John was with a somewhat abused generosity let loose for new treasons; and, after a few brief months' residence in his kingdom, Richard passed over to France to revenge himself on his enemy King Philip.

Yet signs and portents had become rife in England sufficient to have claimed the attention of a more sagacious prince. The country, already drained by frequent exactions, had, by the last contributions to the royal ransom, from which no exception was made in any class, been reduced 'to poverty from one sea to the other.' Out of this condition, and the neglect of the most ordinary duties of government and police, sprang a quasi-servile war, maintained for some time by the poorer and less substantial against the richer and higher classes; headed by an 'advocate of the people,' William Fitz Osbert; and comprising a secret association of more than fifty-two thousand malcontents. Of this apparently formidable organisation little can now with certainty be traced; but its existence; the formal judicial charge it caused to be brought against Fitz Osbert (he cherished his beard as fanatics commonly do, and is called *Longbeard* in even the formal records of the time) of circulating preposterous doctrines on the 'love of liberty and happiness;' its forcible suppression by the violent death of Fitz Osbert, and the seeds of discontent it left, to take other and more dangerous shape in later reigns; are facts which may not be disputed, and which will receive illustration hereafter. There had also arisen out of the long prevalence of factious

struggles between John and the barons during Richard's absence, a new condition, so to speak, of relations between the baronage and the throne, which from any monarch less wilful and unreflecting than Richard, might have claimed some serious attention. The inaptitude and imbecility of John had thrown all the real duties of his government into the hands of a council of barons; these again were opposed by men of their own class, as well for self-interest as on general and independent grounds; and the result of a series of quarrels thus conducted, between equals as it were in station, between independent forces—the crown represented on the one hand, but no longer with the prestige of power it had received from the stronger kings; the aristocracy advancing claims on the other, no longer overborne or overawed by the present pressure of the throne—led to what may be called a system of unscrupulous party struggle, in which royalty lost the exclusive position it had been the great aim of the Conqueror's family to secure to it, and became an unguarded object of attack to whatever hostile confederacy might be formed against it. What elements of good there were in this, to countervail the evil incidents of the reign, will appear after the death of Richard.

Meanwhile, to good and to evil he was alike indifferent. He had not, during the whole of his reign, resided for a year's space in England, and it was ordered that he should never return to He seemed to care for it simply as the source of so much revenue for his private adventures and personal broils. Hubert Archbishop of Canterbury was now, with the aid of Longchamp's counsel, grand justiciary and guardian of the kingdom; and it is stated that he transmitted to Richard during his four years' paltry squabble with Philip, the prodigious sum of eleven hundred thousand pounds. But it must be doubted if such a sum could possibly have been raised at a time when a hye of land, or a hundred and twenty acres, was commonly let for twenty shillings a year; when an ox or a labouring horse cost but four shillings; when a sow cost a shilling; and when a sheep with fine wool was sold for tenpence, and with coarse wool for sixpence. To the statement of the enormous exactions named it is at the same time added, that though every kind of expedient was necessarily used to plunder every class, and even the tournaments, revived and allowed by Richard's removal of his father's prohibition, were made the means of avaricious taxation,—less actual violence and injustice were on the whole committed by Hubert,

and more gleams of good and wisdom attended his government, than at any former period of the reign. He was the pupil of the great Glanvil; to the respect he had thus inherited for the laws, is possibly to be attributed the second legislative charter of Richard, establishing the wise provision of an uniformity of weights and measures throughout the kingdom; and it is certain that under his direction and administration, the institution of itinerant justices was not only resumed and continued, but in some respects received improvement. Hoveden enables us to state that the juries to try pleas for the crown seem now to have consisted regularly of twelve persons. In each county two knights were named by the judges, with power to select two others from each hundred in the county. To the latter two was then intrusted the privilege of adding to their number ten free and lawful men, resident in the neighbourhood; and by these means a jury of twelve was formed in every particular hundred.

The details of Richard's war with Philip are in no respect interesting. It lasted four years; and was distinguished, as in the instance of all Richard's wars and victories, by wonderful feats of valour, and results the most contemptible. Its details read rather like the chance encounters of ferocious brigands, than the deliberate strife of the two most powerful of European sovereigns. Its most notable incident was the arrest of an old enemy of Richard, who had exerted himself successfully to prolong his imprisonment and to enforce the most galling of its indignities: the valorous fighting Bishop of Beauvais. He was thrown into a dungeon at Rouen and loaded with irons. Influential churchmen remonstrated. 'You shall determine for yourselves,' said Richard, 'whether or not I am justified in what I have done. This man has done me many wrongs. Much I could forget, but not this. When in the hands of the emperor, and when, in consideration of my royal character, they were beginning to treat me more gently and with some marks of respect, your master arrived, and I soon experienced the effect of his visit: over-night he spoke with the emperor, and the next morning a chain was put upon me such as a horse could hardly bear. What he now merits at my hands declare yourselves, and be just.' They retired in silence. Appeal was then made to Rouen: but Pope Celestine replied with a severe reproof of the Bishop's martial propensities, and particularly of his having selected a champion of the Cross to exercise them on. He would solicit only for him

as a friend, he added ; as pontiff he could not interfere. He wrote to Richard accordingly, and implored him to pity 'his dear son, the Bishop of Beauvais.' Richard sent back for answer the blood-smear'd coat of mail in which the bishop had been taken prisoner, and to which he had fixed a scroll bearing this happy sentence from the Scriptures : '*This have we found ; know thou whether it be thy son's coat or no.*' The pope answered with a smile that it was not ; that it was the coat of a son of Mars ; and that Mars must deliver him, if he could. The bishop did not recover his liberty till the king himself had suffered fell arrest.

Richard's death was characteristic of his life. Soon after a scornful and triumphant letter which he caused to be circulated through England, and in which (alluding to a rout of the French wherein a bridge had sunk beneath the fugitives) he boasted that he had made the king of France drink deep of the waters of the Epte, he engaged in a ridiculous and ignoble quarrel with one of his Poictevin barons, and received his death-wound from an archer on the walls of the castle of Chalus, whose arrow pierced a joint in his armour. The castle was taken ; the garrison, excepting the archer Gourdon, were butchered ; and Gourdon was taken to the couch of the dying king. 'Wretch ! what have I done to thee,' asked Richard, 'that thou shouldst seek my life ?' 'My father and my two brothers,' the young man calmly replied, 'thou didst slay with thine own hand. So that Thou now diest, and the world is freed from an oppressor, I am content to die.' 'I forgive thee, youth !' answered Richard, with the last better impulse of his rude and wayward nature. 'Loose his chains and give him a hundred shillings.' The order was not heeded in the excitement that followed the king's death, and Gourdon was flayed alive. Richard died in much anguish on Monday the 6th of April, 1199. He left his lion-heart (he was proud of the epithet) to his faithful city of Rouen ; his 'ignoble parts,' his bowels, he bequeathed to his rebellious Poictevins ; and he desired his body to be buried in Fontevraud, at his father's feet. He made no mention of England ; which seems to have been little in his love or his remembrance, at any time. He was forty-two when he died, and, in his reign of ten years had probably passed six months in the country he was called to govern. He had married Berengaria, the handsome daughter of Sancho, king of Navarre ; but he was notoriously unfaithful to her, and he had no issue.



In the course of his impetuous quarrels with the leading crusaders, a zealous preacher is said to have had the boldness to advise him not to rebuke other people's vices till he had purged himself of his own; and he counselled him first to rid himself of his three favourite daughters, his pride, his avarice, and his voluptuousness. 'You advise well,' replied Richard, 'and I hereby dispose of the first to the Templars, of the second to the Benedictines, and of the third to my prelates.' The anecdote is characteristic of the wit, the *bonhomie*, and frankness, which have saved this monarch from the severer judgments of history. Undoubtedly the Templars and Benedictines deserved his compliment, and of his prelates, Peter of Blois tells us, that whether they devoted more time to packs of women or packs of hounds was a matter of extreme doubt. But Richard himself, with an inheritance that should have moved him to exertions worthier of his duties and his name, was a slave to all these vices. He never won a victory which his pride did not change to a defeat; and every victory, and every defeat, every pleasure, every glory, every humiliation of his life, were purchased by the plunder and the impoverishment of his subjects. Yet his wonderful strength and valour, in that age of martial adventure and bold exploit, endeared him even to the people he so slighted and misgoverned; made him the general theme of the poets and romancers of the succeeding century; and to this hour associates thoughts of high-hearted generosity and the purest chivalry with the name of RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

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### New Books.

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**THE SPIRIT OF GERMAN POETRY: a Series of Translations from the German Poets. With Biographical Notices. By JOSEPH GOSTICK. Medium 8vo. London: W. Smith.**

A VERY useful, very agreeable, and very cheap publication. The necessity for every educated and accomplished person, to say nothing of inclination, to be acquainted with German poetry, renders a manual and selection of this kind valuable. Mr. Gostick has, it appears to us, performed his labour very judiciously, and in a manner that proves him to be well-informed on the subject, and with a critical appreciation and analysis extremely serviceable to the reader.

The literature of our own country, in all departments, is becoming so insurmountable, that it is found absolutely necessary to condense it into

extracts and beauties, and a very diligent reader now finds it difficult to make himself acquainted with more than the master-pieces of the most celebrated authors. To foreign literature, therefore, but little time can be given, and to be thus presented with a fair specimen of the chief German poets, is a great boon.

There is no necessity for us to enter upon any criticism of the poetry itself; but we have been struck by two things: first, that after all the immense sensation created by the German writings, that there are so comparatively few poets could claim a place in this collection; and, secondly, that the tendency of the whole runs so much towards words and sentiments. A great deal more condensation, and a little more reality, would, apparently, vastly improve the whole national poetry, which, from first to last, seems to spring more from enthusiasm than observation. Compared (at all events, by these specimens) with our grand outbreak of poetry in the 16th century, it is comparatively weak and purposeless. It is not fair to make comparisons through the medium of translation; and, therefore, we shall leave the subject, merely reminding the reader, that in Mr. Gostick's book, will be found an agreeable collection and a valuable guide.

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THE LIFE OF CARL THEODOR KÖRNER, written by his Father, with selections from Poems, Tales, and Dramas. Translated by G. F. RICHARDSON, F.G.S. 2 vols. post 8vo. Second Edition. London: D. Nutt.

THEODOR KÖRNER is principally known in this country as the author of a lyric, entitled "the Sword," which has frequently appeared as a translation in our periodicals. This spirited song, most persons believed, was an isolated poem, which, like the ballad of The Burial of Sir John Moore, "Not a drum was heard," had given its author an almost universal popularity. Körner had, however, much stronger claims to fame. If he has left nothing behind him that entitles him to be ranked amongst the great creative poets, still, it must be confessed, he had considerable lyric powers, and was, altogether, very happily constituted. Nature had been bountiful to him in physical gifts, and he had made the most of them by acquiring all the accomplishments that could fully help to develop them. His temperament was highly enthusiastic, and being carefully tended by his parents, and soundly educated under the care of his father, he manifested a generous and chivalrous nature. In addition to these qualifications for gaining the admiration of the world, he possessed a great talent for versification; and, if high sentiments couched in spirited language, be poetry, he was a poet. As he stood on the verge of manhood, Germany had been armed to a national resistance of the French domination; and, as a distinguished student, he took a conspicuous part in the outburst, of what would now be termed, Young Germany. His enthusiastic songs were well-timed; he was himself a realisation of the beau ideal of a modern military hero, and being extremely popular, a lieutenant's commission in the volunteer regiment

of students was bestowed on him. Here, he fought, sung and caroused, in a way that poets like to feign, and ladies love to know of. In his twenty-second year he was, however, killed in a skirmish, and dying in the prime and flush of his popularity, left the character of a perfect juvenile hero.

That some abatement must be made for the circumstances by which he was surrounded, there is no doubt ; but still enough remains to prove that Körner was entitled to be incorporated with the poets of Germany. His precocity was remarkable, though by no means without many parallels. Although dying thus early, he left behind him a large collection of popular lyric poems, comedies, tragedies, and prose pieces. His tragedies are said to have gained him most deserved and permanent fame ; but as far as we can judge through the medium of translation, his lyric poems seem to be most possessed of the "faculty divine." Enthusiasm seems to be the source of his inspiration, and the feeling thus engendered, decorated by a high conceit, forms the staple quality of his verse.

The life by his father, the collection of materials and remarks made by Mr. Richardson, the translator, and the numerous incidental notices of celebrated poets and contemporaries, all combine with the poems to render the two volumes light and interesting reading : and, doubtless, it is a work that will find its way to ladies' boudoirs and the tables of military cavaliers.

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— HARDING'S FABLES FOR YOUNG FOLKS. Grant and Griffith.

THIS is a very charming, and withal, a very seasonable little book for little people. The Fables treat of "Flowers, Trees, Animals, Birds, Insects, &c.," and with grace and tenderness recommend such objects to the intelligence and sympathies of early learners. Mr. Harding is an earnest and affectionate teacher. The volume is very nicely illustrated with wood-engravings, happily illustrative of the text.

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LA SOUBRETTE; or, The Adventures and Recollections of Theresa Dorney : a Narrative founded on Fact. 3 vols. post 8vo. London : Madden and Malcolm.

THIS novel reminds one of the fictions of the last century, when adventures of all kinds were narrated with a simple intention and in a simple style. While perusing "La Soubrette," we could not help being reminded of the once popular but now utterly forgotten "Betsy Thoughtless." In both, there is the same sensible observation of manners and character, with that violent dash of the romantic, that ever will have a charm for the young novel reader.

There is, however, in "La Soubrette," a very praiseworthy aim to expose the painful and wrong position assigned to the domestic teacher in society. There is rather an injudicious straining to prove the case,

and a romantic, stage kind of villany and false marriage introduced, rather too hackneyed to deserve revival :—perhaps this is the fact so particularly set forth in the title-page, but such occurrences are now so highly improbable, that it is not necessary to wara handsome ladies' maids against such impositions.

The Authoress is apparently unaccustomed to writing, but whatever may be her deficiencies, she (for it is certainly a woman's writing) has the one great requisite for popularity, and that is the power of imparting a strong interest to her narrative ;—there is not a page of it which, if glanced at, does not, to a certain extent, fascinate the reader, and in spite of the severest critical consideration afford amusement. This is so essentially the quality required to produce successful fictions, that there can be little doubt the writer, gifted as she also is with considerable powers of observation, will become celebrated in this class of literature.

LEGENDS OF THE ISLES, AND OTHER POEMS. By CHARLES MACKAY. Post 8vo. Edinburgh and London : Blackwood and Sons.

It is a hopeless task for the critic to bring all versification within one category : what is poetry to one mind is not so to another, and there may be a doubt raised whether the essence of poetry is not something engendered between the writer and the reader. Leaving, therefore, this vexed question to future consideration or neglect, we can only say that Mr. Mackay has already acquired a large number of readers, who acknowledge his verses to possess the influence of poetry. The present volume will probably enlarge that number. His versification is for the most part smooth and fluent, and the subject of his poems interesting. If we are obliged to class him as a poet, we must say he belongs to that section that derive their inspiration from an ardent temperament, and that his verses are the result of enthusiasm. This, singly, certainly does not produce the highest kind of poetry, there being wanting to it the intellectual fecundity that arises from a strongly creative imagination. As a poet of the feelings, however, Mr. Mackay has won himself an auditory and a place that he will doubtless keep.

A COMPLETE CONCORDANCE TO SHAKSPERE : being a Verbal Index to all the passages in the Dramatic Works of the Poet. By Mrs. COWDEN CLARKE. In 18 parts. Imperial 8vo. London : Chas. Knight & Co.

THIS is probably the most stupendous honour ever paid to genius by one admirer. The Iliad has been written to be put into a nutshell, a childish piece of homage : but here we have the works of the poet repeated many times over. Endless toil, incessant attention, a love untiring for the author, could alone have produced such a work. Mrs. Clarke has performed what a very long list of nobles and gentles once proposed and failed in, namely, to erect a monument to Shakspeare.

Here we have one more lasting than brass or stone. A Concordance to Shakspeare! A concordance to the only author, which would not seem to be a presumptuous rivalling with that concordance which belongs to the book most important to the human race.

There have been a verbal index, and an index to the most remarkable passages in Shakspeare's works. Both works of labour, by persevering, pains-taking men; but here we have the patient adoration of a woman producing a work more laborious than both combined, and infinitely more useful. Twiss's verbal index had no connecting sentences, so it was hap-hazard work turning for the paragraph desired. Ayscough's index was thought a miracle of labour, but its imperfection is proved by the present being many (we should say five) times its bulk.

To those who have not seen the book it may be necessary to explain Mrs. Clarke's plan, which is to give every word, with a reference to every place it is used in, and a sufficient quotation to mark the sense it is used in. It will be seen that as there must be five or six words in every line, exclusive of connecting words and expletives, consequently the text of the plays must be given five or six times over. We can easily understand that this must have been the labour of many years. A degree of skill was required in making the exact quotation required to give the exact sense of the word, and in this Mrs. Clarke has been very fortunate.

The immense utility for matters of reference is obvious at a glance, but it seems to us that many other advantages may be derived from an examination of this storehouse of words. Classical students of the dead languages have long known the advantage of studying an author through the means of a good verbal index, and thus comparing an author's various uses of a word. In the present book he has the double advantage of seeing the various sentences in which it is used at one view. This itself will greatly aid the elucidation of Shakspeare's text, and also of contemporary authors. It becomes in this way a great lexicographical aid to the language. It also presents many curious facts to the inquiring as to the comparative use of words, and presents in a most striking point of view the illimitable powers and inexhaustible wonders of Shakspeare's genius.

It would not be right to take leave of this noble labour without noticing the excellent manner in which it is printed. To at all bring it within the pecuniary means of purchasers, and get it in a moderate bulk, a small type is absolutely necessary; but it is beautifully clear and admirably printed. Altogether it is a work that all concerned with may very justly be proud of, and for which the public should be grateful.

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FOREST AND GAME-LAW TALES. By HARRIET MARTINEAU. In 3 vols. fcap. 8vo. London: Moxon.

As the first of these volumes has only reached us, we presume the other two are not yet issued. Miss Martineau avows her object to be

political in her Preface ; and her previous works having been, many of them, produced on the same plan, we cannot be surprised at the mode she has thus adopted to disseminate particular opinions and principles. With every deference for Miss Martineau's acknowledged abilities, we cannot think her plan a good one : writing tales up to abstract principles has a one-sided appearance, and gives a tameness to the narrative that no power of invention seems to be able to overmaster. When the object is thus openly displayed we lose all confidence in the facts related, and the deductions forced from them ; every turn of the story is already apparent, and a disagreeable conflict is created in the mind, between the earnestness and importance of the subjects, and the comparative frivolity of the fortunes of the fictitious personages. It is the last remnant of the effort made by the pseudo-philosophers of the early part of the century, to make a royal road to everything. We had hoped that with Mrs. Hannah More and Miss Edgeworth the attempt would have ceased. Certainly the present age and its profoundest thinkers are convinced that abstract questions must be grappled with by patient and profound thought, and the battle fought out with the weapons appointed for such contests—passionate and earnest inquiry and argument—and not with toys and tales. Fiction undoubtedly can greatly aid in the dissemination of information, and may be and is used as an eloquent advocate ; but then the advantage novels give to a cause is the lively and forcible way they convey to large masses of readers the actual state of persons and things—a very different kind of writing to the adapting facts and circumstances to produce a particular moral. The latter mode is superficial and offensive ; and has long been abolished in the highest class of literature ; and the apprentice who laughs at George Barnwell it is found can still be affected by the catastrophe of Othello, although the hangman is not there to “execute justice and maintain truth.” We hope Miss Martineau will relieve her fine talents from shackles so encumbering, and give us either political economy or a free portrayal of life and manners.

No one can desire more than we do the entire abolition of all the remnants of the tyrannous and barbarous feudal system, and of course amongst its remains the pernicious game laws ; and we therefore regret we cannot say we think these tales forcible or calculated to aid in so doing. They seem to us (and we have read every one attentively) never to touch any of the principles of those laws as at present existing ; and are rather illustrations of the History of England, adapted for intelligent young ladies. The upholders of the game laws will reply (and justly), that the few hints there are in these tales belong to ages and customs long since past, and tend rather to show how much better the tillers of the soil are now treated. We confess we have not been able to find a single argument against them, either more pointedly put or suggested by the narratives.

As tales they have not much interest, as the reader is engaged in seeking for the application of the events rather than interested by them.

There may be no anachronisms in them, but there is a total want of the spirit of the ages they treat of; and whoever is acquainted with the old contemporary authors will be sadly annoyed by the modern colouring and consequent rawness of the style and treatment. The Authoress is an admirable mistress of modern language, but seems to possess no particle of sympathy with antique thoughts and sentiments. The chapter entitled "The Primate's Call," giving, or rather very faintly attempting to delineate, one of the most powerful and passionate assemblages that ever met—the barons and the primate debating the principles of Magna Charta—is so totally out of keeping that it is rather an injury than a benefit so to stimulate young minds to read history. Into the mouths of these personages are put a statement of causes and consequences which, if known at all, could be only known to a few gifted with profound legislative genius. Of its stormy passion, proud selfishness, and mingled motives and proceedings, nothing is intimated. And one of the debates most picturesque in its colouring, and dramatic from its varied and powerful elements, is narrated like a discussion on chemistry from an accomplished governess to her pupils.

We should not have been so elaborate in our notice of this work had not the celebrity of the Authoress led us to fear others would be following in the same track, and thus, by half discussion and feeble compromise, degrade to a logical wrangle questions that must be settled by the boldest discussion on the broadest principles of justice.

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PAULA MONTI; or, *The Hotel Lambert*. By M.<sup>r</sup> EUGENE SUE. From the French. With twenty Engravings from designs by Jules David. Med. 8vo. London: Chapman and Hall.

Mons. SUE has a right to be tested by the highest standard: he is and has been received as an artist of the first class; he is not a hack scribbler for the circulating libraries, who escapes from and defies criticism by declaring that he writes merely to amuse, and that the sale of his books is a sufficient guarantee of his talents. He is removed from this sordid and injurious class by his genius, and by those higher aspirations which ever accompany the possession of the faculty divine. The writer of fiction in its finest form must be a philosopher, and should be a philanthropist: his aim is to develop human nature, and add to the stores of experience genius has already garnered on this inexhaustible subject. The modern *Æsop* has also undertaken the office of legislator, and by his vivid pictures of social and political evils has sought to relieve large masses of his fellow men from the evils and errors of misgovernment. This new application of an old power cannot be too frequently presented to the consideration of the reflective; in our present phase of society, it is undoubtedly one of the most important intellectual engines existing: more potent, because more enduring than the daily press, of which, indeed, it may be considered an extended species.

"*Paula Monti*" is, however, not one of this class of novels, and differs essentially from the "*Mysteries of Paris*" and the other novels of Sue that we have looked into. There is no doubt in it an aim beyond the development of mere artistic skill: and, unacquainted as we are with the Parisian life it professes to portray, we still think that its aim and tendency is to show the hollowness and evil arising from the conventions governing it. Whether it be only an artistical portrayal of a certain class, or whether it be, as we think, a philosophical exposition of the evils of a system, certainly no one can peruse it without abhorring and condemning the false and factitious sentiment that seems to be the ruling principle of French character. To substitute for this exotic and unhealthy temperament a more wholesome and reasonable state of feeling is a very high aim, and a very noble effort. It would be curious to see in what light the Parisian public receive this work; whether as an exciting story of criminal indulgence and high-wrought sentiment, or as a well-tempered castigation of a feverish and vicious constitution. We cannot but consider it as the last; and very skilfully and even elegantly, it appears to us, has the author administered the drastic dose. On so polite a class, vehemence and violence would be thrown away, and he has, therefore, very deliberately and very skilfully dissected and laid bare the horrors of the subject: he has given to sentiment all its charm, and to high manner all its blandishment: he has sublimated sensuality until all its grosser particles are completely precipitated; and, by so doing, he has given the very essence of French feeling—sentiment. This powerful element, which forms the substrata of so many characters, has never been sufficiently analysed: it penetrates into all phases and conditions of character, creating frequently apparent contradictions that have puzzled many plodding theologians and moralists: it is a mirage that has misled many critical philosophers (Burke particularly), and a power that has given universal popularity to many poets. It is difficult to define this false-true and bad-good mystery. It is a reality though it eludes a definition; it produces noble actions occasionally, though it is in itself false. Sentiment it was undoubtedly made Nero weep at a tragedy, though he could order his most intimate associate to the torture; and it is the same operation that made the French mob revel in the executions of the guillotine, and in the pathos of Rousseau. If a definition may be ventured of this powerful emotion, it may be said to be that intellectual acknowledgment of virtue and beauty, or what is considered such, which engenders an almost unconscious imitation of, and passion for, the qualities or things thus admired. It is thus totally different from those emotions and passions and affections that spring up spontaneously in persons of kindly nature: these latter have no intellectual reflection in them: they are not the result of the imagination being ignited by a train of eloquent reasoning:—a good English cottager's wife loves her child instinctively, and not because motherly love is a beautiful thing. But it has been said by competent authorities, that the French lady will be more often found to be in love



with love, than really to be possessed with the passion. And this brings us round again to the novel in question, from which we may appear to have needlessly wandered. It is, however, this factitious sentiment—this imitative passion—that lays at the root of French character, and, perhaps, of all character bred in highly conventional societies:—education of every kind fosters it, by emulation, by the eloquence of teachers and authors, and human beings are not made to develop their natural characteristics, but their sensibilities are excited to an admiration and imitation of good feelings by any and every means. We are beginning to discover how feeble a guard for principle and how weak a substitute for spontaneous feeling this is. Every capital of Europe abounds with innumerable females thus educated, reduced to a state of prostitution. At the first assault of genuine feeling or appetite the imaginative virtue gives way. And so with men, although the unjust clemency of society towards their vices may make it less apparent.

It is then, we conceive, at this monstrosity of the intellect and the feelings that Mons. Sue aims this novel. It is to show how rank the soil is that produces such beautiful but poisonous weeds. It is but another portion of the same society, eaten into by the same evil, that Mons. Michelet has exposed in his "Priests, Women, and Families." It is not to uphold it, as has been unjustly, though perhaps ignorantly charged upon him, by much of our press, and more particularly the religious portion of it. And these writers themselves are as anxious to create sentiments, to arouse the sensibilities, and turn the intellect to the admiration of what they think virtuous and beautiful, as they accuse the French writers of being.

The religious papers have dealt mercilessly, not only with the novel, but with the author, branding him as a pander to the worst appetites, and a defender of the greatest infamies. But these writers, zealous for their own sentimentalities, have no measure in their hatred to those of others. As regards "Paula Monti" there is nothing alluring in the crimes she contemplates; and an unprejudiced mind—a mind not alarmed at the heavy blows dealt to conventional society by the exposition of its falseness and errors by such writers as Sue and Michelet—could see nothing but a very true, careful, and well-depicted exposure of the febleness of conventions which sanction and promote marriage without love, polished manners without benevolence of heart, and outward deference to position without any inward reverence for genuine goodness and greatness.

The subject deserves a much more profound and lengthened consideration than our circumscribed pages will afford; but circumscribed as they are, we cannot refrain from intimating the profundities which a work of true genius must always more or less trench upon. Mons. Sue and such writers are as important in their sphere (and their sphere is fast extending) as men who seem more directly to govern the affairs of nations. They frequently generate the opinion, which, in its countless

waves, is at last to float the legislator to some great national enactment. The time is past when fiction is only to be considered as an instrument of amusement.

Considered artistically, some faults might be pointed out in the conduct of the story and in the development of character, but these we cannot now analyse. Like our old dramatists of the second class, Sue delights in the eccentricities of human character, and fashions beings who seem rather mad than criminal: not without great apparent truth, though, being exceptions to human nature, more curious than instructive. And in this novel at least it must be said, that viewed merely artistically, he belongs rather to that inferior class that seeks more to idealise reality, than to that creative class which has the highest of all literary powers, the power to realise an ideality.

**DUNSTER CASTLE.** An Historical Romance of the Great Rebellion. By The Rev. J. T. HEWLETT, M.A. 3 vols. post 8vo. London: H. Colburn.

THE remarks made on Mr. James's new novel apply in a remarkable manner to the present work, and prove in what a merely mechanical mode this kind of literary ware is produced. The time and scene of Dunster Castle are that of Arrah-Neil—England in 1642. The Dramatis Personæ are also curiously similar; the chief difference being that in the former the hero's birth and fortunes are a mystery, and in the latter the heroine's. The little approach to humour that either makes, consists in the eating and drinking propensities of a roystering cavalier. There are much the same descriptions of interiors and scenery; quarrels and interviews; skirmishes and escapes; and other moving accidents by flood and field, all recited in the usual stereotyped phraseology. In Dunster Castle, however, it must be said there is a little more vigour of delineation both as regards character and circumstances. The king of course is introduced, and in much the same style of portraiture; a very faint sketch in a washy style. Mr. Hewlett admits however into his pages one most important personage—Pym; a giant of the age, of whose real proportions and characteristics the author has no idea whatever, although had he perused Mr. Forster's Life of that true man, he must have been elevated to a more just estimate of one of the most remarkable men of that remarkable age. That he and the generality of such novelists take no genuine interest in the era that they pretend to delineate is proved by their utter disregard of its style, tone of feeling, manners and customs. A sufficiency of flavour is, they think, given if they now and then decorate their pages with a few cavalier's oaths and put some canting scriptural quotations into the mouth of a Presbyterian tradesman. In fact these productions have become to the circulating library what melodrama has to the theatre; neither have any novelty of invention or force of conception, but abound with reiterated movements, situations and dialogues, expressed each

time in a more exaggerated form, seeking by increased vehemence to supply the place of originality. They are manufactured to suit a market, one by the way very nearly exhausted; and their authors cannot be considered as artists, but artizans. They have their pattern before them, and a very short apprenticeship enables them to turn out a tolerably showy article.

We regret to see by a postscript that Mr. Hewlett is suffering from domestic afflictions, and that his health and situation are not such as to conduce to that ease of mind necessary to the production of a great literary work. We trust that he will soon recover his wonted health and spirits, and again delight us with Novels taken from actual life, equalling in spirit and cleverness his "Peter Priggins." With the tone and spirit of the present work, putting aside its mode of execution, we cannot sympathise. It surely is a matter of bad taste, to say the least, to make his hero's chief merit the having killed Hampden on Chalgrove field, and equally false to place all his distress upon whether he was legitimate or illegitimate by birth; an accident which has only ennobled the character of many heroes, from William the Norman downwards. The same gentleman also, the pattern man, is inclined and studies to become a Christian minister, with a promise that he shall go out slaughtering, if there is an opportunity. The whole tone towards the Parliamentary party (as in almost all the novels of the same class), is unjust in the extreme and shows an utter ignorance or gross perversion of history. It is to be regretted that the original authorities are not studied by the supporters of the circulating library; for we can assure them that much more picturesque descriptions, and a much more powerful interest might be found in the pages of Clarendon, Whitelock, and other contemporary authorities, though perhaps some modern Walpole might say these writers are themselves, in every sense of the word, equally romantic.

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THE WIGWAM AND THE CABIN. By the Author of the "Yemassee," "Guy Rivers," &c. First Series. Square 12mo. New York: Wiley and Putnam.

A COLLECTION of American Tales, formerly published in Annuals. The author tells us in his Preface that they illustrate the Border history of the south, and vouches for their general truthfulness, having drawn them from living portraits and from actual scenes and circumstances. As far as we have been able to look into them, we can corroborate this assertion, and there is a freshness in the subjects and a vigour of delineation and observation in those we have perused that place the author far above the usual writers of this class of literature. As graphic specimens of American manners and feelings, they are valuable to the European reader.

1. POEMS. BY THOMAS POWELL. 2. DRAMATIC POEMS. BY THOMAS POWELL. 2 vols. 24mo. C. Mitchell.

THE poems we have met in another shape, and believe they were published some time since; this applies also to the dramas, although it appears they have undergone some modification. Mr. Powell has considerable power of versification, if not almost "a fatal facility." All his productions show too much carelessness and a total disregard of "Old Ben's" aphorism, that "A great poet's made as well as born." Nature has done much for Mr. Powell, but he will do little or nothing for himself. Some of his shorter pieces are very pretty, and entitle him to the rare and noble title of poet. He seems however, in common with many other writers, to think that all that a poet pens must be poetry; and therefore writes, and not only writes, but prints, any vague idea that enters his head. If this want of consideration is formidable in lyric poetry, it is fatal in dramatic; and, consequently, these dramas are not really plays, but versified dialogues. Mr. Powell has, however, a quality in him, which with severe training might produce something lasting. As it is, we can only say, hasty writers can only expect to have idle readers, and regret that many pretty thoughts and sweet sentiments are thus likely to "waste their sweetness in a desert air."

THE PURGATORY OF SUICIDES; a Prison Rhyme. In Ten Books. By THOMAS COOPER, the Chartist. Fcp. 8vo. J. How.

THIS work and its reception are remarkable signs of the times. But a few years since, and the very name of chartist, or even radical (which by the way has become rather genteel, since there has sprung up an ultra party), would have been sufficient for any paper or set professing respectability, to have shunned it as something of a caste which it was defilement to think of. Thanks, however, to the means of disseminating opinions, and to some hearty workers in the cause of true liberality, every one has now a chance of being listened to and even fairly appreciated. The chartist poet has perhaps even a better chance than the conservative, inasmuch as there is to be expected from him newer developments than can be hoped for from one of an expiring creed. Mr. Cooper, therefore, can fairly be left to stand or fall by his merits as a poet; and if he thereby loses the opposition or the encouragement of party, still he has the better opportunity of diffusing the glorious light of genius over all classes.

The birth of a new poet is an epoch in the world, and chronology would employ herself much better by emblazoning in her records the advent of genius, and the publication of a great poem or work, than by recording the births and deaths of hundreds of warriors and kings. It is no matter whether poets shine as morning or evening stars; whether they precede their age or express it at its meridian; whether they embody the past or foreshadow the future. In whatever way they come, they come to remould mankind to marshal men to new modes

of conduct ; to extend the dominion of intellect ; and to aid in the removal of error and evil. Whatever may be their consciousness or intention, such must be the effects they produce. A man, however, may have many talents, great enthusiasm, a glittering fancy, facility of expression, noble sentiments, and even fervid eloquence, and yet not be a poet in that sense of the term in which it is applied to the few great ones, whose remarkable ideas, stamped in all-enduring language, have become the current coin of mental intercourse. Men who have moulded the phrases, built up the language, and embodied the great thoughts and feelings of a nation. We have read Mr. Cooper's book with great sympathy for the sufferings so refined a mind must have endured in his imprisonment, and with great admiration of his undaunted nature, proved by his abstracting his mind amid such scenes to the highest learning and literature, and resisting tempting offers to withdraw from the advocacy of the cause in which he has already suffered a martyrdom. Differences of taste may exist as to his poetical abilities ; but none as to his heroic conduct in adhering to his philanthropic principles.

The poem consists of a succession of dialogues of suicides, from Sar-danapalus to Lord Castlereagh, and the poet thus takes occasion to discuss opinions, religious, social, and political. In so doing he manifests a wide extent of literary gleaning, and places in curious opposition the characteristics of human nature. His powers of description are considerable, and though he has not the firm distinctness of Dante, he has the same sense of the gloomy and the vast. Milton, however, is his prototype for style of expression ; and he indulges in the same remoteness of allusion, and the same gorgeousness of imagery, until, with his original, he occasionally verges into the vague and turgid ; substituting physical vastness and bulk, for genuine power of thought and simple sublimity. He has many stanzas, however, of noble verse and great felicity of expression ; and many curious and interesting traits and eccentricities of the human creature are developed.

When it is considered under what circumstances it was written, and with how little aid Mr. Cooper has acquired the mastery of literary and poetic expression, it is a remarkable performance. As a political poem we cannot but think it ill-judged, for it appeals by its perpetual display of learning and allusions to subjects that can only be familiar to persons more than commonly well read, and not to the class with which the author so specially delights to connect himself. Such a man cannot but produce other, and we think, superior works ; and it would be a benefit to all classes if he would give a chartist epic, prose or verse, depicting the genuine hues and characteristics of the people, enabled as he is by his powers and his position to reflect the reality unencumbered with the prejudices of rank or party.

As it is, we recommend its perusal, both for its own sake and as a specimen of the innate talent ready to burst forth from the great bulk of the people.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S  
SHILLING MAGAZINE.

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THE CONFESSIONS OF RICHARD GRAINGER.

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As you have requested me to put upon paper the account which I gave you of the most remarkable passage in my life, I shall do it as briefly as possible, and leave you to correct any errors into which my pen may slip ; for I am not a practised writer.

Some one has said that we remember best that which has caused us pleasure. Is this true ? I cannot say it. I have two volumes in my mind,—the “Pleasures of Memory,” and the “Pains of Memory ;” and I almost think the latter has the bolder type.

If there is a place in the world of which I could draw a picture from memory (if I had the handicraft), it is Robert's Fold ; but few were the hours of comfort I had there. Some poet says—

“My eyes make pictures when they're shut ;”

and though I am no poet (though I like poetry, and wish I had read more of it when I was young), I am sure I can often see Robert's Fold, and every particular thing about it, very well in the dark ; better, indeed, than in the light. Talking of poetry—I would say that there is plenty of it in some of the plainest and commonest facts in the world, if only men who write knew how to handle them. For instance, there seemed to be nothing like poetry about those old grey stone cottages in Robert's Fold—their broken windows, miserable fire-places, and rough stone floors : but let these facts be looked at in connexion with the hopes, feelings, and desires of the poor creatures that lived there ; or let them be contrasted with the freedom and beauty of surrounding nature, and I think something like poetry will then make its appearance. Robert's Fold was the name of a homestead, consisting of a farm—

house, barns, stables, and a few cottages, standing in the form of a square and connected by a wall of loose stones, such as is generally used for a fence in that part of the country—the west of Yorkshire.

To see this Robert's Fold, you must imagine a large, old-fashioned, and gloomy farm-house (but it might have been made pleasant enough with pleasant people in it), substantially built of old grey stones, with a porch in the front, and windows of small panes with stone partitions, but some of them blocked up with slabs. In the front of the house was a garden,—not an ornamental one, but a plain kitchen-garden,—where kale and potatoes were grown. On one side of the house was a gate, which led into the Fold, and on the other were a few poor cottages. The Fold, as I have told you, was a square, of very uneven ground, and, when inside of it, you could see nothing beyond it. It looked dismal enough on a rainy day. And here, in the farm-house, lived my uncle Robert, to whom the whole property belonged. Now I must say something of my uncle's character, and this is no pleasure to me. But I shall endeavour to look away from my own pleasure or pain, and write down exactly what is fair and true, without any wish to injure his memory, but with an intention to illustrate facts which should be well understood, for the welfare of society.

My uncle was a miser. He was, I believe, the richest man in the parish of Fordenton, where his farm was situated. Adjoining the Fold, and at some distance from it, he had, altogether, about five hundred acres of land, some of it capital pasture land. I suppose he had the common feelings of our nature in him; but his love of money had overcome them, so that they were seldom visible. He had been brought up in a hard way, though he came to all this property; and his living so much alone, surrounded by none but his poor, hard-working dependents, had strengthened his unhappy and avaricious disposition. Strange as it may seem, (I have not to account for it, but only to state the fact,) he seemed to delight in unhappiness. I could understand his love of money in some measure, but I never could understand his hatred for everything comfortable and cheerful:—nothing offended him more than a merry speech, and he did not like to see one at ease and happy, even on a Sunday. "I should think thou might find something to do better than standing against that wall," he would say, when he caught me indulging in a lounge outside of the Fold, on a Sun-

day afternoon. "'Tis as good as anything *you* do," I would grumble, as I stole away out of his presence. As to his dress, my uncle Robert might have passed well as an object of charity among respectable persons. He delighted in still wearing a worn-out fustian coat, which he never changed from Monday to Saturday, though it was often drenched with rain. The pockets were the only parts which he cared to keep in repair. On Sunday he was tolerably well dressed, but never seemed to know what to do with himself. To church he went, and, strange to say! he sometimes read the "Pilgrim's Progress" in the evening. What he made out of that book I cannot tell; for he never said a word about it; but I have since thought he must have had some good thoughts and feelings, now and then, under the rugged rind of his external behaviour, or he never could have wasted an hour's candlelight over that story, which every one may interpret so as to suit his own case. Yet I have thought, at other times, when feeling less charitably towards him, he must have construed Christian's adventures into an allegory on money-getting, or he never would have taken up the book twice. But this is all speculation. I must state the facts of his character fairly on both sides—if I can find two sides to it. Neither going to church, nor reading the "Pilgrim's Progress," taught him to be merciful; to give one penny more wages; or to lower his rents one farthing. If he believed in a heaven, he expected it to come by magic, with "hocus-pocus!" and "hey presto!" He had no notion of getting into it by improving the world as he passed along. Perhaps he thought that its enjoyment would depend, like earthly enjoyments, upon contrast; and therefore he made, for all those around him and depending upon him, the night of life as black, dark, and cold as he could, that, at last, the breaking morning might be all the more welcome to the poor creatures. But just as I have written this, which seems rather severe, the thought occurs to me—No one ever taught him better—he was brought up so—he had nothing better within him—how could he make the world better?

This leads me to another thought—Who made that sad Robert's Fold such a miserable place? Ay, or seek out for me—commonplace moralist! dividing the world into Pharisees and Publicans,—the very good and the very bad,—the sources of the vice and woe in the most wretched lanes of London. Tell me how much of it may be ascribed to sins of omission on the part of the virtuous, the respectable?—tell me how much of it may be



owing to the speculatists, and dogmatists, who have divided mankind into contending parties, instead of uniting them for the improvement of their own nature? But all my thoughts on this subject will be implied in my story; so I proceed with it.

In one of the houses in the Fold lived a poor widow with a large family of sons, from seven to seventeen years of age. The hut in which they were huddled together was in a wretched condition, and my uncle would do nothing to improve it; but he took the utmost possible rent, while he paid the poor woman (for she laboured in the fields) and her sons the lowest wages. Never did I feel so disposed, with all my heart, to hate a fellow-creature, as when I saw him, on a Saturday night, in winter, screwing the last halfpenny out of this poor widow, and overcharging her for milk, potatoes, and everything she had of him, while he knew that he was not leaving her enough for firing and subsistence. One of her sons he put in the stocks for stealing three turnips, and two of them have since been transported. For whose fault? I must tell the truth. My uncle knew that what he gave them was not sufficient to satisfy the cravings of hunger: when the eldest complained, he told him to seek employment elsewhere, but he knew that none could be found. After a while the eldest of the poor woman's sons ran away from Fordenton, and was never heard of until he was lodged in a jail. I have never lost the impression made upon my mind by the poor distressed mother. Care and hard labour had effaced all marks of female character from her person, but had left her feelings alive. When she heard of her son's arrest, she sat upon a low stool in her hut, swinging her body to and fro, clenching her hands and exclaiming:—"Oh, he *would* have been an honest man if he could—oh he *would*!—if he *could* have got work and wages—if he only *could*!—he never would have been there!" This was her cry all day long. But I must come to my own case. My misery, while I lived (if I may call it life) in Robert's Fold, was such as no tongue can express, and I shall not torment you with its particulars. It is enough to say, literally and strictly, I had not so good a life as the house-dog. Every good faculty that I had was repressed and blinded. Every good feeling was poisoned, and I was filled with loathing and hatred. "Home!" I had none. I had no place to which I loved to go. I entered my uncle's house every night, when my toil was done, ate my food in sorrow, and crept, heavily, up the old dark staircase to a room without a window, where scarcely

ever a ray of light penetrated, to throw myself into forgetfulness. In the morning I sometimes felt instinctively cheerful for a few moments, before I remembered exactly where I was. Then, throughout the day, it was not the hard work that oppressed me, though it was continued from early in the morning till late in the evening;—no, it was not the bodily work—men have done more and happily—but it was the absence of every encouraging motive, of every cheering thought; it was the thanklessness of all I did; it was the slavery of the soul which oppressed me. You may say, why did I not run away? I was a young man, and strong—why did I not seek another situation? Ah, sir, there is such a difference between theory and reality. The worst of my slavery was, that it had deprived me of hope. I saw the world all in the colours which this Robert's Fold had impressed on my mind. Where should I go? I knew not a better place. I had some recollections of having lived more comfortably with my mother; but she was dead, and I wished I had died with her.

I could not bear to look back upon this period of my life, if I did not consider that it has taught me, far better than any book could teach me, some lessons for the good of others. It has taught me, sir, that men are not to be paid for their labour in money or bread only! The labourer requires, as we all require, brotherly feelings, sentiments of mutual respect, to make him feel himself a man and live as a man. Who wants an equality of earthly riches among men? They must be poor earthly souls who would strive for such a low object. But an equality of honour and kind feeling for all who labour in the system of human existence—this is what we want,—something to raise the head and encourage the heart of the poor workman, to make him feel that his fellow-men reckon him worth something. I have felt this want a thousand times, heavily, and I know I am not wrong in believing that it is the most pressing and degrading deprivation which the poor and the hard-toiling have to endure. Where is the religious law of "Honour all men?"

Another truth I have learned is, that to mend the thoughts and dispositions of men, you must mend their circumstances too. We are not angels. We are not sunbeams, equally pure in all places. You who look forth upon pleasant parks, from the windows of drawing-rooms, oh, it is so easy for any little book of poetry, or religious prose, to convince you that the world is a very pleasant place,—that the Maker of it clearly designed all men to be happy;

but things have a different appearance when viewed on a dull winter's day, through the paper squares of the cottage windows in Robert's Fold, and many places like it. You who distribute tracts through the miserable lanes and alleys of our towns—your purpose is a good one; but remember that air and light, cleanliness and beauty, are God's good messengers; and contribute your endeavours to remove the gloomy, wretched places left upon the face of the earth by centuries of thought and action bestowed upon wrong purposes. If you would have the people believe in a heaven; show them a little of it.

But I must return to my story, though I wish to avoid it. The current of evil and miserable feelings between myself and my uncle was brought to a crisis by circumstances which I must now relate. During the winter evenings I was glad to hide myself in any of the cottages where still some human feeling was to be found. Several times my uncle expressed his displeasure at this conduct, by locking me out of doors. To one of the cottages I was often attracted by the presence of a good-natured girl, who threw something of a cheering light even over the miserable place in which she lived. There was no serious attachment between us; but I frequently visited the cottage to indulge in a little harmless talk, and to screen myself from the continual contempt and ill-will with which my uncle treated me. He expressed his resentment at my visits in every possible annoying way, threatened to turn the family out of the cottage, and to dismiss the brothers of the girl from his service, which he did. At last, on one occasion, he used an expression concerning my visits, which raised my anger to the highest degree. I gave him a violent and threatening reply, and, from that time, he treated me with still greater ill-will and severity. One night I came home much later than usual. He was sitting by the kitchen fire. I sat down and endeavoured to eat the crust of bread left upon the table for me. He proceeded with a strain of virulent abuse, until I dashed the bread upon the floor and vowed, vehemently, that I would never taste another morsel in his house. He repeated the exceedingly obnoxious expression. "Now don't say that again," I exclaimed, starting on my feet—"don't say that again, if—if you would go to bed alive!" He repeated it, just as I laid hold of the barrel of an old gun which stood in a corner; and hardly had the words escaped his lips, when, with one blow upon the back of his head, or his neck, I prostrated him. The blow seemed to have hit me also.

I was stunned—a dreadful sound was ringing in my ears—a thick mist was before my eyes—I knew not where I was till I found myself out in the field. There I stood in the middle of the wide pasture under the lowering sky; a few moments since, and I was miserable, but free from crime; now I was a villain—a murderer, not fit to live in the world!

“I have slain the old man! I am a murderer! he forced me to it!” said I, as I sought the covert of a wood; “and now let them take me and end my miserable days as soon as they please!” I added, as I threw myself down under the trees. I lay there for some time in all the agony of remorse and despair; but the first glimpse of morning light affrighted me. “*Te Londea!*” flashed through my mind, and I bent my steps southwards with my utmost speed, taking the loneliest tracks over the moors, and never stopping save to quench my thirst at a spring, and to lave my face, until, at the close of the next day, I was more than forty miles from Robert’s Fold. When it was quite dark, I approached a hamlet, entered a little shop, and bought a loaf; then, worn down with fatigue, found a few hours’ sleep beside a hay-stack. Before daylight I started off again southwards. I had no clear idea of the object of my journey; but something drove me onwards, onwards—there was no spot of the earth upon which I could rest. But how can I tell you the horrors of that journey to London! How can I make you understand the feelings with which I passed through villages and hamlets, and saw men and women, and heard little children laughing! They seemed to be in another world, far away from the world of despair in which my mind was imprisoned. How could they talk and laugh? it seemed to me so very strange. They were in heaven—I was in hell. Sometimes I thought, “Oh if this could be all a dream—if it could pass away—if I could once feel I had never done the deed—then the most wretched spot upon the face of the earth would be a paradise for me. Hard work! twelve, fourteen, sixteen hours a day; hard fare! dry chips of bread, the refuse of a beggar’s table—these would be luxuries to me; I should be in heaven with them, cowering from the cold wind and the rain in the most miserable hovel; I should be rich and happy as a king if this smothering load could be lifted from my bosom—if this horrible thought would cease its pressure on my brain.” Yet, in the night, strange to say (but it is the fact), my dreams were of indifferent things, and my uncle came to me in his usual dress, and set me my jobs of work for the next

day. The moment the thought occurred, "This is all a dream ; I have murdered the old man !" I was awake, so that I cannot be sure that I thought of it till I was awake. Once he came to me in my sleep, and looked more cheerful and friendly than I had ever seen him. "Come," said he, "we will let this matter drop; 'tis a folly to make our lives so wretched. I will be a good man, and you shall be a good boy." This was very strange, and unlike what is usually said of dreams ; but I remember it was the case. I got through the country, and plunged into London to lose myself amid its millions of caring, fearing, toiling, bustling mortals ; but it did not seem so busy and crowded as I had expected. The people seemed to have leisure to stare even on the arrival of one poor countryman. They looked out of shops and out of chamber-windows. The coachmen and cabmen stared at me. Several persons turned to look back after passing me. A little boy looked up in my face and whispered something to his companion. All kinds of thoughts—of secret associations for detection of criminals—of speedy intelligence conveyed to London to arrest me—of all the persons to whom I had spoken, or of whom I had bought anything on my way, being in a plot for my conviction—passed through my mind. I did not feel the ground firm under my feet. I could not find air enough to breathe. I walked on, on, on ; but no street seemed obscure enough ; the people seemed on the watch for me everywhere.

I cannot describe to you the life I passed for some weeks in London ; how I wandered from the obscurest lanes into the fashionable streets and squares, and gazed vacantly upon a thousand objects of curiosity, yet seeing everywhere and at all times only one object—my crime. At last, when half-famished, I found employment at a wharf. Here I laboured hard, but could not rest ; for my fellow-labourers seemed to suspect me. I left London and went to work at an excavation on a railway. I fell and broke a limb, which confined me to my lodgings for some weeks, and my health was now reduced to such a weak state that I could not endure severe toil. I next found employment under a gardener, who treated me with considerable kindness. This kindness gave me a new view of life. I saw that it might be made a happy life, and this thought only increased my anguish on account of the crime which had excluded me from all communication with good and happy men. Oh, many of the things that men have been so long complaining about—bad climate, the necessity of toil, sick-

ness, poverty, death, are not worth a moment's discontent. If men would consult together how to deal fairly and kindly with each other—how to live free from crime and evil passions—the world might be a happy place without making all men rich, or healthy, or immortal—without mending the climate, or making the earth teem with fruits, unassisted by the hand of cultivation. Have not men been thinking and complaining, for the greater part of their existence, of things which do not concern them, and, meanwhile, neglecting the plain, simple things, which they might do and ought to do for their own good and the good of others? The rich farmer goes to church, hears how the ground was cursed for Adam's sake, and concludes that Adam was a very wicked man; then comes home, and will not let the poor have a fair share of the fruits which the earth is still willing to yield. Then his stacks are burned; he imprisons the men, whom he would not feed, and goes to church again to lay all the blame upon Adam! This is making the worst of the world! Must contrast always be necessary to show us the value of things? Can none but men who have been sick feel the pleasure of health? Must it ever be necessary to go through a purgatory to know what a paradise means? Must the world be thus ever blended of light and darkness, joy and woe, heaven and hell? I know not; but never did I see the heavenly happiness that may be upon earth, amid all its common cares and troubles, until I viewed it in contrast with my own remorse and despair. "Oh men, women, and children, who are free from crime," I often felt disposed to exclaim, "you are in heaven—yes, in heaven itself, did you but know it. Labourer! coming from the field of toil, reposing in your cottage amid your children, sitting down at your lowly board, while your wife prepares your comforts with a busy hand, complain not that your dwelling is humble; divine joys inhabit it; tell me not that your windows are low and narrow; the divine light shines through them; it is godlike; it visits *all*; the breath of heaven blows through them, and you are *free* to enjoy these visitations; and you who dwell in pleasant houses, with peace of mind and with plenty around you, not only happy yourselves, but able to make others happy, what have the angels which you have not? One kind action may prevent a multitude of crimes. Oh! to live surrounded with the smiles, the good wishes, the thankfulness of the poor! To feel that the good, the riches you enjoy, are not stolen from the general good—not bought by the sufferings of others—but

that they are a cup of happiness filled from heaven, and running over plenteously for the relief of all around you ! ”

Deep sorrow is the source of deep thoughts. How I strove to forget my own crime and my own remorse in plans of benevolence for all mankind ! That duty, justice, right is the absolute basis of all human existence ; that only in living and acting in accordance with the laws of general welfare, the life and happiness of the individual can be well-founded—how deeply I felt this ! What unnecessary truisms did all arguments in books, to prove the reality of conscience and religion, appear to me ! I felt them in my own existence ; I might have doubted of them could I have doubted of my own being, but not before. It is when a man has offended against the laws of society (the true necessary laws, I mean) that he feels how deeply his own life and happiness are one with them—how it is impossible to live in alienation from them. As the whole trunk, all the branches and the boughs, every twig and every leaf of the expanded oak-tree are contained in the closely-compacted acorn, so all the laws of social existence, unity and order are implied in the conscience of a man. They may be shut up, iron-bound for awhile ; but *there they are*. I felt this. However the transgressor may hide himself from the outward operation of the law, he cannot hide himself from its inward reality. How can he flee from his own true self-existence ? I felt that a crime against society demands retribution. I understood the motive, the heart-impulse, which has driven the offender to offer up his life to appease offended justice. This power of conscience, when undirected to its true object, thought I, has produced gloomy superstitions and demanded cruel sacrifices for atonement ; but I sometimes hoped to satisfy its demands in a milder way. I would endeavour to do good. I would make my whole life a sacrifice for the good of others. I would work hard, early and late, deprive myself of all things but the barest necessities, and spend all my earnings upon objects of charity. But how could I put this resolution into practice ? Where could I find an entrance into the world ? It seemed closed against me, as with gates of brass. Or even if I could do all this, I thought again, it would only be my duty for the present—it could not be *more than right*. How could it have superabundant merit to atone for the past ? how could it call the dead to life again ? Bad as he was, he was still a man. Heaven was merciful to him, and would have given him time for repentance. What right had I to take the sword out of the

judge's hand, and strike the poor culprit down? His voice seemed crying in my ears—"You would not give me time!"

Sometimes I tried to find comfort in a false religion—in arguing that my own deed was an inevitable necessity; but it would not do. I could run on with reasons, and say, "Who provoked me to the deed? My uncle. And what made him so harsh and oppressive? Want of better teaching;" and so on and on up to the first man; but I could not feel it to be true. I could not remove the load from my own conscience to that of any other man. I felt that if all the world were cruel tyrants and oppressors, still the command for me was as clear and authoritative as ever—"Thou shalt do no murder!"

At other times my thoughts endeavoured to excuse the deed; but oh, they seemed but like weak, sophistical, special pleaders before an inexorable, penetrating judge. They said, "The man deserved to die—he was cruel, oppressive, injurious to society;" but conscience replied, "He was still a man; God gave him life; who had a right to take it away?" Then I said to myself, "But I was brought up in darkness and ignorance; what did I know of the value of human life—how divine and happy it may be? Would I now injure one human being? No, rather would I die myself. Then let me judge myself according to what I now am, and try to forget the past." But conscience answered, "You are a murderer!—nothing can excuse the crime—you are not fit to live!"

Sometimes my feelings were poisoned with hatred to mankind. "If I am to be punished for my crime," said I, "let the rich, the selfish, and the self-righteous, who leave the poor in ignorance and misery—let *them* be punished too. Are those only who yield to temptation, when it is overpowering, and not also those who lead us into temptation, to be punished? Who punishes those who commit *slow* murder?—who, gradually but surely, starve and overwork and degrade the poor man until his existence becomes a burden to him. Shall one hasty act of passion be punished, and cool, selfish, calculating villainy be honoured and respected? If justice is to be done, let it be done upon a broad scale, and then how many of the respectable and the rich will be found to be accomplices in the crimes committed by the poor and ignorant!"

But all my complaints against the defects of human laws would not stifle the voice of God's law in my conscience—"Thou shalt



not kill!" I dared not enter a church for fear of seeing those words emblazoned before me.

I had always had a taste for reading, which I had now some opportunity of indulging. I borrowed some books of history, and spent my leisure evenings in reading of wars and cruelties, until I sometimes almost felt a moment's consolation in reflecting that there had been *worse* men than myself in the world. Said I, "If our kings, and judges, and warriors, and priests, had employed themselves, instead of making wars and fomenting hatred, in making the world better, in teaching men how to deal fairly and kindly with each other, we might be saved from crime and misery; but what have they taught poor people?"

I continued some time in my situation, until my master recommended me to a gentleman in the country, under whom he had served; and I again sought relief in a change of place. When I arrived at my destined place of labour, what a paradise it appeared to be for a man with a mind at ease! I had the care of a beautiful garden, and the family whom I served was one of the most amiable in existence. What a heaven this world may be made by kindness and goodness! What a hell it may be made by oppression and evil passions! This seems to some only a common-place thought; but I felt it deeply. I had once believed that the earth was almost solely inhabited by cruel, unfeeling, selfish creatures—now I found that there were angels on the earth; but I knew it not until it was too late for me to enjoy their society; until, by crime, I had excommunicated myself from the company of the good and the happy. My master's eldest daughter frequently came into the garden to converse with me; she observed my gloom, and would sometimes say kind words to mitigate my despondency; at other times, she gently reprov'd me for not appearing at church. How little could her gentle spirit comprehend of the depths of despair into which I had fallen! I bent over my spade as she spoke, and never dared to look her in the face. The little children kindly noticed me. I could look upon their innocent faces, and it sometimes did me good. Sometimes I thought, (or rather endeavoured to think,) "I shall be judged by merciful Heaven according to my present will and disposition, and not according to what I have done in my madness. I cannot be yet an utter reprobate, or these children would not trust themselves in my presence." I tried to see smiles from heaven in the smiling faces of these children. But these thoughts would not

stay with me—they faded away, and left me in all my dark wretchedness again. I cannot describe all my inward torture—if I could, my reader (happily for him!) would not understand it. There is a point beyond which thoughts and feelings of agony cannot be communicated and explained to others. My sufferings exhausted my health, and I sunk under a slow fever. The kindness of the woman in whose cottage I lodged seemed wonderful to me. Then I thought how I had only to say one word, and all this kindness would be suddenly turned into abhorrence. But during my illness I wept under a sense of the kindness of my attendant, and my tears relieved me.

I recovered; but I could not rest in my situation. A blind impulse drove me away; with a few hoarded shillings in my pocket, I wandered through the country, and (why I knew not), directed my steps towards the north. I could not bear my suspense. I felt as if something was dragging me on to Fordenton, and to that terrible Robert's Fold, where I always saw the dead old man stretched out upon the floor! The reader may believe it or not, according to his knowledge of human nature; but all human actions are not to be accounted for. I went on, day after day,—on, on, on, until I arrived at a village within fifty miles of Fordenton. I sought out the obscurest public-house—I cast my usual glance of suspicion about the place, then entered, and sat down in a corner to take refreshment. I had not sat half-an-hour when the door opened. I started, as usual; but Heavens! what did I feel as I recognised the face of Harry, Fanny's brother, who had lived in the Fold. He stepped up to me, with a hearty look of recognition. "Ha, ha!" said he, "a pretty midnight fitting you made of it, and rare and dull the old man has been ever since you went, for some one to abuse. He goes very lame of the rheumatism now, and I dare say if you'd come back he'd forgive you all, (though 'twas a rough parting you had,) and leave you the cash, my man!" This, I believe, was what he said; but I hardly heard it. "I am very ill," said I (and it was true), hastening out of the house. I felt as if I must faint; but the fresh air restored my consciousness. "The old man alive!" thought I; and that thought made the earth seem too happy a place for me to live in. Then, again, I thought, this must be all a dream, or the young man was an agent in a plot for my apprehension. Not until the next morning was I restored to a clear consciousness of my altered situation; and then what a morning! what a new-created world!

New heavens and a new earth shone upon me ! I will attempt no description of my feelings. A conversation with Harry assured me of my happiness. " I am a man again ! " thought I, " and now let poverty, sickness, hard labour, death itself come, I fear not ! " But it was months before I could drag myself to Robert's Fold, and dare to look upon the supposed dead man alive. Not until I heard of his serious illness did I venture to go. He had sunk into half-imbecility, but conscience was awake within him.

" Richard's come again ! is he ? " said he, as the housekeeper mentioned my name to him. " Well, well, Richard, take care of the money ; don't stay out late at nights ; don't idle about ; go to church, Richard ; take care of the money, Richard ; but stop ! there are some we've paid short, Richard ; Sally Dunn—both her lads run away, they say ; sad job ! pay Sally Dunn her wages ; make all straight, Richard." He chattered on in this way day after day, whenever aroused from the stupor into which he was disposed to sink. The clergyman visited him and tried to make the precepts of truth, justice, and mercy, intelligible to his benumbed faculties ; but he only kept muttering about " Sally Dunn, and both her lads run away from her ! " " Oh," thought I, " if they had but taught this poor man better when he was young and well ! "

I must end my story here. The old man died. His money fell into my hands ; but I have never felt that it was *my own*. It belongs to the poor. I have worked hard for my own livelihood ever since, and so I mean to do as long as I can handle a spade. I have built a school in Fordenton, and have endeavoured to expend ill-got treasures in relieving those circumstances of ignorance, poverty, neglect, and misery, which impel men to evil passions, to crime, and to such misery as I have felt, and which I would have no other human being feel again ! And if I had the ability, as I have the will, to influence others ; if I had the tongue of an orator, or could wield the pen of a ready writer, I would spend all my strength, and sum up all my arguments, in saying to the rich men, the legislators, the judges, the clergy, to all who deplore the increase of crime and misery among the people,—“ Oh, good sirs, do not be satisfied with punishments ; do not be satisfied with death-bed penitence ; but unite all your wisdom and all your benevolence, and prevent ! prevent ! prevent ! ”

J. G.

## THE STANDARD OF PROGRESS.

A LEAF FROM THE RECORD OF A DISCOURSING SOCIETY.

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All other creatures are impelled by the mere spirit of nature, and by it maintain their individuality; in man alone, as in the centre, rises the soul, without which the world would be as nature without the sun.—SCHELLING.

*Anselm.* This, I think, we may assume as an incontrovertible fact, that we are all agreed as to the existence of a progressive power in humanity,—that we all believe we should contribute, to the best of our ability, towards the development of this power. Nevertheless, we differ on an important point—namely, as to what progress actually is; wanting, as it were a certain measure, whereby we can ascertain the degree of advancement that may have taken place.

*Lorenzo.* Most true, O Anselm, and we want even more than thou sayest. For not only do we want a standard to distinguish the greater from the less degree of advancement, but we have need of one to distinguish an advancement or progression from a backsliding.

*Antonio.* An important matter. For it were useless for the traveller to know simply that he was to proceed, without knowing whether he were to go to the north, south, east, or west.

*Lorenzo.* Yet such is exactly our predicament. Some of us are for promoting a moral culture, considering proficiency in art or science, as a defect rather than an addition. Others would go less far, and spread the knowledge of science and of facts, esteeming the offspring of the imagination to be unworthy of serious regard. Others again would promote only culture in the arts and sciences, and think that virtue would flow as a consequence. Such being the case, it is clear that although the hope of us all for the progress of humanity bespeaketh a kindly, and, I may say, a noble feeling, the notions as to what is properly to be called progress, vary so much, that what seemeth to one a cause of rejoicing, is to another food for lamentation. Nor do I see, although we have much discoursed, that any approach is made to a certain standard, whereby one may indicate one's own position, or correct one's opponent of a fallacy.

*Anselm.* Then as we are all equally interested, and all labour not so much for victory as for truth, let us endeavour to release ourselves from our present difficulty ; and in the first place let us endeavour to set down a sort of nullity in progress. By regarding this we may be able to judge of the departures from it.

Suppose then a man placed in a small island, surrounded by a narrow water, with beautiful fruits growing on the opposite side, that are pleasant to his sight, but beyond his ability to attain. Suppose that he has no means of shelter against the inclemencies of the weather,—not from privation, but from ignorance ; that as surrounding inanimate nature grows pleasant he grows happier, and that when the same inanimate nature ceases to be pleasant, he feels misery. Of a truth I cannot consider this other than a very low state of humanity.

*Ernest.* And yet the man in this state is free from much unhappiness, which belongeth to what is called a more civilised condition.

*Anselm.* Very true, and the dog that is placed in similar circumstances is still more free, for he hath a thick coat to protect him from much misery to which the man is subject. It seemeth to me, that in our whole discussion we have assumed a distinctive nature in man ; and that if we remain satisfied with the state which he may enjoy in common, and even in a less degree than other animals, the question should have been, whether it is better to be a man or a horse, or something of the kind.

*Lorenzo.* Ay, truly, we are not endeavouring to answer a “ Voyage of Gulliver,” but we will assume that the progress of man meaneth that of man in his particular nature, and not towards mere happiness as an animal.

*Anselm.* Let us again suppose the little island inhabited by divers persons, whereof one ordereth the rest to build huts and to lay down a rude bridge that they may cross the narrow water and reach the fruit. Would this be a progress from the other state ? and if so, wherefore ?

*Ernest.* I see, by our assumption, I must not answer that it is a progress because they can taste the fruits formerly denied them, since the bird can attain the same end ; and thou wilt not admit a comparison between creatures of various kinds.

*Anselm.* Look you ; the answer, methinks, will be something in this wise. Assuming, as we all have done, that man is a progressive being, and that he is not fixed to the immoveable natural

laws that determine the brute or the vegetable, we must conclude that a mere submission to these laws is less consonant to his own particular essence, than an assertion of his distinctiveness. The man in the first case, was but a plaything of nature—no joys or sorrows sprang from himself, but were the gift of things themselves unconscious of what they bestowed—of the tree, the stream, the hurricane. You could almost have calculated his condition by the state of the thermometer.

Now look at the chief in the second case ; he does not follow in the track of inanimate nature. He has made a path of his own ; he stands as an instance of the peculiar essence of man triumphing over external obstacles. Therefore do we pronounce the second state to be one of progression from the first, because the peculiar essence of man is more manifest.

*Lorenzo.* Would it not be better if for this somewhat clumsy periphrasis, "the peculiar essence" of man, we substituted the current word "freedom?" for it seemeth to me, that all predicated of the one, may as well be predicated of the other.

*Anselm.* Right, good Lorenzo! If you would express the peculiar nature of man—of mind, you cannot find a better word than "freedom;" for that alone is free, which can shape its own course, and only that which shapes its own course, can overcome the influence of surrounding nature. If we talk of progress we necessarily imply freedom; and we may therefore say that the more there is of freedom the more there is of progress.

*Lorenzo.* And now I see, that even by thy second case, thou designest to figure forth but a small degree of progress. The chief indeed triumphed over external nature, and used the rest as his instruments. But they in their turn originated nothing. The chief was to them, what nature had been to the man in the first case.

*Antonio.* Not quite, Lorenzo. Nature treated the man as a mere sensitive being, capable of physical pain or pleasure. The chief, on the other hand, must have made the people understand his orders,—the whole capacity of communication between man and man must, it seems to me, have been created, before a transition from the first to the second state was possible. In the very act of obedience, methinks, there must have been somewhat of freedom.

*Anselm.* True, Lorenzo; and therefore, judging by the standard of more or less freedom, the condition of slavery to man, however

abject, is higher than that of slavery to inanimate nature. I am aware that I shall displease many of my rhyming friends, and be thought to mar many a pleasant sonnet ; but I must nevertheless assert my conviction, that surrounding nature often appeareth as an enemy, when we reflect on progress.

*Ernest.* Nay, this is most unpleasant doctrine. Nature, with all her bounties and beauties, to be regarded as a foe !

*Anselm.* Be not alarmed. I mean a foe only in that sense in which the marble may be called a foe to the sculptor, when it resists to his force and blunts the edge of his chisel. Between the cases which we have stated is another in which the miserable man—not yet in communication with others—digs himself a rude cave to avert the inclemencies of the weather. Nature, by her very resistance, hath roused the freedom of the man. The condition of his progress was one of war, and he cannot fulfil it without an enemy. The sculptor cannot carve an image out of water ; the very power which resisteth him is necessary for the existence of his statue.

*Antonio.* The Platonists placed their evil principle in matter, which resisted, as it were, the forming energy. It seemeth thou art speaking somewhat after the same fashion.

*Ernest.* Nay, thou must not confound nature, on which the Divine form is so plainly impressed, with that inert or even resisting matter which defies, or at any rate yields not readily to, a forming power.

*Anselm.* Thou art right, O Ernest, speaking from the point of view to which we ourselves have attained ; for, to the man scientifically cultivated, the essential laws of nature are revealed, and he can appreciate the unity which is manifested through the variety. But in these rude stages of mankind, which we have been considering, no such revelation hath been made, and nature will appear either as a foe or as a capricious friend, on whom reliance may not be placed. To observe nature as the artist, or as the scientific man, belongeth to another position ; freedom from nature is to be gained by the first contest.

*Lorenzo.* And now let me return to the position I took ere this digression on the relation between man and nature arose. I am willing to admit that the guidance of the chief is a higher state than mere obedience to nature. But still, methinks, it is a low state ; for the other men have exhibited, as it were, only a faculty of being guided, and have not developed that peculiar essence of man, which is displayed in the chief—I mean the power of being an originating cause.

*Anselm.* Right, O most excellent Lorenzo ; and now do I believe we have gained a point upon which we can be of accord. The essential of mankind is freedom ; and accordingly, as that is developed in the greater number of individual men, the greater is the progress. First cometh freedom from surrounding nature, then cometh freedom from other men ; but so long as there is one man in whom the originating power is not, so long is perfection not attained. It is to extend this power, to multiply its possessors, that we feel to be our mission, endeavouring gradually to abolish the subservience of any human being to any authority, the lawfulness of which he doth not perceive from his own conviction. There are times in which passive, irrational obedience is necessary to discipline mankind ; but such are not the times which, according to our standard, we can admit to be those of a high state of progress. On some future occasion we may apply this standard to particular questions, and perhaps we may find we have a key to their solution. Our great doctrine, I repeat it again, is this—that freedom is the essential of humanity.

AN OPTIMIST.

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## DEATH AND THE HANGMAN.

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Up at a crazy old house-top,  
 In a dreary room, whose walls were hung  
 With pictures grim of the gallows drop,  
 And the doggrel rhymes by felons sung :

There at the close of a Sabbath night,  
 The hangman sat as mute as stone ;  
 There he sat in the murky light,  
 He and his shadow alone—alone !

The hum of the streets had died away,  
 And the mighty city held its breath,  
 As though it knew that the coming day  
 Had been set apart by man, for Death.

The hangman rose, and paced the room  
 (The curse of Cain is a weary curse !)  
 He paused to look at the felon's doom,  
 And he tried to hum the felon's verse.



At length to his shadowy self he spoke :  
 " Two living creatures of flesh and bone,  
 I on the morrow must help to choke,  
 Doing to them what to others they 've done !

" When first I took to the hangman's trade,  
 I'd many qualms at the gallows tree ;  
 But I said, 'Tis LAW, and those who made  
 The law must answer for such as me.'

" The makers of law have honour and wealth,  
 But I, who finish what they begin,  
 Can only creep among men by stealth ;  
 For somehow, they think my craft a sin.

" Two on the morrow must hang till they 're dead,  
 And I must hang them, nor pause nor quail ;  
 For where should I look for my daily bread,  
 If the gallows' gains, alas ! should fail ?

" We have nothing to fear !" said a voice—(and the room  
 Was fill'd with a damp and fetid air,  
 And the walls all reek'd like a long-closed tomb,  
 For lo ! the PRESENCE OF DEATH was there.)

" We have nothing to fear ! Good men may preach  
 That life is sacred !—that none must slay !—  
 But we have the rope and the beam, to teach  
 That the LAW CAN KILL its two a-day.

And the gallows-lesson SOME WILL LEARN ;  
 So hangman mine, there is always hope  
 That we must thrive until all men spurn  
 Those grisly teachers—the beam and rope."

M. L.

## MAN AND BEAST—A QUESTION.

" How is't good Hodge, that whilst you feast  
 Your cattle fat as marrow,  
 Your fellow-man, far worse than beast,  
 You grind, and starve, and harrow ?"

Hodge wink'd his eye—then made reply—

" Wou'd know why so us treat un ?  
 I'll tell un why—I'll tell un why—  
 'Cos—'cos—*us munna eat un !*"

Dio.

## ENGLISH SCENES AND CHARACTERS.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

## No. II.—DICK REDFERN, THE COUNTRY WAG.

If every man who was brought up in a thoroughly old-fashioned country village, would turn back to the memory of his boyish days, and call to mind the people and their habits that he finds there, what a curious assemblage would they be! Never was there a part of the nation where a more odd set of fellows lived and flourished than in the very neighbourhood where I was born. I have given some good specimens of this free and humorsome race, both in the "Boy's Country Book," and the nooks included in my "Rural Life of England." These were so uncommon, that there were sagacious readers who winked knowingly, and set them down, in their superior sagacity, for inventions of my own; while so true were they, and so immediately recognised in the place itself, that more than one burly son of queer independence threatened hard with actions of libel, but felt the sketches of himself or his fathers so true that he grumbled, bit his lips, and died like the wolf in silence. Like many another neighbourhood, the flood of population and taste has now rushed in there, washed away many a gathering heap of eccentricities, which time would otherwise have matured into racy richness, and left a bustling, and yet poor generation, where all, fifty years ago, was still as Sleepy Hollow, except when the little knot of its roystering eccentrics made the public-house ring with their fits of laughter, and gave birth to anecdotes which still live and circulate amongst a less old-fashioned tribe. It is time to snatch a few mcer-shadows from the retreating past, and let them live a little longer as they lived in the days of our fathers.

Oh, for a few years of leisure to wander about in the rural districts of Old England; to sit on the bench of the village ale-house, or by the farm or cottage-fire, and hear the stories of the country round circulate, as I used to hear them in my boyhood! There would be more knowledge of English country life and character thus brought to light than has ever yet been by the

keenest or most honest observer. What tales, what jokes, what scenes and characters, has every old village, that live only there, and die for ever to the world at large! Sunlit side of the odorous haycock; russet and shady side of the corn-shock; sweet shadow of the summer tree where the labouring rustics and the rustic dames and damsels refresh themselves from their field-labours; sunny ingle of farm and hamlet-inn! what wealth of wit and humour, story and exhibition of life, do you daily enjoy and then let perish, that would enrich the written page, beyond the proudest stretch of imagination! Where was it but here that Shakspeare picked up his exhaustless affluence of sly humour, quaint adage, flash of rustic wit, snatch of merry or melancholy song, and rare treasury of home knowledge of human nature? What a field for him would have been my native hamlet! What a strange old scene it must have been in my father's time! There was old Squire Fletcher that lived at the Hall, and old Kester Colclough that lived at Godkin House up in the fields; they were the old gentlemen of the place, and the centre of the village knot of merry fellows that made the King of Prussia, the chief ale-house, ring with their mirth. And how often was the mirth at their expense! For there was Dick Redfern the wit, to turn it against them, and Sammy Hand, a new purchaser in the parish, and Adam Woodward the baker, and Tom Marshall the shop-keeper, and Bill Newton, and Jack Shelton, the greatest scape-grace of the place, to join in the laugh.

Old Squire Fletcher was the very soul of good-nature, and old Kester Colclough "as soft as a boiled turnip," to use the phrase that Dick Redfern used in describing him. These two old worthies were like many others who have lived on their hereditary property, without exertion, labour or care, till their very intellect seemed to have turned into fat and good fellowship, till the last both family and estate expired of inanition. So simple was old Kester; or, as the village in its dialect called him, "Old Mester Colclough," that he was the perpetual butt of the wags, and when he heard of any pranks or mischief, he declared positively that it must be done by "Bill Newton, Jack Shelton, or somebody else!"

Dick Redfern was the only one of those jolly companions who was left in my time. I remember him a thin old fellow, as crazy as one much more renowned for wit, Dean Swift, was in his latter days. He was the last melancholy relic of his generation; all his

contemporaries were dead, and all his "quips and cranks" were dead with them. He would come light and thin, and grey as a shadow, down to the Fall, my grandfather's house, a mile below the village, sit him down a moment, talk of Bill Newton, Jack Shelton, or somebody else, and then say restlessly he must away to "the Fall," where he actually was, and when he got to the village, say he must away "to the village, for old Squire Fletcher and old Kester Coleclough were waiting for him at the King of Prussia."

A more melancholy ruin of a right-merry fellow cannot be imagined. Old Squire Fletcher had long lain in his vault under the yew-tree; and Bill Newton and Jack Shelton had vanished under their grassy mounds; and in the Hall now lived one Sampson Hooks—for the people would never honour him with the title of squire, and the sons of Bill Newton were become his prey and the prey of his bailiff, Joe Ling. But of these men anon, when we have wandered back a little over the earlier days of poor Dick Redfern.

Dick had been a wag from his ladhood, and could not help it. It was bred in him; and, as he used to say himself, "what is bred in the bone will never be out of the flesh." He had a head, and it had its bumps, that were sure to bring him as many knocks—though there were no phrenologists born then to tell him the reason of it. He could no more help being a wag, than Sam Foote could. He once thought he would be a farmer; but while he was learning the rudiments of that profession, his humour put his mistress out of humour with him, and he was ordered to carry his "frumps and his impudence away with him."

His offence was merely what the German wag, Eulenspiegel, used to affront so many people with, showing them the truth, not in a symbol, but in a matter of fact. His mistress kept cows and sold milk; and one day she said to Dick, "Dick, give the cows some turnips, and give the best cow twice as many as the rest."

Dick very soberly served all the cows with about a peek a piece, and then reared about two peeks round the pump in the yard. There needed no explanation of this odd act. The conscience of the good woman flashed in her face; she came out like a heroine; flung a broom at the head that started such a mischievous idea, which would have made it sing inwardly if it had not had a most admirable capacity of ducking, and bade him come for his wages when he wanted them. Dick flew out of the yard faster than the

dame had flown out of the house, and never came again for his wages ; but whenever the good woman appeared in the village, he was sure to appear on the wall of the churchyard, itself lying level with the inside of the wall and high above the street, and as she went past, call out, amid the laughter of his fellow-boys and of the village, " Good Mother Watery, how goes it with the iron-tailed cow?"

It was not many weeks before Dick's wages were paid to his mother, with an offer to apprentice him to a plumber and glazier twenty miles off. The offer was accepted, and Dick disappeared for a season. The biography of his apprenticeship is unknown. He came from time to time for a few days' holiday to his native village, and every time turned the old place upside down with his tricks, his jokes, his fun and his cleverness. He could play on the fiddle to a miracle ; and as soon as his time was out, he set up as plumber and glazier, fiddler and wag of the whole neighbourhood. So long as the village church stands, so long will Dick Redfern be talked of : how he was the soul of all parties where he came ; how he made the parlour at the King of Prussia the merriest place in England ; how old Squire Fletcher used to laugh till he cried, and fall off his chair at Dick's nonsense ; and how old Kester Colclough declared that neither Bill Newton, Jack Shelton, nor anybody else could come up to him ; how he used to propagate the most extraordinary stories by appearing to read them out of the newspaper, of which he was always the reader in the parlour at the King of Prussia ; how these stories were told the whole country round, and declared to be in the newspapers ; but when people looked for them they were not to be found ; on which, Dick, when appealed to, would say, " Did I read that ? If I did, I have forgotten it. Nay, lad, I rayther think thou must ha' dreamed it !" How Dick went round the country with Bill Newton and Jack Shelton as itinerant showmen, as Dick said, to show his comrades what fools there were in the country ; how they gave out that they had a most outlandish animal to exhibit, and always hired a barn for the purpose ; how they hung up a sheet across, and Dick entertained the people with a long and wonderful story of the wonderful properties of this animal, while Bill Newton took the sixpences at the door, and Jack Shelton made uncouth noises behind the sheet, which filled the people with the strongest expectation, till, the house being filled, Dick and Jack withdrew behind the sheet, and all three stole silently out of the other door and over the hills

as fast as they could, laughing all the time at the concourse of simpletons in the barn, who sate and sate until some one at length, lifting a corner of the sheet, astonished the whole assembly by the discovery of nothing!

This campaign made the King of Prussia uproarious with laughter and applause for a whole winter; but old Squire Fletcher asserting that this might pass with the country hawbucks, but would not do with the sharp chaps of the towns, and old Mester Colclough saying, "No, no, neither Bill Newton nor Jack Shelton, nor nobody else, could pass off their jokes on the townsmen," the three set off again. There was soon seen at fairs and statutes far and wide, a booth with a large placard on the front:—"Here all good people are taught, in two minutes, and at the small charge of one shilling, how to carve without cutting themselves."

There was soon seen an eager crowd assembled before this booth. Everybody was asking those who came out whether it were worth seeing, and everybody, with a knowing shake of the head, said, "Oh, very, very! See it by all means!"

So in went everybody, and there they saw a man—it was Dick—standing with a huge round of beef before him, cutting with the edge of the knife turned from him, the most delicate slices, and exclaiming the while, "Ladies and gentlemen, always cut in this direction, and you will never cut yourselves!"

"Is that all?" exclaimed everybody; and Dick, grave as a judge, always replied, "Yes, all, and sufficient; always cut in this direction, and it is impossible you can cut yourselves."

The people vexed at their folly, but ashamed to confess it, withdrew, and as they passed out, crowds of eager waiters demanded "Is it worth seeing?" To which many replied, "Oh, certainly! See it by all means!"

Thus went Dick and his comrades safe and sound all round the country, and returned to their village in some months, with their bags loaded with the money of the ninny-hammers of the towns, and to the no small amazement of old Squire Fletcher and old Mester Colclough.

From that day they reigned the oracles of the King of Prussia, and not a trick could be played but old Kester declared it to be the work either of "Bill Newton, Jack Shelton, or somebody else."

If Dick made them merry at the King of Prussia, he made them just as merry in every other house. He was a free guest in every cottage and farm all round. Wherever he came, there came with

him frolic and wonder. The children shouted and clapped their hands, for he played them all sorts of good-humoured tricks, and romped with them like a great lad. The girls all smiled and blushed as he came near, for he was sure to have some funny thing to say to them of their sweethearts; and all the country fellows stood with their mouths wide open when he spoke, for they expected that something wonderful would drop out of his.

But he did not draw more smiles out of their faces than he did capers out of their legs; for he was the only fiddler at wake or Whitsuntide that they would have. Nay, his fiddle, they said, spoke and made them leap about like peas in a frying-pan.

My father, once coming out of Derby on a market-day, saw a great crowd assembled on Chester-green, and heard from it at the same time the merry music of a fiddle, and the most boisterous laughter. As he came nearer, he thought, why, that can be no other fiddle than Dick Redfern's; and so he rode quietly up, and peeped over the heads of the crowd into the interior of the circle. Sure enough, there stood Dick Redfern fiddling away with all his might, and with a gravity solid as that of the stone-post against which he leaned, whilst who should there be leaping and skipping about to the sound of the fiddle, but a lanky old gardener of the village, Jonathan Moore. Dick's fiddle did indeed seem to speak, and Jonathan obeyed all its injunctions to the letter, amid the continuous laughter of the bystanders. The fiddle said, as plainly as could be, "Lie thee down, Jonathan! roll over, Jonathan! up again, Jonathan! whirl thee round, Jonathan! spin away, spin away, spin away, Jonathan!"

Every note of the fiddle told on Jonathan just as the string-twitches on the paper harlequin. Now he was prostrate on the green; now rolling over; now springing up, and now whirling round and round like a mad Dervise at his devotions. My father rode quietly off again without being perceived by Jonathan, though the twinkle of Dick Redfern's eyes gave sign that he was well enough perceived by him.

A few days after this Jonathan was nailing up some trees for my father, for whom he almost daily worked, when, after standing and looking at him some time, he said, "Well done, Jonathan! spin away, Jonathan!"

Jonathan started; stood a moment, first turning red, and then white, and then exclaimed, "By Guy, Mester, and so yo seed me tother day with Dick on Chester Green? By-leddy, but that

fellow's fiddle has witchcraft in it. I had had a sup of ale at th' Fox and Owl, and just as I came over the Green, up comes Dick behind me, struck up with his fiddle; I gave a leap half as high as myself, and began capering away spite of myself. If I must have died for it the next moment, I could not have helped myself. The fiddle screeched, my limbs went—and 'od rot it, though!—but I'd rayther ha' gen onything than yo should ha' seen me sich an old fool!"

Dick had often business at Eastwood, about two miles from his own village, and as often made the guests merry by his fun at the Sun there. In Eastwood lived an old herbalist, one Amos Wire; one of those simple, credulous old men of the last, and even of the present generation, in country places, who still believe all that Culpepper says. He accordingly gathered his plants in particular phases of the moon, and under the particular planets that Culpepper directs, and doctored a host of people as simple as himself. Dick Redfern was very fond of sitting an hour with old Amos, to hear him talk of "yarbs and trines, tangents and culminations," or to wander with him into woods and meadows as he gathered his medicinal plants, and converse with a well-assumed gravity on all his subjects of faith and fancy. It was rich food for the parlour of the King of Prussia; and so well did he play his part, that Amos took the strangest fancy to him, and Dick declared that he believed that if he were, in the name of the Lord, to command old Amos to do the rashest deed, he would verily do it, such was his child-like credulity.

This gave a hint to Bill Newton and Jack Shelton, who thought that they could strike out of it a benefit for their friend. Accordingly, they appeared under the window of Amos's parlour, where he slept in his low cottage of one story, before it grew light one morning, and one of them said, in a solemn tone, "Amos! Amos!" On which poor Amos, who was probably lying awake thinking of his plants and planets, immediately made answer, in a voice of the deepest reverence, "Speak, Lord, for thy sarvant heareth!" To which the rogues without rejoined, "Amos! Amos! I command thee to arise and break all the church windows!"

To which Amos at once replied, "Lord! thy sarvant will obey thee!"

On this, the two rogues hastened away to watch in the church-yard for the approach of the old man. As he did not arrive,



however, so soon as they expected, and as the dawn rapidly advanced, they fell to and demolished the windows themselves, and hastened away, knowing that Dick Redfern would have to glaze them, and thinking that it would be a capital job for him. Amos, who, though old and slow, was as zealous as he was credulous, soon after appeared on the scene, armed with a long leaping-pole which he had used in nimbler days, to enable him to spring across streams and bogs, on his herbalist rambles. No sooner, however, did he see that the windows were all broken, than, with a look of astonishment and self-reproach, he made his retreat.

Scarcely was daylight established, when the strange discovery of the demolition of the windows was made, and flew all over the parish. Many were the conjectures who the sacrilegious depre-dators could be, and some one soon said that he had seen old Amos Wire coming in haste, at daybreak, out of the churchyard, armed with his rantipole. This was enough: Amos was speedily summoned to the presence of the Squire, who was the magistrate. Accused of the fact, Amos did not attempt to deny it; on the contrary, he frankly declared that he had been called upon by the voice of the Lord to go and do that deed, and went on purpose; but, to his astonishment, had found that he had not been active enough in his zeal, and that, to his unspeakable mortification, some more faithful servant had been employed to execute it.

Such was the well-known truth and simplicity of Amos, that both magistrate and clergyman saw at once that the thing was the work of some designing scoundrels who meant to have made a tool of him, but had, probably, as was the fact, found him too tardy in his motions. He was therefore dismissed, and a messenger was sent off for the glazier, our Dick. But the two perpetrators were before him, had related what they had done, and what a famous job it would be for him. To their great amazement, however, instead of signs of correspondent joy in Dick's face, they saw him stand as if he were shot, and with a face white as a ghost, he exclaimed,

“’Od rot it, lads! You’ve done for me! *I glaze the whole church by the year!*”

This was a blow too much. It spoiled for awhile all his mirth. It cost him the whole of his spare capital to repair the disastrous labour of his friends, who, thunderstruck at the announcement of a fact of which they had never dreamed, slunk away and dared not for many a day to show their faces at the King of Prussia.

Dick faithfully repaired all the windows with glass of the best

quality, never asking a consideration of the parish for so unlooked for an accident ; and as for Bill Newton and Jack Shelton, they were as poor as church-mice themselves, and could not help him to repair their fault by helping him to repair the windows. From that time the glory of the King of Prussia departed. Old Kester Colclough, when he heard of the transaction, was nearer the mark than he perhaps had ever been before, for he protested that it "was certainly Bill Newton, Jack Shelton, or somebody else."

Old Squire Fletcher died soon after. Mester Colclough became too infirm to get to the village, and in a few years died also. Bill Newton was overtaken by troubles which curbed his spirit, and Jack Shelton went off nobody knew whither. Yet for many a year afterwards did poor Dick Redfern wander about the old neighbourhood, a thin, grey, and crazy fellow, such as I have described him, everybody saying, "See what the sharpest wits may come to!"

When he was dead, little property was found, or debts in his books due to him ; there were, however, these singular entries :—

Joe Clay, Dr.	£	s.	d.
To putting out my eye with a stick, at the King of Prussia . . . . .	0	10	6
Sam Argill, Dr.			
To breaking me two fiddlesticks . . . . .	1	1	0

Thus he valued his eyes at exactly two fiddlesticks.

## MEMORANDA OF MATURIN.

STEPHEN'S GREEN, Dublin, is perhaps the finest square in Europe ; the very irregularity of its edifices, adding to the beauty of its appearance. At its north side, and flanked by that very handsome structure, the Surgeon's-hall, is York-street ; where the subject of this brief sketch resided for the greater part of his life ; and where "Bertram," "Woman," and "Melmoth the Wanderer," were written : it is a dull gloomy street, of spacious and respectable buildings, occupied altogether, at the present time, by professional men, surgeons and attorneys, and situate in the parish of St. Peter, of which Maturin for many years, and to the close of his existence, was the popular and respected minister.

It is now long ago, since a gib in college, fonder of rambling on the mountains of Wicklow than of confined rooms and academic halls—fonder of poetry than of Euclid—I accidentally became acquainted with Mr. Maturin, an acquaintance that eventually ripened into intimacy. He was fond of the society of young persons: of a cheerful disposition himself, he delighted to reciprocate it with others; and I have seen him playing on a grass-plot with a troop of children, himself as gay as any of them, when, being bald, they were always sure to make an attack upon his wig, while he chased the successful depredators through the alleys of the garden, laughing heartily at the ludicrous plight to which their roguery had reduced him. I was a member at that time of an amateur company of actors, who gloried in the high-sounding appellation, "Rosicians." We had engaged a very pretty little theatre, fitted up by a man named Larkin, an auctioneer, at the rear of his sale-rooms in Grafton-street. Larkin had, I believe, been himself a member in his early days of a provincial company, and hence the manifestation of a passion, that even worldly prudence could not altogether restrain. The memory, and the feeling of the memory of these days, will never leave me, when, proud of my red ribbon of membership, and my wand of office as steward—for I was too bashful for the boards—I paraded the room (we had no envious distinctions of our company) or stood to talk gaily with my friends, especially with *one*, and thought myself the happiest and the highest of human kind.

I believe there are few young men fond of nature and poetry, who have not at some time expressed their feeling in verse; and, it being known that I was addicted to rhyming, I was requested by my amateur companions to furnish them with an epilogue, to be spoken on a particular occasion. One of the members of our society had some knowledge of Mr. Maturin, and had presented him with tickets, thinking very justly that the presence of the only author in our city (Shiel and Lady Morgan no longer dwelt there), and that individual the author of "Bertram," would confer an honour on us, and add a stimulus to our juvenile exertions. The verses of my epilogue, at that early period of my life, were, I have no doubt, sufficiently pretensional and puerile;—they have altogether evaporated from my remembrance, but they had the good fortune at the time to please, and procure me an introduction to Mr. Maturin, and from that period till his death I enjoyed a good deal of his conversation and society.

At the end of the play, as I lingered beside him attracted by his name and his remarks on our performance, he invited me to accompany him home ; and having done so, to partake of his simple supper, which I remember well consisted of poached eggs and spinach : as I also remember the nervousness that seized me at being called on to sustain a conversation with an author of his position and celebrity in the literary world ; the author of one of our few successful tragedies ; the friend of Scott and Byron ; and from whom better things might have been expected if he had not been prematurely carried off at an early age.

The inside of the house was gloomy and melancholy in the extreme : just the house for the romancist who penned "Melmoth." The dull kitchen candle of the servant threw but a faint light ; and my feet struck with a lonely sound on the naked flags of the hall, which was barely furnished with two chairs surmounted by his crest, a galloping horse ; the stairs were without carpets. On entering the drawing-room, it almost appeared to be unfurnished. A simple drugget partly covered the floor, and a small table stood in the centre : but the entire end nearest the door was occupied by a divan covered with scarlet, which appeared strangely out of character with the general meagreness of the apartment ; beside the folding-doors was a square piano ; at the fire was placed an old arm chair, in which I afterwards saw him sit for many a weary hour, till three or four o'clock in the morning, while writing the "Albigenses ;" and on a small work-table between the windows lay a very ancient writing-desk. Such was my first glimpse of the author's domicile, which had once been a witness of very different scenes.

When Sir Walter Scott had forwarded Maturin's tragedy of "Bertram" to Lord Byron, at that time a member of the committee of Drury-lane, his lordship, struck with its merits, had it immediately prepared for representation : its success was sudden and immense. At that period, although known as an author, from the time of publishing his "Montorio," while yet almost a youth, he was but a poor and struggling curate, with a young and increasing family, possessed of extremely polished tastes, and elegant habits, which cannot be indulged in without expense ; and seeing thus unexpectedly and largely an opening both for fame and profit, he had for a time forgotten the dictates of prudence, and almost the necessary restrictions of his profession, in the gratification of his passion for the refined and splendid, and abandoned himself to a dream of success, that was never entirely realised.

On his arrival in London, he was very much flattered and caressed by some persons of rank on the committee of the theatre ; and being invited to their houses, he was captivated by the *agré-mens* of their society—the splendour and elegance that surrounded them ; and his corresponding taste made him imagine that he could transfer something of this on his return to his own residence, and that he could be the cause and centre of pursuits and pleasures similar to those that had attracted him. With the literary men of the metropolis at that time he does not seem to have been so well pleased ; he met several of them at the table of Mr. Colburn, who had previously published for him, and expecting naturally enough, as a stranger, a rich treat from their conversation, he confessed himself considerably disappointed.

Having derived considerable emolument from the Author's Night and copyright of " Bertram," and deeming now that a source of un-failing independence was opened to him, he proceeded to furnish the house that I then saw so despoiled, in a style of extravagant elegance and expense, and to give entertainments to all that surrounded his fame with their flatteries. The walls of the parlours were done in panels, with scenes from his novels, painted by an artist of some eminence ; the richest carpets, ottomans, lustres, and marble tables ornamented the withdrawing rooms ; the most beautiful papers covered the walls, and the ceilings were painted to represent clouds, with eagles in the centre, from whose claws depended brilliant lustres. When I knew him first all this had disappeared : his subsequent tragedies had been unsuccessful ; he became embarrassed ; and he was obliged to write laboriously for bread. Perhaps the peculiar nature of his literary productions prevented his advancement in his profession, though certainly no curate in the diocese performed its duties more zealously and irreproachably ; but tragedies and romances are not esteemed by the public the best preparation for a bishopric, although it is to a bishop that we owe the first romance. Home was excluded the communion of the Scotch church for his " Douglas," and Mr. Maturin himself felt it to be a matter of apology and explanation in a preface to one of his later publications. There was an idle story afloat, that an official from the Castle had been directed to call one evening with an offer of its patronage, but that finding him employed with some adult college pupils in acting that very tragedy of " Douglas," he had returned, told the circumstance, and the idea was abandoned.

The family of Mr. Maturin was respectable and of French origin. The family tale was, that a lady of the French court having been

stopped in her carriage by a basket laid in the street ; when it was taken up, a male child was discovered in it, richly dressed in the most expensive lace ; this child she adopted and educated, having named him Mathurine or Maturin, from the street, Rue de Mathurine, in which he was found ; he eventually became a Hugonot, and emigrated. Of the early days of Maturin I can say but little ; but on knowing subsequently some other members of his family, I have been told that from his childhood he was always remarkable for his love of poetry and the stage ; that he used to sketch short dramas, and get his brothers and sisters to represent them, and that he was particularly skilled and attentive in their costume and accessories ; no similar abilities, however, were shown by his brothers, whose lots in life were very different ; but his sisters in general, who idolised him, possessed a good deal of his peculiar tastes, and shared with him something of his talent. It is certain that he himself was a most excellent actor ;—his voice, his declamation, his figure, were all superior, and the representation of the chief scenes of some standard play was the constant and rational amusement that he provided for the young men of rank and fortune that were, during their collegiate course, while he yet kept pupils, committed to his care.

He was very early in life entered of the University, and was a member of the famous Historical Society, the chief school for old Irish oratory and public men, put down by the jealousy of government in troubled times, and though many exertions have been made for the purpose, never since restored. He does not appear to have been a successful candidate for scientific distinction, but he was a very elegant classical scholar, and he was elected one of the scholars of the University, which is generally considered a strict test of classical ability ; but he was not the deep student of derivations and editions, nor the pedant of Greek metres,—he felt the more refined beauties of the old authors, as standards of universal thought and expression ; skimmed the surface of their brightness, and made them subservient oftentimes in conversation to extremely apt and felicitous quotation ; he was also extensively read in old French history and literature, and had amassed a fund of strange and heterogeneous information. His University acquaintance was chiefly of a literary cast similar to his own, and his special friend and chum was Croly. He was subsequently ordained, and entered upon the curacy of Loughrea. The confined and almost isolated position of a country curate could scarcely have been agreeable

to a young man of his tastes and pursuits; for, even about this time, he had published his first romance of "Montorio," its second title, that of the "Fatal Revenge," having been added by the bookseller, as more attractive. This was of the Radcliffe school, but certainly not mere imitation; and though now lying, perchance neglected, on the shelves of some very old circulating library, it has been reputed one of the best of his productions, and procured him the intimacy and friendship of Sir Walter Scott. At Loughrea he was an inmate for some time of the castle of the O'Mores, the lineal descendants of the old Irish kings of that district. I have often heard him speak with delight of that ancient structure, and the Irish hospitality he there enjoyed and witnessed. He was an enthusiastic lover of antiquity, and had a strange passion for exploring old and desolate houses; in so much so, that when I have been walking with him through some decayed parts of the city, if any house particularly attracted him, about which he imagined some history to attach, or fancied it had an air of mystery, he would knock at the door, and find some excuse for examining the interior.

Mr. Maturin's father holding a high situation in the Irish post-office, and taking a prominent position in some of the public institutions of the city, his son was soon appointed to the curacy of St. Peter, the parish in which he was resident,—a parish, the first in the city, of great extent, and containing most of the wealth, rank, and talent of the metropolis. At this time he married a very amiable and accomplished person, and increased his income by taking college pupils. Though punctual and irreproachable in the performance of his ministerial duties, yet, partly from his peculiar genius and pursuits, and partly because at that period, perhaps, there was not such a stirring of life among the clergy, it does not appear that he took any prominent part among his brethren, or sought for promotion by such conduct:—he did his duty, but never overstepped it. He was universally beloved by the parishioners, who were proud of having a man of such talents in their pulpit, and attracted by the amenity of his manners: and, though the more religious lamented what they considered the false direction of those talents, and others reprehended or ridiculed his attachment to public amusements, his eccentric dress, and his passion for dancing, yet his gaiety of manner, fascinating conversation, and his gentle, good-natured disposition, disarmed even prudent censure of its bitterness, and often converted blame to admiration.

His sermons, though pleasing and profitable, were not remarkable for any deep expositions of theology; nor could it be said, in general, that he displayed anything of pulpit oratory; but one set of sermons, which he afterwards published with great success, deserve in this instance to be made an exception.

His method of composition was peculiar, and calculated to have the prejudicial effect it eventually had upon his health. He never wrote during the day, the morning being occupied by domestic arrangements or the duties of his cure; the afternoons he devoted to long, romantic rambles, in which I had constantly the gratification of being his companion. Fond of nature at all times and under all aspects, his darling season was autumn, as I believe it is to most thoughtful minds. There was in him a strange vacillation of temperament between gaiety and gloom, and in our rambles along the beautiful scenery, so well known to the tourist, of Lucan and Leixlip, to the small mountain-hidden fountain-head that gives birth to the waters of the Liffey, I have known him keep continued silence, and seem perfectly abstracted from everything around him, and then suddenly break out into some expression of boyish fun, repeat, with his full sonorous voice, some favourite poems, or ask my opinion, such as it was, upon some point of criticism. Byron he looked up at as you gaze upon an eagle; but he loved Scott in his heart, and studied Crabbe as a painter whose graphic sketches furnished him with many an extract to entertain us with on our excursions. Another favourite of his was Hogg, whose ballad of "Bonny Kilmeny" he had by heart. A most agreeable companion, he was not, however, possessed of first-rate conversational powers; he picked for you the sparkles on the surface with rapid and choice selection, but he never led you down from depth to depth, and through cavern on cavern, the giant of the mine of thought, like Coleridge (whom, *en parenthese*, he disliked for a merciless attack on his tragedy, which the ill success of the "Remorse" had incited; and he had prepared a retaliation in the pages of "Colburn's Magazine," which I read in manuscript—a review of "Christabel"—but which I do not remember to have seen published): he was the pleasing improvisatore, but not the divine sybil. On this account it is impossible to relate any of his particular sentiments or conversations. The only one that was fixed in my mind, was his once arguing that suicide was not positively and expressly condemned in any passage of Scripture, and declaring, that he conceived to pass away from the sorrows of earth to the peace of eternity,



by reposing on a bed of eastern poppy flowers, where sleep is death, would be the most enviable mode of earthly exit ; but this he uttered altogether as a doctrine of opinion, and not of purpose. Returning late in the evening, it was then after a slight refreshment that his literary task commenced, and I have remained with him repeatedly, looking over some of his loose manuscripts, till three in the morning, while he was composing his wild romance of "Melmoth." Moderate, and indeed abstemious in his appetites, human nature, and the over-busy and worked intellect, required support and stimulus, and brandy-and-water supplied to him the excitement that opium yields to others ; but it had no intoxicating effect on him : its action was, if possible, more strange, and indeed terrible to witness. His mind travelling in the dark regions of romance, seemed altogether to have deserted the body, and left behind a mere physical organism ; his long pale face acquired the appearance of a cast taken from the face of a dead body ; and his large prominent eyes took a glassy look ; so that when, at that witching hour, he suddenly, without speaking, raised himself, and extended a thin and bony hand, to grasp the silver branch with which he lighted me down stairs, I have often started, and gazed on him as a spectral illusion of his own creation. This severe labour, continued at night without intermission during the composition of a work, was occasionally relieved by the enjoyment of music, of which he was devotedly fond ; his wife was one of the first, if not the first private singer in the metropolis, and he took care that her natural abilities should be improved under the best teachers ; he was a good theorist in music, accompanied well, but had no voice himself. I remember these hours especially with regret ; he was indeed a lover of music, and not the mere affected *fanatico* of an art ; and the silvery strain of the simple ballad, or the bold and interwolved harmony of the concerted piece or bravura, alike served to gratify his taste or open the depths of his feelings. Another *delassement* was attending the weekly re-unions at Lady Morgan's, while she yet retained her residence in Kildare-street.

I have already hinted at his personal eccentricity, and I shall now describe him a little more particularly,—not for the sake of ridicule, which did not attach to him, but that I may present a graphic picture of his appearance ;—tall, thin, pale, with a pensive expression ; large, full, but lightless eye ; a graceful figure ; his dress, not merely on those country rambles, but walking the streets, attracted general attention, but the people knew it was

Maturin, and he passed without molestation ; a large brown roque-laure, with a long cape, which nearly hung to his feet, and which he held closely round his person—its colour had once been dark brown, but it had changed by time to that of high toast snuff ; his nether limbs were cased in old black web pantaloons, a style that had once been fashionable ; his long feet, thus looking longer, were cased in well-worn shoes ; his small hat was twisted into all possible shapes, brown and napless, and covered with ragged crape ; his small wig scarce gave a stray lock to cover his high and intellectual temples ;—such was the strange figure that presented itself to citizens and strangers ; but still, the one could perceive that he was a perfect gentleman, neither decayed nor mad, while others only looked, smiled, and said, “ There goes Maturin.” The contrast that he presented sometimes to this was equally strange. I have seen him dressed in canary-coloured shapes, and black frock of most fashionable cut, scarcely reaching to his knees ;—these trivial variations from custom or propriety, were very leniently regarded in general ; some might laugh at him, but he was loved by all.

For many years he had enjoyed epistolary intimacy with Sir Walter Scott, and had received several invitations to Abbotsford. It is to be regretted he could not accept them ; in many ways they would have proved beneficial to him. I have seen many of Sir Walter's letters, which were models in their way, and, like himself, kind, simple, sensible, and homely. Maturin from the first knew him to be the author of “ The Waverley Novels,” from a letter which he received shortly after the publication of one of them, containing a peculiar Scotch proverb which Sir Walter had put into the mouth of one of his characters—“ We keep our own fish-guts for our own sea-maws.” On Sir Walter's visit to Dublin, he had anticipated the pleasure of meeting Maturin. Alas ! he had only the sad consolation of paying a visit of condolence to his widow, and gazing on his portrait in crayons, copied after his death from a portrait which appeared in one of the numbers of “ Colburn's Magazine.” A cast had been taken, but post-mortem likenesses are never true ; it appeared for a time in the shop of a Dublin bookseller, but was never executed in marble. The affectionate interest that Sir Walter took in him may be judged from the fact, that his rude desk, at Marsh's library, which had been constructed by himself, attracted his attention as an interesting relic.

It was the intention of Sir Walter Scott to have edited his works, and written his life, and he applied to his family to collect materials for the purpose. His own unfortunate failure, and the fatal necessity entailed on him of undertaking the noblest, greatest task that ever devolved on intellectual man, of paying, at the close of a distinguished life of unexampled success, the debt that had fallen on him, like dark clouds obscuring the sunshine, by the labours of declining age, alone prevented him. Such an act on the part of Sir Walter would at once have put a stamp upon the fame of Maturin; he would not then have been recollected merely in the green-room as an author who had brought money into the treasury, or in the circulating libraries as having furnished a few romances, now scarcely read, to their shelves; but he would have been elevated to the position he really deserved to hold, that of one of Ireland's distinguished authors; and this brief memory of an amiable and accomplished man would have been happily useless.

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## THE ROME-WARD BOUND.

BY PAUL BELL.

The Dog that is idle is never tired of running.—  
The life of the Stork passes in crying "lak, lak."

TURKISH PROVERBS.

A NEIGHBOURHOOD into which I was drawn by business, not many weeks since, had, just before my arrival, been thrown into fits by an occurrence, now-a-days so oddly common, that I should not fancy it worth narrating, save for certain considerations presenting themselves, which can hardly be repeated too frequently.

The Fadgetts of Fash Gate had, for three parts of a century, been a considerable family in its generation; persons of superiority and taste; and who spent their lives in giving incessant trouble to all in anywise dependent upon them—now by instruction, now by interference. If you want to benefit the poor, it is not by the sedative of button-holding, any more than by the stimulant of curry powder! I am apt (perhaps 'tis a fault of my impatient temper) to mistrust the benevolence of bores. I have seen the heart-sickness of the sorrowful exasperated into positive loathing by the sympathy of what the quaint old divine called "text-ful talkers." Now, the Fadgetts believed in a monopoly of

patent happiness, as manufactured by themselves ; of several qualities :—coarse comfort for the Crockery of the earth, and beautifully fine pleasures for the use of the Porcelain—which with them meant the intellectual (for, to do them justice, they were not lovers of Mammon). They were impulsive people—charmingly enthusiastic ; and talked. . . . Verily, to hear a Fadgett talk was, indeed, “ a Practical Treatise on the Use of the Tongue.” One—it was a favourite family anecdote—had absolutely, during a chance encounter with King George the Third in Windsor Park, by a display of his volubility, puzzled to silence that Hydra, the curiosity of Miss Burney’s “ Good King !” Another (this tale was somewhat more apocryphal), had convinced a Methodist preacher out of his pulpit in the Tabernacle at the end of Fash Lane ; and shut up that nursery of deleterious doctrine. The eloquence of Mrs. Fadgett the first had been largely expended at auctions (in those days a lady’s favourite haunt), in depreciating the toys and trifles she subsequently meant to buy. Her sons had travelled : and told their travels in a stream of narration “ like Kedron in flood,” till the neighbourhood fled before them. Still this family of oppressors passed for pleasant, accomplished, and “ a real blessing to the county.” The ladies kept schools—and taught them, one Cestor on the Pestalozzian principle : then after the pattern of Mr. Harmony Rapp’s,—lastly, changed their systems at once into a sort of mosaic, “ combining,” as they averred, “ the best features of the colonies at Fredericksoord and Mr. Combe’s luckless experiment at Orbiston.” The male Fadgetts superintended buildings, sacred and secular ; and were glib and confident about Gothic windows, Palladian attics, Byzantine arches, *rococo façades*, and Tudor chimneys ; till, bewildered by so many fine words and unsettled principles, one country architect, on whom these disseminators of new ideas had no mercy, broke down—absolutely lost his wits,—took to the draw-well,—and deceased. The Fadgetts led the talk, as they led the taste of their neighbours ; and briefly, in my poor judgment, were as heavy a scourge to a parish, as the worst enemy to country sociability and country simplicity could have bespoken. Defend us all from originators without originality !

I could never enter Fash Gate—the family are far-off connexions of my Mrs. Bell’s—without being reminded of one of those houses in a harlequinade, which begin with a row of trim flower-pots in a neatly-curtained window ; continue into a blacksmith’s shop,

with a roaring fire, a ringing anvil, and a kicking horse ; and end in a waterfall, with " the Genii of the Amethyst Torrent sporting in the Waters of Delight," (as the gentleman who makes out the bills for the pantomimes is used to describe such a scene). When I first knew the mansion, it was suffering under an eruption of China-monsterism. There were bowls in the hall, enough for half a hundred Punches to play with—sly little teapots huddled together by tens on shelves above the back stairs—a plague of platters and dishes in the spare-rooms,—and Bonzes and pagodas, blue dragons, green parrots, and devils of every " fancy mixture" in " my lady's chamber." The temple of Hum himself could not have been fuller of curiosities ! Ten years later found the first Mrs. Fadgett with Falstaff, in " Arthur's bosom." The hurricane of innovation passed over her borders of Nankin and clean swept her provinces of the Willow Pattern. The new people were fired with classical enthusiasm : and so they crammed eagles and pateras, tripods and triglyphs, and fasces and bulls' heads, and husk-garlands, and shields, and naked Pagan images, into every hole and corner they possessed : raved about the Greek ideal and the Ionic volute and the Parthenon. Plain Nancy was poetised into Anna Comnena, and Abel was turned into Hadrian. It was all " taste " with them ; and the poor, plain, country neighbours were stuffed with Stuart and Eustace, and Forsyth, and Hope, and Winckelmann, till one or two openly, and more in secret, longed for old Madam Fadgett, with her tea and muffins and her long whist—" cracked " though they had considered her, while she was a living woman, by the intensity of her passion of amassing old china.

But the Grecian fashion went by ; pure *dilettantism* came to a discount ; as a useless thing which did not feed the souls of those who embraced it as a pursuit ; and the world not having as yet generally began to recognise the necessity of the privileged classes occupying themselves with the temporal wants and sorrows of the poor, Miss Anne Fadgett declined succeeding to the style and title of Anna Comnena, and betook herself to " low Church " excitement, as her speciality. She would be a beacon to her generation ; and accordingly began by making the house so intolerable to her sisters, that one solaced herself with a French dancing-master (and is now living, his widow, on a competence at Perpignan), while the other, after a few years' recourse to those comforts yclept " drops," by the gentlewomen partaking thereof,—herself dropped rather tot-

teringly into the family vault, on the door of which her name is engraven, and a rhyme to her memory, as "a cropped lily!" These vicissitudes, however, were of small consequence to the zealous lady; seeing that Miss Fadgett's brother, the head of the house, was *regenerated* (I am not answerable for the irreverence of the verb) by her means. So down went the classical trumpery; away were sent the Pagan gods and goddesses; the pantries were cleared of the pateras; there was never a tripod left in "hall or bower" for Pythoness to preach from. The fine classical library was carted up to London, to the care of Messrs. Payne and Foss, and without "stop, let, or hindrance," every man, woman, and child belonging to Fash Gate and its dependencies, was to be Simeonized into a patent righteousness, whether he would or not—nay, nor of Fash Gate only, but of the whole wicked county: for Zeal was afoot; and who, save the *etcetera, etcetera*, (you'll excuse the favourite texts, I hope, sir; but I cannot bear quoting Bible words like so much jargon,) would slumber or sleep in such a cause, save he wished to keep on terms with Perdition?

O weary, weary people! thus to perplex and "harry," as the Scotch say, and sit in judgment upon the busy inhabitants of one of the sweetest neighbourhoods in England. Fash Gate lies on the edge of the —shire hills; and within sight of the Hall, where Readers were practising their lungs, and fancy-fair-mongers christianising all manner of pen-wipers and pincushions for the good of Hindoo Yogeas, and the starvation of woful widows and scanty old maids at home,—there stood on the rising ground, behind the score of neat white cottages that made up the village, as beautiful a memorial of the ancient times as I recollect. An arch, a buttress—a fragment of a crucifix, and a tomb with a recumbent effigy belonging to an old priory, stood—happily shall I say?—just beyond the verge of the domain of the incessant family. Had it been on their property, Fadgett zeal must have been stronger than Fadgett pride. Down must have come that nest of Evil; and one of the Patent Cast-Iron Chapel Company's erections have perked up its head on the identical spot, ere the world was three weeks older. And there would have been a cast-iron Preacher too, capitably loaded to the muzzle with orthodox thunder; a batch of such steam engines being always kept hot and ready for use, at Fash Gate. But, alas for man's indifference, and the impenetrability of woman! these offensive scraps of Papistrie belonged to a sickly old lady, who lived somewhere in the South, and though she never saw them,

would never sell them; "least of all," said the charitable go-between, resolved to lose no opportunity of bringing about good understanding among neighbours by telling the whole truth "to a parcel of ranting Methodists!" I must add, that in return for these opprobrious names, the lady was visited by four letters at the least every month, acquainting her with the precise hot-hearth which was reserved for her in a place I would rather not mention;—and which she would occupy at no very distant period. Mrs. Bell is at my shoulder, telling me I have already jeered too much at good things. I don't mean it: and she knows, as I tell her, what came of all this tumultuous work. The Fadgett fancy spread: and the people of the neighbourhood began to watch each other police-wise. One pretty woman was *tabooed* as "unsafe," because she would not confine herself, while singing Moore,\* to Moore's "Sacred Melodies."—One rheumatic old gentleman—a steady church-goer—was denounced as "a sabbath-breaker," because he continued to put Dapple into his one-horse-chaise; whereas the Fadgetts, a wiry tough pair, who had never known a day's illness, walked to church. They worried the pacific old Rector into taking a curate, who was promised to be a second edition of Mr. "Satan" Montgomery, handsomer, more flowery—more in earnest!—with additions and adaptations suitable to the country. And then they worried the curate, because his *ism* proved to be not precisely their *ism*, and because he had just sense enough to object to Miss Fadgett singing the Parables set by herself to airs from "La Gazza Ladra" in the Infant Schools. And the brother wrote high and mighty letters, and the Reverend voluminous replies; and it fell out that at last, the whole creditable correspondence was printed in "The Meddler" for the comfort of those who were thirsting after truth, and burning to teach

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\* "Fact," (as Miss Edgeworth used to say in the notes to her novels). By the way, a classed catalogue of things admissible and inadmissible, with their *habitats* (as botanists have it), is wanted for the use of the timid and those desirous of "getting on."—One would like to know, for instance, how Mademoiselle Déjazet met the request of the very Great Lady; who, desirous of seeing the Pearl of the *Palais Royal* act, while in London, sent an embassy to her, begging to be informed on what evening she would play her "*least improper characters!*"—One would be glad to fathom the philosophy of the training of the Sunday school-mistress, who, while at tea with one of her own profession, after discussing divers matters of infant discipline, asked, "Do you make *your* children curtsy at the name of the D— when they're reading?—I always do mine. *IT'S SAFER!*"

peace and goodwill by main force! The Fadgetts had grubbed up the May-pole on Fash Gate Green, which had kept its standing through the reign of China-monsterism and classical elegance:— to set up in its stead the Pillory and the Stake.

Well, it is not always the wiry and tough who hold out the longest; still less those "who have never had a day's illness," that live to tell what becomes of rheumatic old gentlemen who drive gigs on Sundays, when "they drive no more on this side of the grave." The Fadgetts were people pretty sure to wear themselves out (though I have known some gifted with propensities like theirs, live to a spectral age, breeding confusion to the very last). A fit of righteous indignation into which Mr. F. was thrown, "on the breaking out," as he called it, of the Mathew Temperance fanaticism, hastened his end. He died, and his warnings were printed in a book, and himself canonized. The sister died, too,— sorry, it would seem, for having been so violent during her life, since the Reverend of her nomination was wont to avoid the subject of her last moments, with as awful a brow and as heavy a sigh, as if hers had been a case of rank —ism. For some years my rounds did not lead me near Fash Gate; indeed, while in the occupation of its last-named inhabitants, there was small comfort in entering its walls, unless one had an appetite for "Morning Portions," at breakfast; "Words in Season," at lunch; Divinity sauced not with love-apples, but with peppery polemics, for dinner; tracts at tea; and so forth; and was able to say "Yes," and speak amiss of the Pope in the right places. So far from this; with me, such people palsy every good thought and good word I can command at the best of times. Their ways are immodest, to say the least. But not long since, being called upon to extend a journey, methought I would make a circuit of a few miles, just to see how the old place was looking; and the woods where I had so often gone bird-nesting, when Mrs. *China* Fadgett was Lady of the Manor.

No railways can go near the estate, it lies so high among the hills, so I had no idea of finding the outward aspect of matters in any wise changed. The trees seemed grown taller, and the roads narrower; that was all; and the Hall made a poorer figure than I had fancied; even though Progress had laid his strange hands on the old pot-house, which used to stand near the avenue gates, had faced its front with stone, had broken out at its side two Tudor oriels, and converted the dingy old Black Ram which used to creak as harshly on a windy night as though the sign had been the Old



Black Raven, into *The Fadge Arms*. There was some motto over the door, which I could not read; but I had heard that now-a-days an inscription is thought nothing of, if the passer-by can make it out. So I went in at once, and called for a glass of Fash Gate ale, hoping—since the day was cold—that, among the other “choppings and changings” which that unlucky place had seen, the Brewery had at least been spared. For though the world goes round, and John Bull must go with it, I am not so sure about John Barleycorn—I mean as to the making of ale; for I would not be thought to hold with the “stand-still *starvationers*,” as a friend of mine designates that very select society, more generally called by the *Post* “The Country Party.”

While mine host and a young, civil man, with a face strange to me, was away fetching the liquor, I went to a window, which looked across the park, for I was in a humour—the liveliest of us has such fits—to catch a sight of the ruins among the leafless winter trees. Ruins, bless you! I stood fixed by what I beheld; and it was a good moment ere I could exclaim, “Why those Fadgetts have been at it again! What’s all this?”

The ruins were gone. Gone the old arch and its waving ivy; and even the crucifix, which any one who did not know it might have mistaken, from a distance, for the stump of a tree; and in their place, something so newly old and so anciently new! For a moment the thing puzzled me. It could not be an alms-house; for fewer pinnacles would have served, and there would have been no need of that large window on which the sun was playing so pleasantly;—nor a church, for churches are not grown round with low buildings, like barns, inasmuch as they have few windows, yet not like barns, because of a row of gilt crosses on the roof. Everyone will have guessed already what it was;—new as the idea was to me who was thinking no harm. Shade of the Low-Protestant Miss Fadgett, with her tracts and her Readers, her Tabernacle-tunes and her account-books posted up of other people’s merits and peccadilloes! A spick-and-span-new Monastery!

“Here’s your ale, sir,” said the Boniface, with a rueful smile, as he joggled my elbow to attract my attention; “we’re all quiet-like, down here, to-day. My folk and the rest are up at Fash Gate town End to look at the show.”

“The show! Is there a wedding, then—or a funeral?”

“Bless you, sir! There’s no one to be married worth seeing sin’ our Squire brought home his lady five years ago. It’s the new building they are for handselling; and they’ve got their

Bishop, as they call it, down from York, and a procession, and flags, like ours on club-days used to be before Miss Fadgett made such a rout over 'em. Well, to be sure, and she was as hard as ever a Pope or Pagan of the lot! But what would she say if she were alive now, I wonder? I tell my Missis, she'll get up and walk; fetched out of her grave by these Roman doings!"

"But the Priory yonder is not on the Fash Gate property?"

"Yes, but it be, sir, begging pardon; the Squire bought it, sir, the year he was married; and they've been as busy as bees among 'em ever since. Never was a Fadgett but he was fantastical; and I have a right to speak. Mayhap, sir, you did not know they had all turned, root and branch?"

"Turned?" said I, bewildered.

With that the landlord took down from the wall "a picture," as he called it, being a framed inscription, in black letter with emblazoned borders, and a gentleman and lady with wings and gold plates round their heads, and no shadows on their faces, like Queen Bess, keeping ward at each corner.

"Can ye read that?" said mine host; "it's not every one as can."

The "picture" told that, on the eve of a certain Saint (name omitted here, as too personal), "George Gregory Fadgett, his wife, their two children, Augustin and Barbara, and their entire household, had entered the Holy Roman Catholic community."

"And their entire household!" mused I, half aloud.

"Ay, belike," was the comment. "That's the Fadgett way! No pleasing the Squire else; and the people at the Hall had had enough of Mr. and Miss Fadgett and their psalm-singers. But, for aught I can see,—I don't say so much to my Missis, though,—one was as peremptory as the other; six and half-a-dozen, sir: I dare say you know the family. They were always a 'cute set, and *very rhapsodical!* Another glass, sir? The gig's at the door."

"Well," thought I, as I drove away, catching as I crept up the hill something like a nasal chaunt, and too much put out with this new Fadgett foppery to have the heart to stay and see "the show," or to attack the Hall, had that been suitable on a day of such high solemnity—"that fellow is no fool. It *does* run in the blood. First China, then Greece, now Rome. The Fadgetts must have their toys. And the last, who would have fainted at the very name of a Catholic, *was* as peremptory in following her own Pope, as any of them. What next, I wonder?"

## HIS MAJESTY THE PUBLIC.

THE British Constitution recognises two Kings at Arms: The railways have their king. The regal title, therefore, may be ascribed to another than the actual prince, without infringement of the royal prerogative; and we protest that in speaking of the Public as his Majesty, we meditate and compass no offence whatever against our Sovereign: Lady the Queen, her crown and dignity. Need we be more explicit? Well then. His Majesty the Public lays no claim to the royal arms. The lion and the unicorn are none of his cattle; and though his maxim certainly is "*Dieu et mon Droit*," he does not usurp it for his heraldic motto. Neither does he pretend to the crown, ball, and sceptre; but acknowledges the property of those goods and chattels to be lawfully vested in the hands of their present possessor; and to the wish that she may long wear and hold them, he is ready to respond "Amen!" Further, he renounces all and every pretension to first fruits, deodands, waifs, estrays, escheats, treasure-trove, flotsam and jetsam. He is a king, throneless, crownless, sceptreless, without a court, yet not without courtiers. However, he is untended by any lords and ladies in waiting, gold sticks, silver sticks, grooms of the stole, chamberlains, gentlemen pensioners, and beef-eaters; and his only maids of honour are those he buys at Richmond. Last, and not least, so far from levying taxes, all he has to do with them is to pay them.

Yet His Majesty the Public is, doubtless, one of the mightiest monarchs in the world. His dominion and authority have been acquired, comparatively, quite of late. For as many as a thousand years, they were extremely limited: indeed for many centuries it was hardly apparent that there was such a person, much less king, in existence. His personal and natural rights, to say nothing of his will and pleasure, were never consulted; and it may be said that he passed the earlier ages of his life in slavery. It will be seen that His Majesty is a very ancient monarch; and it is probable that he will continue to reign till doomsday; of him, therefore, it may be literally asserted, that the king never dies.

So nearly absolute a potentate is His Majesty the Public, that

his will may now almost be declared to be law. It is true that his mandates cannot be always carried into effect immediately, but sooner or later they are sure to be obeyed. For example, when he dictated the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, the Abolition of Slavery, Catholic Emancipation, the Reform Bill, and the mitigation of the criminal code, he encountered violent opposition, and this continued a long time; but at length his ordinances were complied with. He commanded, some time ago, that the Corn-Laws should be done away with, and the rebellion which was raised against this decree is subsiding; and the measure, as we see, is on the point of being carried. He has also decided that the Game-Laws shall be abolished, that the Poor-Law shall be amended, that Imprisonment for Debt shall be put an end to, that the law shall be reformed, that the hours of labour in factories shall be shortened, that perfect liberty of conscience shall be established, and that many other improvements shall be made in legislation; and sooner or later all these things will be done.

The means by which His Majesty the Public enforces submission to his authority are not those adopted by the generality of autocrats. He has no recourse to muskets, swords, bayonets, axes, and gibbets. He does not call out the militia or the yeomanry cavalry, or even the *posse comitatus*, for the purpose of coercion. He contents himself with desiring his subjects to do his bidding, or to take the consequences; which are sure to follow in the event of non-compliance. It always proves dangerous to slight His Majesty's opinion.

His Majesty the Public has of late discovered a new and very pleasant method of controlling affairs. Jupiter, it was said of old, governed all things with his nod. His Majesty has found that he can exert a like influence by his laugh. When the Thunderer shook his curls, Olympus trembled; nor with less effect does His Majesty the Public shake his sides. There is a large class of gentry who are beginning to find this out to their cost. Reverend and Right Reverend preachers of evangelical poverty, themselves overpaid; shuffling statesmen, foolish justices, and that not inconsiderable the dishonest and knavish portion of the bar, feel daily, to their increasing discomfiture, that he is laughing at them. In the same predicament are all the varieties of the quack, from the political mountebank to the nostrum-vender. Retailers of clap-trap enthesiasm, who, on behalf of some doomed abuse, are perpetually invoking the "British Lion," and calling on their partisans to "nail their colours to the mast,"

“rally round the altar and the throne,” and so forth, are in course of annihilation beneath his high derision. And what will become of state ceremony—of pomp and parade, of stars, garters, and liveries?—for on all these things His Majesty has fixed his broad grin.

His Majesty the Public has yet another instrument of authority—he is the great paymaster; and has only to loose or draw his purse-strings to have his way. Once upon a time, crowned heads could conclude peace or make war as it pleased them, without any reference to his wishes or convenience. It is now, however, necessary, on such matters, to consult him. A government could scarcely undertake an enterprise in these days, without his concurrence. He needs only resolutely to button his pockets to put an effectual veto on any such project. Truth to say, in his capacity of paymaster, his power is almost despotic. The state-coach could scarcely move unless he found oil for its wheels;—a state ball could hardly take place if he did not pay the piper. And it is in this character that his excellent Majesty performs one of the noblest duties of a sovereign.

His Majesty the Public is the chief promoter of all useful inventions, of literature, and the fine arts. In ancient times, a Virgil required a Mæcenas. Less than a century ago, scarcely a book was published without a fulsome dedication to a nobleman; and almost within the memory of man Johnson waited in the lobby of Chesterfield. This state of things is no more. His Majesty the Public is now the great patron. Other princes may bestow their small pension upon the poet; he enriches him with a handsome maintenance. They may dispense their hundreds; he grants his thousands and tens of thousands. In the main, too, His Majesty possesses a decent taste. He allows the writer a free scope; he encourages the artist worthily to employ his pencil. He does not condemn the painter of genius to depict puppies and mackaws. He is the best, if not the only, friend of the dramatist and musician. He exacts no adulation; requires no dancing attendance. There is no back-stairs way to his favour. No intrigues are necessary; no pages, equerries, confidantes, ladies in waiting, need be propitiated by his suitor! One must, indeed, now and then, defer somewhat to the prejudices of His Majesty; but nobody is obliged to be a slave to them; and it will be found, generally, that the best way to please him, is to please one's self. Nor is the successful author, painter, composer, a mere humble dependant on His Majesty the Public. He is one whom that worthy monarch

delighteth to honour, and that even more than as his equal. He, therefore, is the wisest of courtiers who devotes himself to the service of His Majesty the Public. His Majesty is the true discernor and rewarder of merit; he is a sovereign who has both the will and the power to render such service worth the while. See what he has done for those who have toiled either for his advantage or amusement, from the constructor of his railways to his ballet-dancer or clown. Let all who would thrive and prosper strive to deserve his good graces. Who does not venerate, who would not cultivate this great and munificent monarch? All honour, credit, and renown to him. Long life and happiness to His Majesty the Public!

P. L.

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### THE LABOURERS' GATHERING.

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A COMMEMORATION OF THAT NEAR THE VILLAGE OF GOATACRE,  
WOOTTON BASSETT, WILTS, ON THE 5TH JANUARY, 1846.

The moon is fitful; now in shrouds,  
Now earth gleams dimly 'neath her eye;  
Palely she sails o'er billowy clouds  
On the blue ocean of the sky.  
Are they Night's Ghosts now gathering  
By yon road-side beneath the moon?  
Some bony hands to tapers cling,  
By which their haggard looks are shown.

Their features tho' we human style,  
Spectral with famine have become.—  
Shipwrecked are they on desert Isle?  
Or spendthrifts bare of food and home?—  
They stand upon their native soil,  
Whose horn of plenty wide is strown;  
Whose ships load ocean with the spoil  
Of realms the sun ne'er sets upon.

They starving stand upon the land  
Wrought fruitful by their hands alone;  
Around them, halls made rich and grand  
By them—who have for bread, a stone.  
Shall the producers have *this* share  
Of the rich produce of their toil?  
Shall the consumers never bear  
The labour, yet devour the spoil?

Behold the plight of men by whom  
 The rights of property have birth !  
 What do their *prior rights* become,  
 Whose *duties* give the soil its worth ?  
 They ask enough to house and feed,  
 From hand to mouth, their babes and wives ;  
 No hoard of all the wealth they breed,  
 For the weak age of toil-worn lives.

This winter's night, by their lean forms  
 Their tattered wives and children throng ;  
 They come from huts which no fire warms,  
 To commune over want and wrong.  
 One feared, he cried, to eat the food  
 He 'd earned, lest he should starve for more :  
 One 'mong his children long had stood,  
 To pick one for the workhouse door.

Dark savages in circle dance  
 Around War's captives to their band,  
 This hour that thro' the ball ye glance,  
 Fair "curled darlings" of the land.  
 Turn ye, light listening to Love's voice,  
 To theirs without, now crying—Bread !  
 Who gave the viands of your choice,  
 The robes ye wear, the halls ye tread ?

Yet work with want 'mid sloth's supply,  
 Bids them no crime conspire ; endued  
 With eloquence is suffering's cry,  
 'Mid patient peace of fortitude.  
 Dehumanised humanity  
 Is in their looks, not o'er their souls :—  
 But what must in *their* natures lie,  
 Whose will the fate of these controls ?

Inheritors, from ages dark,  
 Of England's tillage and the sigh  
 Of her ancestral peasantry !  
 In you is kindled first the spark  
 Of conscious right, of moral will,  
 And means true freedom to attain ;  
 The rank of manhood among men ;  
 A human life for toil and skill :  
 To be no more the serfs of others,  
 To whom by birthright you are brothers.—  
 This cry the senate and the land shall fill.

FRANCIS WORSLEY.

## THE WORTH OF STATESMANSHIP.

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In free countries statesmen are the puppets of the people, and the strings that move them grow from the graves of dead thinkers. Popular leaders,—standing forth for the millions, work the action, and so goes on the mechanical show of government.

The progression of mankind is thus, in an especial manner, the care of two great divisions of the race—original thinkers and popular leaders. The members of these classes are consequently entitled to our most earnest gratitude and highest respect; nor must these feelings be denied to *statesmen*, though they appear in no more intellectual aspect than as mere executors of the national will. But let them not calculate on being rated high in the minds of a really free and educated people. The love and admiration of such minds will be offered in their utmost intensity to the great thinkers of humanity—to the few glorious exponents of the Divine Energy, who in the dim past appear in bright and never-fading lineaments, set up, each on his altar. To the leaders of the people—the many instruments of these few instruments of God—they will offer the hearty good-will due to their indispensable and honourable exertions. But to statesmen—to *the instruments of instruments*—what can they offer but the poor remains of thankfulness, already poured forth, nearly to exhaustion, on those more worthy of it?

Indeed the urgent necessity which is now experienced for popular leaders themselves—men who act only as diffusers of the thoughts of great intellects, and as the media of communication between the people and the government—is but a proof of the present low state of general intelligence, and of the very imperfect nature of the existing social system. In a rationally-constructed society, made up of wise and good human beings, government would be the business of every man and of every woman, and would proceed from them not indirectly, through *representatives*, but directly, by council held amongst themselves. In such a phase of society the divided action of which we have spoken would, in most cases, cease. The original thinker, the popular leader, and the states-



man would be combined in one individual. Intelligence and condition would be so equal, and all suggested improvements, if valuable, would be so rapidly adopted, that the great thinker would not only conceive the thought, but diffuse it, and carry it out in practice.

Yes: we rejoice to hope that such will one day be the social state. Not *for ever* will the illustrious benefactors of the race, who stimulate it by new ideas, be treated when living as public enemies! A time *will* come when, addressing a refined and intellectual people, they shall be estimated at their real worth, even though unburied—and shall not find their funeral a necessary preliminary to their fame. Whilst still young, and whilst the warm blood of vigorous enterprise circulates through them, they shall witness the acceptance of their views and the results of their practical application, and feel nerved by the contemplation to fresh exertions. Aristocrats—by the natural law of aristocracy—they shall no longer depend upon the breath of a man of wealth, who depends upon the breath of a man of birth!

Far are we yet, though, from Utopia! In this nineteenth century, man, though advanced beyond the ape, has not quite progressed to the angel. Humbug in cloth-of-gold despises truth in tatters. *Tact* commands more than *genius* in the market of the world. *Cuteness* is judged wiser than *wisdom*—inasmuch as reaping is better than sowing. Adam Smith merited praise—but Sir Robert has power.

How many have died in poverty and despair who, in death, have been the cause of stars, of ribbons, of titles, of salaries, to men incapable of comprehending the principles to which they were destined to owe these eagerly-coveted distinctions, until they had become the current convictions of the age! The earnest devotion, inflicting upon an unfortunate author interviews with his enraged landlady, has furnished matter, years afterwards, to Cabinet Ministers for interviews with the Queen. A plain, much-ridiculed, much-hated name, has given warrant to that which, uttered subsequently by another, has led to a patent of nobility. A scholar's garret has been the birth-place of thoughts which, in after-periods, have been the staple of business in a Downing-street office. The strange alchemy of time has transmuted into undoubted gold for the small man, that which was looked upon as mere lead when laboriously dug forth by the great.

A. W.

## THE CONFESSIONS OF AN OLD PICTURE.

—◆—  
BY A SPEAKING LIKENESS.

I WAS born in Berner's-street. I recollect the day well when I came into the world. My master, a fine young fellow, with a long beard and dressing-gown, had been annoyed that very morning for his week's rent. He was one of those devil-care-a-bit-for-the-morrow geniuses, who live one day on Champagne, and the other six days of the week, have to come down to half-and-half, and not always that.

Unfortunately, the landlady demanded her claim on one of the small-beer days. My poor master, whose last half-crown had been spent the same morning on a cab home, "regretted that he could not discharge the debt," mentioned something about a bill he had just taken up, and said he really had nothing in the world but a trifle he was ashamed to offer for the sum he owed. The colour flew to my cheeks as he pointed to me. The landlady reviewed me from my brutus to my waist—for I was only a half-length—and turning up her Jerusalem nose, talked about "that sort of thing being terribly overdone;" but at last she looked at me in a new light, for, casting her calculating eyes round the naked walls of the room, she discovered, from a rapid inventory she took of the furniture, that there was nothing half so valuable as myself; for the whole of my master's property consisted of a boot-jack, a palette, a pot of bear's grease, and a Bailey's Eve, with the head knocked off. So I was basely sold for a matter of seven shillings rent, and sixpence boot-cleaning. I was carried down stairs under the landlady's dirty apron, and was finely knocked about when I was introduced to my new master. He was in such a rage that he instantly gave me a pair of black eyes, and so belaboured me with his painting-brush, that he took every bit of colour out of my face. He then put a large horse-pistol into my hand, and, throwing a rough jacket over my shoulders, christened me "A Bold Smuggler on the Look-out;" though I must say my look-out at that time was a very poor one, as my face was turned to the wall, and I had some eight-and-twenty Italian boys,

and ten more smugglers (every one of them on the look-out), all leaning violently against my back. I afterwards ascertained that they had all been born in the same garret as myself ; so, belonging to the same family, it was only right that as brothers we should rub together a little in the world.

My poor master, it seems, used always to pay his rent with an "Italian Boy," or a "Bandit," or a "Virgin;" and the whole gang of smugglers which infest half the drawing-rooms of England, was originally drawn and quartered in his back attic. His landlord, a regular old picture-dealer, was aware of his failing ; and, no doubt, was wont to encourage it, as the only coin that had passed between them for years, had been pictures. If he had a preference it was for portraits, as it was so easy, he said, to find likenesses for them afterwards.

To return, however, to my own history. I found myself one morning muffled up in a silk pocket-handkerchief, and conducted stealthily to an auction-room in Bond-street, where, to my astonishment, I heard myself called a *Salvator Rosa* ; and certainly there was the name marked plainly enough in my robber's jacket. I assure you I began to have a very high opinion of myself, as all of a sudden my value had risen from seven shillings to a sum I will not venture to name, lest I should not be believed. How the auctioneer, too, praised me ! Not a feature about me escaped eulogy. He talked about the fire that beamed in my eyes, the vigour with which my mouth had been thrown in, and directed public attention to the fine woolly touch there was about my jacket, and, particularly, about my hair. I almost blushed to hear myself pictured in such glowing colours ; but since then I have been used to it, and receive it all now with an unmoved countenance.

Well, I was knocked down for some hundreds to a retired tripe-merchant. I was conducted home in a handsome carriage, and was provided with the place of honour in my new master's mansion. Visitors came far and near to look at me. But I did not long enjoy my elevated position. A bald-headed old gentleman, who took a sight at me for three long hours one day, through an instrument something like an ear-trumpet, declared I was a "copy ;" and, considering I was taken from a Greenwich pensioner, who used to sit to my master for ninepence an hour and his beer, he was certainly very right. This opinion, however, brought me down in the world, for I was sold soon afterwards to a Mr. Solomons for two Spanish Masters and an Early

Father: After this I was carried to the hospital for decayed pictures in Wardour-street, where my frame underwent a complete renovation. I was next sent to the Westminster oven, where artistic bakings are carefully attended to; and I can assure you when I was drawn out, I was what the French call a regular "*croûte*." I was done to a turn. I looked at least three hundred years older. My head was deliciously cracked all over, the bridge of my nose had nearly given way, and the fire of my eyes was all but burnt down to the sockets. Pictures are like some sort of cheeses, the more they are decayed the more they are liked; and I was so far advanced in decay that there certainly was no deception in calling me one of the old masters: there were so many lines in my face, that I might safely have passed as the oldest of them. I had had so many baths of meguelp and turpentine, that all the freshness had been taken out of me, and my countenance had become so very black and dirty, that I was literally a fine specimen of the dark ages. In fact, I scarcely knew myself. I had thrown my pistol away, and had got a skull in my hand instead. My hair, too, had grown considerably longer, and had become grey from old age. An expression of sentimental hunger grinned from the bones of my hollow face. I saw myself accidentally in the glass, and thought on reflection I looked like a canonised Kavanagh, or the living skeleton turned into a Catholic saint. I certainly appeared very miserable; but people seemed to like me all the better for it.

I must say I laughed considerably in my sleeve (which was made of the dirtiest sackcloth, by the bye) when I was sold as a picture which had been discovered in a vault in an old cathedral demolished by the Moors in the south of Spain. I was christened afresh, though what my name was it is impossible for me, out of my number of *aliases*, to recollect. Of course I was sold for nothing less than a little fortune; but then my ugliness was considered a positive beauty. I was praised for my tints; for my flesh, though it was as dirty as a chimney-sweep's; for my lights, though there was not a single bit of light in all my face; for my warmth of colouring, though that warmth had been brought on by the intemperate use of sprits of wine. In short, I was looked upon by all eyes as a picture of perfection. Such was my repute—for the guide-books had circulated my portrait and sang my praises all over Europe—that I was at last bought for the National Gallery. I was placed next to a picture of Holbein's; and really, for the first time in my life I felt myself at home.

My master first paid me a visit one day. He recognised me at once, and laughed. My heart beat gratefully towards him, for he looked so pleased at seeing an old friend so high up in the world; but a shadow all of a sudden came over his face, and he looked as black as the Banished Lord, who was hung opposite to me. He left the room in a double quick hurry, that evidently portended the brewing of mischief. I was soon afterwards called into a private room, where I underwent the most severe towelling I have ever had in my life; they rubbed me so hard during my examination, that my disguises fell off me one after another, till at last as many coats were taken from my back as the Gravedigger moults in Hamlet, and I appeared again in my original costume of a Greenwich Pensioner. "There! I told you so," said my unnatural parent: "Carotti has deceived you again;" and he rubbed his hands with such fiendish glee, that I blushed through my paint for the parent who could expose his own offspring, strip it of everything it had in the world, and actually smile all the while he was doing it. To excuse my poor master, however, I must say it was not done so much to ruin me as a rival picture-dealer, who had got the ears of the commissioners, and shot into them any quantity of rubbish he liked about fine art, and so forth. It was only a matter of professional envy,—my master thinking he might make the same amount of thousands by palming copies instead of originals upon amateur judges, as well as an Italian who had only taken his diploma of copying in a school of picture-doctoring, so very inferior to that of the English practitioners.

He certainly succeeded, and I was rewarded with a new dress in honour of the occasion; for he took me to his home, and promoted me to the rank of admiral. I was then ordered to take the command of a line of pictures in a large room in which there was nothing but portraits. It was called by my proprietor, "THE HALL OF ANCESTORS." Whoever wanted a noble father, or an illustrious mother, came here and chose one for himself. There was variety enough for the proudest! Even a Welchman might have satisfied himself out of the collection. There were ancestors of all centuries,—in wigs, cocked hats, crowns, tiaras, little hoops of glory,—in short, every species of head-dress that expressed old age, sanctity, or nobility. Antiquated ladies, too, were not wanting. Poets even were amongst the *élite*, and the greatest beauties of every court were there represented in all their original paint. Men of genius were not excluded: but they formed a miserable

minority compared to the number of mistresses and martyrs. The few that were present did not look comfortable.

I could not make out what my business could be amongst such a display of loveliness and ancient blood, for there was not an esquire, or a pug-nose, amongst the whole lot. At last an old gentleman paid us a visit one day. He asked the price of a lineal descendant of Fair Rosamond. It was 120*l*. This was too much for him. He then bargained for a German Baron, with a coat of arms with sixteen quarters in it, and thirteen syllables in his name, who was described in the catalogue as one of the pillars of the House of Hapsburg. This was above his reach again; so he let go the pillar, and aimed next at a branch of Rufus; but the branch was too high for him; and, after endeavouring to embrace a great-grandmother of Charlemagne, and regretting he could not afford to take Cardinal Wolsey into his family, he bid for me, and I was ultimately knocked down to him as Admiral Drake, for 63*l*. 17*s*. 6*d*., with the solemn assurance that I was a capital likeness, and the only one that had ever been taken. From this conversation I learnt that this hall was kept up expressly for the convenience of those monied persons who, having no notable ancestors of their own, came to this collection to purchase the best they could for their money. The prices averaged in proportion to the rank; but a very remote ancestor always fetched more than one of recent growth; for instance, Richard III. took more money than Charles X., and Queen Boadicea was much higher in her price than Josephine.

The old gentleman took me home with great pride, and I found, to my infinite amusement, that I was introduced to all his acquaintance as the great-grandfather of his maternal uncle on his great-grandmother's side. His future father-in-law, who had previously no notion of his son's illustrious connexions, was especially in raptures with me. This father-in-law was very proud, but his estates being half mortgaged, and half in Ireland, had yielded him lately a revenue best expressed amongst arithmeticians by the figure of "next to nothing;" so he was anxious to marry his daughter, Lady Rachel, to a wealthy commoner whose alliance might keep his coronet in the very best double gilt. Ralph Smith had long sought his lovely daughter's hand. The earl liked him very well,—for he had made two or three plums, it was said, by dabbling in guano,—but then his ancestral pride would not allow him to have his ancient house entered by a common Smith.

But this discovery of Admiral Drake being so closely allied with his future son-in-law, effectually removed all the earl's scruples, and the marriage was at once announced in the *Morning Post*.

The *trousseau* was already ordered, and the wedding-cake actually made, when an accident occurred that put a drag upon the progress of proceedings. The lover of Lady Rachel, a young barrister, who wrote beautiful poetry, and polkaed, as Lady Rachel expressed it, "like an angel," was in Christie's Sale Rooms when a portrait of Admiral Drake was put up for auction. It was so unlike the one of the friend who was shortly to rob him of the treasure of his heart, that little as he could afford it, he bought the picture, and laid it before the earl. The two were compared, and certainly we were no more alike than Mrs. Gamp and Hebe. But Mr. Smith declared I had been in the possession of his family for hundreds of years; and it was as much as I could do to keep my countenance, when he gravely asserted that it was a common observation amongst his friends, how like he was to the admiral, especially about the cheek, and that any one could see he was a genuine Drake. The earl was only too willing to believe this, and the young barrister was sent out of the mansion, as a base impostor and a false accuser. Grief settled like a mildew upon his heart, and in his despair he accepted a judgeship at Sydney. Before leaving England, however, he determined to have his portrait taken in his new wig, and present it as a token of affection to his dearest Rachel. Chance took him to the very house in which I was born in Berner's-street,—my father was still living there, but in a very different style to the period when he threw me like a straw on the world to rise by myself. His landlord had died suddenly, his wife had followed him a year afterwards, and my master found himself, one fine morning, left the sole legatee of a capital house, besides the reversionary interest in all the Italian boys and smugglers he had peopled it with for the last eight years. Since then he had made old pictures "better than new" on his own account, and had found making use of other people's names such a profitable business, that he had his French cook, was a director of almost every railway, and possessed a gallery of pictures which, considering it contained a genuine specimen of every painter in the world, he was proud of stating was "richer than anything else of the kind in Europe."

My master received the barrister (Julius O'Flaherty was his name) with all the affability of a genius, and at once conducted

him to his studio. Here he was struck with the wonderful likeness of so many Greenwich pensioners to the Admiral Drake of his hated rival. No wonder at it, for they were all twin brothers of myself, being copies of the very same model who used to come for ninepence an hour and his beer. Julius alluded to the singularity of this prolific reduplication of the same likeness, and my master, being in a condition of life to afford to tell a joke against himself, explained that these portraits were always kept on hand to supply people with a ready-made ancestor, the difficulty of the same likeness being got over by putting on a cocked hat and feather for a field-marshal, a wig and gown for a Lord Chancellor, a telescope in the right hand for an admiral, a goose-quill for an author, and a skull for a saint or a doctor. How Julius jumped and shrieked when he heard this story! But he lost no time; he thanked my master briefly, and then ran out, leaving his companion to suppose he was nothing better than a madman, or a Frenchman, just escaped from Paris. He had scarcely had time to come to any conclusion, however, before the agitated O'Flaherty was back again. He hurried my master into a hackney-coach, and at least five-and-twenty of the pensioners were bundled in with him. They arrived at the earl's mansion just as a procession of Broughams was driving off to St. George's, Hanover-square. Julius charged them to stop as they valued their lives, and my master, escorted by his faithful band of pensioners, was shown up to the drawing-room. Here the earl joined them. Julius, with a fluency of words, a safe guarantee that he must ultimately arrive to great distinction at the bar, opened his case. He painted in words that burnt—and blistered as they burnt—his anguish of mind, his despair, his discovery, his hope, his ecstasy, his more than bliss, all within the last ten minutes. "There, proud earl," he said, in a voice of lightning and thunder, "there *lie* your ancestors!" and he laid a stunning emphasis on the word "lie." My master, at this point, stepped forward and explained these allusions, for the barrister had so overlaid his speech with Irish images, that the sense of it had been crushed under its extreme beauty. He adapted his powers of arguing to the plainest understanding; for, with the magic aid of a sponge and a little turpentine, he made me throw off my admiral's uniform, and lo and behold! I appeared once more in my original character of a Greenwich pensioner. The guano-merchant, guessing the issue of this metamorphosis, quickly left the house: the young barrister then



stated that his visit had another motive beside unmasking the unprincipled and rescuing the helpless. It was to beg the earl's acceptance of 3000 shares in a railway of which he was chairman, director, and standing counsel. The old earl burst into tears at this affecting incident (for the shares were at  $2\frac{1}{2}$  premium), and simply said, "This is too much." He gave his children his blessing; it was all, by the bye, he had to give—and that same day Julius and Rachel were married.

I have remained ever since in the O'Flaherty family. I have a very comfortable place near the fire, and am a great favourite with everybody. Julius often talks about me; and whenever he alludes to my early career the whole room laughs. I am sure I enjoy the fun as much as anybody; and my relating the unvarnished tale of my own life is a proof that my position has not turned my head. I am very glad, however, that I am permanently fixed. I never was fond of moving about. I always had a dread lest I might tumble down in my old age to be the *Marquis of Granby* to some low public-house. Thank heaven, I am insured against any drop of that sort, and now I have only hope, one master ambition, and that is that some day I may pass through the world as a genuine Raphael. More improbable things than this have come to pass, if you will only believe the word of an "Old Picture."

HORACE MAYHEW.

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## THE MISSION OF THE PRESS.

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To arrive at the true source of the hostility between the bar and the press, we must follow, through some of its ramifications, the mission of the latter. Every man is now aware that there is both a natural and a political system of society. The former grows from the laws of man's being, the latter is the offspring of conquest; and such as we now know it to be to our cost, it is the consequence of a great original wrong. Of the political system the bar is an essential part; of the natural system the press is a portion.

It is possible to trace the bar with all its privileges; its exclusive right to plead before the judges; its establishment as a separate profession; its monopoly, and even its wigs and gowns, up to some statute or some regulation, which the judges and the benchers, by the authority of law, were empowered to make. So it is possi-

ble to trace the rise of the royal navy and the profession of a naval officer—from the first general requisition of Ethelred on all the lands of the kingdom to form a fleet, through successive statutes and regulations levying taxes for its support, or empowering its officers to seize men for its service—to the last and yet unfulfilled regulation for weeding its muster-roll of those pensioners the aristocracy has encumbered it with. But the newspaper press was not established by law. Like cultivating the ground, it springs from the wants of man, and is essential to the development of society. The authors of the political system have continually endeavoured, by sharp libel laws and by various restrictions, to impede the extension of the press, and limit its usefulness; but no enactment of theirs, neither the common nor the statute law, called it into being.

Accordingly, under one form or another, large, liberal, and world-ranging, like the metropolitan journals, or narrow, cramped, and strictly local or technical, like the little bits of coarse dingy paper that are tolerated by the despots of Germany, newspapers now exist in all the countries, however different their political institutions, of the civilised world. The Sepoys have newspapers; the Russians cannot do without them; they are published in Turkey and China; and they have already taken their station as part of society at New Zealand and the Sandwich Islands. They are most useful, most comprehensive, most numerous, and most sought after, as in the United States, England and France, where natural society is most, and political society least, developed. They are valued most where man is most free. A newspaper is a power at New York; it is next to a nullity at Berlin. Thus, the bar and the press in their origin are parts of hostile and contending systems; the latter is essential to civilisation, and increases in strength, as society throws off the trammels of that system to which the bar belongs.

The mission or duty of the farmer in the natural order of society is to produce as much food as he can at the least cost. So the mission of the manufacturer is to make clothing or cutlery abundant and cheap. What in the same order of society is the mission of the newspaper writer? While the bar has for its object to perplex, confound, and mystify, in order to keep other men in political thralldom, the press seeks to make all things straight and clear, and free man from all shackles, but those of reason. Even the journals which support an erroneous system, do it solely by an appeal to that power. The press collects facts; it winnows the

mental productions of each day and every people, and boards up the useful results. It watches for events, it gathers information from every quarter, and spreads it to the same extent. It warns the world against threatening dangers as they arise. It catches the first light of every dawning improvement, and brings it before every inquisitive and admiring eye. The true mission of the press, its very soul, is to gather and diffuse truth. That is its solemn duty; and remembering how small a portion of a daily journal is composed of questionable matter, we have no hesitation in saying that to a great extent it actually performs that duty.

We are well aware that a contradictory opinion is afloat in society. People habitually toast the freedom of the press, and declare that it is like the air they breathe—if they have it not they die: nevertheless, there exists amongst them a slight dread and a practical contempt for the object of their theoretic love; and seizing hold of little discrepancies—the ten thousandth part of its daily contents—they also habitually speak of the lying press. Gathering information from all quarters, being open to the complaints of the lowest man in the community, and the highest employing it to communicate his views to mankind, representing all classes, their passions and prejudices, as well as their reason, it is, in common with everything human—liable to error, and occasionally circulates falsehoods and calumnies. That, however, is the exception, not the rule. Every newspaper writer acknowledges his responsibility to scrutinise every paragraph, to separate the truth from the falsehood, the good from the evil, to promote good only, and circulate only truth. He is morally and solemnly pledged to society to perform that duty, and the confidence which is now universally placed in the bulk of all the statements of newspapers proves that it is in general duly and honourably performed.

When unreflecting persons speak inconsiderately of “the lying press,” they must have some standard of comparison which is infinitely more truth-telling. The bar, which notoriously hires out its tongue, like church-bells, to sound any tune, supplies no such standard. Nor does any class of men in their private intercourse. Traders in their dealings, men and women of fashion in their polite communications, surgeons and physicians, and notorious teeth-drawers, to soothe or beguile their patients, with almost every other class, indulge in a license of assertion which finds no counterpart in the newspaper press. Throughout society, anecdotes are

put into circulation and readily pass from mouth to mouth which no newspaper would publish. We will say nothing of pulpit discourses but this, that the authors of them, nearly one and all, are pledged, *a priori*, to Thirty-nine Articles, to Confessions of Faith, to bodies of doctrines, which they have never, scrupulously and unbiassed, subjected to examination; and the probability therefore is, that they far less abound in truth than the daily statements of newspapers, which are within every man's comprehension, and open to daily refutation. We must, however, say of literature in general, including scientific treatises, as well as works of acknowledged fiction, with elaborate theories of heaven and earth, and man and animals, that the writing in newspapers contrasts favourably with that as to its truth or falsehood. The newspaper writer continually looks out for facts, and he is continually checked and kept obedient to them by a great multitude of critics. He cannot and dare not indulge, for long periods, in the dreams of imagination. A writer in his closet, who does not bring his lucubrations to the test of day till his volume is completed, and who has gone on, uninfluenced perhaps by facts, in the ruts he and others have worn, is more likely to be in error, and persist in error, than the author of leading articles in a daily newspaper. His party bias, his prejudices and passions, are generally avowed and guarded against, partly by himself and partly by others. Even when he is pledged to an erroneous system, or bound up with a faction, he deals in a great measure with facts, and pretends to diffuse truth. Thus we have seen the monopolist *Standard*, and *Herald*, by qualifying a hasty and unguarded statement of the apostle of free trade, become the expounder of a partial truth, in defence of an erroneous system against the champion of one of the holiest causes that ever engaged the attention of mankind. Looking through society it must be affirmed that nowhere, in the practices of mankind, can a standard be found, in comparison to which the press deserves the epithet of lying.

On the contrary, because the press is on the whole truth-telling wherever it predominates in society, sober truth-telling will be the habit of the people. All barbarous tribes at all times have indulged imagination without restraint, or been addicted to lying. The very act of putting pen to paper induces thought and consideration. The slow progress of written composition gives more time for deliberation than spoken language, and a nation of writers will necessarily be more guarded and more correct in its assertions

than a nation of speakers. An orator spouts his first crude reflections ; a writer can purge and mend his words to be a correct expression of his thoughts. He may have something to conceal, but it is in general to the satisfaction of his enemy that a cunning man writes a book, and preserves a record of himself which may be a witness against him. That he puts his words into a permanent form is, therefore, a check to deceit when a writer wishes to deceive. All necessary communications between man and man are cleansed from grossness and inaccuracy by the filtration of the press. To speak like a book is to speak well, correctly, with good manners, and with truth. To write in that manner is the daily habit of writers for the press ; and where they are numerous, where the readers of daily papers are the bulk of society, to speak like a book will be the habit of the people. Falsehood is more common in Ireland, where the influence of the press is of modern origin, and as yet comparatively feeble than in England, where it is far more extensive, and has been longer established. Newspapers in fact practically create that high criterion of truthfulness by which their contents are tested and sometimes condemned.

The press is freer than any other profession to express opinion ; it is unfettered by any theory ; it is not bound by bribes nor emolument to uphold any system ; it is pledged to no creed ; it can follow truth wherever it leads. Being dependent on society, it respects the opinions, feelings, and creeds of every class, and would be ashamed of the anathemas which sometimes resound from pulpits ; it inculcates toleration by its precepts and by its example, and is not unfrequently condemned by rabid theologians and heated enthusiasts, because it will not depart from its respect for existing opinions. It will not sustain the exaggerated pretensions of any party, and by the ultras of every party its very virtues are thus made a reproach to it. The press has more time to scrutinise, and is more cool to judge of affairs than those who are plunged into the vortex of politics. At the same time it has no means of enforcing its views ; it is not backed by bayonets ; it can neither dragoon men into submission, nor subdue them by spiritual terrors. Thus, there is enforced on it a respect for reason and a love of justice, as well as a regard for truth ; that forbearance, that toleration, that respect for others, which are proper in all, are imperatively and especially required from the press. Its members unite most of the functions of the Levites, except bearing the sword ; they teach and they heal, but they are

guiltless of using any kind of physical violence. To the ministers of the law—to the members of the bar—they leave the odious task of inflicting penalties, even to death, and of planting evil in the vain hope that good will grow from its root.

The mission of the press, and its origin in the natural system of society, while the bar originates in the political system, supplies a clear explanation of the cause of their mutual hostility. The present temporary quarrel is a mere symptom of the permanent opposition. No class is more imbued with feelings of animosity towards the press than the legal profession. The judges, generally speaking, as well as the barristers, seldom lose an opportunity to have a fling at the newspapers: seldom, too, do they neglect to trounce them, and inflict on them fines and imprisonment, when they have the power. They fear the press, and are always anxious to curb its tongue. Swollen into mock dignity by a corporate monopoly and a share of the privileges of the aristocracy, they submit only to professional rules, and practically set at nought responsibility to society. At the same time they persist in treating all the business of life and all the rights of men according to their own antique and uncouth fashion. They know that addresses to the crown to remove a judge and impeachments are out of date; they know that the bulk of mankind, submissive to their spells, humbly acquiesce in their usurpations. Only now and then some spirited individual impugns a judgment or attacks a legal argument in a newspaper. Only the newspapers, acknowledging in reason a higher power than law, criticise and condemn the proceedings of both barristers and judges. The legal profession is placed on the confines of responsibility, and the press grapples with it and holds it within the limits. It is daily made to feel its dependency, and vainly tries to escape from subjection to society and the press. The whole legal profession has an instinctive abhorrence of the press, and tries to degrade the power it cannot resist. The two bodies are the antipodes of each other. The one is the champion of reason, the other lives on political superstition. Between them there is permanent discord, and the present quarrel is of that only a symptom.

In the end, the bar will be defeated, and we warn it against the inequality of the contest. The power of the press is as boundless as that of society. It reaches the throne—it is welcomed in the cottage. It can pull down injustice, however lofty, and raise up lowliness, however deep. It castigates crimes which the law

cannot reach, and prevents those which the law can only punish, without repressing them. Wherever an eye can see and a hand can write there is the press. Persons in tribulation rely on it for redress, and they feel sure that wrong will not go unpunished if it be known to the journals. Like light, it penetrates into every nook and cranny of society, and carries help and healing on its beams. It nips rising abuses in the bud. It stops the tide of tyranny when setting in full flood. It derives its vast power from the principle of its being. Seeking out truth, and representing reason, it concentrates on one point the whole moral power of society, and persuades and governs, without violence, by the mere knowledge that the physical power of society is always ready to vindicate the right. As it comes into full operation, the course of society becomes uniform and equal, and its ends are obtained without those convulsions and rebellions, by which a rude unlettered people make their will known.

This is the real mission, and these are the high functions of the press. We do not affirm that they are always fulfilled. It is of comparatively modern origin; and those who are devoted to it are scarcely sensible of its vast power, and do not assume all its dignity. The actual press does not reach ideal excellence. Those who conduct it belong to the industrious classes, and must live by their labour. They share in all the evils which still cling to us from conquest having made a slave of the labourer. The degradation heaped on useful industry in the olden times leaves its brand on it still. The do-nothings, deriving their titles and their wealth from a plundering ancestry, on whom, worthless as they are, they are a great improvement, are, in the political system, the ennobled and the honoured classes. Whoever lives by his labour must, to some extent, be subservient to those who possess the property of society, and have inherited usurped political power. The members of the press, being in that predicament, too frequently give up to party what is meant for mankind. They forget that catholic unity which is the characteristic of society, and make themselves the servants of class interests instead of the general welfare.

Like everything human, the press has its imperfections and abuses. Religion has its popes, and the press has its proprietors; men who use it for personal aggrandizement, and to attain political dignities by purchasing and betraying the guardianship of society. Both religion and the press have been perverted into instruments

of ambition ; and as that was made the means of debasing instead of ennobling mankind, so this is sometimes used by its party, masters, and proprietors, to concoct fraud and disseminate falsehood. It is then as bad as a hired soldier, who fights, not for right, but for pay. Like barristers, it takes fees to maintain the wrong : but while that is their essential characteristic,—the rule of their conduct : in the press it is a departure from the principle of its existence. It is a pollution to be deplored and by all means got rid of. When the press takes fees like the barristers, when dominated over by party leaders, or perverted by proprietors, it is then indeed degraded to the level of a cunning priesthood or the insincere bar.

But with all its present imperfections and faults, the press is acceptable to society at large. No man except an oppressor likes to have anything to do with a lawyer, and he uses him only as a tool which it is unpleasant to handle. No man is willingly without a newspaper. Paley thought the rough disorder of English freedom, the want of courtesy which is the national characteristic, and all the evils of warm political discussion, cheaply purchased by the amusement and instruction of a newspaper. Cowper describes it as :—

“ This folio of four pages, happy work  
Which not e'en critics criticise ; that holds  
Inquisitive attention while I read  
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,  
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break ;  
What is it but a map of busy life,—  
Its fluctuation and its vast concerns ! ”

But the folio of four pages has now swelled to a folio of eight pages, sixteen pages, and even twenty pages. Locomotion has scarcely improved more than newspapers since Cowper wrote, and is not more subservient than they are to the general welfare. Every man looks daily for his newspaper. Were the judges to abdicate, and the courts to suspend their functions, no man would at once miss and regret them, except for the loss of a column of amusement in the newspaper ; but the day and the hour when the postman “ with his twanging horn,” “ the herald of a noisy world,” or the mail train leaving its great bags of almost a ton weight of letters, should go to its destination without newspapers, would be full of consternation. We cannot picture the general alarm, the fidgetty uneasiness of the merchant looking for accounts of the



arrival of his ships, or of the state of the markets, on which his whole daily business is dependent; and the fright of the timid owner of public securities, or of the well-paid functionaries of the government,—which would spread itself into innumerable conjectures as to what commotion could have laid an embargo on the newspaper. For the mail to arrive without the journals, would be like the approach of day followed by no rising sun. Whenever the fact is alluded to, every man becomes instantly sensible that society could not exist in its present wonderful ramifications without newspapers. They are not merely the offspring of the natural system of society, they are essential parts of it, which will outlive the throne and the peerage.

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## A SHORT STORY OF THE ALLOTMENT SYSTEM.

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THIRTEEN years ago, when allotments for the poor were first talked of, I well remember that many dissentient voices were raised against the measure; and in our small village of West-brook, more than one farmer was found who predicted all sorts of evil from its accomplishment. At this time West-brook was a nest of half-ruinous cottages, chiefly inhabited by agricultural labourers, who took no pains to keep up the appearance of the tenements in which they lived, and which from their great age were constantly in want of repair. Tiles were blown off, and unless the inconvenience was immediate, seldom replaced; the plaister fell in large patches from the bulging gables and overhanging fronts, and remained so till masked by the summer coat of whitewash which most of the housewives found time to apply; few whole casements existed, but when the old leaden frames let fall a lozenge, a bit of brown paper, or in some cases a piece of felt, or a handful of rags, filled up the aperture, and considerably added to the neglected and ill-to-do aspect of one of the most pleasantly-situated hamlets in Essex. Sir Gilbert Woodford, the lord of the manor, had been for some years an absentee, and so long as the rents were forthcoming, his agent cared little for the comforts of the tenants. The hall itself, with its closed windows and pleasure garden run wild, was the picture of desolation; and,

in fact, nothing seemed to thrive save beer-shops, which every tenth house in West-brook professed to be. About this period, the distress generally felt in the agricultural districts, the lowness of wages, and consequent dissatisfaction, occasioned the landed proprietors to legislate among themselves, how they might best quench the incendiary fires nightly blazing from county to county, spreading terror and ruin among their wealthier tenants. Then it was, that, while some contented themselves with hunting out the offenders, and subjecting the county to fresh expense in prosecutions, and an increase of prisoners, others, more wisely observing that neither the gibbet nor the convict-ship affected the cause, or allayed the imbecile vengeance it occasioned, at length turned their eyes to the condition of the farm-servant, and felt the necessity of conceding something to his wants. It was at this juncture that Sir Gilbert returned to West-brook; and one of his first acts was to grant some sixty allotments, varying from fifteen to twenty rods of land, to the neediest labourers on his estate; those who had the largest families had the largest piece of ground, and a rent of five shillings in the one case, and seven in the other, was fixed for their annual rental. The delight of the poor labourers at this arrangement was only equalled by the chagrin of one or two of their employers, whose fears and jealousy furnished a host of arguments against the well-working of the system. "You know, neighbour Noakes," said Farmer Woodfine, letting the bridle fall on the neck of his sturdy cob, while he paused to talk to his friend, who was plodding up the field path from the marshes, where he had been to look at some fat stock for the Christmas market,— "You know as well as I, that it is in the nature of a man to be more careful of himself than of another. Very well, sir. If he has ground of his own, his master's will be neglected; for it stands to reason that after rising at four o'clock, and working two good hours for himself, he will not be as fresh and strong as if he came direct to his day's labour at six; and what other way is there for him to cultivate his allotment?" "Very true, neighbour Woodfine," responded Mr. Noakes; "but we should do unto others as we would be done by; and between ourselves, the condition of the agricultural labourer wants bettering. Here they are, comparatively speaking, well off; but in the lower parts of the county, and in Suffolk and Norfolk, the average wages is not more than seven or eight shillings a week; and what is that for a man with a wife and family?" "Ay, ay, that is another thing," replied

Mr. Woodfine, sharply, evidently not a bit pleased by his neighbour's view of the matter; "but here the case is very different. There is John May, for instance, one of my best workmen (when he hasn't had a drop too much); I understand he has got one of the largest shares allotted to him, and I pay him constant wages—twelve shillings a week; he has a large family to be sure, but one of his boys can earn 2s. 6d. a week in the season at crow-keeping." "That, however, does not last all the year round," said Mr. Noakes, smiling; "and May's wife and six children, and three shillings a week for his cottage, cannot leave much of his twelve shillings unspent when Saturday night comes." "Ah, I see, they have bitten you with the philanthropy of the notion," interrupted Mr. Woodfine; "but mark my words: when the spring comes, you will see the evil of it. A pretty thing indeed, for a master to be subject to the convenience of his servants! And I should not at all wonder, if May comes to me, and says he wants a day for himself, and picks the finest in the week for that purpose. He has worked very well hitherto," he continued; "but it stands to reason that after twelve hours' toil, a man must be too exhausted to be of any use to himself. It can only be done by getting up of mornings, and then, as I before said, he cannot be half his worth to me. Sir Gilbert does it with a good intention, I have no doubt; but so long as these folks get their rent, it matters little to them how much you or I may suffer for the sake of their seeing themselves puffed in the newspapers as pattern landlords." And so Mr. Woodfine gathered up the reins and prepared to amble home, all the while exclaiming, "You will see; spring time is not far off; have a care of your seed potatoes; look sharp after the manure;" while Farmer Noakes smilingly held back the five-barred gate for him to pass through, good-humouredly observing, "I am always inclined to think well of everything that promises to better the condition of poor humanity, and sincerely hope the working of the system may disprove your suspicions, and remove your prejudices." "We shall see, we shall see," repeated Mr. Woodfine. "I have set my heart fairly against it, and so I tell you." Thus saying, he bade the other good morning, and rode off.

In a nook of the lane, leading to the manor farm, stood a single cottage, apparently co-equal in age with those that composed the village. Before beer-shops had been so rife in the neighbourhood, this little spot had been remarkable for the trimness of the flower-knot before it, and the luxuriance of a vine by which it was over-

spread ; but now it differed very little from the aspect of those in the hamlet. This was the habitation of Mr. Woodfine's man, John May, who, generally speaking, was a good specimen of his class—honest and hardworking, never neglecting his employer's interest or his own, but when, as the farmer phrased it, "he had had a drop too much." On these occasions (which, to do him justice, rarely happened, save at Christmas and Easter-fair time, or in the event of a cricket match,) it would take John some days to wean himself sober ; and a fit of inebriation generally cost him the loss of half a week's work, the displeasure of his master, head-ache, moroseness, and discontent on his own side, and short allowance on that of his wife and children ; but though, as I have said, these outbreaks were by no means ordinary occurrences, he ran the hazard of them daily ; for the want of other resources sent the poor farm-servant, by way of relaxation, to the public-house. The consequence of this was,—the pint of ale to which he had been accustomed to limit himself, soon grew into a pot. And, in the meantime, the vine, which had been so trimly kept and well trained, and the fruitage of which had proved an important source of profit, began to show the extended absences of the proprietor ; and the little garden (too small for the produce of vegetables), but rich in sweetherbs and early flowers—another source of wealth to the humble housewife—in spite of Susan May's endeavours and the attention of the two eldest boys in weeding and watering it, declined in the beauty and abundance of its blossoms, and missed the deep digging, manure, and fresh mould, which John had been in the habit of bestowing on it. The effect of these apparent trifles soon became felt by his wife and family, and, in conjunction with his doubled potatoes, considerably shrank his limited means, and caused a correspondent diminishment in the comforts of his humble homestead. It was at this period, and just as John May was progressing from a tippler to a confirmed sot, that Sir Gilbert Woodford commenced his trial of the allotment system, and gave a new impulse to the poor man's energies, by granting him, in consideration of his numerous family, one of the largest shares. All the labouring men in the village more or less benefited by the arrangement, and in a very short time its effects began to tell on the characters of this hitherto neglected class. The ground was given to them at the beginning of the year, and no sooner did the spring arrive, than emulative industry sprang up

amongst them, and gratitude, no less than self-interest, actuated them in the desire to render their little holdings productive and well-kept; the early day-break found few of the proprietors unemployed, and such of the boys as were able to assist felt almost as proud of the possession as their parents; the woods and roads were put under contribution, for the purpose of enriching the soil; the accumulations of dead leaves and heaps of rotted weeds and road-dust served admirably for this purpose, and the task of collecting it gave the young assistants health, habits of early rising, perseverance, and industry. By March the ground was dug, the manure worked in, and, in his anxiety to compete with his neighbours, John May not only rose early, but, as the evenings lengthened, became too much absorbed in the business of his garden, to stay out the reading of the cheap paper at the Plough. By this means he saved a pint of ale nightly, and by putting the price of it aside, was astonished in a short time to find it amount to a sufficient sum to purchase all the seeds and plants he required to crop his ground. This was the crisis that would either prove or refute Mr. Woodfine's predictions on the subject; and such of his neighbours as he had inoculated with his prejudices, or who possessed them on their own account, began to watch their beds of plants, seed potatoes, and heaps of manure, with jealous vigilance, forgetful that nothing serves so much to keep a man honest as having a character to sustain. Without this their servants would have forfeited their possessions; so that it became a guarantee of good conduct, instead of, as these gentlemen believed, a provocative to speculation. Seed-time passed away; their employers lost nothing, not even the day which it was supposed they would be exacting enough to ask for themselves, and the poor men's gardens were stocked. Neither was it observable that any diminution took place in the manner or amount of their daily labour; on the contrary, the very circumstance which it was supposed would take from it imparted a moral strength that no longer made them feel mere beasts of burden; they had an interest in the soil themselves; and the consciousness of owning ever so small a tract—anything beyond the task-work of labour, the bare price of daily bread—awoke a feeling of self-respect and independence that made them work with a good will, more liberal of its labour than the compelled hireling who deals out so much of his corporeal strength as will win him his scanty livelihood. And now, as the spring advanced, the allotments began to wear quite a flourishing

appearance ; the delicate green of the young seeds, and the budding leaves on the little hedge-rows that divided them ; the long, neat rows of peas and beans ; the beds of radishes and onions ; the borders of lettuces, leeks, celery, and ridges of potatoes ; all looking healthy, and promising such accessions of comfort, nay, luxury, to the poor man's lot, that hope and contentment grew up with them. What a quietly busy scene those gardens became ! By four o'clock in the morning, nay, sometimes earlier, you might see the humble proprietors at work in them, earthing up the potatoes, transplanting cabbages, and removing the destroying insects ; and when evening came—the soft, sweet evenings of April and May—the reeking parlour of the public-house, with its stifling fumes, loud oaths, and angry altercations, became abandoned for the fresh, blossom-breathing air, in which the lark still carolled, and which no ruder sounds than the gleeful laughter of playing children, and such pleasant and gentle talk as springs up amongst herbs and flowers, amidst those that cultivated them, disturbed : then the hands that all day long had spent their strength in their master's service, felt renewed at the sight of their own inclosures, and worked untiringly till the stars shone ; the children too contributed their share of help, thinning the beds of their too abundant crop, clearing them of weeds, and bringing water from the neighbouring well. Can it be supposed that this supernumerary employment, and the habits of neatness and order so essential to a garden, were without their effect on the home habits of those individuals ? The eye sought there the same neatness and regularity it had elsewhere effected ; and the thorough repair which Sir Gilbert ordered for the cottages was seconded by the efforts of their tenants to maintain them in it ; and in the short space of twelvemonths the effect of the allotment system, and the presence of a resident landlord, had worked wonders in the village of West-brook. One who had previously passed through its apparently tottering street, would scarcely have recognised the picturesque hamlet in its state of renewal. Comfort and cleanliness have continued to grow with the age and increase of the allotments ; for after ten years' trial Sir Gilbert gave a larger grant, and I have heard that this year he has again added to it. As for our friend John May, no one has more largely profited, both in character and acquisition, than he has. The cottage in the lane is now a picture of thrift and prosperity ; the vine that for so many seasons had trailed at will, allowed to accu-

useless weed and unfruitful branches, has been carefully pruned and tended, and yields luxuriantly; a hive or two of bees are established in a sunny corner of the little garden, and if we could get a peep at the back, we should find a couple of short-legged pigs, thriving on the refuse of the table and waste vegetables and small potatoes. Of late years the children have been sent to school, and the increase of useful literature at a low price, enables John to hear much more healthy and amusing papers read by his own hearth than those he formerly paid so dear for listening to in the tap-room of the Plough.

Mr. Woodfine has lost his prejudices in the tide of time, and now only stipulates that the allotments be limited to twenty rods, at most, to each man. *They* may manage that quantity (as they appear to have done) without injury to their employers, and with benefit to themselves; but a rod beyond it—and all his old doubts and mistrust would return.

MRS. CAROLINE WHITE.

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## OUR VILLAGE AS IT IS.

BY JOSEPH GASTICK.

ONE thought has frequently recurred to my mind when I have been passing through an agricultural village—one of a hundred of dull places with thatched cottages of old gray stones. I have glanced through the gates at the parsonage, or have looked up to the old church-spire, and this has been the strain of my meditation.

“There might be a book, and a very useful book, a genuine ‘tract for the times,’ written upon that old spire. Various men would look upon it from various points of view. It would suggest to the Protestant a history of the Reformation, or would call forth from the Catholic a sigh for the decay of ancient piety; but I shall look at it from neither of these points of view. One fact is certain: that spire declares, that for more than five hundred years Christian doctrine has been professed here; that a succession of men, educated and set apart to teach the people how to live and how to die, have resided near that old church. And now I look around and ask—where are the results? What has been done to raise the people higher and make them happier?” In reply to

this question, I will describe faithfully the condition of one of the largest of these villages which I know very well.

Let no reader try to guess the name of Our Village. To conceal its locality, I shall be sparing of topographical description. Behold, then, good reader, a long and wide street of metley houses ; some old and gray, with narrow windows made long before the good effect of light upon mind and body was appreciated; others new, slated, and stuccoed. About in the middle of the village stands the gray church-tower, and just opposite the church you see an old house, of gloomy physiognomy, where dwells that very great man (I must lay down my pen and make a bow)—the squire !

Not another word will I say of the aspect of Our Village, lest I should be caught and taken before—the squire !

Well, I turn, then, to sketch the moral aspect of the place ; in this it will, most likely, remind the reader of several other places, so I shall be out of danger. It is commonly esteemed a quiet and orderly village. People generally retire to rest at a good hour and sleep secure from disturbance in Our Village. We have no Sunday amusements excepting bell-ringing. A traveller who should occasionally pass through Our Village, would certainly give us a good character, at least he would say, "I never saw anything wrong in the place." Happy are they who only look on the outside ! but the present sketch is intended to give a glance into the inside of Our Village.

To begin at the beginning—what is the rector doing ? Let us go down the lane, behind the old church, and have a peep at the rectory. It is half-past six o'clock P.M., and the Rector is taking his dinner. We can tell, without eaves-dropping, what he is talking about. We know his topics for the table, as well as his topics for the pulpit. But our purpose does not require any meddling with the Rector's private character. It is sufficient to describe him negatively. He is, on the whole, a very quiet man. He does not interfere with the concerns of the people ; but confines himself to the duties of the pulpit. There is an idea that is awakening much attention in our times—that the people are something more than machines, that they cannot be moved by mere church-going, that they must be stimulated to and assisted in the exercise of their moral and intellectual faculties, in short, that they must be educated ; that the true design of religion and, consequently, the proper business of a clergyman, should be to develop, in unity



and order, the best faculties of mankind ; to teach the young to love and follow the pure and refined pleasures of the intellectual life, instead of the gross and hurtful indulgences of the lower passions. Now, of all this, our Rector has never heard ; or, at least, has never understood a syllable. He would call it heterodox or nonsense. He is a man of routine. "That which hath been is the thing that shall be," saith our Rector.

Well ; as our Rector has been described negatively, so may Our Village be described. If you know what it is *not*, you may guess what it *is*. 1st. It is not a place of social intercourse. No family in the place is respectable enough to visit with the Squire. There are two doctors and two lawyers in the place (for Our Village is nearly a mile long) ; but the "birds of a feather" do *not* "flock together" in this case ; for Lawyer A. has a quarrel of seven years' standing with Surgeon B. ; while Lawyer C. has discovered that Apothecary D. is a low fellow—sprung from nothing. Surgeon B. was once very frequent in his visits to the rectory, and drank many bottles of wine there : the consequence is, that now he never goes to the rectory. So much for our social or rather non-social condition. 2nd. There is no intellectual life in the place. If you require proof of this statement, you have only to walk over to the bookseller's shop in the neighbouring town of B. Ask Mr. Page what books and periodicals he sends to Our Village. He can easily tell you—"Sir, I send one *Bell's Life* to the Queen's Head ; one *Churchman's Magazine* to Mrs. Church (a retired widow), and one *Bell's Messenger* to the Squire. I send novels, now and then, to Miss B., the surgeon's daughter, and some magazines to Mr. A., the attorney's son. Besides these I sell several copies of *Moore's Almanack*." No lecturer ever comes to Our Village ; but a conjurer can generally contrive to pick a few pence out of our pockets. We were once honoured by a visit of some portion of Mr. Wombwell's carnivorous family, and for two days Our Village seemed *alive*. The roars of real, live lions, broke pleasantly upon our stillness.

Thirdly. There are no intellectual amusements in the place. A few old card-players meet every week at the Queen's Head ; but they hardly form an exception to our assertion. A tailor, of a melancholy visage, performs occasionally, "Oh Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me ?" upon the violin (but "Nannie" never will *go* in proper time) ; and our shoemaker has been attempting, for some months, a tune (it remains to be proved *what* tune) upon the

clarionet. This is all the social music we have, with the exception of the pianos at the houses of A., B., and C., before mentioned. With regard to our music at church, it is currently reported in the neighbouring town, we make our psalm-tunes as we sing; for nobody can recognise them. I may safely say this—I believe such singing is not to be heard in all London.

So much for the negative symptoms of our place—and do they not imply all that must be said of the positive facts? You may guess what the people *are* doing if you know what they are *not* doing. There is no rule more certain than that, throughout nature, one order of life can only be displaced by another. You refuse to cultivate flowers in your garden, it is soon overgrown with rank weeds. Where intellectual life declines, sensual life rises. We need not illustrate the truth—it is a common-place, admitted and neglected—as Coleridge said, “a bed-ridden truth.”

Let us only take a walk down Our Village, and we shall find some illustration of this truth, of which our Rector will know nothing. It is seven o'clock—the shades of evening are closing around us, and the old church-tower is fading into the grey sky. How quiet seems Our Village! The music of tongues is chiefly confined to the tap-rooms. The tailor is again popping the question, “*Oh Nannie,*” &c., in *ad libitum* style, and the shoemaker has just commenced that mysterious tune on the clarionet. But where are our villagers? You cannot see a figure in the street—look a little better—in the shade of the tree by the Squire’s gateway—see you nothing? “Yes; two young men are standing there.” Ay; and if you were an inhabitant of Our Village and knew the gentlemen, you might guess their occupation. They are indulging in some coarse jokes on the poor girl who is coming down the street, so carefully folding a shawl around a tattered dress. That poor girl’s history will be a good comment on the text which our Rector will not understand. She belongs to the most degraded family in Our Village; and what, think you, led to the degradation of that family? You will smile when I tell you my opinion (which is more than an opinion—a fact)—“That girl is degraded and miserable because our Rector would not let her father lead the singing and play the bass-viol at church.” A strange cause, you say, for such an effect! Well—I will explain the case, and in so doing, I shall illustrate a great moral doctrine already stated. Here is the story then:—“Billy Hodgson, the father of that girl, is a shoemaker, or rather a mere cobbler—for he of the clarionet is our

respectable man in St. Crispin's line. Billy could never make a good pair of shoes; but he could put the bass to a psalm-tune very fairly. During the time of our former rector, Hodgson was the great musical authority of Our Village. He felt that he had a place in the parish—a gift to exercise—a mission to fulfil—as young authors say. He could say, on Saturday evening, when he had gathered his choir in the gallery, for practice,—“To-morrow we shall sing Derby, Devizes, and the old 40th Psalm.” He had a comfortable and praiseworthy feeling of self-estimation in saying this. Then Sunday was indeed for Billy a day of pleasure. He believed that it was created and set apart from all other days for psalm-singing. The clerk might say, “Let us sing,” &c.; but Billy had first determined what should be sung. Then, in preparation for this great day, there was abundant occupation during the week. There were the *soprani*, the girls (including Hodgson's two daughters), to be admonished and kept in readiness. “Now, Sally,” Hodgson would say, when he met one of his choir, “mind you don't have a cold next Sunday.”

Then there were the *tenors*—two youths who required much coaxing—to be kept in order, and the *counter-singer* had to be kept to his post; for he had a propensity to go courting at a neighbouring hamlet on Sundays. Hodgson even composed several psalm-tunes, and not bad ones, which were sung in our church. Thus it was in the days of his glory. And let us not treat with an air of burlesque that which was the best part of poor Hodgson's life. It was in his psalmody that he rose above earth and all its sordid cares about upper-leathers, soles, welts, and hobnails: this psalm-singing was the main connecting link between the soul of Billy Hodgson and heaven.

Alas! it was severed—and poor Hodgson has, indeed, fallen like Lucifer. I cannot tell all the circumstances of petty disputes which led to the dissolution of the old quire of singers; but our Rector (who knows and cares nothing about music) gave many affronts to our leader, and ended the dispute by ejecting Hodgson, his daughters, his bass-viol, and all his other adherents from the gallery. Hodgson has never been in the Church since that fatal day. When he is very tipsy, and allusions are made to his old psalm-singing habits, he will say—“You may call me what you like now; but them was the best days of my life; and I was as decent a man as any in the parish; but I was turned out by a man that knows no more of music than this jug!”—

Well; after the ejection there was a blank in our church-service, for we had no singing for several Sundays; but there was a worse blank in poor Hodgson's mind. For a little time he amused himself by going about and telling what he called "the right side of the story;" but on Saturday evenings and Sundays he felt a want of something, an empty place within, which he endeavoured to fill by frequent potations at the Queen's Head. To make the story short—his evening draught increased until it reached the gallon measure; he first neglected, then ill-treated and half-starved his wife and children, and he has become the most degraded character—the greatest drunkard in the parish. The Rector thinks he did very well in foreseeing that such a man would disgrace the Church; but forgets to notice that, previous to the ejection, Hodgson was a sober, orderly, and useful parishioner. The stupid Squire says—"the Hodgsons were always a bad lot." If I were to give him my explanation of the case, he would scout it and say—"O that has nothing to do with it: Hodgson would have drunk just as hard if he had kept on psalm-singing to this day." The Rector, meanwhile, continues to preach, in a very orthodox style, on the evil consequences of neglecting to attend Church. Both our Squire and our Rector belong to a large but useless class of moralists, who find it easier to utter words of reprobation than to inquire by what means the outcasts of society have been led astray, or by what means similar cases may be prevented. Such moralists look upon everything as a miracle; for they will never give themselves the trouble to trace an effect to its cause. To say that sinners are sinners is very easy; but a more useful thing would be to inquire into the exact circumstances of their fall. If this were done, there would be found many cases substantially like that I have related. The connection that has been traced between the expulsion of the old bass-viol from our orchestra, and the circumstances of Hodgson's daughters, degraded to something worse than beggary, is not imaginary. If the unhappy girls could tell their inner history—how, when their father had degraded himself (and when every body looked upon them as degraded also), they felt that they had no station to maintain, no character to lose, and how they were led, step by step, down the wrong way, until they really became what people seemed to expect them to be—if they could tell their true tale; it would confirm my explanation of it. Yes; vice is a very bad thing—and so is a great deal of cold, selfish respectability, and moral orthodoxy!

Before I close this little story (too true), I must notice what it suggests respecting Our Village generally.

I have presented a glaring instance of vice resulting from a want of good occupation ; but the rule laid down would be too well confirmed by a close inspection of social life in Our Village. What are our young people thinking about ? What are they doing ? I have told what they are *not* doing. They are hardly recognised by their superiors as creatures having souls ; but they have souls, at least, feelings and passions. What are they doing ? I leave the reader to guess. If there is not light in a place, of course there must be darkness.

To conclude—have we not persisted too long in the old mistake of treating vice only as a matter for reprobation and punishment, instead of studying the means of prevention ?

Are not many of the vices of the poor and the ignorant just the natural effects of that state of moral and intellectual deprivation to which they are condemned by the apathy of their superiors ?—Is that to be called a moral education, or a religion which cultivates none of the best faculties of the mind, which encourages no activity in pure and elevated pursuits, which treats the people as if they were only machines, and thinks to atone for a week of moral lethargy by a sermon on Sunday ?

Such questions are suggested by OUR VILLAGE AS IT IS : we shall consider them more fully when we attempt a sketch of OUR VILLAGE AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

## THE HEDGEHOG LETTERS.

CONTAINING THE OPINIONS AND ADVENTURES OF JUNIPER HEDGEHOG, CABMAN, LONDON ; AND WRITTEN TO HIS RELATIVES AND ACQUAINTANCE, IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD.

LETTER XXVI.—To EBENEZER PRUNE, GROCER AND GENERAL DEALER, OF THE TOWN OF NUMSKULL.

DEAR EBENEZER,—Your letter came to hand. There was no fear of that. No letter that showed a man to be a fool, ever yet miscarried. And a pretty noodle your bit of foolscap paints you. What ! you 're glad we 're going to have out the militia ? You 're delighted to find we 've so much blood in us ? Blood, indeed !

What business has any decent Christian man with blood, unless in the way of black puddings ?

Well, at your time of life, I didn't think you could have had the pipe-clay fever so strong upon you ! And yet it only makes out a notion of mine. You may begin with boys and lads, and teach them what 's right and straight,—but it's plaguy hard to take the twist and crank out of you respectable middle-aged Solomons that *will* be fools, and still think you're so very wise, only because you're fools with a grave face. You say, the whole town of Numskull is ripe for war. Is it ? 'Twould serve it right just to have one morning's relish of it. The mayor, you say, is very hot for glory, and the mayoress and her daughters dying to see the whole town in regimentals. If the thing could be done, I should like to have Numskull besieged, and the mayor's house particularly well peppered. 'Twould be a nice holiday, a capital sight for the rest of all England. I think I could arrange a very pretty day's amusement.

Let me see : we will begin about seven o'clock in the morning. The mayor is yet in his bed, lying on his back, twiddling his thumbs, and counting over his virtues. Whiz—bang—crash ! A shell—fired by the Yankee Wholehog artillery—(they landed last night from the *Cashdown*, Pennsylvanian frigate)—falls through the roof—through floor and floor—carries away, never minding the mayoress's screams, half the state tester, leaving the mayor and his wife unhurt,—but still falling through dining-room and parlour,—and intent upon doing its worst, descending into the cellar, and finally dropping into a pipe of the very best beeswing port, just going to be bottled. Now, this bomb we'll suppose to be the first sugar-plum of war !

The Mayor jumps out of bed, thinking of his money-box, his plate, his bonds, his pipe of port, and his wife and daughters. The lady mayoress screams like—no, I can't think of nothing stronger—like a woman ! And then her five daughters, all in their bed-gowns and curl-papers, rushing in, scream, too, to show the tenderness and the weakness of their womanhood. Now, Ebenezer, arn't all these creatures pretty hypocrites ? I mean what I say—and I'll prove it.

Bless their little satisfied souls ! how they do love the military, to be sure ! What a beautiful thing is a review to 'em—ian't it ? And how they'll smile upon cannon-balls as if they were things to eat—and how they'll wink their precious eyes in the breast-

plates of the dear officers, more than if they stared in their own looking-glasses! And then, in their little puffed-up hearts, they think no more of a man than of a barn-door fowl, if he isn't a soldier. But only put a feather in his cap—red cloth and gold lace on his body—roll him tight round with a sash (the babe of glory!)—and let a long sword dangle by his side—and to woman's heart, what a dear peacock the sweet fellow is! She could follow him all over the world; his feathers are so fine, and he does strut so beautifully! And in this way, Ebenezer, do women again and again make themselves parties to war and wickedness! In their hearts, to be sure, they don't mean it. They 'll faint, some of 'em, to see a cut finger; but then a review only shows the frippery of war—without the blood. The music 's beautiful, and there 's no call then for lint.

Sometimes, Ebenezer, we hear of plans to raise women in what they call the social scale. I've no objection, I'm sure; and should very well like to see the plan tried. Nevertheless, I do think, when I reflect upon the mischief of war,—I do think that woman might give man a lift. But then she is such an odd, contradictory thing! Else, at once, she'd set her precious face against cutting throats, and wouldn't think slaughter a bit the better, because done by nice young men in red coats, with colours flying, and trumpets braying.

(By the bye, Ebenezer, when I think of what the trumpet really does—how it sets man upon man—and makes blood burn against blood—braying seems a capital word for it. Isn't it odd, too—and there 's some meaning in it, depend on 't—that a trumpet and a jackass, are the only things that bray?)

Now, here 's a chance for women, Ebenezer! If they'd only follow the example of my cousin Johanna! (What a member of Parliament that girl would have made!) She was going to be married to Samson Cream, a young man in the perfumery line. They were so near it, that if the ring wasn't bought, they'd often (through the windows) looked at it. Well, he's very bad with this militia disease—this scarlet fever: and in the pride of his powder-puff heart, told Johanna that he'd no doubt he should be a corporal. Wherefore, the girl at once told him, that he must either give up all thoughts of pipedlay or of her—that she'd never take a cartridge-box to her arms—and when she married would, by no means, have a husband with feathers. So if Samson won't consent to moult, he loses Johanna. The girl 's only a maid-of-all-

work—but may my mare break her knees again, if she isn't a pattern for countesses. I'm sure of it: if the women were resolutely to take the matter in hand, they might put an end to war all over the world. And they ought to do it: 'twould be the prettiest feather in the prettiest cap they could wear—that feather they might sport to their honour and glory. But I contend that it's women's own work—what they call her "mission" if properly understood. Let me explain.

Here's a baby born. A little, helpless, crying thing that's made a love of from the first minute—and bringing, who shall say, what a heap of love with it? Well, the pretty little animal is carefully swaddled, and powdered, and all sorts of care taken of it—the thing becoming in a very little time such a treasure, that the Bank of England wouldn't be taken for it. And this thing—that there's been such fear and such hope about, and such a lot of love—with its first tooth, and its measles, and its running alone—and its teaching it to kneel upon mother's lap and say the *Belief* and the *Lord's Prayer*,—this blessed thing has only been begotten, and born, and nursed, and taught, to be cut in two with a broadsword, or blown to pieces with cannon shot. Is it Christian-like—is it even sensible—to beget children to do and suffer such devils' work? Depend upon it, if women knew their true dignity, as it's called—they wouldn't suffer it. No: they'd think better of what they were meant for, and wouldn't bear children for bayonets and bullets. Some of these days, Ebenezer, they may think of these things; but at present, a woman will run after gunpowder, just as puss will run after valerian.

But let me come back—for I've wandered a long way—to the siege of Numaskull, just to let you see the beauties of war. Well, the mayor, and his wife and daughters, are all embracing one another in the bed-room, when bang comes another shell, and blows away Maria and Louisa (young pretty things, that never did harm to anybody) into the next world. Bang—bang—fall the shells! Crash goes the house, and the mayor and his wife, and three daughters, scramble down stairs, and hide in the cellar!

Now, Mr. Mayor was a great man for war, and all its glory. Yes! when full of his best port, he would give his favourite toast—"A speedy war and soon!" And wherefore? The purple-faced old ass knew nothing of war but its outside finery. The regimental band, the fifes and drums, made him feel as strong as Samson—but then he'd never had bomb-shells drop



through his house, and his helpless children slaughtered under his eyes. How very differently does he now—squatting low, like a toadstool in his cellar—think of war! How does he groan, and shake, and in his misery tear his grey hair,—as he hears the hell of war roaring about him—and listens to the yells and shouts of men, like devils escaped from the burning pit, to work destruction! And now—bang—bang—his house is burst open—half the regiment of the Pennsylvanian rifles flock in—Pillage, Pillage is the cry—they tear from room to room—they descend into the cellar—they stave in pipes and hogsheads—they seize the mayor's three daughters—and (could he ever have thought it?) *now* is he grateful that Maria and Louisa, in sudden death, met a better fate. Well, the poor mayor makes a rush at one of the heroes, when his brains are knocked out by the butt-end of a musket, and the "glory" continues.

But I know your answer to this. You say, "we never suffered all this. The rascally enemy can't come to Numskull to do this wickedness—we are safe!" Why, you stony-hearted ruffian—forgive me, for a minute, Ebenezer—is the atrocity any the less because *you* don't suffer it—is it a bit better because you send out men to do all this and endure none of the horror yourself? But so it is, Ebenezer; you, and such noodles as you, roar about the glory of war, because you've only seen a review—have only looked upon the fine glossy skin of the tiger, and have never felt its teeth and claws. True it is, you've paid taxes: and certainly, it is thought bad enough to bleed at the pocket; but, after all, 'tis not *quite* so bad as to bleed yourself, or see your wife or children bleeding on the bayonet. Purse-strings *are* delicate; but, somehow or the other, heart-strings carry it.

And therefore, Ebenezer, let me hear no more of your cock-a-doodle-do-ing about the splendour of war, and the grandeur of the militia. If you want to punish your fellow-creatures, arn't you a grocer and a general dealer, and can't you be satisfied?

There's short-weight, adulteration, passing-off bad money,—fifty ways for you to delight the devil with; but don't treat him to the morsel of all that he best loves—war—wicked, stupid war!

And with this, I am,

Your best friend,

JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

## New Books.

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**BALLAD ROMANCES.** By R. H. HORNE, Author of "Orion," "Cosmo de Medici," &c. Fcp. 8vo. London: Charles Ollier.

THE title of this collection is more closely appropriate than at first glance might appear. "Ballad Romances!"—so they are exactly, having all the intense interest of prose, with all the exquisite grace and brilliancy of poetry. If they become not popular, then is our faith gone in the human heart and the human imagination. It is the office of genius to disarm criticism, and to excite rapture; and so it is impossible for any set measure to be taken of true poetry. It pleases, it enchants, as the operations of nature, as the sun warms and the flowers blow. We may certainly, after the pleasurable emotion has subsided, examine more minutely, and gather more exactly the causes of our delight. But to predetermine what genius should do, or after its creation to test it by another creation, is a wrong as well as an absurdity. We indulge in this Polonius-like dissertation, because we so frequently find one thing tested by another; and have no doubt we shall see and hear the same method applied to these poems. They are not like Byron, nor Tennyson, nor Southey, nor Browning: they are themselves, and in themselves are beautiful and true—true in passion, true in relation, and true in sound. The Poet's heart has felt the human emotion here portrayed, the Poet's eye has gathered all the true images here so felicitously described; and the Poet's ear has caught the musical utterance manifested in the rhythm. It is in the latter quality or power we place the most reliance for testing the true poet, mechanical though it has always been esteemed, and often decried as something contrary to sense. If the rhythm is fine and sonorous, gentle and melodious, according to the sense and passion, then may we be sure it is the genuine offspring of a poet. Rhythm (we mean not a set measured line nor ready rhyme) is never but with the true poet, fluent, and in its fluency most potent, rising and falling with its subject; now warming itself into a torrent of passion, and then spreading itself into a lake, reflecting every image. There may be certain established formula of verse that can be spun off by the thousand by those who have caught the knack; but every genuine poet has a rhythm of his own, born of his own spirit, breathing his own words, measuring his own music. The thoughts, the images, the passion, he may be conscious of, but scarcely of his rhythm; that is the vehicle provided by nature for the embodiment of these celestial things. If this therefore betoken no consciousness, no art, nor reasoning, no manufacturing.

then we may be certain that the utterer has the faculty divine—has that universal nature, that fine translucent spirit that appreciates, and can develop all forms and processes with which it is connected. We do not say that a poet is always poetical: we do not say that in Mr. Horne's verses this power or quality is always to be found; (in what poem is it?) but he has it to great perfection and in great abundance. His heart and mind are full of his subject; his understanding is irradiated by his imagination, and he pours forth his verse full measured and spiritedly, as a bird warbles out its unconscious song. He is a poet—one of the few sent to delight and relieve this laborious age, and as such should be perused with love and reverence.

There are other elements of popularity in these charming poems besides their poetical power; they all shadow out or even more positively relate a story of passion and interest, and as "Romances," unballaded would interest and excite. The Noble Heart, as a mere prose story, would delight, as would that wonderful outburst of passion (sustained with a force as far as we recollect unequalled in our literature) of Delora. The nature of our notices preclude any justification by a more minute exposition, or by quotation, of our high estimate of this volume; but we are ready to run the risk of reproach from any who purchase it at our earnest recommendation.

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OLIVER CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES: WITH ELUCIDATIONS. By THOMAS CARLISLE. In Two Volumes. Demy 8vo. London: Chapman and Hall.

EVEN in the superficial, "dry-as-dust" (to use a Carlylian,) books of English History of the Great Rebellion, there are no details of him who was the great axis of events. Every reader of Hume, Lingard, Macintosh, and all the still more plodding matter-of-fact collectors, must have been disappointed or surprised to find how, immediately after the execution of Charles Stuart, the histories dwindle to the shortest span. On the melodrama of that event the historians seem to have exhausted their powers of narration; and the black and mournful pageant having been paraded with pictorial effect, the curtain falls on the royal story. An apparently trifling *enrê-act* then fills up twelve years of most important history, wherein lie shrouded many half-resolved problems of human nature and social principles. The lamentable want of a narrative of these important times was perceived by a man who had many qualifications to supply the want, and Godwin's History of the Commonwealth was published. In many respects it is a noble work, written with energy and knowledge, though disfigured with the partialities, not to say prejudices, of the author. Equally disgusted with the ignorance as the fatal fluency of their style, he opposed himself in every way to the regular historians. His phraseology seemed to

be studiously rugged, and he here shadowed forth a new style which has given a little more vigour to our mode of expression. Still we had but a dim shadowing of the great spirit of the time; of abuse and eulogy, of facts and events, sufficient, and more than sufficient, but of the real presence of the age there was no portrayal. Elucidations of this great one, therefore, by so earnest and so capable an intellect as Mr. Carlyle's, is a great blessing. He always deals with the essential. His genuine and vigorous spirit has no sympathy with the superficial and the non-essential. He regards everything in its sequence. Things without important consequence have no attractions for him. He perceives their insignificance for eliciting knowledge, and he withers them with his scorn. A great historian must occasionally be a great satirist, and this Mr. Carlyle proves himself. His scorn of falsifiers and triflers seems equal: whether it is judicious to be always exercising this power of exposing and degrading "the dry-as-dust" school may be doubted. We have an example in Michelet and Thierry, and perhaps in other foreign writers, that a narration of historical events may be given with the utmost force and truth without referring everlastingly to the shortcomings of other writers. It is, however, to be remembered that Mr. Carlyle has to remove an immense quantity of rubbish, that has been accumulated in order to misrepresent and malign the great man whose course of thoughts and deeds he aims to portray, so as to convey some just notion of them.

Mr. Carlyle is to us a delightful writer,—one whom we peruse without consciousness that we are studying, so completely does he occupy and fill the attention. Those who have at all made history or biography their study must soon have felt how fragmentary they necessarily are. What mere occasional glimpses—what mere waifs and strays—what mere droppings of time, escaped from the great wallet of oblivion,—such narrations consist of. Yet the regular historians make up a narrative that presents an unbroken sequence, and we roll from one end of the Roman period to the other, and from the landing of the Saxons to yesterday, as if it were all as coherent as a police report. It is too much the case also with individual biography. Certain events and occurrences, esteemed from being facts, are laid hold of, and the interstices, the very portions probably containing the processes of character and conduct most interesting and important, are bridged over with a phrase, as if the gulf thus passed was of no importance. Such writing has become a drug. It affords but little nutriment, and men thus stuffed with words, after consuming libraries, have passed away as ignorant as at starting, and far more so than if they had exercised their own observation on the living world around them.

There have happily sprung up in France, and amongst ourselves, writers who have felt the inefficiency of this mode, and Mr. Carlyle, in England, has laid the foundation for a new school of historical composition. The originator of a new style seldom is enabled to perfect it, and there are many excrescences and imperfections in this new school.

which successive attempts may modify and remove. But the spirit is there: the earnest palpable recognition of the things treated of as realities—a contempt of words for words' sake—a determination to produce corresponding ideas in the reader's mind, and a comprehension of the events narrated in all their due relations. Such composition is neither easy writing nor easy reading; that is, it is not lazy reading; it recalls with all the force of reality to the senses, and with all its tremendous consequences to the reflection, the deeds and events it relates. We are transplanted into the very presence of the time, and put face to face with the circumstances. We feel our own relation to them, and are obliged to regard them with a personal interest that arouses the faculties of our nature to their most forcible existence. They beget suggestions and reflections that have a healthful and permanent effect on the understanding.

In no work of Mr. Carlyle's have we so much felt the force of his genius as in this of "Cromwell." His varied knowledge, his wonderful appreciation of the value of facts, his pungent style, his pervading subtlety of intellect, his quick sensibility to all that is truly great and valuable, were, to our mind, never more strongly and delightfully portrayed. He knows, and we all know, that all that is recorded of such a spirit as Cromwell must be fragmentary, had we even folio volumes of facts to retrace his life out of. With the shreds and patches that remain, what sort of image can we expect? Mr. Carlyle does not seek with "the dry-as-dust" school to palm off a Tussaud's composition upon us. He tells us he has only a *Torso*: but he shows us how we may make up a glimpse of the wanting parts. And nobly does he do this: bringing to bear in the operation the minutest fragments from the remotest places. The only things that remain to us of the colossus, who knit up the ravelled skein of the great contention between rights and privileges, are what was once a portion of himself; what he wrote and what he said, and, as far as we can get at it, what he did. Of all these only fragments remain: and hitherto have been strangely misused, and misunderstood, and misrepresented. Mr. Carlyle here collects these *membra disiecta*, and, by arrangement and lights gathered from a profound knowledge of men, and "a learned spirit of human dealing," breathes into them such coherence, as at least to enable the reader, or rather the student, to obtain some idea of the individual and the circumstances. Neither analysis nor quotation can give any idea of the value of the work, and therefore with this imperfect introduction to it, we must earnestly commend it to the reader's respectful and earnest attention.

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THE FEMALE'S FRIEND. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

THIS is the first number of a periodical, the object of which is the improving and enforcing the laws for the protection of women; and

bears every evidence of proceeding from a body deeply impressed with the social sacredness of the cause. It contains the draught of a petition to be presented to the Queen, by a deputation of ladies, on the subject. We have felt it our duty to call the attention of our fair readers to a purpose apparently so well advocated—a purpose, involving in it the moral dignity and happiness of so vast a multitude of their sex.

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**CONFESSIONS OF AN HOMŒOPATHIST.** Fcp. 8vo. Dublin: S. B. Oldham.

WE have always objected to the principle of constructing a story to produce a particular opinion, or attack any scientific system, and certainly the mode of execution in the present instance is not such as to induce us to recant our objection. The best part of the book has nothing to do with Homœopathy, but we cannot say that even this best part is such as to lead us to hope the author will persist in his literary attempts.

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**SKETCHES FROM THE FLEMISH LIFE: IN THREE TALKS.** Translated from the Flemish of HENDRIK CONSCIENCE, and illustrated by one hundred and thirty Engravings on wood, from designs by Flemish Artists. Sq. fcp. London: Longman & Co.

HENDRIK CONSCIENCE deserves the popularity he unquestionably enjoys in his own country; he writes graphically, heartily, and simply: sketching the scenes and manners amongst which he lives, so as to convey a lively impression, even to us foreigners. He may be a trifle too national, but that is a fault on the right side, more especially as it is also on the weak side. His detestation of French manners is unbounded, and doubtless the adventurers who seek refuge on the French frontier must be a lamentable curse to the honest Flemings, who seem to have retained a great deal of their primitive simplicity and goodheartedness. It might, however, be wiser to seek an amalgamation with their great neighbours in matters of innocent tastes, as it seems scarcely possible that the Flemings can continue for ever to preserve their individuality as a nation, or even as a race. If however the present "Sketches" are just portraits (and they have every appearance of being so), it is highly desirable that they should preserve their independence.

The illustrations are numerous and very characteristic, and the book altogether is prettily got up, and is exceedingly well translated and interesting. We are obliged to the translator for an introduction to so agreeable an author, and should be glad to know more of him.

THE QUEEN OF DENMARK, an Historical Novel. Edited by Mrs. GORE.  
3 vols. post 8vo. London: H. Colburn.

THE CITIZEN OF PRAGUE. Translated by MARY HOWITT. 3 vols. post 8vo.  
London: H. Colburn.

WE have placed these novels together, because they possess many points in common. They both profess to be historical; they treat of the same period, though in different countries, and they both have in their original form apparently a political object. They are also to a very considerable extent alike in sentiment and construction. In both we find innumerable princes and counts, chamberlains and statesmen, with all the artificial "*dollery*" of a court. There seems to be also in each author the same foreign kind of sentimental worship of rank, crossed on a vehement desire to be liberal.

"The Queen of Denmark" is to us the most agreeable of the two. It is less crowded with personages, and less perplexed with intrigues. The characters are drawn more distinctly, and the descriptions of things and events are less encumbered with details. The domestic interest prevails over the historic, and the real, that is the interesting heroine is Lisette, a goldsmith's daughter, whose modest pure passion for a heartless male coquette is well portrayed. The author, or authoress, for we alternate our notion as to which sex the writer belongs, has well delineated the lighter emotions of the heart, and understands all the variations of "the tender passion," especially as relates to the female patient of this disorder. The vivacity of the writer is akin to that of Mrs. Gore, and as the time is that of the most grotesque and artificial period, perhaps ever recorded, namely, the middle of the eighteenth century, there is so far a justification for it. The same flippant impertinence for wit, and heartless want of high principle for philosophy, is put into the mouths of the characters, though it must be confessed, as we have said, that the fashion of this wretched period sanctions its introduction. The third volume is more particularly occupied with the state affairs, the fall of Struensee, and the condemnation of his unhappy, if not guilty mistress, Queen Caroline Matilda of Denmark. The vices and crimes of courts seem strangely enough to have become the universal subject of those whose tastes and feelings lead them into admiration of conventional superiority. Democracy cannot have better advocates than these admiring delineators of the contemptible class of individuals, who fasten on the corruption of monarchical government. The blindness of fortune, and the injustice of position, could not be more forcibly expressed by a Tom Paine.

The description of places and manners evidently prove it to be the work of a resident of many years, if not a native, and so far it is instructive, as well as amusing; and altogether it can be justly recommended as worthy, on many accounts, of perusal.

"The Citizen of Prague" is of a much more ambitious class, and

aims at combining many excellencies. It seeks to develop the minutest intricacies of passion and character, to deal profoundly with political philosophy, to describe scenery and courts picturesquely and graphically, and to garnish all with the graces of style and art. Making every allowance for the reduction of a translation, it cannot be said to fulfil its aims. The characters are elaborately drawn, but want the force and vigour of reality; they are too much exalted by description, which is too little justified by their conduct and language. A very witty, brilliant countess, is really, if judged by her proceedings, an impertinent spoiled girl; and the chief character, Thomas Thyraan, the citizen of Prague, is a more common-place personage than the eulogies everywhere bestowed upon him would lead one to expect. The Empress Maria Theresa is used as a piece of mere melodramatic machinery, who involves and emancipates the characters in a way most convenient to the author's idea of effect. Artistically considered, the novel is far too crowded with characters, descriptions, and intrigues. Of course low-bred children do not turn out to be low-born: and though the work is permeated with democratic sentiments, yet the usual homage of the novelist is paid to aristocracy, by finding out at last that they are not plebeian. It is not, however, without considerable merits; and it is occasionally interesting from the earnest delineations of the fortunes of its personages, and sometimes eloquent in its dissertations. The description of Karlstein, an ancient Austrian fortress, formerly invested with extraordinary privileges in order to maintain the pure military fervour of the middle ages, is extremely well given, and is an excellent satire on the melodramatic fervour manifested by the modern young nobility who wish to realize the idea of chivalry. The captain of this troop of fanatics and eccentrics, the Count Podiebrad, is a fair embodiment of the notions of Young England, and in this character the author has shown some capacity for humour. The bombardment of Prague is also powerfully and graphically described, without exaggeration, yet with a full delineation of the terrible horrors of war. To many also, the book will be acceptable from its high-wrought sentiment, but to us who think this factitious feeling dangerous and disagreeable, it is a serious blemish.

The great defect of such novels is the mode in which they confound right and wrong, by certain melodramatic graces they give to false positions and personages. They seek to create a compromise (as we had lately also to observe in a lady's writings) between two sternly hostile feelings, both of which cannot be right. They seek weakly, though perhaps amiably, to create a coalition between two contending principles. They say to Aristocracy, Democracy is a coarse, vulgar fellow, but he means well; to Democracy they say, Aristocracy is a severe old fellow, but then how graceful he is and how generous he can be. They alternate between the two, now revealing in the delineation of the finest feelings, and then impressing the



reader with the descriptions of gorgeous splendours. In one sentence, it is all grace and magnanimity of mind; the next, we are to be awed by costly dresses and sumptuous furniture. From the spirit they turn to the senses, paying to both an equal homage. This confusion of the essential and the non-essential; this pretended homage to rank and to justice cannot be correct, and the creation of a sentimental enthusiasm, blending both into one admiring feeling, is anything but beneficial to the cause of sense and right. The young will read these books, and will be influenced by them for a time: many, too, will go no further for the formation of opinions and principles, and this class will, to a certain extent, have their enthusiasm turned in a false direction. To those whose reflective powers are paramount, such works, as we have said before, can only expose the false state of things, where compensation for wrongs can only be gained by some fortuitous intervention of sentiment, and by the combination of romantic incidents that seldom occur. Maria Theresa and Caroline Matilda may have been always ready to rush in and, "throwing by a curtain hitherto unobserved," renounce or revoke an unjust judgment—they may have been able to legislate for various races and for all time,—they may have always the sublimest justice and philanthropy uppermost in their hearts; but still we must think it unreasonable to argue, or by indirect modes, assert that, therefore, it is desirable so to arrange society that a very small class of human creatures should have the control of millions. But, above all, we protest against this momentous and imminently approaching question being forestalled or compromised by writers who deal in factitious sentiments and unreasoning enthusiasm.

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THE EVENTFUL EPOCH; OR, THE FORTUNES OF ARCHER CLIVE. By NICHOLAS MICHELL, author of "The Traduced." In three vols. post 8vo. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

THE time of this novel is 1791, and the plot, language, and manners seem to be of the same period. Indeed, during its perusal we have turned to its title-page to be quite assured that we were not reading one of the original Minerva Press productions, all of which we thought had been put to flight by the new style introduced by the publication of *Waverley*. The vehement abuse of the French Revolution seems to be a re-utterance of the old volunteer enthusiasm when Frenchmen were represented as frogs, whom it was meritorious to spit and broil. The plot, such as it is, may be found in numerous plays and romances of the last century, where a virtuous and ideal hero rescues, to his own detriment, a chaste and persecuted wife from the machinations of an unscrupulous seducer. Besides this main business of the fiction, we have a

revolutionary enthusiast author, a benevolent old nobleman, a vinegar maiden aunt, and a very worthy young aristocratic lady, Minda Clive—the nearest approach to something like a revelation of character. The characters, manners, and incidents are all of that class that may be comprehensively styled the sham-real. There is no doubt human beings have had each of the characteristics described, and the events may all have occurred; but in this class of writing they are so unartistically and unnaturally apportioned and mingled, that they “look not like the inhabitants o’ the earth,” though they are placed upon it. The following quotation of one of the first sentences will, we think, justify our assertion as to the style and sentiments:—

*The Eye of England*, the fears of Europe, the curiosity of the world were directed to one country—that country was France. Already had *anarchy*, with the emblems of liberty *blazing on her lying front*, trampled on the *hearth and the altar*. The fair flag of the Bourbon had stooped to the *bloody tri-colour*.

This is a pretty fair specimen of the language; and we find, throughout the three volumes, phrases and catchwords we hoped our modern satirists and parodists had weeded for ever from our literature. We had flattered ourselves “withering scorn,”\* “glorious constitution,” “pollute not my ears,” had been banished for ever, at least as far as the suburb theatres: but it is not so. Men and women made to talk and act in the fashion of this sort of literature, bear almost as much resemblance to reality as the wax-work figures of barbers’ shops. There is a coarse outline and travestie of humanity, but no new revelations of human nature, or even just delineation of those characteristics which have been already mapped and recorded by its great observers. There is nothing gained by their perusal, all being distorted or burlesqued, and they can only please a class of readers excited by any representation of distress or violence that is placed before them, without consideration of its probability or even possibility; as, however, there are many such left, who patronise the circulating library, “The Eventful Epoch” may attain its share of readers. The test we apply to all works, is the amount of instruction or new experiences they afford, and not the mere temporary interest they may create.

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THE BARON’S YULE FEAST; a Christmas Rhyme. By THOMAS COOPER, the Chartist. Fcp. 8vo. London: J. How.

As this is termed “a Rhyme,” we shall not be very severe in applying the test as to whether it be poetry. That divine essence is so seldom found even in volumes of much greater pretension, that it may

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\* Pronounced “skurn,” in melodrame.

well be left in this instance for the reader to decide for himself. For ourselves, if we have not the essence in its most concentrated form, we prefer plain prose; especially as, if then there occasionally arise a profound thought poetically expressed, it is so much more than is anticipated that it is doubly welcome; but when the form of poetry is given, but the essence is wanting, then all is disappointing. Many readers however prefer prose run upon castors, and are satisfied with the form alone. To say that the present collection of verses is equal, if not superior to many that have gained popularity, is not the kind of praise that will satisfy a judicious author; doubtless, many aristocratic annuals might be improved by the introduction of Mr. Cooper's poems. But better things are to be expected from him. His talents and his position both enable him to do greater service to his class and the world than either of his poems have yet manifested. The true office of such men is to record new experiences, and reveal new conditions of humanity; and this we earnestly entreat him to devote himself to. We would have him cast aside the mere machinery of literature, the set phrases, the stereotyped characteristics, the worn out formula for constructing tales. Let him show us that section of society he has had such opportunities of observing, and has apparently capacity to describe. Let us see them as they are, with all their good and bad qualities; unvarnished, undisguised, but developed faithfully and fully, that the reflecting student of human nature may have wherewithal to study. There will be plenty of *material* to create the most intense interest and occupy the profoundest consideration. It is lamentable that literature, or rather the literary art, is used as a Lorraine glass, to give a factitious colour to facts and circumstances, rather than as a microscope to enlarge the knowledge of the student: to create a sentimental interest, and not to record the results of experience and observation. Writing merely to excite the reader is as short-sighted as it is injurious. The pampered reader grows more fastidious as each high-seasoned dish is presented; whereas, when the pabulum is of a wholesome nature, the appetite does but increase with what it feeds on. When writers, with the talents and experiences of Mr. Cooper, neglect to apply themselves to "The Revelations" of truth and nature, which they must be enabled to make, it is deeply to be regretted, and we earnestly hope he and all such will aid the good and great cause by opening up fresh stores of information. The poor (that is nine tenths of the population) have never yet been truly represented as regards their characteristics, opinions, or condition. We know as little of their real state as of the tribes of Africa, perhaps less. Yet here is one of themselves, who has the power of utterance and speaks not of them, but of matters already exhausted by the scholars of a class who have been delineated sufficiently, and perhaps more than sufficiently. Mr. Cooper might give the poor a literature, and then we should soon find them rising in the social scale. We do not

yet despair of seeing this done for them by some vigorous and sincere spirit of their own class, and if the report of the speeches of the agricultural labourers, at their meeting on the Wiltshire Downs, has not been heightened, we may expect a genuine revelation from them at no distant day.

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**THE EARL OF GOWRIE: a Tragedy, in Five Acts.** By the Rev. J. WHITE. 8vo. London. C. Newby.

**THE LORD OF BURGHLEY.** A Play, in Five Acts. 8vo. London. E. Churton.

THE "Lord of Burghley" has some very pleasing and beautiful writing, but as a drama it is deficient in all the requisites of passion, character, action, contrast, and plot. As a narrative poem it would have been less open to objection; and the author's genius seems more akin to this species of literature, delighting as it does in amplifying, very much in the manner, if not to say in direct imitation of Sheridan Knowles, a common-place thought and every-day occurrence in various pleasing fancies. The cadences and turn of verse are borrowed too from this popular writer. It is but justice to add, it is one of the most evenly sustained works we ever read—as level as a railroad, though not so monotonous to travel over.

The "Earl of Gowrie" is a far better drama, though inferior as a poem. The characters are well defined, and there is power and passion in some of the scenes. Still it is too much elaborated, and there is a systematic display of dramatic resources and an apparent consciousness in the personages of the play that prevent its being esteemed as the product of a truly dramatic genius.

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**THE ENCHANTED ROCK: a Comanche Legend.** By PERCY B. ST. JOHN. 18mo. London: Hayward and Adams.

THIS is the second Series of Mr. P. B. St. John's "Indian Tales, illustrative of American Life," and it is written in as fluent and picturesque a style as the former. It appears that the author has visited the scenes and savage people he describes, and there is a great deal of spirit and interest in his descriptions. With regard to the characters and story, there seems to be more of literary skill than personal observation and originality of invention. It would have been more pleasant to us to have met with a closer imitation of the manners of these Indian tribes, not that we are prepared to dispute the general correctness of the outline given; but they appear to be drawn too much after the pattern of the long-received portraits of such savages, which we suspect, on a more intimate acquaintance, will be found to be as much like as the manners of Eastern life portrayed in "Almorán and

Hamet," and other stories of the same kind, written before the east became better known to us, are to those of Hindostan or Persia. From Mr. Percy St. John's ready literary talents, and means of observation, and energy of nature, we may expect far more valuable results. To disseminate new experiences of facts or feelings is the great end of all literature, and to this highest position there is every probability of this young writer's raising himself, if he will only make it his aim. As it is, we do not think he has yet done justice to the powers he possesses. The little tale, however, is well worthy of perusal, and is written in a very right and good spirit.

MARGARET ; OR, THE GOLD MINE. From the French of BERTHET. 1 vol. post 8vo. London : R. Weir.

WE might very well have excused ourselves from noticing this work, seeing that it has been published nearly a year : we have, however, looked into it sufficiently to say that it is written in a harmless spirit, and contains enough description of French manners and character to reward a perusal. The story flows more gently, not to say languidly, than most modern French novels, but is not without interest.

FOREST AND GAME LAWS. By HARRIET MARTINEAU. In 3 vols. Vol. II. London : E. Moxon.

WE have already recorded our opinion of the principle on which these tales are composed. In the present volume, as the subjects approach our own times, we are happy to see the author's genius shining forth more potently. The story entitled "Heathendom in Christendom" is powerfully narrated, and we are assured it is little more than a narrative of a murder which took place thirty years ago, with scarcely any alteration but the names. If, however, there be no alteration, there must be additions to make the events cohere as a tale.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S

SHILLING MAGAZINE.

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THE USES OF FOOLS.

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KING SOLOMON himself was probably not so wise but that he might have been much wiser; and we hope that the collective wisdom of the world in general, and of our own great and mighty nation in particular, will pardon us for doubting its omniscience. We believe that it has yet to learn many things—perhaps; certainly, one thing,—the magnitude of the uses, political and social, of the class of people called Fools. Be it our task, then, to advocate the claims of folly, to show forth its dignity, and demonstrate the services which it renders to the community at large. And if we happily succeed in our endeavour, we shall have pumped up a no small bucketful from the yet unexhausted well of truth.

The word Fool is a term of contempt. What a difference there is between names and things! The individual fool is often a person of honour. How many, by their lives and exploits, who, had the motives of their actions been examined, would have been proved arrant blockheads, have, on the contrary, gained renown in their day, and rendered themselves everlastingly famous! We mean no offence to any worthy hero, present or defunct; but we must say, that the fools of society are some of its finest fellows.

We would not harm a fly, much less hurt the feelings of the British, or any other lion. We trust, therefore, that no great fool will consider the comparison we are about to draw as intentionally an odious one. But we are desirous, for our argu-

ment's sake, of pointing out an analogy which exists between the race of fools and the lower animals.

They are both remarkable for a certain want of sense—for a greater or less deficiency of reason. Now it is to the lack of sense and reason in the brutes, that their utility is in a great measure owing. Were the elephant a wholly rational, instead of a half-reasoning quadruped, would he be such a booby as to become a beast of burden—such a zany as to exhibit himself at a fair? Would the dog, with a little more sagacity, be such a simpleton as to submit to be kennelled, and to be persuaded to hunt on our account, when he might remain at large and hunt on his own? Would he toil and slave as a turnspit, a scout, or a go-fetch? If the equine skull were not a num-skull, where would be the dray-horse, or the hack? If the intellect of the barb were equal to his mettle, where the high-mettled racer? It is mighty fine, forsooth, to call the donkey a stupid ass; but for his stupidity would he carry panniers? Not he; nor would any of the tribe of asses put up with the impositions that are laid upon them. The monkey, according to the Negroes, has the wit to hold his tongue; not, as an old philosopher suggested, because he has nothing to say, which still would have been sensible enough, but lest he should be set to work. Thus Jacko—if we must credit Sambo—by the wisdom through which he is allied to man, exempts himself from man's dominion.

Nature has wisely implanted certain instincts in brutes, and we make use of them by directing their instincts. As wisely has Nature implanted certain propensities in fools, and they make themselves useful, by obeying their natural propensities.

And here, not impertinently, it may be asked—"Whom do you call fools, we should like to know?" Fools, beloved reader, are the unreasoning portion of mankind. It is a peculiarity of all fools that they act from their mere impulses. The uncommon fool, the madman who jumps out of window, is but an exaggeration of the common fool. He obeys his impulse without looking to consequences. So does every fool, more or less, in his degree. Needs must, with him, when a certain personage drives, and his driver is his uppermost passion for the time being: away he goes, no matter what will happen during his course; still less where it will lead to in the long run. Perhaps as good a picture of a fool as any portrait of a gentleman that ever appeared at the Royal Academy's Exhibition, is a gallant young sportsman riding a

steeple-chase,—yoicks—yoho! (we speak in character,) over hedge, ditch, spiked railing, chevaux-de-frise, and glass bottles; through river, streamlet, pond, pool, brook, puddle, gutter, thicket, bush, brake, bramble; helter-skelter, pell-mell, neck or nothing! Does he set no store by his life, and limbs, and precious eyesight? Quite the reverse; perhaps he values his brains at a higher rate than other people do; but this fine young English gentleman, with his high animal spirits, is not highly gifted with reflection; and in the noble ardour of sport he has blinked personal considerations. He is but a slight caricature of fools in general. They agree with him in the peculiarity of not thinking; and they therefore pursue their pleasure irrespectively of unpleasant results. Now, there are many parts in the great drama of life, whose performance is attended with much that is disagreeable. Most people are actuated by their worldly self-interest: were they wise enough to know it, they would never undertake these characters. But fools, happily, adopt them from inclination; and herein lies their utility. They are just as fond of themselves, and of the good things of this life, as wiser people are. Being, however, fortunately deficient in the powers of comparison, judgment, forethought, imagination, as well as in perceptive faculties and knowledge, they are unable to see and indisposed to consider the damage, hazard, trouble and annoyance, which are likely to beset the vocations they have chosen. What a fine thing is this for the worldly-wise! They have thus all their dirty and disagreeable work done for them. Were it otherwise, it would be as though there were no scavengers or chimney-sweeps. Who would become a coal-heaver, or even a footman, from a mere conviction of his fitness for the office? England may expect every man to do his duty; but if England relied solely on his sense of duty, we fear she would be wofully disappointed. Some men may act well their parts from a principle of right; but the monsters of morality who would choose them from such a motive, are much too scarce for practical purposes. Glory, then, to the fools who supply the place of patriots and philanthropists!

To a commercial country like England, one very great advantage of fools is, the immense benefit which various descriptions of them confer on trade. Trade is promoted by the spending of money. There are many fools who are as loath as the wisest people to part with their cash, except for value received. Thanks, however, to their foolish ideas of value, they distribute thousands, which otherwise would rust in their coffers. JEMMY WOODS at



heart, they are **GEORGE-THE-FOURTHS** in deed. They are splendidly vain and royally fond of display. Reason would catechise them to the effect following :—

What solid advantage did they derive from outward show? Were they such geese as to admire it in other people? Could other people be such asses as to admire it in them? What pleasure could they take in the approbation of asses? What good could they get from approbation at all, except in as far as it served their interests? But were they not rich? Need they care for anybody? Why spend money upon anything but solid pudding? Why not save it for a rainy day? Such would be their reflections, provided they could reflect. And what then? Why, they would jingle their purses, put them up, slap their pockets, chuckle, and hug themselves in their self-complacency, and laugh at the extravagance of their neighbours. But, their folly be praised, they cannot abstract or generalise, or perform any of those dangerous processes which reduce humbug to its nakedness. They love ostentation; they dote, in their folly, upon praise; and to this idol they sacrifice their hoards. Ye jewellers, milliners, tailors, haberdashers, perfumers, coachmakers, and all ye purveyors to the court of fashion, bear witness to the utility of these magnificent fools.

The medical faculty, which, in its present state, may well be ranked amongst trades, is also largely indebted to those who are deficient in the faculty of reason. What a blessed thing it is for the body-tinkers, that men's bodies require so much tinkering, which they would not want if men knew how to manage them! How fortunate it is for them that there are so many fools in the world who know not, or do not reflect, that diseases arise from breaking the natural laws! How much, especially, does it profit them, that such fools, whom we may call **Fools of the Stomach**, will eat, and stuff, and gormandise, and swill, and guzzle, till they get gout, the bile, indigestion, and nine-tenths of all other diseases! Suppose Wisdom would only whisper to the aldermanic, and kindred fools, "Why, you stupid pig, do you go on cramming yourself with turtle and venison, and drinking ale, and wine, and punch, in quantities sufficient for a dozen people? Don't you see, dolt that you are, that you are overloading your stomach, contaminating your blood, and will have to pay, both in purse and person, for your folly?" Suppose Wisdom, thus crying, though with the voice of a clown, "Stop! What are ye about?" were listened to. Sons of **Æsculapius**, what would become of the

“profession?” And what would ye do, gentlemen, but for nervous old women, and whimsical young ones, and melancholy and hypochondriacal fools in general? Could all your patients distinguish between a remedy and a placebo; were they aware of the real limits of your art; did they know how many of their complaints could be cured by temperance and exercise alone, how could you keep your carriages? Had they the prudence to eat and drink a little less, do you think you would get your bread and cheese?

From medicine, by a not unnatural transition, we pass to another trade, which is largely supported by fools. The undertaker succeeds the physician in our thoughts, almost in the relation of cause and effect. It is he who has the last to do with that on which the doctor has done his best—or worst. Ashes, any one but a fool would think, might be consigned to ashes, and dust to dust, with small ado and little cost. Fools, however, to the undertaker's emolument, think otherwise. Hence the pomp and the paraphernalia attendant on funerals. Now, what would be the consequence to the poor undertaker, if all his customers were able to reason? Most of them believe that man is an immortal spirit, and that a disembodied soul is in a higher state of existence. They do not suppose such a being is capable of feeling honoured by outward show: still less can they imagine that it has any regard for an ostentation of fripperies from a shop in Regent-street or Oxford-street. They cannot but conceive it as looking with supreme contempt on the trumpery of crape, and scarfs, and hat-bands, and plumes of feathers, and mutes,—either full, or thinking, of Barclay and Perkins's Entire,—and hearses and mourning coaches from Long Acre, and horses with topknots of feathers; the animals being stained black for the occasion with lunar caustic. Still less can they fancy that it could be pleased that these ceremonies should attend the consignment of its former clothing, its mere left-off tatters, to the earth. They cannot think that it regards its deserted hull otherwise than as any intelligent chicken would value its shell, any wise serpent its cast skin, any clear-headed butterfly its chrysalis-case. They know that the “mortal coil” once shuffled off, has no feeling in itself, and can therefore derive no benefit from a demonstration in its honour. They might know, with the least research, that by the laws of Nature it is destined to be resolved into its elements, and will not even remain in the place where it is deposited, but must, sooner or later, mingle with

the material universe. A very little science would tell them that it is a compound of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, sulphur, phosphorus, lime, potash, soda, and other salts, derived from various eatables and drinkables; from transmuted beef, pudding, mutton, veal and ham, potatoes, bottled stout and other liquors. They would esteem it highly absurd to pay ante-sepulchral honours to a mutton chop. And yet, with very expensive rites, they worship the result of eating. Wherefore? Because instinct prompts them to show a respect for the deceased, and common sense does not prescribe the mode of showing it; because their heads can contemplate but one idea, or are incapable of putting a few ideas together. Reason with these worthy folks, and they will tell you, truly, that it is of no use to reason with them. If rationality were general, the obsequies, both of rich and poor, would be simply plain and decent. Grief would seem mocked by association with drapery; solemnity outraged by connexion with upholstery. The now plump and jolly undertaker would be reduced to a mere starveling. No more would funerals be furnished at the outlay of a little fortune, and evil would be the plight of those who by this craft get their living. Let those sleek, well-fed citizens, then, among others, bethink them, as they sip their port and crack their walnuts, of the vast obligations which they are under towards fools.

We may almost seem to assert what every fool knows, in merely alluding to the employment which fools afford the lawyers. Herein, however, they do the state a service which has never as yet been estimated. Of course the law would be of no use if nobody could be found to take it. Rogues and swindlers might then prey with impunity. Now, when a man is injured or cheated, the probabilities and chances are, that if he seek legal redress, he will, even should he gain his cause, find himself out of pocket on the whole. This consideration would deter nearly all reflecting persons, except the very few who are actuated by public spirit, from ever having recourse to law. They would rather put up with wrong, and allow themselves to be defrauded, than go to the expense of justice. Offenders of all kinds would go unpunished. Moral and religious obligation would be the only inducement to prosecute. A pretty state, indeed, society would be in! But folly supplies prosecutors and plaintiffs. The vindictive, irascible, and litigious fools, in gratifying their own humours, effect, thus, the ends of justice; and whilst they feed and fatten the attorney and barrister, promote the welfare of the nation.

We will not say how far that form of folly called superstition may, in respect of temporalities, have benefited another profession; nor inquire on what account there was need of a statute of Mortmain. But we beg respectfully to remind your reverences that one characteristic of fools is their inability to perceive incongruity. Do you know any rich pluralists? Are you acquainted with any dignitaries who are called—no, not Rabbi, but—My Lord? How would these things be if so many among us were not blind to inconsistency?

People are sometimes apt to complain of the limited extent of the wisdom of parliament and of ministers. They should consider, however, how necessary are fools to the constitution of a senate or a cabinet. Those who have business of their own to attend to can hardly conduct that of the nation; we are therefore mainly dependent, for our legislators, on the wealthy classes. Now, if every rich nobleman or gentleman were to ponder upon the troubles, turmoils, and perplexities of office; to imagine himself caricatured in the print shops, and ridiculed, abused, and traduced in the newspapers; whilst, on the other hand, he reflected how quietly he might enjoy himself on his own estate or in travelling; in how many pleasant pursuits he might occupy his time: he would require some very strong motive to induce him to enter public life. If he had not such a motive in his ambition, if he were philosopher enough to divest himself of that passion, what would the queen and the country do for servants? How many would be found who would serve the public from pure love? But where those few angels only could be induced to tread, the fools of ambition rush in, and so we have the business of the nation done—after a fashion. This consideration will explain many legislative anomalies, which have never, as yet, been accounted for.

But whether or no the civil government could be conducted if there were no fools, assuredly the military and naval services could never be supplied without them. As we do not make this assertion without some fear of being called to account for it, we hereby advertise every gallant fellow whom it may concern, that we believe that he, individually, entered the army or navy, either because he had no other means of getting his living, or from compulsion; or else from a religious motive, he feeling in himself a special calling to the profession of arms, solely in order to defend his native land. We are persuaded, therefore, that he became a soldier or a sailor for very good reasons; and we, accordingly,

beg he will understand that we impute no folly to him. But we fear that were all those who, independently of any of the above-mentioned motives, and without any thought or reflection at all, have put on the red coat, or the blue jacket, deducted from the brave defenders of our country, that country would be very poorly off for defence. We suspect that there would be but a sorry remainder, were our forces deprived of all those who have entered them from mere love of glory and excitement, and a desire to shine in a gay uniform; and we tremble to think of the consequences that would ensue if heroes, generally, had reason and imagination enough to ask themselves a few such questions as the following, which, presuming to speak as with the voice of Wisdom, we will suggest.

Wherefore are you about to gird on the sword? For Fame and Glory? For show, and the admiration of the Fair,—eh? And a fig for danger, of course! Pray, simpleton! have you considered what danger means? Have you imagined, booby! the sensations occasioned by a musket-ball in the knee-joint? Have you calculated, loggerhead! the results of a cannon-shot's impinging on your shin-bone? Dolt! has it ever occurred to you to fancy yourself undergoing amputation? Have you, noodle! ever pictured yourself to yourself, with a shell bursting at your ear; a rocket exploding in your stomach; or your eye poked out with a bayonet? Can you conceive your mangled body, you dullard! lying on the field of battle, with a horse trampling on your crushed limbs, or stamping its hoof in your mouth? Have the delights of a forced march, or a bivouac in the open air, in wet, and cold, and hunger, ever presented themselves to your stupid mind? What amount of glory, worth speaking of, mooncalf! are you, one among thousands, likely to gain? And as to the admiration of the ladies, soft man! what would they think of you with a wooden leg, or a nose flattened with the butt-end of a carbine? What, ninny-hammer! is most likely to be the reward of your prowess, after all, but a beggarly half-pay? And do you really mean to say, blockhead! that you have no regard for your precious carcase; no desire for comfort and enjoyment; and that you positively cannot find any more pleasant and profitable occupation than the trade of warfare? And you confess, do you, you dog! that any idea that Providence had called you to this, never entered your thick and unbelieving head? Why, then, you ass; you goose, you gull, you silly, empty coxcomb, go along with you, and turn doctor, or

lawyer, or parson, or bill-discounter, or broker, or banker; and eat, and drink, and sleep jollily, in peace and plenty all the days of your life.

“Why should a soldier think, boys?” says the song. We apprehend, indeed, that we have given very sufficient reasons why he should not think; and have shown that it is to his incapacity of thinking that we are indebted for our valiant champions. Where, but for our inestimable fools would be our wooden walls, our mighty possessions, our freedom, our very existence as a nation? Where would be our boast of Cregy and Agincourt, of Blenheim, Ramillies, Talavera, Vittoria, Saragossa, Waterloo? All glory, then, unto Glory’s fools, who brave that danger in the cannon’s mouth which it is to be feared they would not brave if they were only able to think about it.

We have yet one more proof—our strongest—to instance, of the mighty value of fools. It will be agreed, on all hands, that, but for matrimony, the world would very soon be at an end. Far be it from us to insinuate that none but the subjects of the present observations wed. But we do maintain, that if all “persons about to marry” were capable of analysing their own and their intended partners’ minds, and of judging how far their dispositions accorded, and thence to deduce the probability of their future happiness, the number of unions would suffer an alarming reduction. Fancy that every lover could discern faults in the object of his affections: imagine that from a transient pout or frown, or a temporary fit of sulking, he could infer ill temper: suppose he could thus foresee hymeneal storms—look out for matrimonial squalls: or say that from a needless purchase he could predict extravagance; perverseness and obstinacy from a small whim; or irrationality from an inconsecutive remark: how many hapless maidens would be doomed to involuntary celibacy! It may be apprehended, too, that the number of matches would be further not a little lessened, if all fond lovers were capable of imagining the troubles and responsibilities attendant upon married life, and also of calculating its probable expenses, and the likelihood of finding the means to meet them. But what with those who are born fools, and those whom passion places, for the time being, in that category, those perceptions and reflective processes which would so fearfully discourage matrimonial views in general, are prevented. What sufferers would womankind and the clergy be through the universality of wisdom! Heavy would be the loss of the con-

fectioner ; small the consumption of *bride-cake*. Thus we see, that to the tribe of fools, not only is society indebted for some of its most useful servants, but even for its very perpetuation. And fools it will still require. It would be perilous if all were wise, unless all were also good. Universal wisdom will be desirable in the Milleennium, but not till then. We believe we have shown what evils would ensue if everybody were endowed with that dangerous possession, knowledge, and with the mischievous faculty of reasoning. And surely we deserve some thanks from their holinesses, and reverences, and high-and-mightinesses, who have endeavoured to arrest the march of mind, and impede the development of reason. In the meantime, commend us to your fools. Let the fool's cap be a badge of honour, and the first of April a day famous in the calendar.

PERCIVAL LEIGH.

### OLD MISERY, THE MISER.

At the beginning of January 183—, and at an early hour in the evening, a fire broke out on the premises of a floor-cloth manufactory situated in the immediate environs of London. A quantity of oil contained in the building had ignited, and the whole pile became one glowing mass. Higher and higher the flames mounted, roaring and leaping till the sky grew red, blood-red, as it overhung the scene. Dense volumes of smoke rolled off, filling the upper air. Crowds of people, making the engine-drivers furious, blocked up every street and avenue. The firemen, hemmed in on all sides, were busily endeavouring to force their way. Females shrieked, men swore loudly,—the firemen swearing loudest of all. And still the throng increased, thousands hurrying up from all sides and filling every thoroughfare conducting to the spot. But a few paces from the flaming pile was a store where saltpetre was kept, and this intelligence was speedily circulated amongst the lookers-on. The wind having commenced blowing slightly, the fire soon communicated with the store, and the utmost alarm was now manifested. A terrace of large houses adjoined the latter building, and the flames were widening rapidly. Water too was difficult to

he obtained, for the weather was so severe as to have frozen all the pipes, and scarcely an engine could be worked. In the mean time the flames held on their course unchecked, and two of the houses adjoining the saltpetre store were already kindled. Three now, for the curling fire ran along the roofs exultingly. Ladders were reared against the windows, even those at the furthest end of the terrace, and therefore remotest from the danger. Piles of household furniture grew up suddenly in the street. Fathers, with insane looks, poured forth a profusion of orders, that were drowned in the tumult. Servants ran hither and thither. Dogs howled. Children screamed. Women fainted. Confusion became confounded.

As the fire spread along the terrace, there was one house that attracted universal notice. The flames ascending from the saltpetre warehouse, brilliant as they were, and their hues were gorgeous, did not serve to distract the uniform attention rivetted on this building. It seemed from the street a glowing, gutted pile, and yet individuals could be descried in the various apartments running to and fro. They disappeared presently, and the roof fell in, sending up one vast cloud of dust and smoke, that for some moments obscured the whole scene.

Suddenly on the top—yes, on the very top—on the outermost wall of the roofless carcass, appeared a female figure. Beneath, the flaming abyss glowed like a crater. In the imagination of the spectators, the crumbling sides had begun to rock. Every breath seemed hushed, and to the stunning noise, an awful calm had succeeded.

Immediately a voice was heard to exclaim that a wedding had taken place in that fated house, on that day, and it was speedily reported that this was none other than the bride herself, who thus appealed with frantic gestures for their aid.

“Stand aside there! will no one help her?” cried the musical voice of a youth from a quarter where the pressure was less dense. “Cowards, cowards, out of the way I say.” And he darted forwards, elbowing his way towards the building.

As this incident did not take place unnoticed, some movement was occasioned in the crowd, which was becoming worked up to a feverish pitch of excitement. The fire had spread to the adjoining houses, and was raging with unabated fury; the smoke, however, was carried by the wind in a direction opposite to that towards



which all eyes, with an irresistible impulse, were directed. A cry of joy broke from the assembled multitude, when they beheld a lofty ladder slowly reared against the tottering wall. But it reached only to the windows of the third floor, and there was the height of another beyond it.

Suspense grew fearful now. Some of the boldest among them, having the hint thus given, began to devise plans of assistance, and a few grew desperate at the idea of leaving a fellow-creature, young and newly married, to perish in a manner so truly terrible. The ladder was lowered, and another of smaller dimensions lashed securely to its top. Again it was reared, and this time with greater caution. But a shout of horror burst from the multitude. The female had disappeared.

She had fallen, in fact, into the flames raging within the building, and where humanity shrinks from following her, in her awful fate. When all further aid was thus rendered unavailing, and nothing remained to be done, the voices of the spectators grew imperious, and many were heard to wonder why the ladder had not been reared before, some even muttering that a stir ought to be made about it, and that it should be by no means hushed up; others there were, who loudly announced their firm desire to have hazarded their lives, as if they were worthless, in the poor lady's behalf—*only* the pressure of the crowd withheld them. But one voice near the centre of the throng was loud above the rest.

"I say," it exclaimed, "and I'll hold to it, that this young man was the first that offered help."

"Who was? who?" cried another voice, equally loud, but in accents that made the hearers tremble. "Let me see him—I'm her father—let me see him."

The multitude gave way, with suspended breath, leaving room for the speaker to pass. Eager faces peered inquisitively into his, as he pushed his way along, but they instantly drew back in fear, so terrible was the agony depicted on his countenance. The crowd was so dense that it was no easy thing, with all good will on their part, to elbow through them,—for the passage that had been momentarily opened, closed again from the effects of the distant pressure. But the speaker persisted in his efforts, and raised his voice more loudly as the delay increased.

"Why—look you all?" he cried, "she was my child—my child—a bride this morning, and now swallowed by the flames.

There was not one amongst you, but that youth, would stir a step to save her, though every hair on her head should have brought gold to her preserver."

Just at this juncture, and as a seasonable interruption to the old man's wailings, the roof of the adjoining building fell in, and at the same time the engines, having at length been fully supplied with water, began to play vigorously. Another incident for a time diverted the attention of the crowd. When the dust and smoke had in some measure cleared off, a little dog was discovered on the window-sill of the third story. The terrified animal howled piteously, for its feet were scorched by the heat of the bricks and the burning wood.

"Ten pounds," cried a voice from amongst the throng, "Ten pounds to him who will save that dog."

There was a movement in the crowd. Numbers were eager to obtain the proffered reward. What compassion in the former instance had failed to accomplish, cupidity was now in a fair way to achieve.

"I'll double it rather than lose him," exclaimed the owner of the animal, "Twenty pounds—twenty pounds if my dog is saved."

"D'ye hear that?" shouted the old man whose daughter had fallen a victim to the flames. "D'ye hear that?" he cried, furiously,—“Twenty pounds for a dog! Where's my child?"

"This is he you wanted," observed a bystander, pushing forward the youth whose tender of assistance had before attracted attention. The crowd fell back in a circle round the old man and the young stranger. Conferring amongst themselves respecting the age of the latter, the beholders were unanimous in opinion that he was scarcely turned eighteen, which indeed was the fact. The wretched father seized his hand with a frenzied gesture, and exclaimed—

"God bless you, lad—God bless you! I don't distinguish you clearly, for my sight is dim. I can't weep—I wish I could. I'm an old man, as you see. She was my only child, and her husband is dead too—crushed in attempting to save her."

In the meantime the dog had been rescued by some adventurous individual, though not without contention on the part of others. The owner, whose whole concern seemed engrossed by the animal, edged his way from amongst the multitude, and took up a position by his wretched neighbour, whose child, less fortunate than the

brute, had perished. The youth continued to support the bereaved parent. Consolation was useless, and he did not attempt it.

"Take him hence," said one of the bystanders, addressing the young man, and pointing to his wretched companion. "Take him out o' sight of this and out o' hearing of it."

"'Tis good advice at all events," replied the youth, and he prevailed upon the old man to suffer himself to be led away.

"Oh, my child—my child—you are taking me from my child!" In accents such as these, he poured forth his anguish as they walked along. Several of the crowd, impelled by curiosity, had detached themselves from the main throng and followed them. To escape these, the youth entered the first inn they reached, and led his companion to a quiet room, from which the multitude of spectators was, of course, excluded. There he seated him, well nigh sinking, in a chair, and bathed his temples and his hands with vinegar.

Suddenly,—after the lapse, perhaps, of half an hour, during which interval the sufferer had betrayed no consciousness of the loss he had sustained, or of the events that had taken place, he sprang from his seat and darted towards the door. It was locked to prevent intrusion, and offered resistance to his efforts to throw it open.

"Why do you keep me here?" he cried wildly. "They are murdering my child for the sake of the gold I have given her. Let me go. The sight of her father will daunt them."

The youth endeavoured to lead him back. The landlord's daughter, who had accompanied them into the apartment, clung to his arm.

"Speak to my father to prepare him a bed," she said, her eyes filling with tears. "He must sleep—sleep is the only thing for him."

"That's *her* voice," cried the wretched man, looking helplessly at the speaker. "She would speak so always—always kind—always gentle."

They led him to a chair. He no longer resisted them.

"Yes," he murmured. "*She* would speak so always."

And this he continued to repeat in a whisper barely audible, till his assistants thought he had dropped asleep. The girl, drawing near to dispose his head, which had fallen on his breast, more comfortably, gazed steadily in his face. Her features changed sud-

denly, and she signed to the youth to approach. Immediately afterwards they opened the door, and spread the tidings of the old man's death.

Amidst the confusion that ensued,—the room being on the instant well nigh filled with awe-stricken people,—the youth withdrew, and regained the street. He was instantly beset by the crowd, and overwhelmed with queries as to what had taken place. And when the sad event was made known to them, they were not, as those within the room, where the dead man sat in his chair like sleeping life, hushed by awe and terror. Comments were loudly and coarsely made. Rude men broke into noisy speech, and, to the youth's astonishment, declared that the deceased ought to have died years before, and so have spared the world much wrong and misery.

Unprompted by curiosity, a question rose to his lips, but he did not utter it, for he wished to escape all further contact with the rough people that surrounded him. Seeing the fire still raging among the houses on the terrace, he rushed forward, and in a few minutes was mingling in the commotion that prevailed on the spot of the conflagration. But here also—for the news had preceded him,—he heard the same comment delivered with much emphasis. If he shifted his position—and that, in the working to and fro of the crowd, was unavoidable—the same words rang in his ears, reaching him from every side. And at last, the youth, without being able to obtain a plausible reason for this opinion, so seemingly universal, caught himself subscribing to the uncharitable sentiment, and echoing the remark of the crowd, that the deceased should have died years before.

The wherefore remained a mystery. When he found himself alone in his chamber he sat down, and strove to rid his recollection of all discordant images connected with the scene he had so recently witnessed, that he might reflect on that alone. The deceased ought to have died years ago! A vindictive feeling, roused by some real or suspected injury, might have given rise to such a comment, if it had been uttered by two or three persons only; but published thus openly by a multitude—what was he to think of it? What harm had the dead man in his life-time wrought? What deep wrong had he committed? He had asked that question of the speakers who were loudest in the proclamation of the verdict, but he had obtained no answer—nothing but a repetition of the words. He had sought for any possible solution to the enigma,

but could gather none. He remembered that no show of dislike was manifested towards the deceased while he went among the crowd, wailing for his daughter; but whether that forbearance was due to ignorance of his name and person at that time, or arose from commingled feelings of awe and involuntary respect—awe at the terrible fate of the young bride, and respect for the father's agony of soul—agony so great, that it might well stifle all censorious speech, however deserved, he could not determine.

He visited the still smoking ruins at an early hour the next morning. Though all danger was over, two or three of the smaller engines yet kept their station—a corresponding number of firemen lounging guard upon them. A fresh concourse of spectators had assembled, to whom the erection of a barricade of planks around the site of the destroyed property, under the superintendence of the police, was a source of vast interest. The ravages of the fire had been very great. Besides the floor-cloth manufactory, and saltpetre store, five houses on the terrace had been wholly or partially destroyed. Here also, while mingling with the crowd, and surveying the scene of destruction, the cry of the preceding night fell dismally, yet, in spite of himself, convincingly, upon his ears—*He ought to have died years before!*

He was resolved to fathom the mystery, and for that purpose accosted a man having all the appearance of a gentleman in his bearing, though shabbily dressed—one who had seen better days, as the phrase goes. What did it mean, he asked? The sudden excitement betrayed by this individual was singular to witness. He did not reply, however, but moved impatiently away.

A romance certainly, but an uneasy one. The youth, forcing through the crowd, made the best of his way to the inn where he had left the dead man on the previous night. The landlord's daughter was in the bar. She no sooner saw him than she uttered an exclamation of joy.

"I was afraid that we should not see you again, sir," she said; "you are so much wanted up stairs."

"I—wanted? Who wants me?"

"The old gentleman, that we thought was dead last night; but you took your leave in such a hurry that you did not learn it was but a swoon!"

The youth gave a bound forward. The delight that he experienced—the old man being a stranger to him—was unaccountable. Surprise was quite a secondary feeling.

"Is he stirring yet," he inquired.

"No—but he will see *you* directly," was the reply. "He did nothing but ask after you. If they tell the truth about him, he has led a wicked life."

"Ha! I have heard something of that! What has he done? Who is he?"

"Don't you know, sir? He's OLD MISERY, the miser,"

"Old Misery! I never heard of such a person!"

"Why I thought all London had heard of Old Misery."

"I never have, I assure you. But I will not be inquisitive about him. He wishes to see me, you say?"

"Yes."

The youth presently found himself in the sleeping apartment occupied by the object of his interest—not yet awake. Placing a chair by the bedside, he seated himself, and contemplated the pinched features of the slumbering man.

The sleeper was turned sixty-five, or a year or two nearer seventy perhaps. His thin, straggling grey hair should have won respect, the youth thought; and would have won it, he doubted not, if the life of him for whom it pleaded had not been of a complexion to make age, in an individual case, dishonourable. The lines that were deepened in the forehead—the brow, corrugated even in slumber—the weazen cheeks—the thin, bloodless lips—the angularity of the countenance, at a general view, were far from pleasing, and showed to more disadvantage on the sleeper's pillow, than when distorted by terrible grief on the preceding night. The old man started—not thoroughly awake—but catching at the skirts of the dream that was leaving him. Raising himself in the bed, and staring about him, as if dimly comprehending the presence of some great calamity, but uncertain of its nature, his eyes encountered the youth. Then memory concentrated all her strength upon the late event, and he fell back sobbing, with his face buried in the pillow.

But this first burst of feeling once controlled, he was enabled to talk calmly of what had taken place, and to view it as a deserved retribution for a life, and a long life too, of huge misdeed. "Confidence," he said to his young companion, "that I have not deserved from any living being—not even from her who should have risen from her bridal bed this morning, I place in *you*." He continued to speak, and the youth listened in sorrow—in amazement—in affright! The history so narrated was, alas! a too com-

mon one—a miser's—an usurer's—aggravated perhaps, in some of its details, but only the history of a grinding usurer at the worst; of a man who had bent his knee at the shrine of the golden idol, and eaten the bread of orphans to that end. Nothing more.

But, if there was little that was strange in the history, there was much that was strange in the feeling that dictated its disclosures. Ay, there was that which was *very* strange. There was—be it not lightly spoken of, nor treated with incredulity—repentance; and there was deep overwhelming remorse also. Many times as the speaker proceeded, he bowed his head, and wept in very agony. Who can despair of the greatest criminal, when a miser, and a devourer of widows' houses, has repented?

"Let us be stirring," he said. "I swear I will not break my fast, till I have undone what mischief I can reach to undo."

"But your health, sir," pleaded the youth, "requires that you should not go abroad on this raw morning, without having taken some nourishment—a cup of tea—a roll. Let me order them."

He attempted to hold out, but yielded presently to the youth's persuasion; saying, as he did so, that he was well-tutored, and needed to be schooled in all things now. A cab being provided for them at the door, the old man having partaken of a very slight breakfast, and given the driver his directions, they set forward, avoiding the street in which the scenes of the last night had occurred, and so they came at last to Millbank, where they alighted.

There are many obscure localities frowned upon by the convict prison in this neighbourhood; but the least enviable as a place of residence is — street. The old man and his young companion having bade the driver await them, went in search of it. It was found with little difficulty. But let us precede them by a few minutes.

In the lower room of one of the dwellings in the street, a woman, scarcely turned thirty—she should have been young at that age, but she was not—held a sickly infant in her arms, and drew nearer the window, that she might the better note what change had taken place in its features since she placed it asleep in the bed at an earlier hour of the morning.

"It will die, George," she said, speaking softly and mournfully to her husband, who was trying to warm himself at the scanty fire in the grate. "It has altered greatly. I can't weep for it, George. God is very good to take it to himself. It will know no want—no suffering with Him."

But she did weep—bitterly—as only a mother who holds her dying infant in her arms can weep. The man approached her, and bent over the baby also. But he neither spoke nor wept.

“Did you say that she was really burnt to death, George?” said his wife presently; “and her father dead—so awfully sudden? Well, well. God sends his judgments.”

“Not judgments, Mary,” replied the man mildly; “we have censured hard, presumptuous people—religious folks, as they style themselves, for using that expression. Dead they both are! I heard of the fire last night, and went to see the ruins before you were up this morning. As for the poor girl, he had married her yesterday to a man of his own choosing—not of hers; and from all I gathered about the match, I believe she would rather have gone to her grave than to the altar with him yesterday.”

“And he is dead too?”

“Yes,—the roof fell in upon him, as he was trying to save the wife he had purchased. Well—I wish it hadn’t happened, and that the old man had lived to repent; but God knows best, and will deal more mercifully with him than he dealt with ourselves and others. Hist!—there’s a knocking.”

The man went to the door and opened it. He reeled back with surprise, stunned with surprise, but advanced in an instant, and raised his arms to drive away his visitors.

“Spencer, hear me,” pleaded the old man, “don’t be violent—don’t—you have a right to be, I know—but hear me ——”

The man within the room—the father of the dying baby—uttered a frightful oath, and seized the door to shut it in the speaker’s face.

“You had best hear him,” said our friend, the youth; “you had indeed;” and, looking narrowly at the man’s threatening countenance, he recognised with emotion the individual he had accosted on the scene of the conflagration in the morning.

The wife, still holding the sick infant, approached her husband, and entreated him to give way. Her words prevailed, and he fell back, sullenly enough though, from the threshold. The old man and the youth entered.

“I am a changed man, Spencer—I am indeed,” said the usurer. “I never should have changed though, but for last night. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies, they say, and mine has been desperate enough—God knows.”

He paused a while, struggling with his feelings, and continued:

“I am come to ask your forgiveness for all that has passed between



us, and to make reparation for the ruin I have wrought. Don't be harsh with me. Don't repulse me, as I have repulsed you; many's the wicked time. I have money, as you know; you shall yet be a rich man, Spencer, though only in your just position, were you to hold up your head with the wealthiest and proudest."

"Money?" sneered the man he addressed; "yes, that is *your* panacea for all evils—I know it. But will money bring back the child that lies rotting in his grave, and who died of no disease, but that of want and cold? You know that I came to you and begged for a trifle of money to get him what was necessary to save his life, and you refused me, and drove me from your door. Will money," continued the man, savagely, taking the infant from its mother's arms, "spare me this child either? No; not if you emptied the Bank of England at my feet. Your reparation comes too late."

The usurer wrung his hands.

"Don't be hard with me, Spencer," he cried; "for the love of God show that mercy to me, which I denied to you. We may save that child yet. If money can command science enough to save him, he shall live to comfort ye both for many a long year. For the child that's gone—and for *my* child that's gone——"

He sank back into the youth's arms, murmuring through his tears—"Forgive me, Spencer, forgive me."

"As I hope to be forgiven, I do," replied the man.

In less than ten minutes after this scene, the usurer and his young companion were again seated in the cab; and the driver was urging his horses towards the Fleet Prison.

"The man I am going to release has been confined seventeen years," said the usurer. "Don't look at me so. I am human now, whatever I might have been. He borrowed money of me. I thought his security good, but it turned out otherwise. The man was honest, I believe, and would have paid me if he could; but there was never a chance of that. I put him in the Fleet, seventeen years ago this winter."

"And he has never been at large in all that time?" cried the youth, amazed and horror-stricken.

"Never! He had no friends to do anything for him. He lived on the poor side of the prison, as it is called, and must have been more than half starved, during the whole time he has been there; but, please God, he shall be a rich man yet."

"Here we are," shouted the driver. "Shall I ring the bell, sir?"

They got out, and when the gate was opened, the usurer desired to be shown into the waiting-room, and that Henry Abbot might be brought to speak to him.

"Henry Abbot!" exclaimed the man addressed; "you're too late to speak to him. He died yesterday."

With much difficulty they got the old man into the cab, and while the youth supported his senseless burden, the driver whipped his horses the whole way back to the inn they had first quitted.

The usurer died about a year afterwards, but he lived long enough to accomplish a great deal of the good he intended, and increased the funds of the principal charitable institutions in the metropolis at his death. The youth—but we will be silent about him. Our tale is told.

ARNHELDT WEAVER.

## THE DEVIL'S WALK IN 1846.

THE Devil uneasy sat in his state,  
Revolving the news from earth of late.

Cries he, "I must have later:  
I shall visit the earth;" and as he spoke  
Around him he threw his travelling cloak,  
And with rumble and groan,  
On a red hot stone,  
Rode up from Mount Etna's crater.

He spread his wings, and away he flew  
O'er Sicily, to Malta;  
But alighted not, as a fresh wind blew,  
Till a favourite haunt came into view,  
A stepping-stone, where to rest his shoe—  
The rock of fam'd Gibraltar.

Cloudless and starlight, the brilliant sky,  
As o'er sea and land he roll'd his eye,  
And his quick glance scour'd the coast afar,  
From Cape St. Vincent to Trafalgar;  
"There!" cries the Devil, "my temples are."  
On Africa now he turn'd his gaze,  
"Yonder," said he, "my altars blaze,  
And hecatombs, as in ancient days,

Are offered at my shrine.  
 Ye priests ! of Dahra's murderous caves,  
 Heed not your victims' whine,  
 But pile the faggots higher ;  
 Until by hundreds the wretched slaves  
 Roast, and expire,  
 And from the pyre,  
 Spreading o'er all the world its human flame,  
 In deathless characters shall spread Pelissier's name."

Once more, the Devil is on his way,  
 Flying o'er Biscay's foaming bay,  
 Dropping a glance from his onward soar,  
 As he passed the banks of the fatal Loire ;  
 Whence there rose to his ear, as he thought, the wild  
 And drowning shriek of mother and child.

And now the Devil's voyage is over,  
 He has furl'd his wings on the cliff of Dover,  
 And blithe as a bridegroom before his marriage,  
 Takes his seat for town in a first-class carriage.

'Twas night ; and the Devil contrived to steal  
 Into the House, as Sir Robert Peel  
 Made his free-trade oration :  
 Oh ! could you have seen him writhe and smart,  
 As each duty discarded pierced his heart,  
 And he groaned out with vexation,  
 " Curse their free-trade—for wars will cease :  
 Buyer and seller must dwell in peace :  
 I had hoped to have set America on  
 To fight with England for Oregon,  
 But my blood-red standard may now be furl'd,  
 Goodwill *must* reign throughout the world."  
 And the Devil with anger storm'd and shook,  
 As from the house his way he took.—

He saw a huge crowd by a prison wall,  
 Waiting the gibbet's festival ;  
 They had waited there from set of sun,  
 And as yet the day had not begun.

Hark ! the death-bell tolls—  
 Back the vast crowd rolls—  
 A moment's pause, like the silence of death ;  
 Even the Devil held his breath :  
 Then a murmuring shout, it rent the air—  
 A woman hung strangled and quivering there ;  
 And the Devil glared on the crowd below,  
 And he joy'd at the fruit of the murderous show.

Thieves, by dozens, were plying their trade,  
 Women were fighting, or drunken laid.  
 "These are the scenes that I love right well,"  
 Thought the Devil; "they serve to people Hell."

Now he takes 'mong the city streets his range  
 And marks a crowd, anxious and dense,  
 Thronging around the Stock Exchange,  
 With eagerness most intense;  
 As if hung the life of each needy wretch  
 On the price his scrip that day would fetch.

"Hurra!" cried the Devil, "man's never content  
 With the sober rate of five per cent.;  
 To get rich without labour, is now the desire  
 Of noble and beggar, parson and squire;  
 Sinner and saint, all join the dance;  
 But to-morrow I'll play to them, 'Off to France.'"  
 And now for a moment quiet and still,  
 The Devil he lurk'd in the smoke of a mill:  
 Where spindles were turning,  
 And gaslights were burning,  
 And children their day's bread were busily earning.  
 Thought he, "What a conscience these Englishmen have!  
 They give millions of money to free the poor slave,  
 And then to his master they turn round and cry,  
 Though you whip your slave till he's ready to die,  
 In raising your cotton, *that* cotton we'd buy."

The mill is stopp'd, the work is done:  
 Away the weary children run,  
 Quoth the Devil with a hellish grin,  
 As he stroked his finger upon his chin—  
 "That child is gone to purchase gin."  
 But pale he turn'd, when he saw the libel,  
 The child has not purchased gin but—a Bible.  
 Still paler he turn'd, and scarce could speak,  
 When he found ten thousand were sold that week.\*

Confounded, he spread his wings on high,  
 And shot like a meteor through the sky,  
 Till over Mount Etna he stopp'd,  
 When with rumble and groan,  
 Like a red-hot stone,  
 He once more down the crater dropp'd.

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\* Alluding to the present extraordinary demand for Bibles at Manchester.

## A PLEA FOR THE WORLD BELOW STAIRS.

BY PAUL BELL.

WHEN I was a little tiny boy, sir, I used to stand at the door of the Blue Bell, opposite my father's house, that I might watch the mails going out, with a bitterness of yearning you gentlemen who live perpetually in the metropolis can't understand;—we country folks used to be for ever hearing of your London Cries! Now—it may be that the increase of reciprocal intercourse has taken off the edge of the strangeness; or else you *have* fewer “Water Cresses,” and “Babes in the Wood,” “Bird Cages,” “Dolls' Bedsteads,” “Hot Muffins,” and other such “easements of life,” (as Jeannie Deans called them) than your fathers. Here and there, it is true, one may hear, in a long lonely street, some pernicious Italian tempting you to buy a “*tombola*,” (under which invitation the Le Grands have assured me there lurks a jesuitical meaning and intention calling for close watchfulness on the part of *The Record*); but there's no more possibility of encountering a sweep than a Unicorn: while the ice carts are too grand, and Monsieur Jullien's vans too genteel and *English* (for Monsieur Jullien boasts, I hear, that he is now a thorough Englishman) to make any noise as they go! In short,—whatever Mr. Hullah may choose to say, sir,—London is a less musical place by daytime than it was thirty years ago.

For all this—and though, to boot, the race of town criers who used to bawl in village streets for lost children, and to announce sales by auction, is well nigh extinct,—there is no lack of *cries* abroad. I can never, for instance, set foot in certain houses, without being knocked down by “*Who wants an old abuse?*” or “*Churches to mend!*” And what housekeeper will deny the fact, that, so soon as ever two or three get together and begin to praise their own and to pity their neighbours' mismanagements,—a sort of “Ullalu” or lament, over the “degeneracy of servants,” is as certain to be raised, as a most comprehensively christian “grace” after my Lord Bishop of Exeter's dinner, or the peal of applause which follows Macready's “*There's no such thing!*” in his dagger scene from *Macbeth*. Young England or Old England,—Exeter-Hall-goer or Romeward-bound—aristocrat or mill-owner, it is

pretty much the same song—the same words to the same tune ! —a beggarly account of “perquisites” and keys turned—of Licentiousness in a shoulder-knot, and Cheatery in a bedgown and apron ; a tale of trumpery warfare, without a single new feature or excitement to distinguish it. And when the chroniclers have talked themselves out of breath, ninety-nine times out of the hundred comes this inevitable winding-up : “Well, *we* shall never see such a thing as a good old servant again. It’s a great pity !”

Now, sir, without any unfair wish to take their bread (a grievance) out of the Criers’ mouths, I must beg leave to say a few words on a matter which comes home to all of us : whether we have “chariots and horses, and fifty men to run before us,” like Adonijah the son of Haggith,—or but one poor gawky Tilly Slowboy, to brandish our baby in the faces of all our friends who threaten to enter our houses. What right have I to speak ? is a question which will be asked, perhaps.—This, sir—Owning as I do some fifty cousins, in every condition of life, from my cousin, Lord ——’s steward, up to my cousin the cotton Lord, who has a steward of his own, (and who, Mrs. Bell desires me to add, might naturally be expected to show more kindness to his relations,) I have had much opportunity of observing what goes on in families : and as I only make mischief in print, can warrant my fairness as a private witness. What I say, I know ; and I hope this assertion will content any who may be disposed to fancy me presuming.

First, sir,—nay, it is last too, as well as first,—I am disposed to deny that those who treat their servants in “the good old fashion,” are worse served than their grandfathers and great aunts. How was it with *them* ? If I was not fearful of prolixity ; or, if the matter could be proved by instance against instance, I could bring up some famous examples of knavery and ingratitude which were produced in those homely days, when the persons under the same roof lived together like one tribe ; and father and son waited upon father and son. Was there any charm in frugality of manners and familiarity of speech which could keep out cupidity and ignorance ?—destroy the desire to rise, or put to rest the gross sensual passions ? Look at an old Newgate calendar ;—not that I wish to be understood to encourage such reading, save for good purposes—false wills, murders, personal outrages, connivance in mad-house oppressions !—are no such “accidents and offences” chargeable on the domestic servant of the blessed old times ? What tales, again, would our provincial annals unfold, of misers in lonely houses—of credulous ladies held

in a thralldom, such as in these days could hardly last a week—of lyings and chicaneries—of darker crimes, the very mention of which it were as well “to hush up,” for the sake of the old escutcheon! I would shock no person’s modesty, but I can solemnly assure the reader, that, during a winter which many years ago I spent in one of the most patriarchal districts of this island, I commonly heard ladies promulgate one class of scandals against ladies, with a hardihood which proved at all events the idea to be familiar—that hereditary service might not unfrequently mean somewhat more intimate! One of your London authors, sir, would be charged with gross exaggeration, did he “book” half the “facts” which would there have been narrated to him with regard to one house out of three: and this in an Arcadia, which our laureate would describe as a world of innocence, not to be desecrated by “Manchester tradesmen.” Let us hope that the gentlemen and ladies in ——shire were given to telling lies of each other;—but the disposition and the direction of their talk says much, and if only a fiftieth part of the gossip was true, it is important testimony.

Yes: while I devoutly believe that we have lived to see the end of the fidelity of Ignorance, I am no less cordially assured that we are suffering little by the loss. As we sow, we reap. Don’t let the notorious discomfort of American households be thrown in my teeth; and simple natural Mistress Clarissa Packard’s “Housekeeper” be quoted against me, as a proof, that, whenever liberty and cultivation extend, that desire to “get on” breaks out which renders man insubordinate to man. What if Jonathan be whipped in “parlour, kitchen, and all,” by his own rod?—the instruction of his own eagerness to thrive, being bettered by those whom he would part with at a wink, could half a dollar, more or less, be turned in the operation? What, secondly, if our dearly beloved kinsman suffers in his home from the spectacle in his land of *black work*, in such large proportions, that all service is somehow confounded with alavery;—and bears a bad name? Then, again, the strong ambition to be aristocratic and fashionable displayed in the new country, (sadly will these youthful fopperies one day fall away, and the vanity thereof come to be understood!) can hardly fail to react upon the world below stairs. When Mrs. Judge Peabody, or Governor Comberlege’s lady giving way to an agony for some new French *costume*, would try to persuade her lord and master to adopt some ridiculously inapplicable

hour for dining, or to run after some broken-down rag of Quality, who steams across to America to shoot canvas-back ducks,—merely because he had been seen “at Mrs. Valentine Mott’s!”—does she consider, that the Miss Phillis or Miss Remarkable, who has the confidence of her toilette, is sure to be dying to die for like-unattainable grandeur? Does she forget that the imitation is often far more piquant than the original? I, for one, were I a young, free man, in New York, and looking out for a helpmate, would far rather try the Miss Phillis or the Miss Remarkable aforesaid—as less unlikely to be dissatisfied by a plain life and modest fortunes,—than those high-flyers their mistresses? So who can wonder that all the maids marry off, and leave dejected Grandeur to scrub its own floors and cook its own dinners?

America, then, I take it, is disposed of, at least, till “the arrival of further advices,”—and the dissatisfactory condition of its “help” is not to be laid to the enlightenment of its people; a point to prove which many right-diviners labour with an insane pertinacity. Easier far is it to accuse the Schoolmaster as having weakened the sinews of service as distinguished from servitude, than our own ways and habits of life. Consider, ye who are dealing by wholesale in invective, what passes in nine out of the ten houses in which you have been ever domesticated:—how many examples of self-indulgence above and machinery below stairs you have known!—how much order you recollect, enforced by nothing better than the turn-key system—the restraint of peculation being an affair of as many wards, as though the bunch of keys were a Bride-well!—how much licence sanctioned by example! Who shall wonder if the confidential servant, permitted by evasions to stave the payments of inconvenient bills, himself ends in debt? if the waiting for wages capriciously settled, drive him to kitchen usury, to the pawnbroker, and “the snapper up of unconsidered trifles.” Or suppose your house a pleasantly convivial one, and that among the dear friends you draw round you, some are *elevated* from time to time (not to use the sharper phrase of the Caudle vocabulary) into courageous eloquence and devoted professions of friendship. You, of course, it is to be hoped, are no warning Mathew, ready with an antidote, whereby a virtue is manufactured at an instant’s warning:—no Mistress Ellis, my good lady! to deduce all the possible sins and grief of life, from my Lord Cardigan’s bugbear, the black bottle. Yet if Jeremy your man—a being with comparatively so few pleasures and means of self-



restraint—presents himself “in his cups,” how breaks out your righteous indignation: “Drunkenness,” says every wise head of a family, “is what I can never look over!” Nor should you; but are you always true enough to your kind, to advert to the example whence the habit grew?

Then, there's gambling:—these outrageous examples reproducing the Mississippi mania of Lauriston Law in the soberer times of a Joseph Hume and a Sir Peter Laurie; and which furnish us with “Ballads of Berkeley-Square,” and “Diaries of the *Ennuyé*,” who so late was Shoulder-knot in ordinary to the Marchioness of Salisbury, and is now pretending to the hand of one of the Marchioness her cousins! It is wicked, doubtless, in our gentry of the second table to exchange their *IO U's* as if Crockford's was made for them: It's frightful to hear of cook-maids investing their sayings in The Rottenborough Line, and hanging themselves in their garters, like unfortunate Miss Bailey, because the Grand Mulligatawny Junction can't get its bill—(such tragedies have been.) But in this are you wholly guiltless, my Lords, my Gentlemen, and my Brethren in business; who are happily, neither lords nor gentlemen? When your winking and blinking “fellows” have sate up four nights to minister fresh packs of cards to you—when they have seen your tailors rated as monstrosities if they ask for their money, while they have been sent to those very same tailors to borrow for you the cash which is to discharge your debts of honour,—is it wonderful if they also beguile their vigils by “touching a card,” or if, like you, losing more than they are worth, they “rob the till?” Nor must poor Betty (at the instance of any anti-self-destructionist) be buried at a cross-road junction—“her maiden strewments” denied her:—till it can be proved, that Betty's mistress has not shown her the way to put “her finger into the pie” of risques and dividends, of par and premiums,—till a cloud of witnesses can be brought to prove that Betty has never paid an area-visit in the house of ——— sharebroker—ten years ago, a broken-down merchant, no matter in what lane, of what town, but to-day a magnate of Belgravia, with his wife in her opera-box, and his daughters heralded in “*The Weekly Crawler*,” as among the loveliest *débutantes* of the season.

Ay, you may take it as you please; yourselves proclaim the severance of your interests from those of your attendants, by every inconsiderate selfishness which appetite can plan, and every idle example which luxury can furnish; but, in spite of all, the fact.

remains unaltered, that the family is still the family :—a machine of which you are the mainspring ! And though my Mrs. Bell may and does unfairly pay for the rapacity of Lady Salisbury in the disturbance of our “ establishment ; ”—and though the chariot wheels of our good, weary, red-faced maid-of-all-work “ drive more heavily,” from time to time, so often as some sanguine Betty shall flash her possible gains in her friend’s eyes (sinking, of course) the distant, but no less possible, garters,—I will never believe but that in the long run and in the mass, masters are served as well as they deserve to be ; that is, order by order, decency by decency, intelligence by intelligence, trust by trust, kindness by kindness. I shall be answered, I know, by certain well-worn assertions : such as that “ taking people out of their proper sphere,” means “ taking liberties,”—that indulgent mastership means impudent and careless service. Now, to have had liberties taken with one is doubtless a heavy burden on the conscience of “ the genteel.” An over familiar phrase is a deadly sin, so exquisitely do we measure the proprieties of our own language ! a too hot self-assertion not to be forgiven by personages so impeccably meek as we, when our own performances are called in question ! But I would of the two bear this load,—heavy and humiliating and full of alarm as it is,—rather than the *slight* self-reproach of feeling that I had neglected my responsibilities in the exaction of my entire claims,—that I had expected one less advantageously placed for the cultivation of self-restraint than myself, to exceed me in perfection of duty,—that I had set an example of hardness of heart and self-indulgence, of treason to truth, and want of faith in the future as better than the present, to those over whom circumstances had set me. . . .

“ Here’s cant and common-place with a vengeance ! ” cries some lover of household discipline and human freedom. Good sir, I claim my Cry ; as you claim yours. And common-place may sometimes be the wisdom of ages—if one only dared say as much. But, however, one instance is sometimes worth pages of flat assertion and flat denial ; and, since we have been talking so much of late, of airs in areas and pantry pretension, — f ladies’ maids with “ speculation in their eyes ”—and lords’ gentlemen, as flowing in their language as though they had nothing else to do but make up *bouquets* in *The Morning* ———, for the

“ wisest, virtouosest, discreetest, best ”

of opera management and managers, let me beg to put forward

in evidence (and by way of closing a dull discourse) a true story of a small clock.

Every one has some pet possession ; and this clock (a two dollar German clock, made in some little quaint town of the Black Forest) happened to be THE treasure belonging to the attendant and friend of one of your scrambling London writers (a relation of my Mrs. Bell's, sir), who is turning out very so-so, I fear. The owner is a German, and the clock talked to him of home. He is something of a mechanist, and could take to pieces and clean it himself :—'twas the apple of his eye, in short. Now chance threw within the range of this kind creature's ministry another poor, scrambling author ;—an Irish youth ; who, homeless, helpless, and without a relation in the world (his only brother having been lost in shipwreck many years before), had come to London to try the beggarly trade of letters—had been stricken by consumption, when scarcely twenty-two, and had lain down to die, slowly, in the *Sanatorium*, I have never heard of a lonelier case. Time is time, sir, in London, as I dare say you know—not readily to be parted with. Long and dreary were the hours of every day and of every night which poor ——— must needs pass without any one, save his attendant, to speak to. But "the familiar" sforesaid, who went to and fro, (often of his own accord) hit on a rare companion for the bed-ridden youth, "his little clock." So he took it, and he nailed it up by the bed-side, that its tiny voice might talk to the poor wasted creature the long night through—and great, great, they assure me, was the comfort thereof.

I am telling the tale shortly ; not to make it up for effect (as London magazine writers I have heard complained of, are too apt to do).—Well, after lingering through the mid-winter, the lonely sufferer died. The burial was to be arranged, his scanty handful of papers to be sealed up and sent here ; the few ragged wrecks of his wardrobe (they had but just held out) to be distributed there ;—and "the familiar," of course, to reclaim his unprompted lean. "But," said he, with a very doleful face, to the person I heard mention the sad story, "I shall never take any pleasure in my clock more ; I shall always think of the poor, dying man !"

If a piece of true feeling like this—one amongst thousands we could all tell—does not amount to a plea for fair consideration of a class it is somewhat too much the fashion to mistrust and ridicule ; does not encourage a hope that the faults of domestic servants may be rather ours than theirs ; and, as such, more easily reached—

why then, sir, I am afraid we had better, with the least possible ado, set our Wheatstones and our Babbages to contrive those automaton "hewers of wood and drawers of water," which the brilliant Editor of the *Examiner* described so whimsically, some years ago. And the sooner we hear "*ease her*," "*stop her!*" "*set on ahead!*" and like new Cries, in our kneading troughs and private chambers—the better will it be for our peace, order, and mutual good understanding!

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### TO-DAY.

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THE most striking feature in the present day (far more than that of railways even) is the utter chaos into which all previously received principles and opinions are reduced. There is no recognised "rule of faith." All that for eighteen hundred years served the world for moral principles are, as it were, withdrawn from circulation, to be resolved afresh into their elements, and prove their authority;—they must speak intelligibly in the dialect of *to-day*, or the spirit that is in them will not appeal to the hearts and wants of men—will not serve them to shape their conduct by in the clashing of interests and the turmoil of active life. Every day, every hour, is for each one of us filled with passionate details which hurry us along without our seeing too clearly whither they lead, and it needs something stronger, larger than they, all sympathising, all pervading, to form a rule of life to which we may each one of us continually resort in all seasons of perplexity and difficulty; nothing *one-sided*, nothing of limited sympathy, nothing in short that is *sectarian* will answer the requirements of a *rule* to guide and counsel ALL men in the varied phases of LIFE as it is developed in each.

For the last three hundred years men have been breaking loose from the rock to which aforetime they were anchored, and have resolved themselves into sects and religions, and shades of religion and no religion, each one trying to construct an ark for the saving of his own soul out of the wreck and fragments of other systems.

To bring matters to this pass, principles have been at work which, though not definitely bearing on moral and religious

questions, have had a grand influence in bringing the minds of men to their actual state of discontent and expectation. The practical republicanism of commerce, the collision, the increased activity of men's mode of life, has broken down the barriers between all classes, bringing every manner of men into contact with each other, so that they have gradually learned to regard all things in a more general light. Dogmas, which have long been preserved, cut and dried in the hortus-siccus of sermons and moral essays, have no longer any effect, however ingeniously applied; right and wrong have not changed their nature, but they are found to be more *relative* than *positive*, and are not to be dealt with by the sharp sweeping denunciations and vague assertions hitherto lavished upon them. Men have begun to perceive that there is a truth, a side on which it asserts its claim to humanity, in what is wrong as well as in that which calls itself right. Points that were once of vital interest and objects of the most bigoted partizanship, are become matters of indifference, and though the attainment of "UNITY" and "the universal brotherhood of humanity" is still the philosopher's stone of morality; yet the centre of indifference, the common ground on which all men meet, is widening every day. Men are daily more ready to sacrifice their little pet parterres of private speculation, and allow them to merge into the general life of the whole; men do not as yet, perhaps, *quite* love their neighbours as themselves, but neither do they quite hate them so much for not being after their own likeness. Controversy on isolated points of doctrine does *not* flourish. Men have too much at stake in these days to have the heart to play at logic, or quibble in syllogisms. They have no guide, overseer, nor ruler; the old faith in which their fathers dwelt has vanished from them, they may no longer lead their lives by it; they are encamped in the wilderness,—“gone forth, not knowing whither they went,” and their numbers are daily increasing. All recognised sects are gradually losing their hold; “Grown old and ready to vanish away,” is the device inscribed on each; unto *none* of them is it given to have “the large utterance of the early gods.” There is no *room* in them for the mighty heart of humanity to take refuge. “This place is too strait for us,” said the sons of the prophets in the days of Elisha; *we* are the children of the prophets, and it is the cry of men *now*.

Only a very little while since Mr. Newman and his company entered the Catholic church; he has examined long and well,—

he has looked to the right hand and to the left, and finally has made his "venture of faith." It is the grown man trying to return to the PAST and take shelter *there*, instead of pressing *onwards*; he has endeavoured to "become as a little *child*," if so be he may thereby attain the kingdom of Heaven; but childhood is a blessing only *once* in a lifetime. "How can a man enter a second time into his mother's womb and be born?" The unknowing, loving, all-believing heart of a little child can never return again.

A hundred and thirty Jews were baptized into Christianity the other day; they came out of their old faith, hoping to find a larger room amongst us.

All men are waiting and expecting they know not what; they are waiting as "those that watch for the day."

Eighteen hundred years ago the world was waiting as we are waiting now; the old forms, the old beliefs had lost their power; men were without God in the world, and the sense of their desolateness pressed heavily upon them. ONE came and said, "FOLLOW ME." It is written of Him that he knew their hearts, and for more than a thousand years men have felt Him to be their guide.

If in these days one would arise who could gather together in one the hearts and aspirations of all men, who should be able to speak peace to him that is far off and to him that is near, who could know our hearts, and make articulate all that is now struggling in human souls, *who* is there who would not "arise and follow Him?"

G. E. J.

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## HOW THE MERCHANT'S CLERK TURNED CAB-DRIVER, AND FOUND HIMSELF ON THE ROAD TO FORTUNE.

It is only necessary to step from the squares in the vicinity of the Edgeware-road, to the streets adjacent to them, to be convinced that no painting of imagination is necessary to depict such a home as that to which I am about to introduce the reader. Half-way down Barlow-street is ——— Court: an archway not much higher, and not at all wider than an ordinary hall-door, leads through a passage, apparently over cellars (it is boarded and hollow,

and shakes threateningly as you pass along it), to a small court, not much squarer than a London back yard, surrounded by tall, time-blackened houses, windowless and mutilated, with sundry projections and irregularities in their structure, like the exterior chimneys of old-fashioned farm-houses. The doors of these houses stand open through the dreariest night—there is nothing in them to steal—the stairs without balusters, and broken away in places, have been taken piece-meal by the wretched inhabitants for fire-wood, and the remainder is so rotted with age and filth, as only to afford a precarious footing. In many instances you may see through chinks and loose boards, from the garrets to the cellars, while every attic is an observatory, admitting not only a view of the heavens, but the free access of its elemental rigours; rain, and wind, and snow, beat through these apertures, and render it but a mockery for the wretch within its walls to congratulate himself on having a roof over his head. These houses are let in tenements; no lodger has more than one room, and in this one room it frequently happens that a family of five or six, sometimes more, of indiscriminate ages and sex, father, mother, and children, are living. Here crime herds with honesty penury, and prodigality with virtue yet untainted; want bids the one seek such a shelter, debauchery the other, till, by-and-bye, the virus of moral contagion spreads through the community, and the opposed elements that have jostled against each other on the door-steps, or stairs-head, shake hands at last in fellowship. In a large dilapidated room in one of these houses there was sitting, one dismal night in the December of 1840, a sad-looking woman, surrounded by four pale, half-famished children, the eldest of whom could not be more than seven years of age; a gaunt, hunger-wasted man, paced to and fro the floor, which creaked and sunk beneath his rapid footsteps; only a few minutes before he had brought in the bundle of straw on which his wife and children were sitting, and to procure which he had parted at the pawnbroker's with his last waistcoat. It was freezing fast, the snow lay in indurated, dirty heaps in the close court, into which light scarcely penetrated during the winter months, and the wind searched through every aperture of the crazy tenement, till the starved and ill-clothed inmates shivered again. Except the heap of straw, a deal box, low stool, and crippled table, there was no furniture in the place; the burnt-out ashes of a fire remained in the grate, but neither wood or coal appeared to renew it, and the inch of yellow fetid candle that was flaring in the many draughts,

which neither the application of brown paper, nor the protrusion of old rags through the broken windows could prevent, was a luxury that seemed a waste when no employment was going on. After a while the children, though supperless, fell off to sleep, and the mother, laying them side by side, covered them with her threadbare cloak, and the remnant of an old blanket, carefully, and with as tender a grace as if it had been a silken coverlet; then she kissed them, her wan lips trembling with more than a blessing, and tears, which she drank in silence (lest her husband should perceive them), rolled down her cheeks as she did so. Presently she rose, and stepping forward, put her arms about the man, and whispered to him words of encouragement and hope; but the sight of her worn and altered countenance, the cravings of fierce hunger within himself, and the sight of his unfed children, made him deaf to all other considerations, and putting her gently from him, gently, even in that moment of keen misery, he bade her sit down, while he endeavoured to project some scheme by which they might escape starvation.

"The situation I told you of yesterday," he rejoined, as his wife placed herself once more beside her little ones, "the prospectus of which seemed absolutely written to suit me, and placed in the agent's window for the very purpose of my seeing it, is not yet filled up; but the man is a hard bargainer, and will not afford me a word of information respecting it, unless I first put down his fee of five shillings."

"Alas!" said the woman, casting her hopeless glance round the room, the cold emptiness of which made her shudder, "we have nothing left that would bring that sum."

"And for want of it," resumed the man, "you, and I, and our children may perish."

"Let us have patience a little longer," said the woman softly; "they say at the worst things mend, and surely they cannot be much worse with us than now."

"Patience!" interrupted her husband, "what has it done for us—what will it do for us? I was a fool not to take that villain M'Gill's advice, for then at least our home would not have been broken up, and you and the children would have had a bed to lie down on."

"Oh! thank God rather," exclaimed the woman, "that you are still rich in integrity. What are such comforts in comparison with the loss of an honest heart?" And she once more approached



and put her arm tenderly about him. "Ah! you are cold," she said; as in spite of his continued exercise she found he trembled.

"No wonder," he replied, almost harshly; "we have had no fire to-day, and my feet got wet through when I went out for— for our bed just now—and then you forget I have less on me by a waistcoat than I wore yesterday."

"True, dearest!" said the woman, without seeing or appearing to see, the selfishness that coloured his complaints, or wounding the egoism of his grievances by setting her own in opposition to them.

"Here have I been," continued the man, "eighteen months out of employment, and ever more to find it in my own class or calling is impossible. What respectable person would treat with a man in garments thread-bare as these, and who wears his coat buttoned up to hide his worn shirt (clean to the last, though, my poor Kate) and want of waistcoat?"

Oh! do not give way to this despondency," murmured the woman; "some casual employment may help us to as much as will replace these; do not by useless murmurings make our misery worse; recollect that, this bitter night, there are creatures worse off than we are—beings wanting even a bed of straw, and the shelter of such a roof as this. Oh! my husband, let us endure a little longer—God will doubtless have mercy on us, and with the evil make a way to escape. Be brave, be patient."

The man gazed at her, with all the better feelings of his nature in his eyes, and clasped her to his heart affectionately. Once more she had recalled him from the brink of evil; for the temptings of hunger and want were rapidly undermining his faith in good, and but a moment before, he had meditated, almost calmly, the commission of a crime that, if even undiscovered, would have lost him his own esteem, and rendered him the slave of conscience ever after.

While they stood thus, a noise of heavy footsteps shook the stairs; and, snatching up the candle, the woman hastened to the landing, closing the door of her apartment behind her, as if to prevent her husband following.

Archer stood still, wondering what occasion took her from the room, when the sounds of mingled beseechings and high words reached him, and a moment after Kate threw open the door, and a man in the dress of a coal porter appeared at it; he gazed round with a sort of vacant astonishment, looking from the tall

lean man who confronted him, to the meagre sleepers on their bed of straw, and drawing the back of his great dirty hand across his eyes, he left the room for a moment and returned bringing in about a peck of coals in a bag, and a bundle or two of wood.

"Here, take them, missus," said the man, "and God forgive me for being so hard to you; I will bring ye in half a hundred in the morning, and if you never pay me, why I shall be none the worse off in the end."

"Kind, generous man!" exclaimed Kate, lifting her tearful eyes to his rugged countenance, that, even through its mask of coal dust, showed full of benevolence and pity.

"You see our condition, my good friend," said Archer, who faintly comprehended the affair; "we are poor, but not unprincipled; the very first money I am enabled to earn you shall be paid the price of the coal. Your disinterested compassion we can never repay;" and he laid his thin hand in that of the poor coal merchant, and wrung it with a sensation of deeper gratitude than he had ever felt to man.

"Forgive me, William, for not telling you what I had done," said Mrs. Archer; "I knew, when I requested the coals to be sent to me, that I had no means of paying for them; but I have been promised by one of our poor neighbours some work to-morrow, which it would be impossible to do without fire, and so I thought I would ask trust till I had been paid for it."

"Feed your children first, ma'am," interrupted the kind-hearted coal-man; "I can better do without the money than they can food; when I want it I'll come for it;" and, so saying, he caught up his sack and shuffled out of the room. Scarcely had he been gone ten minutes—not more than long enough for Kate to light the fire, all the while making his generous conduct the subject of grateful panegyric—when some one rapped at the door, and a clean ruddy-faced woman, whom Mrs. Archer immediately recognised as the person to whom she had given her order at the coal store, appeared at it, with a basket of no very small dimensions in her hand.

"Lord love you, ma'am," exclaimed the woman, "why did'nt you tell me how badly off you were this afternoon? I hope you won't take it amiss—(for there was something that spoke out through the squalid looks and poor garb of Kate Archer, indicative of a different sphere of life from what her humble benefactress was accustomed to),—I hope you won't take amiss my bringing a few

things for the children;" and she deposited the basket before the glad but bewildered mother, who could only thank her with her tears; but the poor woman wanted no thanks; she hastened to fill the kettle with water, and spread out upon the coarse but clean table the stores she had brought with her—bread and tea and cold meat; and then at last turning to her husband, Mrs. Archer exclaimed—

"Did I not say God would be merciful to us? How can we thank this kind woman and her husband, who have saved us from another night of cold and hunger?"

"Oh, ma'am, if you could but know how warm my heart feels, and how light and happy I am, you would know I didn't want thanks,—bless you, the pleasure's worth double the expense; but what I was a going to say to you, if so be your good gentleman won't be offended, is this,—my boy Jem has come home very poorly, and he wants somebody to take his place for two or three days, till he comes round again. Well, it isn't that the place is much, but then three and sixpence a day is better than nothing, and my boy and the old man thought if your good gentleman could drive, it 'ed be better than sitting in doors doing nothing."

"But what is it I am to do?" exclaimed Archer. "If I can be useful to your son, for the sake of his father's kindness and yours, I shall be most willing."

"I am half afraid, now, I have been too bold," answered the old woman, "and that when I tell you, you'll quarrel with your bread and butter. The long and short of it is, Jem drives a cab."

"And he is ill, and wants some one to drive it for him?" suggested Archer.

"Not exactly so, sir; there are plenty of people who would drive it for him, and be glad of the chance," rejoined Jem's mother; "but we thought that the air and the exercise, and your little children, and the three and sixpence a day—"

"I see, I see," interrupted Archer, whose cheeks a moment before had flushed with a rebellious sense of degradation at the proposal, "and will accept of the offer; tell your son I have been accustomed to drive in town, and will be very careful both of his carriage and horse-flesh." The children gladly rose up to their unexpected supper, and the good woman departed delighted with the comfort she had conferred, and the thanks and blessings of the distressed couple. It was now Archer's turn to inspire and reassure his wife, who knew that nothing but her wants, and

those of his children, could have determined him to trample upon every prejudice, and pluck up thus boldly, the latent pride still rooted in his heart; but the fire kindled by the hands of humble charity, the only food he or his had tasted through the day, provided from the same source, had read a homily to his galled spirit, that had suddenly reduced it to a sense of his true duty, and determined him, at whatever amount of humiliation, to close with the present offer.

"You have indeed proved a true prophet, Kate," he added, consolingly. "I shall soon obtain the means of applying to an agent, or of advertising for something else; and in the mean time, there is no fear of my being recognised by any one who formerly knew me, in such a garb, and such a calling; but beggars must not be choosers; so bear up, my poor girl, and strive to think, as you reminded me just now, that it is all for the best."

Kate rose early the next morning, and prepared her husband's breakfast before he started to his novel occupation, and long indeed did the hours seem till his return, so unused had she lately been to pass a day without seeing him. It was late in the evening when he came home; the children had gone to bed, not, however, supperless; and, thanks to the poor coalman, a fire welcomed him, and made comparatively cheerful a little space about the hearth.

After his first greetings with his wife, Archer produced from his pocket, not his promised day's earnings, three and sixpence, but a handsome and apparently well-filled purse, the contents of which he proceeded to spread on the table, requesting her to take a pencil and make an inventory of them: there were eight sovereigns, and 270*l.* in Bank of England notes. "And now let me tell you how they came into my hands, Kate," said Archer, "for you are looking very white and anxious. I took up a lady and gentleman in the Strand, who desired to be driven to Camden Town, and you may guess my agitation when I found that the house I was ordered to set them down at, was close by that man, McGill's. I did not wait a moment after I had received my fare, except to put up the steps, and shut the door, but drove off as rapidly as possible. Presently, another gentleman hailed me, and in letting down the steps, and re-adjusting the cushion, I perceived between it and the back of the carriage the shining tassel of this purse. I put it in my pocket, and having driven this passenger to the other extreme of town, inquired of a policeman

what I ought to do in such a case, but without telling him what had happened. The man, who perceived I was not much an adept at my business, informed me the place for such deposits was Somerset House, where I immediately drove, but the office was shut up, so that nothing remains but to keep possession of it till to-morrow morning, when I shall take it there the first thing." And this man, who but the previous evening had been tempted by his poverty to canvass within himself the propriety of robbing in defence of his starving wife and children, now that he had to all appearance this money at his mercy, felt no other feeling with regard to it, but anxiety for its restoration to the owner; but then he had the present means of *honestly providing* bread for them. Having carefully taken the numbers of the notes, and the amount of the whole, the poor cab-driver and his wife lay down on their wretched pallet.

The effect of air and labour was soon evident in the sound sleep of the man, nor was Kate, who had also been hard at work during the day, long in following his example. Considerably after midnight, or rather, in the small hours of the morning, the creaking of the old stairs, the noise of heavy footsteps in the room, and the flashing of sudden lights awakened Kate, who cowered closer to her husband on perceiving three or four men standing by them; Archer, however, instantly sprang up, and, after a moment or two, recognised the person of the coal-dealer, who regarded him with a very rueful expression of face; and beside him a police-officer, and the gentleman whom he had driven the day before to Camden Town. The latter, who did not discover his loss till some hours after it had occurred, immediately applied to a magistrate, and obtained the assistance of a very intelligent police-officer, who, having found out the number of the cab from the keeper of the Camden Town toll-gate, proceeded to the various coach-stands, and, after some difficulty, succeeded in hunting out the owner of the one in question. Poor Archer immediately comprehended the meaning of their visit, and after his first involuntary feeling of annoyance and humiliation at the outrage offered to his poverty, by their unceremonious entrance to his wretched home, he exclaimed—

"I am sorry, sir, that you have suffered so many hours' anxiety about your purse; I assure you I have been as anxious to restore it to you as you could be to recover it, and went for that purpose to Somerset-house yesterday afternoon; but, unfortunately, it was

after office hours, so that there was nothing left but to retain it till the morning, when I intended taking it there the first thing."

He then handed the inventory of its contents to the gentleman, and produced the purse. The latter looked from the man round his miserable abode, with undisguised interest and commiseration; and, after thanking him sincerely for the manner in which he had acted, and apologising for entering his place and disturbing his family, he laid his card on the table, requesting Archer would call at the address on the following morning, and pressed into the poor man's hand a note for five-and-twenty pounds, delicately saying that it was not offered by way of rewarding his honesty, for he felt that would be to insult him, but as a trifling assistance in his unhappy circumstances, which he could not think were self-induced. Overwhelmed with gratitude and astonishment, Archer could only clasp the hand of the generous man, and stammer forth broken thanks on behalf of himself and children, while the poor coal-man delightedly exclaimed—

"Didn't I say, sir, it was all right, and that if he had got the money you were sure of it?"

"You did, indeed, my good fellow," answered the gentleman, who had heard from him as they came along the history of his acquaintance with Archer; "and to prove that such conduct as yours rarely goes unrewarded, even temporally, you must let me be the means of repaying you your kindness to this distressed family,—I mean so far as money can repay it;" and the stranger absolutely forced upon the honest coal-dealer a five-pound note. The services of the officer were rewarded afterwards, and the party left ——— Court.

The feelings of Archer and his wife may be imagined; palpably, indeed, the finger of a merciful Providence appeared throughout the transaction, and their gratitude and happiness were in proportion to the exigence and hopelessness of their past situation. Fortunately the next morning Jem the cabman was well enough to resume his box, and his first job, by order of Mr. Worthington (the owner of the lost purse), was to drive Archer to his hotel in the Adelphi, but not before the latter had spent some of the 25*l.* in redeeming his own, his wife's, and his children's apparel; so that, though wan and meagre, he now looked respectable in appearance, and his features, freed from the hard, care-drawn expression misery had impressed them with, even prepossessing. Not contented with having relieved the present necessities of

Archer's family, Mr. Worthington had imagined that amongst his connections he might possibly serve him more effectually; and though this thought was a mere impulse at first, it had now become a determination, should the poor man's previous history bear him out in believing him deserving of it. This was soon told; he had been a clerk for many years in a commercial house in the city, the principal of which, when dying, had strongly recommended him to the notice of his nephew and successor; but this person, who thought more of befriending some ally of his own, than in attending to a dead man's wishes, very shortly afterwards informed him that he had no farther occasion for his services. As soon as he had a little shook off the effects of this sudden and undeserved event, he endeavoured to obtain another situation; but whether (in order to cover his own injustice) his late employer had secretly spread rumours to his disadvantage, or that the mere fact of his being suddenly dismissed from an employment in which he had been so long established, was in itself sufficient to create suspicions to his discredit, all his efforts were unavailing.

Put off with promises from month to month, his situation at length became so desperate, that want stared him in the face. At this juncture he was persuaded by the landlord of the house he rented to apply to a loan society for such a sum of money as would enable him to keep on a few weeks longer, having still faith in the assurances of (so called) friends, who rather than own their inability to serve him, or the disagreeable fact that they would not, continued his suspense indefinitely, and added to the inconvenience and wretchedness of his situation. This man, whose name was M'Gill, was manager of the society to which he recommended his tenant, and farther befriended him (as Archer believed) by rendering any security but *his own* unnecessary, informing him that his name was *all-sufficient* at the office, and Archer became a debtor for ten pounds. After a few weeks the unhappy man found it was impossible to keep up his weekly payments, for except occasional employment in copying for a lawyer whom he knew, he had no means of earning a shilling; and now the apparent disinterestedness of his landlord more strongly evinced itself, and he kindly informed him that he need not fear being troubled by the society for the money, as he would prevent all that. About this time, however, the alteration in the manager's style of living and appearance, his gig, saddle-horse, cottage out of town, and certain building speculations in which he was engaged, drew upon him

the suspicions of his partners, and a rigid scrutiny of his accounts took place; and it then turned out that through the concurrence of the secretary, who was a creature of his own, he had robbed them while in office of something over a thousand pounds. No redress was left to them but to get rid of him, which they did as quickly as possible; but even by so doing they had not destroyed his power to injure and swindle them, an instance of which we may give in his conduct to Archer. His debt, in reality, had never appeared on the society's books, and perhaps M'Gill would have allowed it to have gone beyond the twelve months agreed on for its repayment; but for the circumstance of a small sum of money having been sent to Mrs. Archer by a relative, which circumstance coming to M'Gill's ears, he thought it would be a good opportunity to get some of it; accordingly he called on Archer, and producing the account said, in a sort of off-hand way—

“Archer, you owe the Loan Society in Baker street ten pounds; sixteen and four-pence, with fines, do you not?”

“You well know I do,” answered Archer.

“Well,” he said; “pay me down eight pounds and I will give you a receipt for the whole amount.”

But the poor clerk, who had heard of his unprincipled conduct, saw at once the dishonesty of the offer, and rejected it.

“No,” he said, “I will neither be dishonest myself nor abet it in others; I owe the ten pounds to the society, and will pay it as soon as ever it be in my power; but I will not, even to save myself a prison, *defraud!*”

The rage of the other was only less cruel than his revenge.

“Remember,” he said, “you are in my debt some six months' rent: either you pay me within the day, or I eject you and take your goods in execution!”

And he was as good as his word; his unhappy tenants were thrust out homeless and robbed of their goods, which were sold for a fourth of their value, leaving little or nothing to the wretched owners when the claims of their base creditor had been paid. After this they had moved from lodging to lodging, each better adapted to their daily sinking circumstances; the parlour had been changed for the second floor, that for the attic, till at last, every article gone that could obtain them a meal or shelter, they had been driven to hide themselves in the dismal place where the poor coal-man had discovered them. The rest of the story is soon told. Mr. Worthington lost no time in inquiring at the firm to which Archer had belonged the truth of his story, and finding



that he had really been discharged without a fault, he canvassed amongst his commercial friends (he was himself a West Indian merchant), and obtained for him a more lucrative post than he had before held. Things have prospered too with the honest coal-dealer, who has lately increased his premises, and besides green-grocery, exhibits a splendid board with a view of Hampstead Heath in the distance, and a notice that vans for the removal of furniture and the conveyance of pleasure parties are always on hire within. If you talk to him of the improvement in his business, you hear all about the gloomy court in Barlow-street (saving the names), and he tells you with twinkling eyes that he owes it all to that five-pound note, which has done him more good than all the money he ever had before in his life ; and well it might : it was the first he had had that put him a pound in advance of the coming necessities of the morrow. The last we heard of the scheming M'Gill was in a staggering transaction, which led to his being brought before the Lord Mayor, and fined for stopping up the way in front of the Mansion House ; but we do not yet despair of his meeting with his desert.

MRS. CAROLINE WHITE.

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## RAILWAYS AND ROYALTY.

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[In our peregrinations, the other day, we happened to visit the old town of Pontefract (Pomfret), and found it all in a ferment about a new railway which is being completed between Wakefield and Goole, and which passes by the outskirts of the town. A visit to the ancient castle, and its many associations connected with history, led us imperceptibly to indulge in a reverie, wherein the opening of the incongruous Pontefract railway is anticipated.]

I saw, methought, old Pomfret's town,  
 Whose ducal castle crumbling,  
 In page historic hath renown—  
 (Good gracious ! what 's that rumbling ?)  
 Full many a noble lost his head,  
 Within yon spacious court,  
 And Richard's self lies wrapped in lead  
 Beneath that bloody port.  
 These grassy mounds are rife with graves :—  
 O'er Lancaster's yon elm-tree waves !  
 Now railways are disturbing things  
 To mortal men when living—  
 But, who knows what a railway brings  
 To dead men of misgiving ?

Witness old Pomfret's castle wall—  
 (I feel my hair now bristling !)  
 Heard'st thou not the dead men call  
   In answer to the whistling  
 Of the first train that woke their sleep,  
 And shook thy toppling time-worn keep ?  
 First, Lancaster felt ill at ease,  
   The rumbling was so great ;  
 He found his head betwixt his knees,  
   Nor set it on quite straight ;  
 And when the second whistle rang,  
   He broke his stony bed,  
 And upright sprang, with hollow clang,  
   Amid the grisly dead—  
 Who thought that Doomsday must have come,  
 But, disappointed, looked quite glum !  
 King Richard woke up ghastly pale,  
   And clutched a rusted spear,  
 But when he saw the open vale  
   He laid aside all fear.  
 The dungeon's walls were crumbled down—  
   He felt the cool fresh air,  
 And looked about to find his crown,  
   Among the crowd to wear.  
 But, when he viewed the engine-stoker,  
 He thought of Berkeley's red-hot poker.  
 And hark ! the train moves off, and lo !  
   The wheels whirl deftly round ;  
 Impell'd by mystic power they go,  
   Shaking the solid ground ;  
 And swifter now, and swifter still,  
   Their speed but quickens ever,  
 The fiery car descends the hill  
   Until the woodlands sever  
 From wandering eyes the meteor star,  
 Whose smoking truck is heard afar !  
 Quoth Richard, " Earl, what meaneth this,  
   To waken us from sleep,  
 With roaring voice and fearful hiss,  
   Thus o'er our realm to sweep—  
 A pandemonium go-cart, sure,  
   Hath broken loose from hell ?"  
 Quoth Lancaster, " I would it were,  
   If Nick be there as well !  
 I feel a chillness o'er me creep—  
 King, lay thee down again to sleep."

ALPHA.

## THE MASQUERADE OF SOCIETY.

SHAKSPERE says that "all the world's a stage," and that "one man in his time plays many parts;" but however this may be received as an eternal truth, I am disposed to consider that in the present day the arrangement of performance is somewhat different from that which prevailed in the time of Shakspeare, and has prevailed generally in all times not so thoroughly sophisticated as those in which we "Britishers" exist. The pit of the Theatre is now boarded over, so as to be level with the stage, and greatly to enlarge it; and, on this extended area, we do not *play parts* in a regularly concerted drama, but—all the hundreds of thousands of us—we mingle in an heterogeneous *Masquerade*. A flood of artificial light pours down upon us from gorgeous chandeliers above our heads, and, stimulated by the crash of a mighty orchestra, we engage with ardour in the pursuits of the hour.

See how earnestly and carefully the character which each has assumed is attempted to be sustained! The Lawyer looks like a living roll of parchment, and every word seems inspired by thoughts of *fees*. How scornfully he glances at the Poet, who passes him with eyes bent on the ground and folded arms, wrapped in meditation and apparently oblivious of the busy crowd around him! Here comes the Soldier; with an erect gait and an imperious eye, sick of these stupid peaceful days, and longing for the old game of war. After him comes the Legislator, who professes to understand everything, and will talk three mortal hours on any subject in creation. Do not his self-satisfied smirk and bustling air of importance show him every inch a maker of Acts of Parliament? But here is somebody indeed! Room for the Right Honourable the Earl of Hawksnest! Is he not an unmistakable aristocrat? Born to be served and obeyed by born inferiors!

Now all these people, with innumerable other people appearing in the same Masquerade, strive with all their hearts to support effectively their individual characters; but frequently indeed their true vocation peeps out in spite of their superficial assumption of some different order of human being. Thus a man affecting the

outward guise of a Sage shall plainly betray his real calling of Jack Pudding. The Philanthropist in speech may too transparently show himself in fact but a sharp attorney. The Legislator is not seldom seen, by the most dull of apprehension, to be a mere steekjobber, or gamekeeper, or pedagogue, or tinker. The Lord is too often but a palpable footman—the Merchant a swindler—the Clergyman a huckster. Kings have, before now, strutted grandly about who evidently were nothing but butchers; and Popes have put on astonishing airs who actually were no other than old women. So is the propriety of the scene constantly violated, and the Grand Masquerade rendered more contemptible than need be.

But many of the company choose to mingle quietly with the rest, and enjoy what arises, without undergoing the fatigue and responsibility of systematically supporting a peculiar character; and as some of the masquers prefer common and every-day characters to those of greater mark, in consequence of the ease of their assumption, so these very easy-going individuals prefer no assumption at all, and just show their conformance to the rules of the place by wearing a mask and domino. Thus their time passes smoothly, without *éclat*, and without disappointment. Few know, or care, when they come, whether they be present, or when they go; but all who think at all about them consider them very respectable sort of people, who have never said nor done anything *contre règle*, and who doubtless find some way of amusing themselves.

In this manner each person either seeks to illustrate some fragmental development of humanity, or abstains from such development, and shelters himself in obscurity. But the numerous powers and distinguishing peculiarities of each man or woman continually tend to break through this partial action, or state of inaction, and exhibit the whole being as existing at the time. Hence the necessity for caution, for hypocrisy, for the conventional stifling of all thoughts and wishes contrary to the one character assumed.

Thus in the Masquerade of Society are those who make it up constrained, and it is only to some select few that any individual will discover himself as he really is. Love and friendship may cause the mask to be removed for a while, or the domino to be thrown back, but these luxurious moments of sincerity are seldom, and are unknown to all but the favoured objects of confidence.

But look at those spectators in the boxes, who sit elevated above the moving throng of masquers, and who criticise their appearance

and doings—now laughing—now reproving—and now soliloquising. Who are they ?

They are philosophers, moralists, and reformers ; and though you see them now sitting in judgment on the social masquerade, yet their present position is but occasionally assumed. They take their share in the occupations of the area below—and many of them with right good-will too. You observe also that, with very few exceptions indeed, they appear either in some especial character, or at least in mask and domino. Nor could they, without great difficulty, manage to keep in the theatre at all unless they so far conformed with its customs. The two or three enthusiasts who obstinately refuse to compromise their true nature so far are soon turned out of the place altogether, or if, by their innate energy, they remain in spite of all they encounter, they are shunned by the great majority of their fellow sojourners in the building—both mere masquers and philosophic reformers—and are in every way made to feel the conventional indecorum which they have committed.

Yet, however the most prudent of these critical spectators may attempt to conciliate the crowd below, still the very fact of their presuming at all to sit elevated above the turmoil, and speculate upon its merits and defects, is an offence which brings its own punishment with it. They are looked upon with suspicion and dislike by the mass of masquers. “ What do they here,” say they, “ unless they mean to do as *we* do ? Their remarks on particular characters are impertinent ; and their entire opinions, carried out, would be subversive of the masquerade itself. So it was before we came, and so it will be after we have gone. The great and wondrous masquerade never stops, and changes but little. As one representative of a character drops off, another supplies his place ; and, without ceasing, the glorious and inspiring music sounds from on high, and the brilliant light descends in golden streams ! Though each of us may change his character at will—and, with his character, his deportment, and his very thoughts themselves—yet must he, in every case, but act over again what others have acted before him, and what the well-understood usages of the company require. Ever seemingly different, but ever really the same !”

Thus, hypocritical, clever, lively, wearisome, companionable, heartless—severely commented upon and pertinaciously preserved—goes on the Masquerade of Society.

A. W.

## A PLEA FOR OUR CLIMATE.

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I DO not exactly know who is the best abused man in the world—but I am sure I know what is the best abused thing. It is our unfortunate—much-belied—much-suffering—long-enduring climate. Everybody has a hard word and a hard blow for it. It is never brought up for trial but to be condemned—and condemned generally, without recommendation to mercy, or benefit of clergy. First, we abuse it ourselves, and then foreigners take up the tale and abuse it for us. We have bemoaned ourselves so pitifully on our atmospherical woes—we have scolded East Wind so impitiously, and taken Fogs to task so severely, that not a Frenchman or a Spaniard, or an Italian, but rises from his cradle and goes down to his coffin with the comfortable assurance that England is a little—wretched—drizzling—dribbling hole,—the condemned cell of the world—a mist dungeon—an atmospherical chaos of clouds and snow, and all sorts of skiey abominations—where the winter is all fog and ice—the spring all fog and hail—the summer all fog and rain—the autumn all fog and sleet,—where all is cheerless and tempestuous—a sort of Nova Zembla with the chill off—a spirit-petrifying Limbo—where the tempests which continually rage and howl have fairly frightened the poor sun out of the sky!

Now, I propose to set lance in rest—that is to say—pen in motion—against these fallacious notions, propagated here and fostered abroad,—to declare in the outset that I believe our climate to be one of the best—if not the best—in the world,—and that I mean to attempt, at all events, to prove the assertion. I know the torrent of oburgation with which this statement of opinion will be received.

“What!” exclaims one gentleman, puffing a freezing blast of cast wind in my teeth, “are you in love with rheumatism—smitten with the charms of sciatica?”

“Do you take,” inquires another, “our pea-soupy mists for clouds of glory?”

“What can you say,” mildly queries a third, “for a climate under whose influence the thermometer jumps up and down like a Jack-in-the-box, and the mercury in the barometer has generally

a far stronger *penchant* for low life at the bottom of the glass column, than high life at the top?"

"And where there is hardly ever a fine day for pic-nics?" adds a young lady.

"And where the summer always sets in with its usual severity?" superadds an old joker.

"And where tradesmen put advertisements of warm clothing into the newspapers—beginning the announcement for every day in the three hundred and sixty-five, with—'at this rigorous season of the year?'" interrogates another.

In spite, however, of all this,—of east winds—fogs—variations in temperature—backward seasons—and all the jokes which we have made upon our own fancied atmospherical sufferings, I am prepared to maintain the truth of my proposition.

King Charles II. was not a Solomon (in all respects), but he said some very shrewd things, and amongst others he one day told his courtiers that he considered the climate of England to be the best in the world, because there was no other in which a man could labour out of doors, exposed to the weather, with less risk to his health and inconvenience to himself, for so many hours in the day, and so many days in the year, as he could in England. And this, after all, is the true test to try climate by. I admit at once, that our sky is not a show one. We cannot exhibit such transparent depths—such unclouded expanses of azure as Italy can. We have no such moon as shines on Mediterranean waves or on tropical Savannahs. Our sun-risings and sun-settings may—as Byron has described them—be merely "obscurally bright." But, after all, where is the grand advantage of indigo-coloured skies, and moons as shiny as that in the Colliseum, and brilliant sun-rises which nobody gets out of his bed to look at—and gorgeous sunsets, which nobody will leave his dinner to admire? Cannot all the ordinary occupations of life—those occupations which employ us and make us happy and great—be as well performed under a mild and cloud-tempered firmament, as under the blaze of a scorching sun which, as in the West Indies, favours a man with a brain fever if he sleep in it by day,—or as under—that be-sonnnetted moon which gives a man the mumps if he repose in its mild rays by night? Here in happy contrast with the fervid east—"the sun does not smite by day, nor yet the moon by night." I give up therefore to more favoured lands bright suns and *coups de soleil*—lustrous moons and the swelled faces of their

worshippers, and content myself with our sky under which we can work, or travel, or enjoy ourselves, not perhaps often stimulated by the actual power of the weather—but seldom or never prevented from doing what we wish through its influence. In fact, the prevailing characteristic of our climate is its negative features. Its tones are rather neutral than either very warm or very cold. Spring, summer, autumn, winter, we can go about our business without let or hindrance. A slight change of dress enables us, without much more inconvenience, to meet the changing temperatures of the seasons. We are hardly ever kept within doors by either heat or cold. We have not to snooze away the fiery fury of the summer's noon in listless siestas, or to while away the winter's evening crouched over a stifling stove. Again, we have no dreary wet seasons, as in the tropics, where all nature is turned into a big shower bath for nearly half the year. We have no long lingering winters, as in the United States or the more northern countries of civilised Europe, where ice chains, the rivers, and snow hides the green pleasantness of earth for months together. We are free from the terrible variations of temperature which these zones are afflicted with, and from all the abominations which they involve. We are not frost-bitten in winter, nor mosquito bitten in summer. We have no dire pestilences rising from unwholesome vegetation forced into rank luxuriance by a worm-breeding sun. True,—our climate has its inconveniences on the score of health, but they can generally be guarded against by care and attention. At all events, a cold in the head is not so deadly as aague from Italian malaria, and I would go the length of preferring even a sharp twinge of rheumatism to a decidedly mild bout of yellow fever. We have, then, I contend, almost all the substantial goods of climate. We can then afford to give up some of its more fanciful beauties. If the sky lets us go about our business in comfort, it is too bad to quarrel with it for not being blue enough—and if the sun shines well enough to enable us to see our fair land, the green of its meadows, and the verdure of its trees, do not laugh at the luminary because the thermometer is not 95° in the shade. But I by no means actually give up blue skies and moonlit nights. We have them occasionally—often. The firmament every now and again does put on its very best dress,—but—a corner and the dunce's cap to the urehin who blubbers for his Sunday clothes every day in the week!

Let us contrast a few of the more disagreeable features of the



atmosphere which we have to bear up against with those which afflict the natives of other, and nominally more favoured lands.

East wind is a great bugbear amongst us, and it certainly nips shrewdly. Moreover it is chilly, and has a bleak, inhospitable, ungenial feel. We admit it. But take some of the more unpleasant breezes of other climes. Take the scorching land winds which blow in low latitudes, with breath withering as though it rushed from an oven's mouth. Take the sirocco, if you like it, and try how your lungs feel under its influence. Think you are gasping in the furnace of the simoom, and what you would give for a good mouthful of wholesome home-brewed east wind. Talk of our sou-westers, no doubt they are terrible, but not so bad as the whirlwinds which wrench up dwellings, and uproot trees, and twist the masts out of sinking ships. Our squalls are fierce, but white squalls are fiercer: the home hurricane is not generally so furious as the foreign tornado, and no wind sweeps our stormy channel with the iron rush of the Levanter over the sunny Mediterranean.

Fog is another bugbear. In the first place, its prevalence is grossly exaggerated. It comes neither so thick nor so often as people say. Particular localities are certainly infested with it. London is—but as the marshes between it and the sea are more and more drained, our old drab-coloured friends (fogs, not quakers) are becoming every season thinner and more like angelic morning calls. But, even when fog does come—what then? It is only a carriage panel or two smashed in bad instances, and an inability to see down—say Baker-street—in slighter cases. Now, after all the number of people who build their happiness on escaping being run over, or running over somebody else—or on the ability to look down all Baker-street, is really comparatively small. Besides, there is nothing unhealthy in our fogs. After all they are composed of good—thick—homely—wholesome—unpretending air. Are they like the miasma of your lauded Italian climate, the fever-laden mists of your adored tropical skies—do they waft ague from undrained swamps as on the Mississippi—do they bewilder and lead wayfarers to destruction, as in Alpine solitudes—do they brood for months of leaden darkness, as over northern forests—are they, in short, pestilential or dangerous, or constant? Neither one nor the other. They come and go, leaving neither raving fever nor shaking ague to mark their progress, or anything in fact to prate of their whereabouts

except a penny-a-line acknowledgment in the newspapers to the effect that "The Metropolis was yesterday visited by a dense fog." Thank heaven; it does not leave its cards in the shape of doctors' bills!

And now, for the changes in the temperature and the weather. This is perhaps my weakest point, but it is far from being a breach in the wall of the argument; our climate is certainly fickle. What then? If it be foul, you have the more hope that it will soon be fair; and if it be fair, you have every reason to hope that it will not get foul. You may sometimes be disappointed. But in what are we not? Life is not bad because all our hopes do not always become certainties—all our expectations are not invariably realised. Can anything be conceived more dismal than the opening of the rainy season in a climate cursed with one. To look up at the sky as you hear the first drops, and to know that for month—and month—and month—there is no hope—can be no intermission—rain—rain—rain. I remember how I used to pity Robinson Crusoe when I came to the oft-repeated phrase, "It being now the commencement of the rainy season." It quite counterbalanced the joyous anticipations of the dry. For my own part, I should like best to have the weather as it is, mingled good and bad, sunny and showery. There is always hope in this, and novelty, and the prospect of continued change. If rainy days come altogether in a lump, like misfortunes, they are hard to bear. But as to our jumps from heat to cold, I fear we are no worse than those many other places with a much better name. In eastern deserts, travellers tell us that the nights are often as cold as the days are hot; that they gasp through the one, and shiver out the other. There is hot work in Madrid, yet some sentinels there were lately found frozen in their boxes. I never knew of such a catastrophe befalling the conquering heroes who guard the avenues of the Horse Guards. All English invalids rush to Pau, yet I have heard of the ground there being baked by the morning's sun, while hoar-frost yet lay in the shade,

In fact, to prove that our atmospherical variations are not so great, or if they are, that they are not so injurious as people think, I appeal to the bills of mortality of this and other countries—I appeal to the well-known fact, that the value of life is greater in London than in any other great city in the world; and I believe that the statistics of health of Britain, in general,

will not show it behind its capital. Now, this is a very strong argument against, a very lusty knock-down blow to all the declamations indulged in to the detriment of our atmospherical character. It is a fact which there is no disputing—talk as you please of English climate—you live the longest in it. Talk as you please of our fogs as poison, they are at least wonderfully slow ones. Talk as you please of our east winds as life-extermi- nating; something else must have given us wonderful toughness to hold out so gallantly against them.

And we not only do hold out against all these adverse influ- ences, but it strikes me, that on the whole, we manage under our derided firmament to rear up as respectable a race of men and women, in spite both of fogs and east winds, as we meet in countries unblotted by the one, and unscourged by the other. Mentally and physically, England has at least held her own against all challenges. On sea and shore, in mind and muscle bat- tles, our colours have generally been flying when we came off. Invisible armadas and grand armies have alike had reason to doubt their invincibility and their grandeur after full experience of our wooden men of war on water, and our flesh and blood men of war upon land. So far as physical beauty and symmetry go too, I believe we keep up the character of the "human face divine," and the human figure, which looks sometimes quite as divine as the face: of course I do not stand up for monopoly in female beauty, or in anything else. I grant to Spain and Italy their lustrous eyes, and jetty ringlets—albeit the former are somewhat too apt to light up upon certain jealous considerations. I give to France all the coquettish *gentillesse* of her daughters—merely remarking in passing that as in the case of certain books, their attractions lie in the manner more than the matter. I willingly surrender to America all the loveliness, all the fawn- like graces which her authors are so fond of claiming for their countrywomen, although 'tis a pity that such charms should be so transient. No one denies that Germany and Holland can muster a fair array of plump white-skinned vrows, though, after all, they are a somewhat torpid race,—nor that the still more northerly nations of Europe have not, by all accounts, a very comfortable female population scattered amid their pine forests, and on the banks of their inland *fjords*; but, after all, I think we may very fairly challenge Italy, France, America, Germany, and Norway, to bring together such a display as may be sometimes seen in

London, when the glory of Hyde Park rules the day, and that of the Opera the night. We have symmetry of feature which need not yield the palm to that of the lands of the olive and the myrtle—we have a *fraîcheur* of complexion, a clear, ruddy transparency of skin, which are the envy of the bloodless-faced dames of France, and the somewhat tallowy-checked ladies of the States. I do not say that there may not be a finer combination of soul and body than we find in the high-bred, well-educated, frank English girl, with eyes all liquid blue, a voice all silver ring, and a heart as warm as it is pure. I repeat, there may be a finer marriage of spirit and flesh, but I never saw one.

And has climate nothing to do with the blooming cheeks, the well-developed proportions of the women of England? Undoubtedly. It exercises its influence for good or evil. Climate blackens the Negro—climate stunts the Esquimaux—the accidents of climate produce the *goître* of the Alps, and the plague of Egypt. If our skies then rain down such beautifying influences—if health falls from them as the “gentle dew from heaven,” shall we quarrel with the firmament for being a thought too cloudy—for not continually afflicting us with that unvaried blue, which I suspect would soon produce an abundant crop of synonymous expressions to the famed “*toujours perdrix?*”

Having then, for the present, disposed of our men and women—the animal fruits of our climate—let us come to its actual vegetable productions; climate has certainly a good deal to do with them. Let us see then how we have been treated in this respect. “God,” said Fuller in his quaint way, “might have made a better fruit than the strawberry—but certainly he never did.” We quite agree with the old divine, and add, moreover, that it is in our latitudes only that the delicious little morsel can be plucked in highest perfection from its bed. The rasp—the strawberry’s first cousin, is by no means unworthy of the relationship. Then come our rich-cheeked apples—little and big—sweet and gratefully acid—pleasant for eating under the tree—at dinner in your pudding—after dinner with your wine. The apple is a fruit of sterling excellence, and with the exception, perhaps, of the orchards of New Jersey, we can vie with the world in its production. People talk of Normandy rennets, they are very good—for cyder. If the rasp be the cousin of the strawberry, the pear is the brother of the apple. And here we feel we are strong. Never were there such juicy masses of sweetly ripeness, as hang in well-sunned clusters

from our spreading jargonelles. The gooseberry is a humble globe of vegetable deliciousness, but like other things, humble, it deserves to be exalted. We have got into a habit of comparing it with the grape, always to the disadvantage of our own production. And yet I doubt much whether the grape be, after all, the finest fruit. Of course, as it is the rarer, and consequently the most expensive, it gets all the credit. People go into extasies at the romantic glory of a vine, and almost into fits at the vulgar horror of a gooseberry bush. But so far as beauty goes, the northern plant has just as much to boast of as the southern—while, as to taste, although the subject be one on which there is proverbially no disputing, it has always struck me that our own respectable berry has more pleasant palate-tickling qualities than the clusters of the sunny south. Of course, its fermented life-blood—wine, is the strong point of the grape. The making better champagne than the gooseberry, however, is no proof that it affords better eating, and I may be allowed just to hint that were as much care bestowed upon the gooseberry as the grape, were it as scientifically cultivated and its juice as skilfully prepared, there is no saying what the vinous results might be. This I know is quite an heretical hint, nevertheless truth has on one or two occasions been costumed in *auto-da-fé* fashion, and sent, labelled “heresy,” out of the world. I need not now run over the catalogue of the kitchen garden, but I put it to anybody, whether with our strawberries, raspas, apples, pears, gooseberries, cherries, and nuts, (as plums and peaches are somehow associated with British cholera, I have less hesitation in giving up to other countries the palm in their production), but I repeat, with the productions I have just named, may we not afford to give up the generally coarsely-flavoured fruit of the tropics—their squashy melons and oily cocoa-nuts—the turpentine-flavoured mango—and harsh shaddock of the West Indies—the dates and olives (and the locusts which eat them) of Africa and Asia? But after all, the best fruits of low latitudes we have, either grown in our hot-houses or imported by our fast-going steamers. Pine-apples are as common as turnips now-a-days. Even before the late inundation which has poured upon us across the Atlantic, a distinguished authority said there was a better chance of getting a pine-apple any day of the year in Covent Garden than in Calcutta. No doubt they do not grow wild in our hedges; our climate has certainly barred that; but has it barred the development of those enterprising qualities in ourselves, which have rendered the purchase of

the fruit in an English market more certain than in the marts of the land where it is grown, thousands of miles away? And then, as to our trees and our flowers, with the oak and the birch, the beech and the pine, we need not sing so very small before the teak or the palm, the cork tree, and the cedar. Our flowers have not perhaps the variegated brilliancy of those of tropic lands, but the latter are scentless. As the birds of southern lands, with all their gaiety of plumage, and glancing hues, are still mute,—noiseless—beautiful only to the eye, so the flowers round which they flit have none of the eloquence, the true language of flowers, which rises up in grateful exhalations from the wall-flower or the rose; they have no “sweetness to waste upon the desert air.”

It will be remembered moreover that, while our land grows so profusely the vegetable luxuries of the table, we are not behind-hand with the more substantial productions of the fields. We have wheat as good as that of the Baltic, while we have fruit much better. We can give the world both saccharine and mealy vegetables, furnish dinner and desert with the same excellence and in almost equal profusion.

There is yet another test by which we may try our climate. The country which produces the smallest number of living animals noxious to man must, *cæteris paribus*, be the one most agreeable to live in, and as the climate has a direct effect in the production of these animals, the climate which sins least in this respect must so far be the best. Now how are we off in this respect? We seem just in the happy medium, where neither heat nor cold exercise their worst powers. Go North, and amid dreary pine-forests and thick-falling snows—the wolf begins to appear; not much further on, you come into the land of the bear, brown and white—lanky-haired and shaggy—growling now in woody defiles, now on floating icebergs, the ugliest customer of an ugly climate. But if you wish to shun the cold, turn southwards; the first intimation, so far as animal life goes, you receive of the increasing solar power, is the appearance of those swarms of flying and creeping abominations which our maligned climate permits not the presence of. Gnats, mosquitoes, locusts, in the air; centipedes and tarantellas on the earth, somewhat detract from the glory of olive groves and the romance of the cypress and myrtle. Pursue your way still further, cross the boundaries of Asia and Africa, and the increasing brightness of the sun increases the unpleasantness and dangers of the earth; the serpent coiled in the rotten stump, the scorpion venomous

in his dark hiding-place, beasts of prey lurking in every jungle, the harmless bat exaggerated into the blood-sucking vampire, crocodiles in the rivers, sharks in the seas,—behold some of the pleasant inhabitants of brighter skies and less changeable atmospheres than our own. Talk as you like of the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics, expatiate on the palm or the bread-fruit, on the patriarchal trees of primeval forests; but remember the company they harbour; remember the things crawling and creeping, crouching and bounding, with which they swarm, and balance our lack of pomegranates and avacoda pears, by our exemption from the spring of the tiger and the coil of the boa.

I verily think that a glance at the array of insect and reptile abominations which entomologists are so fond of sticking pins through and arranging in a species of monster meeting in cabinets of natural history, is quite enough to make any sane man congratulate himself with a perfect flush of inward delight, that his lot is cast in a land where the most formidable insect plagues consist of an occasional wasp in the summer air, and an occasional black beetle crawling over the winter's hearth—not that I have any affection for either race—on the contrary, I cordially wish that a war of extermination could somehow be got up between the fat gentleman in black and the thin gentleman in yellow. But after all, what are they to those horrible beings with no end of legs—with eyes where nobody would look for eyes—and, as Sidney Smith said, with heads where, with all submission, their tails ought to be? What are our poor hopping fleas, industrious or idle—our harmless “crickets on the hearth”—our buzzing blue-bottles, to the entomological abortions one sees in the British Museum—spiders, like crabs rubbed over with bears' grease and turned hairy—scorpions with their horny eyes and fever-giving stings, the only satisfactory trait in their character, by the way, being their reported aptitude to sting themselves out of the world—centipedes, those obscure things, those most acherontic individuals, from a swarm of which I am sure I would run faster than from a park of artillery?

Consider for a moment the jolliness of a life in these climates, where when you rise you may find a scorpion ensconced in the toe of each boot, a legion of white ants in the act of devouring your Sunday clothes, mosquitoes innumerable, who never leave off devouring yourself—animals, to quote Sidney Smith again, with their mouths in their bellies, walking with a hundred feet

over the breakfast bread and butter—where, when you go out to walk, your wife may get a real boa round her neck—where royal tigers look in upon *pic-nic* parties—where your cachinnations at your own joke may be echoed by those of the laughing hyena—where, literally, and actually, you cannot keep the wolf from the door, and where finally, the metaphorical *lion* of a party may suddenly disappear down the throat of a *bond fide* animal of the name so unthinkingly assumed. Verily

“England, with all thy faults I love thee still.”

No lions, no boas, no tigers, no scorpions, no rattle-snakes—surely a couple of dozen extra rainy days in the year, and a sky of not quite so indigo a hue, may be excused in consideration of their neither watering nor warming such gentry.

I have thus run through a few of the considerations which, as I think, ought to induce us to reconsider the verdict so generally, yet on so light grounds recorded against our climate. By our ability to remain out of doors without risk or inconvenience more hours per day and more days per year in England than in almost any other country—by our exemption from whirlwinds, tornadoes, earthquakes, siroccoes, simooms—by our escape from seasons of ceaseless rain, ceaseless heat, ceaseless cold—by our longer and more healthy lives—by the heroes and heroines whom our skies have bent over—by the harmless glories of our majestic woods, the rich greenery of our fields—by the fruits we eat, the flowers we smell, the birds we hear, the beasts we have and the beasts we have not, the inoffensive reptiles we possess, and the offensive reptiles we do not—by all these considerations, on all these grounds, I call upon the reader, even though an easterly draught be chilling him, or a London fog be blinding him, or a sudden rattling shower be destroying his hopes of a pleasant walk before dinner, to bear these little inflictions in good humour, to look upon them only in the light of slight drawbacks to the general excellence, the general healthfulness of the climate of Great Britain.

A. B. R.



## WINTER SCENE.

'Tis such a night when herdsmen first begin  
 To house and fodder up their cattle ; when white frost  
 Hangs thick upon the brookside-hedge, and meads,  
 Close cropp'd, rustle beneath the tread, and to the gates  
 The kine, with argent frost come silver'd o'er,  
 Puffing their cloudy breath i' the moon's face.  
 With wicker maund the merry maiden trips,  
 To gather linen from the orchard pale :—  
 Anon she spreads it steaming at the hearth ;—  
 Anon heaps logs upon the blazing pile ;  
 Her pretty rounded arm shows dappled o'er,  
 And on her modest cheek the frolic kiss  
 Of snowy-headed Winter sits in blushes.  
 All night Old Frost works wond'rous alchemy,  
 And every noteless bush and mossy stone  
 Of wrought, enchased silver, shows at morn ;  
 Round glittering sloes, that peep'd through leafy shades,  
 Like elfin-eyes in the dusk twilight hour,  
 A misty bloom, as on Damascus blade,  
 At dawn enwraps. The brook its wonted song  
 Sings in another key ; the richly-jewell'd fern,  
 And pendant branches hung with crystal bells,  
 Their icy cymbals clash in harmony,  
 A low, clear, ringing music often heard,  
 In quiet places on so sweet a night.  
 From perilous rocks the venerable goat,  
 With hoary-hermit beard looks sagely down,  
 And ruminates on change.—The mountain tops  
 Hyems usurps—already there encamp'd  
 With beamy lance, and mail crystalline-proof,  
 He opes the drear campaign—of vict'ry sure.\*

J. SCHOLLES,

\* In "A Sermon on Winter," a hope-breathing, touching discourse, by the Rev. Robert Maclellan, of Bridport, the vicissitudes of the season are eloquently set forth. "A good preacher," he says, "is white-headed Winter : he not only, as regards the Spring, goes forth 'to prepare the way of the Lord ;' but clad in his snowy surplice, without controversy, this doctrine he ever crieth in the wilderness, 'Distrust not the providence of the Most High God, even when all in the natural or moral world is most dark and cold, and sombre, for out of such things He ever bringeth light, and heat, and gladness.'"

## THE PRESS AND THE PEOPLE.

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THE progress of literature, and the improvement of the people, have run like parallel streams ; when the current of the one has been impeded, the course of the other has flagged. The people may regard the press as having given them a second birth : it has infused soul into their civil life. The first newspaper, looking back upon it as I do now, as the first seed of the giant tree which is spreading its wide arms over the length and breadth of the land,—the appearance of *that* newspaper is an epoch in history. It belongs, I need scarcely say, to the time of Elizabeth, that star-chamber dame, who little thought what work such prints would one day make among the descendants of her loyal lieges. At the eventful period of the Spanish Armada, when the transmission and diffusion of intelligence regarding the important movements of the time was matter of great interest, “The English Mercurie” was issued. Many of these papers, bearing the date of 1588, and printed while the Spanish fleet was in the channel, may be seen at the British Museum. The Commonwealth was prolific of periodicals, but they were devoted to mere party purposes, and were full of the scurrility and malignity of minds antagonised at all points on matters of politics and religion. The same remark may apply to the first daily paper after the Revolution, “The Orange Intelligencer.” The dark background of that period may serve to throw out in high relief the freedom of the present day. At that time, none of the proceedings of parliament were permitted publicity except upon authority. The progress of journalizing was not, however, rapid ; for in the reign of Queen Anne, London had but one daily paper—if such was the feast in the metropolis, what must have been the famine in the provinces ! How dormant lay the popular energies—crude diamonds, encrusted and embedded in the unopened, unsuspected mine ! How barren the soil over which the plough had never passed to turn its virgin bosom to the fertilizing sunshine—how worse than barren was it, yielding rank crops of weeds—prejudices, superstitions, brutalisms,—the sad remains of which are fast flying before the steam-press and the

steam-engine. The days of Steele and Addison stirred the waters with the magician's wand ; but though it thus spread, circle after circle, it was far from reaching those classes which are now daily giving evidence of high intellect, notwithstanding all that weary toil and various injuries from ill-divided wealth inflicts upon them. By 1724, London had three daily papers, besides several that were published weekly. Gradually the power of the press advanced, and 1731 brought in the "Gentleman's Magazine," that parent of an endless progeny of periodicals, which have since found consumers and contributors from classes which at the time in question must have been the very pariahs of knowledge ; for Johnson says, speaking of that period ; "that men not professing learning were not ashamed of ignorance, and in the female world, any acquaintance with books was distinguished only to be censured."

The mass of the people were not only ignorant, but they had not the least idea that they might be, that they ought to be; otherwise—the divine light lay unkindled in unconscious breasts ; and "if the light within thee be darkness, how great is that darkness." At that time, too, and long after, the privileged classes were full of alarms at the mere idea of educating the poor. Plato's republic and More's Utopia were not held to be half so fallacious. Books, pictures, statues, which a fostering patronage might have called from national genius, like coins from the mint, were prohibited, as calculated to mislead the multitude, withdraw them from their prescribed province, and was, in effect, deemed to be "casting pearls before the swine."

Shall we not rejoice that these days are past? Shall we not look back more in pity than in resentment on that shortsighted selfishness, that could thus attempt to say to the tide of human progression, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther?"—which could attempt to set up barriers against that approaching tide which have proved as feeble as the premises on which they were built were false? It is now fairly a race between the classes ; and I fancy that the energetic sons of the people, such as can write "The Suicide's Purgatory," and "The Baron's Yule," with the few hours that they wring from toil, or snatch from rest, will outrun the college-taught and castle-sheltered sons of fortune. When we talk of the friends of the people, let us remember Joseph Lancaster, the Pestalozzi of England, the much-tried and untiring friend of the education of the people. I shall perhaps revert to him some future time ; I will now only pause to recall a circum-

stance equally honourable to him and the class to whose service he devoted himself. Like all who engage in great schemes of improvement, he became embarrassed; but on examination into the circumstances, it was found that his embarrassment had arisen from no selfish or improper expenditure of funds; that, in fact, himself and family very rarely tasted animal food, but subsisted principally upon bread and milk. Among the debts there was a very considerable one to a baker. (Honour to his name! I would I were able to proclaim it.) When some one expressed surprise that he should have given such large credit, he answered, "The good Mr. Lancaster had done to the poor of his neighbourhood is such, that, as long as I have a loaf, he shall have half of it." I will not add another word. I have presented a point of view which calls for silent contemplation.

Mrs. LEMAN GILLIES.

### A FEW GOOD ACTORS WANTED.

WHERE was it that I saw the play of *Hamlet* so finely acted?

The play of *Hamlet* finely acted!

Yes!

Impossible! two or three parts perhaps.

The play.

Tell us all about it.

The theatre was not a large one, and as far from being small. You could hear every word that was spoken in it easily, but a terrible exclamation, or a clear, bold, well-rounded climax of voice did not appear noisy or exaggerated.

There must have been judgment in building that theatre.

Yes. As it is a building in which the finest poetry is spoken, the architect had felt it advisable to make himself master of the science of acoustics. Moreover, he had not thought so entirely of packing a certain number of paying bodies in a given space, but that he had determined that every living creature in the house should see, hear, and be at ease, three matters mainly conducive to silence. Wherever this could not be done, the space was fairly blocked out, so that no restless adventurer, clinging round a column,

could be tempted to disturb the ten others within the reach of his own discomfort.

Ay, they manage that in France.

Pretty well where you pay well, but most insolently amiss where you do not. For a nation that talks of equality, its places of public amusement are most aristocratically disposed. The two upper circles of many of their theatres have the principal chandelier in a direct line between them and the stage.

Well.—But to this particular theatre.

The proscenium appeared to be unusually narrow, the opening of the stage itself much smaller than ordinary, and rather low. But the whole theatre was low in its proportions, which prevented any of the spectators from obtaining a foreshortened view of the actor, such as you may have seen when the object presented to you is the crown of his hat with the floor of the stage for a background. The architect had recollected that he was building a theatre, not a tower, or a Nelson's pillar.

Why to be sure, we have curious points of sight in most of the theatres.

And every part of this opening was visible from every part of the house. The fundamental principle appeared to be to take the human figure as the standard for the picture presented, and the natural human voice as the measure for the space to be filled by it. So the canvas, as I may call the opening of the stage, was somewhat above the proportion of a large historical picture, the figures painted in it. I do not mean the historical landscape; that bears a somewhat similar proportion to the usual stages, but the larger works of Michael Angelo, Raffaëlle, Paul Veronese, and Correggio. I imagine that something beyond this proportion was adopted for the sake of motion and change of disposition; but as a play is, or should be, the representation of human actions, and the capacity of the human face, figure, or lungs cannot be enlarged, unless to be made ludicrous, it is clear that all dimensions ought to be calculated upon them.

But the scenery—

That is to anticipate, perhaps; but no matter. The object of the painters was evidently not to realise, but to suggest. I never in my life saw a stage into which you could cram a cathedral or a fortress; there the human figure again interposes a measure fatal to the attempt, and the spectator is only amused by the ingenuity or the clumsiness of contrivances. But by giving a part in its true

proportions, you help the imagination to the whole. Perspective and arrangement will always accomplish this, provided you can only dispense with those unsightly rags which dangle from the top of the stage, and those clumsy machines which border the sides. Placing all the audience well in front of the picture, by means of the comparative smallness of the opening, a scene apparently illimitable is obtained, simply because no one sees the end of it ; which is surely a quality for sufficient space, inasmuch as it represents infinity if you choose. Thus by attempting less, more is done. The eye takes in as much as it would of any subject, however gigantic, through such an aperture, as you might see Westminster Abbey from one of the chapels, where the arch of the chapel itself would be all the disc presented to the eye ; but the whole idea of the building would be conveyed as perfectly as if you stood at the end of the nave. The stage is never so absurd as when it attempts to realise all. It is subject in that to the universal rule of art. I loiter on the threshold, and yet I must say a few words more before I come to the actors. The curtain drew up, and, as the very sentiment of the first scene in *Hamlet* is the feeling of dead midnight, the stage was much darkened, and the audience part more.

Would the audience bear— ?

Oh ! the audience was come to the play, not for the playhouse ; that was elegant but simple in its decorations, even to severity ; marble and brasswork were used for the fittings, so that it looked even grand in the gloom. Spectators bear the darkness at the Diorama, why not in the theatre ? Indeed the object should be to spare the audience nausea and headache, by keeping any overportion of light from oppressing the eyes, and making the objects presented, easily and clearly visible. Therefore, as I said, the stage was much darkened, and the audience part more ; so that the eye, surrounded by the greater darkness, could discern very well the features of the actors, and the work of the scene, yet with a full notion of the midnight gloom in which it should be acted. I must pause yet to tell you how the theatre was lit. The smallness still of the picture, as I shall call the stage part of the house, permitted even the low roof to bend considerably downwards towards forming a false ceiling ; above this, and open to the stage, the principal lights were placed, so as to throw by much the greater part of the illumination from above. No doubt you have often seen the candlelight paintings of Schalken. If you look carefully

at them you will wonder to see what very pretty faces he has often painted. At first sight they do not appear so, for the light being generally thrown upon the features from a candle below them, all the nobleness and much of the beauty of the lines disappear. You have not a Schalken or a print from him at hand, perhaps; then stand before the glass and look at yourself with a candle held below your face, or, what is much better, get some very pretty woman to do as much, then place the candle at a moderate angle above, and see whether Nature, that gave us light from the sky instead of the earth, did not throw below what is becoming to the features; she formed, then, the usual stage lamp-lighters. The fact once ascertained in this way, would be enough to drive all the handsome actresses of our usual theatres into open rebellion. Alas for them! kind doubly, trebly alas! for the defrauded public!! how many delightfully-expressive, though delicate-featured faces are made utterly blank by the want of natural shadow, or are scandalously distorted by false ones. How often, when one meets with a beautiful actress in society, one is amazed that she appears so much more beautiful, beautiful in feature and outline, off the stage than upon it. Yet so it is, and thus is the public robbed of its legitimate delight, and the actresses are robbed of the delight of being delightful; so that architect, proprietors, lessee, and lamp-lighters, ought to be found guilty by a coroner's jury of beauty-icide, and the theatre should be sold as a deodand. I tell the public that Miss —— well, never mind the name, and Mrs. —— but no matter who, would drive them mad if they could only see their faces as they ought to be seen.

And even the men, for the purposes of their art, have, or ought to have, faces worth looking at. Edmund Kean and John Kemble, at all events, to say nothing of less favoured actors, made something of theirs; and the very draperies, the stage dresses, often specimens of very picturesque costume, lose half their richness and their effect from the want of shadow. If you doubt this, get permission to visit the green-room of a principal theatre, where the light, though sufficient, is differently dispersed, and convince yourself.

I take all for granted—go on.

The soldier pacing impatiently on his guard, and stirring to keep himself warm in the bitter night, glancing from time to time for his relief, opens the play. This was done as it should be, that is, with sense and care; and then came the other soldiers with

Horatio, and here began a difference from the usual style of presenting a character. Horatio, as I saw him, was a gowned scholar, an adept brought to the place by the unlearned soldiers, to question, examine, and lay the ghost they expected. All were characters: he staid, grave, and gentle, they bold and martial, but considerate and respectful to their lettered visitor. Surely this is a part of the very story of the play, and the tinselled, courtier-like non-descript, which Horatio is generally made, is a most tasteless and ignorant perversion, prejudicial to the very understanding of the plot, and infinitely so to the character of Hamlet, upon which that of Horatio so essentially bears.

The appearance and bearing of the man were thoughtful and sedate. Even his fear on the first beholding of the ghost was silent and self-possessed. He "trembled and looked pale," as if he had found a wonder beyond the wonders of his usual contemplation; but his terror was contrasted with that of the soldiers; it was concentrated in himself, and dominated by his reflection; theirs was rough and open, and they appealed to him as for the help he had promised them. So in his whole conduct there were the independence and self-possession of the philosopher. He was respectful to the Prince, yet as a friend, and held throughout the play the office of the historian and commentator, which he afterwards openly assumes, in speaking his friend's story upon the "raised stage" to the people. Then the Ghost; Shakespeare was wise to act this part himself: it is the most difficult in the whole drama. The ghost of Hamlet's father is a passionate spirit; full of grief, revenge, remorse, and pity; a suffering and wailing thing, that from the very first comes to seek for a human listener, fit to receive the story of his sorrows, and to avenge them. He is a human soul without a body to act its desires. The "martial stalk" with which he goes by the watch, our actors have traditionally adhered to; but here I beheld from the first the painful effort at disdain, the craving for an adjuration fit to unlock the voice of death. With "a countenance more in sorrow than in anger," he "fixed his eyes on them, most constantly." Once "he addressed himself to motion like as he would speak," and was compelled to depart voiceless and terror-stricken. His unappreciated thirst of human audience was the first interest created in the play. A subdued light was made constantly to rest upon his path, so that, in the surrounding gloom, every change of feature was clearly observable. His stage appliance fixed the attention



on every gesture, however slight, and his presence was the burden of the scene. But with what delicacy were the various and still earthly passions of his recital to Hamlet, idealised so as to become spectral, yet kept free from that monotony of a dull hard bass voice, speaking on one note, by which their expression has so often been desecrated. The elocution had the effect of an exquisite piano in music, commanding attention by the refusal to seek it, more thrilling than the loudest and stormiest outburst. Nothing could be more opposed to the usual stilted dignity of its representatives, than the whole simple manner of this player of the Ghost. He was, as Shakespeare has described the effects of his eloquence, very pathetic, and his bearing in the closet scene, with regard to his guilty wife, was the tenderest renewal of a deep passion, which in his earthly days he had believed immortal.

And now pass on to the court. Let it be ushered in as it should be, by the lord chamberlain, Polonius. What a grave, important, self-satisfied, unconscious humour reigned in the old arbiter of etiquette! An elder Liston, in his best and quietest style; a reality, such as may be seen in every court of the present day, as well as in that olden time or in the time of Shakespeare; a mind grown old upon trifles, and mingling the experiences of the merest fancy with the shrewd lessons of practical experience in really important lessons. The humour is the perversion of sense to the purposes of folly, the mixture of the statesman with the *valet de chambre*, so that the set of the king's whisker is a thing of equal importance with the dispensing of the king's justice. The creature is extant and visible. The mummery is hourly enacted with as serious a belief in its vital consequence as ever Polonius felt; and thus did the actor top the part. He would as soon have thought of introducing an air on the jew's-harp, as of face-making: the fun, and there was plenty of it, was in the devoted energy of his trivialities. In the same spirit were enacted Rosencrantz and Guildenstern; obsequious to the King and Queen, supple at first to the Prince, afterwards almost insolent in the belief of his assured ruin. And then the King himself, pale, suspicious, cunning, watchful, raising the tremulous hopes of those around him, as the flattery of royal condescension matchlessly does it; kingly by the deference of all about him; mean and unquiet in himself; reading the looks of Hamlet as a fate, and eyeing his sad and unconscious partner, lest she should change and conspire against him. For one moment alone the great struggle of passion

razed him to the ground ; when in the height of terror, and detected guilt, he stood for an instant, and but an instant, gasping ere he could call for lights, to leave the hall in which the play had been acted before him. The Queen, how subdued, mournful, and pathetic from the very first ! How tender the appeal, " Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet ; " as though she had already discovered the hollowness of her new passion, and strove hard to keep the emblem of her purer thoughts near her. How regally sad throughout, catching at the hope of Hamlet's reviving on being united to Ophelia, and broken-hearted with the loss of that hope. In the scene in her closet, where Hamlet reproaches her, amid all her terrors, or in the lapses of them, how fond yet of him,—how wretched beyond measure, that he must be her accuser and her judge !

Hamlet himself ! Above all, what a reality ! How thoroughly unlike any creature of the stage ! How unconventional ! What an impulsive talker ! A prince in his own room, and as entirely at his ease. Talma, the companion of great monarchs ; a prince himself in a nation which avowed no aristocracy but that of genius ; a gentleman by heart ; a man infinitely above all affections ; simple, true, energetic from fulness of feeling, with an eye rich in colour, round and full, with a voice sweet in the tones of conversation, distinct to perfection, without any approach to the syllabic, and revelling into the organ tones of passion as they seemed to grow out of the subject. Yes, Talma who was all this and much more, might have been the prototype of the Hamlet. But my actor was younger, better realised " the glass of fashion and the mould of form," which Talma could make you forget if he could not fulfil.

Talma never played Shakespeare's Hamlet.

He put so much of Shakespeare's Hamlet into Ducis' words and situations, that for the moment it was our poet's spirit in a new body ; and where he had something of the original to deal with, as " C'est un reveil peut-être ! " Shakespeare's hair could scarcely have stood more on end with the thrill of intensity as he wrote the words, than did that of Talma's audience when he spoke them. But to the Hamlet of my stage, who had Shakespeare to deal with throughout, and not Ducis.

.. His sarcasms to the king's face were most courtly bitterness ; the edge of his tongue was most smoothly keen ; and you felt from the first his pity for his mother, the struggle of habitual honour

with present shame for her. And when left to himself and to the expression of his world weariness, it was indeed manly suffering. Tears seemed to come against his will, and he dismissed them silently. Imbued from first to last with the poet's own caution against "periwig patedness," the colouring of the whole representation was soft and harmonious, Correggio as opposed to Rubens; rich, deep, clear as day, full of grand *chiaro-scuro*, but without one raw tint. The disposition, the generosity, the fine temper of the being was the palpable design from first to last. Hamlet was a creature to be admired and loved. Kind with Horatio, courteous with all, indignant with cause, and as an exception from his disposition. The player restored, in the scene after the disappearance of the Ghost, these wonderful and terrible touches of pleasantry, thought necessary by the poet to mark the excess of terror in such a visitation, by the effect of the rebound, when Hamlet is enabled to summon his powers to contend with the oppression. And this was due as a part of the tragic suffering, which is the human lot of the hero, and the intensity of which evolves his thoughts and actions. In his scene with Ophelia, how little noise and how much feeling! How little action and how deep an interest! The eye, the broken tone, told the love which the words hid from the king; and as what he spake only "lack'd form a little," and "seem'd not like madness," neither did he act the outrageous madman; which, had Shakespeare intended him to do, undoubtedly the king would have noticed it as much as the matter of his speeches. The audience had the full volume of the previous story whereby to read Hamlet's words, a commentary which the king had not, and, as Iago need never wink, or scowl, or sneer his villany at Othello, to let the spectators see what a villain he is, so Hamlet, summoning to his imagination the feelings of the lover, who has taken forced but solemn leave of his mistress, who fears lest she could unworthily betray him, who doubts the sex he has honoured by the moral conviction of his own mother, whom he honoured the most, and who wishes to conceal all under the mask of mournful misanthropy, need only utter the text as such a man must talk it, to make his auditory feel almost as much as himself. But perhaps the effective triumph was in the closet scene. The player never forgot that Hamlet was speaking to his mother, and sometimes in the very presence of another life. His reproaches were feverish with horror at the being obliged to use them. They were anything but the gratification of will or the relief of a desire. They evidently arose

as reproaches, or even as the narrations of fact do in men's minds, the more terrible and emphatic in words the more the speaker may try to qualify them. The welcome indulgence of passion was in the killing of the supposed king, and in the comparison of the two brothers. Nothing could be more tender or pathetic than the promise to "beg blessings" when the queen should be "desirous to be blessed." There was reconciliation for two worlds in it. In a word, the actor's taste brought out all that is noble, elevated, tender, and kindly, as the habits of the character, and put upon these all that could contrast with them, as the uncongenial accidents of his fate.

I always welcome the gravediggers with their well-assorted argument; their trade-talk of death, which is the best sermon upon it; their "houses which last till doomsday." They enforce the terror in the lesser sense and disarm it in the greater. Suffice it that my clowns were natural and unconscious ones, which is the task the poet has set them. And Osric, the comic quintessence of the courtier class of the characters, played his part only with superior earnestness and amusing dotage on nothings. Lords in waiting and gentleman ushers are really very droll in their inanity, but if they were pretentious buffoons they would be kicked out. Their merit is an exceeding solemnity, an incapability of the ludicrous, which makes them as ridiculous as the gravest of all four-footed animals. Where a smile or a frown is promotion or disgrace, luxury or beggary, the observation of the royal countenance is a most serious occupation. A vivacious absurdity from such a person! Make him guilty of high treason at once! High treason it would be against the mystery of kingcraft. How finely did this cringing over-servile thing contrast with the placid, equal Horatio!

You have said nothing of Ophelia and Laertes.

No! They are a family portrait and should always be considered together. The characteristic of each is exceeding sensitiveness. Ophelia, as I saw her represented, hid hers as a girl does to make it the stronger by the suppression when she might indulge it; shew as timid, conscious at first, recklessly woe-begone afterwards, and in her madness telling the whole truth of her sense. Then she was passionate to the full, and the music in which she spoke, and the flowers which were her types were treated as the natural occupations of her purer lip, the services as well as the embodiments of her thoughts. This was expressed by the actress in her perfect spontaneity.

The brother, Laertes, has always been one of the most ill-used of all the great dramatist's creations. He has always been made ferocious instead of quick in feeling. It would be difficult to contrive more pungent wrongs than he has to suffer, and such as would make a man, full of the worldly falsehood of punctilious courage, less nice about the means. Laertes invested himself with interest in the beginning by his anxious love, his fear for his sister, not words spoken merely, but earnest feelings expressed. He was tender, anxious, doting on her, her honour, her youth, her beauty, her fate. In the latter part his rage became concentrated and terrible from the suppression of his tears; the anger itself was as grave as Macduff's, the deadly revenge was the prompting of the demon king ready to use it for his own fell purpose.

I could tell you more, for who could see *Hamlet* played and not have more to say about it? But even what I have said, suppose you to know the play throughout, and to care more about it than the average of readers or auditors, perchance.

But, this theatre of yours, may I ask you, where—

"In my mind's eye, Horatio," as you knew before you asked. But that mind's eye has been informed by what every one may consult for himself. Shakespeare expected to be misunderstood in this play. He has commented himself on almost every scene, by repeating all the less obvious ones in a short description. Look through the text.

Aye.

I do not say that some performers have not done this diligently, but to "play out the play," as it should be.

Why you will end as you begun; you will say there are "a few good actors wanted!"

## FIAT JUSTITIA!

'Twas when the moon was darkened o'er with clouds of lurid hue—  
 'Twas when in all the blackened sky you'd see no speck of blue—  
 'Twas when the blast swept searching past, across the lonesome moor,  
 Bearing its weight of snow and sleet to sixty houseless poor;

Then rose the wail, upon the gale, of many a shivering mother,  
 And quick the wail, the sharp white hail, in stifling sobs would smother.  
 But, fierce and loud, the curses proud of savage manly wrath  
 Might make the brave Christ's ben'son crave upon that grisly path.

For *there* were deeds of justice done upon a wintry day,  
 And twenty hovels, black and bare, without the thatch-roof lay.  
 It was the law, and bayonets saw—the bayonets of the free!—  
 The right asserted of the good who sought his failing fee.

Knives, famished, lean, with skin not clean, lank hair and horny hand,  
 From sire to son scant life had won upon a sterile land.  
 For twice a hundred years they toiled, in squalor and in grief,  
 And only paid full twice the meed of many a fertile fief.

But blight had fallen upon the field; this year their rent-staff died;  
 Potato, pig, the osier twig, drooped, plague-struck—(woe betide!)  
 The landlord (just and stern was he, and fitly proud of blood)  
 Bethought him well, time now to quell a sordid, useless brood.

'Twas thus that night the deed of right saw finished full and fair,  
 And not a wretch a limb might stretch upon a covered lair.  
 And as the curse grew wild and worse for savage kindred dead,  
 The good man calls his house to prayers, and, thankful, goes to bed.

But now was haste upon the waste, gaunt faces, glistening eyes,  
 Black-bearded men shake hands, and then they count who sinks and  
 dies.

Next day the sun shines cheerful down, as e'er shined wintry sun;  
 But under that fair, happy sun, a murder dark is done!

With cheerful face of health and grace (true symbols of the good),  
 The righteous master hies him forth to earn his zest for food;  
 And here and there, with bounteous air, he hails a neighbour's bow;  
 But one sad spot he visits not (his heart too soft I trow).

While ambling now, with musing brow, a briary bank before,  
 One yell—like as the fiend of hell!—lent force to that fell roar!  
 The good man falls—two death-winged balls his "fair round" body  
 pierce,  
 And o'er the bank, lean, eager, lank, just peer two faces fierce.

A month hath waned,—the turf, blood-stained, has claimed the price of  
 sin—

Two ghastly corpses, on a tree, in sickening silence swing.  
 The good man's rest is in oaken chest, where all his fathers slept—  
 In many a page, by the county sage who rules the news-sheet wept.

## A HISTORY FOR YOUNG ENGLAND.\*

What a pitié is it to see a proper gentleman to have such a crick in his neck that he cannot look backward. Yet no better is he who cannot see behind him the actions which long since were performed. History maketh a young man to be old, without either wrinkles or grey hairs; privileging him with the experience of age, without either the infirmities or inconveniences thereof. Yea, it not onely maketh things past, present; but inableth one to make a rationall conjecture of things to come. For this world affordeth no new accidents, but in the same sense wherein we call it *a new moon*; which is the old one in another shape, and yet no other than what had been formerly. Old actions return again, furbished over with some new and different circumstances.—FULLER.

### CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

#### JOHN, SURNAMED LACKLAND.

1199—1216. JOHN was present at the death-bed of Cœur de Lion; and the dying king was said to have declared him successor to the throne, and heir to one-third of his treasures. The latter he seized at Chinon; and passing into Touraine, Maine, and Anjou, was met in that ancient territory of the Plantagenets by the claim of his nephew Arthur. This adverse confederacy, headed by the Breton people, had a formidable aspect; and John, content with sacking the city of Mans, and burning down that of Angers, hastened into Normandy and Aquitaine, where, by the influence of friends whom he had long secretly cherished in those provinces, and backed by the hereditary rights of his mother, his sovereignty was admitted. He received the ducal coronet and sword at Rouen from the hands of the archbishop. He had been Earl; he was now Duke; and by God's teeth (his favourite oath) he swore he would be King.

I have shown the growth of a power in England, during the last reign, claiming to overawe the crown and compel the responsibility of its ministers. But this power was never distinctly put in motion against the succession of John. When, indeed, on Archbishop Hubert's arrival with the letters from Normandy, justiciary Fitz-Peter commanded all freemen to swear allegiance to the duke, there was enough hesitation among the

\* Continued from p. 84, Vol. III.

prelates and barons least affected to John's interest to render necessary the summoning of a great council at Northampton; but there does not seem to have been much difficulty in procuring from this council, an unanimous resolution to swear fealty to John, Duke of Normandy, on the condition that the present rights of each individual should be respected. In truth, though the subsequent misfortunes and sorrowful death of Arthur largely moved sympathy in England, there was never any formidable stand attempted on the ground of his right to the throne. The battle was fought in the foreign provinces. Here, while some might have thought his claim superior to his uncle's; and many were certainly convinced of the superior weight of the frequent written testimonies of Cœur de Lion for his succession, as compared with the equivocal dying declaration alleged by John; there was hardly one man of influence that would have drawn the sword for him, on any such principle as that the crown of England was heritable property. The genius of the country was repugnant to that notion. It has been shown in this history, with what care, at each successive coronation since the Conquest, the form of the choice of the people was preserved; it will have been seen that of the five kings on whom the English crown has descended since the Conquest, four have been constrained to rest their most availing title on that popular choice or recognition; but the most emphatic declaration of the principle was reserved for the coronation of John.

He landed at Shoreham on the 25th of May, and two days afterward was crowned at Westminster. As I have before remarked, his right was in no particular admitted till after this ceremony. He was earl, until he assumed the ducal coronet; he was duke, until the national council of England, speaking through Hubert of Canterbury, invested him at Westminster with the English crown. 'This crown,' said that distinguished prelate, before he placed it on the head of John, 'is not the property of any particular person. It is the gift of the nation, which elects, generally from the members of the reigning family, the prince who appears in the existing circumstances the most deserving of royalty. No preceding events can entitle any one to succeed to this crown if he be not chosen king by the body of the nation (*ab universitate regni electus*), according to the example of Saul and David, who were not even of royal race. We have this day assembled to exercise that great duty, and have elected for our



'sovereign John, Duke of Normandy, brother of the deceased king.' It is added by Hoveden and Mathew of Paris, from whom this statement is derived, that the duke, without starting the question of his birth or that of his brother's alleged will, distinctly signified his assent to these principles; and that then, having taken the customary oaths to protect the church and govern justly, a shout of 'Long live the king!' rang through the crowded abbey, and was echoed by the throng outside.

It was characteristic of the already most notorious meanness and duplicity of John, that in the preamble to a law which he published on the seventh of the following month at Northampton, he was careful to unite, with his popular title, the titles he had thus renounced. God had raised him to the throne, he said, which belonged to him as well by hereditary right, as through the unanimous consent and favour of the clergy and the people. But the solemn act of the 27th of May could not thus be revoked or evaded. Speed, with his patient industry and narrow vision, calls that act 'a second seed-plot of treasons;' but it so happens, throughout our English history, that Treasons have been the second seed-plot of Liberty. Other critics have imagined John's coronation a mere arrangement of conditional fealty specially restricted to him; the sole temptation to elect him in preference to his nephew being the consideration that less was to be looked for from a legitimate monarch, in the way of civil restitution, than from one who held by elective tenure. But these reasoners overlook, not only the fact that the law of succession as between a living brother and a dead brother's child was by no means settled at this time, but that the choice of a monarch on exclusively hereditary grounds would have been the exception, and not the rule. If anything, beyond the objection to entrusting sovereignty to a child and a woman (especially such a woman as Constance of Brittany), induced the preference of John, it seems most likely to have been the anticipation of a possible and not distant struggle between the throne and its feudal dependencies; and the sense of how much the latter would be strengthened by an incompetent and feeble occupant of the former. For how stood the government of England, when placed in the hands of John?

At the commencement of this reign, the balance of power between the various grades of feudal society, as in a great degree established by the discreet and powerful administration of Henry the Second, had been wholly relaxed and unsettled by John's

lawless dealings in Cœur de Lion's absence. The powers which Henry centred in the throne for good purposes, were prostituted to evil by his son. The weakness which an able king, for sagacious ends, had struck into the aristocratic element of the kingdom, had since been used for the suppression of all restraint upon monarchal tyranny. Could such a sovereign as Henry have continued to reign, until a forced repression of the baronial feuds might have permitted the gradual and free reaction of the popular on the kingly power, all would have been well, and the establishment of rational liberty hastened by at least two centuries. Even as it was, there stood the People between the two opposing forces: alternately recognised in the necessities of both, and by both made conscious of their power. In the church questions, and that of resistance to invasion, which arose in the earlier portion of the reign, they took part with John; in the questions of civil freedom which immortalised its close, they joined the grand confederacy of his enemies. And most comforting is it to discern, that in the end, the very vice and falsehood of this despicable king were made the tributary slaves to truth and virtue. A man more able, though with an equal love of tyranny, would have husbanded and kept his power; this man could only feel that he existed when he felt that he was trampling on his fellow-men, and, making his power intolerable, he risked and lost it. We are told, notwithstanding, that with the Barons and not with the People the enduring triumph remained. A conclusion ill-considered. They who have followed the course of this history, and have seen what silently expanding influences have been in action ever since the Conquest, will not need to be told now what Power it was, secret but irresistible, that ultimately shaped the mere exclusive claims of a powerful faction as against their feudal lord, into a record of general rights, perhaps at the time unconscious, but certainly eternal, inalienable, nor ever afterward to be wholly denied to even the meanest Englishman.

John was in his thirty-second year when he began his reign; and his character was formed and known. It belongs to the few in history or in human nature, of which the infamy is altogether black and unredeemed. 'Who mourns,' cries Mathew of Paris on his death, 'who shall ever mourn for the death of King John? Hell, with all its pollution, is polluted by the soul of John.' While yet in youth and under care of Giraldus Cambrensis, that clerical and courtly tutor, though he professes to have discovered

the germ of future excellence in his princely pupil, would seem to have discovered it through a marvellously dense mist, impenetrable to most men. He describes him a prey to the follies of youth, impressible as wax to vice, rude to his better advisers, more addicted to luxury than war and to effeminacy than hardship, and a gross dissembler. These qualities grew with his years. Combined with them, he had just enough of the ambition of his race to bring forth more strongly the pusillanimity of his spirit; and thus he was insolent and mean, at once the most abject and the most arrogant of men. The pitiless cruelties recorded of him surpass belief. The reckless madness with which he rushed into his quarrels, was exceeded by his impotent cowardice when resistance showed its front. He deserted the people when the people joined him against the church, he deserted the church when the church joined him against the people. The monks have reproached him with infidelity, but he had not faith enough to be an infidel. To be even that, requires some moral acuteness, some intellectual discrimination, however falsely applied. The story told of his having exclaimed, in hunting, over the body of a fat stag, 'How happily has this fellow lived, yet he never heard mass!' tells but the fellowship of his own nature with that of the beasts of the field. He differed from them only that he was a perjurer and a murderer. He had those appetites debauched and gross, and those sensual habits obstinate and furious, which are only so largely found where intellectual and moral sense are entirely absent. And in effect these did more to precipitate his ruin than his murders or his perjuries.

The first effective demonstration against his reign arose from an act of lust. Inflamed with passion for the young wife of the Count de la Marche, a powerful noble of Aquitaine, he divorced his own wife; tempted the countess and her father, the Count of Angouleme, with the dazzling prospect of a crown; and in defiance of opposition married her. It would be to weary the reader's patience to describe the strife that rose in Aquitaine; the espousal of the cause of the insurgents by Philip of France; the junction of these forces with the Breton party for poor young Arthur; and the struggle into which the war resolved itself, whether the race of Plantagenet or of Capet should be lords of France. It will suffice to state the result, without detail of the awful cruelties and horrors that accompanied its progress. When it began, John was master of the whole French coast, from the borders of Flanders

to the foot of the Pyrenees ; when three years had passed, the best portion of that valuable territory was irrevocably lost to him, and after a separation of three hundred years, Normandy, Anjou, Maine, and Touraine, were reannexed to the French crown. Something ominous, men said, was in his jesting name of Lackland. There is not a doubt that he had also meanwhile caused his nephew to be murdered, with attendant circumstances of cowardice and guilt, of sad suffering and of exquisite pathos, not materially differing from that which the genius of the greatest of writers has thrown around the tragic history.

While these events were in progress, the contemptible chief actor was loud in his complaints that his English nobles had forsaken him. They certainly saw pass into subjection to France, those large and opulent provinces so long won and guarded by the swords of their fathers ; and made no sign of resistance. But this had a deeper significance than mere disgust with John. They had elected their country. They were no longer foreign proprietors on a soil which was not their own. They were Englishmen, resolved to cast their fortunes and their fate with England. Soon after this, indeed, they raised a counter-cry louder than that of their recreant king, accusing him of " foreign " favouritism. With the name, opprobrious now, of Foreigner, they branded the Angevin, the Norman, and the Poitevin nobles, whom he had brought into England at the close of his foreign wars, and whom he now delighted to parade about his person, to load with dignities and wealth, and to encourage in vigorous efforts to plunder and oppress the native population. Even the fond historian of ' Norman Conquest ' here admits that the conquering noble and the conquered peasant had found a point of contact and a common sympathy. He can no longer resist the conclusion, that in the soil of England there was at length germinating a national spirit, common to all who traversed it. Without doubt it was so. And not a new fine was levied on one of the old domains, not a new toll on one of the old bridges or highways, that did not now bring the English baron and lord of the manor nearer in his interests and rights to the English farmer and citizen.

The second great struggle of John's reign was in result not less disastrous than the first. Innocent the Third was upon the throne of the Vatican, and John provoked him to a desperate quarrel. But even in wickedness (if Mathew of Paris is to be believed) Innocent was a match for John ; and in intellect he was

incomparably his superior. Twelve hundred of his letters are extant, attesting his ability and energy. The dispute originated in the old conflicting question of the appointment of bishops. The king refused, on the death of the primate Hubert, to recognise, for the new archbishop, a choice of the monkish chapter; in opposition to which he named a primate of his own. The dispute was referred to Rome. Innocent pronounced for the monks (of course); but affecting to discover a flaw in the appointment they had made, he annulled their archbishop as well as the king's, and nominated one of his own. There was a lettered Englishman of great distinction living at the time in Rome, who had taught with singular applause in the Paris schools, had been invested with the chancellorship of the Paris university, stood high in the English church, and had lately received the purple. Innocent named him, and the monks accepted him, as the English primate; his virtues less availing for that choice, than the impression that he was best adapted, by his inflexible constancy and courage, to confront and disarm the opposition of the English king. But Innocent lived to repent, more bitterly than John, the appointment to the archbishopric of Canterbury, of Cardinal Stephen de Langton.

By the teeth of God, John swore, Langton should not set his foot in England; and he challenged the pope to do his worst. Innocent was prepared. He had secretly intrusted to the Bishops of London, Ely, and Worcester, that tremendous power of the Interdict, by which the Romish church assailed rebellious kings through the sides of their unoffending subjects. These bishops waited on the king; and warning him of the day appointed for the descent of the church's wrath, enjoined him on their knees to avert her vengeance by submission. He drove them from his presence with laughter and contempt; and they launched their bolt and fled. Instantly the churches closed; the bells ceased to toll or chime; no solemn service was performed; the relics of the saints were laid upon ashes in the silent church, and their statues and pictures veiled with black; the administration of the sacraments, except to infants and the dying, was suspended; marriages could only be rudely performed, to the danger of their sacredness and efficacy, in a porch or churchyard; and the bodies of the dead were buried silently, and in unconsecrated ground.

England remained under this Interdict four years. At the end of the first year Innocent fulminated against the still recusant monarch a bull of Excommunication; but so rigorous a watch was

kept at the ports that it could not be officially published in England, and till then it was inoperative. A change was meanwhile noted in the king. At first he had affected the utmost gaiety, while his people were struck with horror. But as habit reconciled the latter to the suspension of church usages; as they saw, despite the Interdict, the course of life move on; as the papal frown had not withered the harvest, nor dried up the rain, nor blotted out the sun; they recovered heart, and resumed their wonted cheerfulness. Not so the king. His moody fits returned, and his abuse of the clergy became every day less loud. What he had taught his subjects in this particular he seemed suddenly anxious to unteach; and by proclamation he declared, that whosoever, by word or deed, should now maltreat the clergy, 'should be hanged forthwith on the nearest oak.' He had, in short, been struck with profound alarm. Excommunication, he knew, was but the forerunner of Deposition; and it was already current in the mouths of his enemies that the pope had blessed the banner round which Philip was rallying his forces for invasion. To meet so dread an extremity, on what could he rely? For his answer, he had but to think of the forest laws he had made more cruel; of the odious and oppressive taxation by which he had plundered every class; and of the lawless imprisonments, the forced hostages, the groundless seizures of lands and castles, and the violent and wanton indulgences of lust, that had converted the most powerful of the barons into the most inveterate of his foes.

What course his terrors took might seem a figment of romance, but that Mathew of Paris vouches so gravely for it, and gives such grave authority. From the land he had governed so unchristianly, he turned to the Mohammedan Emir who had just then conquered Spain, and whose genius and prowess threatened to extirpate the religion of Christ from the whole of the south of Europe. He entrusted to two of his creatures, Thomas Hardington and Ralf Fitz-Nicholas, and to a priest named Robert of London, a mission to this eastern warrior; and Robert of London afterwards described its result to the old historian. He said that the palace of the Moor was a strange and wondrous place; and that the splendid yet uncouth shapes they saw on passing through its endless halls and galleries, moved their extreme amazement. At last they stood before the Emir, Mohammed-al-Nassir, a man of grave look and middle stature, who, throughout the interview, kept his eyes fixed upon a book which lay open before him. After

all due reverence, the letter of John was presented, translated by an interpreter, and found to contain, on certain conditions of general support and help for private vengeance, an offer to hold the English crown as the Emir's vassal, and a promise to embrace the Mohammedan faith. The Emir showed no emotion in listening to it; but at its close quietly put a number of what seem to have been very practical questions to the envoys, concerning the strength and population of England, and the character and prospects of John; and then, with unmeaning expressions of friendship, dismissed the embassy. But as they retired, he called back Robert of London, and, as that sober clergyman assured his friend Mathew of Paris, adjured him, 'by his respect for the Christian faith,' to say what kind of man his master was. Robert could not resist the appeal: he said he was a tyrant, and would soon be deposed by his subjects. Nothing more was heard of the Emir.

The next that is heard of John, shows him, so difficult his strait, and himself so impotent and helpless, stretching out his hands to those very subjects, and imploring succour from the general body of the people. He appealed to them on the ground of the invasion mustering on the shores of France. And a man of more decent courage, though with the consciousness of equal unpopularity and guilt, would have dared to make the appeal more confidently. The national spirit had not failed him yet, hated and distrusted as he was. It had lately helped him to chastise the Scots; it would have supported him, had he not cravenly slunk away from his challenge to the Church; it had subdued the savage inroads of the Welsh; and, by the promptitude of its suppression of the quarrels of the native chiefs and revolted English nobles in Ireland, it had shed the one solitary gleam of light that hovers round his miserable government. Twenty of the native princes were conciliated; the refractory barons were silenced, and the most powerful driven from the country; the province within the English pale was divided into counties; the laws of England were introduced among the settlers; sheriffs and other officers were appointed; and the same monies were ordered to pass with equal value in both countries.

Nor did this national spirit now timorously answer to the timorous appeal of John. As the news arrived from France,—that the pope had promised Philip not only the English crown, but the entire remission of his sins, if he drove John from the throne; and that the French king, bent upon the enterprise, had already col-

lected a large army in Normandy, and was ready with a fleet of seventeen hundred vessels,—there was not a man capable of bearing arms in England who did not, in obedience to the royal summons, march to the coasts of Kent and Sussex; and there was not a ship capable of carrying six horses that was not brought into Portsmouth harbour. It was calculated at this time that upwards of sixty thousand men had rallied under the standard of John. ‘Sufficient,’ exclaims the old chronicler, ‘to have defied all the powers of Europe, had they been animated with love for their sovereign.’ It mattered less that they should be animated with love for their sovereign, than with love for their country. This they had. This, John did not dare to trust. He had his last remaining chance within his grasp, and let it meanly go.

By this time, Innocent knew his whole dastardly character. With a more settled secret reliance on that, than on the preparations of Philip, he now sent his confidential minister, the Sub-deacon Pandulph, to terrify him to a compromise before the war should begin. Pandulph joined John at Dover. It was three days within the Feast of Ascension; and one Peter the Hermit had predicted that on the Feast of Ascension, John should have ceased to reign. Working with this and other agencies on the despicable fears and suspicions of the cowardly prince, the wily Pandulph procured his signature to an instrument which he had before contemptuously rejected, and which was made known the following day. It admitted Langton to the archbishopric of Canterbury; it restored to their hands and offices all exiles, lay and clerical; it liberated whoever had been imprisoned in the course of the five years’ quarrel; it reversed all outlawries against churchmen, and gave bonds that the clergy should be no longer subject to such judgments; it engaged to make full restitution for monies unlawfully seized and injuries wantonly inflicted, in the course of the struggle with ecclesiastical authority; and, these conditions faithfully complied with, it provided for the revokement of the sentences of Interdict and Excommunication, and for the return of the exiled bishops to their allegiance.

On the day this instrument was made public, with the king’s signature, and with those of Salisbury, Boulogne, Warrene, and Ferrers, the English fleet was on its way back to harbour, after having captured a squadron at the mouth of the Seine, destroyed the ships in the harbour of Fecamp, swept the whole coast of Normandy, and burnt Dieppe to the ground. More than this. The English



standard now floated over Barham Downs, with more than sixty thousand men in arms to defend it. Yet two days after, the 15th of May 1213 (the intervening day having been passed by John and Pandulph in solitary conference), witnessed an act of ignominy and infamy that would have remained almost incredible, even though the English fleet had been blown into shreds out of the channel, and every man that bore arms beneath the English standard had gone over to the standard of Philip.

Early on that morning, in the church of the Templars at Dover, John, surrounded by several prelates, foreign mercenaries and knights, and the few barons that adhered to him, placed in the hands of Pandulph a charter, formally subscribed and executed. It was read then and there. It declared that John, king of England, having resolved, in atonement for his sins against God and the Church, to humble himself even as He who for all our sakes humbled himself unto death, then and there did, not through fear or force, but of his own free will, and with the unanimous consent of his barons (sanctified pretences must be propped by deliberate falsehoods), grant to God, to the holy apostles Peter and Paul, to pope Innocent, and to Innocent's rightful successors, the kingdom of England and the kingdom of Ireland, to be held of him and of the Roman church in fee, by the annual rent of one thousand marks, and the annual payment of Peter's pence, with reservation to himself and his heirs of the administration of justice and the rights of the crown. The instrument being read, John knelt before Pandulph as the pope's representative, and took the oath of fealty to Innocent. He took it in the words of a vassal swearing submission to his lord; and doubtless rose with a comfortable sense of gladness that so he had laid England at the feet of a foreign priest, and done his best to make every one of her children as much a slave and vassal as himself. He had even taken exquisite care to bind posterity to the imitation of his own baseness, by agreeing to the instant forfeiture of all the rights of his successors, should they attempt to contravene the doings of that infamous day.

There is, nevertheless, not an English freeman living in this nineteenth century who may not trace in some degree to that day a portion of the liberty he enjoys. The first great advance to a general and equitable legal government must be said to date from it. Memorable were the three remaining years of the life of John, and filled with events of importance to all succeeding ages. They will be treated in another chapter.

## New Books.

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**NOTES OF A JOURNEY FROM CORNHILL, TO GRAND CAIRO, by way of Lisbon, Athens, Constantinople, and Jerusalem :** performed in the Steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company. By Mr. M. A. TITMARSH, Author of the Irish Sketch Book, &c. P. 8vo. London : Chapman and Hall.

MR. MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH'S style, as exemplified in the "Yellow Plush Correspondence," the "Irish Sketch Book," and certain weekly contributions, is sufficiently well known to lead all who opened the present work to expect something highly entertaining and amusing. The same sort of joyful expectation that we used to feel at the rising of the curtain to a jovial pantomime, occupied us on taking up this book ; and we have not been disappointed ; we have, indeed, been more than satisfied, for it contains not only vivid pictures of foreign places and people, but that quiet, agreeable, good-humoured satire on men and follies, which is all the more agreeable for being the result of good taste and good feeling. Satire, at least in our language, had, until very lately, been a coarse commodity, but we have lived to see that it may be keen and pungent when united with the utmost delicacy of expression and the greatest kindness of feeling. Mr. Titmarsh is a satirist, but then his book is far from being bitter, or, if it is so, the draught is so well commingled, that what he says of certain sherbet, "the bitterest and most delicious of draughts !" may well be applied to it.

The number of pages does not exceed three hundred ; it is a small book as to actual size, yet it is wonderful what a description of people and things, what humorous pictures, what innumerable remarks and allusions it contains. It is the very essence of travels, and like the subtlest distillation, is very potent in its effects. It is difficult to define wherein its charm consists—perhaps in the union of many characteristics, certainly in its being not only a book of travels, but of reflections. An excellent account of Gibraltar is given, quite equal in detail to a guide-book devoted to the subject ; but we have thereto many sly glancings at the absurdities of human nature on which war is based. At Athens again, we have a very excellent view of the place as it is ; with a sufficient perception of what remains of the beautiful, but with a very wholesome castigation of the affectation and cant of classic enthusiasm. At Smyrna, all the time we are receiving vivid notices of the place, we have the double advantage of having one of the most acute and lucid illustrations of "the Arabian Nights' Entertainments," and so generally on the art of literature. What can be better

as an exposition of the charm of that production, and better express the graces of style than the following? "The beauty of that poetry is, to me, that it was *never too handsome*; there is no *fatigue of sublimity* about it." In all parts of the book the soundest taste is manifested, and the true position of Byron and his school well posited as to Shakespeare and the greater poets. Our space does not permit of giving extracts and examples; but the following happy expressions will give some idea how the book glows with fine perceptions and observant satire. "Our guide, *an accomplished swindler*," as a matter of course. The gentlemen at Athens he describes as "fierce but not dangerous;" and rejoices at Smyrna, "that a Londoner is no longer a spittoon for true believers."

Mr. Titmarsh is not, too, without his enthusiasm, though it seems to glow more towards the living than the dead, as witness his description of the beauties of Smyrna, more especially the Fig-nymph. We apprehend but one annoyance from this book, and that is the setting in of a race of comic tourists. Now, as incapacity is more bearable in the old stereotyped phraseology, and learning may be useful when it does not endeavour to become frolicsome, we hope that Mr. Titmarsh, therefore, will register his style, as the tailors do the fashion of a paletot, and that thus we shall be saved from an epidemic of folly, for which, unfortunately, no quarantine is provided. Let him go over the whole globe after the same mode, and we will go with him joyfully; but as is said to the servants, we cannot allow any followers. We dread the next summer, or rather the following publishing season. But, however, we trust we shall then see him again and alone.

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POEMS. BY THOMAS HOOD. In Two Volumes. Fcp. 8vo. London: Edward Moxon.

AGAIN have we in the great busy blundering world; stupid, stolid, dozing, prosing, hustling, bustling with the petty object of the day, let one of the greatest of our poets go down to the grave unappreciated, or if partially deified, wrongfully so. And this in an age ringing with indignation against other blind, wilful, stupid old ages that are gone: especially fulminating against the seventeenth as not appreciating the great one, in spite of contemporary laudations that he was—

—————"thundering Æschylus  
 "Euripides and Sophocles to us,  
 "Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova"————

or again, though it was boldly, but yet wisely prophesied that he should be

"Fresh to all ages: when posterity  
 "Shall loathe what's new, think all his prodigy,  
 "That is not Shakespeare's, every line each verse  
 "Here shall revive."————

Surely past ages do not deserve this stolid character, and if they should, is ours in a condition to bring the charge? Who was brave or wise enough to assert whilst he was alive, that Thomas Hood was a great poet? or, like Jonson or Digges, would dare to name him with Horace or Theocritus, with Juvenal, or even with our own Pope or Dryden, much less with Shakespeare or Jonson, two names that at length demand a servile homage even with the unimpressionable many. And yet we defy any who can truly appreciate these poets, after perusing the two volumes now published, not to say Hood deservedly ranks with them, uniting in a wonderful degree the opposite qualities of many. Why wait for confirmation of many generations to assert this, when a comparison of the works will justify the assertion. Were this collection for the first time put into the hands of a man of taste and experience, it would be difficult to convince him it was the product of one spirit. Or he must declare that it was a kindred production to that of the very few that embrace the whole circle of human sympathies, and possess the opposite faculties of wit and pathos in their utmost perfection. To our own shame we say it, we knew not Thomas Hood until his real works were thus presented to us. We had seen him piecemeal, had admired, as they crossed us, many of his individual productions. We regarded him of course as a great humorist, as a most amusing word-conjurer, as an earnest, powerful enunciator: but we had never reflected on the curious or the surprising contrariety and universality of his powers. He had been contrasted (and that too in a work of great pretension) with Theodore Hook. The purest critics could not consider him but as a great joker—a living and enlarged Joe Miller of the age. His grave poems were received with more surprise than appreciation, and slowly won their way to public attention. The "Song of the Shirt" ran with electric power through the whole mind of the land; and even that perhaps owed something to its medium, so slow are we all to give credence to an unexpected development of power. Its stern uncompromising reality too, was as much a passport to its ready popularity as its own felicitous truth and poetical power: "Eugene Aram's Dream," nor the "Midsummer Fairies," both intrinsically greater than this admirable but painful lyric, made no such sensation; and the latter, and his "Hero and Leander" never reached beyond a very limited first edition. In our opinion they must both take a permanent place in the language, more especially the last, which is worthy to stand beside the old Greek poem, or its admirable paraphrase by Marlowe. It is highly probable that whatever posterity know of Mr. Hood, will be through the beautiful lyric and narrative poems in these volumes.

His power over words is wonderful, surely no writer at all equals him in his abundance and aptitude in the use of epithets so perfect yet so inexhaustible, equalled only by his power of verse which is numerous, crystal and sparkling as if scooped direct from the Pierian spring. This certain proof of true poetry he possesses in great force. His

power of words is magical, making them perform several duties at the same moment, and playing sleight-of-pen with them in a manner that no one else can at all approach. For instance, in that wonderful poem, "An Ode addressed to Ræe Wilson, Esquire," we have—

"I own I shake my sides at ranters,  
And treat Sham-Abr'am saints with wicked banterers;  
I even own, that there are times—but then  
It's when I've got my wine—I say, d——canters :"

or again :—

"As if he dee-dash-dee'd some other flock."

Of this indomitable tendency to indicate the fanciful and the frolicsome that floats as it were over the surface even of the deepest truths and most powerful emotions, the instances are innumerable, but as that earnest little poem "The Workhouse Clock" furnishes a striking example, not only of this strong characteristic but of many others, we shall, contrary to our usual custom, indulge in a quotation or two. How abundant in expression, feeling, and observation, is this account of the pauper throng !—

"Father, mother, and *careful child*,  
Looking as if it had never smiled—  
The sempstress, lean, and weary, and wan,  
With only the *ghost of garments* on.  
The weaver, her sallow neighbour,  
The grim and sooty artisan :  
Every soul—child, woman, or man  
Who lives—*or dies*—by labour.  
Stirred by an overwhelming zeal,  
And social impulse, a terrible thing !  
Leaving shuttle, and needle, and wheel,  
Furnace, and grindstone, spindle, and reel,  
Thread, and yarn, and iron, and steel—  
Yea, rest and *the yet untasted meal*—  
Gushing, rushing, crushing along,  
A very torrent of man !  
Urged by the sighs of sorrow and wrong,  
Grown at last to a hurricane strong,  
Stop its course who can !  
Stop who can its onward course  
And irresistible moral force ;  
O ! vain and idle dream !  
For surely as men are all akin,  
Whether of fair or sable skin,  
According to nature's scheme,  
That human movement contains within  
*A Blood-Power stronger than Steam.*

Onward, onward, with hasty feet,  
 They swarm—and westward still—  
 Masses born to drink and eat,  
 But starving amidst Whitechapel's meat,  
 And famishing down Cornhill !  
 Through *the Poultry*—but still unfed—  
 Christian charity, hang your head !  
 Hungry passing the street of *Bread* ;  
 Thirsty—the street of *Milk* ;  
 Ragged—beside the Ludgate Mart,  
 So gorgeous through mechanic-art,  
 With cotton, and wool, and silk !”

Here is a true Shakespearian poem, both in abundance of language and exactness of expression, and it will stand advantageous comparison for imagery and nice touches of observation with Hubert's account of the reception by the populace of Arthur's death.

We should very much have liked to enter on an elaborate exemplification of the vast variety of powers these poems comprehend, but space forbids: we can only, therefore, earnestly recommend to the reader “The Ode to Rae Wilson, Esq.,” which we believe has hitherto only appeared in a periodical publication; for strength of satire, grace and wit, true feeling, and that peculiar mixture of frolic and pathos that must hereafter be called Hood-ism. Never have cant and hypocrisy been more admirably exposed, and the genuine feeling brought so powerfully out in contrast to it. The poetry and wit are here blended miraculously. We had marked many passages to quote, but finding them so many, leave it to the reader's perusal. The lyric poems in the second volume are worthy to be bound up with Jonson's and Fletcher's. The sonnets are not altogether quite so exquisite in tone, following too much the concetti of the old poets. The one on Lear is too full of them, and altogether beneath the mighty subject. But the following is so appropriate, that we cannot refrain from closing with it our too brief notice of two volumes that are full to overflowing with the divine and refining essence of genuine poetry:—

“ His voice is heard, but body there is none  
 To fix the vain excursions of the eye ;  
 So poets' songs are with us when they die,  
 Obscur'd, and hid by death's oblivious shroud,  
 And earth inherits the rich melody.”

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VELASCO ; OR, MEMOIRS OF A PAGE. By CYRUS REDDING. 3 vols. post 8vo.  
 London : T. C. Newby.

THE key to this novel may be found in its first and last sentences. Its motto says, quoting from old Burton, “Amidst the gallantry and misery of the world, jollities, perplexities and cares, simplicity and

villany, subtlety, knavery, candour and integrity, mutually mixed, and offering themselves, I rub on;" and its final sentence is, "It may be expected to afford evidence how much I feel the truth of the aphorism, that 'Experience is the mother of knowledge.'" It is evidently the work of one who has seen much of men and the world: who is acquainted with various countries, and who has lived his whole term with his observation keenly alive. Nor in so living does he seem to have dulled his sensibilities to the good or the beautiful; the whole tone of the book is as fresh and as buoyant, as trustful of genuine feeling and virtue, as if penned by an enthusiast ignorant of the world. It is undoubtedly a satirical novel, and though abounding in Spanish names and characters, more than one individual holding a conspicuous position in our own land may be discerned. It is doubtful indeed if it should not be classed with the political novels, and placed on the shelf with "Coningsby" and "The Sybil," and the other numerous works that have for the last twenty years purported to shadow forth the history of the day in its genuine forms, stripped of the gorgeous pall under which it is usually buried by the professed historian. It has, in fact, a double object, striking at home follies through foreign ones. And, certainly, if the author is to be relied upon for his evidence, and there is every reason to believe that he speaks from personal knowledge and long experience, the hereditary aristocracy of every country bears within itself the seeds of mortal disease, their decay and extinction being distinctly marked in their mental imbecility, ignorant assumption, disgusting egotism, and sensual heartlessness. We have seen the decay of the French, Spanish, and indeed almost all the southern continental hereditary aristocracy, by the appointment of noble imbeciles to the governance of the many. And in our country they have only been saved as a class by the continuous transfusion of new vigour from the classes they so sillily affect to look down upon. We have seen what Dukeism has come to, and may live to see Baronism equally demented. Merit in the individual, and not in his dead great-grandfather, is fast becoming the test of competency. All this is well set forth in the present novel, not obtrusively declared, but unfolded in nice traits of character, and a development from the life. We know not what has been the author's career, but he evidently has been in a situation, if not to share in the working, to well view the machinery of public governance.

It is quite impossible, having once viewed it in this light, not to discern that not only are several public characters, but that several public events are delineated, and delineated with a shrewd knowledge of their internal processes. A fiery bishop; a tergiversating, high legal functionary; a facile, time-serving, subtle minister, with very little alteration of circumstances, might all be found in our own senate. The Post Office espionage, the cant of religious promulgation, and other topics of the time, are as applicable to England as to Spain.

It is, however, not only in political matters that the author has

brought the whole of his knowledge to bear. The relative position of the sexes, the follies of the imaginative, and the frauds of the cunning, are smartly portrayed. The stolidity and unprogressiveness of the provincial portion of society, and the folly of useless learning, are shown in two almost novel characters—Father Manuel and the barber Capello. The style is essentially that of the Spanish novel as perfected by Le Sage. Innumerable characters, endless incidents, and perpetual rapidity of narrative, engages and fixes the attention. Animal spirits exclude all unwholesome sentimentality; at the same time it must be said that the English author emits occasionally a tenderness and full sense of the good and the high, which is not to be found in the *Picaroon* school. The hero is certainly not free from the errors of his class, but there is no confusion of the author's sentiments of right and wrong with this personage's conduct. There are some episodes and descriptions which partake more of the elevated style of Cervantes than that of Le Sage.

Of course it has its defects, and these we take to be inseparable from its construction. The imitation of a well-known style is apt to detract from the real merits of the imitator, and the determination to satirically expose political abuses makes the narrative occasionally darken into a more sombre and prosaic style than is compatible with the lighter and gayer portions. Altogether, however, it has great merits, uniting as it does in common with the highest class of this species of literature, a portrayal and development of human nature with an interesting lively story. Its varied characters, incessant adventure, and animated portraiture of Spanish men, women, and manners, must make it as acceptable to those who seek such mental pabulum only for excitement, as its deeper characteristics will to those who never tire in viewing the endless kaleidoscope of humanity. The vividness of the delineation of Spanish manners and feelings, and the admirable descriptions, can only be derived from a personal knowledge of the land and its people. It is evidently the result of a life of great incident and culture, and as such deserves to be placed on the permanent list of our fictions.

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POMFRET; OR, PUBLIC OPINION AND PRIVATE JUDGMENT. By HENRY F. CHORLEY. 3 vols. post 8vo. London.

THIS is a novel written with a purport beyond the intention of gratifying the common patrons of the circulating library. Mr. Chorley has peculiar notions and theories relating to various social matters, and like the other philosophers or satirists of the time, he adopts this mode of promulgating them. To expose the mercenary trading spirit that pervades one section of churchmen, and the illiberal spirit that the truly



conscientious portion of them are subject to from a misjudging public, seems to form the staple commodity of the work. Public opinion and private judgment are, however, brought into further contrast by the indirect advocacy of talent against mere social position,—the hero, Walter Carew, a man of station and fortune, marrying a Mademoiselle Pirzheim, a musical genius, but placed in several situations that are highly shocking to conventional persons.

The novel is well worthy of perusal for several qualities, and there are in it many gleams of characteristics that are valuable, as sounding in a new though slight and narrow track, the depths of human nature. The author has considerable capacity for original observation, and an impressive style of communicating his experiences. As a story, it is not felicitously designed. One half of it concerns the domestic affairs of a quiet, not to say "hum-drum" family of English middle life, all respectability and propriety: and the other half the adventures of foreign adventurers, amidst the most romantic localities, all excitement and desperation. The framework also adds to the complexity and wearisomeness of its too elaborate details, the work purporting to be a history, written by a very prosy old bachelor, whose interpolating remarks very often mar the vraisemblance and interrupt the narrative. Nor is there any of that interest excited towards the characters which it is peculiarly the province of this kind of literature to create. The good people, it cannot but be acknowledged, are very good; and the bad one ought to detest; but somehow or other, one seems to care for none of them, though it would be difficult to state how it is, one is so indifferent towards them. We take it, that it must arise from the protrusion of the author's idiosyncrasy, through the thin drapery of character he throws over his lay figures.

The ability, and there is great ability in the work, consists in its occasional sketches and scenes, and it has altogether more of dramatic than descriptive power; and several of its passages are faithful transcripts of life and its customs and processes, and prove the author to be well acquainted with many modes of existence and character. This, indeed, sometimes degenerates into personalities, and there is one scene, and probably more, though we have not been able to detect them, in which a notorious dealer in works of art is portrayed to his very words. Mr. Chorley is to a certain degree a champion of talent, particularly of the professors of the fine arts, and has an irrepressible indignation towards those contemptible pseudo-patrons who manifest themselves in two shapes; being either sordid and impudent traders, who, while robbing the artist of his fair remuneration, affect an encouragement of art; or else, belonging to that equally or even more contemptible class, who, assuming on their rank and position, patronize rising ability in order to minister to their own consequence and vanity, with a chilling and supercilious insolence and meanness, that is even more distressing to genius than the coarse assumption of the impudent trader. We should be

glad, however, if there was greater breadth and firmness in the author's satire, and that it was more free from a self-sufficient and petulant tone. It is, however, a work worthy of attentive perusal, and of a permanent place in our literature, as containing the evidence of a keen and observant witness of social affairs.

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**FOREST AND GAME LAW TALES.** By HARRIET MARTINEAU. Vol. III. Fcap. 8vo. London: E. Moxon.

WE see no reason to alter our sentiments as expressed towards the first volume of this series. As the tales come down to our own period they have somewhat more of vraisemblance, and the authoress is always on the side of humanity; however, it is, after all, but special pleading, and too much is often proved. The wants and the rights of the poor can no longer be tampered with, and they have now more to fear from too much than from too little interference. It is dangerous to confound charities with rights. Loss of independence as a class is more injurious than neglect from the rich; the best counsel is to teach them to work out their own claims in the social scheme.

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**THE PRYINGS OF A POSTMAN.** Post 8vo. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

THE idea of this volume is good as a vehicle for the exemplification of character, but it cannot be said to be well carried out. It is not entirely deficient in this particular, nor without occasional gleams of interest; but the world and its curiosity would not have lost much if the Postman of Stockgate had proved faithful to his trust and delivered his letters as directed instead of to the public.

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**WESTERN CLEARINGS.** By MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND, author of "A New Home," &c. Sq. 12mo. London: Wiley and Putnam.

**THE WIGWAM AND THE CABIN.** By W. GILMORE SIMMS. Second Series. Sq. 12mo. London: Wiley and Putnam.

**TALES FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH ZSCHÖKKE.** By PARKE GODWIN. Second Series. Sq. 12mo. London: Wiley and Putnam.

THREE publications forming a portion of "Wiley and Putnam's library of Choice Reading," printed and published in America, and reissued here with new title pages. As they possess the interest of foreign literature, and consequently a degree of freshness that is advan-

tageous, we doubt the policy of endeavouring to make them appear to be European productions.

The lady's book—"Western Clearings"—contains fourteen stories, so that if any one is tedious, it cannot be said to be long. Nor to any one interested in new manners and praiseworthy efforts can they be tedious. The west, "the far west," is a land of hope and adventure, and any illustration of it must have some degree of interest, and as such is worth reading. Novelty of matter, however, unfortunately does not necessarily produce novelty of style, and we are disappointed at finding in American literature a wearisome echo of our mode. Mrs. Kirkland is very good and very observant, and so is Mr. Gilmore Simms, but somehow there is the old flavour in their style, and though we know much of the material is new, still the cookery makes it appear stale. This comes of that universal yet unpleasant human tendency, imitation. Formula is so easily followed, and so difficult to create. We must therefore take the dishes as we find them, and there is excellent food in all of them.

The "Translations from Zschöкке" seem faithful and spirited, and he has a vigour of narration and composition that make the reading his tales not a duty but a pleasure.

TALES FROM BOCCACCIO, with Modern Illustrations; and other Poems. Fcp. 8vo. London: R. Bentley.

We have debated whether we should notice this strange book, but as we suppose it was sent to us with a desire on the part of its producers that it should be commented upon, we shall not refuse to do so. It might be superciliously dismissed as the work of some crack-brained and impertinent individual, who, either not knowing, or foolishly despising all the usually received and understood decencies of society, recklessly abandons them. Boccaccio very properly has long been a book which decent individuals only read in a selected edition; the selection, therefore, of one of his most irreverent stories would alone be a signal instance of bad taste, but when this is made a medium for introducing personal attacks on men already known to the world in various ways it is grossly indecorous. The style is so exaggerated that it precludes the idea of there being any intended malice, but it is not therefore the less impertinent both to the public and the individuals concerned. Such intemperance of conduct can only be attributed to ill-regulated animal spirits, which breaking into untimely boisterousness imagines itself witty. These remarks apply more particularly to the first tale, but the whole book is an unpleasant mixture of attempted wit, and a bewildering mysticism. It is certainly the product of more than one writer, and they seem to belong to a class that has no faculty of measuring things by a reasonable

standard. They possess good and fine ideas, but they have no judgment to guide them: they have no sense of fitness, and no perception of proprieties. They seem as if, should they be inclined to be gallant, they would insult some meek old woman, or if witty commence a guffaw in a sick chamber. They have no real notion in what wit consists, and seem to think audacity and coarseness its principal characteristics.

The book would not be worth even such notice, did it not contain some passages bespeaking fine perceptions and poetical expression. Though coarse, not to say indecent, and irreverent, not only as regards religious feeling, but human nature itself, it is not positively vicious, and seems rather the result of a disordered imagination than the involuntary violence of a robust constitution. We should not be surprised to find it the product of the grave fathers of large families, who have indulged in what they deem a little worldly frolic. It is, however, too much like the frolicsomeness of middle-aged gentlemen, whose forced animal spirits are apt to lead them into unseemly and disreputable dilemmas. We regret that what is good in it, and there is much that is fine, must be sunk by the overwhelming trash, and hope never again to have to peruse such revolting and abortive attempts to attract notoriety. There is sufficient evidence of power to command attention in a legitimate career, without aiming at a style totally unsuited to the genius of the writers.

**SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY, a Tale of the Court of Charles the Second.** By the Author of "Maids of Honour." In 3 volumes, post 8vo. London: H. Colburn.

It is somewhere related that Steele used to annoy Addison by threatening to carry the worthy and most respectable knight into a few town frolics, and on his proceeding to carry the threat into execution, and determining to place the worthy Sir Roger in a disreputable situation, that Addison put an end to the respectable old gentleman's career. It might be a matter for speculation whether the creator of the character would have objected to the proceeding of the present author, who has reversed the proceeding, and given us the early career of this earliest of a race of genuine English characters which have been continued by kindred geniuses through Mr. Allworthy, Squire Western, Parson Adams, down to Mr. Pickwick in our own time.

The object of Mr. Frank Ranelagh, as the unknown author designates himself, has not, however, sought so much to elaborate a character up to its development in declining life by Addison, as to make an opportunity for displaying a considerable acquaintanceship with the manners and characters of the court and town at the time of the Restoration. The superstition of the age, and the public events, are also occasionally dealt with; but, in the general acceptance of the title, it cannot be

termed an historical novel, although it treats of historical personages. All the well-known characters of this too well-known period appear in its pages, from the King to Tom Chiffinch, and from Catherine of Braganza to Nell Gwynne, and from Nell Gwynne to Mistress Knight. To attempt to give the conversation of such *beaux* and *belles esprits* is always dangerous, for though the brightest must occasionally speak as plainly as their less gifted neighbours, yet when thus formally introduced, they are expected to manifest their superiority to ordinary mortals. If, however, they make in these pages no very superior manifestations, they have a vivacity of tone and liveliness of utterance which pass them off very satisfactorily with the reader. We do not object to the practical jokes and vicious propensities attributed to Lord Rochester, but we must take a little exception to charming Nelly's portrait, in which the natural aristocracy of her bearing is not sufficiently intimated. The charming creature who could divide the attention of the best-bred men with the elegant Miss Stuart and the other high-born ladies, must have had grace of manner as well as intellectual vivacity and personal charms. She is to be regarded as the symbol of the superiority of natural powers over conventional, and as a proof that wit, talent, and beauty know no distinctions of rank. We hardly think she would have condescended to think the removing a chair when her rival in wit was about to sit down, was a happy repartee. Her conduct to Mistress Knight, which is alluded to here, was certainly gross for those days, but it was not without a laughable humour in its results.

The author has been very diligent in collecting every anecdote that is characteristic of the men and period, and his book is pleasing and entertaining, being written in a very lively style. It would be out of place to examine it by the rules which should govern the highest kind of this species of composition. It is written to amuse and entertain, and it will be found to have completed its aim, and, on the whole, to give a very fair notion of the time and manners. It has of course its darker passages, and a mystery, which is duly involved in the first and evolved in the third volume. The rigid historian and antiquarian may find anachronisms; but no one can accuse it of being dull, and it will pass a few hours much more satisfactorily, and even instructively, than many works of graver pretensions. No circulating library will be able safely to dispense with Sir Roger de Coverley, and it will not be the least of its merits, if it should induce a few readers to turn to the papers of Addison to renew or gain acquaintance with the admirable original.





*"Lost anything!" exclaimed Tangle, "only a box of gold!"*

P. 14.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S  
SHILLING MAGAZINE.

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THE HISTORY OF ST. GILES AND ST. JAMES.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

THE borough of Liquorish possessed two barbers—only two. Happily, however, the number was sufficient to admit of deadly rivalry; for let this truth never be forgotten—two can hate as well as twenty. Now, the hatred of Rasp and Flay welled up from their love of the same thing, the British Constitution. Mr. Rasp loved that elastic object with a tender and a reverential love; he always approached its consideration with a fluttering soul—a sweet concern. The British Constitution was the apple of his eye—the core of his heart. He loved it beyond any other thing appertaining to this loveable earth. His wife—meek, injured woman!—has often considered herself slighted and despised by the libertine preference. “A married man with a family,” Mrs. Rasp would sometimes patiently observe, and sometimes not, “shouldn’t trouble his head with such nonsense.” Occasionally, too, she would very much like to know what the Constitution, as they called it, had ever done for the poor? And when Rasp—in moments of ale—has expressed himself perfectly willing, nay, rather anxious, to lose his head for the Constitution, his wife has only placidly remarked, “that it was more than he’d ever think of doing for her.”

Now, Flay loved the Constitution after a different fashion. It was a pretty object—very pretty, indeed; very desirable, very

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\* Continued from p. 16, Vol. III.



essential for the happiness, or at least for the enjoyment of man. Flay loved the Constitution with a sort of oriental love ; it was the passion of the Great Turk for some fair stag-eyed slave ; the affection of one who is the master, the owner, of the creature of his delights—the trading possessor of the lovely goods ; and therefore, when it shall so please him, at perfect freedom to sell or truck, or bow-string, or put in a sack, or in any other way to turn the penny with, or dispose of the idol of his adoration. Yes : Flay thought the Constitution, like the flesh-and-blood pearl of a harem, might now be devouringly loved, and now be advantageously bartered. Where the man, living in the twilight obscurity of Liquorish, learned such principles, we know not. Certain it is, they were very far beyond his social condition.

We have now to task the indulgence of the reader to endeavour to remember that Mr. Tangle, dizzy and tremulous, quitted the Olive Branch, summoned to Lazarus Hall by his lordship. The wine still sang in his ears, and the evil spirits that men swallow as angels in their cups over-night, beat in Tangle's beating heart, and twitched his nerves, and seemed to turn his eyes into burning-glasses, as he found himself in the street. And then came the loss of the gold upon his brain—came with a crash, stupifying, stunning, as though the metal itself had fallen upon that divine web-work of nerves—wherein Tangle's soul, spider-like, lurked for human flies—and smitten him out of life. And then his stomach seemed to hold within it one large nausea ; and he looked at the rosy children about him—the red-faced, laughing neighbours, and wondered what they were made of.

Nevertheless one thought like a star shone brightly through this fog of soul, for the said soul was much obscured by the wine-mists from the stomach—the thought of the barber. Tangle must be shaved. It had been one of the principles of his existence—one of the bundle of determinations with which he had set out on the pilgrimage of life—or rather, this principle he had taken up at the twenty-mile stage—to suffer no man to take him by the nose save himself. In the vanity of his philosophy, he had believed that no blow of fortune could have rendered his hand unsteady at the morning razor ; and now, with the loss of the gold upon him, he shuddered at the thought of the sacrificial steel. In the disorder of his soul and the sickness of his stomach, he saw himself shaving ; and saw a very numerous family of imps laughing and winking in the glass—and pointing their fingers at his throat

—and then grinning hard again—and nodding, and smacking their forked tongues, as revelling in the hope of a delicious tragedy. And Tangle—for we choose to give the whole truth—Tangle did for a moment sympathise with those murder-hinting demons. It was weak—it was wicked; but in another moment, the idea was sternly banished. For Tangle remembered that his life was insured; and how very dreadful it would be, should he leave the world in a way to forfeit the policy! With these thoughts, Mr. Tangle entered the shop of Rasp. He entered and shrunk back. “Come in, sir,” cried the hospitable barber. “Here, Tim, finish this gentleman.” Saying this, Rasp instantly quitted the beard he was about to reap, for the chin of the new-comer. Tangle looked about him, and felt himself a little wounded, somewhat disgraced by the meanness, the rustic poverty of the shop. He looked too at the man lathered to the eyes—the man consigned to Tim, Rasp’s little boy, who quickly mounted a stool, that he might the better possess himself of the nose of the customer. Now, albeit the features of the man were very thickly masked by soap-suds, it was the instant conviction of Tangle that he saw coarse, dirty lineaments beneath; and thereupon his pride started at the thought of losing his beard in such company. Had Tangle felt himself the prosperous man of yesterday, certainly he would as soon have offered his neck to the axe, as his chin to the self-same brush that had lathered the beard of that very vulgar man; but adversity had chastised pride, and after a natural twinge or two, Tangle sank resignedly on the wooden chair, and with an all but smothered sigh, gave himself up to the barber. Certainly, he had never been shaved in such company; but then—the thought was a great support to his independent spirit—nobody would know it.

(Nobody would know it! How much insult, injury—how many hard words, fierce threats—nay, how many tweakings of the nose might be borne by some forgiving souls, if—nobody would know it! What a balm, a salve, a plaster to the private hurt of a sort of hero may the hero find in the delicious truth that—nobody knows it! The nose does not burn, for nobody saw it pulled! It is the eye of the world looking on, that, like the concentrated rays of the sun, scorches it; blisters it; lights up such a fire within it, that nothing poorer than human blood can quench it! And all because everybody knows it!)

Tangle was reconciled to his humiliation—for it was nothing less

to be handled in such a shop and by such a barber—by the belief that the world would remain in ignorance of the uncomfortable fact. And much, indeed, at the moment, did Tangle owe to ignorance. He knew that he was a crushed, despoiled, degraded being: he knew that with the box of gold he had lost his sense of self-respect. Compared to the Tangle of yesterday, he was no better than a Hottentot; for he had lost his better part. This he knew: but, ignorant sufferer, he did not know that the man seated in lathered companionship beside him was the midnight burglar, the robber of his more than peace, the felonious Tom Blast. Now, Mr. Blast himself immediately recognised the parliamentary agent; but feeling that he had the advantage of having looked upon him when Tangle could not return the attention, the robber gazed very composedly through his lather: nay more, he was so tickled by the sudden advent of Tangle that, in the gaiety of his soul, he chuckled.

“If you please, sir, if you laugh,” said little Tim, “I must cut you.”

“The child has a hand as light as a butterfly”—said the barber father to Blast—“but the boy’s right; he must cut you if you laugh. Steady, Tim.”

“All right,” cried Blast, from his sonorous chest; and he stiffened the cords of his visage.

“Very odd, sir,” said Rasp, vigorously lathering Tangle, as though he was white-washing a dead wall—“very odd, sir; when a man’s being shaved, what a little will make him laugh.—Never heard it properly accounted for, sir, did you?”

Tangle spoke not; but shivered out a long sigh, evidently provocative to the mirthful Blast, for little Tim again cried,—“If you please, sir, I must cut you.”

“Don’t blame the child, sir; that’s all. Steady, Tim”—said the barber, who again addressed himself to Tangle. “Glad to find there’s no laugh in you, sir.” Tangle made no answer; but again sighed as with the ague.

“There! I knowd I should cut you!” cried Tim as Blast winced and the blood came from his cheek. “I knowd I should do it.”

The barber turned from Tangle to take a view of the mischief done upon Blast, gravely observing, as he eyed the blood—“Not the child’s fault, sir. Never cut before in his life; never.”

“Well, it’s no use a stifling it,” cried Blast; and gently putting Tim aside, he flung himself back in the chair, and roared a laugh,

all the louder and the deeper for its long repression. Tangle looked round. Most strange, nay, most insulting was 't to him—to him with the load of affliction weighing on his brain—that any man should laugh so vehemently, so very brutally. On his way to the barber's Tangle had felt a little hurt that even the birds should chirp and twitter; that the flowers in the gardens should look so happy in their brightness; the very fineness of the day seemed unkind to him: nevertheless he tried to bear it like a man. But to have his solemn thoughts, deep as they were in a lost money-chest, outraged by the vulgar merriment of a very vulgar man,—it was cruel, barbarous; surely he had done nothing to deserve it.

"It's very odd," said Tangle, speaking both angrily and sorrowfully, "very odd that a gentleman can't be quietly shaved without people"—

"Ax your pardon," said Blast. "Hope the barber's not nicked you; but I couldn't help it. You know what a little will make a man laugh sometimes. All right now I've got rid of it. Go on, little shaver. I'll keep a cheek as stiff as a mile-stone." And Mr. Blast resolved to control his merriment, sorely tempted as it was by the proximity of the melancholy man he had plundered. It was a most capital joke, a most provoking piece of fun, yet would the thief be serious. For some seconds not a sound was heard, save the mowing of beards.

"Well, Measter Rasp, here be a rumpus! here be a blow for the Blues! here be luck for the Yellows! Ho! ho! ho! There never was sich a mess. I ha'nt laughed so much since they put the tinker in the stocks! Sich a glory!" This announcement, brokenly uttered through roars of laughter, was delivered by Skittle, the cobbler of Liquorish, who, exploding with the intelligence, burst into the shop.

"What's the matter?" asked the barber, so alive to the luck of the Yellows, of which party he felt himself a very shining particle, that he paused in his shaving; holding twixt finger and thumb the nose of Tangle. "Luck for our side, Bob! What is it?"

"Why you must know that the Blues—jest like 'em—brought down a box of golden guineas. You know, in course, what for?" observed the cobbler, severely winking one eye.

"I should think I did," answered Rasp, and he stropped his razor on his hand very impatiently. "That's the way they

serve the Constitution. That's how they'd sell and buy the British Lion, for all the world like veal. Well, a box of guineas! I should like to catch 'em offering me any, that's all," cried Rasp; and with a grin of indignation, he again stropped his blade.

"My good man," said Tangle, very meekly, for he was overcome, brokenhearted by the mirth of the cobbler,—“my good man, will you proceed and finish me?”

“Wouldn't trust myself, sir, till I've heard all about the Blues. You don't know my feelings,” said Rasp. “I should alice you, sure as pork. Go on, Bob. Ha! ha! Down with the Blues!” And still Tangle sat half-shaven and wholly miserable, listening to the blithe story of the cobbler, whose notes of exultation struck dagger-wise into the flesh of the outraged agent. Was ever man so tried? He could not bounce from his chair, and with half his beard upon him sally forth into the street. No; he was doomed by decency to sit and hear the history of his wretchedness and the brutal mirth it occasioned. The cobbler and barber roared with laughter; little Tim smirked and giggled, and Tom Blast, with his eyes leering towards the agonised Tangle, showed that the sweetest and deepest satisfaction filled the bosom of the thief. His felon soul hugged itself in vast enjoyment of the fun!

“Well, you must know that the Olive Branch was broke open last night,” said the cobbler, “and the box of guineas brought to the borough—we know what for”—and Skittle put his forefinger to his nose.

“I should rather think we did,” responded Rasp, returning the digital signal. “Rather.”

“The box of guineas carried off; all took wing like young goldfinches. The landlord says, and his wife says, she's sure of it, too, that it's the devil has done it.”

“Ha! ha! ha!” shouted Tom Blast, mightily enjoying the false accusation. “Poor devil!”

“I don't wonder at your laughing,” said the barber, gravely. “It wasn't no devil; the devil's a better judge than to carry away gold of that sort; it would do his work all the better left behind. And is there no suspicion of who's stole it?” Here Blast and Tangle listened attentively, but assuredly with a different curiosity.

“Why, that's the worst of it,” answered the cobbler; “they've tried hard to suspect everybody, but somehow they can make no hand on it.”

Hereupon the barber wrinkled his brow, and thoughtfully and tenderly with his fingers twiddled at the end of his nose, as though he had the secret there, if it could only be coaxed out. "I tell you what it is; 'tian't seldom I'm wrong—I know the thief."

"You!" exclaimed Tangle; and "You!" was at the lip of Blast; but that cautious man smothered the impatient word with a sort of grunt that passed for nothing.

"He 'll never be found out; oh no, he 's too cunning for that," said the barber; "but I shouldn't wonder if the fellow that had the keeping of the money isn't him that stole it."

"Was there ever such an infamous!"—exclaimed Tangle, when he was suddenly stopped by the peremptory coolness of the barber; who, tapping him on the shoulder, observed—"Bless you! it's a thing done every day. Nothing more likely."

"Nothing," said Blast in his deepest bass, and his eye twinkled enjoyingly.

"Am I to stay here half-shaved all day?" cried the goaded Tangle. "Fellow, finish me!"

"Tell you, couldn't trust myself till we hear the rights of the guineas," said the patriotic barber. "They was brought here to violate the Constitution, and whomsoever's got 'em, I'm glad they're gone. Though mind, I'd take a bet that him that's lost 'em, knows best where they're to be found."

"Ha! Master Barber," cried Blast in a loud tone of compliment, "it's plain you know life!"

"Why, I've seen a few 'lections at Liquorish," said Rasp, "and this I will say—the Blues, if they knowd him, would rob their own father. I might, in my time, have had my hat full of guineas"—

"I shouldn't brag of that, if I was you, Mr. Rasp"—said the barber's wife, suddenly descending to a cupboard in the shop, for some domestic purpose—"I shouldn't brag of that, and you to keep me and your children as you do."

"Women have no love of country," said the barber in a soft voice as his wife departed.

"Don't understand a bit on it," said the cobbler. "There's my old Margery Daw at home—she says that women have enough to do to love their husbands."

"And that's hard work sometimes," said the barber. "I'm afeard it is."

"Am I to be shaved to-day?" roared Tangle, the lather dried to a plaster on his face.

"I tell you what it is, sir," said the barber. "You're half shaved as clean as any baby: now shaving's a penny: well, if you can't wait, you're welcome to the ha'porth you've had for nothing. A ha'penny, sir," and the barber looked loftily about him, "a ha'penny won't ruin me."

"I'm in no 'urry," observed the accommodating Blast. "Your little boy can finish the gentleman—I 'll wait."

"Thank you—very kind—come along, boy," cried Tangle, and Tim moved his stool beside the lawyer. "Now you 'll be very particular; and mind, don't cut."

"Then don't shake, sir, if you please," said Tim; for Tangle, agitated by what he had heard, by the delay he had been compelled to suffer, as the boy touched him, trembled like a jelly. And as he trembled, the barber leered suspiciously, directing the cobbler's looks to the shaking gentleman; and Tom Blast very soon made one of the party of inspection, communicating by most eloquent glances, the strongest doubts and suspicions of the individual then impatiently undergoing the discipline of the razor.

"If the thief's caught, I suppose he 'll be hanged," said the cobbler, staring at Tangle.

"Heaven is merciful! I hope so—heartily hope so," exclaimed Tangle vivaciously, earnestly; at the same time jumping up, his shaving completed. "I hope so: I'd go fifty miles to see it—fifty miles. Give me change." Saying this, and tying his neck-cloth, Tangle laid down sixpence. "Make haste."

Very leisurely, and as with a soul by no means to be dazzled by sixpences, the barber took up the tester. He then approached the bottom of the staircase ascended by his helpmate, and with measured syllables inquired, "Eliza Jane, love, have you change for sixpence?"

And this gentle query was answered by another, running thus. "Have I change for the Bank of England?"

"It never happened so before, sir," said Rasp, feeling the sixpence, "but we hav'n't a copper halfpenny in the house. The child, sir, shall run out for change. Won't be ten minutes; nothing beats him at an errand."

Tangle looked savagely about him. He could not wait: he would not be thought to give the sixpence. He therefore observed, very emphatically, "Very well, barber; I'll call again," and hurried away.



"All right," cried Blast, from his scowling chest,  
and he stiffened the cords of his visage.





“Don't you know him?” cried the cobbler, “he's one of the Blues.”

“Well, if I didn't think he was one of them thick-skinned lot while I was shaving him,” said Rasp; who then turned to Blast. “He knows something of them guineas, eh, sir, I'm bound for it?”

“'Xactly,” answered Blast. “They're a pretty set—them Blues. I'm a Yellow.”

“I'd know that, sir”—observed the barber as he finished the undone work of Tim—“I'd know that, sir, by the tenderness of your face. Now for that old Blue, a man might as well shave a brass knocker. I can tell a man's principles by his skin, I can.”

“Not a doubt on it,” averred Mr. Blast very sonorously; who then rose from his chair, and proceeded into a corner to consult a fragment of glass, nailed to the wall. Whilst thus courageously surveying his face, his back turned to the door, another customer entered the shop, and without a syllable, seating himself, awaited the weapon of Rasp.

“Heard of the robbery, sir?” asked the barber, “Ha! ha! ha! Rare work, sir. What I call fun.”

“What robbery?” cried the stranger, and immediately Blast turned at the sound, and knew that it was St. Giles who spoke. Silently, the burglar grinned huge satisfaction.

“Thousands of guineas stole last night, nothing less. I wish you and I had 'em, sir, that's all, for they came here to do Beelzebub's work, sir; to be laid out in perjury, and all that; to buy the honest souls of honest men like mackerel. Therefore,” concluded the barber, “I say I wish you and I had 'em. Don't you?”

Hereupon Blast quitted the mirror, and the while serenely tying his neckcloth, stood face to face with St. Giles, chuckling and echoing the barber—“Don't you wish you had 'em?”

“If you jump in that way,” cried Rasp to St. Giles, “I won't answer for your nose.”

“And you havn't heard nothin' on it, eh, sir?” said Blast, in his light, waggish manner. “Well, I should ha' thought you'd ha' known all about it.”

“Why?” stammered St. Giles, for he felt that he must make some answer.

“Oh, I don't know,” said Blast; “some people have sich a knowin' look, that's all. They're born with it. An 'praps you wouldn't like to have the guineas stole from the Blues,—if they

are stole. But as you say, Mr. Barber, I don't believe it. Bless your heart, it's my 'pinion a Blue would swear anything."

"You won't have a drop of ale this morning?" asked the cobbler—that sympathetic Yellow being mightily touched by the large-heartedness of Blast. "Jest a drop?"

"'Tis a little early," said the very temperate Blast, "but I can't refuse a Yellow nothin'." And to the astonishment and relief of St. Giles, his tormentor followed the inviting cobbler from the shop. Uneasily sat St. Giles whilst Rasp performed his function; brief and wandering were the replies made by his customer to the barber, very eloquent on the robbery, and especially grateful to Providence for the calamity. "Whomsoever has taken the guineas—always supposing they are taken—has done a service to the country," said Rasp. "For my part, and I don't care who knows it, I hope they'll live long and die happy with 'em. Pretty fellows they must be! Come to sell the Constitution; to rob us of our rights; and then sing out about thieves! What do you say, sir?" cried the barber, liberating his customer from his uneasy chair.

"Just so," said St. Giles, "I shouldn't wonder: to be sure."

"Why you look," said Rasp, marking the absent air of St. Giles, "you look as if you was looking a hundred miles away. You can't tell us what you see, can you?"

Now, St. Giles, had he been in communicative mood, might have interested the barber, making him a partaker of the vision that would reveal itself to his customer. St. Giles plainly beheld Tom Blast with the stolen guineas. Had he watched him staggering beneath the pillage, he had not been better assured of the evil doing. Again, he had marked the thief's face; it wore the smug, lacerated look of a fortunate scoundrel: the light as of the stolen guineas flickered in his eyes, and his lips were puckered with inaudible whistling. St. Giles took little heed of the talkative barber, but laying down the price of his yesterday's beard, quitted the shop. Anxiously, fearfully, he looked about him from the door. He stood, like a lost traveller fearful of the sudden leap of some wild beast. Blast was not in the street: he now avoided St. Giles; new evidence that the old ruffian was the robber. St. Giles hastily struck into the fields, that with less chance of interruption, he might ponder on the present difficulty. He was only known to young St. James as the vagabond of a prison; and, therefore, open to the heavier suspicion. If arrested,—how to account for

himself? Should he at once boldly seek the young lord?—for as yet he had not seen him. Or should he at once turn his steps towards London?

His heart sank, and the sickness of death fell upon him, as again he saw himself beset by inevitable peril. Was it not folly, sheer, brute-like stupidity, in a doomed wretch like him, to yearn for innocent days, for honest bread? Was it not gross impudence in him to hope it—in him, so formed and cast upon the world to be its wrong, its misery, and disgrace? Why not go back to London, dash into guilt, and when the time came, die gallantly on the tree? Why not clap hands with Blast, and become with him, a human animal of prey? Such were the confused, the wretched thoughts that possessed St. Giles, as with feet of lead he crossed the fields. Divinely beautiful was the day! The heavens smiled peace and hope upon the earth, brimming with things of tenderness and beauty. The outcast paused at the winding river. Did his eye feed delightedly upon its brightness—was his ear solaced by its sound? No: he looked with a wild curiosity, as though he would look below—and he heard tongues talking from the stream—tongues calling him to rest.

“Ain’t lost nothing?” cried a voice, and St. Giles aroused, to his delight beheld Bright Jem.

“No; nothing,” said St. Giles. “I was thinking though that I might lose something, and be all the richer for the loss. But the thought’s gone, now you’re come.”

Jem looked like a man who catches half a meaning, and cares not to pursue the other half. So he said—“I thought, mayhap, when you left us in the churchyard, you’d have come over to the Tub. Master Capstick said he knew you wouldn’t, but I know he was sorry you didn’t.”

“I tell you what it is,” said St. Giles, “I hadn’t the heart.”

“That’s the very reason you ought to ha’ come to us. Master Capstick’s got heart enough for half-a-dozen.”

“God bless him!” cried St. Giles.

“I’ll jine you in that, whenever you say it. But I can see by the look of you—why, your face is full on it—I can see, you’ve something to say. I’m afeard the world hasn’t been as careful of you as if you’d been an image of gold, eh? Come, lad”—and Jem laid his hand gently upon St. Giles’s shoulder, and spoke tenderly as a woman—“Come lad, let’s know all about it.”

“You shall know all—you shall,” and St. Giles seized Jem’s

hand, and with moistening eyes and choking throat—it was such a happiness to see such looks and hear such words—shook it eagerly, tremblingly.

“There, now, good lad, take your time,” cried Jem. “I’m going to Master Kingcup, the schoolmaster; not above two mile away. And so we’ll gossip as we trudge. Jest over that style, and”—and Jem paused, with his looks directed towards a stunted oak some bow-shot from him. “I say”—he cried, pointing to a boy sleeping in the arms of the tree—“I say, that’s a London bird, perched there—I’m sure on it.”

Instantly St. Giles recognised his half-brother, the precocious Jingo. “You’re going to the good gentleman, you say, the schoolmaster,” cried St. Giles, animated as by a sudden flash of thought. “I’ve a notion—I’ll tell you all about it—we’ll take that boy with us. Hallo! come down here!” cried St. Giles to the sleeper.

“What for?” said Jingo, stretching himself and yawning. “You’re no constable, and I shan’t.”

“He knows what a constable is, depend on ’t,” said Jem, shaking his head.

“Well, I’m a coming,” said the philosophic Jingo, observing that St. Giles was about to ascend—“I’m a coming.” And in a moment, the urchin dropt like an ape from branch to branch and fell to the earth. As he fell, a guinea rolled from his pocket.

“Where did you get this?” exclaimed St. Giles, picking up the coin.

Whereupon little Jingo bowed his arms, and in his shrillest treble, answered—“Found it.”

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#### CHAPTER XXIV.

THE candidate for Liquorish has, it may be thought, been too long neglected in our attention to his agents, and their meaner creatures. Seemingly we have been unmindful of his lordship, but in reality not so. We felt more than satisfied that we had placed him, like a treasure in a temple, at Lazarus Hall. For there was Doctor Gilead, the good genius of larder and cellar, big, perspiring with anxiety to assuage, by the most recondite and costly means, the hunger and thirst of his exalted guest. Had it been possible to purchase a live unicorn, its haunch would have

smoked before young St. James ; the sole phoenix would have been roasted in its spicery, and dished in its plumes ; and Ganymede might have had any price of Doctor Gilead for peculated nectar. In the fulness of the Doctor's hospitality there lurked a grief that no new animal—no yet unheard-of tippie could be compassed. He must therefore—at last he was resigned to it—make the best of the good things of the earth such as they were ; he, by the way, possessing the very best for the experiment. Mrs. Gilead, too, had her anxiety ; though, it pains us to confess it, her husband—it is too common a fault, crime we should rather say—did not respond with all his heartstrings to the vibrating chords of his partner. But how rare is it to find a wedded man with a proper sympathy for the distresses of his wife ! The elements may have suddenly conspired to spoil her bonnet—she may have broken her dearest bit of china—the cat may have run off with her gold-fish—and at that very moment, above all others, her husband will insult her with his philosophy. And so it was with the anxieties of Mrs. Gilead. She felt that, whilst young St. James lay pillowed under her roof, she was answerable for the sweetness, the soundness of his slumbers ; nay, almost for the pleasantness of his dreams. She was wakeful herself in her tenderness for the repose of her guest. “ I do hope his lordship will sleep,” she said, twice and thrice to her wedded master.

“ Bless the woman ! ” cried the Doctor, at the time perplexed with the thought of some possible novelty for the next day's dinner, “ of course he'll sleep. Why not ? We have no fleas, have we ? ”

“ Fleas, Doctor Gilead ! Don't insult me ! Fleas in my beds ! ” and Mrs. Gilead spoke tremulously, as though hurt, wounded in her huswifery—the weakest place of the weakest sex. And Doctor Gilead knew there was not a flea in the house ; but it was like the man—it was like the brotherhood at large—to suggest to a wife the probability of the most impossible annoyance. Of course, it was only said to hurt her.

Nor let us forget the Miss Gileads. For each, saying no syllable to the other, was sleepless with the thoughts of providing life-long bliss for the noble, the beautiful guest. How delightful to make him happy for the rest of his days, and how very advantageous to be a legal partner in the felicity. If eyes ever did dazzle—if lips ever did take man's heart from his bosom, like a stone from a

black cherry (we think that simile perfect), eyes and lips should do the double deed to-morrow.

And young St. James, in a deep sea of sider-down, took his rest ; none the worse, it may be, that he knew not of the conspiracy working against his freedom. Three sets of hymeneal chains were almost all night long hammered at by three young ladies, and yet the unconscious victim slept,—even as the culprit takes unbroken rest, whilst hammers fall upon the scaffold for to-morrow.

If the reader will pass the intentions of the young ladies as at least benevolently purposed, he must confess that we have for the last three chapters left young St. James most tenderly cared for: Sleeping and waking he has had the prettiest cares, the sweetest attentions, like a shower of rose-leaves, cast upon him. And now Monday morning was come. The morning of the day of nomination was arrived. A law-maker was to be made by the voice of a free people ; a senator, without crack or flaw ; a perfect crystal vessel of the state was to be blown by the breath of unbought man. Nature seemed to sympathise with the work ; at least, such was the belief of Doctor Gilead, his imagination kindling somewhat with the occasion. He rose only a little later than the sparrows ; and from the beauty, the enjoyment of out-door objects, took the happiest omens. A member was to be returned to Parliament. Certainly the lark never fluttered nearer heaven—never sang so hopefully. Such was Doctor Gilead's sweet belief ; and rapt in it, he did not the next moment hear the voice of an ass in a distant meadow—gave no ear to his own geese gagging near his barn. Happy the superstition that on such occasions will only listen to the lark !

Everybody appeared at breakfast with a face drest for triumph. "Had his lordship slept well ?" asked Mrs. Gilead ; and with voices that would melt the heart of a man, were the thing really soluble, each Miss Gilead put the same question, but with a manner that plainly said her peace of mind depended on an affirmative reply. His lordship *had* slept well. Each and all of the Miss Gileads were blest for their existence !

"How do you do, Mr. Folder ?" asked his lordship, as that worthy man, with his old equable look, entered the breakfast parlour. Now, Mr. Folder had never looked better—never felt better. His calmness, his philosophy was astonishing, admirable ; the more so, as it was his friend and not himself who had lost a

treasure of gold. In few words, and in his own smiling way, Mr. Folder said he was charming.

“But where’s Tangle? eh?—not left Tangle behind?” cried his lordship.

“No, no,” said Folder, with a happy smile. “He preferred a walk across the fields.”

“Poor fellow! he doesn’t often get a bit of grass in London, I dare say,” said the Doctor; who then turned to his lordship, and rubbing his hands, and laughing as at the enjoyment of a sweet secret, said, “it wouldn’t do, my lord, to lose Tangle; no, no, we must take care of Tangle.” Innocent Doctor Gilead! At that moment he thought the agent the happy keeper of thousands of the birds of Paradise hatched at the Mint: and alack! they had made wings for themselves, and flown away. Had the Doctor known the condition of Tangle, what an abject, forlorn varlet would he have seemed in the offended eyes of his admirer.

Mr. Tangle was announced. He entered the room; his face galvanised into a smile. It was plain, at least to Folder, who knew all, that the agent had laboured so hard to get that smile into his countenance that it would be very difficult to dismiss it—it was so fixed, so very rigid. It was, in fact, the hardest smile out in the hardest oak.

“Quite well, I trust, Mr. Tangle? None the worse, I hope, for last night?” said young St. James, gaily.

Tangle’s knees struck each other at his lordship’s voice. Last night? Did his lordship, then, know of the robbery? Such was the first confusion of Tangle’s thoughts; and he then remembered that his lordship doubtless hinted at the wine swallowed, and not at the gold carried away. Whereupon, Tangle declared that he was quite well—never better. And then he resolutely put down a rising groan.

“Nothing the worse for anything last night, I’ll be bound, eh, Mr. Tangle?” cried Doctor Gilead, alive, as every man ought to be, to the reputation of his wine, when the wine, like the Roman’s wife, is not to be suspected. “I should think not. And, Mr. Tangle, I’ve not forgotten the carp that pleased you so much. There’s plenty in the pond; and we’ll have some of the finest, I can tell you.” At this moment the Doctor was summoned from the room; whilst new visitors continued to arrive, assembling to escort the noble candidate to a very modest fabric, largely christened as the Town-Hall. Young St. James knew everybody—



welcomed everybody. There was not a man present with whom he would not and could not have shared his heart,—it was so unexpectedly large upon the happy occasion.

“Don’t you wish, my lord, that your noble father the excellent Marquess was here to see your triumph?” exclaimed one of the artless Miss Gileads. Rosy ignorance! She knew not that, however the paternal heart might have yearned to be present, it was sternly checked by a strong sense of constitutional duty. For the Marquess, as a peer of England, could not, must not, directly or indirectly seem to interfere in the election of a member of Parliament—in the free assertion of the people’s choice. Therefore it was only permitted to the father, the peer, and the patriot to send his banker.

And still the visitors poured in; and as the crowd grew, every man looked more important, as though catching zeal and constancy of purpose from new-comers. “The borough’s been in the family these thousand years,” cried a spare, fibrous, thin-faced man, with a high piercing voice, “and the Constitution had better go to sleep at once if any nobody’s to come to represent us.”

“Tell ’ee what, Muster Flay, we own’t stand it,” said a freeholder in a smock frock, that in its unspocked whiteness might have typified the purity of election. “We own’t stand it. My father and his father—and hisn after hisn—all of ’em did vote for the family,—and when folks come to ax me for my vote agin ’em,—why as I says to my wife, it’s like a flyin’ in the face of Providence.”

“To be sure it is”—answered Flay—“it’s ungrateful; and more,—it’s unconstitootional.”

“No, no, Muster Flay: the Blues have always paid me and mine very well.”

“Hush! Not so loud,” said Flay, with his finger at his eloquent lip.

“Bless ’ee, everybody knows as everybody’s paid,” answered the clean-breasted voter.

“To be sure they do; nevertheless,” observed Flay, “it isn’t constitutional to know it. It’s what we call a fiction in the law; but you know nothing o’ these things, Master Stump,” said the barber, who then drew himself back a little to take a better look of the fine specimen of ignorance before him.

“What’s a fickshun?” asked Stump. “Somethin o’ use, I ’spose?”

“I believe you—the constitution couldn't go on without it. Fiction in the constitution is like the flour in a plum-pudding—it holds all the prime things in it together.”

“I see,” answered Stump, with a grin, “if they hadn't no fikshun, they'd make a very pretty biling of it!”

And after this irreverent fashion, comparing the lofty uses and the various wisdom of the Constitution to the ingredients of a Christmas pudding, did Flay, the Blue barber, and his pupil in the art of government, discourse amid the mob assembled in the grounds of Lazarus Hall; when a faint-cheer, an ineffectual shout, rose from some of the mob gathered about a horseman arrived in haste, with special news. This intelligence was speedily conveyed to Doctor Gilead, whose face suddenly glowed like stained glass, he was so delighted with the tidings. Making his way back to his lordship, the Doctor cried—“Joy, my lord! Joy! Joy! The enemy won't stand! The Yellow's mounted the white-feather! No contest, my lord—no contest! Three cheers, gentlemen, for our member!” And Doctor Gilead, for a while forgetful of the meekness of the pastor in the zeal of the patriot, sprang upon a chair, and loudly huzzaed. His note of rejoicing was responded to, but somehow not heartily. The assembly tried to look very delighted, very triumphant; yet, it was plain, they felt a latent annoyance. Was it that they were disappointed of the pleasing excitement of a hard-contested, constitutional fight? Was it, too, that every man felt himself considerably lowered, not only in his self-estimation, but in the value that would otherwise have been set upon him by opposite buyers? It is a painful feeling to be at the tyrannous, the ignorant valuation of any one man; and doubtless, many of the electors of Liquorish shared in this annoyance, for now they might be bought at young St. James's own price. When a man does drive his principle, like his pig, to market, it must try the Christian spirit of the seller to find only a solitary buyer. The principle, like the pig, may be a very fine principle; a fine, healthy, thorough-going principle; and yet the one buyer, because the only one, may chaffer for it as though the goods were a very measly principle indeed. The man must sell; so there goes a principle for next to nothing: a principle that, with a full market, would have fetched any money. To sell a principle may be the pleasantest thing in the world, but to give it away is another matter.

In Mr. Tangle, the news excited mixed emotions. He rejoiced

that the money would be less needed than had there been an opposing buyer in the market: and then he felt doubly sad at the loss: for with the gold in his possession, and there being the less necessity for its wide expenditure, he might—he felt sure he could have done it somehow—yes, he might have levied a heavy per centage upon what remained. There would have been a larger body of metal for the experiment; and let this be said of him; Tangle always preferred such experiments on a grand scale. Thus Tangle, confused in soul, and downcast in demeanour, suffered himself to be led to one of the half-dozen carriages prepared for the procession to the Town Hall.

Shall we attempt a description of the mob in vehicles—the mob on horseback—and the mob on foot, departing from the rectory, bound on the solemn duty of making a fire-new senator? No: we will merely chronicle the touching truth that, as the mob moved on, they sent forth a cheer, that was shrilly answered from the topmost windows of the rectory, whereat all sorts of maids, covered all over with blue ribands, screamed, and fluttered handkerchiefs and napkins in glad augury of triumph. The order of the rector for the profusest display of St. James's colours had been carried out with responding zeal by his retainers. Blue fluttered everywhere. The dairy-maid had dooked Crumple's horse with blue, and the animal as the maid averred, seemed very proud indeed of the badge; had she worn it in honour of her own son, then only a fortnight old, she could not have looked more complacent, happy. There was not a single ass belonging to the rectory that did not somewhere carry the colour; and we do assure the reader, very grave and very wise the asses looked with it. They seemed, as Jock the hind observed, to understand "the thing like any Christian." A blue flag fluttered from the top of the rectory—and blue streamers from every out-house. Even the gilt weathercock—the fact somehow escaped the eye of the rector—bore at its four points a long, long strip of blue riband, in honour of the political principles of the Blue candidate.

The mob, we say, cheered as they set forward from the rectory, and the men-servants and the maid-servants cheered again. The household gods of Lazarus Hall drew a long breath as relieved from the crowd and tumult of the mob that had hustled and confused them; and the solemn row of Ecclesiastical Fathers, standing in Church-militant file upon the library shelves, once more

seemed to feel themselves the undisturbed possessors of their oaken home. Poor old fellows!—many of them, too, such wonderful hands at chopping one hair into little bundles of hairs, the better to make springes with—so many too, the Eloquent Dumb—the Great Forgotten—the Illustrious Dim—the Folio Furniture in calf or truly pastoral vellum,—for five-and-twenty years had stood upon the shelf, and no rude hand had ever touched them. They had been bought by Doctor Gilead, and made to stand before all men visiting the library, as vouchers for the learning of the rector. But when Scipio—of course, sir, you remember the story—when Scipio, by the fortune of war, was made the some time guardian of a beautiful princess, Scipio himself was not more respectful of her charms, than was Doctor Gilead of the fascinations of the Fathers: he never knew them—never. We are aware that there may be vulgar souls who, judging from their simial selves, may doubt the continence of Scipio: we think this very likely; for sure we are that many folks, seeing the scholastic beauties possessed by Doctor Gilead, believed he must enjoy them: for the Doctor, like Scipio, never bragged of his abstinence. He, good soul, suffered men to think just what they pleased: but this we know, although the Fathers were for five-and-twenty years in the power of Doctor Gilead, yet, a Scipio in his way, he never—to speak scrupulously like a matron—he never so much as laid his little finger on them.

Therefore, shortly before the arrival of his lordship, was it a great surprise to the Fathers to find themselves one morning taken from the shelves and opened. How stiff, poor fellows, were they all in the back! And no doubt, very much astounded was Origen, and Basil, and Theophylactus, and Jerom, and Tertullian, and other respectable Fathers, to find themselves dusted and thwacked as they, when in the flesh, were wont to dust and thwack their dispu-  
tants; the man-servant and the maid-servant, otherwise intent, taking no more account of them than if they were old day-books and ledgers. In the vanity of their hearts—at least, in as much vanity as can belong to churchmen—they thought they were to be consulted and revered; in a word, made much of. And their owner, Doctor Gilead, did make much of them. He paid them the deepest devotion of which the good man was sensible; for he had them all packed off to be newly furnished and newly gilt; and there the dead Fathers of the Church stood glistening with gold; and doubtless as uneasy in the splendour forced upon them as any bishop in a coach-and-four. There they were, like the

not one of the mob who did not feel a huge interest in the very handsome young lord who was going up to parliament to take especial care of all of them.—In the like way, that when the knight of old was armed, and about to go forth to slay the dragon that carried off men, virgins, and cattle, and continually breathed a brimstone blight upon the crops and herbage, making dumpish the heart of the farmer—in the like way that he was attended by sage, grey-headed reverence, by youths and maidens, bearing garlands and green boughs, and accompanying him with shouts, and prayers, and loving looks, so did the young lord St. James take his way to the hustings, that he might therefrom depart for Parliament, there to combat with and soundly drub the twenty dragons always ready to eat up everybody and everything, if not prevented by the one particular member. Young St. James would be the champion against the dragon taxation: he would keep the monster from the farmer's bacon—from the farmer's wife's eggs—from the farmer's daughter's butter: he would protect their rights; and the farmer, and farmer's wife, and farmer's daughter, all felt that they had a most dear and tender interest in that splendid young gentleman, who would do nothing but bow to them, and smile upon them, just for all the world as if he was no bit better than they.

“He'll let 'em know what 's what when he gets among 'em,” said an old countryman to Flay, who, that he might be as near as possible to the lord about to be made a law-maker, walked with his hand upon the carriage. “They've had it all their own way long enough; he'll make 'em look about 'em.”

“The man for the constitoetion. That's plain with half an eye; he's born with it all in his head, like a cock with a comb,” said Flay. “It's in the family,” continued the barber; “in the family.”

The procession halts at the Hall. We pass the cheering, the groaning of the opposite parties. We pass all the hubbub of the election, as familiar to the British ear as the roar of the British Lion. It was plain, that it was already known there would be no contest; whereupon dank and blank were the looks of the Yellows, and very loud and fierce their denunciations. The Blues, too, though they put a boldly happy face on the matter, were ill at ease. A sharp opposition would have given them great delight, inasmuch as their tried patriotism would have shone all the brighter for the test.

And now the solemn business is opened by Mr. Mayor, too oppressed by the greatness of the occasion, to suffer one word of his very eloquent address to be heard by the multitude; who, no doubt, in gratitude, cheered uproariously.

The Reverend Doctor Gilead then stepped forward; and suddenly the crowd seemed to feel themselves at church, they were so hushed. The Doctor said that nothing but his long knowledge, his affection for his lordship, could have induced him to break from that privacy which they all knew was his greatest happiness. But he had a duty to perform; a duty to his country, to them, and to himself. That duty was to propose the distinguished nobleman before them, as their legal and moral representative in parliament.

And young St. James was duly proposed and seconded. "Is there no other candidate?" asked the Mayor, with a conscious face that there was not.

"Yes," cried a voice; and immediately a man stepped forward, whilst the Yellows roared with triumph. "I have to propose," said the man,—and reader, that man was no other than Ebenezer Snipeton, husband of Clarissa,—"I have to propose, as the representative of the borough of Liquorish, Matthew Capstick, Esq."

A shout of derision burst from the Blues. For a moment, the Yellows, taken by surprise, were silent: they then paid back the shout with shoutings vehement.

"Does anybody second Matthew Capstick?" asked the Mayoraghast.

"I does," cried Rasp; and again the Yellows shouted.

The Reverend Doctor Gilead looked haughtily, contemptuously, at the farce acted about him. Nevertheless, he thought it necessary to demand a poll for young St. James; the show of hands—as the astounded Mayor was compelled to own—being "decidedly in favour of Mr. Capstick."

## CHAPTER XXV.

"WHY you never mean to do it?" asked Bright Jem anxiously, sorrowfully.

"A man is wedded to his country, Jem; and being wedded, must listen to her voice," was the answer of Capstick.

It was nearly midnight, and the late muffin-maker and his man sat alone in the Tub. The news of his probable election for

Liquorish had fallen upon Capstick explosively. He had, in truth, been much startled, agitated by the tidings ; but, the muffin-maker was a philosopher, and after a brief hour or two, he had subdued the flesh-quakes of the merely modest man, trembling at his own under-valuation, and sat re-assured and calm, contemplating his possible appearance amidst the sages of the land, himself a sage, with the quiet resignation of a patriot. Capstick industriously essayed a look, a manner of monumental tranquillity. He smoked apparently, for all the world, like a common man ; and yet—it did not escape the affectionate glance of Jem—yet did Capstick's eye now and then burn and glow with a new light, even as the tobacco at the breath of the smoker, glowed through the embers. Rapidly was his heart enlarging with the good of the nation. Orations, to be uttered to the world at the proper season, were conceived in the muffin-maker's brain ; and as he sat, like a pagan god, in a cloud of his own making, they already grew and grew, and he already felt for them the mysterious love of the parent towards the unborn. Already his ears rang with the shoutings of an instructed, a delighted senate. His heart beat thick with the thought of Magna Charta, and the tremendous uses he would yet make of that sublime text. With no hope, no thought of parliament, it had been the pride of the muffin-maker to despise the world and its doings ; a hopeless world, overstocked with fools and knaves, altogether unworthy of the consideration of a philosophic mind. And now with the chance of becoming a senator, Capstick felt a sudden charity for the universe. After all, it was a universe not to be neglected. And for the men and women inhabiting it—poor two-legged emmets!—they must not be suffered to go to ruin their own perverse way. He would, therefore, go to parliament, and save them. Now, when a man has once for all determined upon a magnanimous line of conduct, he cannot but for the time look the better, the bigger, for the resolution. It is thus in all cases. For instance, when a virgin, with lowered lids and lips trembling at their own courage, drops the “yes” that is to make a man beatific for the term of his natural existence—a “yes” at which all the wedding-rings in all the goldsmiths' shops sympathetically vibrate,—she, the virgin, looks as she never before looked in her life ; sublimated, glorified, with a halo of beauty about her ; a halo catching light from her liquid eyes and rosy, burning face. And when, too, the widow with a sweet audacity, facing the mischief man, as an old soldier faces a

cannon, says "yes," tolling the monosyllable shortly, boldly as a bell tolls one—she, too, expands a little—just a little, with the thought, the good determined upon,—she, too, has her halo, though certainly of a dimmer kind; just a little dulled, like a second-hand ring. So true it is, that magnanimity has an expansive, a decorative quality. And so when Capstick, for a moment, felt himself a member of Parliament, he felt for the time his waistcoat much too small for him. In the like way that when, stirred by great emotions, the female heart takes a sudden shoot, it is sometimes necessary to cut the stay-lace to allow for the growth.

And Capstick sat enlarged by his own thoughts; with the ears of his soul up-pricked—for souls have ears, and at times pretty long ones—as though listening for the trumpets that should sound a blast for his triumph. But Bright Jem had a heavy, a dolorous expression of the divine countenance of man. His master was in danger of being made a Member of Parliament. He was, at that moment, in the imminent peril of being taken from rustic delights, from the sweet, the flowery leisure of the country, to be turned into a maker of laws. His condition weighed heavily upon the sense of his faithful, his affectionate servant; who gazed upon him as Pylades would have regarded Orestes, had dear Orestes been sentenced to the pillory. Capstick already felt himself in the House of Commons, and smiled through his own smoke, as he thought of one of the hundred speeches he would make, and the cheers that would celebrate its delivery; and Bright Jem only thought of the unsavoury missiles to be hurled at his friend in the hour of his trial.

"A man is wedded to his country, Jem," repeated Capstick, with a growing love for the assertion.

"His country! Why, you don't call Liquorish your country, do you? Besides, what does the country know about you 'cept your muffins: if the country hasn't quite forgot them by this time? If you are made a member of Parliament—heaven preserve you, says I—you'll only be made out of spite and malice," cried James.

Mr. Capstick took his pipe wide away from his mouth, and began what would doubtless have been a very eloquent speech. Bright Jem, however, suffered him to get no further than—"The choice of the people, Jem."

"The people! The choice of the guineas, that's it, Mr. Capstick. A member for Liquorish! Well, they might as well make



a little image of the golden calf over agin, and send that to parliament: for that's the people's choice hereabouts. Why, you must know, that it's for no love of you that Snipeton—as they call him—put you up. To carry his pint agin his young lordship—for there's some sore atween 'em—he'd send a chimney-sweeper to parliament without washing."

"Impossible!" cried Capstick, with very considerable dignity.

"Certain of it," insisted Jem, "else why, may I be so bold to ask, should he pitch upon you?"

"I am not exactly a chimney-sweeper, Mr. James; not exactly," observed Capstick, majestically.

"A course not: a good way from it: but you know what I mean, don't you?" said Jem.

"It is no matter. Mr. Snipeton has very briefly satisfied me of the purity, the patriotism of his intentions, and—good night, Mr. James," and Capstick rose. "I must rise early to-morrow."

"Don't say, Mr. James, then: it's a putting a stone in my pillow that I couldn't sleep on, seeing I'm not used to it. God bless you, sir—good night," and Jem held forth his hand.

"Good night, Jem," said Capstick, taking Jem's hand. "And mind, to-morrow, early Jem—very early, Jem."

Almost at dawn Jem was in the garden, digging, digging as though he would get rid of thought. At times, very savagely would he plunge the spade into the earth, as though it relieved him. And then he groaned—hummed—and sighed. And the morning broke gloriously; and the birds sang and whistled; and the flowers came laughing out in the sunshine. The summer earth, one wide altar, steamed with sweetest incense to heaven.

Jem had laboured for a couple of hours before Capstick joined him in the garden. "Why, Jem, you've done a full half-day's work already," said the candidate for Liquorish.

"Somehow I couldn't rest; and when I did sleep, I had nothing but nasty dreams. If I didn't dream you was taken to the Tower for pulling the speaker's nose—and I know your temper, sir—nothing more likely—I wish I may die. Never had such a clear, clean dream in all my life. It was all made out so."

"And what did they do with me at the Tower?" asked Capstick, a little tickled by the importance of the imprisonment.

"Why they chopped your head off as clean as a sheep's," said Jem earnestly. "I saw 'em do it; heard the chopper go right through bone, gristle, and all." Capstick clapt his hand to his

neck, then suddenly took it away again, and shook his head and smiled. Jem continued. "They chopped it off, and I heard it fall from the block with a bump. And after that they cut you into four quarters to be hung up for an example."

"Ha! ha! and that's the worst they did," cried Capstick; "there was an end, then?"

"No there wasn't," said Jem; "for I dreamt that they made me pack up one of the quarters, like spring-lamb, and carry it to your old muffin shop, and hang it jst over the door atween the two windows, as a warning to all traitors. And I hung it up. And then I dreamt I sat down on the door-step, and it was as much as ever I could do to keep the birds from pecking at you, for all I did nothing but pelt 'em with dollars."

"Very extravagant," said Capstick, who added gravely, laying his hand very tenderly upon Jem's shoulder, "when the time really comes, don't throw away silver; first try penny pieces." Jem shook his head: he could not relish the humour of the economy.

"If, now, they really should make a member of parliament of you"—Jem shuddered at the notion as at the thought of some nauseous drug—"you don't mean to say you'll leave the Tub, the garden and all?"

"The voice of the country, Jem, must be obeyed. We'll come down here, and recruit ourselves when the House is prorogued. We shall enjoy it all the more for the work of the session." Capstick already spoke like a member.

"Well, I know somethin' of parliament, for I knew poor Sam Chilterns, the linkman, as was killed by the late hours. He used to tell me a good deal about it; whatever pleasure you can have, to go and sit steaming among a mob of folks—and hearing speeches and sums of figures that you don't know nothing about—and never opening your own mouth"—

"Never think it, Jem," cried Capstick, "I shall speak and very often—very often."

"The Lord help you!" exclaimed Jem, amazed at such determination. "At your time of life, too!"

"That's it, Jem. Twenty, ten, years ago, I shouldn't have been ripe for it. Really great men are of slow growth; I feel that I have just now reached my prime, and my country shall have it. You don't know—how should you?—what I may meet with in parliament."

"A little on it," said Jem. "You'll meet with bad hours and noisy company; and you'll turn night into day and day into night, and so do no good with neither one nor the other. Meet! Will you meet with any such company as you leave? I should like to know that?"

"Why, what company do I leave?" asked Capstick coldly, and with dignity.

"Why, the company about you," cried Jem, and Capstick shortly coughed. "Look at 'em: will you meet with anything like them roses, jest opening their precious mouths, and talking to you in their own way—for how often you've said they do talk, if people will only have the sense to understand 'em! You'll go to court, perhaps; and if you do, will you meet with finer velvet than's in them heartsease? will you see any diamonds"—and here Jem struck a bush with his spade, and the dew-drops in a silver shower trembled and fell from it—"any diamonds brighter and wholesomer than them? Will you hear anything like that in parliament?"—cried Jem emphatically, and he pointed upwards to a fluttering speck, a lark in the high heavens, gushing with song.

"These things are to be enjoyed in their due season; when, as I say, the House is prorogued," said Capstick.

"And what's to become of all the animals that I thought you so fond on? They'll none on 'em come to good when you're away. There's them beautiful bees—sensible things!—you don't think they'll have the heart to go on working, working, when you're wasting your time in the House of Commons? And you'll go and make laws! Ha! We shan't have no luck after that. If the bantam hen that's sitting doesn't addle all her eggs, I know nothing of bantams. Why, how,"—and Jem spoke in a saddened tone—"how in six weeks do you think you'll look?"

"Look! how should I look?" cried Capstick, bending his brows.

"Why, you'll look like a act of parliament; and a precious old act, too; all parchment like, with black marks. And you'll go to bed when the sun gets up; and instead of meeting him as you do now with a head as clear as spring water—and looking at him, all health and comfort—and walking about hearing the birds and smelling the cows, the flowers, and the fresh earth—why, you'll be slinking home to your bed with no heart to stare in the sun's face—and your precious head will seem biling with a lot of

talk ; all wobbling with speeches you can make nothin' on—and you 'll soon wish yourself a mushroom, a toadstool, anything to be well in the country agin."

"Jem," said Capstick, "you mean well ; but you 're an enthusiast."

"You may call me what names you like," said Jem, very resignedly, "but you 'll never be happy away from the Tub."

"You 'll lay the breakfast," observed Capstick, peremptorily ending the conversation as he turned from the garden to the house, whilst Jem—as if he had a new quarrel with the soil—dug his spade into the earth with increased energy.

In a few minutes a hen broke out into the customary proclamation of a new egg.—"Well, I know," cried Jem, pettishly, "I know : you 're like a good many people, you are ; can't even give poor folks an egg without telling all the world about it. Humph ! he may as well have 'em fresh while he can ;" and Jem bent his way to the hen-roost—"poor soul ! he 'll get nothin' o' the sort when he's a member of parliament."

In very dumpish spirits did Jem prepare the breakfast. But when he saw Capstick, habited in his very best, issue from his chamber, Jem groaned as though he looked upon a victim arrayed for the sacrifice. Capstick would not hear the note of tribulation, but observed—"You 'll go with me, Jem."

"I 'd rather not," said Jem ; "but I 'spose I must go in the mob, to see as nobody pelts you. Humph ! I wonder what any Jew will give for that coat when you come home. But I 'spose it 's all right. People put their best on when they 're hanged, and why, shouldn't you ? All right, o' course."

Capstick managed to laugh, and tried to eat his breakfast with even more than customary relish—but it would not do : he had no appetite. He felt himself on the verge of greatness. And his heart was so big it left him no stomach. Suddenly was heard the sound of distant music. "Heaven save you !" cried Jem, "they 're coming after you."

"Don't be a fool," said the philosophic Capstick, and the music and the shouting seemed to enter his calm bosom like flame, for he suddenly observed, "It 's very warm to-day, Jem."

"Nothin' to what it will be," said Jem. "Here they come. Afore it's too late, will you hide under the bed, and I 'll say you're out ?" Jem rapidly put the proposal as a last desperate resource.

“Don't be a fool,” again cried Capstick, and with increased vehemence. “Open the door.”

“It's all over—too late,” groaned Jem, and almost immediately the music came clanging to the window, and the mob hurraed, and Rasp, and others of Capstick's committee, filled the cottage.

“Hurrah!” cried Rasp, “three cheers for Capstick! Capstick and the Constitution!” and the mob roared in obedience. “Now, Mr. Capstick; all right I can tell you. His lordship hasn't a toe to stand upon—not a single toe. This blessed night you'll sleep Member for Liquorisk! Down with the Blues! The Constitution and Capstick! Hurrah! Why, Jem”—cried the barber, suddenly astounded—“you haven't got no colour. Here's one.”

“Well, if I must make myself a canary,” cried Jem, and he took the proffered riband, and shook his head.

“Now, then, strike up, and three more cheers for Capstick and the Constitution,” roared Rasp. The trumpets sounded—the drums beat—the mob roared,—and amidst the hubbub, Capstick suffered himself to be carried off by the committee to one of the three carriages drawn up at the end of the lane, whilst Bright Jem, as though he walked at a funeral, pensively followed.—In a few moments the line was formed; and musicians and mob, taking new breath, gave loudest utterance to their several instruments. And Capstick, the philosopher, smiled and bowed about him with all the easy grace of an old candidate. Bright Jem gazed at him with astonishment. Could it be possible that that smiling, courteous, bending man was the rigid muffin-maker? After that, there was nothing true, nothing real in humanity! At once, Jem gave the word up.

The procession reached the Town Hall. Hurrahs and hootings met Capstick; who felt warm and cold at the salutations. It was plain, however, that Capstick and the Constitution—as Rasp would couple them—must triumph. The great confidence in young St. James had, somehow, been severely shaken. It was known even to the little children of the borough that the mysterious chest of gold had been carried off; and as the customary donation to the electors was not forthcoming, it was believed that young St. James would rashly trust to purity of election. Tangle, secure in his belief that there would be no opposition to his lordship; had said no word of the robbery; hence, he had suffered very valuable time to be lost—time that had been improved

to the utmost by the agents of Snipeton, who, though he scarcely appeared himself, laboured by means of his mercenaries, with all the ardour that hatred and gold could supply in the cause. When, however, it became certain that his lordship would be opposed, Tangle felt the dire necessity—dire, indeed—of telling the truth. And then he felt he had not the courage to carry him through so unusual a task. Whereupon, he sneaked to his inn, ordered a post-chaise; placed himself and portmanteau therein, and late at night secretly drove towards London. Ere, however, he departed, he left a letter for the noble candidate. We give a correct copy.

“MY LORD,—Deeply, indeed, do I regret that a circumstance—a tender circumstance—to which it is needless more particularly to allude (for what—what right have I, at such a time, to force my domestic sorrows on your lordship’s attention?)—a tender circumstance, I say, compels my immediate attendance in London. You may judge of the importance of the event from the very fact that, at such a time, it can sever me from your lordship. I leave you, however, in the full assurance of your triumph—in the full belief that parliament, which has received so many ornaments from your noble house, has yet to obtain an unparalleled lustre in the genius of your lordship. With the profoundest respect, I am your lordship’s most devoted servant,

“LUKE TANGLE.”

“P. S.—We are all, in this mortal world, liable to accidents. My good friend, Mr. Folder, will inform your lordship of a circumstance that has given me much pain: a circumstance, however; that when I shall have the honour of next meeting your lordship, I doubt not I shall be able most fully to explain to your lordship’s most perfect satisfaction.”

“There is great villany in this, great villany, my lord,”—said Doctor Gilead, possessed of the contents of the letter—“but it isn’t so much the money that’s lost; that may be remedied—it’s the time, the precious time. There is no doubt that the other side have taken the most unprincipled advantage of the calamity, and have bribed right and left. Nevertheless, we must not despair. No; certainly not. We must look the difficulty in the face like men, my lord—like men.” The Doctor, too, spoke like one determined to fight to the last minute, and the last guinea. And the Doctor was not merely a man of words; No. With a fine decision of character, he immediately drew a cheque for a much

larger amount than was ever dreamt of by all the apostles, and confiding it to a trusty servant, he shortly but emphatically said to him—"Gold." The man smilingly acknowledged the magic of that tremendous monosyllable, and departed blithely on his errand. Nevertheless, there was a strong sense of honour in the hearts of the majority of the patriots of Liquorish; for although some took double bribes—although some suffered themselves to be gilt like weather-vanes, on both sides,—the greater number remained true to the first purchaser. It was the boast—the consolation that made so many of the Yellows walk upright through the world—that they stuck to their first bargain. The double fee would have been welcome, to be sure, but as some of them touchingly observed, they had characters to take care of. Besides, the same candidate might come again.

"Can you have any notion of the cause of the motives of this man, Snipeton?" asked Doctor Gilead of young St. James, who slightly coloured at the home question. "Why should he have started a candidate?"

"Possibly—I can't tell—but I say possibly he has strong political feelings. But, 'tis no matter, 'twill only add to the excitement: at the most, 'twill only be a joke. A muffin-maker sitting for Liquorish! For our borough! 'Tis too ridiculous to imagine," and young St. James laughed.

"A very contemptible person, certainly," said Doctor Gilead; "nevertheless, he's twenty a-head of your lordship, and as there is not above another hour for polling, and we know the number of votes, matters do look a little desperate." Such was the opinion of Doctor Gilead, very dolorously pronounced at an advanced period of the day; and young St. James—although he had combated the notion like a man and a lord—began to give ground: it no longer seemed to him among the impossibilities of the world that the family borough of Liquorish might be usurped by a muffin-maker. And then St. James—thinking of Clarissa—meditated a terrible revenge upon her husband.

In the meanwhile, the contest raged with every variety of noise and violence consequent upon the making of a member of parliament. Songs were sung;—how the poet was so suddenly found, we know not; but discovered, he was potently inspired by ready gold and ale, and in no time enshrined the robbery of the money-box in verse. Every line, like a wasp, had a sting at the end of it, aimed at the corruption of the Blues. The concluding stanza too, breathed an ardent wish for the future prosperity and

happiness of the thief—and an expression of kindness that Tom Blast, as he mingled among the mob, received with the silence of modesty. Tom's only regret was that Jingo, his own child, had not been entrusted with the ballad, as the melody and the sentiment of the song were beautifully adapted to the voice and intelligence of the young minstrel. Besides, there would have been something droll—very droll, a matter to be chuckled over with private friends—had Jingo chaunted the satirical lament for the stolen gold; he being, above all others, peculiarly fitted for the melodious task. And where could he be—once or twice thought the father, and then the paternal anxiety was merged in the deep interest of the hour; for Tom Blast with all his might roared and cheered and hooted in the cause of the Yellows. Much, we think, would it have abated the patriotic zeal of Capstick, had he known how vociferously he was lauded by the thief of Hog Lane. But at such a time, applause must not be too curiously analysed.

And now both parties began to number minutes. A quarter of an hour, and the poll would close. The Blues had for the past twenty minutes rallied; and Doctor Gilead rubbed his hands and declared that, in spite of the corrupt practices of the Yellows, in spite of the soul-buying bribery that had been resorted to by unchristian men, the rightful seat of St. James would not be usurped by a muffin-maker. Poor Jem hung about the Committee-rooms and secretly exulted when Capstick receded; as secretly mourned when he advanced. At length the final numbers were exhibited; and to the joy of the Yellows, the despair of the Blues, and to the particular misery of Jem himself, Matthew Capstick, Esq., was declared twenty votes ahead of his opponent!

"Three cheers for Capstick, our member," cried Rasp from the window of the Yellow Committee-room. "Three cheers for Capstick and the Constitution!"

"Give it him," cried Flay from an opposite house, and the obedient loyal mob of Blues discharged a volley of mud and stones and other constitutional missiles in use on such glorious occasions. Crash went the windows; and, on the instant, the two factions in the street engaged in a general fight; all moving, as they combatted, towards the Town Hall, already beset by a roaring mob.

A few minutes, and Mr. Capstick appeared. Whereupon, the high bailiff declared him duly elected a knight burgess, and



buckled the sword about him—the sword with which, by a pretty fiction, the knight was to defend the borough of Liquorish from all sorts of wrong. Capstick, with the weapon at his thigh, advanced with great dignity; and was for a time regardless of the showers of eggs and potatoes that, from the liberal hands of the Blues, immediately greeted him. The young Lord St. James—how Snipeton leered at him!—also appeared on the hustings, and accidentally received full in his face an egg, certainly intended for the visage of the successful candidate. It was plain, too, that Capstick thought as much, for he turned, and taking out his pocket-handkerchief, advanced to his lordship, and in the politest manner observed,—“My lord, I have no doubt that egg was intended to be my property: will you therefore permit me to reclaim my own?”—and saying this, Capstick with his white kerchief removed the offensive matter from his lordship’s face, whilst the crowd—touched by the courtesy of the new member—laughed and cheered uproariously.

Mr. Capstick then advanced to the front of the hustings. At the same moment a potato fell short of him, near his foot. Whereupon the member drew his sword, and running it into the potato, held it up to the mob. Another laugh—another cheer greeted the action. “Silence! he’s a rum’un—hear him!” was the cry, and in less than ten minutes the new member was permitted to proceed. Whereupon he said:

“Gentlemen—for gentlemen in a mob are always known by their eggs and potatoes—I should, indeed, be unworthy of the honour you have placed and showered upon me, did I in any way complain of the manner in which you have exercised the privileges I see lying about me. I am aware, gentlemen, that it is the free birthright of Englishmen—and may they never forget it!—to pelt any man who may offer himself for the honour of representing them in Parliament. It is right that it should be so. For how unfit must the man be for the duties of his office—for the trials that in the House of Commons he must undergo—if he cannot, properly and respectfully receive at the hands of an enlightened constituency any quantity of mud, any number of eggs or potatoes that in their wisdom they may feel disposed to visit upon him. I should hold myself a traitor to the trust reposed in me, did I at this moment of triumph object to either your eggs or your potatoes.” (Very loud cheering; with a cry of “You’re the sort for us.”) “No, gentlemen, I look upon

eggs and potatoes as, I may say, the corner-stones of the Constitution." ("Three cheers for the Constitution," roared Rasp, and the Yellows obediently bellowed.) "Nevertheless, permit me to say this much. Feeling the necessity that you should always exercise for yourselves the right of pelting your candidates with eggs and potatoes—permit me to observe that I do not think the sacred cause of liberty will be endangered, that I do not believe the basis of the Constitution will be in the smallest degree shaken, if upon all future elections, when you shall be called upon to exercise the high prerogative of pelting your candidates, you select eggs that are sweet, and first mash your potatoes."

Laughter and loud cheers attested the reasonableness of the proposition. When silence was restored, young Lord St. James stood forward. His rival, he said, was for a time nominally their candidate. A petition to the House of Commons would, however, speedily send him back to his proper obscurity. His lordship was prepared to prove the grossest bribery—

"The box of guineas!"—"Who stole the gold?" was shouted from the mob, and Tom Blast himself boldly halloed—"Who stole the guineas?"

Doctor Gilead stepped forward. "My friends," he said, "it is true that a box of money was stolen—but, my friends, you will rejoice with me to learn that the box is recovered."

"Gammon!" cried Blast wildly.

"The thief or thieves had cast the box into my fish-pond; but I have just been informed that on dragging the pond for carp—I had given the order before I quitted home—the box has been found! Three cheers, my friends!"

Blast groaned and the Blues huzzaed.

The ceremony of chairing was duly performed, Bright Jem witnessing the triumph with a heavy heart: but Matthew Capstick, Esq., M.P., (he had been duly qualified by Snipeton,) as he was paraded along the streets of Liguorish had no wish ungratified—yes, there was one, a little one. It was merely that the late Mrs. Capstick could, for a very brief time, look up from her grave and see her elected husband as he rode!

## ART AND MISERY.

AMID the treasures of the Sculptor's art  
 Entranced I stood;—each form my sight  
 Drank wondering in, till overflow'd my heart  
 With Beauty's strange delight !  
 The brightest thoughts of Greece were gathered there,  
 Her faith's divinest mysteries :—  
 What later ages dimly strove to share,  
 And what the present tries.  
 There the Apollo held his lordly head,  
 Watching the deed he 'd done :  
 A God-like act—yet, more the God display'd,  
 The look that he put on.  
 Faint with excess of beauty linger'd there  
 The Indian Bacchus ivy-crown'd ;  
 As from his locks the balmy Eastern air  
 Seemed floating all around.  
 The Satyr's face glow'd with the jocund time  
 When laughter leapt from tree to tree,  
 And echoed through the groves beneath the clime  
 Of golden Arcady.  
 And there the Thunderer heaved his awful brows  
 O'erfraught with sullen majesty,  
 Like to some frowning cliff beneath the snows  
 In cold solemnity.  
 And gentler Woman found her every grace  
 The cold white substance sweetly warm :—  
 Her love, and power, and beauty fill'd the place  
 Shrined in some fairy form—  
 As Psyche claim'd the rightful clasp of Love,—  
 Athené beam'd with wisdom bright,—  
 Affection's power in Niobe could prove—  
 Goddess as Aphrodite !  
 The swift Bacchanté showed her lighter mood—  
 Hebe, the gentle ministrant ;—  
 In each and all man's holiest, highest good,  
 His first, his last sweet want.  
 From these I pass'd, and in the City's haunts  
 Of direst crime and misery,  
 Exchanged Soul's empire for its saddest wants ;  
 Love for depravity.

I saw the straighten'd forehead branded deep  
 With the hot touch of burning sin—  
 The blooded eye that knew not how to weep,  
 And spoke the fire within.

And gentle woman had a Harpy's form,  
 A voice all strange to mirth or song :  
 Her love, a scorching passion, could not warm—  
 A curse usurped her tongue.

And rudely now contended in my heart  
 The World's sad truth, the Greek's ideal ;  
 And sore I strove to reconcile the art  
 With the unsightly real.

By that I saw Humanity a God,  
 This show'd my fellows less than men :—  
 There seemed it o'er ambrosial clouds I trod,  
 Here breathed a Stygian fen.

How vain, methought, for man to give by art  
 A mind to stones so dull and mute ;  
 And let a brother from his rank depart,  
 To sink below the brute !

But Art forbade me in her power despair,  
 And whisper'd,—Man has yet to learn,—  
 My visions are not vainly bright and fair,  
 My fires not falsely burn :

For Beauty never looks with scornful eyes  
 On sin and woe's deformity ;  
 And where her love is, ne'er can vainly rise  
 Pity's ingenuous plea.

A Power there is shed o'er the hearts of men  
 These wide extremes may reconcile,—  
 Give Misery a fairness in his ken  
 Who basks in Beauty's smile.

Such Power hath warm'd the coldness out of Art,  
 Lit Classic forms with genial life ;  
 Dethroned the ancient Gods,—but to impart  
 Souls with affections rife.

The universal brotherhood of man  
 In one all loving God united,  
 Brings these far-sundered poles within the span  
 Of souls this truth hath lighted.

From both alike doth highest Wisdom flow—  
 By art we soar on wings of beauty  
 Up to his throne—while Sin and Sorrow show  
 The blessed path of duty !

ON

## THE DISADVANTAGES OF NOT BEING A DWARF.

I AM one of that unfortunate class who have to work for their bread. I make no bones of confessing—and I would all the world were so honest—that I should be very happy to dispense with the work,—if the bread did not go with it. However, I have to support myself; the public will not support me. I am no lion; my name is not in everybody's mouth. My form has never been puffed in the newspapers as “perfectly symmetrical.” I can state fearlessly, that I have never been reported to possess a “beautiful and intellectual countenance.” Nor has it been asserted of me in print, that I am “a perfect man of mind, intellect, and beauty.” To continue my list of negations—my equipage has never been paraded round the streets; in truth, I have not even a wheelbarrow to parade; and I never gave any “levees,” because I don't believe anybody would come to them. Further, I defy any one to assert with truth, that I have been three times invited to Buckingham Palace by the special command of the Queen herself, or that I have received from her Majesty even the very slightest present. The Queen Dowager has been equally inattentive. I pledge the public my word of honour, that that illustrious lady never gave me a magnificent watch, set with brilliants. The Duke of Wellington, I regret to say, has been not a cubit more generous and discerning. I was at Paris last season without having been invited to the Tuileries. Louis Philippe, in fact, only permitted me to waste my sweetness on the desert air of a decidedly uncomfortable bedroom *au cinquième*. To finish the catalogue of my griefs, I cannot state with strict truth, that I have been “patronised by all the principal crowned heads of Europe;” nor that the newspapers have made me a personage of so great importance, as to cause the insertion of fabricated accounts of my capture by bandits; while, to crown all, neither the maids of honour at court nor the ladies of the West-end ever purchased of me, at the cheap rate of a shilling apiece a narrative of my life and a kiss into the bargain.

That I have been thus neglected, thus left to blush and bloom

unseen by newspapers, ladies, and monarchs, I attribute entirely to my unfortunately not having been born a dwarf.

I am nearer six feet than two; *hinc illæ lacrymæ*. I am not a stunted abortion—*ergo*, I have never been pronounced “perfectly symmetrical.” I am not a “delicate monster;” therefore, I have never been the companion of monarchs. When I think what a fate would have been mine had I only had the good luck of being born a repulsive exception to the general rules of nature, I look perhaps “more in sorrow than in anger” upon limbs of the average proportions and chiselled after the ordinary order of human architecture. Had I only measured something under a cloth-yard shaft, I should have a carriage to ride in, instead of tramping it on foot. I should have admiring crowds of fine ladies flocking to see me every morning. The Duke of Wellington and I might have had a chat on Waterloo. I might have spoken with the Queen, and gossipped with Louis Philippe. I might have made something which I could call a “progress” through Europe. Courts would have been my stages—newspapers my *avant-coureurs*. A baronet title would have raised me to rank, and my name would have been a household word in half the capitals of Europe. Alas! the last three feet of my growth spoiled everything. Stunted, I should have been adored; well-developed, I am neglected. I have no “magnificent presents” made to me by the greatest crowned heads of the world to exhibit to my morning visitors. My height has been my ruin—so it has been decreed by that enlightened public opinion whereof I am a humble admirer. I do not mean to say, that, were I twelve feet high, I should not be *fêted* and caressed. Extremes meet—but unhappily I am between them, and therefore, not being a monster either one way or the other, a giant or a dwarf, I am left unsmiled on by Buckingham Palace—unasked to Versailles.

There are a foolish lot of people ambitious of being noticed by monarchs and received at courts. They may not, it is true, abstractedly think much of the honour of kissing the hand of the *que*, or being told to make themselves at home in the other; but society, that sensible-profoundly-wise orderer of things, has ordained that the mass of mankind should look up with reverence to a conventional and chance-bestowed rank; and this being so, the ambitious, of whom I speak, regard the notice, the friendship, not the patronage of kings and queens as one of the conventional means society has decreed of bestowing its homage upon

those who deserve it. These unfortunates, then, entertaining this view of things regal, concluded—absurd people!—that it was by great mental gifts, and the production of great literary, scientific, and artistic works, that royal favour indicating national gratitude was to be procured.

They looked to various pages of the history of various nations, and found that this principle had been acted upon—that science, and literature and art had been honoured, while they received royal favour; that queens had suggested subjects to a dramatist, and that emperors had picked up an artist's brushes when they fell from his palette. But we being a highly-civilized people have changed all this. It is not mental greatness, but bodily littleness, that kings and queens delight to honour now-a-days. Write like Shakspeare; but you must go to the Italian Opera if you wish to see the monarch—paint like Raffaele, but you must be content to take a dauber's price if you wish your pictures to decorate a royal palace. You may have some chance of seeing the inside of Windsor, indeed, if you take to delineating the royal wardrobe and the royal kennel. There is a glimpse of hope if you fly your genius at such themes as lap-dogs, gloves, macaws, and hats; but there is nothing like a good degree of physical deformity—some monstrous malconstruction to excite the notice and display the taste of the fountain of honour. Write another "Hamlet," or paint another "Transfiguration." All very well. You may go and see Windsor Castle with the rest of the public. But be lucky enough to be only twenty-nine inches high, or to have three legs, or to present some other agreeable novelty of appearance of the kind, and you are a made man, loaded with regal gifts, weighed down by the gold of a discerning public. You can pass the winter—should you like it—in your hotel in the Chaussée d'Antin at Paris, and the summer in your rose-hid villa on the Lake of Como!

Times are hard. So say everybody. Prudent fathers of families think what they shall do with their children. Let me whisper a bit of advice. "Madam, you are giving that child wholesome food—cruel parent! You are not squeezing or distorting its limbs—unnatural mother! It may one day want the meal you are now so barbarously assuaging its hunger with. Don't you see that the innocent, if so treated, has not the remotest chance—barring a miracle of good luck—of being stunted in its growth, of never attaining manly dignity or womanly beauty. Stint it, and it may peradventure be stunted. Give it gin: they say that excellent

beverage cramps an infant's growth. Never mind its moanings, its pukings, and its pinings. It may die—then it does so in a glorious cause : but it may live—dwarfed—a wonder-raising monster. Be wise then—be the Prospero to rear a Caliban. Heed not its cries or convulsions. Some future day will well repay them—yea, some glorious epoch, seen afar off down the dim vista of time, when, decked with kingly gifts, the centre of a circle of warriors and statesmen, monarchs shall delight in, and nations ring with the sky-borne fame of your dwarfish offspring !”

A word in serious, sad earnest. Fathers and mothers of England, you have read the paragraph I have just penned with horror. Has it never struck you that by rushing in crowds, as you have done, to see—and to pay for the show—a miserable object, a stunted infant, you have been in fact offering a premium to cupidity to unite with nature when she shows herself unkind, in order to produce again a something which shall be a world's wonder and an owner's profit? There have been many “infant phenomena” on the stage and in the booth. The public has patronised these disgraceful, these—one would think, to a pure and natural mind—disgusting exhibitions. Who shall say how many poor infantine limbs have been clogged, how many poor infantine frames have been dosed and drugged to produce like monstrosities. If people will pay largely for the sight of what is unnatural, rest assured that the unnatural, so far as man can make it, will be manufactured for the market. Demand begets supply. If the public want dwarfs, every means will be employed to produce dwarfs.

Ladies, who have visited, who have kissed a dwarf, do you know what you have been about? Do you know that partial or faulty development is nothing but disease? You would not be amateurs in pathology. You would not flock admiringly round *fungus hæmatodes*, or expatiate in raptures on the wonderful merits of a case of ricketts. Cancer and crooked limbs are horrible, and you shrink from them. Dwarfishness, ladies, is not less disease, that there is nothing absolutely repulsive in its features. There must be some lack of natural power, of natural health when the body does not become developed. This want might be shown in a thousand hideous ways, in a thousand diseases. Sometimes it manifests itself in dwarfishness—the disease of littleness. Such cases will occur. And let me here add, that I do not in the least charge the exhibitors of these instances, now or lately before the



public, with having attempted or having aided in producing the effects by the exhibition of which they made money. But their success may induce others to be less scrupulous. Let a stop be put to the entire system. Let public opinion confess its error; and in future, when a dwarf is born, let its parents tend with holiest love the unhappy being thus arriving, a monstrous creature, into the world. Let its misfortune and their distress be veiled from the world. Let retirement be the lot of the being whom nature has prevented from mingling freely with its fellow-creatures. Let the brand be covered, the stigma hid. Let the secrecy of private dwelling or public asylum enwrap it. Let us have no unfortunates—the victims at once of nature's mysterious displeasure—and the world's insolent and heedless curiosity.

A. B. R.

### THE ORIGINAL GOOD WOMAN.

ALL the world knows that the title of the Original Good Woman is suggestive of a certain sign-board, exhibiting a delineation of the female form angelic, *minus* that story of the corporeal edifice which corresponds to the attic of a dwelling-house. The pictorial archetype of female excellence is a lady without a head. Now the head is considered to be the knowledge-box; the casket of understanding and wisdom; wherefore it is invested, metaphorically as well as physically, with a pre-eminence over the mere trunk, which contains less valuable property. The emblem, therefore, of the Original Good Woman represents her as deficient in the rational and knowing faculties. Its limner, accordingly, seems to have meant either to insinuate that a woman ought not to have mental powers, or to assert that she has them not; that she ought not, as a good woman, to have them, or that she has them not as a woman, and therefore an irrational creature; consequently that you, fair reader, are either good-for-nothing or stupid; both of which epithets we agree with you in retorting on himself. The wretch—the savage—the brute! Blue-Beard, who decapitated his inquisitive wives, was a gentleman to the fellow who executed the Original Good Woman.

Now the truth is, that if there was anything for which this

celebrated lady was distinguished, it was for the possession of those very qualities which this pictorial libeller has denied her. As a good woman, she was a good housewife. As a good housewife, she was skilled in cookery. There is reason in roasting an egg. Much more is the rational faculty involved in trussing a fowl, in curing a round of beef, in dressing a shoulder of mutton and onion sauce, and especially in juggling a hare; operations which every good woman is renowned for performing to admiration. What can be more thoughtful than the looking up of linen, the darning of hose, the sewing on of buttons? things which a woman of any pretensions to goodness is doing almost continually. Thought necessitates a headpiece. Your good woman, then, has a head, Mr. Smith: so has yours, Mr. Jones. But we need not remind you of that. You know what even the best of women stand you per annum in caps and bonnets.

No:—the man was a poor philosopher as well as punster, who said that the *mens* was the men's alone. All women have, at least, a sort of intellectual faculties; just as they have a peculiar style of limbs. The Original Good Woman was not an acephalous monster. In opposition to the daub that represents her as such, we will set up a sketch of her in pen-and-ink.

Not only can we affirm that her shoulders were really and truly surmounted with a head; but we might also, if we chose, state what the colour of her hair was. But we forbear. We have no desire to excite a rivalry between sweet auburn, raven black, flaxen, chestnut, golden, or even rufous: for we will not suppose even that tint to be out of the question. Not wishing to adjudicate, Paris-like, on an apple of discord, we will give no indication of the particular individual who is the lady's living representative. For, that there exists her exact counterpart at this present moment, though who she is neither here nor there, will readily be admitted by many bachelors, and, we would fain hope, by some husbands.

We must be allowed to dwell a little longer on this head. It was one, which, if there is any truth in craniology, would have turned that of Dr. Gall with admiration. All that we know about it is, that it was a very handsome one. But if bumps are compatible with beauty, and configuration is indicative of character, it must have been quite mountainous in the nobler and more amiable regions,—whilst in the more questionable districts it presented a quiet level. We conceive,—always supposing the

correctness of Gall's doctrine,—that the top of the forehead must have been unusually full, and the proportions of the upper part of the occiput comparatively moderate. For the former locality is supposed to be connected with the reflective intellect; and the latter with a sentiment termed the "Love of Approbation." Now the Original Good Woman, though not given to much speaking, was remarkable for always speaking to the purpose, and never betraying any inconsistency or inconsecutiveness in conversation. In reply to the question, Why? or Wherefore? she was accustomed either to give a reason, or to confess that she had none to give. Her conduct, moreover, was singularly rational; and not dictated by whim, caprice, or the blind impulse of the moment. On the other hand, albeit she was not, by any means, insensible to praise or admiration; yet the desire of attracting it was not always uppermost in her mind, and did not constitute her chief and main consideration.

In brief, reasonableness and freedom from vanity were the distinctive features of her character: for the rest she was endowed with the good qualities which are peculiarly feminine. Be it observed that her understanding was of a practical nature; she was no metaphysician or mathematician: she gave her mind to the study of her part in life, and consequently she acted it well; and engrossed, in its performance, with the business of the scene, she was not alway curtseying and smirking at the spectators.

Her expenditure on dress, whilst she was single, was proportionate to the means of her family; when she became a wife, to those of her husband. She was never known to be discontented or unhappy for the want of some piece of finery which she could not afford. Her attire was regulated by her own taste, without further reference to fashion than was necessary to avoid being conspicuous. When, at one time, she was getting rather plump, instead of pinching her waist, she reduced her diet; and one of the few persons that she ever treated with contempt was a modish acquaintance who recommended her to "lace a little." Another was a relation who counselled her to wear ear-rings. Her infancy was remarkable for an early abandonment of her doll, and for the moderation of her delight in new frocks. All her instructors were proud of their pupil; but the least loud in her commendation was her dancing-master.

She was much more solicitous about her health than her complexion: and for the sake of exercise would walk bravely forth in

all weathers, dressed rather with reference to the day and the season, than with respect to the eyes of beholders. Thus she spoiled very few bonnets and other apparel, by being caught in showers, and such like accidents. Hence too, perhaps, it was that she enjoyed such an immunity from illness ; for the Original Good Woman was uncommonly fortunate in this particular. She was never known to faint or be troubled with hysterics ; and was wonderfully free from all sinkings, swimmings, dartings, shootings, drawings, spasms, and all-over-ishness. Her ailments, when she had any, were plain, downright, unequivocal maladies ; as fevers, inflammations, quinsies, colds in the head—strange to say, they were all such as are recognised by the medical faculty. Otherwise a most elegant creature, she was never elegantly indisposed ; nor did she ever encourage herself in the persuasion that she was unwell, still less affect to be so. And on no occasion did she ever declare that she was dying except once, when it was almost the last word she ever spoke.

Her conversation was distinguished by a freedom from needless interjections ; from appeals to her *goodness* ! and her *gracious* ! and from declarations that she *never* ! It seldom related to clothes, unless she was about to purchase them ; it never tended to the prejudice of her acquaintances, nor turned on their petty doings and affairs. They might add to their wardrobes without her noticing the circumstance ; they might display bad taste in so doing without exciting any other comment on her part but a smile. She was more interested in the discourse than in the costume of her friends ; and when she came away from church, she better remembered what was said than what was worn there.

The parents of the Original Good Woman were anxious that she should marry nothing under a title. She disappointed them, though her husband possessed the highest, that of a wise and honest man ; and he ultimately became a great one, even in the world's eye. Circumstances compelled him to take a part in public affairs. Through the successful advocacy of right, he became famous in his day. A peerage was within his grasp ; but its acceptance would have compromised his principles. Wavering, as the best will for a moment waver, he asked counsel of his wife, as to what course, in this conjuncture, he should pursue. She exhorted him to resist the temptation ; to trample the bribe under foot ; and told him that she felt prouder of him for his moral posi-

tion than she should be were he an emperor. "The thing," said the Original Good Woman, "not the glory, for us!"

His ascent, however, to eminence was a struggle. In this she did not embarrass, but comforted him; she was a wife, but not an encumbrance. Never did she once strive to divert him from the true and good path for the sake of luxury or ostentation. No desire to outvie her neighbours in show, style, and mode of living, ever prompted her to endeavour to influence his proceedings. He received no hints from her of an inclination for carriages and a livery; she was content with his aiming at a comfortable subsistence and provision for themselves and family. She was wont to consult with him on their common affairs, and to give and take advice thereon in good part.

As a mother, she was careful and tender of her offspring; but she did not spoil or pet them; nor was she possessed with a notion that there were no such other children in existence. In their management, during infancy, she was guided by her physician, and not by her monthly nurse; having, in fact, a profound contempt for the sayings and the practices of all gossips and goodies. Hence, on no pretext was she afflicted by a craving for inaccessible rarities, and fancies of that description. She had her weaknesses; but she despised them and strove to be rid of them. But for strong cause, the Original Good Woman never wept.

In youth she was beautiful; and her charms, as she advanced in age, were not destroyed, but only changed. She wore her own hair after it had become grey, and was at no pains to tinker up her face. Thus she grew old without growing ridiculous; and when she could no longer be handsome, she was venerable.

Of her person, in her best days, we will say no more than that it was a counterpart of the Venus de Medicis, as to all but the statue's head, whose insignificant proportions are an approach to her false ideal. But no more of that monstrous and injurious conception. We trust we have said enough to prove that not even Lady Jane Grey herself was more unjustly beheaded than the Original Good Woman.

PERCIVAL LEIGH.

## THE WIVES OF GREAT MEN.

BY PAUL BELL.

THAT delightful critic, tale-teller, tourist, (who as a tourist seems to me to have only one fault, namely, that he sometimes plays at being ashamed of his feelings) Michael-Angelo Titmarsh, has dealt with "Men's Wives" in the mass—and, as all the world must recollect, in his own most conceited fashion.\* We have been somewhat inundated, too, in our small parlour, by feminine books bearing on "The Wives of England," with lists of virtues drawn up in battle array, and self-assertion secretly inculcated while meekness and domestic peace are preached. Who has not heard of the Wives of Weinsberg, on whose backs (stout women they must have been!) the champions of that brave city saved life, limb, and liberty? As for the merry ones of Windsor . . . . no, I am not going to talk about Shakspeare's female characters developed or undeveloped; keeping back theories of my own about *Queen Lear* and *Desdemona's* mother, as too precious and refined for the age we are living in! Sacred shall be the maiden name of *Mistress Page*, and all I know about her wooing and wedding;—unless the *Shakspeare Society* make it worth my while to speak.

I have but to do with the Wives of Great Men: with the obscure—the oppressed—the misguided—the unpitied—the ill-spoken of; the clogs to the heels of Genius, the burdens around his neck; whom the world of writers has agreed to discountenance and protest against. In France, I observe, the Poet and the Artist is, by common consent, recommended to be a Priest also,—that is, to embrace the vow of celibacy, and (not to be scandalous) to compensate himself for the same by the exercise of *pastoral* affections. And thus, the finest intelligences of the earth, permitted to rove and to change, may escape the worst consequences of satiety,—are mercifully rescued from being degraded by the Mezentian union of Life with Death—of that which is divine with that which is mortal! They are not to be exposed to the drop of water which wears away the stone!—to the unwearied practisings on their nerves of the stupid and those who cannot understand them! We have hardly

\* [Titmarsh is a private friend: nevertheless we will heroically "share him" with Paul Bell.—ED.]

arrived at this point of philanthropic enlightenment. Our Great Men are not absolved from the necessity of taking wives, on Tom Sheridan's famous principle. Far from it, they are supported in so doing by every privilege which indulgence and respect can bring together. So wondrous, in this point, do we esteem the amount of their self-sacrifice, that our admiration thereof forms no inconsiderable item in the amount of our hero-worship.

In brief, since the whole world has agreed to blow the trumpet in the train of the Great Men of the earth,—why may not I, an old family man (“under the slipper”—who knows?) beat my (*hum*) drum before the weak, undervalued squadron of their wives? 'Tis a perilous piece of musical audacity, I am aware, which brings the player under the *broadest* broad-side of ridicule. But the peace and quietness of the deficient, and the threadbare, and the shabby, are not worth much—so I may as well risk mine, in relief of my conscience.

Why statesmen, scientific teachers, and lions of all sorts and sizes, take unto themselves wives, has been frequently owned. Talleyrand's “*Je me repose!*” is the high tragic expression of what P—— also meant, when, being remonstrated with on the apparent homeliness of his “choice,” he explained, that what he had wanted was “a little woman to sit on a stool and love him all the day long.” To seek for companionship in high thoughts and generous purposes—for support in self-sacrifice and encouragement in aspiration, sounds charming—in a novel. There are, moreover, a few stock examples in History, by appealing to which many seem to think that the reproach may be escaped from—of the general indifference of Great Men to corresponding qualities in those with whom they are to pass their lives. There is no such convenience to people desiring to make excuses, as the example of a Phœnix! “Because I cannot find another Lady Rachel Russell, another Lucy Hutchinson, another Madame Roland, at every street corner,” says the Great Man, “I must put up with what I can get,”—adding the logical sequence, “and one fool is as good as another.” You *don't* say this? No, truly; for it is only on the stage, or in one of dear Mrs. Trollope's novels, that people so broadly state their own purposes, and do homage to their own perfections—even unto themselves. But what is it you do? Look to biographies—look to criminal courts—look to the experience of real life!

—To begin with the “primrose-time” of matters,—who can measure or gauge the irresistible fascination of Greatness as a lover?

'Tis all mighty fine to talk of Prides of Villages subdued by wicked red-coats,—to hang garlands on the tombs of ill-starred Calanths (*vide* the very old Timon who calleth himself *New*,—as if aught could be more antique than stale spite, stale wit, and stale sentiment!) that have been won by the noble air of such Bevilles and Ardens, as the Miss Porters described, with pale cheeks, and lamp-like eyes, and beards past resisting. Folly—fallacy—and finery, all this! In nine cases out of ten,—in ninety-nine out of a hundred—your girl will rate Distinction as higher than roses and lilies; and lay herself at the feet of Renown, though sweet smiles and sweet words may be hers to command in the largest possible measure. Ambition is nowhere more singular in its workings than among the unsophisticated, and the half-informed: and when to this universal passion is added all that is comprehended in the words, “pride of sex,”—the notion of being of consequence to those whom Fame and Fortune delight to honour—the exquisite flattery of being selected as “the identical She” who is essential to the well-being and well-doing of Greatness,—few, I insist, who take all these matters into account, will be inclined to question what I have advanced;—that your Hero (not precisely Mr. Carlyle’s, since *he*, sometimes, comes oddly near a *brute-force* gentleman) shall outbid and outbuy your Beauty, or your Man of Wealth. If, unluckily, the Great Man happens to have a Byron head into the bargain: if, as not unfrequently happens, his mind speaks in his face,—or is heard in the tones of his voice,—well-a-day, for poor simple Ann, Eliza, or Mary! It is “ask and have” with a vengeance!

Or there is another condition in which Great Men commit wedlock, leading to consequences gravely worthy of examination. *He* and *She* (as the old music-books primitively state the personages of an eclogue) shall be both insignificant at the time of their “billing and cooing,”—shall make what is called a love-match; with no disturbing thoughts of the future before them, save a vague prospect of getting along some how or other. And, *argumenti gratia*, the briefless barrister shall shoot up into a Lord Chancellor—the clerk in the back shop blaze out as a Railway King, the spoiler of paper (most rare miracle of all), become an R.A., called to sit at the feasts of grandees and welcomed (even as all Greatness is, moral, imaginative, or intellectual) by the Sovereign of our country as an honoured guest, or a worshipful adviser. Again and again have such metamorphoses



been seen; the man becoming famous, the woman remaining obscure. Again and again shall you have pity vented—pity, but for whom? Truly, for the one on the sunny side of the wall;—for the stronger, the more courted, the more gifted member of the household; while his mate, according to the delicious justice of the world's ministrations of sympathy, shall be criticised, shunned, blamed,—threatened with the pillory of public censure, with the stocks of fashionable restraint, with transportation to the Coventry of civil neglect;—not for any wrong she has done, not for any change which has passed over her: but because she dared to marry one apparently her equal in fortune, her equal in age, her equal in position, her superior in every endowment which qualifies one human being to concede, to condescend, and to sympathise with another. Poor, maltreated, fortune-spited Greatness! But where, even in these our days of philanthropy and toleration, shall we find help and sorrow, and brotherly love for the Small?

Well: the wedlock is committed, and the pair start in life—the one on his upward way—the other to remain on the same level of mind as that on which “her star” had placed her:—nay, perhaps, to decline from thence, as the spirits of youth fade, and the pleasing consciousness of beauty departs, and the care of “parlour, kitchen and hall,” or, as I have heard it called, “the soap-and-candle fever,” begins to enter the soul. Poor Woman! remember, too, that her waning time sets in when Man is still in his prime, that the fine gold of her enchantments is tarnished long before the splendour of his success comes to its brightest! Every new accident moves the pair further and futher asunder. Affection becomes sapped by flatteries on every side: preyed upon by a spirit of inevitable comparison. The World moves the Great Man to take consolation. The small Woman, with lost youth, lost beauty, lost elasticity: bewildered by flights for which neither nature nor education had prepared her, becomes perverse, dogged, reproachful;—attempts, poor blinded creature! small self-assertions of her own, crooked little managements to gain her secret ends,—or provocations to prove that “she is not merely the tame drudge which some folks think her.” Woe to her, if she once begins such an unequal contest! In any case her lot is sure to be a sad one—at best the dull estate of an upper servant: in which the German woman delighteth, the English not. But let her take an attitude of warfare; let her, the weaker vessel, show,—be it in ever so mean a degree,—the heaven of

humanity, and she shall have the whole world against her; in the twinkling of an eye;—most of all the world of Women! No lack of Clarissas and Clementinas dying to sympathise with the popular preacher, or the deep politician, or the high-soaring poet, or the artist who brings the play-house down! No want of steady friends to the Great Man! No want of zealous women:—from the slipper-working race, (who in some sort reproduce the toe-kissing-worship of his Arch-Infallibility), to the loftier and more liberal souls, who, despising “conventions,” are ready to be beguiled or guided wheresoever the Genius will! No want of angry females, I say, by silent contempt to satirise the small Woman; by obtrusive homage to prove how the Great Man should be appreciated! Enthusiasm is a noble thing, one of life’s most comfortable excitements: but it may be also a very cruel one. Shall the world go on for ever, without our finding means to separate the exaltation of some from the degradation of others? Cannot great and small, strong and weak, Man and Woman fall into their places; without the latter being tortured or ground to death by the former? Shall we not some day test Genius by the manner in which it supports, not casts aside, responsibilities? Or is the coarse and low-thoughted cant of “inspired idiocy” to be allowed till the end to excuse the bad husband, father, and citizen?—bearing hard with proportionate unfairness on those who surround him, and who bleed beneath the chariot-wheels of his triumph?

And this leads me to the last and darkest phase of the union betwixt the great and the common-place:—I mean, when the inferior being is demoralised either to serve the purpose of the superior one, or by the unconscious influence of his companionship. I have always considered as among the most really tragical devices of modern fiction, the incident imagined (may we not say transcribed?) by Miss Martineau in one of her tales: of the forger’s innocent wife compelled by her husband to go out every day to circulate a given quantity of base coin; and thankful, when she felt the listlessness of fever creeping over her, as though her one chance of respite and happiness was in confinement to a sick-bed! There is many a case which the biographies of Great Men conceal, less extreme in its misery, but nevertheless of the same family. There is the woman, permitted, which means encouraged, to go round among the friends of the Great Man “in difficulties,” to raise money which, in her own despairing heart, she knows there exists no means of paying. There is the woman driven, for the sake of

“keeping up appearances,” to reckless expenditure at the moment when she feels the future to be hopelessly encumbered with difficulties. In what respect are their agonies less than those of the terrified child compelled by its task-master to attitudinise on tight-rope or slack-wire, with a smile of grimace on its countenance? There, again, is the woman, compelled to support the man in some flagrant apostasy from his avowed principles; to give out the lies he has fabricated in excuse for some wretched recourse to expediency:—knowing the while,—albeit by instinct, possibly, rather than by reflection,—that she is art and part in a profligate transaction. And all this, without the excitement of responsibility (don't stare at my phrase) to support her! Yet analyse the story as given by the world, of the Man of Letters in extremities; or of the Man in Office anxious to conceal possible downfall; or of the Man in Power bent on justifying some marvellously sudden harlequinade; and if the wife figures in it:—how perpetually will you find a part of the misadventure traced to her influence, or want of influence. How strongly will Reproof lift its voice against her thoughtlessness—how keenly society criticise the advocacy of one assumed, because of her recognised inferiority, to be unprincipled? The one word of indulgent notice or kind construction bestowed on the secondary figure will be listened for in vain; the idea of such a non-entity having proved struggles or trials worth counting be “ignored;” while the severe verdict is, as the mathematicians would put it, “a constant quantity!” Think, once again, how the companion of Greatness, without any tyranny *prepense*, or want of love, or withering neglect, may be stretched and strained, as it were, to the destruction past cure of all health, strength, and equilibrium! It is not hard for the companion of an ambitious man,—himself balanced by that proud humility which always accompanies the highest ambitions—to caricature his desire to rise, seeing that no such equipoise as his exists to keep even moderate hopes and purposes in check;—or for the flimsier thinker, who flutters in the train of the profound philosophical inquirer, to find herself stripped, bewildered, lost in a chaos from which she has no power to emerge;—or for the Poet's wife to imagine that in his outward eccentricities lies his poetry, and therefore to out-do the same. From all this what rueful consequences proceed! Who has forgotten the clever simile, comparing the most celebrated of modern authors to a burning-glass through which the rays of the sun passed without destroying it, and his wife to the “bit of paper beside, which

would be presently in a blaze?"—but who has added, with the commonest and cheapest of charity, that the bit of paper thus placed could not, according to Nature's laws, help burning?

It is a safe and convenient manner, moreover, of wreaking envy, which cannot have escaped the cognizance of any one skilled in the subject, for those who feel Greatness itself to be beyond their detraction, to fasten on some one of its accessories. Venus could not be called imperfect; but then her noisy slippers! A—— is past the power of depreciation to injure; but really Mrs. Candour "*did* expect something more from A——'s wife!" B—— has written the book of the season: young damsels blush, and elder ones rise on tip-toe to see him come. "Such a countenance! such a manner! such a gentleman of Nature's making!" To run down B——'s book is to write yourself an ass. But, of the little woman "like dejected Pity" at his side. . . "Who was saying that he had married her out of a milliner's shop?—and she *looks* like it." C—— is damaged yet worse by his domestic circumstances. "*He* would come among us, poor fellow: but that horrid woman keeps him at home. And no one can put up with her!" Let these charming, charitable verdicts come round to the ears of A—— or B—— or C——; and who knows, but that in the friendly report of the same may lie the germ of one of those long domestic tragedies of dull misery, the end whereof is a desperate man breaking loose from a dogged woman: the one for every sympathetic soul to soothe; the other, an obstacle in every one's way; indefensible, unsightly, to be jostled out of sight, broken, and forgotten!

"Whither," says some impatient Hero-worshipper, "would you lead us, by this defence of the mean, the limited, the stupid?"—To the strengthening of the Great Man; to the supporting of him in "all due and becoming domestic amiabilities," (as a clerical friend of mine, who preached the most mellifluous of sermons and had not spoken a word to his wife for ten years, used to phrase it) to the encouragement of him—here all the ladies will bridle, and look applause,—in a less random choice than his wont. Further, if any one fears that the Small Woman will give herself undue airs, and grow imperious upon the improved scale of mercy and notice awarded to her, let me gently remind him;—that the days of improving intelligence by proscription, of raising the moral tone by vengeful punishment are past; and that—without meaning to announce a Millennium in which Frailty and Folly shall reign,—still less the commencement of an Amazonian epoch when she-Bishops

shall make the Puseyites shake in their copes and stoles, and the foreign ministers settle boundary quarrels with Mrs. Jonathan's (not Rebecca's) daughters—we must still insist upon a reconsideration of that code of popular praise and censure, which gives all the credit to the rich, and all the chastisement to the poor. Let those who are less shrill than Xantippe, less preternaturally submissive than Griselda, have their chance and their advocate; as well as the Dean Swifts who break the hearts of the Stellas for whom they journalise their thoughts, and the Burnses and the Byrons who have dedicated some of the most impassioned of their verses, to immortalise (as my shovel-hatted friend would say) their conjugal infidelities and infelicities!

In my next, peradventure, *The Husbands of Great Women.*

## THE LAUGH OF RHADAMANTHUS.

RHADAMANTHUS sat on his iron throne,  
 Dooming each shuddering ghost,  
 For crimes in earthly harness done,  
 In his fiery vaults to roast.

A ghost came up to the judgment bar,  
 And stood for sentence there,  
 And the judge of hell glared sternly down,  
 As a great unpaid should glare.

"I know thee, fellow," the judge exclaimed,  
 "A pauper ghost art thou;  
 In the brightest isle old ocean girds,  
 Thou wert born to speed the plough.

"Hast ploughed—and died? or, rebel soul!  
 Hast slaughtered rich men's game,  
 Or trespassed on their velvet lawns,  
 Or given their ricks to flame?"

"Hast left behind unlawful brats,  
 The parish rates to swell?  
 Speak, pauper, that I may assign  
 Thy fitting place in hell."

"Not so, my lord," the ghost replied,  
 "Felon nor vagrant I,  
 And three tall sons in wedlock born,  
 Might answer slander's lie ;

"But that the first at Waterloo,  
 On two gashed Frenchmen died—  
 Their colours on his corpse were found,  
 Stanching his welling side.

"His brother, by a Burman shot,  
 Fell, on the forced stockade ;  
 The youngest, with his slaughtered troop,  
 In Afghan land is laid.

"The king"—"Wilt answer for thyself ?"  
 Quoth Rhadamanthus stern,  
 "Wherefore I should not send thee hence,  
 In Phlegethon to burn ?

"Where was *thy* death ?"—"Till seventy-five  
 I wheeled a roadstone barrow ;  
 The Union gave my last poor meal,  
 And that was putrid marrow."

"Then thou dost murmur, slave, at fate,  
 Tremble, and hear thy doom !"  
 A sudden, calm, grim smile lit up  
 That spectre's face of gloom.

"The story of my life is told,  
 Save what no tongue can tell—  
*What has the slave of the lords of gold  
 To fear from the lord of hell ?*"

Then came a laugh—but such a laugh,  
 A shriek had been more gay—  
 It was the first that ever woke  
 Hell's echoes, as they say.

Could it have reached some Union walls,  
 Or some grey feudal towers—  
 But these are thoughts for wiser heads :  
 They're no affairs of ours.

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

## CROWNER'S QUEST LAW IN UTOPIA.

WHILST the kingdom of Utopia was in its infancy, during the transition state of its constitution to the point of absolute perfection, its inhabitants were subject to certain legislative hardships. In particular, poverty was treated as a crime, even in cases where it arose from inability to get a living. The destitute, whether improvident or merely unfortunate, were shut up in workhouses,—where they were placed, indiscriminately, under the same rule of discipline; all being alike systematically made uncomfortable. They were put to the dirtiest drudgery; they were coarsely and scantily fed; their heads were cropped and shorn; and they were forced to wear a garb of ignominy. Man and wife were separated; no recreation was allowed; nor was any kind of solace permitted to these unfortunates. To fortify philosophy by a pinch of snuff, or to stifle hunger with a morsel of tobacco, was a high crime and misdemeanour.

The management of each of these penitentiaries for the poor was conducted by a local board of governors, called Guardians, who were controlled and superintended by certain bashaws termed Commissioners, whose head-quarters lay in a large house or palace situated in the Utopian metropolis. The chief office of these bashaws was to dictate the arrangements for the inconvenience of workhouse prisoners; and they were paid handsomely for taking this trouble.

Now, the Utopians, who were always a good-natured kind of people, did not fail, from the first institution of this system, to exclaim loudly against it as inconsistent with justice and humanity. They being, however, indisposed to riot and sedition, and their government never conceding anything to popular opinion, except under the fear of an absolute insurrection, their exclamations and outcries against the law relative to the poor were for a long time unavailing. At length, however, the overthrow of this barbarous code was effected in consequence of the event following:—

A wretched woman, with an infant at the breast, driven by distress, sought and obtained admission into one of the workhouses. She was here placed upon the usual dietary, the skilful

and water of affliction, and arrayed by the inquisitors for the suppression of indigence in the *sanbenito* of parochial charity. She was also, for the correction of her penury, handed over to the kind attentions of their familiars, the matron and beadle. By their tender mercies she was soon taught to know what it was to be destitute and friendless. This discipline, however, wholesome as it may have been, proved also to be so unpalatable, the rather as she had seen better days, that she found it altogether intolerable. She accordingly determined to withdraw herself from under it, and to seek aid and succour elsewhere in the wide world of Utopia.

It had been enacted by the bashaws or commissioners above-mentioned, in order to compel all persons guilty of poverty to submit themselves to the workhouse course of penance, that the extreme of misery should be allowed to press upon them, so long as they remained without the walls of the institution. Cold, as well as hunger, being well calculated to promote this end, they had ordained that not a rag of clothing should be afforded to any one who should have the audacity to leave it. The mother, therefore, and child left the workhouse as they had entered it; the former in tatters, the latter naked, having been, previously to its removal, stripped of every shred of its eleemosynary long-clothes. And so parent and offspring went forth into the frost and snow.

Onward tottered the poor woman with her burden, vainly imploring relief from all she met. At each step she became more faint and footsore; more and more deeply the fangs of winter bit into her shivering flesh, whilst her child, in its agonies, screamed louder and louder every moment.

At last she was seen to cross a ford, when suddenly, with a gesture of frantic desperation, she dashed her child into the middle of the stream; and instantly fell, or plunged, after it. Assistance was procured, and both were taken out senseless. The infant never revived.

A coroner's inquest was held on the body. Now the Utopians had been for some time accustoming themselves, to the horror, and notwithstanding the censure, of grave judges and judicial personages, to take the law into their own hands; so that their juries returned the most extraordinary verdicts—as singular as the celebrated one, “Served her right.”

Evidence was given at the inquest of the mother's state of mind on leaving the workhouse, namely, that it amounted to frenzy. Depositions were also made as to the treatment she received whilst



an inmate of it. The stripping of the child upon its removal was likewise duly authenticated. Finally, it was proved that all these proceedings, the last inclusive, were enforced by the board of governors or guardians, at the ordinance of the metropolitan commissioners or bashaws.

The coroner, in summing up, defined the crime of murder as homicide wilfully committed by a sane individual, and as chargeable, in addition, on all who were instigators or accessories to the fact.

The jury, after a few moments' deliberation, acquitted the prisoner on the ground of insanity; and returned a verdict of WILFUL MURDER against the metropolitan bashaws.

In the next session of the Utopian senate, the statute against the poor was repealed.

PERCIVAL LEGH.

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## OUR VILLAGE AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

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It would be easy to draw out a sketch of a village in Utopia. Reformation is a pleasant work in the world of imagination; but as soon as we touch this material world we feel the presence of difficulties. We must not amuse ourselves merely with painting pictures of all that we should love to behold; we must find out the causes which prevent the realisation of our views. If these obstructions are founded in reason and nature, then we must resign our schemes as visionary; but if we find no opposition to our views save in the errors of men, against these we must resolutely contend. Now let us inquire what are the causes which prevent "Our Village as it is" from becoming "Our Village as it ought to be." It is evident that they can be found neither in reason nor in nature. There is no necessity that any of our villagers should reside in that filthy and unwholesome "back-lane" where the Hodgsons dwell, and which has always been the laboratory of fevers. There is no law of nature opposed to the law of reason, that every family should have a decent and wholesome dwelling. Light, air, and water are cheap. Light for the mind, too, is cheap. There is no reason against the education of every mind,—the training of every good, harmonious faculty in Our Village. Our

young ladies might teach the children of the poor to read, to sew, and to sing some cheerful melodies. Our young men who have received something like an education might help their brethren who have received none. Even our tailor might be taught to play "Oh Nannie" in proper time; and the shoemaker might, at last, bring his restive clarionet to something like a tune. Our squire might superintend the healthful sports of our young men; our rector might find benevolent occupation to dispel the six days' *exnui* of every week, and, in a word, Our Village might be made, without a miracle, something more like that "Auburn" of which good-hearted Goldsmith sung. Why not? Here is a question that must be answered. For every fact there is a reason somewhere. Our Village is, without a doubt, a sad dull place; and though several causes contribute to make its condition what it is, we believe there is *one* principal cause, without which the others would not be effectual. Where shall we find this cause? We have said it is not in nature; then it must be in the minds of the people: they are not prepared for a social reformation. But this is too vague an answer: we must seek further. There is one common principle of agreement in the minds of all the leading men of "Our Village"—the rector, the squire, and the lawyer. It is the notion which they entertain of religion as a mere affair of assent to some doctrines and going to church. Here is the error which paralyses all hopes of social improvement. All great and good movements spring from religion; but a false, narrow notion of religion is the most serious obstruction in the way of any benevolent design. Bear witness to this fact—tens of thousands of young slaves in mines and manufactories kept in the foul gloom of the most hopeless ignorance, because our present views of religion (!) will not allow us to give you the privileges of human beings! It is not our business here to meddle with religion doctrinally; but a plain view of its practical nature is wanted. Practically, as the New Testament teaches us, it consists in the development of the good, the harmonious faculties of human nature. We can only judge by fruits; where this development does not take place, the root of religion is not to be found. Now we must apply this rule to our rector. We have no wish to interfere with him personally, nor to call in question any of his doctrines; we have only to consider him as a social agent, and to suggest to him a part of his duty, of which he has, perhaps, never thought. A religious teacher must be a helping, guiding power among the people over

whom he is placed. All things that are good, beautiful, and happy in their influences, should find in him their promoter. As the florist among flowers, so should he be as the cultivator of national natures : not striving to tie down all to one exact pattern, but helping all in the development of their best instincts : not merely railing against weeds, but encouraging and helping the growth of all that is good and beautiful. Now this is a view of religious duty which, unhappily, our rector never learned at Oxford, and, consequently, he has never taught our squire that there is any inconsistency between the religion of a "sound churchman" and a total neglect of all rational cultivation of the people who dwell round "the Hall;" nor has he ever hinted to our lawyer that the gospel would require him, instead of gathering in rents from the wretched hovels in our "back-lane," to pull down these dens of discomfort and disease, and build up dwellings suitable for human beings. All truths of this nature are fast asleep in "Our Village;" and if we wait for our rector to waken them and put them into motion, we shall never see a glimpse of "Our Village as it ought to be." The plain fact must be spoken (without any personal ill-will) : our rector, with his present views and habits, is an *incubus* upon all hopes of social or intellectual improvement.

Here we may just put in a word in reply to a charge which we have heard preferred against our modern philanthropic literature—that it would make social improvements a substitute for religion. This is not true; but we would measure the depth of religion by the extent of its benevolent operation; we would conceive of it as not merely a shut-up doctrine, but as a spirit, with life and love, raising and refining all life and practice. We propose social improvements as instruments to be swayed by such a spirit, and, with regard to that form of religion which refuses to employ them, we say it may be very comfortable for an individual who is satisfied with it; but it is not the religion required in order to realise even "Our Village as it ought to be."

JOSEPH GOSTICK.

## THINGS OF IMPORTANCE.

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THIS is a comprehensive category, and the items are as various as the contents of an old clothes shop. Everybody in the world has his "things of importance;" but he finds it hard to persuade his neighbours that they are not trifles, about which no wise man would ever trouble himself. And yet, from the everlasting bustle that goes on, one might fancy that nothing was ever transacted on the surface of the earth but things of importance!

Geographers tell us that the heights of the highest mountains in the world are in proportion to their size, not more than the inequalities on the rind of an orange; and the affairs of life keep the mountains in countenance: the important things that fill the whole field of vision *to-day* with their imposing bulk, dwindle down from the colossal to the merely mortal, when *to-day* becomes yesterday, and on the morrow they become absolutely invisible to the strictest investigations of history or scandal.

In the experience of every man, the important things of *to-day* are degraded into the trifles of *to-morrow*; nearly every occurrence of life is more indebted to the momentum of falling from the passing moment than for any specific gravity of its own. If it did not make one smile it might well make one laugh, to look back on all the things of importance that have agitated us in their time. Where are they now? Their joy and sorrow have perished with them, they have vanished even from our memory, and are now no more to us than the scenes of a well-written novel or play: indeed, we come to regard them with precisely the same sort of feeling.

It is the same with our wishes. A man may possibly desire no more refined vengeance on his enemy, than to grant him the wish that lay nearest his heart five years previously. So long as life remains, men will put forth fresh desires every day, as trees put forth fresh leaves every spring; but the same destiny is laid on each, that the old in both cases must fall off and die; men must moult their feelings and desires in the course of nature, and very miserable and good for nothing they feel at such seasons; but vitality is strong, and so long as life remains men must go on

wishing and hoping, and transacting their "things of importance" till death comes to place them under other conditions of being of which we know nothing.—Perhaps whilst it is going on, the most important thing in the eyes of all concerned, man, woman, or *confidante*, is a love affair—a real fit of desperation, be it understood; not the tepid sentiment of preference, such as well-brought-up young ladies are instructed is all they ought to indulge in if they wish to continue respectable. Decidedly there is nothing in life worthy to be compared to a strong passion that calls into activity every faculty of body and soul: it is like the bursting forth of a volcano, showing all the strength and fire that lay hidden below the surface. It is not a thing that can last long, (the whole world must infallibly go to the deuce if it did); it dies away, leaving at first the appearance of desolate barrenness, but after a while there springs up a richness and fertility of soul that was not so before. By these very individuals the passion of love comes to be regarded as a mere dream, or as a milliner once phrased a dress cap, "a charming delusion, with beautiful blue."—They retain of their former fires only a comfortable warmth fit for domestic purposes.

If it were possible to place in array all the men and women on whom a *grande passion* had been lavished—all the objects of an unfortunate attachment—the amazement of everybody would be extreme, when they beheld the show of very ordinary mortals which would appear to their disenchanted view! In love, it is an emphatic truth, "that nothing is, but all things seem." When the heat of passion has passed away, the objects, when beheld in the cool light of reflection, generally seem greater bores than the average run of the sons and daughters of Adam. Few who have been the object of passionate love ever turn into sterling friends. The things we most eagerly grasp at, are like the pebbles in a sparkling brook; so long as the sun shines on them, and they glitter with moisture, they look to be very precious things: but in a little while they become dry and dim; one finds them good for nothing but to make roads withal to tread under our feet every day.

History is nothing but a museum for the fossil remains of things that were of importance in their day and generation; but we can seldom realise the tranquil assurance it gives, that the most important of important things will petrify into matters of fact, only interesting as they in their turn are types of similar griefs or interests that will touch those who come after us to the end of

time: for no emotion of either joy or sorrow is a private property; there is no monopoly in nature; we are all one family, though, to be sure, we occasionally meet with those whom we do not feel any pride in claiming for relations. Hence it is that men are libellously said, "to hate their own likeness in a brother's face"—but it is no such thing; it is not the likeness they object to but the very little justice that is done to it. Who is there who does not from his soul protest against a caricature, or even a photographic portrait?—Nurses tell little children that "beauty is but skin-deep;" and we may rest assured that the importance of the most important people in the world is of even greater tenuity—a very little goes a great way, and a square inch of the reality may be beaten out to an extent exceeding that of gold-leaf. The people and things of the most Augustan ages are not gold,—only gilded with importance; the staple material of which they are made up is the same in all times. People have such a mania for fancying themselves and their concerns exceptions to the general rule, whereas every man is an average specimen brick, of the individual amount of real importance invested in the sons of men. To be sure, the inheritance of each is infinitesimal—but what of that? Each man has the gift to see himself with microscopic eyes which magnify a thousandfold. This is a wise provision of nature; for nobody would have the heart to transact his own affairs if he only saw them as they appear to other people. No wonder, then, our affairs are mismanaged when we turn them over to somebody else to do for us!

"When we take our walk abroad," and see all the labour that is done under the sun, what is the impression that it makes upon us? We wonder that people can be found to take interest in such things, and we criticise unmercifully the smallest discrepancy between the programme and the performance of our neighbours.

When one reflects on the amount of labour and pains that have been expended on what have eventually proved failures, it almost makes one tremble. A very tragical history might be written on *unsuccessful men*, if the world could be made to feel any interest in those who fail; and yet it requires an amount of actual talent even to achieve a failure.

How many people are there who trouble their heads about the *list of patents* that are regularly declared? Not one in a thousand. And yet if we could realise the amount of patience and labour, and time and money, and hope and fear, and sickness of heart,

that have had to be endured before a single item in that list could be produced, one would be apt to wonder that the madhouses are not as wide as Tophet; and yet nine-tenths of all this costly labour has been *in vain*, and comes under the compendious category of "inventions that did not answer."

But still these things are hidden from our eyes; for if there were no man to undertake, in hope, labour that appears profitless in the eyes of others, the world would soon come to a dead stand-still.

King Solomon was wearied for want of some business of his own to transact. He was a bystander in the game of life, for he had soon played himself out; and that accounts for the terrible sagacity with which he discerns the worthlessness of all that is done under the sun. Such a keen conviction of the intrinsic uselessness of all things is not healthy: it is a wisdom not intended for us.

We look out of our window at the people passing along the streets, and sit idly in judgment on their personal appearance and general aspect, without in the least realising that they are, each and all, cherished and respectable totalities to their individual selves—that there is a personality in their very defects infinitely touching to the owners thereof. If the law of self-preservation were not implanted in the heart of each, it is to be feared very few of us would stand much chance of salvation if we got into danger.

Every man feels as if he were the sole person in the universe: the rest of the inhabitants have only a real existence in his eyes so far as they help or hinder him in his own path; and he has merely an historical belief in the personality of the men and women who do not come near him: himself and his own sensations are the only points he *realises*.

Take the most insignificant traveller who ever set foot on the deck of a steamer, and set him down in the heart of all the Russias: will he feel of less importance in his own eyes amongst the hundreds and thousands of strange beings who are gabbling their uncouth dialects, and leading their lives as best they may, than he did when in his own parlour, his feet cased in their worsted-work slippers, his coffee-pot steaming up its fragrance, his muffin overflowing with butter, and his well-trained wife down stairs to the moment to preside over the breakfast, and anxiously inquiring what he would like for dinner? No: never a bit of it. He is always the same man, and the impression people and things make upon *him* is the only idea he has of their intrinsic importance. If he write a book about what he has seen, HE will appear therein as the

centre, whilst the rest of the world passes like a panorama before him.

A man's sentiment for himself never fails.

One sometimes wonders that the world does not get out of patience with the folly and stupidity daily transacted upon it; and so, no doubt, it would (for the world is not altogether peopled by fools), but every man is patient and long-suffering towards his own share of folly. The virtue of mankind in that respect is certainly exemplary.

Everybody is, however, of importance for at least one period of their lives; and that is whilst they are BABIES. It makes one half sorry that people should grow up into hardened men and women.

The man who was hanged the other day was once "the finest baby that ever was born;" and it would be possible to trace back his career, step by step, and as the weight of every day, "that brought its own evil with it," was cleared away, we should come at last to the human nature that lay beneath the human heart that called our own brother.

The most insignificant people—people for whom their neighbours feel profound contempt—have a soothing belief in a special providence, retained expressly to attend to their peculiar egotisms; it is lucky this source of comfort cannot fail, for if it were given to a man to see how very little his best friend identifies himself with his interests, he would never have the heart to live out half his days—it would be an unadulterated truth too much "above proof" for mortal senses to bear.

Nature is very good to all her children, for as half the hardships of the world are imaginary, she fences men round with an armour of hopes and delusions to keep them from being hurt, or, at least, to soften the pain. It behoves, then, every man to deal gently by the harmless vanities of his neighbour, seeing that he also is encompassed about with the same. There is nothing, so far as we can perceive, amongst the affairs of men, of sufficient importance to be of any intrinsic moment to the well-being of the universe; nothing that will materially influence its course. Let the world lay that to heart and grow modest! On the other hand, nothing can be considered a *trifle* that brings either joy or sorrow to the meanest individual; therefore, it would be well if each one of us, instead of thinking great things of ourselves, would be more tolerant and kindly-affectioned to each other. We are all more



nearly *equal* than we may be inclined to think. If we were to do as the apostle recommended eighteen hundred years ago, the world would not be the least bit nearer the pit of destruction than it is *now* that the people in it are each heroes in their own esteem ; nay, it is possible that things might work more smoothly, and that there would occur fewer of "those cataracts and breaks" which, as it is, sometimes threaten to throw the "times out of joint."

G. E. J.

"UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE."

OUR Host has spread beneath our tread  
 A 'broidered velvet woof ;  
 Curtains of blue peep richly through  
 Our fretted palace-roof :  
 Well-spent, say I, in forestry,  
 Were all summer days like this ;  
 Till wood-lamps shine and owl-watchmen cry  
 Through our green metropolis !  
 Like those that made in Arden shade,  
 Their happy court, of old,  
 Let us "fleet our time" as in the prime  
 Of the innocent age of gold :  
 Each made wild mayor in turn as 'twere,  
 O'er "the forest burghers" here ;  
 That will obey our gentle sway,  
 From love and not from fear.  
 For we will not take, for our pleasure's sake,  
 The life of bird or beast ;  
 On herb and fruit, and wholesome root,  
 In guiltless state we 'll feast.  
 All wearing crowns, that bring no frowns,—  
 Leaf-woven diadems ;  
 And the jewels earth unmined gives forth,—  
 Her fragrant surface-gems.  
 O wood and stream ! how fair a dream—  
 How vain a dream is this !  
 We owe our life to thoughtful strife,  
 With woe and wickedness :  
 Man must not spare to spell with care,  
 And work out God's intent,—  
 And know ! Thou wilt be charged with guilt,  
 Who art *but* innocent.

W. A.

## BALTIMORE SMITH.

## A SKETCH FROM THE FLEET.

“THE fact is,” said No. 5, folding his dingy-looking dressing gown over his knees, and reseating himself in the cane-bottomed elbow chair, opposite the attorney,—“the fact is, that without letting you into my early history, I cannot so well account for my being here. I shall however be as brief as possible, and as you say you have no other *parties* to meet this evening it will while away the time 'till nine o'clock,” and Mr. Baltimore Smith, known in the parlance of the prison functionaries as No. 5, from the situation of the apartment he occupied, unburdened himself as follows :—

“I first saw daylight in a small and dirty court in Little Barlow Street, where my father rented a cellar, and my mother took in washing and lodgers.—I have no recollection of the state (mental or physical) which we distinguish as childhood. As soon as I could speak, I ran on errands to the chandler's shop, and finding discount exacted of my miserable little body for every mistake of quantity or quality in the ha'p'orths and pennyworths for which I was sent, I found my mind charged with as much care and cunning at five years old, as a worldly man brought up under different circumstances is conscious of at fifty. If arrested by a game at chuck-farthing, or led to feast on the fresh pea-shells swept from the greengrocer's stall into the street—while I watched the one, or munched the other, I was busied in concocting some plausible story to account for or excuse my delay. I was always, in fact, what my father (who followed the profession of a costermonger) called a long-headed fellow; and soon discovered the necessity of assisting him in his efforts to keep *that* and the rest of my person covered—a work of some difficulty, owing to the increase of members, and competition in his trade. Accordingly, when my arms found sufficient strength to lift a measure of onions or a bunch of greens, I ran along by the side of my father's hand-truck, and between the pauses of his stentorian announcement of 'lilly white *turnips!*' echoed the

cry in the shrillest tones of my little whistle voice. All would not do however. I was shoeless, hatless, and an old body-coat in which I was equipped,—the skirts of which descended to my heels, and prevented the necessity for every other garment, and in which I trod the earth looking like an overgrown crow in a pantomime—was moulting piecemeal, and threatened very shortly to make a full disclosure of my circumstances. In this dilemma 'the child' evinced itself the 'father of the man,' and my wits being sharpened by short commons and a north-east wind, (it was midwinter and the sale of vegetables very slow,) I resorted to the expedient of going to a school which an eccentric old lady had started in opposition to the clergyman of the parish, on condition that the children should wear a uniform, and be called the brown-coat-boys. Her plans had been so combatted, that even the limited number of coats she had provided were not all filled; and having washed my face for the occasion, and borrowed a suit of a neighbour's son, that no suspicions might be awakened as to my real object in desiring to be enrolled, I presented myself to her, unsupported by parents or friends, boldly relying on my native ingenuity for prevailing on her generous nature. I had not miscalculated my powers of address, and, penetrated by my desire to pluck the tree of knowledge, (in the hope of its leading to its antediluvian result,) the good old woman forthwith placed my name on her list of *protégés*, and I found myself master of a muffin-cap, corduroy trousers, a brown-coat, with a paucity of skirt, and two shirts with an amplitude of collar; besides warm stockings, and a substantial pair of high-lows. What a fit-out for a boy who, as I before said, had never known the comfort of a whole suit! But in this transaction I had reckoned without mine host, and having attended school during the slack season in my father's line, I bolted as soon as business grew better, hoping, by giving a confirmed character to my upper garment—which now vacillated between a Prussian jacket and a coatee, in fact, by cutting off the suspicion of a skirt—the budding tail attached to it, to deceive the familiar eye of beadles and policemen; but, alas! though I kept out of the way for some time, taking up my residence at an old chum's in Somers'-town, and meeting my father half-way from home, I was at last laid hold of by that extremity of my outward habiliment, where the amputation had taken place, and compelled to accompany No. 6 C division 'unwillingly to school.' But once more my powers of

invention befriended me with Mrs. Mary Baxter Brown, and I drew so pathetic a description of the hard usage that had obliged me to abandon school to take up again my ancestral barrow, that the poor old lady pardoned, with moist eyes, my abduction of the brown coat and cord braccæ ; which, partly from sympathy, partly because their state of filth and mutilation rendered them useless to any future pupil, I was, to my great bodily delight, allowed to retain. The chagrin of the schoolmaster and policeman were perfect—the one meditating personal reprisals for the wholesome example of his scholars, the other anticipating nothing less than that a charge of robbery would be preferred against me. My patroness, however, who appeared to think it something very terrible, desired me to consider myself dismissed the school with ignominy, which was about as good as telling one to consider himself horse-whipped who doesn't even feel the lash. I was about to boast that I had previously dismissed myself ; but not feeling the remainder of my coat and other vestments secured till I was out of hearing of the precious junto, I made off, leaving the brown-coats and their colleagues *non-suited*. After this I felt the necessity of being cautious,—for the police never forgive you if you are fortunate enough to disappoint them ; and having learned sufficient at school to teach me that a long head is just as useful as a long arm for all the purposes of acquisition, and much safer, I resolved not to lose anything that I had learned ; for this purpose, I daily subtracted a few pence from the proceeds of the vegetables I was entrusted to sell, and kept up my writing and arithmetic. I know not whether this system materially interfered with my father's profit ; but his stock degenerated each week, till at last his customers deserted him. About this time, too, my mother, who for a long period had lived on little else but 'cream of the valley,' died of imbibition ; leaving us, in what Walker pronounces a familiar phrase for being in difficulty—literally, the suds. In these troubles we resorted to a mode of raising subsidies, now, not only popular but prevalent amongst the lower classes—we raffled away, piecemeal, whatever remained of any perceivable value, from the old Dutch clock that through my mother's time (when not enjoying a recess at the pawnbroker's) had ticked on as ceaseless as the good woman's tongue, and to about as much purpose—striking every hour but the right one, to the lop-eared rabbits my father so prided himself on, and had bred and fed with a view to prizes. The method is, to procure as many members at a shilling o'

sixpence each, as will cover the amount at which you value the article in question. In this last instance eighteen members subscribed sixpence each (the winner to pay a shilling), and all being assembled in my father's cellar, the throwing began—an old blacking-bottle serving the purpose of a dice-box. In this way he obtained nine shillings for his last rabbit, a very different price from what a dealer would have given him; but as it proved but dry amusement to the losers, it became imperative on him to quench their thirst, so that in the end the consumption of beer caused so serious an aberration of the sixpences, that a headache from the over-night's repletion, and an empty hutch, was all that remained in evidence of the raffle. Having by these means quite cleared out our underground abode, it became necessary to divest it of ourselves also; and a little affair of back-rent making it inconvenient for my father to inform the landlord of his intention, we slipped away to free quarters in Goodman's-fields, which an acquaintance of my father's, about to make some involuntary researches in Australia, had just vacated.

“I shall pass over the many shifts to which we were reduced to support existence—our life in Barlow-street had been magnificent compared with that which followed; for, as I remember hearing a lad inform a magistrate who asked him how he got his living,—‘we chanced it,’ and a very unsatisfactory speculation it proved. Whenever a fortunate errand made me master of a few pence, I turned fruit merchant; and stocking a basket with a few oranges or apples, disguised the poverty of my venture by crying, ‘Now, who ’ll buy the last twopenny worth’ of whatever it might contain—a *ruse* that rarely failed in finding me a purchaser amongst those believers in bargains who put their faith in fag-ends and remnants. I soon found that customers never think they can have too much for their money; and that in proportion to the vendor's distress, they calculate their chances of profit; and the hint was not lost upon me. My oranges grew more after they had left St. Botolph's-lane than they had ever done in Portugal or St. Michael's; and the most indifferent-looking fruit, once it had entered my premises, by the simple process of pricking the rind, and immersing it in warm water, came forth in the most promising condition, large, juicy, and thin skinned, putting to shame the proportions of those offered by other itinerants at the same price. I may remark, *en passant*, that it was not prudent to appear frequently on the same beat. Sometimes in the spring

mornings we trudged as many as ten or fifteen miles to fill our baskets with early primroses from the sheltered woods and lanes in Essex, and vended them in the darksome alleys of Shoreditch and Spitalfields, a penny a root, to poor weaving girls with faces pallid as the flowers ; at others, we hired ourselves to Messrs. Abraham and Son, and perambulated the streets—volumes of humanity bound in boards ; at others, took part in a procession of hand-bills, or masqueraded for an ‘old-established ironmongery warehouse,’ as tea-canisters and coffee-pots. At length I was fortunate enough to gain the notice of an old gentleman, whose horse I occasionally held when visiting his factory in our neighbourhood ; and though, God knows, little description was necessary to illustrate my condition at this time, I did not prove unjust to my talent of colouring when the old man’s inquiries gave me the opportunity of exhibiting it. My recital ended in my being installed to an humble post in the factor’s house, from which I rose to fill no legitimate situation, but to monopolise the duties of half-a-dozen—valet, clerk, butler ; in a word, factotum of the establishment, and made myself so useful to the old man that nothing was done in which I had not a voice ; but, instead of finding myself loaded with benefits, in return, for voluntarily loading myself with the business of others—would you believe it—the old hunk, at his death, though without child or connexion, cut me off with mourning and a fifty pound note, leaving the bulk of his property to hospitals, and a few hundreds to his housekeeper. I must say, his ingratitude greatly shocked me, though I had happily taken care of myself ; and being possessed (as I need not tell you) of a rather agreeable person, I readily conceived a plan to make the housekeeper’s legacy mine also. She was old enough to be my grandmother, it is true, and the victim of a heart disease which the doctor who attended my master informed me would take her off upon the least excitement ; but this proved no discouragement to my design ; and having always been courteous to her, (knowing she possessed some interest with the old gentleman,) my attention to her now did not raise any disagreeable suspicions of my motives ; in fact, she proved as winable as a girl of fifteen, and we were married. She had not, however, acted as disinterestedly as I fancied she would have done, in consideration of the sacrifice I made, but had settled more than half of a very pretty little property on herself, with even the right of willing it as she pleased ; so that I felt an unpleasant check upon my conduct to her. A

chain, though it be made of gold, is galling when it fetters us ; and the many opportunities of domestic excitement which I had proposed to myself, seemed, however natural, unsafe under these circumstances ; so I became a pattern of conjugalism, and the result was that my revered wife, in the ardour of gratitude, made a will in my favour, and within a week afterwards demised of palpitation, produced by running down Greenwich-hill in a fit of fair-time enthusiasm. 'Peace to her ashes!' I contracted for an economical hearse, and a spot in Spa-fields ; for, poor thing, she had always held with principles of savingness through life, and I had respect to her prejudices afterwards. Meantime, my ambition grew with my fortune, and I began turning over how I might best increase it with the least fear of loss, and most profit to myself. I had not sufficient capital to go into a large way of business ; with peddling I had become disgusted ; and my *innate* knowledge of human nature made me mistrustful of the prudence of partnership. Besides, I had other notions. I had grown out of the recollection of all the Little Barlow-street people, and my improved dress, and address, had made so radical an alteration in me, that I might have bought oranges of my old compeers in Goodman's-fields, without any fear of recognition. How easy, then, to cast the slough of my humble origin, and come forth as distinct a being as the bright-winged insect from the filthy grub ! To be brief, I no sooner planned than I executed ; threw myself with my personal effects into a cab ; drove to a west-end tailor's ; equipped a dressing case at Hendrie's ; took a quiet lodging in Salisbury-street, and had a name-plate engraved 'Baltimore Smith, Esq.,' though hitherto I had known myself and been known simply as Hooky Snooks. In changing my cognomen, or in any other part of my proceedings, I had not thought it worth while to make the old man a party concerned : indeed, I had not seen him for some months ; for in consequence of hard times, and a severe accident, he had become a member of the '*house* ;' and, as early associations are the pleasantest to old people, and almost all his Barlow-court acquaintances (with the exception of certain patriots) who, like the renowned Barrington, 'had left their country for their country's good,' were there also, I did not disturb him.

"I did not yet, however, clearly see my way to the sort of speculation I desired. I looked about, but none of the advertized humbugs of the day, that promised with a 'small outlay and

proper attention' to realise a fortune in a short time, were to my mind. I preferred obtaining, as a much easier and expeditious method, the fortunes, or even a moiety of them, that other men had made; and, becoming acquainted with two or three similarly situated and congenial spirits with myself, we soon after concerted a scheme that seemed admirably adapted to work out our views. We started a 'Loan Society.' You stare, as if there was nothing very ingenious in this device; and in truth these concerns have become as common in low neighbourhoods, of late, as gin-palaces, pawnbrokers, or the public-houses where they are ordinarily held. But then, sir, it is in the working of them that the art consists. Our prospectus (though my own production) was, I must confess, one of the most perfect things I have ever met with in the shape of puffery; the philanthropy of our intentions was beautiful! A company of Howards could not have expatiated more feelingly on the necessity of rescuing the struggling tradesman from impending ruin, or have drawn a more delightful picture of the benefit we meditated to the needy widow or the distressed artizan, by the advance of small sums to be returned by unfelt instalments. But pending the advertisement of this address, I and my colleagues, whose united capital did not in reality amount to more than 400*l.*, (we had made it appear twice that sum in figures) were busily on the look-out for suitable parties to furnish the means of commencing our scheme;—sanguine young *gents.* and avaricious old ones, possessing a little ready money, and an inordinate desire to increase it; men who looked at no other consideration than the amount of profit, and felt no scruples of the good faith or fair dealings of a concern that promised to return 30 per cent. interest. These we were not long in finding, and began business by discounting bills at the above premium. Ten per cent. we were to share half-yearly, and, deducting 5 for necessary expenses, a bonus of 15 would remain; but this, in our anticipative wisdom, it was determined should only be divided every four years.

“Here, then, was our money-making machine fairly in action, and we minted something considerable, I can tell you; for besides bill-discounting, we had more applications for loans than we had the means of answering, charging at the rate of 10 per cent. for sums under 10*l.*, and as much more as we pleased for larger ones—the ‘Albert and Victoria Equitable Loan Society,’ a fine name sir, and a take-in one as it proved. We had soon no end of applications from gentlemen’s servants, persons holding inferior



government situations, or appointments in the lower courts of law, anxious to invest their savings in so lucrative and flourishing a concern; and with a laudable desire to benefit our *species* we admitted them. In the meanwhile, I had managed to have myself appointed manager, while my three confidants figured, one as treasurer, the others as trustees; so that we had the whole affair in our own hands, besides being handsomely paid for holding office. Positively, when I think of the unbusiness-like conduct of these men—their facile gullibility and blind confidence, I take some credit to myself for having assisted in teaching them a great moral lesson, which, in spite of their natural obtuseness, the emptiness of their pockets will for some time remind them of. So well-conducted and profitable an establishment, managed by such honest and respectable men, caused quite a plethora of trustingness amongst them, and these sapient shareholders made nothing of agreeing to rules which they had never read, and signing accounts which they had never seen—relying on the authority of the auditor as a sufficient guarantee for their correctness. Meanwhile *we*, the manager, treasurer, and trustees, withdrew our original investments, sharing the poetical portion of them with great exactitude, and taking care to put fresh stock in the book; which, I need hardly say, never found its way to the bank. This *ruse*, however, was perfectly successful: it encouraged the old speculators, and decoyed new: while from our imaginary capital we continued to draw solid dividends, adding each time to our traditional stock. In this way things flourished for nearly three years; when, as if to show that even the ‘Equitable Society’ was not exempt from the mutations that characterise all human undertakings, one or other of the shareholders, roused by some horrid newspaper report or other alarmist, began to make some pertinent, or rather impertinent inquiries as to the amount of stock in the bank—the sum paid in from borrowers every week;—hinting, that though he had seen the monthly report he had not paid particular attention to it. Of course he was furnished with a satisfactory account; but the man had, it seemed, suddenly cut his wisdom-teeth, for he absolutely made the discovery that the weekly receipts did not correspond with the amount of capital. How I wished that I was possessed of the eye-pressure power the heroes of modern novels exhibit, for then I would have ‘annihilated him with a look.’ As it was, I had nothing for it but to put on the very blindest expression,

and explain away his little misconceptions. 'He had been unfortunate in making his examination at a very dull time—if he waited till the next month, a number of bills were due, and he would find the money come in again;' and so for a time his qualms were quieted. When, however, a few months had elapsed, the mistrust of the man's character broke out again, and what was worse, he inoculated the rest with his suspicions. In vain the advent of the promised *bonus* presented itself (perspectively); the shareholders grew clamorous for tangible possession, and insisted on withdrawing their money—a scheme quite at variance with our rules, under a certain length of notice, and peculiarly awkward at any time, as half the stock extant on the Society's books had no other existence than a figurative one. In this dilemma it was hopeless to finesse; therefore, during the month that elapsed between the form of giving notice, and its fruition in the shape of returned shares, we, the manager, treasurer, and trustees, declared the 'Equitable Loan Society' to be defunct; and, divesting ourselves of all official accountableness connected therewith, retired into the quietude of private life, considerably enriched by the spoliation of these unconscionable speculators, whose rapacity had hitherto prevented them from discovering that throughout the affair they had been participating in illegal lucre, and that the percentage charged by the 'Equitable Society' was considerably over that which is recognised by the Act of Parliament. Finding no legal redress left to them, they had the modesty to propose a compromise; an invitation that of course I and my colleagues declined on *principle*, as involving the compromise of ourselves both in cash and character, neither of which we could afford. After this, I tried various projects, but with little success. Those horrid 'Equitables!' everywhere they had spread the name of Baltimore Smith; and, because I happened to have managed the concern for them, threw the whole responsibility upon my shoulders, and in every public-house they entered, and throughout their clubs, morbidly attributed its failure to me. For some time, therefore, I remained in unprofitable seclusion, vainly racking my ingenuity for a scheme of comfortable maintenance at the smallest possible outlay of personal trouble and expense. At length I conceived the notion of an agency office, and had even prepared a number of the most eligible advertisements to be fairly copied on showy cards, and relieved by a crimson show-board, when the fellow with whom I was in treaty

for a front window insolently demanded if I was the man who had lately *managed* the Equitable Loan Society? because, if so—but I did not wait to hear the remainder of his ill-bred jargon, but incontinently broke off my negotiation, determined to have nothing more to do with him. Foiled in my (by no means unprecedented) device of supporting myself on three-and-sixpenny and five-shilling subsidies extracted from cooks, clerks, ladies' maids, companions, governesses, &c., I remembered with gratitude a means that had not before struck me, and to which I immediately applied. Previous to the closing of the 'Equitable' I had, by an oversight consequent to the confusion of the establishment at the time, put *paid* to divers of the bills standing in the Society's books, at the same time transcribing them into one of my own, without this little memorandum attached; and in my present exigencies (for I had got through a great part of my property in building and other speculations which I could no longer go on with) I determined to test the efficacy of this *fortuitous* arrangement. So, copying out two or three of the accounts, I dropped in upon the debtors, and where ten pounds were due I desired them to pay me eight; where eight, six, and so on, giving them a receipt in full, besides relieving them from the expense of fines, &c., consequent on not having kept their instalments regularly paid. In this way I contrived to live for some time; but the 'Equitables' having got hold of it, drove me from this resource also, and hurried, I have no doubt, the crisis of my disasters. With the power of drawing realities from idealism, had departed the means of paying workmen, or of purchasing materials for finishing the houses I had in hand; besides being heavily in arrears with the architect, who, having found out how matters stood with me, seized upon the buildings the very day I had succeeded in mortgaging them, with the intention of taking a passage by the *Great Western*, and trying my fortune in the New World. Instead of which," added Mr. Baltimore Smith, with a dolorous sinking-down of voice, and lengthy expression of countenance, "I find myself an inmate of this objectionable place,—a German professor of the cornopean for my chum, and but small hopes of speedily obtaining my certificate—time, opportunity, and health, all wasting—for to a man of my active habits, this sedentary life is dreadful; and though, to be sure, I have the option of taking exercise in the yard, there is no knowing who one might meet there; and to be recognised hereafter as a Fleet prisoner—faugh!" And the gentleman's disgust shivered every fold of his well-worn

dressing-gown. "I cannot reconcile it to my prejudices. What is it to me, sir, that the nephew of my Lord Littlegood is my neighbour on the one hand, and an honourable lord himself on the other. That will not soften, in the estimation of honest men, the ill repute—the felonious sound—the name of prison carries with it! But I beg pardon," he continued, inserting a few slender sticks into the dirtiest of grates, beneath the foulest of tin coffee-pots, "you will share my simple beverage; I find the lightest diet the best adapted to my inactive habits." And, on 'hospitable cares intent,' Mr. Baltimore Smith set forth two odd cups, and a pink packet, marked 'soluble cocoa,' from a corner cupboard, and was about to ring for two rolls from the kitchen, when all *unexpectedly* to him, the sentence, 'All out! All out!' sounded through the gloomy length of the coffee gallery; and the attorney, who had offered not a single comment on the history he had heard, laid his hand (as in duty bound) on that of his client, and departed.

C. W.

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 Y<sup>e</sup> THREE VOYCES.
 

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Y<sup>e</sup> glasse was at my lippe,  
 Clear spyrit sparklinge was;  
 I was about to sippe,  
 When a voyce came from y<sup>e</sup> glasse—  
 "And would'st thou have a rosie nose?  
 A blotch'd face and vacant eye?  
 A shaky frame that feebly goes?  
 A form and feature alle awry?  
 A body rack'd with rheumy paine?  
 A burnt up stomach, fever'd braine?  
 A muddie mind that cannot thinke?  
 Then drinke—drinke—drinke!"

Thus spoke y<sup>e</sup> voyce and fledde,  
 Nor any more did say;  
 But I thought on what it saide,  
 And threw y<sup>e</sup> glasse awaye.

Y<sup>e</sup> pipe was in my mouth,  
 Y<sup>e</sup> first cloude o'er me broke;  
 I was to blow another,  
 When a voyce came from y<sup>e</sup> smoke!

Come, this must be a hoaxe ;—  
 Then I 'll snuffe if I may not smoke ;  
 But a voyce came from y' boxe,  
 And thus these voyces spoke :—

“ And would'st thou have a swimmie hedde,  
 A smokie breath and blacken'd toothe ?  
 And would'st thou have thy freshnesse fade,  
 And wrinkle up thy leafe of youthe ?  
 Would'st thou have thy voyce to lose its tone,  
 Thy heavenly note, a bagpipe's drone ?  
 If thou would'st thy health's channels choke,  
 Then smoke—smoke—smoke !  
 The pipes of thy sweet musick staffe,  
 Then snuffe—snuffe—snuffe ! ”

Thus spoke, and fledde they both.  
 Glasse, pipe, boxe, in a daye,  
 To lose them was I loath,  
 Yet I threw them alle awaye.

O, would we be alle health, alle lightnesse,  
 Alle youth, alle sweetnesse, freshnesse, brightnesse,  
 Seeing through everything,  
 With mindes like y' crystal springe !  
 O, would we be just right enough !  
 Not drinke—not smoke—not snuffe ;

Then would our forward course  
 To y' right be as naturall  
 As it is withouten force,  
 For stones downward to falle.

R. L.

## THE RELIGION OF INDUSTRY.

THERE is a religion in industry that if more recognised would sanctify and ennoble the working class, and exalt labour, as attractive, honourable, and sacred. An old prose poet writes truly : “ God is well pleased with honest works ; he suffers the labouring man who ploughs the earth to call his life most noble : if he is good and true he offers continual sacrifice to God, and is not so lustrous in his dress as in his heart.”

To labour is to pray. Industry is cultus, culture, worship. Works material as well as spiritual are acceptable to the common Father and Mother—God and Nature. The legislation of God

and the laws of Nature are one. By them are the industrious benefited. By them are the idle condemned. The laws of Nature ever reward obedience to God's legislation, ever punish disobedience to the Divine Lawgiver. Do nothing and thou shalt rot. Lie still and the vultures shall hover over thee as over a corpse. But, up and be doing! and thy shadow shall grow long. That road which thou treadest shall remember thy full stature. That silvery-leaved larch may darken thy shadowy shape for a while; but while that stayest thou shalt go on. Each step that thou takest into the purple evening from that golden noon shall make thy shadow grow more vast until black night comes.

Prayer is not confined to words. The true liturgy is daily effort. That rubric of every-day virtuous endeavours is the brightest page of thy missal. Prune and train that buddy vine aright upon the sunning wall, and thou actest a prayer for grapes in purple clusters. Thy wine-vats full and richly flavoured, and thy goblets for thee and for thy friends, bubbling up bright red beads to the brim, shall be God's answer to thy rightly prayed prayer. Go also into that garden and dig. Every spadefull that thou diggest shall thus pray:—

“Oh, Divine Seedsman! Grant by this effort that the seed which may be here may flourish; that it may swell and pulp; that it may sprout and grow; that its plumula may rise upward, and its radicle tend downward; that its leaves may open to daylight; that it may bud and blossom, and that it may seed again, and supply all thy children with bread, oh, Common Parent!”

Such is the true and beautiful prayerfulness of industry. They who can receive this can understand the grand affirmation of those old monks who established agriculture throughout Europe—*Laborare est orare*. “To labour is to pray.”

While musing on the religion of industry, I saw a vision as in the sky. There seemed first one reading a Bible, and one came to him begging, yet he raised not his eyes from the book to give to him that begged. And I heard a voice exclaim, “The letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive.”—“Faith without works is dead.” And a dull leaden cloud passed over. There appeared again in the sky like one in a market-place giving to a beggar, while many looked on. And I heard a voice exclaim, “Thou thief, thou art giving that which is not thine, but which thou hast stolen from that beggar. Justice before charity!” And a light vaporous cloud flitted past. And once more I saw in the sky a company as of one family, brothers and sisters, working together

in a garden without hedge or pale, and eating together of the fruits of the garden. And there was no beggar, nor thief, nor selfish one. And I heard a voice exclaiming, "This is the Paradise of works; these are my beloved in whom I am well pleased." And the sun arose and shone in splendour over all the earth.

GOODWYN BARNSBY.

MARIANA RESTORED.

AGAINST the marble balustrade,  
 The peacock dipped his purple train;  
 The fountain o'er its basin made  
 A gentle shower of cooling rain;  
 Through pleasant bowers, with jasmine starred,  
 Blue spaces oped, to glance and wink;  
 And here and there, with merry chink,  
 The blithe grasshopper thrilled the sward.  
 Each day the chambers of the hall,  
 With light and frequent step she trod;  
 The portraits on the panelled wall  
 Seemed greeting her with friendly nod;  
 To lick her hand, as she pass'd by,  
 The greyhounds left their sunny nook,  
 And not a thing she touched but took  
 A beauty from her company.  
 The window, where at eve she leaned,  
 Lay open to the crimson west,  
 Where hills of noble outline screen'd  
 The broad sun as he sunk to rest;  
 The turrets of a busy town—  
 The tall tops of a forest nigh—  
 And a bounding river met her eye,  
 When from her window she look'd down.  
 Yet sometimes she would live, in sleep,  
 The whole life of her sorrows o'er—  
 Would see the poplar's shadow creep  
 Athwart the grange's moonlit floor;  
 And watch the morn, with sickening light,  
 Weigh'd with her long day's store of grief;  
 And wake—to find that day too brief  
 For the notation of delight!

*Belfast.*

M.

## THE HEDGEHOG LETTERS.

CONTAINING THE OPINIONS AND ADVENTURES OF JUNIPER HEDGEHOG, CABMAN,  
LONDON; AND WRITTEN TO HIS RELATIVES AND ACQUAINTANCE, IN  
VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD.

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LETTER XXVII.—TO ELIHU BURRITT, BLACKSMITH, OF WORCESTER,  
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

FRIEND BURRITT, — Whether it was one of your Manchester friends, or whether, indeed, it was nothing less than a dove from your own American woods that dropt one of your *Olive Leaves* in my cab,—I won't stop to consider. It's enough that I've read the *Leaf* again and again, and can't help thanking you for it. Can't help admiring how that you, "a poor man not worth a dollar in the world," as you say of yourself, should be scattering thousands and thousands of these healing *Leaves* about America—*Leaves* in their meaning and intention worth all the laurels that ever grew out of dead men's graves, made so foul and rank with dead men's blood.

Your *Leaf* fell into my hands just after I'd read Mr. Adams's speech in Congress, where he stands upon the Bible for his right to Oregon, and would cut throats according to his notion of Genesis! Foolish old gentleman! he can't have many years' mortal breath in him, and therefore it is sad to see him puffing and puffing to blow the embers of war into a blaze—to see him, as I may say, ramming down murderous bullets, and wadding muskets with leaves from the Bible! But there's a sort of religion that would sharpen the sword itself on the stone tables of Moses.

However, this is an old trick. There's a good many of these pious lovers of gunpowder who, somehow or the other, will insist upon turning up the regimental uniform with pages of the Bible and Testament. To make a man particularly the care of Heaven, they think it only necessary to dress him in red clothes, put a feather in his cap, ball-cartridge in his cartouche-box, and a musket in his hand. And these folks—they've been doing it in



the House of Commons only a week or two ago—always give the glory of slaughter to “HIS ARM that gives all battles!” And so, according to these people, the Army of Martyrs should be an army with forty-two pounders and a rocket brigade. Their Christianity is Christianity humbly firing upon one knee. Their incense for the altar is not myrrh and frankincense, but charcoal and saltpetre. Our Sir Robert Harry Inglis, for instance—who in the House of Commons speaks for pious Oxford—he was quite delighted that the Governor-General of India had put so much religion into the bulletin that published the slaughter of nine thousand Sikhs, as they call ‘em. They were all killed—according to Sir Robert—not by the cold iron of the English infantry, but by a heavenly host; the bayonet, in truth, did not do the work; no, it was the fiery swords of the angels, and praises were to be sung to them accordingly. And this is the Christianity of the *Gazette*; though I can’t find it in the New Testament.

And, poor Mr. Adams makes a very lame case out of Genesis: somehow or the other he reads his Bible upside down; for he declares—

“If our controversy respecting Oregon had been with any other than a Christian nation, *I could not quote from that book*; if we were in dispute with the Chinese about the territory it would be a different question. So it is a different question between us and the savages, who, *if anybody*, have now the rightful occupation of the country; *because they do not believe the BOOK.*”

And because Mr. Adams believes “The Book” and the Red Man does not, he Mr. A. has not scrupled to countenance the wholesale robbery of the Red Man’s lands. Thus, either way—it is the custom with some very devout people—Mr. Adams makes profit of his Bible! And thus a war for Oregon would be no other than a Holy War—a war declared upon the strength of sacred texts. Christians would blaze away at one another on the authority of the Scriptures; with perhaps, to tickle Mr. Adams, “Peace on earth, and good-will to men” painted on American cannon.

And Mr. Adams, friend Elihu, will go to his Bible to settle this matter of disputed land. Now the first dispute of the sort mentioned in “The Book” was arranged, certainly not after the fashion of Mr. Adams: for here’s the original “Oregon question”

disposed of in Genesis in a manner quite forgotten by the Adams of America :—

“ And there was a strife between the herdsmen of Abram’s cattle and the herdsmen of Lot’s cattle, and the Canaanite and Perezite dwelled then in the land.

“ And Abram said unto Lot, *Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee,* and between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen, *for we be brethren :*

“ Is not the whole land before thee ? separate thyself I pray thee from me : if thou wilt take the left hand then I will go to the right ; or if thou depart to the right hand then I will go to the left.”

And so, Elihu, Gunpowder Adams is answered out of his own Genesis !

But we shall have no fighting for Oregon. Mr. Adams’s speech is like one of the wooden cannon mounted for cheapness by the Dutch ; it looks warlike and dangerous, but sound it, and there’s no true ring of metal in it—it’s only wood thickly painted. Besides, your *Olive Leaves*—copied as they are in the American papers, which as you say “ enables you to bring the principles of peace before a million of minds every week,”—your *Olive Leaves* must go to cool the glory fever, smacking its lips for blood.

You’ve been some time known among us Britishers, Elihu, as the “ learned blacksmith ;” but your *Olive Leaves* are getting for you a still better name. It’s a fine thing, a glorious thing, no doubt, to get at the heart of a dozen languages and more—as they say you have done—and so be able to make, I may say, a speaking acquaintance with the Greeks and the Romans, and so on ; but it’s nobler work to have made yourself “ the head of the periodical peace publications ” of America, and so to preach quiet and goodness to tens of thousands of men, that otherwise, like bull-dogs, might be patted on to tear one another to pieces.

It’s a fine thing to think of you, Elihu Burritt, Blacksmith. To see you, working all day—making your anvil ring again with glorious labour (how I should like just a set of shoes for my mare of your own making), to see you forging anything but swords and bayonets,—and then, when *that* work is over, to think of you sitting down, with your iron pen in your hand, working away, to weld men’s hearts together—to make the chain of peace, as your own Red Men say, between America and England,—and to keep it bright for ever. When I think of this work of yours I’m pretty

sure that your true-hearted countryman Longfellow must have had you in his brain, when he painted the picture of his blacksmith.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,—  
 Onward through life he goes ;  
 Each morning sees some task begin,  
 Each evening sees it close ;  
 Something attempted, something done,  
 Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
 For the lesson thou hast taught !  
 Thus at the flaming forge of life  
 Our fortunes must be wrought ;  
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
 Each burning deed and thought !

I especially like your fancy that English Plymouth should write to American Plymouth—Rochester to Rochester—Norwich to Norwich, and so on. As you prettily say, “it would be more like mothers writing to their daughters.” You are right too, that “every letter thus interchanged, like a weaver's shuttle, will carry across the ocean a silken ligature to bind two kindred hearts, and through them, two kindred nations.” Depend upon it, the thinking masses—for odd as it might seem to some Solomons now in their grave, and I may add, odd as it does seem to some Solomons fast going there,—the masses do begin to think—they are all against the cruelty, the wicked tom-foolery of war. I've just been reading one of their addresses ; I think the last. Fine, rousing words are in it, I can tell you ; words that strike upon the heart better than fife and beaten sheep's-skin. Just to show you that we, too, have our pacific blacksmiths—our iron-workers who, like Elihu Burritt, think it far better to make hoes and spades than pikes and bayonets, I copy out this little paragraph, addressed as it is to Americans :

“Working men of America, you are, or should be, the pioneers of freedom ; such was the mission bequeathed to you by Washington and his great brother patriots. That mission you will best fulfil by perfecting your institutions—*by abolishing the slavery of white and black*—[Ding this into the ears of your countrymen, Master Burritt] wages and the whip—by driving from your legislatures the landlords, usurers, lawyers, soldiers, and other idlers and swindlers ; by making the veritable people, the wealth-producers, really ‘sovereign,’ and thus esta-

blishing a real, instead of a nominal, Republic. War will not aid, but will prevent you accomplishing these reforms."

And to crown all, you'll have to sow wheat for us, instead of making gunpowder. Already you have sent maize into the stomachs of the Irish,—and this is better, isn't it, more profitable too, than riddling them with bullets?

And this morning I read in one of the papers a long account of the pleasant dishes made out of Indian corn, and how they were mightily relished in Scotland; a professor—whose name I forget—having written and lectured on the best way of dressing the grain. More pleasant reading this, of stomachs comforted and bellies filled by American grain—than throats cut and bodies slashed by American steel. Such a gazette of the kitchen is better than twenty gazettes of the War-office. If we must have a war, let it be the new war of prices\*—the buying cheap and selling dear; and so no more at present from your friend and admirer,

JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

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\* The great principle of "the movement" of Free-trade, "to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market," is of somewhat older origin than Juniper Hedgehog imagines. Adam Clarke in a note to the proverb "it is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer," says "how apt are men to decry the goods they wish to purchase, in order that they may get them at a cheaper rate," and tells us of "a pleasant story" St. Augustine has on this subject. A certain mountebank published in the full theatre that at the next entertainment he would show to every man present what was in his heart. The time came, and the concourse was immense. All waited, with death-like silence, to hear what he would say to each. He stood up, and in a single sentence redeemed his pledge.

VILI vultis emere, et CARO VENDERE.

"You all wish to BUY CHEAP and SELL DEAR."

He was applauded; for every one felt it to be a description of his own heart, and was satisfied that all others were similar. "In quo dicto levissimi scenici tamen conscientios invenerunt suos."—DE TRINITATE, lib. xiii. c. 3. *Opera*, vol. vii. col. 930.

We are not quite sure whether we are not furnishing the Protectionists with a text, but as we happen to have so many to spare the other way, they are exceedingly welcome to it.

## New Books.

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**FREES AND PARVENUS.** A Novel. By **MRS. GORE.** 3 vols. Post 8vo.  
London: H. Colburn.

It may be thought by strict utilitarians that in a magazine like ours, intended, as far as it is possible, to aid in the development of all those principles, the application of which can benefit the many, that too much of our limited literary space is given to the notice of novels. It is, however, not without a motive, coherent with the design of the magazine that this is done. Novels have many recommendations. As a medium for conveying a knowledge of human nature as modified by particular manners and circumstances, they are of real service. And whether treating of remote periods, as in the historical class, or of distant manners and customs, in what may be termed (for want of a simpler term), the ethnological, or geographical kind, or as a means of conveying a knowledge of the morals, sentiments, and principles of one class to another, they are equally valuable as mediums of information. It is as one of the last class that we deem Mrs. Gore's writings of peculiar interest to our readers.

This authoress has, at all events, one quality which compensates to a certain extent for the want of many others. She has a style. All that she writes is clear and readable, and has that indescribable, undefinable power which induces the reader to proceed: arising, no doubt, from the distinctness of her own perceptions, and a great readiness of intellect, enabling her rapidly to furnish the means of expressing them. There is no complexity in her statements; her descriptions are never encumbered with tedious details; nor confused by the introduction of their remote relations. This, therefore, gives to her narrative lightness, and the reader proceeds unconsciously from idea to idea, and from image to image. Of the intellectual quality of the matter thus offered to the mind we have no great opinion. Character in its concrete state she has no power of delineating. She paints a quality and not a character; but herein she is but little inferior to many writers of a standard celebrity. Congreve and Pope did no more, though they might do it in a more potent manner. The portrayal of real character belongs to much fewer authors than is supposed. After Shakespeare, Addison (in a small degree), Fielding (largely), and perhaps Sir Walter Scott, we shall find but few of our celebrated dramatists and novelists who do more than pointedly portray a characteristic, either embodying an idea, as in "Pelham;" or working out a monomania, as in

Godwin's "Mandeville." Mrs. Austen's admirers, and Miss Edgeworth's, will probably indignantly demand for them an exception. But, if carefully analysed, they will at the best be found to personify by the welding in a logical mode a few qualities and characteristics. An intellectual Francatelli might really produce a serviceable manual that would develop the whole art of character-cooking in as methodical a manner as any culinary process. Mrs. Gore is then not to be singled out as deficient in this power; but it must be said she avails herself of the usual formula less logically than some of her contemporaries, less skilfully according to the received theory of human nature, as derived from observation or mental science. In "Peers and Parvenus" this is particularly perceptible. Resolving, after her fashion, to avail herself of the prevailing notion of the time, she has thought fit to put herself on the side of the low-born against the high. We are sorry to see this contagious cant spreading, because it is always the effect of cant to destroy the principle on which it fixes. The cant of religion brought on infidelity; the cant of patriotism produces reaction in favour of arbitrary rule; and the cant of sympathy undoubtedly will produce reaction on the side of brutality. Cant is a moral virus, destroying for the time of its course all the reticulation of principles.

That we must class Mrs. Gore's works amongst one of its results is proved by the ignorance displayed of the true principles that regulate the rights of mental superiority. Her hero, the child of the poorest peasants, is placed in contrast with the child of the most powerful aristocrats. The one is intended to embody the might of intellect, and the highest nobility of the heart—the other is brutal in his tastes, and narrow in his mind. But that this contrast is made, not because the truth of the principles is appreciated, but because it is effective, is proved by its treatment. The peasant has no benefit from Mrs. Gore's argument, because he is taken out of his class by the assumed superiority of his intellect; and there is not even any just advocacy of the aristocracy of mind. Jervis Cleve (the peasant hero) achieves nothing that marks his superiority to the conventional aristocracy amongst whom he is placed; on the contrary, he only ministers to the gratification of a more cultivated portion of those socially superior to him: he in no way vindicates his mental position by ever being placed in a position really to show the inferiority of the casual to the essential. It is only by the poorest and most inefficient means that his pretended superiority is portrayed; and very ignorant must the authoress be of the portrayal of genius, when she makes it consist in the publishing a learned antiquarian treatise in a philosophical society's papers. This alone would prove the inadequacy of the writer to the great impending question between the artificial aristocracy of custom and the real one of natural superiority.

The book has been considered in some quarters as having a democratic tendency, and it is evident the authoress had some such intention

regarding it. It is doubtful, however, whether it has not a tendency rather the reverse. Maintaining the privileges of hereditary noodledom to patronise the remarkable human productions, whether monstrosities of intellect or body; and thus affording the innumerable under-crop of aristocracy an opportunity of asserting that "genius is always patronised by its superiors when properly demonstrated."

Taken in its broadest view, it must have, however, an unintentional democratic effect. And in common with all the rest of "the fashionable novels," it bears the most conclusive, because involuntary, testimony to the utter inefficiency of forms to fix essentials, and proves that no creation of orders and distinctions can make virtue, or genius, or even humane manners hereditary. It is from these admirers of hereditary aristocracy that we should call testimony to their innate meanness, self-sufficiency, and intense egotism and selfishness, that characterise those calling themselves "the higher classes." A more brutal, ill-mannered, and truly vulgar person than the ultimate Lord Hillingdon is made, it is impossible to conceive, and indeed than most of the characters that are here paraded as representatives of the highest nobility. The best are imbecile in mind, the dupes of the most obvious empiricism, and the worst on a level with the most debased churls. Surely these novels, if intending to befriend a depreciated aristocracy, must call forth frequently from them the trite proverb—"Save me from my friends."

Though deficient in the best qualities of this kind of literature, there are delineations and observations that prove the authoress's capacity; and in Lucy Hecksworth, a woman of high conventional station, but of a fine and delicate spirit, we have suggestions of one of those truly feminine and noble creatures which a woman perhaps can alone give an idea of, in the depth of its deep passion and the unselfish purity of its affection. It is but a suggestion of a character, but still it vindicates the authoress's knowledge of her sex, and her sympathy with its profoundest and purest feelings. It is one genuine touch of goodness like this that redeems a mass of meanness, frivolity, and imbecility, which too often characterise the modern Pandora.

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REPORT OF AN EDUCATIONAL TOUR IN GERMANY, AND PARTS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, being part of the Seventh Annual Report of HORACE MANN, Esq., Secretary of the Board of Education, Mass. U.S., 1844. With Preface and Notes by W. B. HODGSON, Principal of the Mechanics' Institution, Liverpool. Fcp. 8vo. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

HOWEVER we may differ with the Americans on some political points, there is an earnest sympathy between the people of each country as to the progression and improvement of the grand body of the people. In

this point of view we are still one nation, though divided into two societies. The present little work is an admirable proof of this feeling, abounding, as it does, in information of the most essential kind. It is well deserving of attention from all persons interested in public affairs, and indispensable to those engaged in education. Some idea of the method in which the subject is treated may be formed by the following :—

“In the course of this tour I have seen many things to deplore, and many to admire ; I have visited countries where there is no national system of education at all, and countries where the minutest details of the schools are regulated by law. I have seen schools in which each word and process, in many lessons, was almost overloaded with explanation and commentary ; and many schools in which 400 or 500 children were obliged to commit to memory, in the Latin language, the entire book of Psalms and other parts of the Bible,—neither teachers nor children understanding a word of the language which they were prating. I have seen countries, in whose schools all forms of corporal punishment were used without stint or measure ; and I have visited one nation, in whose excellent and well-ordered schools, scarcely a blow has been struck for more than a quarter of a century. On reflection, it seems to me that it would be most strange, if, from all this variety of system, and of no-system, of sound instruction and of babbling, of the discipline of violence and of moral means, many beneficial hints, for our warning or our imitation, could not be derived ; and as the subject comes clearly within the range of my duty, ‘ to collect and diffuse information respecting schools,’ I venture to submit to the Board some of the results of my observations.”

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ANTONIO PEREZ AND PHILIP THE SECOND. By M. MIGNET, Member of the Institute of France, &c. Translated with the approbation of the Author, by C. COCKS, B.L., &c. Post 8vo. London : Longman & Co.

THE French authors leaving the rhetorical diffuseness that so long characterised them, have latterly produced works uniting so admirably the historical and the dramatical that they have become the models of modern historians. M. Thierry tells us that this style owes its origin to Scott's Historical Romance, and that the perusal of Ivanhoe, in which there was so much truth of matter, but so much falsification of events, led him to endeavour to impart to facts the same force that the novelist gave to fiction. Monsieur Mignet is a soberer writer of the same school : we miss the energetic painting of Thierry or Michelet, but we have still a vivid narrative of startling events. The half-barbaric time is well portrayed, and we feel that we are in the midst of a throng of high-spirited barbarians, and in an atmosphere of morals and manners far removed from our own.

Don Antonio Perez had a life of extraordinary adventure even in his extraordinary age, when life was held by the gravest civilians at about



the same value as a modern military hero would estimate it. He lived in an age of great action and little reflection, that is for the multitude ; and one of which it would be erroneous to judge by our own standard either as regards morals or manners. Politics were conducted by the most subtle intrigues ; deception had been reduced to a science, and was sanctioned as a proof of intellectual power. The forms and modes of the middle ages still survived. The struggle between the superior and the inferior chieftain had not been decided. Force was often called into the aid of craft ; and the life that the executioner could not reach, although it was esteemed his due, was taken by the assassin. This last epithet, so hateful to modern ears, was by no means so in the days of Antonio ; and therefore the murder, as we name it justly, that he procured for his master on Escovedo was by no means the atrocious crime that we should now regard it. His elevation to power, his struggle with his absolute master, his fight and adventures, and intrigues with the Princess of Eboli, are all very graphically and faithfully told, and as an illustration of the time, it is as instructive and interesting as the "Chronicles of Jocelyn de Brakelond ;" we gather from fragments, or rather specimens like these truer notions of the actual condition of the period, than is possible from any merely political or philosophic histories. The one presents facts in a true view to the observation and the feelings, and the other an intellectual deduction from the sequence of cause and effect. One such narrative as either of these will do more to dispel the infatuated nonsense of those who would revive the forms of the middle ages than any argumentative refutation.

Such contributions to history as "Antonio Perez and Philip the Second" are especially valuable to those who wish to form their own notions as to former times and former social proceedings.

**OVER POPULATION AND ITS REMEDY ; or, an Inquiry into the Extent and Causes of the Distress prevailing among the Labouring Classes of the British Islands and into the Means of remedying it.** By WILLIAM THOMAS THORNTON. Demy 8vo. London : Longman and Co.

THE title of this book is not fortunate, for it seems at once to assume the matter in dispute, and to declare that there is over-population in the British islands. The term "over-population" is, however, much more logically applied in the body of the work, a very searching investigation being made as to the distribution, occupation, and condition of the labouring class, not only as regards our own country, but also as relates to the chief European kingdoms. Mr. Thornton then gives a rapid outline of the condition of the labourers in England since the Anglo-Saxon period, awarding to the Norman-feudal period the merit of best protecting and maintaining the agricultural peasant. The

famines of this period, the terrific ravages of pestilence, and the savage insurrections, seem all powerfully to contradict this notion. That the Young England gentlemen, so rife since the production of the Waverley novels, and so elevated with false notions of pageantry and piety, should make this assertion is not surprising, but we regret to see a liberal and sensible writer like Mr. Thornton falling into a belief of this mirage. The narratives of contemporary writers give us glimpses of herds of debased and ferocious churls, that show human nature in its most abhorrent form.

The remedies for better trimming the balance regulating the demand and supply of labour are finally considered; and this portion of the book contains some valuable suggestions, more especially that one recommending that, as an inducement to the recovery of the waste lands in Ireland, a right in them should be given to the peasants who redeemed them. Irish energy only requires to be put in a right direction; and it will, doubtless, ultimately redeem the nation from its wretched condition: and it appears that labour thus stimulated and applied would redeem land which the mere capitalist cannot make profitable.

Mr. Thornton is a strong, perhaps it may be said a vehement advocate for free trade, believing in its power to produce effects possibly beyond its reach. He also advocates the small farm and allotment systems; but like all theorists, is more eloquent as to their benefits than suggestive as to the means of their being brought into operation. He is also very decisive as to many speculative points of political economy, but we cannot say equally convincing. The book, however, is one well worth studying, and should be thankfully received as a useful addition to the literature of a subject of all others most engrossing and important.

ROSCOE'S LIFE AND PONTIFICATE OF LEO THE TENTH, Edited by his SON, (including the copyright portions.) With fine Portraits. Post 8vo. London: H. G. Bohn.

SCHLEGEL'S LECTURES ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY, translated from the German, with a Memoir of the Author, by J. B. ROBERTSON, Esq. Second Edition, revised; fine Portrait of the Author. Post 8vo. London: H. G. Bohn.

CHEAPNESS has reached its zero point in these two volumes; for the matter, print, and binding are equal to that of the usual full price. It is a bold speculation on the part of the publisher, and the sale of thousands can alone remunerate him. Still, doubtless, the thousands will be found, especially as regards Leo the Tenth—a masterly work that has already stood the test of time. Mr. Roscoe's style was not so lucid and

taking as might be desired; but his diligence, his knowledge, and his sound judgment have established him as an acknowledged biographical historian. A standard work is now within the reach of the humblest student.

With respect to Schlegel's Philosophy of History, we cannot think the selection equally judicious. It was certainly written in the decline of Schlegel's powers, and is tinged with the religious enthusiasm and mysticism of a new convert. It is an effort to reconcile theology and history in a manner in which the preconceived theological idea is allowed to predominate. It was impossible for a man so profoundly learned as Schlegel, to write any work that would not contain much that was important, and some of the earlier chapters comprise extensive and just views of the subject, and the work is one which must demand the attention of the historical student.

Mr. Bohn has a series of these kind of works, and the manner in which they are issued is extremely advantageous to those whose pecuniary means are not commensurate with their intellectual riches. It would take us too far to examine by what process it is that improved editions of works are published at so much less than their original price; and how it is two-guinea books come to be sold for three and sixpence. It is a question embracing the interest of authors, publishers, and the public, more than may at a glance appear. The rights of authors form the foundation of the theme, and it may be worth our while some day to endeavour to show that a mean between the first exorbitant and the last equally extravagantly low price would be better for all parties.

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NARRATIVE of a Four Months' Residence amongst the Natives of a Valley of the MARQUESAS ISLANDS; or, a Peep at Polynesian Life. By HERMAN MELVILLE. London: Murray.

Is there any one whose eye may fall on this page, weary of the conventionalities of civilised life—some toil-worn Sisyphus bowed to the earth with his never-ending task of rolling up the hill of life the stone that ever threatens to fall back on himself—dispirited with the energies he has wasted on unrewarded or uncongenial pursuits—cheated with Hope until he regard her as a baffled impostor who shall cheat him no more; whose heart beats no longer high for the future; but whose best affections are chilled, and loftiest aspirations thrown back on themselves. Is there any one sick of the petty animosities, the paltry heart-burnings and jealousies, and low-thoughted cares of what is called, in bitter mockery, society?—Oh! “if such man there be,” let him take the “wings of a dove,” or what perhaps will bear safer the weight of himself and his woes—a berth in a South-sea whaler, and try the effects

of a "Residence in the Marquesas," and take a "Peep at Polynesian life," and if he likes the peep make that life his own.

Here, and we call Mr. Herman Melville into court, he need not fear the single rap at the door which dissipates his day-dreams as surely as the kite in the air scares away the feathered minstrelsy of the grove; nor the postman's knock that peradventure brings the letter of the impatient dun or threatening attorney; nor butchers' nor bakers' bills; nor quarter-days with griping landlord and brutal brokers; nor tax-gatherer; nor income-tax collectors guaging with greedy exactness the drops that have fallen from his brow. Here, strange to say, he will find no money, no bargaining, no bankers with overdrawn accounts or dishonoured acceptances; no coin, and therefore no care; no misery, and therefore no crime. No corn-laws, no tariff, no union-workhouse, no bone-crushing, no spirit-crushing, no sponging-houses, no prisons. But he may live as the songster *wish'd*, but dar'd not even to hope he could live—

"in an isle of his own  
In a blue summer ocean far off;"

but *not* "alone." For here are Houris even more graceful and lovely than the flowers they are perpetually weaving to adorn themselves with chaplets and necklaces, their only ornaments, but worthy of the court of Flora herself; inviting him to repose his weary limbs beneath the shadows of groves, on couches strewn with buds and fragrant blossoms.

Here the bosom of Nature unscarified by the plough, offers up spontaneously her goodliest gifts; food the most nutritious, and fruits the most refreshing. The original curse on man's destiny, appears here not to have fallen, "the ground is *not* cursed for his sake;" nor "in sorrow does he eat of it all the days of his life."

In this garden of Eden, from which man is not yet an exile, there are no laws, and what is more agreeable still, no want of them; unless it be an Agrarian law, which works to every one's satisfaction. In this paradise of islands, you have only to fix the site of your house, and you will not be called upon to produce your title deeds; and you may call upon your neighbours to help you to build it, without any surveyor being called in to tax their bills. Here you may, instead of going to your office or warehouse, loiter away your morning beneath the loveliest and bluest of skies, on the margin of some fair lake, reflecting their hues yet more tenderly; or join the young men in their fishing-parties or more athletic sports; or if more quietly disposed, join the old men seated on their mats in the shade, in their "talk" deprived of only one topic, your everlasting one, the weather; for where the climate is one tropical June day, "melting into July," it leaves you nothing to wish for, positively nothing to grumble at.

Such is life in the valley of the Typees; and surely Rasselas, if he

had had the good luck to stumble on it, would not have gone further in his search after happiness.

There is, however, one trifling drawback—some shadows to temper the light of this glowing picture—the Typees are cannibals! The author makes an elaborate, but to our notion, a very unnecessary apology for this propensity of theirs. The Polynesians have the advantage of the cannibals of civilised life, for we have long since made the pleasant discovery, that man-eating is not confined to the Anthropophagi of the South Seas. The latter have undoubtedly one redeeming distinction—they only devour their enemies slain in battle: there is nothing which man in a civilised state has a keener appetite for than his particular friend. Go to any race-course, and you will find some scented Damon picking his teeth with a silver tooth-pick after devouring his Pythias, as if he had relished the repast. Go to Tattersal's or Crockford's, and you will find that in a single night a man has devoured his own wife and children—having been disappointed in supping off his intimate friends. We know instances of highly respected country gentlemen swallowing at a single election the whole of their posterity; and could quote one huge Ogre who can gorge in his mighty man a few millions of “the finest peasantry”—nothing, indeed, civilised men are more expert in than picking their neighbours' bones!

Possibly, we may have pushed the parallel to the furthest; but it is impossible to read this pleasant volume without being startled at the oft-recurring doubt, has civilization made man better, and therefore happier? If she has brought much to him, she has taken much away; and wherever she has trod, disease, misery and crime have tracked her footsteps. She finds man a rude but happy savage, and leaves him a repulsive outcast, whose only relation to humanity consists in the vices which stain it!

We have dwelt more on the subject of Mr. Melville's “Narrative,” and the reflections it excites, than on the book itself, which is one of the most captivating we have ever read. What will our juvenile readers say to a *real* Robinson Crusoe, with a *real* man Friday?—one Kory-Kory, with whom we will venture to say they will be delighted in five minutes from his introduction. The early part of the volume, narrating the author's escape from the prison ship—with his strange comrade Toby, whose mysterious fate, after baffling our curiosity and speculation, is yet to be developed—for the best of all possible reasons, that the author himself has not found it out!—is full of vivid excitement. The hair-breadth escapes of the adventurous seamen, their climbing up precipices and perpendicular rocks, their perilous leaps into cavernous retreats and gloomy ravines, are painted in vivid contrast to the voluptuous ease and tranquil enjoyments of the happy valley which they eventually reach. Although with little pretension to author-craft, there is a life and truth in the descriptions, and a freshness in the style of the narrative, which is in perfect keeping with the scenes and

adventures it delineates. The volume forms a part of "Murray's Home and Colonial Library," and is worthy to follow "Borrow's Bible in Spain," and "Heber's Indian Journals." What traveller would wish for a higher distinction?

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**THE NUNS OF MINSK ;** Narrative of the Abbess Makrena Mieczyslawska, Abbess of the Basilian Nuns of Minsk ; or, History of a Seven Years' Persecution, suffered for the Faith. Fcp. 8vo. Bogue.

THE persecution of the Nuns of Minsk has been so loudly affirmed and denied, and has excited so much interest, that this little volume, which contains a translation of the authentic narrative of the Abbess, will be acceptable to the public as affording the best means of judging from internal evidence whether one of the most cruel persecutions or vilest impostures has been perpetrated. It is neatly printed in a cheap form, and appears to be carefully and graphically translated.

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**LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF DAVID HUME.** From the Papers bequeathed by his Nephew to the Royal Society of Edinburgh ; and other original sources. By JOHN HILL BURTON, Esq., Advocate. 2 vols. demy 8vo. Edinburgh : W. Tait.

THESE volumes are a valuable contribution to our literature. Whatever may be the variety of opinions relative to the value of Hume's philosophical works, there can be no doubt that the shortest letter that throws a light on the working and progress of such a mind, is a useful contribution to mental investigation. Hume's mind, in whatever category it may be placed by the historian of philosophy, exercised directly in his life, and continues to exercise indirectly in his imitators and followers, so powerful an influence in the regions of thought, that it becomes a necessity to all interested in mental philosophy to avail themselves of the vast amount of illustration thus for the first time afforded them. It is strange that documents so interesting in themselves, and so important as additions to mental science, should have been so long in reaching the public. They have now, however, fallen into the care of one fully capable of making them available, and for the first time we may boast of possessing a biography worthy of the great Scotch philosopher. Hume's own brief but admirable autobiography may perhaps have rendered other writers less willing to enter the field against his terse and pregnant memoir ; and thus have caused what must hitherto have appeared, especially to foreigners, a disgraceful deficiency in our literature.

It is not only as a contribution to mental philosophy that the present volumes are interesting. The biographical narrative, developing

as it does, by numerous admirable letters from and to Hume, a gradual history of the progress and fluctuation of his mind, and his connection with public events and the most eminent men of his time, is extremely interesting: and "the story of his life," though that of a scholar, has in its intellectual adventures a charm as great as that of many whose fortunes have been more various and violent. Hume's clear, close, and pointed style of analysis are brought to bear as rigidly on himself as on any other subject of investigation; and we therefore have that rare kind of biography which we feel to be a true reflection of the man. The experiences thus gained are of the utmost value, and the reader must rise from the book invigorated and informed. The earlier portion is also necessarily a history of the progress of thought in the last century, and Mr. Burton has given a very able exposition of Hume's philosophy and his various great treatises. This may be thought by some persons to be supererogatory, but we are by no means of this opinion, for there will be hundreds of readers of these volumes who will have but very vague notions of a philosophy, which it has for a long time been the fashion to decry, and which consequently is, though much talked of, but imperfectly known, especially to the younger students of the day.

The glimpses of social life, both in our own and foreign countries during the past century, and the graphic account of his travels, interspersed with characteristic remarks and anecdotes, bring a great portion of the work actually within the class of light reading. In its most profound portion it is never dull, and the perspicuity of Hume's style, as well as that of the biographer, render all parts of it the easiest and most agreeable reading. Mr. Burton appears also to be extremely impartial in his critical examination, and with a perfect appreciation of the great subject of his work, never to be deluded into any unbefitting enthusiasm. It is a book worthy of a philosopher.

It is such kind of works we would specially recommend to our readers. They cannot but elevate all who peruse them, and thus have an immediate and powerful tendency to produce that equality of mind, which will prove the means of redemption both mentally and physically to the hitherto neglected and injured masses of mankind. Book societies, formed so as to circulate such works amongst those unable to purchase them singly, would be one of the readiest means of elevating the people. Our hope and reliance is in the dissemination of works engendering reflection and fortifying the rational faculties.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S  
SHILLING MAGAZINE.

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THE HISTORY OF ST. GILES AND ST. JAMES.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HAVING travelled half our story—(courage, reader ; only half!)—we have to explain a few matters of the past for the better apprehension of the future. Let us therefore gossip five minutes. Let us pause awhile in this green lane—it is scarcely half-a-mile from the Town Hall of Liquorish,—ere mounting Pen, our familiar hippogriff, with you, sir, on the crupper, we take a flight and in a thought descend upon the mud of London. The sweet breath of the season should open hearts, as it uncloses myriads of buds and blossoms. So, let us sit upon this tree-trunk—this elm, felled and lopped in December. Stripped, maimed, and overthrown, a few of its twigs are dotted with green leaves ; spring still working within it, like hope in the conquered brave.

Is not this an escape from the scuffling and braying of immortal man, moved by the feelings and the guineas of an election ? What a very decent, quiet fellow is Brown ! And Jones is a civil, peaceable creature ! And Robinson, too, a man of gentle bearing ! Yet multiply the three by one, two, three hundred. Let there be a mob of Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons, and then how often—made up of individual decency, and quietude, and gentleness—is there a raving, roaring, bullying crowd ! The individual Adam sets aside his dignity, as a boxer strips for the fight ; and whether

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\* Continued from Vol. iii., p. 323.



the thing to be seen is a lord mayor's coach, fireworks, or a zany on a river, goose-paddled in a washing-tub, the sons of Adam will throng to the sight, and fight and scream for vantage-ground, with a violence that would shame any colony of monkeys, clawing and jabbering for stolen sugar-cane. Sweet, then, is it to the philosopher to moralize upon the hubbub and the jostling crowd. He pities the madness of the multitude, and respects the serenity of his own soul : the more so, if looking from a window, his own toes are untrodden, and his own coat-tails unturn.

And so, reader, let us breathe awhile in this green solitude—if, indeed, it be a solitude. For who shall count the little eye-like flowers peeping at us from the hedges—looking up from the sward in our face, openly as loving innocence? A solitude! What a world of grasses do we tread upon, a world so crowded and humming with insect citizens! If only one turn of the peg we would let down our pride—of all the heart-strings the bass and grumbling one—we might compare many of these children, fathers, and grandfathers of a day with the two-legged kings of creation, the biped majesties of threescore years and ten. We might watch their little runnings to and from their hoards; their painful climbings to the very needle point of some tall blade of grass; watch them and smile, even as the angels, at their pleasant leisure watch and smile at you, Grubbings, when you go to the Bank and add to your sweet salvation there, the balance: smile, as at poor Superbus when, climbing and climbing, he rose to great Gold Stick, and kept it twenty years,—to angelic computation just twenty throbbings of a fevered heart. Surely, there is not an insect that we might not couple with an acquaintance. Here, in this little, trim sobriety, is our quaker friend, Placens; and here, in this butterfly, tipsy with its first-day's wings, is Polly, foolish Polly, who cannot consent to see the world, unless she sees it in her finest clothes. And so, looking at a piece of turf, no bigger than a lark's foot-stool, we may people it with friends and world acquaintance.

Is this solitude? And the blackbird, with his notes of melted honey, winds and whistles—no. Solitude? The jay, whose voice is a continual dissent, grates—no. Solitude? And the household rook swims upward in the air, and with homeward caw, awakens busy thoughts of life, of the day's cares and the day's necessities. The earth has no place of solitude. Not a rood of the wilderness that is not thronged and eloquent with crowds and voices, com-

muning with the spirit of man ; endowed by such communion with a knowledge whose double fruit is divinest hope and meekest humility.

So once more to our story : once more to consider the doings of men. They are not to be thought of with less charity for this gossip in a green lane. Nay, try it, reader, on your own account. Say that you have a small wrong at your heart ; say, that in your bosom you nurse a pet injury like a pet snake. Well, bring it here, away from the brick-and-mortar world ; see the innocent beauty spread around you ; the sunny heavens smiling protecting love upon you ; listen to the harmonies breathing about you ; and then say, is not this immortal injury of yours a wretched thing, a moral fungus, of no more account than a mildewed toadstool ? Of course. You are abashed by omnipotent benevolence into charity ; and you forgive the wrong you have received from man, in your deep gratitude to God.

Nevertheless, there are natures hardly susceptible of such influence. There are folks who would take their smallest wrongs with them into Paradise. Go where they will, they carry with them a travelling-case of injuries. Do we not know Trumperly ? A very regular man, and a most respectable shopkeeper. He taketh his sabbath walk. He looketh round upon a wide expanse. The heath is illuminated with flowering furze. He stands upon a veritable field of cloth of gold. He is about to smile upon the natural splendour, when again he recollects the bad half-sovereign taken ten days ago, and at the extremest corners of his mouth the smile dies, a death of suddenness. And Grizzleton ? Did he not travel for enjoyment, and did not some past, particular wrong always blot out, destroy the present beauty ? He made a pilgrimage to Niagara. He was about to be very much rapt, astounded by its terrible grandeur, when the spray fell upon his new hat, and he could not but groan for the cotton umbrella, price one dollar, that he had lost at New York. And in this way do we often shadow present pleasures with the thought of some sort of counterfeit money—some sort of departed umbrella.

And wrongs, naturally enough, bring us back to Ebenezer Snipeton. It was his trade to lend money : nevertheless, he was not a man who suffered business to entirely absorb his pleasure. Hence, when he discovered that the patriot who, purely for the sake of his country, was to snatch Liquorish from young St. James, thought better of the rashness, refusing at the last moment to save

the nation,—he, Ebenezer, treated himself to a costly but delicious enjoyment. And he—it was thus he powdered—he could afford it. He was a thrifty, saving man. He dallied not with common temptations; He wasted no money upon luxurious housekeeping; and for his wife, no nun ever spent less with the milliner. He took care of that. Well, as the homely proverb goes, it is a poor heart that never rejoices; and therefore Ebenezer Snipeton, temperate, self-denying in all other expensive enjoyments, was resolved, for once in his days, to purchase for himself a handsome piece of revenge. Determined upon a treat, he cared not for its cost. He would carry Capstick into Parliament, though in a chariot of solid gold. The young lord had dared to look upon Clarissa. The creature, a part of himself; whose youth and beauty, belonging to him, seemed to him a better assurance against decay and death. He had bought her for his lawful wife, and Holy Church had written the receipt. Nevertheless, that smooth-faced smiling lord—he, too, to whom the good old husband in the embracing philanthropy of a hundred per cent. had lent ready gold, to be paid back, post-obit fashion, on a father's coffin-lid—he, the young, handsome, profligate St. James, with no more reverence for the sanctity of marriage than has a school-boy for an orchard fence, he—it was plain—would carry off that mated bird! This one thought parched the old man as with a fever: waking, it consumed him; and he would start from his sleep, as though—such was his worded fancy—an adder stirred in his night-cap. Therefore he would not stint himself in his feast of vengeance. And therefore the freeholders were bought at their own price,—and they proved how dearly they valued a vote,—and Capstick, the muffin-maker, conquered the son of a marquis. People averred that the new member owed his elevation to the fiercest malice; but he, misanthrope as he was, had now and then his holiday notions of humanity, and did not to the full believe the scandal. No: though he did not confess it to himself, it was plain that his neighbours—at least the more thoughtful of them—believed in his powers of statesmanship; it was their wish, their one hope that he should represent them; and though he himself cared not a straw for the honour, it would have seemed ungracious to refuse. And so he quitted the Tub, and Bright Jem went heavily along with him to London. “I shall be quite the simple Roman in this business,” said Capstick. “I feel myself very like Cincinnatus taken from turnips.” “Without goin’ to that Parliament, I only wish you

was well among 'em agin," interrupted Jem. "And therefore," continued the senator, "I shall lodge humbly." And Capstick kept his word; for he hired a three-pair floor and an attic in Long Acre; and having purchased a framed and glazed copy of Magna Charta to hang over the chimney-piece, he began very deeply to consider his manifold duties as Member of Parliament.

With varying feelings St. Giles had watched the progress of the election. He had—it was his duty—shouted and bellowed for St. James. Nevertheless, the final prosperity of the muffin-man, his early benefactor, scarcely displeased him. Again, too, he thought that, should the young lord refuse to employ him—for he had still been balked in his endeavour to see St. James—the new member for Liquorish would need new attendants to illustrate his dignity. And Bright Jem had, of course, revealed to Capstick all the transport's story; for the felon had made a clean breast of his mystery to Jem, on their way to Kingcup, the schoolmaster. And so, the election revel over, with a lightened heart St. Giles set out for London. Should St. James fail him, he was sure of Capstick.

If human misery demand human sympathy, the condition of Tom Blast is not to be despised. It is our trust that the reader followed him when, oppressed by the weight of gold, he tripped and staggered from the Olive Branch, and gasped and sweated as he reached the field, wherein he solaced his fatigue with the secret thought of future fortune bringing future reformation. It was with this strengthening impulse that he flung the iron box, gold-crammed, into the middle of a pond. There it lay, like one of Solomon's brazen kettles in the sea, containing a tremendous genius—an all-potent magician, when once released to work among men. And Tom would go to London, and in a few days, when Liquorish had subsided from its patriotic intoxication to its old sobriety, he would return with some trusty fellow-labourer in the world's hard ways, and angle for the box. Unhappy, fated Blast! He had flung his gold-fish into Doctor Gilead's pond. He had enriched the rector's waters with uncounted guineas. Next, of course, to "the fishpools in Heshbon," the Doctor loved that pond, for it contained carp of astonishing size and intelligence. Often would the Doctor seek the waters, and whilst feeding their tenants—tenants-at-will—delight himself with their docility and dimensions. It was pretty, now to contemplate them in the pond, and now to fancy them in the dish. The Doctor knew the value, the pleasure

of exercising the imagination ; and thus made his carp equally ministrant to his immortal and his abdominal powers. Well, the pond was to be dragged for the election dinner, and the net becoming entangled with the box—but the Doctor has already revealed the happy accident. Tom Blast felt himself a blighted man. It was always his way. Any other thief would have hidden the goods in any other pond : but somehow or the other, the clergy had always been his misfortune. It was no use to struggle with fate : he was doomed to bad luck. And when, too, he had made up his mind to such a quiet, comfortable life ; when he had resolved upon respectability and an honest course ; he felt his heart softened—it was too bad. Nothing was left for him but to return to the thief's wide home, London. He, poor fellow ! could have subdued his desires to live even at Liquerish ; for tobacco and gin were there ; but, he knew it, in such a place he must starve. With the loss of the box came a quickened recollection of the loss of Jingo. Where could the child have wandered ? Blast had learned that Tangle had been despoiled of his purse on the night of the greater robbery. Now, though the paternal heart was pleased to believe that such theft was the work of the boy, the father was nevertheless saddened at the child's disobedience. If it was the boy's duty to rob, it was no less his duty to bring the stolen goods to his affectionate parent. In prosperity the human heart is less sensible of slight. Blast, whilst the believed possessor of countless guineas, scarcely thought of his son ; but, stript of his wealth, his thoughts—it was very natural—did turn to his truant child and the purse he had stolen.

And now, reader, leave we the borough of Liquerish. Its street is silent, and save that certain of its dwellers have bought new Sunday coats and Sunday gowns—save that here and there in good man's house a new clock, with moralizing tick to human life, gives voice to silent time—save that on certain shelves new painted crockery illustrates at once the vanity and fragility of human hopes, no man would dream that a member of Parliament had within a few hours been manufactured in that dull abiding-place.

And now, reader, with one drop of ink, we are again in London. Ha ! We have descended in St. James's Square. The morning is very beautiful ; and there, at the Marquis's door, smiling in the sun, is an old acquaintance, Peter Crossbone, apothecary ; the learned, disappointed man ; for Crossbone had looked upon

the escape of St. James from Dovesnest as an especial misfortune. All his professional days he had yearned for what he called distinguished practice. We doubt whether he would not have thought the Tower lions, being crown property, most important patients. For some time, he had pondered on the policy of visiting young St. James, the wounded phoenix that had flown from his hands. His will was good; all he wanted was a decent excuse for the intrusion; and at length fortune blessed him. He felt certain of the young lord's condescending notice, if he, the village apothecary, could show himself of service to him. The marquis's father was much persecuted by that luxurious scorpion, the gout, that epicurean feeder on the best fed. Now Crossbone had, in his own opinion, a specific cure for the torment; but he much doubted whether science would be his best recommendation to the young heir. No: he wanted faith in such an intercessor. And thus, with his brain in a pitch-black fog, he meditated, and saw no way. And now is he surrounded by mist, and now is he in a blaze of light. And what has broken through the gloom, and dawned a sudden day? That luminous concentration, that world of eloquent light—for how it talks!—a woman's eye.

Suddenly Crossbone remembered a certain look of Clarissa. And that look was instantly a light to him that made all clear. That look showed the jealousy of the husband; the passion of the wife. Snipeton was a tyrant, and Clarissa a victim. And then compassion entered the heart of Crossbone, and did a little soften it. Yes; it would be a humane deed to assist the poor wife, and at the same time so delicious to delight his lordship. And then he—Crossbone knew it,—he himself was so fit for the gay world. He was born, he would say, for the stones of London, and therefore hated the clay of the country.

Reader, as you turned the present leaf, Crossbone knocked at the door, and stood with an uneasy smile upon his face, awaiting the porter, who, with a fine, critical ear for knocks, knew it could be nobody, and treated the nobody accordingly; that is, made the nobody wait. In due season, Crossbone and the porter stood face to face. "Is Lord St. James within?" And Crossbone tried to look the easy, town man. It would not do. Had he been a haystack, the porter would as readily have known the country growth.

"Lordship within?" Grunted the porter. "Don't know."

But Mr. Crossbone knew better. It was his boast; he knew life; and therefore always paved its little shabby passages with silver: other passages require gold, and only for that reason are not thought so shabby. True, therefore, to his principles, Mr. Crossbone sneaked a card and a dollar into the porter's hand.

"Ralph, take this card to his lordship. Good deal bothered, all of us, just now," added the porter.

"Good deal," corroborated Ralph, the son of Gum, and looking up and down at the apothecary, he went his way. Quick was his return; and with respectful voice he begged the gentleman to follow him.

"We have met before, Mr. Crossbone," said St. James, and a shadow crossed his face. "I well remember."

"No doubt, my lord. It was my happiness to employ my poor skill in a case of great danger. Need I say, how much I am rewarded by your lordship's present health?"

"Humph! I have been worse beaten since then," said the young lord, and he bit his lip. He then with a gay air continued: "Mr. Snipeton is, I believe, your patient?"

"Bless your heart, my lord,—that is, I beg your pardon,"—for Crossbone felt the familiarity of the benison—"Mr. Snipeton is no man's patient. King Charles of Charing Cross—saving his majesty's presence—has just as much need of the faculty. When people, my lord, have no feelings they have little sickness: that's a discovery I've made, my lord, and old Snipeton bears it out. Now his wife—ha! that's a flower."

"Tender and beautiful," cried St. James, with animation. "And her health, Mr. Crossbone?"

"Delicate, my lord; delicate as a bird of paradise. I've often said it, she wasn't made for this world; it's too coarse and dirty. However, she'll not be long out of her proper place. No: she's dying fast."

"Dying!" exclaimed St. James. "Dying! Impossible! Dying—with what?"

"A more common malady than's thought of, my lord," answered Crossbone. He then advanced a step, and projecting the third finger of the left hand, with knowing look observed—"Ring-worm, my lord."

"Ha!" cried St. Giles, airily. "Ring-worm! Is that indeed so fatal?"

"When, my lord, it fixes on the marriage finger of the young



*"Mr. Croftbone," cried St. James, "you are a man  
of the world." — P. 393*





and beautiful wife of an old and ugly miser, it's mortal, my lord—mortal, it does so affect, so ossify the heart. I've seen many cases," added Crossbone emphatically, resolved to make the most of certainly a very peculiar practice.

"And there is no remedy?" asked St. James, as he placed his palms together and looked keenly in the apothecary's face.

"Why, I've known the worm removed with great success: that is," said the apothecary, returning the look, "when the patient has had every confidence in the practitioner."

"Mr. Crossbone," cried St. James, "you are a man of the world?"

"My lord," answered the apothecary, with a thanksgiving bow, "I am."

Now, when a man pays a man this praise, it happens, say six times out of nine, that the compliment really means this much: "You are a man of the world; that is, you are a shrewd fellow who know all the by-ways and turnings of life: who know that what is called a wrong, a shabbiness, in the pulpit or in the dining-room (before company), is nevertheless not a wrong, not a shabbiness when to be undertaken for a man's especial interest. They are matters to be much abused, until required: to shake the head and make mouths at, until deemed indispensable to our health to swallow." To praise a man for knowing the world, is often to commend him only for his knowledge of its dirty lanes and crooked alleys. Any fool knows the broad paths—the squares of life.

And Mr. Crossbone—sagacious person!—took the lord's compliment in its intended sense. He already felt that he was about to be entrusted with a secret, a mission, that might test the lofty knowledge for which he was extolled. Therefore, to clench his lordship's confidence, the apothecary added, "I am, my lord, a man of the world. There are two golden rules of life; I have ever studied them."

"And these are?"—asked St. James, drawing him on.

"These are, to keep your eyes open and your mouth shut. Your lordship may command me."

"Mr. Crossbone"—and St. James, motioning the apothecary to a chair, seated himself for serious consultation—"Mr. Crossbone, this Snipeton has deeply injured me."

"I believe him capable of anything, my lord. Sorry am I to say it," said Crossbone, blithely.

"He has wounded the dignity of my family. He has wrested

from us the borough of Liquorish"—Crossbone looked wondrous disgust at the enormity;—"a borough that has been ours, aye, since the Conquest."

"No doubt," cried Crossbone. "He might as well have stolen the family plate."

"Just so. Now, Mr. Crossbone, I do not pretend to be a whit better than the ordinary run of my fellow-creatures. I must therefore confess 'twould give me some pleasure to be revenged of this money-seller."

"Situated as you are, my lord; wounded as you must be in a most patriotic part, I do not perceive how your lordship can, as a nobleman and a gentleman, do less than take revenge. It is a duty you owe your station—a duty due to society, for whose better example noblemen were made. Revenge, my lord!" cried Crossbone, with a look of devotion.

"The sweeter still the better," said St. James.

"Right, my lord; very right. Revenge is a magnificent passion, and not to be meddled with in the spirit of a chandler. No trumpery ha'porths of it,—'twould be unworthy of a nobleman."

"Mr. Crossbone, you are a man of great intelligence. A man who ought not to vegetate in the country with dandelion and pimpernel. No, sir: you must be fixed in London. A genius like yours, Mr. Crossbone, is cast away upon bumpkins. We shall yet see you with a gold cane, in your own carriage, Mr. Crossbone."

And with these words, Lord St. James gently pressed the tips of Crossbone's fingers. The apothecary was wholly subdued by the condescension of his lordship. He sat in a golden cloud, smiling, and looking bashfully grateful. And then his eyes trembled with emotion, and he felt that he should very much like to acknowledge upon his knees the honour unworthily conferred upon him. It would have much comforted him to kneel; nevertheless, with heroic self-denial he kept his seat; and at length in a faint voice said—"It isn't for me, your lordship, to speak of my poor merits; your lordship knows best. But this I must say, my lord; I do think I have looked after the weeds of the world quite long enough. I own, it is now my ambition to cultivate the lilies."

"I understand, Mr. Crossbone! Well, I don't know that even the court may not be open to you."

The vision was too much for the apothecary. He sighed, as though suddenly oppressed by a burthen of delight. In fancy,

he already had his fingers on a royal pulse, whose harmonious throbbings communicating with his own ennobled anatomy, sweetly troubled his beating heart. However, with the will of a strong man he put down the emotion, and returned to his lordship's business.

"You spoke of revenge, my lord? Upon that wealthy wretch, Snipeton? May I ask what sort of revenge your lordship desires to take?"

"Faith! Mr. Crossbone, my revenge is like Shylock's. I'd take it," said the young gentleman, with a smile of significant bitterness—"I'd take it 'nearest his heart.'"

"Yes, I understand; perfectly, my lord," said Crossbone with new gaiety. "The flesh of his flesh, eh? His wife?"

"His wife," cried St. James passionately.

"Excellent, my lord! Excellent! Ha! ha! ha!" And the apothecary could not resist the spirit of laughter that tickled him; it was so droll to imagine a man—especially an old man—despoiled of his wife. "She would be sweet revenge," cried Crossbone, rubbing his hands with an implied relish.

"And practicable, eh?" cried St. James. Crossbone smiled again, and rubbed his hands with renewed pleasure, nodding the while. "He has carried her from Dovesnest; buried her somewhere; for this much I know—she is not at his house in the city."

"I know all, my lord; all. I have received a letter—here it is"—and Crossbone gave the missive to St. James: "you see, he writes me that she is ill—very ill—and as he has great faith in my knowledge—for there is no man without some good point, let's hope that—in my knowledge of her constitution, he desires me to come and see her. I've arrived this very morning in London. I was going direct to him; but—surely there's providence in it, my lord—but something told me to come and see you first."

"And I am delighted," said St. James, "that you gave ear to the good genius. You'll assist me?"

"My lord," said Crossbone solemnly, "I have, I hope, a proper respect for the rights of birth and the institutions of my country. And I have always, my lord, considered politics as nothing more than enlarged morals."

"Thank you for the apophthegm"—said the flattering St. James. "May I use it in parliament when—I get there?"

"Oh, my lord!" simpered Crossbone, and continued. "Enlarged morals. Now, this man Snipeton, in opposing your lordship

for Liquorish, in bringing in a muffin-maker over your noble head—all the town is ringing with it—has, I conceive, violated whole-sale morality, and should be punished accordingly. But how punished? You can't touch him through his money. No: 'tis his coat of mail. He's what I call a golden crocodile, my lord, with but one tender place—and that's his wife. Then strike him there, and you punish him for his presumption, and revenge the disgrace he has put upon your family."

"Exactly," said St. James, a little impatient of the apothecary's morals. "But, my good sir, do you know where the lady is?"

"No. But I shall order her wherever may be most convenient. Would the air of Bath suit you?" asked the apothecary with a leer.

"Excellently—nothing could be better," said St. James.

"Bath be it, then. And she must go alone; that is, without that Mrs. Wilton. I don't like that woman. There's a cold watchfulness about her that we can do without, my lord."

"But how separate them?" asked St. James.

"Leave that to me. Well handled, nothing cuts like a sharp lie; it goes at once through heartstrings." St. James passed his hand across his face: he felt his blood had mounted there. "It has often separated flesh of flesh and bone of bone, and may easily part mistress and servant. Talking of servants, have you no trusty fellow to go between us, my lord?"

Even as the apothecary spoke Ralph brought in a card; the card given by St. James to St. Giles. The returned transport awaited in the hall the command of his patron.

"Nothing could be more fortunate," cried St. James. "Ralph, tell the man who brings this, to attend this gentleman and take his orders. To-morrow I will see him myself."

"And to-morrow, my lord," said the apothecary, with new courage holding forth his hand, "to-morrow you shall hear from me."

"To-morrow," said St. James.

"To-morrow; heaven be with your lordship;" and with this hope, the apothecary departed.

St. James hastily paced the room. The walls were hung with mirrors.

The young gentleman—was it a habit?—still walked with his hand to his face.

## THE POOR MAN'S COAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "PURGATORY OF SUICIDES."

THE sun shone out so gay, of late,  
 I hastened to St. James' Park gate,  
 And entered in to breathe the breeze,—  
 To glad me with the budding trees,  
 The verdant sward, the graceful swans,  
 The diving fowls, and little ones  
 Who laugh, while throwing crumbs of bread,  
 To see how eager to be fed,  
 The quick-eyed ducks throng o'er the lake,  
 And scarce have leisure to cry "quake!"

'Twas lightsome for the heart, to view  
 Nature put on her robes anew ;—  
 To see those feathered things of life  
 Skim to the verge, in giddy strife ;—  
 To hear the laugh of children, there,  
 And see how glad their faces were ;—  
 To mark the pairs of decent people,  
 Although 'twas Sunday, shun the steeple,  
 And hold their church withouten thrall,  
 'Neath "the blue sky that bends o'er all ;"—  
 'Twas very pleasant, altogether,  
 To see these sights in such fine weather,  
 And feel how freely one could walk,  
 And, to one's self, so calmly talk.

And talk unto myself I did,  
 Saying, "These waters pellucid,  
 These plumaged things, this goodly grass,  
 These spreading elms,—each lad and lass,  
 Linked arm-in-arm, can freely view ;  
 And, after all, 'tis scarcely true  
 That only lords and ladies grand  
 Are privileged, in British land,

To have their holidays of mirth ;  
 For none seem here of lordly birth :  
 'Tis true, they all are fairly drest ;  
 But then, of course, folk wear their best  
 On Sundays."

Thus I sagely talked,  
 And to the other gate I walked :  
 The gate, I mean, that 's near the mansion,  
 So vast in its stone expansion,—  
 Within which, Majesty—some seasons—  
 Sits to hear Peel's sagacious reasons  
 For making oath she governs well :—  
 Doth she dispute it ? I can't tell ;  
 But think, by royal orthodoxy,  
 She must believe in—Rule by Proxy :  
 At least, you know, the House of Lords,  
 Some colour to my thought affords—  
 Since he who learned midst deathly strife  
 To govern men in peaceful life—  
 Our war-enlightened Wellington—  
 Holds seventy peers' sage brains in one  
 Pocket,—and useth them for any  
 Service that curbs th' unruly Many !

Just as I reached the gate in question,  
 I saw a sight 'tis sad to mention.  
 One whose worn features showed he toiled,  
 With coat his work had somewhat soiled,—  
 The coat in which he earned his bread,—  
 Ventured into the park to tread ;  
 Whereat, a thing with gilt-band hat,  
 Thrust him with rudeness to the gate,  
 And turned him out ! I stared : but, quick,  
 The porter hid his splenetic  
 And ruby face, that did betoken  
 He feared some harsh words would be spoken  
 By me and others, who did look  
 Little inclined that deed to brook.

Then forth to him that out was thrust  
 I sped, and thus his case discussed :  
 " I guess, my honest friend, you bought,  
 With your own hard-earned brass, that coat ?"

"I did," he answered, "and I work  
Daily as hard as any Turk,  
To win a crust, and think it hard  
To be a walk i' th' park debarred.  
My Sunday coat, to help my mother,  
I pawned; and I have not another,  
Save this upon my back, to wear.  
This usage, sir, is hard to bear!"

"It is," said I: "a tax was laid  
Upon that coat: that tax you paid;  
And, though your coat is stained and soiled,  
In it for taxes you have toiled:  
Taxes, to keep in sovereign pride  
Her whose grand palace doth bestride  
This soldiered space: taxes, to feed  
That menial who hath done this deed:  
Taxes, to keep this goodly park  
In pleasing trim:—but now, friend, hark!  
Think of these things, until you feel  
This show of red-coat men with steel,  
That serves to awe the toiling crowd,  
And keep in useless pomp the proud,  
Will vanish,—if poor men will learn  
Their rights and duties to discern,  
And league, a peaceful, moral band,  
To end injustice through the land.  
Think of these things, and tell aloud,  
Where'er you go, what wrongs the Proud  
Inflict on Toil. Man, speak it out!  
And it will soon be brought about,  
No high-taxed coat you 'll take to pawn,  
But Sunday clothes become your own;—  
And working-men will cease to be  
Taxed for a park that's not more free  
For them than for a mangy dog!"

"Did you say this, seditious rogue?"

"I did; and, if I see another  
Poor, honest, toiling, work-coat brother  
Treated as vilely, words as strong  
I'll utter. *Can you prove me wrong?"*



## A CHAPTER OF CHURCH MICE.

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THE clergy of a rural district in the south-west were assembled at a visitation dinner. At the head of the board presided the lord bishop, in the person of his chancellor. At a side-table sat a company of the laity, consisting of agricultural and bucolic gentlemen, under the superintendence of the deputy-registrar. The after-grace had been duly said, and the cloth—except in as far as it formed part of the meeting—removed. Leaving the reverend and more dignified guests to the discussion of grave matters and port, descend we, as romances say, to the lower end of the hall, and to the conversation that took place between the stout yeomen there, over a bowl of punch.

“Well, naighbour Cowdry,” said Mr. Goddard, addressing a brother farmer, “what didst think o’ the chancellor’s charge this marnun’?”

“Ah! ’twur a wonderful fine discourse, warn’t it?” answered Mr. Cowdry. “’A talk’d like a book, didn’t ’a? There was moor nor haaf ’a zed as I couldn’t undersdand—not I.”

“I wonders what ’a meant, now,” observed Mr. Buckle, the collar-maker, “when ’a talk’d o’ the ‘unhappy divisions now prevalent in our church?’”

“What, dostn’t thee know,” replied Goddard, “that there be a split among the paasons? What is ’t they calls the new lights?”

“Loosafers?” suggested a member of the company.

“Loosafers!” exclaimed Mr. Goddard. “No, no. Loosafers be matches. I’m a talk’n’ o’ paarsons. Pshoo! I should know the neam on ’em if I heerd ’un.”

“Avunjellyculls?” surmised another.

“Naw,” said Farmer Goddard. “Not they. There be newer lights yit than they. I manes the last up. What d’ye call ’um, young Measter Lovelock? Thee’st bin to boordunschool.”

“Call ’em? Puseyites, don’t they?” replied the swain appealed to.

“Ah, to be sure!” cried the other. “Pussyites. That’s the word. Pussyites.”

"Well; who be the Pusseyites?" demanded Mr. Cowdry.

"Who be they?" repeated a rather elderly personage, in a rural and somewhat rusty full dress of black and drab, with grizzled locks, a copper nose, and solemn visage, but a queer twinkle in the eye. "Who be they? Why, they be a sart o' rattle-mice, nuther bird nor beest, a flicker n in the twilight atween one church and t'other."

"Hush, naighbour Frost; spake lower, mun; the chancellor 'll hear thee else, and tell the bishop on thee," said Mr. Cowdry. "What dost mane by call'n on 'em rattle-mice? How," he continued, not understanding Mr. Frost's metaphor, "d'ye make a Christian out a rattle-mouse?"

"Why, spake'n by comparazun," replied Farmer Frost. "Howsumdever, there be Christians,—ah! and paasons too, as changes into mice, and rale mice."

"How? When? Who told thee?" exclaimed several of the hearers, some in astonishment, others derisively.

"How? That's nuther here nor there. When? Arter the death on 'em. Who told me? They as spoke for theirselves," asserted Mr. Frost with the utmost gravity.

"Measter Frost," said a neighbouring acquaintance, "it strikes me thy liquor has got into thy head."

"No, Measter Address, it ha'nt."

"Then thee bist a comin' the old sojer over us."

"No, I baint—"

"Then, what in the neam o' Fort'n' bist thee a talk'n about?"

"What I heer'd and zee; and if you 've a mind to know as much as I knows, I tell you what you do, mate,—you goo one o' these here nights and git lock'd up in Winchester Cathedral."

"Thankee. I'd rather you than me," returned Mr. Andrews.

"Why, what should you be afraid of, Mr. Andrews?" asked young Lovelock.

"What odds is that to you?" was the evasive, and not very gracious answer.

"Master Andrews believes in ghosts," cried the youth, laughing.

"Well; and why not?" demanded Mr. Andrews. "Han't things been sin at night about Danebury Hill? Don't Will Smithers, as hung his self along o' Cicely Westbrook, walk reg'larly arter dark up Whiteshoot Lane? Didn't 'a vrighten Sarah Grunsell into vits?"

"She-e!" exclaimed the sceptic. "She never saw anything worse than her own shadow."

"How about that thing, then, that used to 'pear in Sandpits in the shape of an old 'ooman bent double, as was well know'd to be old Nanny Tucker; she as went for a witch!"

"How about it? Why, it turned out to be a giddy sheep, that had got the staggers."

"Thee think'st thyself a vine feller, master Willum, I dare say. Tell thee what—thee bist a unbeliev'n jackanyeaps; and so here's to thee. As to Winchester Cathedral, aint it a sart'n vact that old Oliver Cromwell drives up and down there every night in a coach wi' twelve hosses without e'er a head?"

"Naw, naw," demurred some of the other interlocutors, for whose faith this legend was rather too improbable. "Naw, naw—Come,—that's rather too big a mossel to swaller."

"Well," interposed Farmer Frost, "that med be, and it medd'n't—I can't say noth'n about that matter; but there's zummut I could zay if I'd a mind to 't."

"What's that, naighbour?" was the general exclamation.

"Moor nor any o' you can zay. It zo happens that I have ben shut up in that are very plice a whole night."

"What didst zee then?" cried all again, with faces of gaping interest.

"Ah!" said the farmer, looking mysterious and very cunning. "That's tell'ns."

"Why not tell it, then?" pertinently observed young Lovelock.

"Oh! you'll only laaf at me if I do," returned Mr. Frost, with seeming indifference.

"No, we wun't—'Pon my sesso, we wun't. We wun't raaly," declared the hearers.

"Well, then, there; I zee they mice as I was a spake'n on just now; paasons as had a bin, changed into them there varmint."

"But how com'dst to know they'd ha' bep paasons?" inquired an auditor.

"How? They told me zo theirselves, to be sure."

"What! mice spake?"

"Why shouldn't they? Didst never hear o' the zing'n mouse?" argued the Socratic Frost. "'Sides, these here warn't ar'nary mice; but sperruts in mice's shyaap. But there, if you dwoocant choose to b'lave me, 'tis o' no use my goo'n on."

"Ees, ees, goo on. Do 'ee. No fence in ax'n the question," pleaded the objector.

"You must know, then," continued Farmer Frost, "that beun' at Winchester one Zunday arternoon, thinks I, well now, as I be rather vond o' music, suppose I gooes to the Cathedral to hear the anthen. Zo I 'ool then, I sez to myself. 'Cord'nly off I walks, and in I gooes, along neaav', and up into quire. 'Stead o' stand'n to be stared at, in the middle o' church, I thought I'd zee and git a zrug sate, zo I just shows one o' the clerks a-shill'n; and he pops me into what they calls a stall, wi' a zoft cushion to zit upon, and another to knale down upon, where, have'n my gurt quoaat on, I vound it as comfortable as a rabbit-hutch, thof 'twas but a little arter Christmas."

"Well, but what's that are got to do wi' thy story?" inquired Mr. Cowdry.

"I'll tell 'ee. Beun' winter time, o' course they was forced to ha' lights; zo as 'twas purty dimmish in that are gurt build'n, and a feller could goo off into a nap in a nook or karnar on 't, and there bide when servus was over, without nobody mind'n on 'un, no moor nor a pig in a poke; if 'a didn't happ'n to znore."

"What, then you mean to say that you fell asleep?" said Lovelock.

"Ees, I did, 'long o' listen'n to the sarmunt. The discoorse was too strong vor me; zummut like a drap too much o' parry-garrick."

"Hadn't you," queried the young farmer, "been taking a drop too much o' something else? Where had you been to, Mr. Frost?"

"Ben to? Only to the Black Zwan. I hadn't had noth'n but a pot o' aaightp'ny, and a glass or zo o' brandy-and-water; and what's that? Well, howsomdever, off I went; but fast, vind'n I couldn't keep my eyes open, I draa'd a curtain athirt me, and vlung my ankecher over my veace, 'cause I shouldn't be zia, and by way o' keep'n off the draaft."

"Theed'st best ha' kep' out the draaft afore thee wentest in, naaighbour," remarked Mr. Cowdry.

"Arter that, p'raps you 'll vill my glass," replied Farmer Frost. "Well, how long I'd slep', darn me if I could tell; when at laast I woke up, and vound myself all in the dark, 'cept a glimmer o' moonlight, as come droo winder, and showed one o' they tombs up aloft, where the dead kings' bwoans is."

"Loramassy!" cried the audience simultaneously, shuddering.  
 "Wastn't vrit?" said one of them.

"Ah! I b'lieve ye, I was," answered the narrator.

"Didstn't holler out?"

"Why, there," answered Mr. Frost, "'s the puzzle on 't. I couldn't. I tried. But vor all I could do, vor the life o' me I couldn't spake above a whisper."

"Well now, that are 's strange—yeant it?" remarked the hearers one to another.

"No," continued Mr. Frost, "I couldn't spake out; and moor, I couldn't wag. But what 's queer now, I could hear the laste zound. Rum noises I heer'd too, mind ye. Zumtimes come a zort o' rumble like thunder a good way off, simmunly runn'n 'long the galleries. Then, at times, I vancied I heer'd a faaint zound come vrom the organ; and every moment I expected to hear 'un growl out, and zee the lids o' the tombs lift up, and the dead a rise'n out on 'em. Once I thought I raly did zee the zeppulchres begin'n to heave. Lor! how the prespration run off me to be sure! When sudd'ntly there was a whirr'n all round me, like the runn'n down of a zmoke-jack, and then bang went the clock!"

"Strik'n twelve?" interposed the company.

"No," said the farmer. "I counted 'un; and 'a struck THIRTEEN! 'A did, as I 'm a liv'n zinner. No sooner had 'a done, than up struck sich a squeak'n, as thof for all the worlde a dozen whate-reeks was a-fire, and all the mice in 'em a beun' zinged. And then all the Cathedral seem'd alive wi' sparks, dart'n and cutt'n here and there, like you zee in a bit o' burnt p'haaper a goo'n out. 'Massy! Jamany! Crimany ho! thinks I, what 's all this? 'Massy on me! and I tried to zay the Belafe; when a couple o' the sparkles come a runn'n towards me, and stopp'd overright me on the pleace for the Praayer Book. Lo and behold ye! the sparks was a pair of eyes belong'n to a gurt mouse. I could meak 'un out by a sort of bluish light as glimmer'd all round 'un. 'Fear not, man,' says the creetur, speak'n quite plain, only wi' a kind o' squake. 'Zatan,' I says, 'I defies thee.' 'I baint Zatan,' says the mouse, 'and I wun't do you no harm; zo don't be afear'd.' 'Who bist, then?' sez I, as well as I could, in a whisper, 'I conjures thee, spake.' 'My neam,' a'sez, 'is Mitre-mouse. I wur once one o' the heads o' the church; but I thought moor o' the loaves and vishes than I did o' my vlock, and I used to zell zmall beer out o' my palace to the poor people; and now

you zees what I be come to. Zame wi' all they other mice as you beholds.' And by this time I did zee that the lights was zo many mouses' eyes. 'They was all clargy once,' a' sez, 'and now they be mice, and zo they 'll bide till zuch time as they've ben sarved out vor their misdoo'ns. Till then we be forced to haunt this here Cathedral. All day long we has to bide penn'd up in the holes and crannies and cryptisus, and at night we be let out, and 'low'd to hold a Chapter, and talk over what 's goo'n on in the church. You've heard,' a' sez, 'o' church mice. Now you knows what they be.' 'Ees,' I sez, 'I've heer'd the say'n, poor as a church mouse.' 'Ah!' a' squeaks, 'I wish we hadn't ben zo rich once; we shouldn't be zo poor now. But you hold your tongue; only look, and listen, and book what you hears and sees, for the good o' them (and there's plenty on 'em) that it may consarn."

"Loramassy, Mast. Vrost, this here 's a strange story!" exclaimed the auditors.

"Strainge, but true:" said the relater. "Well, mates, whilst old Mitremouse was speak'n all't'others took and raising'd themselves up in rows, zum on vorms, zum on the edges of pews, zum on book ledges on vront o' stalls, and one on 'em got up top o' pulpit. 'Now, mark,' says Mitremouse, 'he 's a goo'n to spake.' 'Who be 'a?' I axes. 'Shovelhat,' answers Mitremouse, 'Listen to 'un.'

"My once rever'nt and now myomorphous brether'n', a begun — what 'a meant by myamarpus I dwooant know: 'twas haythen Grik to me. 'Tis a comfort," says Shovelhat, 'under our present onhappy sarc'mstances; 'tis a 'leviaation o' the suffer'ns as we'm a justly undergoo'n of, to con-tem-plate the prawsperaty o' the order as we b'long'd to in the world. In like manner, 'tis a aggrivaation of our c'lamaties to behold the misfort'ns and disgreaces on 't. We zymphathizes wi' that body still; we be still jealous o' the honour o' the ridg'ment we was sogers in. Now, brether'n, I'm sure you must, all on you, feel, wi' me, the gurtest sheam' and regret when yo' considers what doo'ns, and what goon's on there have ben for some time paast in the 'stablished church.' Here Shovelhat pull'd up to teak brath; and I whispers to Mitremouse, Why, how come he to know about that are? 'There be they that tells us,' sez Mitremouse; 'you bide quiet.' Then on gooes Shovelhat agin.

"'Terrible doo'ns', a' sez, 'my brether'n! Shock'n doo'ns! Wus than ever ourn was; and see what 's come to we! Sceece a

week goes by without some scan'lous show-up 'pear'n' in the newsp haapers. Desave'n young women, and they their own sarv'nts; zitt'n and zing'n wi' 'em in kitchen; breaa'k'n the zeventh C'mandment; gett'n 'bitually tipsy in public-house; brawl'n and vight'n; cutt'n and maaim'n dumb animals; and wus,—the ship o' their own vlock! Zell'n and chaffer'n liv'ns and curacies over a bottle o' wine! Aint it sheam'ful, my brether'n? Oughtn't we to be a'most glad that we be out o' the cloth, and in this here fur, wi' smellers on 'stead o' bands? What can be the rason and the mane'n o' this terreable state o' 'fairs in the church? How to remady 't? Mayhap, my brether'n, zum on you, as knows better nor I do, will aanswer these here questsh'ns?' Wi' that, Shovelhat came down from pulput; and up stuck another in his plice. 'Who's he, if you plaze, m' lard?' says I to Mitremouse. 'Don't m' lard me now,' a sez. 'That's Pluralcure; mind you 'tends to what a' zays.'

“‘Mice o' the church,' squeaks Pluralcure, 'till we poor varmint shall be enlighten'd; so long as we shall continny under these shadders o' darkness; we can only gie a guess at the causes o' things. Yet we, even we, feller mice, have zight enough to zee how the cat jumps.' At this all the mice sets up squeak'n like mad. 'Pard'n me,' sez Pluralcure, 'I meant no light 'lusion to our condition. What I manes is, we be able to conjecter, my brether'n, judg'n from what we knows. Now we knows well enough what's right and wrong; and you wishes, and I wishes, that we 'd made better use o' our knowledge. And we knows that they as acts wrong, draas confusion and disgreace on all them as belongs to 'em. Well, pride and domineer'n 's wrong; lade'n volks by the nwoocas is wrong; deception 's wrong; and they as praches wrong up is wus than they as does it. Now there 's a set o' clargy sprung up at Oxford as wants to set up a authority for the church o' England aqual to what 's claaim'd by the church o' Rhooam. They must know, my brether'n, that they han't got no right to 't, no moor nor Independents and Methodishes. They must zee that nobody can purtend to 't if Rhwooam caant; and that if Rhwooam can, then they ought to gie in to Rhwooam. That 's what zome on 'em, as seems honest, whether they be mistaken or not, ha' done; but many bides where they be, and ates the church's bread whilst they praches agin the church's doct'rines.' Here there was a gin'ral squeak'n as seem'd to zound like 'Name, name!' 'Why need I tell 'ee, my brether'n?' says Pluralcure;

'I manes the Pussyites? But the wust of all their tennuts is what they holds respect'n signater to th' articles; subscribe'n to 'em in a non-nate'ral sense.' Hear'n this, the mice gav' another squake as nigh as poss'ble to a grwoon. 'Beg your pard'n,' sez I to Mitremouse, 'but what 's a non-nate'ral sense?' 'Why, a false one,' says Mitremouse; 'as if you was to swear to a white pig at 'sizes, when you know'd the only one you lost was a black 'un.'

" 'Now,' says Pluralcure, 'my b'lafe and opinion is, that all this here trouble have come upon the Church all along o' its allow'n itself to be infested wi' this here Pussyism; and my rason for thinking so is this—The backslide'ns o' paas'ns shows they be men arter all, and baint to be stuck up, and worshipp'd, and knuckled down to, moor than sich wake creeturs ought to be: ' and zo Pluralcure made an end o' his spache; and his room was took by another, that Mitremouse told me was call'd Clutchglebe.

" 'Brother nibblers,' cries Clutchglebe, 'could our squake be heard outzide these walls, the Church would zoon be vreed vrom her reprwoaches. The cloth wants dust'n, my brether'n; the surplus blache'n. But first the build'n itself ought to be swep out. 'Tell 'ee how I 'd do 't—Brother Shovelhat was talk'n o' the ridg'ment we used to be sojers of. Why dwoant they do in the church as they does in th' army? They makes short work of a feller there if 'a praches insubordinaasion; much moor for plott'n wi' th' enemy. They'd tache a man to understand th' articles o' war in a non-nate'ral sense! Let a officer play the zot or the blackyard, and they dismisses 'un double quick from the servus for conduct unbecom'n an officer and a gen'lman. Whereas here 's a feller convicted o' conduct unbecom'n a Christian and a clargyman, and 'a gits—what? Why they only suspends 'un for dree months—not by the neck, mind. My brether'n, I zay that as there be coort martials, zo there ort to be a coort clerical. I 'oodn't shoot or hang offenders, 'zactly, nor yit vlog 'em; though that 'ood sarve some on 'em right. And I dwoant zay as I 'd goo so vur as to chant 'em out o' diocese, as rogues be drumm'd out o' ridg'ment. But I 'd break 'em, my brether'n. I 'd cashier 'em, that I 'ood; and render 'em incyaapable o' sarv'n thenceforrad in any cleric'l capassaty. That 's my remady for the evils o' the church.' Zo spoke Clutchglebe, and the church mice all squeal'd out together, zay'n they entirely 'greed wi' 'un. When all at once there was heer'd a yell like the scrame o' a 'normus tom-cat, make'n the old Cathedral ring again.



Away scuttl'd mice, Mitremouse and all, to their holes and karners. At the zame time the clock toll'd one; a lot o' lights danced afore my eyes, and I felt a zart o' shock as simm'd to run droo me like lightn'n. And then I vound I'd got the use o' my limbs, and spache. But I was afeard to holler, and beun' lock'd in, there I was forced to bide till marnun', when one o' the clerks come and open'd the pleast, and let me out, moor dead nor alive. But there,—now you've heer'd what I larn't from the church mice, as how this here disagreeace that have come upon the clargy o' late, have been all along o' that are Pussyism."

Here there was a dead pause; during which the auditors of Mr. Frost continued to stare at him open-mouthed, and in silence, broken only by a few ejaculations, partaking of the nature of a grunt.

At length, said Mr. Cowdry,—having recovered from his bewilderment,—very slowly, "Bist thee sure, now, naighbour, thee hastn't bin draa'n the long-bow?"

Mr. Frost in the most solemn manner devoted himself, if guilty of a fabrication, to Jack Ketch,

"Then," said young Lovelock, "the fact most likely is, that the only spirits you saw were in your own head, and had got there, along with the beer you drank, at the Black Swan. You fell asleep, man, and had something between a dream and a nightmare."

"Ees," said Goddard; "that 's what 'twas, mate. Thee must have ben a little the wus for drink."

"Ah!" cried Farmer Frost, "you med zay what you like; but you wun't argy me out o' belave'n my own zenses."

"Well," said Mr. Cowdry, "anyhow, thee must be dry arter that long story. Come, poke over thy glass, mun. But zee, the chancellor's gitt'n up from teeable; zo now I s'pose we may ha' in the pipes."

PERCIVAL LEIGH.

## THEODORE HOOK'S GRAVE.

A LETTER TO A JOHN OUT OF OFFICE.

BY PAUL BELL.

MR. CROAKER.—“Heaven send we be all the better for it this day twelvemonth!”—*The Good Natured Man.*

SIR,—You are looked up to (and it may be presumed with your own acquiescence) as a Pillar of Propriety! You have withdrawn from public life, outraged—and who can wonder?—by the desperate and corrupting changes which have penetrated the whole world of affairs since your

—hot youth when George the Third was King!

In your time, however; nay, and since your retreat, too, you have done much. You have attested your championship of “the weaker sex” by administering the most lacerating chastisement to all whose pens have dared to trip aside from the paths pointed out by your immaculate nursing-grandmother—Old Toryism. You have been the truest Lucullus to the noblest Timon who ever taught our English aristocracy how to “fleet the world as they did in the old time,” by aid of the blandishments of bought Loathing, the dainties of epicurean Luxury, the obsequiousness of abject Serfdom. Your light, Sir, has not been hidden under a bushel. The Press has made much of your charity public, and recorded not a few of your dignified associations. You are now Retired Leisure, Sir: steeped in the odour of orthodoxy—driven to fall back among your recollections by way of a defence against the Anarchy pressing you so coarsely. For Time grows noisy, and Change rapid as steam. Why, Sir, you have lived to see the evil-doer brought to shame without fear or favour—the Man of Pleasure, sitting, a living Death, at the board, to which his *Aspasia* found beauty, and you the Attic salt!—the Political Trader replaced by the Political Free Trader—the sluggard sentenced to the Tread-mill—the slanderer compelled to sting himself to Death! After so brilliant a Past, what a degenerate Present!—It is to you, then, Sir, that, in this iron age, I would point out an instance of high-mindedness and delicacy, too precious and unique for our thanks

due to be entrusted to any one poorer in experiences and regrets than yourself.

Within a bow-shot of the Bishop of London's Palace at Fulham, I was, the other day, bidden to admire the grave of a devoted champion of Church and State, who so valiantly administered the knout to the wicked Whigs, and, yet more chivalrously, to their womenkind; under the ensign of the Bible and Sceptre—the device of the *John Bull*. Poor Theodore Hook! that gayest of table-companions! and best-natured of human creatures:—that “life and soul” (so runs the rhyme) of great tables, the plate on which you, too, have helped to clean:—that profound moralist who showed the black-heartedness of Bloomsbury, the low life of Leeds, the mechanical melancholy of “Manchester Tradesmen,” to tender-conscienced Lord Johns, and innocent Lady Janes; who opened their pretty eyes, and—

Marvelled much to see the creatures dine!

—that *Improvisatore* who could set a rhyme against every name, and a gibe against every grave thing:—that man, in short (to use one of his own favourite verbs) who “worried himself” to Death to please his patrons!—here lies that delight of so many reverend Divines, and inane Peers, and delicate Duchesses, who laughed till their laces were like to burst at his double-refined *double-entendres*,—without aught to mark his fame! 'Tis right. No vulgar-looking lamp with its fat flame toppling tipsily over his ashes!—no country-bumpkin handful of corn in the ear heavy for harvest!—no methodistical text with its regulation “assurance and certainty”—nor rubbishy Bellman's rhyme, to vaunt

His manly virtues and his brilliant parts,

should deck the stone. Most refined, sir, is it not? His old friends haunt the spot, in tearful gratitude for his past services, in tearful memory of past carouses; but they feel too poignantly to praise him by effigy, or device, or tribute!

Not that the world of survivors was to want its teaching because poor Hook wanted his monument.—The above signal manifestation of self-denial is little less touching than the plain severity of the oration, published shortly after his decease. Strangers to the author of “Gilbert Gurney” had, during his life, thought of him only as the caustic and lively moralist, a little unscrupulous, and too much given to class-warfare, but blithe and animated; or they

heard of him from afar as "capital company"—the man who could "bring in" to his verses names as unmanageable as Longshanks, or Shufflebottom, or Scratchby—who could make a wonderful imitation of the cathedral service on the piano-forte without playing a note, and act a whole Mecklenburg-square family—father, mother, swelling sons and smart daughters (the white-eyed lame governess not forgotten), between the courses!—a mocking Bird of Paradise, in short, whom kings and queens and dukes and ambassadors, alone, were worthy to cage and to feed! When they read of his decease, they grieved that a life so merry should come to an end. Some of them—grateful innocents!—were sure that he must have a nook or a niche in the Abbey; the humblest went the length of Kensal Green, and there, in fond fancy, set up a cenotaph as showy as Mr. St. John Long's or that of the deceased Paintress, inaugurated by no meaner a personage than Mademoiselle Cerito! How little did they guess the truth! How indispensable was it that they should be disenchanting by those who had the Jester's secret! This, in its mercy, the ——— Review told them. For the information of all who knew not Hook's history, by way of aid and solace to his bereaved family, a friendly hand took up the pen of the Accusing Angel. "Go to," said the writer, "we will prevent those who inquire not— we will show forth the deeds of our friend and brother. We will wash the paint from his cheeks, that Men may count the wrinkles and the pain-spots! We will strip him naked, that all may behold the grievousness of his sores." Alas! sir, more is the pity that this truth-telling spirit is not one in which the lives of men of letters have been written! The world has had too much of degrading excuse calling itself admiring sympathy; too much of facts twisted, and blame bestowed amiss; of false and frivolous confusions between virtue and vice; of attempts to identify Genius by every morbid passion and base desire, and to prove the two not merely co-existent but concomitant. Sorely and shamefully has testimony been perverted by those called upon to speak. But here was silence which none were bidden to break. The tale was tendered unasked. There was no thought of claiming a saintship for your friend and fellow-labourer—no danger lest his intimates (as few knew better than yourself) should open too ready a hand, or too merciful a heart to comfort and succour those he had left behind. How strong, then, must have been the principle of duty which led some old fellow-actor of the deceased mimic to step for-

ward, and tell us that he whom you had consorted with, and flattered and urged on, whose follies you had used, whose time you had usurped, was a wretched being harassed by perpetual terrors lest his daily bread should fail—bankrupt in health—bruised in spirit—dragging abroad with him the chain of debt, and all its enginry of torment from one scene of mirth to another; and when at home (the home your presence so often brightened) derived the most healthy support and the wholesome solace which Husband and Father can enjoy.

Verily, Theodore Hook had his reward! Wits—party-writers—facetious novelists—boon companions, think of these things; be grateful for *the modesty* of the grave in Fulham church-yard. To me that unhonoured stone speaketh with a voice louder than a trumpet's. And for you, sir,—as Hook's old familiar friend—the share you have had, be it more or less, in reading a lesson so important to all possessing what are called "social qualities," entitles you to the world's warmest gratitude. But we do not promise to emulate your example. Your virtues *may* be written on your tombstone.

I have the honour to remain,

Your admiring and grateful servant,

PAUL BELL.

## MAY-DAY FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE month of May is upon us—these pages will see the light upon the birth-day of the summer time. The season of the leaf and the flower—of the greenness of the wood, and the richness of the sward, and the soothing murmurs of the brooklet has come. This is not the age for pastorals. We know it, and do not intend to "babble o' green fields," to conjure up mossy grotts—to make them resound to the lay of merriest birds—to people flowery meads with fickle Chloes, and shady groves with love-sick Strephons. Nevertheless there is something in the season to make us think of smokeless air, and budding trees, and turf in which you shall sink to the ankle—the richest carpet of Nature's weaving. It is the joyous period when Time for a space renews its youth. It is a period of renewed energy—a blithe awakening in green freshness of the earth. The world's blood which stag-

nated during winter's sleepy frosts—which moved but with an inconstant and halting circulation under Spring's fickle influences, is now rushing, hot and mantling through Nature's veins, and the denizens of earth and air participate in the flushed vigour of the Universal Mother.

May-day is a high festival of Nature. It is the real New-Year's day. The earth is rejoicing around us. The birds sing from their nests, and rising—incense-like from the earth—floats upwards the dumb music of the flowers. And we all partake, although perchance we know it not, in this general jubilee. The town-pent man hurrying along the crowded street, hears with a species of semi-conscious thrill, the voice of the caged blackbird, hung out where a patch of sunshine comes cheerfully on the brown brick wall; or he looks with a momentarily-awakened interest upon the budding greenness of a solitary tree, impounded as it were in some black city-garden; and donning, with all the haste it may, every shred of summer-livery which smoke and confined air will permit it to assume.

It was then, yielding to these impulses—preparing a channel for these feelings to run riot in—that our forefathers instituted the games of May. And they were in the right. Gladness is natural to the season. Man is not so far removed from inanimate things that he too should not feel some impulse from the influence which quickens them, and causes them to burst into the full flush of their beauty. Not that every season is not cheerful in its turn. Do we disparage the bracing days of frost and driving snow—when the fire is ruddy on the hearth, and the genial solemnities of Christmas tide are celebrated under the wreathed mistletoe and holly bough? Then come—smiling and crying—coaxing and scolding—the fickle days of Spring. Perhaps Winter, which always seems loath to depart, and will keep dragging on an unhonoured existence, gives poor Spring a worse name than she deserves. But for all that, she ripens into Summer—the bud becomes a leaf, the snowdrop, which seemed afraid of showing Winter that she could don Spring's livery, and therefore peeped fearfully out, as white as the snow around her—has drooped and died—and the whole tribe of gaudy flowrets—a gorgeous host, bedight in every hue—come forth, exultingly brighten on the earth, and open their bosoms to Summer's sun and Summer's breeze.

And our forefathers went forth with them. May-day sounded

a voice of joy throughout the land. The maidens bathed their rosy cheeks in May-dew, and if the fluid did them no good, the early rising and the fresh air of the summer dawn were more effectual.

And here let us not be met by sneering remarks upon the quality of our ordinary May weather; about East-winds and rheumatism; drenching rains and colds in the head. If as you say, the seasons have changed since Chaucer's time, make the 1st of June May-day. Here is no bull: postpone the festival—do not omit it. What we want is a joyful welcome to the pleasant summer time; a welcome to the leaf and to the flower; a recognition of that awakening influence, which stirs within us and prompts to gaiety and cheering thoughts. This comes with the summer; receive it, acknowledge it when the summer arrives. May-day is but a word, which signifies the opening of the balmiest, the pleasantest season of the year. Take it in its largest meaning, and hail Queen Summer when her buxom Majesty first smiles upon her throne!

We want May-day to be again celebrated. Not, mind, as of yore; but one would fain see the same spirit run in a more sagely-planned channel. Think for a moment of May-day in the reign of Queen Bess. Leslie's gorgeous picture rises before our eyes as we pen the words. First, a gallant May-pole floats on the vision. See the green wreaths which garland it—in spiral veins of dewy greenery—crowned with a diadem of flowers. Mark the merry crowd which gambol round this, the standard of the summer. The sward is green and soft and springy beneath them. The summer sky is blue over head, and the summer sun shines down, flinging its light in dancing patches through the waving richness of the trees. Truly it is a most quaint revel. It is the *bal masqué* of the middle ages. Hark to the clash—rude but sprightly—of the pipe and tabor; and see the antics which dancers play. Merry on us! what a group—what monsters—what hobby horses—what quaint jesters—what marvellous masques—what a merry pageant! Truly, Master Erasmus, Holiday must have been the marshal of the host. Jolly old Pedant! reply in thy quaint vernacular. Thou hast ordered the folds of that dragon's tail: thou hast traced the quaint mummings of the morris-dance: the attirings of Maid Marian, are they not thy right merrie conceit? and the Pope of fools—hast thou not set his Holiness up in his greenwood Vatican? Round the May-

pole! Round to the quaint cadence of that primeval music—hand in hand with uncouth caper and black-letter joke. Jump hobby horse!—roll dragon! Jester—varlet as thou art—joke thy jokes; it is Summer's Saturnalia—the feast of the greenwood tree.

“Now creatures all are merrie minded.”

Chant as ye dance some quaint old madrigal: make the bright air ring with the traditional tra-la-la of the roaring burden. Nature is singing around you. Join your voices in one flood of joyous revelry to those of—

“Shallow rivers to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.”

It is the time for jest and quip and crank. The cottage and the castle confess its influence. Hark! mingling in the rustic revelry, the uncouth babble of the village swain, with the courtly words—the wire-drawn phraseology of a mimic Arcadia, which the Cavalier—all forms and pedantic state—addresses in measured accents to the high-born dame, moving floatingly along the dance with high-heeled shoe and rustling fardingale!

Such was Mid-day in the times gone by. It gradually fell away from its quaint glory. We got more business like and less pleasure-seeking. We became, somehow, ashamed of dancing in the open air. To the radiance of the sun we preferred the glimmer of melting tallow. The bounding freshness of the Elizabethan times—when European mind, shaking off a mighty incubus, sent out its Shakespeares and its Spencers to show how much of God there was in man—drooped and died for a time under the sad-coloured vestments of the Puritan. Another change came on. Praise-God-Barebones vanished. The snuffling twang of his tabernacle was silent; but great stern minds vanished with the men, who sung psalms to celebrate the downfall of the Cavaliers. Then our country was ruled in the spirit throned amid the gilded salons and marble terraces of Versailles. Revelry became debauch—love-making, intrigue. The rule of conduct was the law of ceremony. Heart-fresh impulse was gone. The court shone like the moon—without heat. Its withering influence fell upon the people. The blithe Welch milkmaid became the jaded mistress of the king. Another change. In prim sobriety of soul, a Dutchman built his bricken palace. The land was grave and plodding. Then Queen Anne's reign came—a time of tasteless pedantry—of perriwigs, hoops and clouded canes—and those days



gradually merged through a shifting, changing century into those in the memory of our own generation, men becoming less formal but more industrious—cities springing up from villages; huge trading ports from fishing hamlets; the whole land becoming one hive of busy, swarming industry.

And from all those revolutions our holiday customs suffered. The Puritans held them to be abominations before the Lord. The Second Charles's reign passed amid the mummery of the court and the murmurings of the people. May-day was not more favoured by the House of Orange. Pope tells us what happened—

“ Where the tall Maypole once o'erlooked the Strand,  
But now—so Ann and piety ordain—  
A church collects the saints of Drury-lane.”

And after the “ little crooked thing which asks a question ” had passed away from time and Twickenham, we became so busy—so monstrously active in spinning, hammering, weaving, and at last fighting, that we proclaimed the undivided reign of Industry, and banished holidays as a species of vagrants—interlopers who could give no good account of themselves—fellows quite unsuited to come between the wind and our respectability. True, we kept one or two as samples of the banished race; but even they were not suffered to exist, until by decking them with the outward badges rather than inspiring them with the subtle spirit of religion, we had taken bond—so far as we could—that they should not, in the ordinary sense of the term, be days of amusement; that is to say, that people should not dance, or hear cheerful music, or witness lively plays then—although, of course, they might get drunk *ad libitum*.

Such is nearly our condition at present. We have nominal Easter and Whitsun holidays, but they are very partial—very imperfect. We would have something like National Jubilees. The French have—not, it is true, a very rational one—in Carnival time, when the whole population get frantic with pleasurable excitement in that *crescendo* of rejoicings; which has its final crash on *Mardi gras*. The advent of summer time, we contend, naturally inspires men with pleasurable sensations. Why not, then, devote something like a week to universal relaxation—to rational holiday keeping? No use in re-erecting the fallen May-poles—no use in summoning back the departed race of morris-dancers—no use in extending the sooty revelry of Jack-in-the-Green, and attempting

to persuade honest citizens to officiate as "My Lords;" or praying boarding-school misses to carry round the copper begging ladles. No—all those means of enjoyment have faded with another age. A widely different class of amusements would we wish to see provide a fitting "May-day for the people."

Holiday-keeping and locomotion are beginning to be almost inseparable ideas. During Easter-tide we have a partial immigration of the lusty men of the fields into the town, and a partial emigration of the pale faces of the towns into the country. The change does good to either: Rest indeed, properly understood, means change of occupation. When we talk of a "day of rest" we should not attempt to realise it in a day of inaction. Doing nothing is more wearisome than doing anything, and assuredly we would rather pass a day at stone-breaking than one stretched supine upon a sofa, forbidden even to twiddle our thumbs. Rest, we repeat, means change. A tailor rests himself by standing. The upright is not a natural posture of repose, but it becomes so because it is the opposite of that required by a particular labour. By the same rule the day of rest to a population cramped in workshops and crowded chambers ought to be a day of healthful exercise in the open air. Why should the rest-day of the week be the most dismal day of the week? Assuredly it was intended to be the most lively. The Holy Days of our ancestors were amusement days.

The word has come down to us, but little of the thing—or perhaps we separate the one from the other. Our fathers, guided by the consummate policy of the old faith, blended religion with amusement. The same word conveyed both ideas. The day devoted to innocent pleasure they accounted holy, for they believed—and we think they were right—that whatever tends to invigorate man's spirit—refresh his soul—infuse new strength into his limbs, and new healthfulness into his body, had a necessary effect in elevating and making more pure his whole being, in advancing it a step higher—a step nearer to the great perfection from whence it came. We should like to see this doctrine more received and more acted upon than it is at present. We should like—all reverently be it said—to see harmless amusement become part and parcel of religious duty. We would shock no man's conscientious feelings. We have even a sort of respect for honest prejudice when it is not too lightly taken up or too blindly and obstinately adhered to; but we cannot

help saying that we believe it would be for the lasting and immense benefit of England were every facility afforded for making Sundays more of holidays in the old sense, but not in the new application of that sense, than they are. We should love to see our noble river and the green haunts round London crowded every seventh day by the dingy denizens of swarming city lanes. Leave the smoke for a few hours a week. Leave the stifling air of fusty, darkened churches for a summer's Sunday in the fields; let your children see the sun without gazing at it through the soot-fog; let them hear other birds sing than the dingy captives of the cage. Do this—look on nature—learn to love her—learn to appreciate her, and the lesson she may convey. The thoughts she may inspire will be those which ought to be taught and learned upon—in the liberal sense of the word—a holiday.

But we are losing sight of May-time—of that period when, obeying the secret impulses of our nature, we would establish a general National Jubilee—a great and refreshing Sunday for enervating labour. We have said that locomotion is become inseparable from our ideas of holiday keeping. This we note as a good and promising sign. Intersected as our land is with railways—covered as our seas are with steamers—we should wish to see our May festival become a grand and instructive pilgrimage time. It is good for man to run among his fellows—to see distant spots—to become acquainted with new and untrodden localities. Travel is a glorious pill for purging nonsense. The lion of the country coterie has the conceit taken out of him by London's cold shoulder. The prejudice-stuffed John Bull, who hates the French for eating frogs and wearing wooden shoes, very soon becomes ashamed of his cherished opinions, if he airs them on the other side of the water. The townsman has much to learn from the countryman—the countryman from the townsman. Let them mingle as often as may be. Whisk your agricultural population amid the chimneys of the regions of iron and cotton. Bring the sooty men of the forge, and the pale men of the loom, amid ploughs and harrows. The change will do both good—will inspire both with new ideas—will kill old prejudices—will make people think less of themselves and more of their neighbours. We have had too much class warfare lately. The country has been too long and too fiercely set against the town. Now that a peace seems likely to be at hand, we would cement the alliance with personal intercourse. We should like to see the man of Lancashire shake

hands with the man of Somersetshire. We would have the ruddy tenant of 500 arable acres conducting the weaver—freed for a space from the roar of the engine and the clatter of the power-loom—around the rustic homestead; and again, it would as much delight us to see a friendly *lex talionis* practised by the operative of the north in conducting, in his turn, his country acquaintance from engine to furnace—from mill to Mechanics' Institute. Now, this is much more than mere dreaming. It would have been but idle imaginings were it not for steam; but, thank Heaven, we now wield a power which twenty years ago we wot not of—a power which is working a greater revolution than ever was rung in by clang of tocsin, or baptized in the blood of kings.

Let May time be celebrated then, not by the monster devices of yore, but by the monster trains of the present day. Our ancestors danced round a pole—let our holiday movements run in a more extended circle. Railway companies can do much in this way; and if employers of labour unite with the rulers of the rails, cheap, very cheap trips might every summer be instituted which would reveal to millions new beauties of creation—open to them fresh fountains of thought—fresh means of enjoyment. We would in particular wish to link, by these holiday bands, great towns with rural and manufacturing districts, and inland counties with the sea. We would go further—we would not stop at the coast. We have just been reading in the morning journals of a new line of steamers to trip it over the Channel waves in an hour and twenty minutes from Dover to Calais, and in a little more than four hours from Dover to Ostend. Why then should we stop our cheap trips at the white cliffs? 'Tis but a hop, skip, and a jump to the *Falaises* of France, and the long sea dykes and level corn-fields of Flanders. In a year or two the former country will be intersected by railroads—the glorious old towns of the latter are already knit by their iron bands. Well, then, gentlemen Directors of the Great Northern Line of France and its many branches—Directors of the Flemish and the English railways, why not come to some amicable arrangement and concert cheap trips in communication with each other? Easter is a festival in all three countries:—why not teach the people of either the sweets and advantages of foreign travel? Why not dispatch the Londoner; and for that matter the men of Lancashire and York, across the water to orchards of *La belle Normandie*, and thence away by Amiens and Lisle, or Valenciennes, down into the historic “Low

Countries ;" while we in our towns should receive equal crowds of our friends the *Braves Belges* and the blouse-clad men of Normandy and Picardy. There is nothing impracticable in the scheme. Only let such trips be performed—and they could be so performed—at the expense of a few, a very few pounds, and hundreds of thousands who now no more think of visiting Dieppe and Rouen, or Ghent and Bruges, than of starting for the antipodes, would be all agog for a week to be passed in some strange land—hitherto dimly known by the vague phrase "abroad." We are certain that the happiest results would flow from such an intermingling of France, Belgium, and England. It would form friendships—dissipate prejudices—convey instruction—bind together by the ties of acquaintanceship and pleasant recollections thousands who, ignorant of each other, and each other's lands, would be the first to cheer on quarrelling statesmen, and throw up their caps for war. Let nations know each other, and acquire the habit of inter-communication, and you will check hostile feelings in their bud. Acquaintances are not so likely to quarrel as strangers. Time was when the inhabitants of England were as much divided for all practical purposes as the inhabitants of Europe are now. What was the consequence? Civil war—county against county—the strife of the Roses. When Scotland and England fought the battle of Bannockburn, London was nearly as distant from Edinburgh as it is now from Constantinople. Paris will soon be as near us, or nearer, than the Scotch capital, and as surely as that time will come so will an age which will regard the idea of the recurrence of a Waterloo just as wild as we should now look upon the notions of a man who waited in expectation of another Flodden.

We would then foster these peaceful tendencies by encouraging people to avail themselves of the cheap and ready means of communication opened up by steam. We warrant, the railway and steam-boat people would in the end find it to their advantage to inoculate with a love of somewhat extended travel classes who now seldom think of stirring beyond Gravesend on the one hand and Richmond on the other. Several lines have already, to some extent, carried out the practice here recommended. We would mention, especially, the Brighton Railway Company, who deserve popular gratitude for the liberality of their conduct and the cheapness of their fares.

We have already said that, as a general principle, we should

like to see Easter converted into May time for the people—by sending the denizens of the towns to the country—those of the country to the towns. We would also wish to see every possible means of instructive amusement provided by city authorities for their rural visitants. Why not have theatres opened at reduced prices?—Railways run at reduced fares—or might not the former be thrown open gratuitously, or nearly so? Precedents are not wanting. The same rule ought to apply to all manner of exhibitions—galleries of works of art—museums, and so forth. We should not object to fairs either. We have enough of police to keep down objectionable practices. We would discourage dancing booths—discourage drinking booths, and put down gaming booths. Fairs, after all, generate a genial social spirit—they promote good humour and relax the tighter bonds of conventional decorum. Why not add facilities for manly exercises—why not give prizes for rowing—leaping, wrestling, and so forth? Of course, these would be kept very subordinate to higher and more elevating amusements, but lusty arms and nimble legs are, after all, not things to be sneezed at.

We have thus sketched out our idea of what might be an extended “May-day for the People.” We would preserve as many of the old customs as appear conducive to the promotion of health and vigour. Cheap travelling would be one of our principal holiday means of attraction and improvement. To every class we would open up a new sphere of observation. Every class we would knit in closer bonds by promoting frequent and kindly intercourse. Every class we would seek to improve by introducing them to works of art and science, or whatever was to them an unknown field of mental pleasure and profit. We have recorded our opinion that the May-day festival of yore was wisely instituted. We have now grown beyond its childish gambols. Let us then improve without destroying. Dancing round a garlanded pole was better than continued toil: but the townsman gaining health in the country, the countryman gaining knowledge in the town—the English operative wandering through the gorgeous towns of Flanders and the picturesque sites of Normandy—all these are surely more ennobling pastimes still than jumping in sacks or chasing pigs with greased tails.

ANGUS B. REACH.

## A VICTORY!

THE joy-bells peal a merry tune  
 Along the evening air ;  
 The crackling bonfires turn the sky  
 All crimson with their glare ;  
 Bold music fills the startled streets  
 With mirth-inspiring sound ;  
 The gaping cannon's reddening breath  
 Wakes thunder-shouts around ;  
 And thousand joyful voices cry,  
 "Huzza ! Huzza ! A VICTORY !"

A little girl stood at the door,  
 And with her kitten play'd ;  
 Less wild and frolicsome than she,  
 That rosy prattling maid.  
 Sudden her cheek turns ghostly white ;  
 Her eye with fear is filled,  
 And, rushing in-of-doors, she screams—  
 "My brother Willie's kill'd !"  
 And thousand joyful voices cry,  
 "Huzza ! Huzza ! A VICTORY !"

A mother sat in thoughtful ease,  
 A-knitting by the fire,  
 Plying the needle's thrifty task  
 With hands that never tire.  
 She tore her few gray hairs, and shriek'd,  
 "My joy on earth is done !  
 Oh ! who will lay me in my grave ?  
 Oh, God ! my son ! my son !"—  
 And thousand joyful voices cry,  
 "Huzza ! Huzza ! A VICTORY !"

A youthful wife the threshold cross'd,  
 With matron's treasure bless'd ;  
 A smiling infant nestling lay  
 In slumber at her breast.

She spoke no word, she heaved no sigh,  
 The widow's tale to tell;  
 But like a corpse, all white and stiff,  
 Upon the earth-floor fell.—  
 And thousand joyful voices cry,  
 "Huzza! Huzza! A VICTORY!"

An old weak man, with head of snow,  
 And years threescore and ten,  
 Look'd in upon his cabin-home,  
 And anguish seized him then.  
 He help'd not wife, nor helpless babe,  
 Matron, nor little maid,  
 One scalding tear, one choking sob—  
 He knelt him down, and pray'd.  
 And thousand joyful voices cry,  
 "Huzza! Huzza! A VICTORY!"

THE REV. R. E. B. MACLELLAN.

## ENGLISH SCENES AND CHARACTERS.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

### JOCKEY DAWES.

THERE was not a man in all that part of the country who was able to compete in wit with our old friend, Dick Redfern, in his best days, but Jockey Dawes—and the jockey has a fame as extensive and enduring as Dick himself. By a jockey the people of the midland counties in common parlance, do not mean, as the term more usually signifies, a rider at races, but a horse-dealer, a horse-jockey.

Jockey Dawes was a prince and a leader in his profession, and that, as all the world knows, requires a keen wit and a cunning. There is no trade in which overreaching is more highly estimated as a science. With this class of men it is a constant battle of intellects. It is always diamond cut diamond. To be a good horse-jockey a man must, to use their own term, be as deep as the north star. To bargain, to banter, to pose by a species of sharp sarcasm and vaunting eloquence, to set stratagem against stratagem, trick against trick, lie against lie, that is the daily business



of the jockey. A fair statement of the actual quality of the article, a fair demand for it, those are the very last things which are thought of. The grand triumph and glory of jockeyship is, by well-laid schemes, good selection of customers,—for a jockey sees at a glance whether he has, to use his own phrase, got the right sow by the ear,—by the practice of the most singular arts and-artifices, to palm off a worthless beast for a good price, or a good beast for five times its value. Hence all the practices of patching, painting, clipping, trimming, gingering, to cover defects and impose a temporary show of spirit till the bargain is over. It is only a practical eye that knows where to look for what is real, and what is deception; but that eye will in a moment detect the cleverest deception. The good jockey will coolly lay his finger on the weak point, on the concealed defect, with a quiet smile, as if it was a thing of no great importance,—show up the cheat, and tell to a penny the real worth or worthlessness of the animal. It is the Johnny Raw and the pretender who pay the penalty for dealing in horse-flesh. It is Moses who sells *his* horse, and gets a gross of spectacles in shagreen cases. I have known many who prided themselves on their judgment in such matters, but I scarcely ever knew one man who was not a regular jockey himself, who did not severely suffer for such transactions.

The Jockey has a pride and glory in his profession proportioned to its difficulties and scope of imposition. See him riding into a town to a fair, with his long string of steeds all tied head to tail—what a confident, self-satisfied air there is about him, as he jogs on, generally mounted on the most sorry jade in his possession, which you would not think worth a sovereign, but which, if you ventured such a sentiment, he would immediately crack off as a most extraordinary creature. Nay, he will point out points in the scarecrow as actual points of breed and beauty; and telling you, if you be a judge, you must see that at once, will make you quite ashamed of your ignorance. And then, as to virtues, and special qualities—why, there never was such a horse! How many miles has he actually ridden that *tit* in one day without drawing bit? How many miles an hour does he trot? What weight has it carried or drawn? and what have said such and such great men of it? Bless us! why it is a fact, Bellerophon was a dog-tit to that horse! And with that he gives the jade a coaxing slap on the chest, with a—“What, they'd run thee down, old Bob, eh? They'd make us believe that thou'rt fit for nothing but the dog-

kennel, eh? But let 'em show us a tit that can clear the ground like thee yet. No, no, thy best days are to come yet. Thou 'rt none of their flip-flap, rashy-washy bits of Arabians, that can be slipped out of their dandy wrappers and run over the course for ten minutes, and then into their jackets again, and all covered and cordialled and coddled up like a sick child, or an old woman with the ague. No, Bob; no, lad, thou 'rt all fair and above board, rough and ready, all steel and pin-wire, and wilt be jogging on thy ten miles an hour when many a showier thing is not fit to draw a babies' cart." And then he gives him a cut with his long whip, and makes him start and prance, crying—"See! what, he's no spirit left, has he? Isn't that action? What d'ye call that?"

See the jockey thus on the pavement of the fair, in his long coat, his old boots, his great jockey whip, his hat that has no shape that mortal terms can describe—brown, slouching, without either roundness or squareness, corners or edges about it; and his stout waistcoat with its double rows of great buttons; see his ruddy, sunburnt face, and how he plants his leg, and puts out his hand as he is in the midst of his bargain—why, he would not thank the Queen to be his mother—he is a clever jockey—a rare hand at a raffle, and that is, in his eyes, the summit of existence.

And what a thing is a jockey's bargain! He would scorn to set a fair price on a horse, and sell it at once and quietly. There is no fun in that. No, even when he knows that his customer is up to the thing; knows the worth of it as well as he does, he'll ask at least a fourth more than he means to take, that he may have a chance by the force of his palaver to take in the knowing one a bit. It is at least the way to show his wit, his knowledge; to enjoy the luxury of a good hard fight. He is all tongue, all eyes, all ears. He has half-a-dozen bargains on the *tapis* at once, though he seems to be absorbed body and soul in an eager endeavour to convince some one person of the superlative qualities of some particular steeds; though all the while he is perhaps well satisfied that he shall not sell those very horses to this particular man; that the bidding is only to show off on the other side. And truly, a pretty contradiction of terms do you have about the same horse. The owner has not words to express all his virtues and beauties—the bidder to express his astonishment at the strange defects of the creature. What a chest! what shapely buttocks! what an eye! what a beautiful head! what a set of handsome legs and neat feet! what fire and action he has! according to one,—and according

to the other, what a jowly head! what a pig back and bony hips! what incipient spavins, tetters, and glanders! He is, according to the bidder, liable to all sorts of diseases, colics, coughs, staggers, and heaven knows what. You wonder what he can want such a horse for: By his account it is too bad even for the dogs. But while the heat of contest goes on about this sorely praised and abused steed, the eye of the jockey is secretly aware of three or four other parties, that he knows are more likely to purchase, and far more easy to be taken in. Suddenly, he turns to a quiet clergyman-like sort of a person, and says—"That's a capital horse now, if you wanted one for a gig—sure-footed as the sun himself—goes like the wind, and is only rising four years old. He's been run for a year by Sir Toby Blaze, who would not have taken two hundred pounds for him, but Sir Toby was a little run out at the elbows, I reckon, and is off to France. I can let you have that a bargain;—all right and tight,—you'll never have the chance again."

"What's the price?"

"Price!—dog cheap—a mere old song. Seventy pounds."

The clergyman-like, mild gentleman shakes his head, and is walking away.

"What *will* you give then, master? Name *your* price. I might possibly come down a trifle or so, to do business."

"I don't want a horse at more than fifty pounds," says the mild gentleman, softly.

"Fifty! oh, I can let you have a dozen at that price, at forty, thirty, ay, twenty-five, if you will. See here! and here! But take my advice now, that is a bargain! that is a horse! I tell you it is as well worth two hundred pounds to a gentleman as a penny loaf is worth a penny. But to make short on it, I'll say sixty-five! There! what do you say then?"

"Say forty, Jem!" says an equally sharp-looking fellow of the same genus, "and let the gentleman go; you see he wants to be going to his dinner. Say forty; that's the real value of the tit. I'll bid it for him, come, done!"

"Forty? forty devils! Do you think, Houndell, that I steal my horses? or take the dog-flesh of the cavalry? No, the very least penny I'll take is sixty-three! Ah, neighbour!" says he, suddenly bustling away to a farmerly-looking man, who is eyeing a pair of black colts—"Ah! you've some white in your eye, I see. You know a bit of good stuff when you see it, as well as

any of your fathers did when they'd a mind to go a courting. Come, these will turn up your legs in style, and they're yours for a fig's end—just five-and-thirty pounds apiece! What! don't that please you?" as the old farmer looks at him with a sly roguish smile. "What's the matter now? Are horses of that stamp so thick on the ground here? Just look about you while I settle with this clergyman; and mind nobody whips the colts off before you can open your mouth."

"Forty pounds!" says the man who bids as if self-appointed, for the clergyman-like gentleman. "Forty pounds, and no more. There is the brass—" holding out a lot of bank notes.

"Forty crabsticks!"

"Forty! and not a bodle more!"

"Well then it's of no use talking. Ah! squire, that hunter will carry like a whirlwind this next season. There's bone and sinew! There's figure and action! Put that horse out, Tom, show his paces," and the horse gets a cut behind, and is rattled over the stones at a rate that makes the fire fly from his shoes and the people out of his way in a jiffy.

But not to follow all the bargaining with the squire; the jockey is now all vociferation with the farmer for the black colts, and as he huffs away from him and his offer—

"Forty pounds, Jem!" says again the knowing fellow who is waiting beside the clergyman-like gentleman. "Forty! that's the very last word."

"Sixty, Houndell! sixty, man! I won't take a penny less if I must keep the horse till doomsday."

And away go the knowing one and the mild gentleman, looking through the rest of the horse-fair. But half an hour afterwards, you see them there again; and, spite of having vowed twenty times that he won't say another word, and the other protesting that this and that is the very last penny that he'll take—they are now got to forty-four and forty-six! But here it hangs just as stiffly, and the fight is as hard, and the bargain seems as hopeless. In fact, away go the knowing one and the mild gentleman, as if for the last time, and in amaze at the jockey's obstinacy; but after some quarter of an hour, as they accidentally pass again, the knowing one shouts—"What! that famous horse is still hanging on hand! Well, Jem, I'm still your man. I'll stand forty-four, now then—now or never!"

—He is going—

“Forty-five! Come, things are deuced slack to-day—there! take him—I lose twenty pounds by him, if I lose a penny.”

“Forty-four!” says the knowing one—“that’s the price—here it is, see—Bank of England—forty-four!”

“Well, forty-four then, and ten shillings for luck. There! there!”

“Well, I won’t be hard,—forty-four, and *five* shillings for luck.”

Here most people would think the matter pretty wellt a an end. But no such thing! If he were to pass a quarter of an hour afterwards, he would probably find them still hard at it for a split of the five shillings, or finally, whether the halter shall go with the horse.

The bargain made, the mild clergyman-like man pays down the money, and gives the knowing one a sovereign for his friendly, but unsolicited assistance; at which he looks with a smile, turning it over in the palm of his hand, and adding, “A trifle more, sir, should it not be? Why, bless me, it’s four hours that we’ve been higgling with that whitleather chap; a five pound note wouldn’t, I think, be too heavy. Think what I’ve saved you. Here’s a horse worth two hundred; nay, I won’t say with Jem, worth *quite* two hundred pounds, but honestly worth one, and that for forty-four pound five!”

The mild man gives the knowing one a couple of sovereigns, and his groom rides the horse home, where, in a month’s time, they find that the creature is regularly *made up*; has a confirmed spavin, a touch in the wind, is subject to run away with the bit between his teeth, and, in short, is not worth a bunch of matches;—the good-natured knowing one having been the jockey’s accomplice.

Such is the strange trade of a jockey, amongst whom Jockey Dawes stood pre-eminent. In all the mysteries of making up, setting off, bargaining and buying, he stood unrivalled. He was known at all the fairs far round, but in his own neighbourhood he was a very byword for cunning and invincible fence of wit. Nay, his fame seems to have reached the poet Tennyson, for in his poem—“Walking to the Mail,” we find his name:—

But let him go; his devil goes with him,  
As well as with his tenant, Jockey Dawes.

In his youth he acquired great fame all amongst his class, and all over his own part of the country for a trial about the sale of a

horse, which he won. He had sold a capital-looking grey horse at a great price as a right sound, healthy, and useful dark grey horse. The purchaser found, as soon as he got home, that the horse was stone blind, though it was difficult to discover this by the look of his eyes. He sent it back, but Jockey Dawes refused to take it, saying he had sold it for a blind one. The purchaser denied this: the thing came to trial, where Dawes stoutly declared that he had sold it for a blind one; that his very warrantry was that he was "a right sound, healthy, and *dark* grey horse;" at which the court being very much enlightened, and the jury convulsed with laughter, a verdict was given at once for Jockey Dawes; and his "*dark* grey horse" became proverbial. Well might Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, define a jockey to be "a man that deals in horses; a cheat, a trickish fellow."

This worthy, as is the case with this genus, kept a public-house near Langley Mill, on the edge of Derbyshire, and, of course, great was the resort to his tap when he was at home, and many the merry contests between the jockey and Dick Redfern. Dick was all lightness, thinness, and volatile, flashing merriment. The jockey, short, stout, and somewhat pousy, with a cool, sly manner, a quiet meaning smile, and pleasant inward chuckle. The stories of his feats are endless in the traditions of his neighbourhood; but we can only give a specimen.

Two raw fellows of the Peak of Derbyshire plagued the jockey for a couple of very cheap horses for the work of a very poor little farm. It was at a fair at Chesterfield. Jockey Dawes told them he had no such cattle; but, as if he could make them at will, they still continued to bore him for them. At length, as he saw that they were, according to the rhyme of the country,—

" True Peakeril bred,  
Strong i' th' arm and weak i' th' head,"

he said—" Well, well, come to my house. I've two tits there that will suit you to a hair. Two capital horses they are, though a trifle worse for wear; but all sound as timber and paint; sound wind, limb, and eye-sight. Hard as bricks they are; they'll just suit your cold country. I call them Wisk and Bob. Come then, and I'll sell you them both for a guinea."

The fellows caught eagerly at the idea—two horses, all sound as timber and paint for a guinea! They set off the next day, and walked there. It was at least twenty miles. Jockey

Dawes, who was sitting in great glory in his snug fireside nook on a cold April day, saw the fellows coming up his yard, and put the neighbours, who were drinking in the house, up to the matter. He bade the Peakerils come in, take a seat, and a cup of ale, and then he would show them the horses, and insisted they should be the capital pair he had promised them—Wisk and Bob,—and no other.

“Wisk and Bob!” exclaimed the men who were drinking,—“why, Mester, will you sell *them*? They go like the wind, and can live on the wind,—they are famous horses, and are cheap at any money.”

The Peakerils could hardly sit for impatience; they insisted on seeing the horses directly; when the jockey, going out to the door, pointed to the sign which hung in front of the house, and said—“There they are:—there go Wisk and Bob; one black, the other bay, one on each side. They are dog cheap, but I stick to my word—they are yours for a guinea.”

At this discovery the fellows grew outrageous, and threatened law and vengeance; but the jockey amid the laughter of his neighbours, told them to go home like two fools as they were, to bother a man to sell that he had not, and then to walk twenty miles to buy two horses for a guinea.

Another country fellow pressed him as importunately to buy his horse, when he told him that he had spent all his money, and could buy no more that day; but the man still went on asking him to buy. “Well then,” said the jockey, “if I buy it, I shall give thee my note to pay thee in a fortnight.” The bargain was made, and the note given, and in a fortnight the fellow walked into the jockey’s house, and presented his note.

“All right,” said the jockey, “all quite right—I’ll pay thee in a fortnight.”

“In a fortnight!” said the man; “it’s due now; it’s a fortnight since you gave me this note.”

“To be sure,” said the jockey, “quite true; come again in a fortnight; I’ll pay thee in a fortnight.”

The man departed in high dudgeon, and punctually at the fortnight’s end appeared again.

“Well, now then, you’ll please to pay your note.”

“Let me see it;” said the jockey. “Oh yes, in a fortnight;—I’ll certainly pay it then,—that’s what it says.”

“Says! yes,—but I’ll tell you now it’s two fortnights since you

ought to have paid it ; and if you don't pay it now, I'll take measures to make you."

"Oh!" said the jockey, "there's no need of that ; come again in a fortnight, and it shall be paid."

The fellow who was now past all patience, hurried off, breathing fire and fury, and in that humour, to his lawyer, telling him what had passed ; but to his surprise, no sooner did the lawyer set eyes on the note than he burst into a violent fit of laughter. "Why," said he, "you may go for ever ; there is no date to the note, and it will be a promise to pay in a fortnight till the end of time."

The man, who had so little scholarship as never to have perceived this, was struck all of a heap, but the lawyer soon helped him out of his dilemma. "Go," said he, "to the jockey ; but take a friend with you. Let your friend go in some time first, and be taking his glass when you arrive ; and when you enter take care not to recognise him. Present your note, and when the jockey says he will pay in a fortnight, call your friend to witness the promise."

The man followed his advice, and as soon as he called on his friend to mark the jockey's words—Jockey Dawes gave a knowing look, chuckled to himself, and said to the fellow,—“Oho! so thou hast been to thy mother, hast thou? Here, here is thy money, and another time, don't bore people who don't want to buy ; and get cut for the simples before thou takes promissory notes without dates again.”

Dead though Jockey Dawes has been this half-century, yet his fame is strong in its locality as ever, and before the door of his old house still swing on each side of the sign the two renowned horses that live on the wind—the immortal Wisk and Bob—sound as timber and paint.

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## BREAD FROM BRAIN.

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WHERE the iron of our lives  
 Is wrought out in fire and smoke,  
 There the mighty Vulcan strives—  
 Hot the furnace! hard the stroke!  
 There the windy bellows blow,  
 There the sparks in millions glow;



There on anvil of the world,  
Is the clanging hammer hurl'd.  
Hard the labour ! small the gain !  
Is in making Bread from Brain !

Where that nameless stone is raised,  
Where the patriots' bones were plac'd,  
Lived he—little loved and praised,  
Died he—little mourned and graced—  
There he sleeps who knew no rest,  
There unblest by those he blest.  
Here he starved while sowing seed ;  
Where he starved the worms now feed !  
Hard the labour ! small the gain !  
Is in making Bread from Brain !

In that chamber, lone and drear,  
Sits a poet writing flowers,  
Bringing Heaven to earth more near,  
Raining thoughts in dewy showers :  
While he sings of nectar rare,  
Only is the inkbowl there.  
Of feasts of Gods he chaunts—high trust !  
As he eats the mouldy crust.  
Hard the labour ! small the gain !  
Is in making Bread from Brain !

When the prophet's mourning voice  
Shouts the burthen of the world,  
Sackcloth robes must be his choice,  
Ashes on his head be hurl'd.  
Where the tyrants live at ease,  
Where false priests do as they please,  
He is scorn'd and pierced in side,  
He is stoned and crucified.  
Hard the labour ! small the gain !  
Is in making Bread from Brain !

Patriot ! poet ! prophet ! feed  
Only on the mouldy crust.  
Tyrant ! fool ! and false priest ! need  
All the crumb, and scorn the just.  
Lord ! how long ?—how long ? oh Lord !  
Bless, oh God, mind's unsheathed sword ;  
Let the pen become a sabre ;  
Let thy children eat who labour :  
Bless the labour ! bless the gain !  
In the making Bread from Brain.

GOODWYN BARMBY.

RESEARCHES IN BELGRÁVIA ;  
OR,  
THE WORKS AND WONDERS OF THE WEST.

BY A SERIOUS PARTY.

LETTER I.—TO MRS. RUSTLER.

*Tinglebury, March the 20th, 1846.*

OUR winter plans, dearest friend, so long and anxiously revolved by the serious fire-side of a certain *boudoir*, seem at length destined to undergo the fulfilment too rarely awarded to mortal undertakings, however opulent in promise. The die is cast—and you know it is the privilege of Tinglebury rarely to change its purposes, once they are affirmed. We explore Belgravia ! I am too certain of the anxiety of the kindred-minded circle of Wailfordcum-Stakeworth not without needless delay to commit our resolution to the exertions of the modern Mercury.

The choice of a party is, on all similar occasions, a matter to be entered upon with weight. You might have been sure that on such an excursion we should not leave our sweet, enthusiastic P—— behind (her inquiring mind and impulsive and philanthropical simplicity how rare !) but I think I hear your surprise, when I acquaint you that the Peckers cast in their lot with us ! To decide our dear and honoured relative to leave the solid hearth, where he substantiates the English character so worthily, something more than ordinary motives were necessary. But the idea of myself and P—— entering upon our researches without a male protector was not to be thought of. Far be it from us to emulate those Amazonian heroines whose proceedings have struck a damp upon the shrinking virtues of so many women “born but to gladden home’s Arcadian sphere,” (as the Poet sings). We are not political economists. We boast no preternatural tension of nervous energy : our desires are as retiring as our acquirements. You must look for none of the subversions of modern philosophy in our artless details ; for no culpable compliances with the fashions of those among whom the whirligig of Time may precipitate us !

We shall keep our own hours, our own thoughts, our own purposes. Mrs. Pecker's treasure, Bridget, accompanies her mistress—the nocturnal terrors of our sister, though under control of her sober mind, demanding the habitual presence at all hours of an easily-wakened attendant. We shall avoid public conveyances, still more those accumulations of worldliness—the Hotels; where the purest principles may be vitiated by the contact of idle and unprofitable conversation, and the fare is such as it may be hoped all rightly-educated English palates would distrust. The larger part of a small furnished house engaged in Chapel Street (there was a soothing invitation in the name which decided the choice) will receive us. Believe me that distance or new scenes can make no difference in composed affections like ours. You shall hear from time to time of our wanderings in these remote regions.

Excuse lucidity. For the moment, I am summoned to the needful preparations. The nimble fingers of P——, whose taste you have so often paid the just meed to, have been for some days busily occupied in our equipment. No French gew-gaws for your old friend! who maintains—and *will* maintain herself—

Unalterably and affectionately yours,  
DIANA RILL.

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LETTER II.—TO THE SAME.

No. —, Chapel Street, Belgrave Square,  
April the 1st, 1846.

DEAREST MRS. RUSTLEE,

HERE we are, safe and sound \* \* \* \* \*, \* with the mingled feelings of exultation and sadness, which conduce to the peculiarity of new scenes. Mr. Pecker has gone to *The*

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\* The Editor of these "Researches" thinks it just to all parties, to call attention to certain omissions made by him in publication. The excellent writer's indulgence in scriptural quotations hardly suits the humour of a periodical devoted to miscellaneous discussions. Enthusiastic travellers, like Miss Rill, are somewhat too apt to forget what Sir Charles Grandison called "times and occasions," as any one familiar with the literature of Travellers' Books must admit. As one instance among a thousand, and among the least *doctrinal* in our collection, we may cite the following from the Album of an inn on the Lake of Como:—

"Should it not be said to Travellers, 'Drink water out of thine own cistern and running water out of thine own well?'"—*Proverbs*, v. 15.

To which it may be replied, that country belongs to a person where duty and conscience bid him find himself.—*Miss Sharpe*, 21st Sept. 1844."

*Morning* ——— Office, to seek an interview with its Editor—since “who,” says he, “would delay one single hour when the country is to be saved?”—and the resolutions of the Anti-Maize Meeting held at Tinglebury on Saturday last have been committed to his care. His amiable wife, who was much aggravated throughout the night by the attacks of a host of nimble adversaries, rendering the plagues of the East no fable—and who never settles, she says, for many days in any new bed save her own, is indulging; P—— (who has already traced out for herself and her tardier companion a sphere of usefulness) is making a selection from among our tracts and presents for the younger branches of families. Faithful to my promise, then, I resume my pen; feeble, perchance, but still affectionate. May, etc., etc. \* \* \*

We availed ourselves of the South Western Railway, after many discussions and scruples.—Let us beware, dearest friend, of materialism in our comforts:—and the rapid motion of which tends to a dissipation of the ideas under which alone a tour can be profitably undertaken. Much is it to be regretted that Mr. Pecker’s plan of a quiet conveyance along the canals, in classed boats (more English by far and valuable as a protest against these violent hurrying times) is still dormant. By shutting my eyes and repeating aloud passages from “The New Dew of Hermon,” I succeeded in secluding myself from exterior objects, until a long shriek followed by a stoppage, the glare of lights, and the alert exclamations of our cheerful P——, aroused me to a sense of my position. She, too, had not wasted the opportunity. The entrance of a passenger, in spite of Mr. Pecker’s protests,—unused to miscellaneous associations—had afforded her an opportunity of gathering information. He was a tall youth, with an open and cheerful countenance bespeaking a worthy origin; handsomely dressed, and apparently about five-and-twenty. Perceiving that Mrs. Pecker manifested symptoms of distress at the odour of tobacco which he had extinguished previous to entrance, he apologised politely—upon which P—— rallied him in her artless way, and they entered at once into conversation. His manner was ardent and his choice of language engaging. Mr. Pecker joined in, won by his affable ease—and politics were introduced. It was gratifying, P—— assures me, to observe the deference of her new friend to our relative’s sagacious wisdom. Their views seemed entirely to coincide. What rendered the *rencontre* more interesting was that the

gentleman professed himself to be an inhabitant of Belgravia : and entered without reserve into the habits and manners of the district. As our agreeable acquisition (his name still unknown) was proceeding in the same direction as ourselves, Mr. Pecker pressed him to take a seat in our vehicle : which he accepted : gaily remarking on the compactness of the pressure. He accompanied us till within the immediate sphere of his own vicinity : when he shook hands with us, and we parted with a mutual desire to cement an intimacy, P—— having presented him with a copy of "The Slothful Smoker." Till Mr. Niblett presents himself (even then, if indeed his newly-assumed Anglo-papistical opinions render it advisable for his old and less fickle friends to coalesce with him on any subject) our new acquaintance may be useful as a guide and counsellor. Such incidents at all events are soothing. P—— says she has rarely seen a more playful countenance.

It was late—I should have said—when we reached the station, which, we were informed, was on the site of the infamous Vauxhall of our forefathers.—When I thought of the scenes of disorderly mirth which those mute walls had witnessed, I was only too glad to shake the dust of the place from my feet, and enter the vehicle in waiting :—I was depressed to feel myself in the centre of iniquity. Thus burned, of old, the hearts of the Martyrs, when compelled to join in the Pagan dances before the altars of Jupiter at Thebes. O, my beloved friend, let us be strenuous in our convictions !—

On this side the entrance to Belgravia is not inviting. Architectural luxury has coyly reserved her displays for the centre of her citadel, and yielded the margins of the approach to the dislocated fragments of Engineering Industry. To how many poor families could not the boilers dispersed on either side of the road have furnished a comfortable meal ! Two of the largest (magnificent specimens of iron-work) were pointed out by our instructive travelling companion to Mr. Pecker, as in preparation for Her Majesty's kitchens, to be conveyed to the place of their destination, this morning, by horses of the Royal Mews. The weight of one, to speak accurately, could not have been less than one thousand tons. The sight recalled to me the brazen machine of the monarch of Smyrna, the interior of which was deluged by the immolation of the eleven thousand Christian virgins. You will remember Claude's engraving from the original picture in the National Gallery.

Our Landlady, who has imbibed the true tone of the worldly atmosphere in which her life has been spent, received us with politeness rather than cordiality. Our impulsive P——, who is prepared to embrace all mankind, was chilled at this, and says already, that she feels the stifling influences of a Court entering her very soul! She was tastefully dressed in black velvet, of the Manchester, not the Genoa loom;—and wore a red gauze handkerchief on her head. Mrs. Pecker's Bridget, distanced by these modish trappings, endeavours to account for her humbled and uneasy feelings by insinuating inebriation as the cause of an elegant and wavy demeanour, to which Tinglebury eyes are unaccustomed. Simple woman!—she forgets she is in Belgravia. Our Landlady is not unused to the Aristocracy. Traces of the inmates who had preceded us were obvious. A basket filled with cards, bearing noble names, was seized upon eagerly by P——, who has already copied several into her journal; her rapid and inventive mind having already conceived a plan of turning her newly-derived knowledge to account. She is on the stairs, dear girl! inviting me to sally forth with her! I come! I come! In the meantime, I am always,

Yours unfeignedly,

DIANA RILL.

LETTER III.—TO THE SAME.

April 3rd, 1846.

THE singular treatment which Mr. Pecker has received, though not strictly speaking in concatenation with Belgravian subjects, since it occasioned the necessity of my waiving yesterday's journal, may therefore be mentioned without divarication by your recording Friend. I will ever believe that had he made application to one of the journals of this politer district,—that, for instance, edited by Mr. Boyle,—he would have received a reception in better accordance with his merits and those of his cause. How will your Protectionist heart sink within you, when I acquaint you that *The Morning* — can make NO ROOM for the resolutions of the Tinglebury Anti-Maize Meeting? Mr. Scoldingham's convincing arguments suppressed! Our brother-in-law compendiously received by a subordinate functionary with an air of preconcerted dismissal! Will you now doubt—dearest but too charitable friend—of the influence of the Jesuits? We were unable to speak or think of any

thing but the unworthy subject yesterday. Calmed now by the mellowing consolations of benevolence, and a resolution to bring the false brethren to condign indignity, (my humble pen being the implement employed), I can proceed to acquaint you methodically with the more immediate subject of my letters. Two walks in Belgravia have furnished much. The district seems rich in associations. But first a little wholesome knowledge. "Facts in preference" is dear Mr. Pecker's principle—a staff for those disposed to walk humbly.

To designate the boundaries of Belgravia with precision is not easy\*—Grosvenor Place is one recognised limit—the apex of Lowndes Square another. Close beyond it to the west lies the suburb of Chelsea, with the Military Hospital founded by that great commander, Sir Hans Sloane. But this is distinct from Belgravia. The inhabitants, even, are a separate race, and refuse to communicate. In Boswell, my dear, you will find Cadogan Place stigmatised as ungentee, through the fanciful medium of Mrs. Witterly. I am told that if a Belgravian lady of pure quarterings addresses another across the border by inquiring the character of a culinary domestic, a correspondence instantly ensues between the irritated families, which is printed in the *Court News*, and the delinquent reproved by cold looks from her friends, and temporary abstinence from participation in their social pleasures. What edifying consistency! Should it not be so betwixt us and all without *our* barriers?—with the blinded Papists, and the infuriate Dissenters of all denominations? P—— says, in her earnest way, that never before did she imbibe the beautifying atmosphere of aristocratical charity. But this is only equalled by the brotherly love of the Belgravians to one another. Here are none of the faithless husbands invented by pernicious novelists to serve

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\* The Editor feels it necessary, once again, to comment on Miss Rill's text, since the positive and minute information she furnishes may excite surprise in those whose acquaintance with modern tourists is limited. The correctness of the author of "The Great Metropolis" (not forgetting his wondrous Picture of Paris) is coarse painting to the exquisite broidery of some of the Lady travellers who have recently honoured the world with their facts. The Editor cannot but instance with pride previous printed tours by serious parties, in the East; with the scriptural quotations *not* (as above) omitted. Miss Rill is an humbler sister of the titled Lady, in whose journal such an entry as this might be seen—the place, possibly, Jerusalem :—*"Walked this morning on the top of the house.—Thus it was that David beheld Bathsheba!"*

their own perfidies—no scandalous wasters of precious moments in frivolity! We are assured of an universality of affection among the members of this district, and a dignified appropriation of the sands of Time, which entitles it to the epithet of Beautiful and Serious, (*Bel et Grave*.) whence its name! One or two portions, however, are debateable land, analogous to that on which Mary Queen of Scots confronted the Amazonian Sovereign of Britain. Chester Square, for instance, we learn, is not strictly Belgravia. On the other hand, a mansion or two beyond the line are affiliated to the mother province. Two palaces, on one of the great arteries of London, close by an entrance to the Park, have been pointed out to us, expressly annexed to Belgravia by its magnates, out of compliment to the brilliant financier who has purchased one—the meed of his successful speculations. Prince Albert has requested him to place his arms—a pair of stags—on the gate founded by Royalty close to his residence.

The architecture of the district is very imposing. A tall mansion now occupied by the Earl of —— in an angle of Belgrave (the central) Square, is a beautiful specimen of the perpendicular Palladian. Others, in Lowndes Square, are in that Saracenic style which Sir Inigo, and, subsequently, his descendant, Mr. Owen Jones, translated from the buildings of Hafiz in the East, and which the late ingenious Mr. Beckford was the first to introduce at the residence of Mr. Rogers the Poet. To me such heathenish vagaries bespeak a low scale of moral responsibility. Let us have oneness. Time was when the fathers and mothers of England were contented to live in English houses; and the window-tax was the watchword for simplicity in decoration. We are grown fantastic since we have thrown off our duties. In three years, Mr. Pecker assures me, if the present Jacobin ministry continues in power (which may, &c., &c.), not one solitary check will be left! Do not mention this at Wailford. Let us not disseminate destruction, even afar off!

There are several public gardens in Belgravia—used for the *fêtes champêtre* of the inhabitants—principally in the squares. We hope to witness one. Of the churches I can furnish you with minute information, there being no less than twelve; varying from every shade of security \* \* \* \* \* to every pernicious tint of false doctrine. We, who cannot err, shall know which to select. Several of the clergymen have married ladies high in



rank; some of the latter, I hear, are organising an establishment of Sisters of Charity, and intend going round among the poor of the mews, to minister to the sick and the afflicted equestrians. The mansion where the Duke of Bordeaux received his expatriated subjects, and struck terror into impenitent France, has been generously given by its owner for the purposes of the Society; she herself having retired to a suburban villa, where she sacrifices her energies to doing good to the lame, the halt, and the blind among that abandoned class composed of foreign actors, and musicians. Another order of Sisters of Charity (emancipated from papistical thralldom) consists of ladies who go from house to house among those of a higher sphere than the poor and ignorant. To maintain the affectionate confidence of the district, they encourage watchfulness, and discriminate truth by anecdotes. Lady A——'s right hand knows what ring is that on the finger of Lady B——'s left. Messages of love are by their agency rapidly diffused,—timid minds strengthened—enervated faculties sharpened by the exercise of the ingenuity. I will exemplify to you some day the manner in which this admirable system of Christian emulation and rivalry works (how different from the gossip of a certain parish not a hundred miles from Tinglebury, which will not subside into peace till the Rev. Mr. Podd is gathered!)—by instances. The members of this order have no separate or settled habitation, nor uniform costume. Some penetrate the mazes of the Opera, there to cull warning truths;—a few have dared to lift up the voice of counsel in the presence of our Sovereign—who sends for them secretly, whenever some new beneficence or amelioration of the public good is to be accomplished. N.B. You will find these and other establishments very incorrectly adverted to in Lady Morgan's work on Pimlico—who embraces but does not exhaust this district.

These facts, wherewith indeed we had partly furnished ourselves ere reaching the metropolis, quickened our impatience to kindle our minor lamps, too, among such sympathetic circles. P——'s "Card-book," as we already call it, proved a valuable auxiliary; the name of Lady —— having been mentioned to us by our hostess, as foremost among these eminent persons. Her address affording itself—we resolved to lose no time in making her acquainted with us; and have just returned from our first visit. But for the romantic and curious incidents which characterised this you must wait. My sheet is already crammed,—and the annihilation

of franks, Mr. Pecker says—a cunningly devised measure for the subversion of the Houses of Parliament,—has put an end to extensive correspondence. Meanwhile, hoping against hope, let me sign myself,  
 Deeply yours,

DIANA RILL.

Mrs. Pecker's love. True to her conjugal virtues, she remains principally at home: for what indeed, says she, can make up for her own tulip-beds at Tinglebury? Mr. Pecker has gone to Tattersall's, where, he is told, the Protectionist members hold their meetings (by way of a protest against the criminal flexibility of the Duke of Wellington, who lives in the neighbourhood,) in hopes of finding some one who will take up the matter which interests us all so deeply.

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## TIME VERSUS MALTHUS.

### THE LAST VERDICT.

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“STOP!” and the cad of the omnibus, looking to his left, beheld a very solemn gentleman—for he was a moral philosopher—and a very sharp little lady—for she was learned, waiting on the pavement. In and off, the moralist, before he retied the broken thread of his logical synthesis, looked round upon his neighbours. He sighed when he had done so, as well he might; for here at least was evidence of Nature's philosophy, instead of his own learned theory, which was to fill nations with gladness, by making mouths few and bread much:—two babies, four children, a matron, and a young lady with a very bright wedding-ring seen through her transparent glove, which very wickedly and designedly she made the most of. But doom! doom! woe! woe! babies' smiles, children's laughter, a young heart's joy, God's sunshine bright on Holborn pavement! sorrow! sorrow! mere wiles towards the great pitfall of Pauperism and Despair. The philosopher could have put ashes on his head: he taught, and where were his disciples? Was there one? Yes, do not despair, teaching moralist of a gloomy creed, for your platonic friend, the sharp little lady, has just taken her glance off the bride's orange flowers, and now, as you look, is abstracted in the sentimental woes of the Lady Belindas of her new novel. Do not fear! the

very adjuration of cheerfulness has made you friends. You put your icy hand upon the very human heart of Pauperism, and cry your curse upon its poor narrow tenure of enjoyment, whilst *she* tickles the feeble appetite of all enjoying convention, by mawkish episodes regarding cold and hunger ; very pleasant to read over a glowing fire ; very digestive, possibly, after a luxurious meal. " Yet, my moralities teach not," thinks the moralist : " it must be owing to the spirit of the time ;" " and my novels come forth to-day, and die to-morrow in a fashionable gazette," meditates the little lady. Yes, moralist ; yes, novelist ; it is " the spirit of the time," which, disregarding the false, is teaching the universal and the true ; which, disregarding the moralities of man, is teaching the moralities of nature, benignant now as from the beginning ; which is looking onward, not retrospectively ; which sees visions nearer to God, than dull dreams of Time's senility ; which is teaching its generation not to be lookers-on, but actors ; and which is teaching it the wisdom of faith in goodness, cheerfulness, hope. Till your moralities teach with this progressive sign, fruitless and barren will they be ; till in your novels you put the common human heart, they will not sell. Moralist and novelist, I tell you so ! But my verdict waits !

Set down at the Bank, the philosophic friends walk onward side by side, through narrow streets, dull courts, reeking alleys, till they stand within an ancient city grave-yard, where the dust of countless generations makes the earth-covering for the festering pauperism of yesterday. Yet even here the cheerful principle of life stands out as God's best angel, triumphant above the fear-invested change which Priestcraft calls Death, which Nature teaches is but a new step onward in the great spiritual march of Time. A daisy here, a tuft of sod there ; broad pathways of sunlight above the workhouse grave, as above the costly marble of the plethora-killed alderman ; kneeling angels in the sun-gloried windows, typifying faith on earth and glory in heaven, still kneeling at their inaudible centuries of prayer ; a caged yet joyous lark beside the cobbler's window across the churchyard wall, are visible not, for the moralist has already commenced his calculations, and so makes his way towards the sexton, who is shovelling the earth just beside the church porch.

Now it happens that Tapps, the above-mentioned lark-possessing cobbler, has been lured by the bright sun from awl and lapstone, and is standing there too, just as the moralist inquires of Mope the

sexton the number and amount of burials made yearly, monthly, weekly, and daily. When this information is noted down, there is a fresh question as to age, sex, diseases.

“Why,” replies Mope, after a moment’s consideration, “they go off for want o’ wittles, and I take it that thousands lie here, as wouldn’t a bin coffined, if there’d bin an easy way to the baker’s shop. For when the quartern loaf gits up a farthing, says I there ’ll be work in ’t this week; so it’s true, ’specially in babies.”

“And what makes the loaf dear, and the way to the baker’s shop difficult?” asks the moralist, certain of a prime shot presently both into the ears of the twinkle-eyed cobbler, and the dull sexton.

“Why, why,” considers the sexton, and appealing by look to Tapps, “why a very little corn the one, and a very little money t’other.”

“No! my man,” replies the wise moralist, “knowledge hasn’t reached *you*, I see. It’s a want of moral restraint that fills churchyards, and crams workhouses, makes bread dear, and brings a curse upon the world. A man that has less than a hundred a year shouldn’t marry; if he does, he acts against the laws of God and man. Too many creatures are born to starve, and rot, and die; and it isn’t till nations pass laws against marriage, excepting only the case of the rich, that bread will be plentiful, and the coming ruin of the world prevented. You see *I* do not preach without being a sort of moral precept in my own person. *I am not married.*”

“So far you beat Malthus, sir, I think,” says Tapps, “for he first put sich a thing a-going, though he knew very well he was plucking a feather out of a Scotchman’s cap. But now, sir, jist allow me to ask you one natural question:—Are you, with that clever-looking little lady by your side—are you the happier for not being married to her?”

The little lady blushes, her heart beats, she turns away: the cobbler has propounded the first and foremost secret of her soul. But the moralist looks grave.

“The law of moral duty and that of nature are two different things; knowing this, am *I* to add another fraction to the pre-doomed woe of human misery?”

“Begging your pardon,” says the casuist cobbler, “the laws of duty and nature are one; and I take it, that there’s a deal of wise heads now, as look upon Parson Malthus’s population affair as a great bubble, that wasted a deal o’ ink and paper, and that is

not all the pain besides; for ye see, sir, it ain't every parson's crotchets as are quite so harmless as was that dear old Parson Adams's about his bits o' sermons. And now, sir, if there is sumfen o' the truth in this here early marriage matter, what's the cause on't?"

"Man's natural bad passions, or perhaps, rather some inherent principle of nature to over-populate beyond its means of subsistence; that thus only within a mark and bound, civilization shall make progress; that men shall dream futilely of a perpetual summer-time, forgetting the swarm of locusts that hover over to destroy."

"Well, sir, I differ," goes on the cobbler, digging his right hand stoutly into his left. "It's *ignorance*. Make a poor man less a brute; teach him, and there 'll be the salve, I take it. Now, if Parson Malthus had written a good spelling-book, or a good story-book for instance, or a sumfen that would a really taught what a beautiful place this earth is, how full of blessings for every human creature as has breath, he'd a done more to cure wickedness o' the flesh, than he did with that sharp book o' his, which the bishops thumbed and thought sich a might about. Now, give a man sumfen to think about beside the public-house and the skittle-ground; give him cheap meat and bread, so as he may fill his belly, and then I take it ye'll find him a being as can reason, as won't slip into poverty on purpose, but keep single till there's a sumfen for a wife and bits o' children; and *then* if he doesn't have 'em, the Lord bless his heart, it ain't in the right place, and I wouldn't give tuppence for 't. For, what's made my life a bit of a sunny thing, so that I've often had a heart as light as that lark as is a singing there? why, my missis; for if I have a trouble she helps to take it; and as for children, taking the good and evil together, they're the flowers which God has himself set in the path of a poor man's life; it's only want o' bread as makes children a sort o' thorns in the way o' poor struggling human creeturs."

"All very well, Mr. Tapps," says the moralist, somewhat pettishly; "human happiness, and more mouths than bread, are arguments that destroy one another. If you over-populate the earth——"

"*If*," interrupts Tapps, "the doubt's very strong here. Why, in this here nation, what makes bread dear, and fills up with parish coffins sich a place as this as Mope rigilates? Why, *bad laws*. Now put *these* down, instead o' bilding workhouses, and separating a man from his better self, and there 'll come corn

enough. For the earth is broad and fruitful, and natar's storehouse not half laid open. *Then*, when the world's ships *may* go free, when man may freely reap and sow, when ye've made him a feelin' sensible creetur, knowing good from evil, he'll marry and be given in marriage, without more fear o' over-populating the earth than filling the sea with too many fishes. And to this time I take it the world is a-going forard too, in spite o' Parson Malthus and his scholars. *In God's works there is no flaw*, though man's great solemn books may say there is. And so, sir, git married: there's figlosofi in it; and as I take it ye write books, let them be sich as'll help poor creeturs into the light o' wisdom. And so, sir, git married, and give a verdict for Time against the Surrey Parson. For ye'll take the words o' Solomon, I reckon, better than sich as come from a cobbler; and what says he on these two pints o' a wife and population? why, sumfen wiser than the parson. Thus:—"Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord" ('specially if she's a quiet tongue); and the t'other: "In the multitude of people is the king's honour, and in the want of people is the destruction of the prince." Only I'd suggist in this latter case, that one should have God's honour, instid o' kings', and the destruction of glorious human natur, instid o' them bits o' things in purple that men call princes. And so, sir, git married."

Just as Mr. Tapps has thus advised the moralist, what should step forth from the cool porch into the warm sunlight, but a strapping young fellow in a bran-new blue coat, and on his arm such a little tiny, happy, trembling human flower, though not over brave in money-bought gaudiness, that Mechlin lace never shrouded in purer or prouder blushes. Well, they have just been married: the parson's blessing is yet an echo! Why, here is enough in strapping Tom Kittletink's looks, to confute the world's trumpet-blast against happiness unless in purple. Tapps wickedly winks, and chirps a merry ha! ha! as hearty as his lark hard by; the sexton rests on his spade; the moralist places his foot on a newly upturned skull, it may be accidentally, though I am afraid he had not such wisdom as Yorick had to raise a glorious truth from insentient dust. Tapps, like his lark, has the first note, and it is a cheerful one, for he stops Tom Kittletink right short, and thus adds a deeper glow to the little bride's downcast face.

"And so Tom," says Tapps, "this gentleman as is a noting

down the 'rithmetic o' dead human creeturs, as sharp as a parish boy at an apple-stall—and all I take it for them here Parliament men—says as how to git married is to fall into the pit o' destruction, and so you'd better go home and make a day o' weeping on 't."

"Of merry-making," says Tom, all joyous, "as is proper with Mary here, and a stuffed loin of pork and a precious plum-pudding. What! cry? Why, Lord bless the gentleman, a wedding day does but come once in a life; and it's worth a world o' care to come that once, as I think."

"The happiness of a day, the misery of years, my friend," speaks the now somewhat abstracted moralist, "the workhouse, the parish coffin, the slow-paced eleemosynary doctor, the screaming child, the destitution, the want of mere bread, and last of all, the earth, *this* earth,—you understand?"

"I do, master," speaks out Tom Kittletink still more stoutly, "and I've looked as far into the matter as a hard-working man, as a Barbican brazier with no better learning than sich as parish schools strap and badge upon the poor can do, and I don't see that God made sich blessed little creatures as my Mary here, as flowers only to be worn in proud rich men's bosoms. Why, hope's for all on us, the sun's for all on us, and a man might as well persistingly sit under a big down-turned biler, when the sun's shining, as to always be looking for'ards to evil. Not that we are a-going to rush into the parish arms as I say: it's only when a man can't be worser off that he does that. But here I was, with fifteen shillings a-week a-coming in, a decent second floor back, a few bits o' things towards housekeeping, and Mary a-pining and moping by herself, and both on us loving children, and wishing to have 'em to teach and make 'em better than ourselves; and so I thought, as God didn't say no, them as go about with tracts and sich like shouldn't, and so we've seen the parson, and now we're jist off to the roast pork and pudding, not envying a mortal human creature, but thankful for what I am, and for Mary here, sir."

"And I prophecy——" began the moralist.

"I say, sir," interrupts Tom Kittletink, "you must think better o' sich as us, and give us a lift by yer learning, instead of helping to put us down into the churchyard dust, as too many do. And I say, if ye will look thus in God's manner, ye'll be married by this day next year. For, Lord sir, there's a little flower there

by yer side ; don't overlook her, for matrimony's in her eyes, sir, as I've had experineoe by my Mary's. Come, my dear ! and you, Tapps, mind you give us a look in to-night : there'll be backy, I reckon, and a song."

The moralist is about to say something, but the little lady whispered a little "nay" so near the truth, and so persuasive, that it is finer than speech lisped from the lips of a Lady Belinda ; and Tapps drawing near too, adds something about "human natur ;" and this, too, has something so talismanic in it, that he turns his eyes in the direction the mute sexton, the little lady, and the cobbler's looks have taken, and beholds Tom Kittletink just by the church-yard gate, actually kissing Mary's finger, on which is the bridal ring. And so God bless him ! It is a genuflection of nature in its adoration of the True ! "Git married" is Tapps' last counsel as he goes back to his awl, Mope digs on, and, strange for him, whistles instead of reckoning on his next dram of gin ; and the philosopher and the little lady walk silently home arm in arm ; his synthetic vein now analytical, and the creator of Belinda and Foppington woes touching a string whose melody is in the human heart !

A year gone by. The same sun, the same June day, the same human hearts ; yet what a change ! Is it a different church, or a different bridal party, that does it all ? No ! it is *opinion*—before conventional, now garmented in truth. Malthus is dead-beat. It is the philosopher gone in to be married, and to the little sharp lady ! God bless them both ! Something better than Malthus *doctrine*, something better than little squeezed tears of convention ! Truth from Tapps the cobbler. Oh ! oh ! blessings on St. Crispin and St. Crispianus, both of them, after this !

Well, it is beautiful to hear what a stout "yes" the moralist makes of it when the parson asks the question ; and the little trembling lady doesn't mince the matter, trust me. Nor is any man sour enough to allege an impediment ; and, bless us ! it is the best and new found morality of the moralist to look into that happy face and love ! What is a Lady Belinda after this, though charming as Miss Byron herself ?

Of course there is to sign and seal, and into the vestry they go. When, lo ! there is that same little Mary, pale to be sure, but with such a stout, living, blue-eyed little miniature of Tom Kittletink himself, that a mint-master might swear to the die. Mary is look-



ing a little pale, to be sure, as most young mothers do; but the moralist and his bride know her at once.

"Well, Mrs. Kittletink," says the bridegroom, stopping right short in front of the parson, "a year to-day. Have you regretted taking Tom for good and all?"

"Bless him, no sir," says Mary, rising to drop a curtsey; "the minutes have all been too short, and they 'll be shorter now, sir; for ye see the baby. The image of him, isn't it, sir?"

"Exactly. Well, here 's a pound to buy something to make punch of to-night, and mind Tapps tastes it. Recollect, good strong punch, plenty of rum in it, and that old Jamaica, and Tapps 'll know what toast to drink."

"That he will, sir. A dear creetur, sir! with a heart like his lark."

"Well! tell him he taught a man to be wise. Good day, Mrs. Kittletink; and now my dear!"

"We 'll put Malthus on our shelves with our graver books, and read ——"

"The HUMAN HEART, my love, and improve upon Tapps' logic."

"And whilst you write the second volume of 'Truths for the Time,' I'll make novels that shall be for everybody."

"To be read by everybody. You step here, my love! Mind, I think we 're as happy as Tom Kittletink and little Mary."

"I 'm sure of it."

"Well! then we 're with Time against Malthus. Tapps was right: ours is the 'last new verdict.'"

"There 'll be many more such when ——"

"Every day more and more. Cheap bread; the havens of the earth free; science, unbaring the fruitful bosom of the soil, will show men the profound wisdom of the moral the Greek sage taught, *that Nature's true laws co-exist not with Evil, for Nature is God.*"

E. M.

## A "MAN OF GOOD SOUND SENSE."

DID you ever see a self-satisfied, dull-witted, positively speaking, main-chance-pursuing, very sceptical, and altogether unenthusiastic specimen of the animal, man? Did you ever see such a specimen, and not hear him generally called a "man of good sound sense?"

Why is he so called? Because to the stolid, want of *sense* is good sense; and the greater number of mankind being rendered stolid by the training of society, one who embodies their own peculiarities is sure to have their good word. People name by a fine name whatever keeps themselves in countenance.

If asses could speak, be sure they would discourse on the wholesomeness of thistles, and the beauty of long ears; and any donkey who seemed to munch his thistles with a peculiar relish, or to flourish his ears with more satisfaction than ordinary, would to a certainty receive great praise from his species. He might even, if *very* asinine in his tendencies, be styled by a distinctive title, and live grandly amongst donkeys, a donkey aristocrat. The prerogative of speech has been used, time out of mind, in giving to baseness the attributes of nobility; and men, if not donkeys, have found out how, by worshipping their own mean qualities in the person of another, they raise their estimate of their own nature.

The "man of good sound sense" is, of course, well to do in the world, or the world would not compliment him with such a cognomen. Indeed it is very probable that formerly he may have been differently considered. If he have had his way to make, he will perhaps—or when poor and but just commencing the struggle—have been called an "honest well-meaning man;" by and by—as his success becomes more evident—he will be promoted to the rank of a "deserving man, and no fool;" until at last—when in possession of social influence, money to spend, and money to leave—he will gain his eminent, fully-developed title, and wear it as gracefully as Sancho Panza wore that of governor of the Island of Barataria.

The "man of good sound sense" is sternly and sneeringly

opposed to all innovative propositions. It is pleasant to hear him talk on such matters. He smashes them in the most un pitying manner, either by ponderous argument, or by ridicule which is still more ponderous than the argument. Usually, too, he is not confused by any knowledge of the subject which he condemns, and as most of the auditors are generally as ignorant, and as inimical as himself, he makes out the case most triumphantly to his own and their satisfaction. Sometimes, however, he commits the mistake of inquiring into the subject before he opposes it; but as he always does so with a prudent determination beforehand not to be convinced, the study seldom does him any harm. A pompous sort of mock candour is, indeed, very often a part of his character. He is "open to conviction," he declares, and is "unwilling to condemn unheard" any new doctrine, however startling. But he labours under the undebating persuasion that all believers in such doctrines should consider his listening to their arguments as a great favour; and so perhaps it is—for after all they can say, he never has "heard anything to alter his opinion, already expressed." It is a settled thing with him, that whoever pretends to teach him intends to insult him; and he resents the attempt accordingly. The idea of gratitude to those who enlighten the world by the dissemination of new ideas would certainly be to him one of the newest and most curious ideas conceivable. The clerk of Oxford, in the "Canterbury Tales," was evidently a gentleman and a philosopher, for Chaucer tells us that "gladly would he learn, and gladly teach;" but the "man of good sound sense" can understand only the teaching side of such a character, and that but dimly.

He can earn the usual praise, however, of those who have long ago firmly fixed their discoveries in the public mind, or rendered their theories generally acceptable, notwithstanding the opposition and apathy of former "men of good sound sense." He will talk of Luther, and Galileo, and Locke, and Watt, and Harvey, as if he would not have done his little utmost, had he been contemporary with them, to destroy them by silence, or to crush them by abuse, ridicule, and bad argument.

To prove this, there is no occasion when he shines more than when he has a fair opportunity of exhibiting his disdain for all who, in his own day, make any objects but wealth and worldly advancement the business of their lives. For poets, in particular, he has the most unmitigated contempt, mingled with a degree of

secret hatred for presenting as they do, in their works, so strong a contrast to his own grovelling sentiments. If one of them die, and leave a wife and family destitute, the event affords him much quiet chuckling enjoyment, and he expresses his feelings in the exclamation, "Poor devil!" coupled with some politico-economical remarks about the "value" of poems "in the market." "If men *must* be authors," he says, "why can't they write in the newspapers?" Artists he looks upon as silly, idle fellows—though he is inclined to except portrait-painters, who shew knowledge of the world, and a laudable wish to butter their bread on the every-day principles of trade. Musicians he usually speaks of as "fiddlers," and their art as "crotchets and quavers." He would have viewed Beethoven, and the man who played the long drum in one of his symphonies, as of just about the same class, and would probably have asked how much each was in the habit of "making" a week. Architects, he thinks, may do something in these times, especially if they turn their chief attention to ornamental shop-fronts. Mere investigating men of science he considers idiots, who sacrifice themselves for the benefit of the community—though a chemist who invents a new dye, "warranted fast," he is not hard upon. An engineer he always speaks of with respect.

But all men have their weakness, and the "man of good sound sense" is no exception. However much money he may possess, he has a constant longing to get more. Hence projected railroads, new steam-boat companies, wonderful speculations of all sorts, are dangerous temptations to him, and, if he lose, his "good sound sense" is sorely taxed to account for his having been deceived. Under such trials he becomes meek and dismal, as he is quite conscious that his character depends on his worldly success. Should he, however, live safely amidst these perils, and prosper in his gambling investments, he assumes, and has granted to him, more consideration than ever. He is elevated as an idol of "respectable" worship; public dinners are given to him; his choice raises the price of stock; he buys land, and flutters hopefully up towards the peerage.

Every stage of the earth's progress no doubt produces creatures proper to that stage; but as reptiles have been succeeded by men, let us hope that "men of good sound sense" may be succeeded by men with a loving reverence for truth, goodness, and beauty.

ARTHUR WALLBRIDGE.

## THE HEDGEHOG LETTERS.

CONTAINING THE OPINIONS AND ADVENTURES OF JUNIPER HEDGEHOG, CABMAN, LONDON; AND WRITTEN TO HIS RELATIVES AND ACQUAINTANCE, IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD.

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LETTER XXVIII.—To JOHN ROBINSON, PRIVATE OF THE 91st FOOT, INDIA.

DEAR JOHN,—When this letter may find you it isn't for me to say ; but wherever you are, it will no doubt find you upon a bed of laurels ; though, for my own part, I do think a bed of good honest goose feathers the more comfortable lying. Mind, I don't for a moment want to think light of what you 've done and what you 've suffered. Not a bit of it. Terrible work it must be ; and a bold heart a man must needs have to go through it : you 've earned your share of glory—(though what may be your share as a full private I can't say)—and I should think have got your bellyful of it for life. It's my hope, however, that you 'll never get any more. No, having cleaned the blood from your bayonet, and once more polished up your firelock, it's my hope that they 'll never know service again. I do hope, whatever you may think, that you 've had enough of the sport ; now sticking cold iron into the bowels of a screeching man, and now knocking in his skull as though it was no more than a pumpkin. When the guns are firing, and the blood's up, of course you think nothing of the work, going at it as though you were an engine of brass made to shoot and stab. But, I should say, it can't be pleasant to think of when it's over. That field of glory, as it's called, must go nigh to make a man heart-sick ; must make him a little out of sorts with himself : 'tis so different a field to a field of cut corn. For my part, John, I would much sooner cultivate turnips than laurels. A turnip's a nice thing for men and cattle, and so easily grown. Now, laurel—even a sprig of it, must be raised in the devil's hothouse, and be manured with human blood. Still, according to some folks, there's some human blood that Providence thinks no more of than ditch-water. Of course, there's been a pretty hurrah here in England about your putting down the Sikhs. One quiet gentleman with a goose-

quill is very pious indeed upon the matter ; and thinks that the war was expressly ordered to destroy " the scum of Asia," Providence having employed the British army for no other purpose than to sweep from the earth so much of its own offal. It's droll to think of your pious Christian in his easy chair, with his foot on a soft stool, his rent and taxes paid, and his pew at the parish church newly cushioned—it's something more than droll, isn't it, to think of him lifting his pious eyes to his ceiling, and talking of some twenty thousand slaughtered men as the " scum," the refuse of creatures ; as animals just a little above apes, of no account at all to the God who made 'em. He—good John!—thinks of 'em as no more than the vermin that once or twice a-year is cleaned out of his bedsteads, that decent respectable people may take their rest all the cosier for the cleaning. Easy Christianity, isn't it ?

And then the demand there's been for religion in this matter, A score of pious people—all hot from their Bibles—day after day write to the papers to know when they were to be comforted, by being authorized by Her Majesty, to return thanks for the slaughter. " Are we to shut up in our own breasts"—writes one very much afraid of bursting—" the grateful emotion ? " Was there to be no safety-valve, as I believe they call it—ordered by the Government ? " Are we even to content ourselves with talking to one another, as individuals, of this *our* great deliverance ! " This Christian writes from Brighton, and with, no doubt, tears as big as marbles in his eyes, wants to know when he is—according to a Government order, as if he couldn't offer up a private prayer on his own account—when he is to be allowed to return thanks to " HIM, who is the God of Battles." Perhaps I am very wicked, but for my part I never can bring myself to think of HIM as the God of Battles. The God of Love—the God of Mercy—the God of Goodness—but I cannot say the God of Fire—the God of Blood—the God of every Horror, committed upon man, woman, and child, in the madness of fight. Looking at a field of clover, I could thankfully say the field of God ; but the words stick in my throat when I think of a field of glory ; a field soaked with blood, a field with thousands of dead and dying creatures on it, sent into the world by God. But, then, I'm only an ignorant cabman.

However, some folks are as glad that the Sikhs are slaughtered as though they'd been no more than so many locusts. It's a great day for Christianity, they cry ; never forgetting gunpowder in their religion. One gentleman—I think he's an India Director—

sees a good deal of likeness between the dispatches of your general and the Bible. The Sikhs are the worshippers of Moloch, he says,—and like them have been destroyed by the true believers. Indeed, I've no doubt that these very religious folks would go from Genesis to Malachi, and find a resemblance in every chapter to every fight and movement in a whole campaign. And I dare say then they're quite sincere and honest in what they mean,—but then why don't they go on to the New Testament? Why do they stop short at that? And if they do stop short, and take all their examples of bloodshed from the Bible—and none of their teaching from the Sermon on the Mount, why—I must ask it, though I know I'm nothing but a foolish cabman—why don't they, so to speak, undo their Christianity? Why don't they turn Jews at once; and return thanks, not according to the Testament in a Christian Church, but as the Bible directs, in a synagogue?

Nevertheless, John Robinson, we have returned thanks that all of you, with your muskets, and your shells, and your bayonets and cannon, have killed thousands of the Sikhs. To be sure, they struck the first blow—that I can't deny. For all that, I do think that in the prayer that was made by the Archbishop, we did crow over 'em a little too much. For my part, I should have liked it better if the prayer had said something, regretting like, the causes of the dreadful slaughter. Whereas, it accounted no more of the Sikhs—poor things!—is it their fault if they're not believers in Scripture?—than if they'd been so many mad dogs, knocked on the head, for peace and safety.

It was quite a holiday in our parish; and I do assure you many of the people looked as they went to and from the church, quite as proud as if they'd handled sword and musket on their own account, and were returning thanks for their own courage. There was Snaps, the shoemaker and churchwarden. He had, I know, all the battle at his fingers' ends,—and looked as if he felt himself quite a soldier all the service. And his wife had a brand-new gown for the ceremony, and his daughters new bonnets. Indeed, I could run over fifty people who went to church that day, as if they were going to parade; and after they'd heard the Archbishop's prayer, they looked about 'em quite proud and satisfied, as much as to say—"See what we can do in the defence of our country!" For myself (but then I'm only a cabman) I must say it—I did

feel it a melancholy business. I couldn't, do all I could, get the horrors of the battle out of my head. When the organ began to play, I only thought of the roaring of the guns and the greans of the dying. There was one part in the printed account of the fight that I could not forget. It was this :—

“This battle had begun at six, and was over at eleven o'clock; the hand-to-hand combat commenced at nine, and lasted scarcely two hours. *The river was full of sinking men.* For two hours volley after volley was poured in upon the human mass—the stream being *literally red with blood, and covered with the bodies of the slain.* At last the musket ammunition becoming exhausted, the infantry fell to rear; the horse artillery plying grape, till not a man was visible within range. No COMPASSION WAS FELT, OR MERCY SHOWN.”

Yes, John: “no compassion was felt, or mercy shown!” And we, as Christians, were called upon to give thanks for it!

Well, our clergyman—he's a kind, good creature as ever prayed in a pulpit—he preached upon the text, (I've no doubt he'd some meaning in it,) “*But I say unto you, Love your enemies.*” A beautiful discourse he made; though I do assure you, a good many of the people, all tucked out in their best feathers (quite a church review, I can tell you) in compliment to your guns and bayonets, did look a little glum as the good gentleman went on; for all the world as if they thought such a discourse wasn't for *that day*—any how. Nevertheless, he preached as he always does, real, every-day religion—religion to be worn like an every-day coat in the working-day world, and not the religion that's put on to come to church in. He worked the text in all manner of beautiful ways. It did sound cold to be sure, after we'd been thanking God for helping us to slaughter thousands of barbarians—thanking God in the words of an archbishop—to hear the words of HIM who tells us to “love our enemies,”—and *not* to kill 'em. “No compassion was felt, or mercy shown,” says the account of the battle. “Love your enemies,” says Christ.

“Yes, all that's very well,” said Collops, the butcher, to whom I was talking after this fashion—Collops had mounted an entire new suit for the Thanksgiving—“that's all very well, Mister Hedgehog; but it won't do: such things are not to be taken in a straightfor'ard sense. Christianity is a beautiful thing, not a doubt on it, but to be a Christian every day in the week, I must shut up my shop. It was never intended. It's quite enough if a



man attends his church and is an earnest Christian once in seven days." And there's a good many folks like Collops in our parish; and I'm afeard in every other parish too.

However, John, I hope it's our last thanksgiving for gunpowder. Let us only keep peace for an odd ten or fifteen years more, and you may bid good bye to war for good. The young lads of our time will be brought up in a better school than their poor fathers, and won't have the same relish for blood. They won't cackle about glory like their parent ganders—it's the young uns that I put my hope upon; for it's no easy matter—in fact it's not to be done—to send middle-aged and old men to school again to unlearn all the stupidity and trumpery of all their lives. And so, John, I do hope you'll never fire another shot. Not but what you'll be pleased to hear that there's quite a stir among us just now—get the *Quarterly Review* if there's a circulating library at Lahore—quite a stir about educating the private soldier. They're going to make him quite a moral, scientific gentleman. They're going to have libraries for him, though they say nothing about taking away the halberds. And whether the soldier is still to have the cat-o'-nine-tails or no, I can't tell; but certainly they do say he's to have books.

We're to have no fighting, John, about America. And even if a war was to be declared, there's heaps of New Englanders—as I've heard—who would not enlist for the defence of the southern States. And the slaveholders seem to have an inkling of this, and so wouldn't like to risk the loss of their property—their black brothers—in a skirmish; for the good men of the north swear they will not pull a trigger in defence of slavery. And so, if the quarrel was ever so right upon the side of America, the wrong that is in her must work its vengeance. And so no more from

Your affectionate friend,

JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

## A HISTORY FOR YOUNG ENGLAND.\*

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What a pitie is it to see a proper gentleman to have such a crick in his neck that he cannot look backward. Yet no better is he who cannot see behind him the actions which long since were performed. History maketh a young man to be old, without either wrinkles or grey hairs; privileging him with the experience of age, without either the infirmities or inconveniences thereof. Yea, it not onely maketh things past, present; but inableth one to make a rationall conjecture of things to come. For this world affordeth no new accidents, but in the same sense wherein we call it *a new moon*; which is the old one in another shape, and yet no other than what had been formerly. Old actions return again, furbished over with some new and different circumstances. FULLER.

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### CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

#### MAGNA CHARTA.

1213—1216. In the multitudinous correspondence of His Holiness Innocent the Third, there is a letter from his royal vassal, John of England, to the effect that the English earls and barons had been devoted to him before he surrendered his kingdom to the pontiff; but since that time had violently risen against him: 'and specially on that account, *sicut publicè dicunt.*' The writer's mean soul is in the letter, striving to make what worldly profit it can of the slavish infamy it has undergone.

Neither assertion was true. Indignation after the Papal compact existed as little as devotion before it. There is indeed some reason to believe that the barons who now became most active against the king had declined to take any active part against the surrender of the kingdom. Beside the Archbishop of Dublin, the Bishop of Norwich, Walter Fitz-Peter, William of Salisbury, William of Pembroke, Reginald of Boulogne, William of Warrenne, Saher of Winchester, William of Arundel, William of Ferrers, William Briwere, Peter Fitz-Herbert, and Warren Fitz-Gerald, who, though with popular leanings, never left the banner of the king, even the Bigods, De Mowbrays, and De Veres, may be pronounced entitled to so much of the infamy of the act as presence and non-interference can imply. But the letter which is relied upon by the Roman Catholic historians to show that they

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\* Continued from p. 276, Vol. III.

had even compelled it, must be taken with large allowance. That one of John's most servile agents in Rome should report to his master an alleged appeal from the barons to the pope's gratitude, on the ground that it was not the good-will of the king, but 'to them, and the compulsion which they had employed, that he 'was indebted for his superiority over the English crown,' will only be thought conclusive by the most hasty or the most prejudiced historians. On the other hand, it consists with the best authorities to admit that the uniform policy of the nobles to degrade the position and humble the pride of their sovereign, might have seemed to them to sanction the cold acquiescence, if not the savage satisfaction, with which they saw that desperate consummation of the incredible baseness of John. Party spirit, as I have shown, had arisen in England. From it have sprung scenes and compromises often neither just nor honourable; but with it have been associated, in very memorable periods of history, the liberties and political advances of the English people.

By the act of the 15th of May, 1213, the aspect of the existing contention was changed. The pope declared himself on the side of his vassal; and the French king, who lay with a powerful army at Boulogne, meditating invasion, was ordered by Pandulf to desist. But Philip's compact was loosened with the pope, to be only more firmly knit with the barons. They had already opened overtures with his son; doubtful of the side that would be taken by the burgesses and townsmen, the most important section of the people. These, lately so eager to resist invasion that they had rallied to the standard of John, can alone be said to have remained undecided at this extraordinary crisis.

But the event was at hand which determined them. By the compact made at Dover, and which in all its provisions on the side of justice the king even now sought to evade, Langton and the exiles returned. John met them with assumed deference at Winchester, as the clients of his feudal lord; and embraced the cardinal archbishop at the entrance of the cathedral. But the sentence of excommunication having been publicly revoked, and the oath of papal fealty repeated, he was unexpectedly called upon by Langton to make additional oath that he would abolish all illegal customs, restore to every man his rights, and revive the laws of the Confessor. It is added by Mathew of Paris, who relates this, that to the multitude assembled such proceedings were vague and unintelligible, but by the few initiated in the secret sufficiently understood. From that day, in truth, the Grand

Confederacy took life; and what was best in England, gradually, in part unconsciously, joined and strengthened it.

Stephen de Langton was its soul and head. Selected by Innocent, as I have said, for that inflexible constancy and courage of character which was thought most available to confront the king, the pontiff had now an opportunity to test the endurance of this quality, with himself as its antagonist. For not with Innocent's authority had Langton exacted John's oath for liberty. When the cardinal stepped again upon his native soil, after his long and partly voluntary exile, he seemed to have left behind him every allegiance that could impinge upon his obligations as an Englishman. No man worthier of the highest honours of the name exists in our records. In an unlettered age, he had cultivated with perfect success the most elegant accomplishments of poetry; and at a time apparently the most unfavourable to the growth of freedom, he now directed existing discontents, which might have wasted in casual conflict but for him, to the establishment of that deep and broad distinction between a free and a despotic monarchy, of which our history, throughout all the varying fortunes and disasters that awaited it, never afterwards lost the trace. This was the work of Langton, and his claim to eternal memory. The barons were a rope of sand before his arrival. He concentrated their wavering purposes and scattered aims.

In a month after the scene at Winchester, the first bold step was taken. Excited by the noble exploit, the first of an uninterrupted series, of the English navy against the French fleet at Damme (the latter thrice outnumbering the former, yet at once dispersed or taken), John had suddenly resolved to assume the offensive against Philip and carry war into France; and he summoned the leading barons by their allegiance to meet him on the French coast. Instead of obeying the summons they repaired to St. Albans, and held a council, at which Langton was present; over which Fitz-Peter the justiciary presided; and where was first unrolled that charter of the First Henry which was in future made the basis of what they now resolved to claim. The copy (according to Roger of Wendover) belonged to Langton, and was supposed to be the only one then in existence. After council, the daring resolve was taken to send forth the issue of its deliberations in the form of a series of royal proclamations. In these, the laws granted by Henry the First were ordered to be universally observed; and capital punishments were denounced against the

sheriffs, foresters, or officers of the king, who should exceed the strict line of their duty, as limited by those laws.

John returned from France, denouncing vengeance. Military execution, he said, should fall upon the traitors; and in savage earnest of his threat he let loose a band of mercenaries on the lands of his recusant nobles. Langton confronted him at Northampton, and adjured him to beware of the violation of an oath; reminding him that vassals must suffer by the judgment of their peers, and not by lawless violence. 'Rule you the church,' shouted the king, 'and leave me to rule the state.' He pushed on to Nottingham, and was there again confronted by the cardinal; who threatened, if the justice of a trial should continue to be refused, to excommunicate all, with exception of the king himself, engaged in a cause so impious. John yielded; and a summons was sent to the accused to appear before himself or his justices. A summons more surely meant to be obeyed, was at the same time sent to them from Langton, to meet at St. Paul's in London in a fortnight from that date, and ascertain the damages sustained in the recent quarrel.

They met; ostensibly with that purpose; but what really passed is told by Mathew of Paris. Langton drew the Barons aside as they entered, and having privately appealed to each to forego his mere personal claim, again publicly produced the charter of Henry Beauclerc, read it aloud (few of his noble hearers could have done that), and, amid loud acclamations, commented on its outraged provisions, one by one. It is added by the writer of the contemporary Annals of Waverly, in proof of the enthusiasm thus excited, that Langton availed himself of it to administer, before the meeting closed, an oath to every baron assembled, solemnly binding them to each other to achieve the recovery of those liberties, or to die in the struggle. The sword was now drawn, and the scabbard cast away.

His Holiness became alarmed for his English fief. Cardinal Nicholas of Tusculum came hastily to England with the title of legate, and with importunate letters to Langton. The king caught at this hope of help with desperate energy; renewed to him his oath of fealty; and, with a prostrate eagerness of self-debasement, offered to do him homage as the papal representative, though, by previous agreement, bound to do this only to his Holiness himself. The offer was accepted, and the second surrender of England to Rome took place in Westminster at the Christmas

festival of 1213. But not without interruption did this second solemn degradation pass. Langton came forward with a protest, and laid it upon the altar at its close. The legate returned to Rome with his new 'forma juramenti fidelitatis,' sealed with gold; and with report to Innocent, that John was the most pious of princes, and Langton the most factious of archbishops.

Before a new step was taken nearly a year had passed, occupied by the disastrous campaign in France which ended at the battle of Beauvines, and brought back John to a more inglorious struggle, for which, on the side of the Barons, the interval had been well prepared. His intemperance gave them the occasion for which alone they waited. His gross indulgences had never been so scandalous or violent as between the October and November of 1214. The Justiciary Fitz Peter had always exerted some control, and his death was the first welcome news that saluted John's return. 'It is well,' he cried; 'in Hell he may again shake hands with primate Herbert, for surely he will find him there. He leaves me here, God's teeth! at last the lord of England.' But even as he spoke, the Grand Confederacy was in motion. The 20th of November was the Festival of St. Edmund's, and an opportunity for assembling in numbers without awaking suspicion. All the Barons in the league met accordingly on that day in the abbey, on pretence of celebrating the saint's festival, but in reality to mature their plan of future proceeding; to define the different liberties on which they were prepared to insist; and to resolve on demanding them in a body from the king at the approaching festival of Christmas. Before they separated, each baron, according to his station, advanced singly to the high altar, and, laying his hand upon it, took solemn oath to withdraw his fealty from John if he should continue to refuse the rights demanded; and further, until the unreserved concession of those rights, to levy war upon him.

The End was now begun; and, from this memorable day until the day of Runnymede, Langton seems to have remained by the side of the king. The inference that he was become in any respect favourable to him, is monstrous. It was even at this time, while, with Pembroke and with Warrenne, he was almost the only illustrious or powerful Englishman who remained with the banner of John, that he rejected with haughty and stern refusal that final appeal from his spiritual chief at Rome which inveighed against his participation in the injustice of refusing to John those rights which the

crowns had peaceably possessed during the reigns of his father and brother ; which charged him, the archbishop, with having fomented the whole disturbance ; and which commanded him, on pain of excommunication, to exert his authority to restore peace between the king and his vassals. The truth is that Langton rejoined the king to control his treacherous violence, as he had associated with the barons to concentrate their wavering purpose. He was with John when the great vassals and tenants deserted his summons to the court at Worcester, and left him to celebrate his Christmas festival alone. When the king left Worcester suddenly, came to London, and shut himself up in the Temple, Langton was still in attendance on him. His motive may be seen in the first transaction which took place on the appearance of the confederated barons at the gates of the Temple.

Mathew of Paris describes it thus : ‘ Here, then (to the New Temple Inn), came to the king the aforesaid great barons, in a very resolute manner, with their military dresses and weapons, almost demanding the liberties and laws of king Edward, with others, for themselves, the kingdom, and the Church of England, to be granted and confirmed according to the charter of King Henry the First. But the king hearing that the barons were so resolute in their demands, was much concerned at their impetuosity. And when he saw that they were furnished for battle, he replied that it was a great and difficult thing which they asked, from which he required a respite until after Easter, that he might have space for consideration ; and if it were in the power of himself or the dignity of his crown, they should receive satisfaction. But at length, after many proposals, the king unwillingly consented that the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Ely, and William Marshall (Earl of Pembroke) should be made sureties ; and that by reason of their intercession, on the day fixed, he would satisfy all.’ For offices of this nature, never affecting to conceal the part he had taken or the exertions he was still prepared to make, Langton, in his character of one of the great dignitaries of state, continued by the side of the king.

Only two barons and one bishop of the Confederacy had shrunk from the ordeal of this first personal encounter with John. The Earl of Chester, the Lord William Brewer, and the bishop of Winchester, went over to his side. The rest were immovable ; and how formidable, the king seems for the first time to have felt. He garrisoned his castles ; sent to Flanders and Poitou

for the services of foreign vassals ; propitiated the English clergy by enormous and absurd concessions ; ordered his sheriffs to tender the oath of allegiance to the freemen of the different counties ; and, to secure to himself the privileges and support which the church gave to Crusaders, embraced the cross. But he could neither avert the approach of that fatal Easter, nor collect around his standard an available force of resistance. The barons met in the appointed week at Stamford, and accompanied by more than two thousand knights, their esquires and followers, marched to Brackley. The king was but a few miles distant, at Oxford. Between the two places, Langton, Pembroke, and Warrene, commissioned to ascertain their precise demands, met the leaders of the barons ; and after brief conference took back a paper to the king.

‘ They might as well have demanded my crown ! ’ he furiously exclaimed, on hearing this paper read. ‘ Do they think I will grant them liberties which will make me a slave ? ’ The words very strikingly express for what purpose these men had taken arms. It was to subject the sovereign to a dominion which they themselves and their special claims represented less perfectly than that general principle of Resistance which they also grandly embodied. Langton and the commissioners were remanded with several evasive proposals, successively rejected by the barons. ‘ We stand to our original demands,’ they said ; ‘ and nothing short of these can now content us.’ A strange discussion ensued in the king’s camp. Pandulf and the Bishop of Exeter, the most trusted of John’s advisers, were for trying, as in the last resort, the effect of excommunication ; but Langton, when reminded that he was bound to exercise this awful function by order of the pontiff, replied that he was better acquainted with the duties of his spiritual lord, and that if he used his power, it should not be against the barons at Brackley, but against those foreign troops who now surrounded them in Oxford, and whom it was the duty, as it would be the interest of the king, to send back to whence they came.

In utter despair, John offered one more compromise. The matter in dispute he proposed to refer to nine arbiters ; four chosen by the barons, four chosen by himself, and the Pope acting as the ninth ; by whose decision, or the decision of the majority, he would abide. This was also refused ; and as the commissioners left the camp, the barons, to close all further avenue of hope, pro-



claimed themselves 'the army of God and his holy church,' and elected Robert Fitzwalter as their head. Fitzwalter had suffered peculiar and terrible wrong at the hands of John; and with Eustace de Vesci, who had also a personal quarrel to avenge, had been most active and efficient in the Grand Confederacy.

A month decided all. Northampton was first invested by Fitzwalter: the burgesses of Bedford then forced their governor to open their gates: while in this latter city, an invitation was received from the principal London citizens: and on the morning of the 17th of May, 1215, the army of God and his holy church entered and occupied the metropolis. Proclamations were now issued to the barons and knights throughout England hitherto neutral: stating their objects, their resources, and their resolve to treat as enemies all who were not friends: and these appeals were largely answered. It is idle, say the old historians, to recount the barons who composed and completed that national army; they were the whole nobility of England. It is supposed that when John, soon after the occupation of London, sent Pembroke to treat submissively, he had not ten of the more powerful barons assembled under his banner.

But it was in circumstances such as these that his profound hypocrisy served him as a kind of resource. He had now assumed an air of cheerfulness. Pembroke was ordered to tell the confederates that their petitions should be granted. It only remained to name the day and the place. He was himself at Windsor at this time; the barons were encamped at Staines; and the place was fixed at a flat green meadow by the river side between, and the day on the 15th June.

On the 15th of June, 1215, there accordingly began, upon the plain of Runnymede, the most memorable transaction of the English history. Two encampments, slightly apart from each other, were formed upon it. John sate upon the one side attended by Langton and eight bishops; by the papal envoy, Pandulf; by Almeric, the Master of the Templars; by William of Pembroke; by the Earls of Salisbury, Warrenne, Arundel, and Hubert de Burgh; and by ten other gentlemen; of which scant attendance of advisers many were known to be hostile. On the other side stood Fitzwalter, and a majority of the whole English nobility. The first proceeding was to enact certain securities for the due observance of the instrument which the king was to be called upon to sign. It was required that he should disband and dismiss all his foreign

mercenaries, their families and followers; that London should remain in possession of the barons for two months more, and the tower be held by Langton for the same additional time; and that twenty-five barons, of their own number, to be then and there chosen, should be named guardians or conservators of the public liberties, with power, in case of any breach of those liberties, as that day to be defined, to declare war against the king, and to summon to arms the freemen of every county. These securities, duly recited, were unhesitatingly given; and then,—the various heads of grievance and proposed means of redress having been one by one discussed, and the document in which they were reduced to legal shape having been formally admitted by the king,—there was, on the fourth day from the opening of the conference (Friday, the 19th of June 1215,) unrolled, read out aloud, and subscribed by John, the formal instrument which thus at last embodied, in fifty-seven chapters, the completed demands of the Great Confederacy, and which is immortalized in history as the GREAT CHARTER.

The reader who has accompanied me so far will not require to be reminded that our English liberties were not created by this Charter. Its inexpressible value was, that it corrected, confirmed, and re-established ancient and indisputable, though continually violated, public rights; that it abolished the most grievous of the abuses that had crept into existing laws; that it gave a new tone, by giving a definite and substantial form, to future popular hopes and aspirations; that, without attempting to frame a new code, or even to inculcate any grand or general principles of legislation, it did in effect accomplish both, because, in insisting upon the just discharge of special feudal relations, it affirmed a principle of equity which was found generally applicable far beyond them; that it turned into a tangible possession what before was fleeting and undetermined; and that throughout all the centuries that succeeded, it was violated by every English king and appealed to by every struggling section of the English people.

Many of its provisions I need not refer to, beyond the mention that they redressed grievances of the military tenants, hardly intelligible now since the downfall of the system of feuds, but then very bitterly felt. Reliefs were limited to a certain sum, as settled by ancient precedent; the waste committed, and the unreasonable services exacted, by guardians in chivalry were restrained; the disparagement in matrimony of female wards was forbidden; and widows were secured from compulsory marriage and other wrongs.

Its remedies on these points were extended not alone to the vassals, but the sub-vassals of the crown. At the same time the franchises, the "ancient liberties, and free customs" of the city of London, and of all towns and boroughs, were declared inviolable. Freedom of commerce was also guaranteed to foreign merchants, with a proviso to the king to arrest them for security in time of war, and keep them till the treatment of our own merchants in the enemy's country should be known. The court established for the hearing of common pleas was restricted from following the king's person, and fixed at Westminster. And the tyranny exercised in and concerning the Royal Forests, was decisively controlled.

A remarkable provision had relation to the levy of aids and scutages. It was not in the articles originally submitted to the king, and must be supposed to have been suggested in the course of the four days' conference at Runnymede. These aids, in consequence of the frequent foreign expeditions, had become of nearly annual recurrence, and were farmed out with peculiar circumstance of hardship. The provision in question now limited their exaction to the three acknowledged legal cases—the king's personal captivity, the knighthood of his eldest son, and the marriage of his eldest daughter; and in case aid or scutage should be required on any other occasion, it rendered necessary the previous consent of the great council of the tenants of the crown. It proceeded to enumerate the members of this council, as archbishops, bishops, abbots, earls, and greater barons, who should be summoned personally by writ; and as all other tenants in chief of the crown, who should be summoned generally by the sheriff. The summons was to be issued forty days beforehand, and was to specify the time and place and intended subject of discussion. Notwithstanding the careful limitation of this article to royal tenants and to purposes of supply, nothing in the Charter was so hateful to succeeding princes. It was soon formally expunged; it was never formally restored. Yet other and larger privileges silently arose in its place, and no one was found in later years who dared to violate them openly.

I need not dwell upon many smaller but most useful provisions for the better administration of justice, for the strieter regulation of assize, for temporary claims and necessities in Scotland and Wales, for mitigation of the rights of the exemption possessed by the crown, and for the allowance of liberty of travel to every

freeman excepting in time of war. I proceed to name those grander provisions which proved applicable to all places and times, which held within them the germ of our greatest constitutional liberties, and which have secured lasting gratitude and veneration to the authors of the Great Charter.

These were the clauses which protected the personal liberty and property of all freemen, by founding accessible securities against arbitrary imprisonment and arbitrary spoliation. 'We will not sell, we will not refuse, we will not defer, right or justice to any one,' was the simple and noble protest against a custom common until then, but never thenceforward to be practised without secret crime or open shame. The thirty-ninth clause (beginning with that rude latinity of *nullus liber homo* which Lord Chatham thought worth all the classics) stipulated, in the same great spirit, that no freeman should be arrested, or imprisoned, or disseised of his land, or outlawed, or destroyed in any manner; nor should the king go upon him, nor send upon him, but by the lawful judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land. And a supplementary clause, not less worthy, provided that earls and barons should be amerced by their peers only and according to the nature of their offence; that freemen should not be amerced heavily for a small fault, but after the manner of the default, nor above measure for a great transgression; saving always to the freeholder his freehold, to the merchant his merchandise, and to a villain (except he was the king's villain) his wainage, or implements of husbandry; and that such amerciaments should be imposed by the oath of the good men of the neighbourhood. And the operation of all this was extended, as before remarked, to the sub-vassals as well as vassals. It was provided that every liberty and custom which the king had granted to his tenants, as far as concerned him, should be observed by the clergy and laity towards their tenants, as far as concerned them.

Such, in its leading provisions, was the Great Charter. Nor did its manifest omissions, or the limited bearing of even its greatest remedial clauses, avail against its mighty and resistless effect through the succeeding centuries. Could its framers have foreseen this, they might have paused. Certain is it that all the potent secrets included in their work were not known to them. They could not have suspected that under words which were intended to limit the relations of feudal power, many of the most extended truths of a just and equitable polity lay concealed, as though afraid to shew them-

selves till a milder and more auspicious day. They denied protection to serfs, and knew not that what had given them that very power of denial had rent asunder for ever the bonds of English serfdom. They protested against the power of taxation in a prince while they reserved it in limitation for themselves, ignorant that the formidable principle would bear down the weak exception. They demanded the regular summoning of a great council to control the king, and dreamt not that within fifty years the tenants of the crown to whom they limited that council, would insensibly yield to the admission of burgesses and knights by the forms of popular election. They asserted a principle and could not stay its course. All-powerful as they were, these iron barons of Merton, they could not claim its operation in one case, and control it in another. Their part was illustrious, but was not all. It was enough for them, and enough for the admiration with which we regard them, to have conceived the great and prudent thought, that when once the rust of the Norman Conquest had been worn out of the souls of men, the various and discordant elements of England could never be moulded into any safe political form, without a distinct admission, however limited, of political privileges, and a nominally general concession, however unfairly hampered, of civil rights of liberty and property. The personal pride, the impatience of kingly wrong, in which that thought began, has not availed to check the reverence now fairly due to it. It was for future time to purge the selfishness and leave the greatness. It was for a posterity that has heaped upon these men praise they would have trampled on as insolence, to demonstrate the inherent force and inexhaustible power of the simple spirit of RESISTANCE to irresponsible tyranny, whether lodged under a peasant's jerkin, or within a baron's mail. The five centuries that followed the scene at Runnymede were filled with the struggles of freedom; and never, at any new effort, were the provisions of this feudal charter appealed to in vain. Even when silent in themselves, the spirit from which they took life still gave itself forth irresistibly; in accents of warning and terror, or of strength and consolation. Thirty-two times were they solemnly re-affirmed and re-established; thirty-two several times had they been deliberately violated by profligate ministers and insolent kings.

The names of the twenty-five barons selected as its guardians and conservators may now be given. The reader will find in a

subsequent list the name of Henry de Londres, Archbishop of Dublin, a man of great learning, spirit, and courage; who, for several years, administered his archbishopric in defiance of an interdict, and with a sentence of excommunication impending over him; and these recitals, with the names already familiar, will show the chief promoters of MAGNA CHARTA. They were, Richard de Clare, Earl of Clare; William de Fortibus, Earl of Aumerle; Geoffrey de Mandeville, Earl of Gloucester; Saher de Quincy, Earl of Winchester; Henry de Bohun, Earl of Hereford; Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk; Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford; William Mareschall, Junior; Robert Fitz-Walter; Gilbert de Clare; Eustace de Vescy; William de Hardell, Mayor of London; William de Mowbray; Geoffrey de Say; Roger de Mumbezou (Mount Begon); William de Huntingfield; Robert de Ros; John de Lacy, the Constable of Chester; William de Albeniac; Richard de Percy; William Malet; John Fitz-Robert; William de Lanvalay; Hugh Bigod; and Richard de Montfitchet.

The barons recited in the Charter itself, as having recommended it to the king by their council, are known, though the most part with decisive inclinings to the confederated barons, to have remained nominally under the standard of the king. They were, Stephen, Archbishop of Canterbury; Henry, Archbishop of Dublin; William of London, Peter of Winchester, Joceline of Bath and Glastonbury, Hugh of Lincoln, Walter of Worcester, William of Coventry, and Benedict of Rochester, Bishops; Pandulph, the Pope's Subdeacon and Familiar; Brother Almeric, Master of the Knight-Templars in England; William Mareschal, Earl of Pembroke; William, Earl of Salisbury; William, Earl of Warrenne; William, Earl of Arundel; Alan de Galloway, Constable of Scotland; Warin Fitz-Gerald; Hubert de Burgh, Seneschal of Poitou; Peter Fitz-Herbert, Hugh de Nevil, Matthew Fitz-Herbert, Thomas Basset, Alan Basset, Philip de Albiac, Robert de Roppel, John Mareschal, and John Fitz-Hugh.

John lived fifteen months after the great transactions at Runnymede, but lived only with the hope of reversing them, by force or treachery. He had kept throughout the four days the pretence of cheerfulness; had spoken with courtesy and kindness to even his leading opponents; had issued his writs to the sheriffs of the counties to read everywhere the contents of the Charter and swear

allegiance to its twenty-five conservators; and finally, with the utmost show of graciousness, had, on the closing day of the conference, taken back again all the revolted barons for his liegemen, and granted them their former estates and honours. But once left with his creatures, the mask fell. He cursed the day of his birth, he gnashed his teeth, he rolled his eyes, he gnawed sticks and straws, and underwent the ridiculous phrenzy of a madman. The popular notion of the first hopeless extent of his discomfiture may be guessed at from the grave assertion of Mathew of Paris, who tells us that he spent the day after the signature of the charter at Windsor, skulked away the next morning to the Isle of Wight, took up the profession of a pirate, and passed three months in the island, or at sea in the company of mariners. Public records prove that this could not have been. His first acts showed a collected and practical treachery, much more congenial with his nature. He sent two deputations to the Continent. One was charged to hire adventurers and mercenaries for his standard; the other to implore the powerful interposition of Rome, on the ground that concessions extorted from the vassal were insults offered to the authority of the lord. This done, he ordered all his castles to be provisioned and fortified, and set himself to the device of schemes for surprise of the capital.

Secret intelligence of some such measures would seem to have reached the triumphant barons when in full preparation for a magnificent tournament at Stamford, to be fought in celebration of Rannymede. The purpose was immediately foreborne; and after fruitless attempts to warn and recover the king (in which they lost valuable time), their trumpet sounded to arms more desperate. The first struggle took place under the walls of Rochester Castle, which ultimately surrendered to the king. Mercenaries poured in daily to his standard, and the barons seem to have been perplexed at the suddenness of the movement against them.

The siege of Rochester had scarcely been decided, when a bull reached England from the Pope annulling the GREAT CHARTER. England was become a fief of the Holy See, this document proclaimed, and her king had no longer the power, even if he had the will, to surrender the rights of his crown without permission from his feudal lord. Every concession extorted from John, therefore, in the late contumacy at Rannymede, had been lawlessly taken, in contempt of the Holy See, to the degradation of royalty, to the

disgrace of the nation, and to the impediment of that crusade which John had so religiously embraced. The barons were ordered finally to submit and make due concession. Without a dissentient they refused. Langton was then ordered to excommunicate them; and that great-minded prelate paying no attention to this command, he was suspended from the exercise of his archiepiscopal functions. This was followed by a second bull of excommunication, in which the chiefs of the confederated barons, mentioned by name, were declared to be worse than Saracens, and in which the City of London (staunch always to the Charter) was laid under an interdict. But this too was met with calm contempt. Such matters, said the barons, in a remarkable manifesto issued by their orders, were not within the jurisdiction of Rome. Temporal concerns were not subject to the Pope's interference: Christ had only entrusted ecclesiastical control to Peter and to Peter's successors. (*Ex hoc maxime quod non pertinet ad papam omninatio rerum laicarum: cum Petro apostole et ejus successoribus non nisi ecclesiasticarum dispositio rerum a domino sit collata.*)

Several months thus passed, during which the mercenary bands of John had been recruited in unexampled numbers, chiefly from Flanders, Picardy, Poitou, and Guienne. They now laid waste with wanton violence the richest counties of the south, and John in person marched to the north, where the Scots had taken up the cause of the Confederacy. The horrible scenes here enacted by the tyrant are said to have had no parallel since those of the Conqueror's devastation. With his own hands he was wont to set fire in the morning to the house which had given him shelter on the preceding night. Castles, villages, towns, were given recklessly to the flames; and countless human beings, without respect of age or sex, rank or calling, were subjected to tortures, mutilations, and deaths, too horrible to be named! At length wherever John appeared, forests and mountains became the only refuge to human life; the labours of agriculture were suspended; and, with a sad significance, in churchyards alone, as having a right of sanctuary for the most part respected by even the royal marauders, a meeting or a market could be held.

Unhappily for their fame, the barons took a resolve in this condition of things—their available force proving unequal to any speedy determination of the contest—to call in, on their side also, the help of the foreigner. They offered the English crown to the eldest son of the king of France, already allied to



the family of Plantagenet by his marriage with the niece of John. He landed at Dover with a considerable force, before which John's mercenaries made precipitate retreat; and, receiving the homage of the barons and citizens in London at Paul's Cathedral, took solemn oath to govern them by good laws, to protect them against their enemies, and to reinstate them in all their old rights and possessions. His first movements were successful; and it had become little doubtful what the issue of the campaign now vigorously entered on, must have been, when Providence interposed the death of John. Entire success must have involved the Confederacy in a false allegiance, in all probability fatal to the cause with which their names are so greatly connected. But the success with which they began, only served, most happily, to involve John's latter days in gloom; and was not needed further.

On the 14th of October 1216, the tyrant, after a luckless and heavy march in the country of the fens, sought rest in the Cistercian convent of Swineshead, where fatigue, or mortification, or poison, or a surfeit of peaches, or all combined, threw him into a mortal fever. He was conveyed next day with difficulty and anguish to the castle of Sleaford; and on the day following to Newark Castle; where, made sensible of approaching death, he named his eldest son Henry for his successor. He died on the 19th of October, in the forty-ninth year of his age and the seventeenth of his reign; more thoroughly hated, and more deservedly condemned to everlasting infamy, than any other man of whom history keeps contemptuous record.

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### New Books.

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**ESSAYS ON SUBJECTS CONNECTED WITH THE LITERATURE, POPULAR SUPERSTITION, AND HISTORY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.** By Thomas Wright, M.A. F.S.A., &c., &c. 2 vols., p. 8vo. London: J. Russell Smith.

THE agitation of the great questions affecting the principles that govern large societies and densely-populated nations, ramifies itself into regions of literature and philosophical speculation, that at the first glance seem far removed from it. The study of antiquities, and particularly of literary antiquities, was, until very lately, confined to a few erudite and secluded students, whose pursuits were considered, even by their literary brethren, to be at the best a harmless amusement: the wits considered them as lawful game for banter, and the politician and man

of the world as dreamers. The necessity, however, for a more accurate examination into the statements of historians, and the demand for a more substantial knowledge of the progress of society, the development of political doctrines, and the comparison of the various modes of legislation and government, all fermented and excited by the party pleadings of various sections of the theological and civil factions, have forced the attention of the reading public towards the learned researches of the antiquarians. The middle eras are no longer to be styled the dark ages ; and the sweeping denunciations of the arrogant but ignorant party-historians of the last century are gradually being wholly set aside by the light thrown upon this portion of history by the patient and plodding investigations of the literary antiquarians. In France this section of learning has been impregnated with the finest literary genius ; and Thierry, Michelet, and others, have invested the hitherto considered dustiest of subjects with a freshness and charm allied to the noblest poetry and history. No such union has taken place with us, for though Sir Walter Scott to a great degree united the imaginative power with the accumulated learning, yet, he never made the former the means of revivifying the facts of past ages. His numerous imitators in their weakness wandered still further into the realms of mere fancy.

Mr. Wright makes no pretension to be ranked in the class of Michelet and Thierry, leaving to others the task of speculating on the materials he gathers ; nor does he even seek himself to evolve the theory attached to the numerous facts his diligence and his learning weigh up from the deep profound of the past. Still his labours are extremely valuable—first, as adding richly to the stores of knowledge—and secondly, as being by his literary ability invested with an interest, which they otherwise never could have for the general reader. What, if given in its raw state, would be repulsive and uninteresting, becomes by his treatment suggestive and informing. This itself is of great benefit to literature, for it is rendering the study of antiquities a pleasure instead of a task. There is scarcely out of the twenty articles comprised in these two volumes one which a lady or a tolerably intelligent youth of either sex would not involuntarily peruse ; whilst to the sterner reader, anxious to be informed of the actual state of early English society, and of the progress of language, literature, and invention, they are of the utmost value. Some objections doubtless may be raised by those equally versed with Mr. Wright in antiquarian researches as to the dates he occasionally fixes and to the value of certain documents, but this in no way deteriorates from the general value of his contributions. He will be opposed, too, by those who draw different conclusions from the evidence he has thus adduced. We are very glad, however, to perceive that one so learned and so diligent in his researches is still on the side of those who have faith in the beneficial progress of mankind, and is not one of those who look back to the feudal period as the perfection of human society, and advocate the

necessary subjection of the many to the tender mercies of the few. The following sentence in the dedication would alone entitle him to the perusal of every unprejudiced inquirer, justified as it is by the contents of his volumes:—"I have endeavoured to paint the spirit and manners of the age truly; concealing none of what appeared to me to be its beauties or its excellencies on the one hand, nor, on the other, hiding those *great vices in the texture of society and defects in the mediæval system, which ought to make us look back upon it with thankfulness as an age that has long passed away.*"

We shall not enter into any particular specification of these volumes, as it is a work which every one interested in literature, politics, or social progress, should peruse for himself.

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AN ESSAY ON THE CHARACTER OF MACBETH. Demy 8vo. London: C. Mitchell.

EVERY thing that tends to fix the attention to the earnest examination and elucidation of the full meaning of a truly great writer is valuable. This critical exercise of the mind is for many reasons to be encouraged, and the more especially that it is only by the most patient and intense devotion to a great author that his depth can be fathomed, or the vastness of his genius apprehended; we cannot say even after the profoundest attention has been awarded to him, that he has been comprehended. Intellectual power opens to us in the midst of darkness a burst of light which radiating into infinite relations reveals innumerable truths. The speculations upon these are also innumerable; being varied according to the faculties, perceptions, and sympathies of those upon whom these rays of genius happen to fall. We are made up of fragments, and an intellectual microscope might discover that our minds are but a collection of spiritual animalcules. Thus it is that we have now hundreds of volumes on Shakespeare, and that there are hundreds more inevitably to be written. All however are of service, and the attentive perusal of the humblest is of more benefit to the mind, and more likely to invigorate it by exciting thought, than any volume containing mere facts.

The author of the present treatise confines himself to the refutation of an opinion sustained with considerable ingenuity by a late writer in the Westminster Review, that Macbeth is not a noble-minded man—o'ercast by sudden passions, and deluding supernatural seductions—but is inherently a base villain, a designing hypocrite, and a remorseless tyrant; going even the length indirectly of asserting that Lady Macbeth has more remorse of character, and therefore a greater claim to the sympathy of the spectator. This is so paradoxical an assertion that we think it might very well have been left with other *jeux d'esprits* of the same kind to its own refutation. In the Monthly Repository, may be found an article, very probably by the same ingenious disputant, maintaining that Iago is the injured party in the play of Othello, and

that the sympathy of the audience ought to go with the "honest" ancient. Archbishop Whateley has, however, fully exposed the tricks employed in such sophistical arguments in his "Proofs of the non-existence of Napoleon Buonaparte." Such dialectical exercises may be disregarded as harmless flourishes of a disputatious mind.

The author of the present refutation has fairly met his opponent, without transferring the dispute, as he very well might, to any "removed ground" of a metaphysical or æsthetical kind. The assertion was made in a plain logical manner, and it has been answered in the same mode, and the question is thus argued with as much formality (and we must say as little genius) as any two advocates could have done before the lord chief justice.

Neither party shows sufficient consideration for the peculiar circumstances of the author; of the prevailing spirit and belief of his time; nor of the æsthetical necessities in the construction of the drama. Neither is there any attention paid to the bibliographical part of the subject. Arguments are drawn on both sides from passages of which it may very fairly be doubted if Shakespeare was the author. For instance, great stress is laid and the lines are many times quoted of,

*Macbeth.* Prythee peace :  
I dare do all that may become a man,  
Who dares do more is none.

without any allusion or apparent knowledge that this is an amended and disputed passage, and that the words, or at least the sentiment, is perhaps more Southern's than Shakespeare's. There is no quarto edition of *Macbeth*; and it was, says Collier, (the very best authority on such a matter), first printed in the folio edition of 1623; he also adds, "It has been handed down in an unusually complete state, for not only are the divisions of the acts pointed out, but the subdivisions of the scenes carefully and accurately noted." Probably, therefore, it was printed from the manuscript. These oft-quoted lines, so much relied on as indicative of character, stand in the oldest and most authoritative folios of 1623, 1632, and 1665 as follows:—

*Macbeth.* Prythee peace :  
I dare do all that may become a man,  
Who dares no more, is none.

*Lady.* What beast was't then, &c.

The alteration to "who dares do more" was made by Southern in editing the edition of 1685. The Rev. Mr. Hunter in the second part of his very searching and interesting work entitled "Illustrations of the Life, Studies, and Writings of Shakespeare," proposes a reading quite as plausible as Southern's, and as both are conjectures, quite as much entitled to credit. He would read—

*Macbeth.* Prythee peace :  
I dare do all that may become a man.

*Lady.* Who dares no more is none.—  
What beast, &c.

A reading entitled to especial regard inasmuch as it removes an un-Shakespearian rant, and leaves the actual text in the state it was received through three editions by the intimate admirers and contemporaries of the poet. Southern's alteration is exactly accordant with the Dryden and Lee bombast of his day.

We have adduced this example of verbal criticism to prove how a contemptuous neglect of it must overthrow the finest-spun æsthetical speculation.

It is too far out of our way to enter on the character of Macbeth, and when it is considered what has been done from Richardson to Coleridge, and by the German critics, we fancy it will not be a matter of regret to our readers that we do not attempt to add to the long and able list. We cannot however refrain from a few remarks. Of the stage appreciation of Shakespeare, with Charles Lamb we have complete horror: all seems to us erroneous. The versification is dislocated, the speeches are cut into points, the scenes into climaxes, the whole play into gaudy shreds and patches. The stage and the drama have long been irrevocably divorced. Any actor's opinion on the subject is of no value; except indeed it might be a low comedian's in his private capacity—in this way one would prefer Grimaldi's to John Kemble's—and if any one thinks this a preposterous assertion let him read the latter's alteration of Shakespeare for the stage. The whole matter therefore of the Westminster reviewer's dissertation is at once obliterated. However, neither of the authors have considered the character in its dramatic point of view: they have considered as a reality what is a portion of art, and therein so transcendently great. The action of the play comprises many years, vast events, great changes, various contrasts, all which by art are brought into one stream of interest. The principle that gives the ever-enduring popularity to the four great tragedies (for Richard III. is not acted as written) is the tremendous interest derived from the conflict of the passions and the feelings. Of this powerful agent no writer had a greater appreciation than Shakespeare, and it cannot be doubted he made as much of it in Macbeth as in Othello, Lear, or Hamlet. It is this constant surge and fluctuation that has moved successive generations of audiences with as lively emotion as if the first night of production: it is this human feeling which renders them imperishable. It is the fight of good and evil, weakness and strength, constancy and change, which has been shadowed out in all great religious and poetical enunciations.

The pamphlet that has led us thus far is worthy of perusal on its own account; and if it were not, it would be—as leading us back to the consideration of one who is ever fresh, ever great, and ever grandly instructive.

CONFESSIONS OF A PRETTY WOMAN. By MISS PARDOE. Authoress of "The City of the Sultan," &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. London: H. Colburn.

To pourtray the various characteristics, and the infinite vicissitude of feeling through which a pretty woman will probably have passed, would require a very delicate and a very powerful pen. The subject is highly attractive, not so much on account of the natural attraction of beauty itself, as that a beautiful woman possesses a power which to a certain extent gives her a character. "Most women have no character at all," said the jilted and disappointed poet; but, perhaps, it might be added, most women have no character (not in the ignominious sense) because they have no power; no will but self-will. A beautiful woman is placed in a situation of independence by the natural aristocracy of her qualification, and she is not compelled to assume a virtue in order to please. This very freedom gives, when joined to amiability of temperament and vivacity of intellect, a power of charming which is irresistible. She is thus exposed to a thousand temptations; her vanity is stimulated; her faculties enlarged, and her mind bewildered by all manner of false representations. The surly and the proud are courteous and humble to her; and all passions, and even many interests, veil themselves to her powerful spell. Beauty is one of the aristocracies of earth, and very justly have the conventional distinctions often been subdued by it. To pourtray the characteristics of a being so situated, to mark with the finest appreciation, but with the most distinct delineation, her alternations of feelings, and the operation of circumstances upon her character, is a difficult task, and it would be a truly interesting revelation. Miss Pardoe has attempted nothing of the kind, and she has been so far wise, as she does not indicate in this work any capability of so doing.

The juster title of the book would have been "Memoirs of a Pretty Woman," for these "Confessions" reveal no more than an author is always supposed to know about the creature of his fabrication. The commonplace side of the question is taken up, and the "Pretty Woman" is made selfish and unamiable. At least she is so represented, though she really seems no worse, even if so bad, as her neighbours. All the characters have a criminal tendency, the men being unutterably base and sensual, and the women weak and malignant. The beauty is very ill used, being duped by two "monsters which (it is hoped) the world ne'er saw," and whose conduct is such as no men of decent breeding could be guilty of: not that they might not be as criminal, but they could not be as vulgar.

The style is not felicitous. It has been compared with that of Mrs. Gore, but it wants her felicitous ease and brilliancy which compensate for so many defects. It is clogged with epithets, and garnished with innumerable French phrases, which give it the same sort of relish that the pinch of curry powder may be supposed to convey to the potato soup. It has abundance of self-sufficiency, but very little true power; and the morality is of that conventional kind taught in respectable boarding-

schools, and enforced in fashionable chapels. There is, altogether, very little that can be conscientiously praised, for there is not much description in it, in which we should have supposed, from the previous works of this authoress, she would have excelled. There is no novelty of character, and scarcely any interest, though in the last volume some is felt for the heroine, and the narrative there flows more easily and pleasantly.

Nor is there, apparently, the same actual knowledge of the class of life treated of as in the novels of Mrs. Gore and others, styled "fashionable novelists;" and, therefore, we cannot cite it with any surety of the fidelity of its representations, otherwise we might add what we so often had forced upon our notice, that the aristocracy as represented by the novelists appear to be the worst-bred and most ill-conducted class of society. It used to be the other way at the commencement of novel writing, and aristocracy was painted *couleur du rose*. The undoubted testimony of their own class, however, is the only one from which any prejudicial argument can be fairly drawn, and of this there is abundance.

THE EMBASSY; OR, THE KEY TO A MYSTERY: An Historical Romance.

Being the Second Series of The Chronicles of the Bastille. 3 vols., p. 8vo.  
London: C. Newby.

THIS is an historical novel manufactured after the approved modern fashion. The subject is the intrigue of the handsome Duke of Buckingham, with the (as here represented) sentimental Anne of Austria; the result of which is made out to be a son, who afterwards becomes the mysterious creature of the iron mask. Historical probability and chronological accuracy are so openly avowed by the author to be violated to suit his fiction, that it is scarcely necessary to mention the fact. There are, however, violations of the probabilities of common occurrences and of character which call for more serious remark. The Duke of Buckingham, a character, which, in the hands of a master, would afford many opportunities for interesting developments and powerful writing, is treated in the most common-place manner. That he was unscrupulous, arrogant, vain, licentious, and vindictive, we knew from history; but that he was in the habit of brawling in pot-houses, that he pursued his disgraceful intrigues in the manner here narrated, or that his conduct was so entirely without the graces of the cavalier cannot be believed.

We have often had occasion to remark that this kind of novel has long since sank to the standard of the Surrey Theatre Melodrama. Ferrymen with smart sons or handsome daughters, discontented and assassinating military officers, whose daughters are always placed in a disreputable situation by some gentleman in silk hose, and with an amazing large plume of feathers, have long been the property of both. The novelist, indeed, has the advantage of being able to spin out his

three volumes with a transcript or two from history, and the opportunity of bringing in the speculations of a statesman. Here the unfortunate Richelieu is dragged forth, who, whatever his sins may have been, has surely fully expiated them in the long-suffering he has endured at the hands of the modern historical novelist.

There is generally to be found in the feeblest of these kind of productions, some small portion of information respecting the manners and characters of the period treated of, but here there is really nothing of the sort, beyond what every diligent student of the circulating library must have long been acquainted with. The merest gossip of the time, set afloat from political or malicious motives, is taken as the groundwork of the scenes and events, and every great occurrence referred to a private motive. It is one of the mysteries of that most mysterious craft, publishing, how such works can repay the cost of production, or, being produced, how they can be charged the price they are, whilst their kindred brothers of the shelf, the minor theatre dramas, may be had for sixpence, or seen with music and dancing for a shilling.

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THE QUEEN'S LIEGES. A Romance. In 4 volumes, p. 8vo. London: T. C. Newby.

THIS is also an historical novel, but is entitled to more consideration than the one we have just noticed, inasmuch as it has a purport, beyond the mere spinning a story by involving common-place personages in an improbable and uninteresting plot. We cannot admire either its style or its principles, but inasmuch as it has somewhat of both it is more endurable than the faint imitations of a weak prototype, that are now usually given as historical romances.

The author is evidently an enthusiast—not to say a fanatic—in his opinions of the middle-age form of society; and so perverted is this view, that whilst he is narrating one of the most revolting and barbarous instances of despotic tyranny ever perpetrated—the violation of the profoundest affections, and the open and wilful murder of a lovely and amiable woman, the unhappy Ines de Castro, he can see nothing in the middle ages but a form of government and religion which fostered the noblest feelings and produced the perfection of humanity. He is in fact either of the school of Lord John Manners, or a defender of the Roman Catholic doctrines. He has consequently all the usual perversion of argument, and unconscious misrepresentation of facts that characterise that school. The romantic ideal that they follow has doubtless amiabilities and points of attraction, but it is so entirely the result of faith in an idea, instead of a sound deduction from facts, that it must ever appear absurd when endeavoured to be wrought into practice as a reasonable theory.

The style is not so elevated and informed with genius as that of some of the writers of the "Young England School," and conse-



quently it is constantly falling into the exploded form, formerly known as that of the Minerva Press. Epithets that have "an ancient and fish-like odour," bestrew almost every page. "The bower-maid," "the venerable parent."

"The mitred abbot, and warrior bold"

belong to a class of writing we hope not about to be revived: consisting as it does of vague generalities, heated fancies, and a falsely-directed invention.

The story of "Ines de Castro" is of itself simple and sad enough, and it has always appeared from its very want of complexity ill adapted to the uses of either the novelist or the dramatist, though both have so frequently seized upon it. The interest rests entirely in its climax, for the loves of the unhappy pair until broken in upon by the ferocious murderer seem to have been as dull and as uninteresting to all but themselves as those of any young couple in a fashionable square in our own time. The intensity of passion supposed to be expressed in the revolting exhumation and crowning of the corpse of the murdered Ines, has always captivated the imagination of those disregardful of the æsthetic rules that divide the terrible and the horrible. These writers have always seized on this portion of the story with especial *gout*, and the best of them have been more attentive to the revolting sensations produced by such a scene, than even to the portrayal of the passion supposed to be the cause of its disgusting enactment. It has been justly questioned, however, and even by the present author, whether policy had not much more to do with this proceeding than either passion or affection: the object being to enforce the legitimate claims of her children, and to pronounce with ferocious emphasis the will and governance of the new monarch.

To those not sated with descriptions of "proud cavalcades," "ambling palfreys," "jewelled carcanets," and all the long catalogue of middle-age paraphernalia; who can still be excited with descriptions of "peals of the solemn organ" and "winding processions of pallid priests;" whose blood can still curdle at the fatal combat between the hero and his malignant foe; who has still sympathy for the ethereal heroine and faith in the high-flown sentiment and devoted heroism of the favourite characters,—satisfaction and entertainment may be found in these four volumes. For ourselves we must confess to being too common-place to derive anything of the kind from them. What is styled heroism appears at the best mistaken energy, at the worst ferocious malignity: the ceremonies seem superstitious acts to deceive and mislead the many: the sentiments are incompatible with the equal distribution of justice, and the principles advocated such as to produce an undue elevation of one portion of society to the outrage and injury of the rest. The middle age doubtless had its virtuous characters, though as an age and "body corporate" the more it is examined the more it seems to be a compound of tyranny, violence, and baseness.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S  
SHILLING MAGAZINE.

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THE HISTORY OF ST. GILES AND ST. JAMES.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

WHEN Snipeton turned his horse's head from Dovesnest—for the which incident we must send back the reader some dozen chapters—he resolved, as he rode, upon closing his accounts with the world, that freed from the cares of money, he might cherish and protect his youthful, blooming partner. Arrived in London, seated at his books in St. Mary Axe, the resolution was strengthened by the contemplation of his balance against men. He had more than enough, and would enjoy life in good earnest. Why should he toil like a slave for gold-dust, and never know the blessings of the boon? No: he would close his accounts, and open wide his heart. And Snipeton was sincere in this his high resolve. For a whole night, waking and dreaming, he was fixed in it; and the next morning the uxorious apostate fell back to his first creed of money-bags. Fortune is a woman, and therefore where she blindly loves—(and what Bottoms and Calibans she does embrace and fondle!)—is not to be put aside by slight or ill-usage. All his life had Fortune doted upon Snipeton, hugging him the closer as she carried him up—no infant ape more tenderly clutched in ticklish places,—and he should not leave her. And to this end did Fortune bribe back her renegade with a lumping bargain. A young gentleman—a very young gentleman—

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\* Continued from page 396.—Vol. III.

desired for so much ready metal, to put his land upon parchment, and that young gentleman did Fortune take by the hand, and, smiling ruin, lead him to St. Mary Axe. In few minutes was Snipeton wooed and won again; for to say the truth his weakness was a mortgage. The written parchment, like charmed characters, conjured him; put imagination into that dry husk of a man. He would look upon the deed as upon a land of promise. He would see in the ~~smallest pen-marks~~ giant oaks, with the might of navies waiting in them; and from the sheepskin would feel the nimble air of Arcady. There it lay, a beautiful bit of God's earth—a sweet morsel of creation—conjured and conveyed into a few black syllables.

And so, Snipeton made his peace with his first wife Fortune, and then bethought him of his second spouse, Clarissa. That he might ~~duly attend to both~~, he would remove his ~~second mate~~ from Dovesnest. There were ~~double~~ reasons for the motion; for the haven of wedded bliss was known to the profligate St. James; who, unmindful of the ~~sweetest~~ obligation money at large usance ought to confer upon the human heart, dared to accost his creditor's wife. Let Dovesnest henceforth be a place for owls and foxes, Clarissa should bring happiness within an hour's ride of St. Mary Axe. The thought was so good, sent such large content to old Snipeton's heart, that with no delay it was carried out, and ere she well had time to weep a farewell to her favourite roses, Mrs. Snipeton left Dovesnest to the spiders.

Was it a wise change, this? Had Snipeton healthy eyes; or did avarice, that jaundice of the soul, so blear his vision, that he saw not in the thin, discoloured features of the wife of his bosom, aught to twitch a husband's heart? She never complained. Besides, once or twice he had questioned her; and she was not ill. No, well, quite well; and—this too he had asked—very happy. Nevertheless, it would the better satisfy him if Crossbone could see her. Crossbone knew her constitution, and—and so that meek and knowing man was summoned to London.

In a green, sequestered nook, half-way between Hampstead and Kilburn, embowered in the middle of a garden, was a small cottage; so hidden, that oft the traveller passed, unheeding it. In this cottage was Clarissa. To this retreat would her husband amble every day from St. Mary Axe, quitting his money temple for the treasure of his fireside, his pale and placid wife; and resolved to think himself blessed at both places.

“Mr. Snipeton is late to-day,” said Mrs. Wilton, the mother housekeeper.

“He will come,” replied Clarissa, in the tone of one resigned to a daily care. “He will come, mother.”

Mrs. Wilton looked with appealing tenderness in her daughter’s face; and in a low, calm voice, controlling her heart as she spoke, she said—“This must not be: do not repeat that word—not even when we are alone. Some day it may betray me to your husband, and then”—

“What then?” asked Clarissa.

“We should be parted; for ever—for ever,” cried the woman, and with the thought she burst into tears.

“Not so. Nothing parts us; nothing but the kindness of death,” said Clarissa. “And death is kind, at least”—

“At least, my child, the world with you is too young to think it so.”

“Old, old and faded,” said Clarissa. “The spirit of youth is departed. I look at all things with dim and weary eyes.”

“And yet, my child, there is a sanctity in suffering, when strongly, meekly borne. Our duty, though set about by thorns, may still be made a staff, supporting even while it tortures. Cast it away, and like the prophet’s wand, it changes to a snake. God and my own heart know, I speak no idle thoughts, I speak a bitter truth, bitterly acknowledged.”

“And duty shall support me on this weary pilgrimage,” said Clarissa. Then taking her mother’s hand, and feebly smiling, she added, “Surely, it can be no sin to wish such travel short: or if it be, I still must wish—I cannot help it.”

“Time, time, my child, is the sure conciliator. You will live to wonder at and bless his goodness.”

“You say so—it may be,” said Clarissa, with a lightened look, “at least, I’ll hope it.” And then both smiled gaily—wanly; for both felt the deceit they strove to act but could not carry through. Words, words of comforting, of hope were uttered, but they fell coldly, hollowly; for the spirit of truth was not in them. They were things of the tongue, passionless, mechanical; the voice without the soul. At this moment, old Dorothy Vale entered the room; and she was welcome: even though she announced the coming of the master of the house.

“Master’s coming up the garden,” said Dorothy, each hand rubbing an arm crossed before her. “Somebody’s with him.”

“ A stranger here ! Who can it be ? ” cried Clarissa.

“ Don't say he's a stranger ; don't say he isn't ; can only see a somebody,” answered Dorothy, in whom no show whatever of this world of shows could have awakened a momentary curiosity. Her inheritance, as one of Eve's daughters, was this beautiful earth, sky-roofed ; yet was it no more to her than a huge deal box, pierced with air-holes. A place to eat, drink, sleep, and hang up her bonnet in.

Another minute, and Snipeton entered the room. The husband had returned to the haven of his hopes, and was resolved that the world—then comprised in the single person of Peter Crossbone, who followed close at the heels of his host—should bear witness to his exceeding happiness ; to the robust delight that, as he crossed his threshold, instantly possessed him : for with an anxious look of joy, he strode up to his wife, and suddenly taking her cheeks between both his hands, pursed out her lips, and then vigorously kissed them. He was so happy, he could not, would not feel his wife shrink at his touch—could not, would not see her white face flush as with sudden resentment, and then subside into pale endurance. No : the husband was resolved upon displaying to the world his exceeding happiness, and would not be thwarted in his show of bliss, by trifles. He merely said, still dallying with his felicity—“ Never mind Crossbone ; he's nobody ; a family man—has been married, and that's all the same.” Now Crossbone in his wayward heart, felt tempted to dispute such position ; it was not all the same—to him. Nevertheless, he would not be captious. It was a poor, an ignorant opinion, and therefore his host and customer should have the free enjoyment of it.

“ Mrs. Snipeton,” said the Apothecary, “ though I do not feel it professional to hope that anybody is well, nevertheless in your case, I do hope that—well, well, I see ; a little pale, but never fear it—we'll bring the roses out again. In a little while, and you'll bloom like a bough-pot.”

“ To be sure she will,” said Snipeton. “ I thought of buying her a pretty little horse ; just a quiet thing ”—

“ Nothing could be better—perhaps. As I often say, horse-flesh is the thing for weak stomachs. I may say as much to you as a friend, Mr. Snipeton ; folks often go to the doctor's, when they should go to the stable. Yes, yes—horse exercise and change of air ”—



*Enipeton happy.* P. 484.



"We'll talk of it after dinner," said Snipeton suddenly wincing; for his heart could not endure the thought of separation. Business and love were delightful when united; they gave a zest to each other; but certainly—at least in the case of Snipeton—were not to be tasted alone. Granted that he sat in a golden shower in St. Mary Axe; how should he enjoy the luck falling direct from heaven upon him, if his wife—that flower of his existence—was transplanted to a distant soil? Would not certain bees and butterflies hum and flutter round that human blossom? Again, if he himself tended the pretty patient, would not ruin—taking certain advantage of the master's absence—post itself at his doorstep? Doating husband—devoted man of money! His heart-strings tore him one way—his purse-strings another. "We'll talk of it after dinner," he repeated. "And Master Crossbone, we'll have a bottle of excellent wine." In some matters Crossbone was the most compliant of men: and wine was one that, offered cost-free, never found him implacable. And, the truth is, Snipeton knowing this, hoped that the wine might contain arguments potent over the doctor's opinions. After one bottle, nay two, it was not impossible that Crossbone might reconsider his judgment. The air of Hampstead might be thought the best of airs for Clarissa. Wine does wonders!

The dinner was served. Crossbone was eloquent. "After your labours in town, Mr. Snipeton, you must find it particularly delightful,"—he said,—“particularly so, to come home to Mrs. Snipeton,”—the husband smiled at his wife—“and dine off your own greens. One's own vegetables is what I consider the purest and highest enjoyment of the country. Of course, too, you keep pigs?”

Snipeton had prepared himself for a compliment on his conjugal happiness; and therefore suffered a wrenching of the spirit when called upon to speak to his cabbages. With a strong will he waived the subject; and merely answered, “We do not keep pigs.”

“That's a pity: but all in good time. For it's hardly possible to imagine a prettier place for pigs. Nothing like growing one's own bacon. But then I always like dumb things about me. And, Mr. Snipeton, after your work in town, you can't think how 'twould unbend your mind—how you might rest yourself, as I may say, on a few pigs. It's beautiful to watch 'em day by day; to see 'em growing and unfolding their fat like lilies; to make



'em your acquaintance as it were, from the time they come into the world to the time they're hung up in your kitchen. In this way you seem to eat 'em a hundred times over. However, pigs are matters that I must not trust myself to talk about."

"Why not?" asked Snipeton with a porker-like grunt. "Why not?"

"Dear Mrs. Crossbone! Well, she *was* a woman!" (It was, in truth, Crossbone's primest consolation to know that she *was* a woman.) "Our taste in every thing was just alike. In every thing."

"Pigs included?" asked Snipeton, with something like a sneer.

But Crossbone was too much stirred by dearest memories to mark it. He merely answered, "Pigs included." After a pause. "However, I must renounce the sweeter pleasures of the country. Fate calls me to London."

"It delights me to hear it, Mr. Crossbone; for we shall then be so near to one another," cried Snipeton. "Charming news this, isn't it, Clary?" And the old husband chucked his wife's chin, and would smile in her pale, unsmiling face.

"Well, as an old friend, Mr. Snipeton, I may perhaps make no difference with you. Otherwise, my practice promises to be confined to royalty. To royalty, Mr. Snipeton. Yes; I was sure of it, though I never condescended to name my hopes—but I knew that I should not be lost all my life among the weeds of the world. Reputation, Mr. Snipeton, may be buried, like a potato; but, sir, like a potato"—and Crossbone, tickled by the felicity of the simile, was rather loud in its utterance—"like a potato, it will shoot and show itself."

"And yours has come up, eh? Well, I'm very glad to hear it," said Snipeton, honestly, "because you'll be in London. Your knowledge of Clarissa's constitution is a great comfort to me."

"I have studied it, Mr. Snipeton; studied it as a botanist would study some strange and beautiful flower. It is a very peculiar constitution—very peculiar." The dinner being over, Clarissa rose.

"You'll not leave us yet, love?" cried Snipeton, taking his wife's hand, and trying to look into her eyes that—wayward eyes!—would not meet the old man's devouring stare.

"Pray excuse me," said Clarissa, with a politeness keen enough to cut a husband's heart-strings. "I have some orders—directions—for Mrs. Wilton. You must excuse me."

"That 's a treasure, Crossbone!" exclaimed Snipeton with a laborious burst of affection, as Clarissa left the room. "A diamond of a woman! A treasure for an emperor!"

"Don't—don't"—cried Crossbone, hurriedly emptying his glass.

"I said a treasure!" repeated the impassioned husband, striking the table. Crossbone shook his head. "What," cried Snipeton, knitting his brow, "you question it? Before me—her husband?"

"Pray understand me, dear sir," said Crossbone, tranquilly filling his glass. "Mrs. Snipeton is a treasure. She 'd have been a jewel—a pearl of a woman, sir, in the crown of King Solomon: and that's the worst of it."

"The worst of it!" echoed Snipeton.

"In this world, my good friend, if a man knew what he was about, he 'd set his heart upon nothing." The apothecary drained his glass. "Looking, sir, as a moralist and a philosopher, at what the worth of this world at the best is made of,—what is it, but a large soap and water bubble blown by fate? It shines a minute"—here the moralist and philosopher raised his wine to his eye, contemplating its ruby brightness—"and where is it?" Saying this, Crossbone swallowed the wine: a fine practical comment on his very fine philosophy. "I ask where is it?"

"Very true," observed Snipeton, taking truth as coolly as though he was used to it. "Very true; nevertheless"—

"Mr. Snipeton, my good friend," cried Crossbone—his hand lovingly round the neck of the decanter—"Mr. Snipeton, he is the wisest man who in this world loves nothing. It 's much the safest. Did you ever hear of the river Styx?"

"Humph! I can't say," growled Snipeton. "Is it salt or fresh?"

"One dip in it makes a man invulnerable to all things; stones, arrows, bludgeons, swords, bullets, cannon-balls."

"'Twould save a good deal in regimentals if the soldiers might bathe there," said Snipeton, grinning grimly.

"So much for Styx upon the outward man," cried Crossbone: "but I have often thought 'twould be a capital thing, if people could take it inwardly; if they could drink Styx."

"Like the Bath waters," suggested Snipeton.

"Exactly so. A course or two, and the interior of a man would then be insensible of foolish weakness," said Crossbone.

“ You ’d never get the women to drink it,” remarked Snipeton, very gravely.

“ ’Twould not be necessary, if man, the nobler animal—for as Mrs. Snipeton is not here, we can talk like philosophers ”—Snipeton grunted—“ if man, the nobler animal, for we know he is, though it would not be right perhaps to say as much before the petticoats, —if man could make his own heart invulnerable, why, as for woman, she might be as weak and as foolish as she pleased ; which, you must allow, is granting her much, Mr. Snipeton.” And here the apothecary would have laughed very jovially, but his host looked grave, sad.

“ It seems, Mr. Crossbone, you are no great friend to the women,” said Snipeton. “ Yet you must allow, we owe them much.”

“ Humph ! ” cried Crossbone in a prolonged note. He then hastily filled his glass : as hastily emptied it.

“ You seem to dispute the debt ? ” said Snipeton, gallantly returning to the charge.

“ Look here, Mr. Snipeton,” cried Crossbone with the air of a man determined for once to clear his heart of something that has long lain wriggling there—“ look here. The great charm of a bottle of wine after dinner between two friends is this : it enables them to talk like philosophers ; and so that the servants don’t hear, philosophy with a glass of good fruity port—and yours is capital, one tastes blood and fibre in it ;—philosophy is a very pleasant sort of thing ; but like that china shepherdess on the mantel-piece, it is much too fine and delicate for the outside world. No, no ; it is only to be properly enjoyed in a parlour ; snug and with the door shut.”

“ Very well. Perhaps it is. We were talking of our debts to woman. Go on,” said Snipeton.

“ Our debts to woman. Well, to begin ; in the first place we call her an angel ; have called her an angel for thousands of years ; and I take it—but mind, I speak as a philosopher—I take it, that’s a flam that should count as a good set-off on our side. Or I ask it, are men, the lords of the creation, to go on lying for nothing ? ” It was plain that this wicked unbelief of Crossbone a little shocked his host, and therefore, as the bottle was nearly out, the apothecary felt that he must regain some of his ground. Whereupon he sought to give a jocular guise to his philosophy ; to make it, for the nonce, assume the comic mask. “ Ha ! ha !

Look here : you must allow that woman ought, as much as in her lies, to make this world quite a paradise for us, seeing that she lost us the original garden." Snipeton just smiled. "Come, come," cried the hilarious apothecary, "we talk as philosophers, and when all's said and done about what we owe to woman, you must allow that we've a swinging balance against her. Yes, yes ; you can't deny this : there's that little matter of the apple still to be settled for."

"'Tis a debt of long standing," said Snipeton with a short laugh.

"And therefore, as you know—nobody better"—urged Crossbone—"therefore it bears a heavy interest. So heavy, Mr. Snipeton—by-the-bye, the bottle's out—so heavy they can never pay it. And so we mustn't be hard upon 'em, poor souls—no, we mustn't be hard upon 'em ; but get what we can in small but sweet instalments. I—for all I talk in this philosophic way—I was never hard upon 'em—dear little things—in all my life."

For a few minutes philosophy took breath, whilst wine, the frequent nutriment of that divine plant, as cultivated by Crossbone, was renewed. At length, the apothecary observed—"To serious business, Mr. Snipeton. Having had our little harmless laugh at the sex, let us speak of one who is its sweetest flower, and its brightest ornament. Need I name Mrs. Snipeton ?"

The old man sighed ; moved unasily in his chair ; and then with an effort began. "Mr. Crossbone, my friend—I cannot tell you—no words can tell you, how I love that woman."

"I can imagine the case—very virulent indeed," said the apothecary. "Late in life it's always so. Love with young men, I mean with very young men, is nothing ; a slight fever. Now, at mature time of life, it's little short of deadly typhus. Of course, I speak of love before marriage ; that is, love with all its fears and anxieties ; for wedlock's a good febrifuge."

"I have struggled, fought with myself, to think—but you shall tell me—yes, I will strengthen myself to hear the worst. Now, man,"—and Snipeton grasped the arms of his chair with an iron hold, and his breast heaved as he loudly uttered—"now, speak it."

"Look you here, Mr. Snipeton. Do you think me a stock, or a stone, that I could sit here quietly and comfortably drinking your wine, if I couldn't give you hope—a little hope in return ?"

"A little hope !" groaned the old man.

“A man in my position, Mr. Snipeton—with glorious circumstances, as I have observed, opening upon him—cannot be too cautious. I should be sorry to compromise myself by desiring you to be too confident. Nevertheless, she is young, Mr. Snipeton; and the spirit of youth does sometimes puzzle us. In such spirit then—strong as it is in her—I have the greatest faith.”

“You have!” exclaimed Snipeton, starting from his seat and seizing Crossbone’s hand. “Save her and—and you shall be rich; that is, you shall be well recompensed—very well. My good friend, you know not the misery it costs me to seem happy in her sight. I laugh and jest”—Crossbone looked doubtfully—“to cheat her of her melancholy; yet”—

“Yet she does not laugh and joke in return?” observed Crossbone. “But she will—no doubt she will.”

“And then, though I know her to be sick and suffering, she never complains; but still assures me she is well—very well.”

“Dear soul! You ought to be a happy man—you ought but you won’t. Can’t you see that she won’t confess to sickness because—kind creature!—she can’t think of paining you? She’d smile and say ’twas nothing—I know she would, if she were dying.”

“For God’s sake, speak not such a word,” cried the old man, turning pale.

“She must die some day,” said Crossbone. “Though, to be sure, according to the course of nature, that is, if I save her—of which, indeed, to tell you truly, I have now no doubt—I will stake my reputation present and to come upon the matter”—

“You give me life, youth,” exclaimed Snipeton, with sudden happiness.

“But I was about to say that, if saved, the chances are you may leave her yet young and blooming, behind you.” The old man’s face darkened. It was a bitter thought that. Was there not some place in the East, where, when a husband died, his wife even through the torture of fire, followed him? This horrid thought—how, poor man! could he help it? for reader, how know you what thought you shall next think?—this thought, we say, passed through Snipeton’s brain. But Clarissa was no Hindoo wife. She might—as the prating doctor said—she might be left, yes, to smile and be happy, and more, to award happiness to another on this earth, when her doating, passionately doating husband should have his

limbs composed in the grave. Again ; he might live these twenty years. And in twenty years that beautiful face would lose its look of youth—those eyes would burn with sobered light—that full scarlet lip be shrunk and faded. And then—yes, then he thought, he could resign her. In twenty years—perhaps in twenty years. With this cold comfort, he ventured to reply to the apothecary.

“Never mind my life, that’s nothing,” he said. “All I think of is Clarissa ; and there is yet time—she is safe, you say ?”

“It’s very odd, very droll, that just now you should have named Bath—the Bath waters, you know,” smirked Crossbone.

“Wherefore odd—how droll ? I do not understand you.” And yet he had caught the meaning.

“She must go to Bath ; she must drink the waters. Nothing’s left but that,” averred the apothecary.

“I tell you, man, for these three months I cannot quit London. A world of money depends upon my stay.”

“And why should you budge ? You don’t want your wife, do you, at St. Mary Axe ? She doesn’t keep your books, eh ?” Snipeton frowned, and bit his lip, and made no answer. Then Crossbone, his dignity strengthened by his host’s wine, rose. “Mr. Snipeton,” he said, “I have studied this case, studied it, sir, not only as a doctor but as a friend. I have now, sir, done my duty ; I leave you as a husband and—I was about to say as a father, but that would be premature ; as a husband and a man to do yours. All I say is this : if your wife does not immediately remove to Bath,”—Crossbone paused.

“Well,” snarled Snipeton, defyingly, “and if she does not ?”

“In two months, sir—I give her two months—she’ll go to the church-yard.”

“And so she may—so she shall,” exclaimed Snipeton, violently striking the table—his face blackening with rage, his eyes lurid with passion. “So she shall. An honest grave and my name clear—I say, an honest grave, and a fair tombstone, with a fair reputation for the dead. Anything but that accursed Bath. Why, sir,”—and Snipeton, dilating with emotion, stalked towards the apothecary—“what do you think me ?”

Now this question, in a somewhat dangerous manner tested Crossbone’s sincerity. In sooth, it is at best a perilous interrogative, trying to the ingenuousness of a friend. Crossbone paused ; not that he had not an answer at the very tip of his tongue : an answer bubbling hot from that well of truth, his heart—and for

that reason, it was not the answer to be rendered. He therefore looked duly astonished, and only asked—"Mr. Snipeton, what do you mean?"

"I tell you, man, I'd rather see her dead; a fair and honest corpse than send her to that pest-place," cried the husband.

"Pest-place! Really, Mr. Snipeton; this is a little too much to wipe off the reputation of a city—the reputation of hundreds of years too—in this manner. Reputation, sir,—that is, if it's good for anything—doesn't come up like a toadstool; no, sir, the real thing's of slow growth. Bath a pest-place! Why, the very fountain of health."

"The pool of vice—the very slough of what you call fashion. And you think I'd send my wife there for health! And for what health? Why, I'll say she returned with glowing face and sparkling eyes. What then? I should loathe her."

"Lord bless me!" exclaimed Crossbone.

"Now, we are happy, very happy; few wedded couples more so: very happy"—and Snipeton ground the words beneath all the teeth he had, and looked furiously content. Crossbone stared at the writhing image of connubial love.

"You certainly look happy—extraordinarily happy," drawled the apothecary.

"And whilst we live, will keep so. Therefore no Bath insects—no May-flies, no June-bugs."

"Tisn't the Bath season for 'em," put in the apothecary. "They're all in London at this time."

"All's one for that. I tell you what—here, Dorothy, another bottle of wine—I tell you what, Master Crossbone, as you say, we'll talk the matter over philosophically, I think that's it; and therefore, no more words about Bath. Come, come, can there be a finer air than this?" cried the husband, rubbing his hands, and trying to laugh.

"My dear sir, the quality of the air is not the thing—it's the change that's the medicine. And then there's the waters"—

"We have an excellent spring at Hampstead. Years ago I'm told the nobility used to come and drink it."

"Then, sir, the waters hadn't been analysed. Since then they've been found out: only fit for cattle, sir, and the lower orders. Never known now to agree with a person of gentility of stomach—that is, of true delicacy. And for the air, it's very good, certainly, just for the common purposes of life; but as I say, it's not the

quality, it's the change that's the thing. There's cases, sir, in which I'd send patients, ay, from Montpelier to the neighbourhood of Fleet-ditch. The fact is, sir, there can't be at times a better change than from the best to the worst. The lungs, sir, get tired—heartily sick of good air if it's always the same; just as the stomach would get tired of the very best mutton, had it nothing but mutton every day."

Snipeton was silent; pondering a refutation of this false philosophy. Still he tugged at his brain for a happy rejoinder. He felt—he was certain of it—that it would come when the apothecary had gone away, but unhappily he wanted it for present use. He felt himself like a rich man with all his cash locked up. Now wit, like money, bears an extra value when rung down immediately it is wanted; men pay severely who want credit. Thus, though Snipeton knew he had somewhere in that very strong box his skull, a whole bank of arguments, yet because he could not at the moment draw one, Crossbone—the way of the world—believed there were absolutely no effects. Snipeton, however, got over a difficulty as thousands before him—and thousands yet unborn will jump an obstacle;—he asked his opponent to take another glass of wine. If Bacchus often lead men into quagmires deep as his vats, let us yet do him this justice, he sometimes leads them out.

"I believe you said something about horse exercise, Crossbone? Now with a horse—you don't drink"—a hospitable slander this on the apothecary—"with a horse there's change of air at will, eh?"

"To be sure there is. And then there's Highgate and Finchley, and—well, that might do, perhaps," said Crossbone.

"And in the evenings"—and Snipeton brightened at the prospect—"we could ride together."

"Death, sir,—certain death"—and Crossbone gave one of his happiest shudders. "The night air is poison—absolute poison. No, the time would be from—let me see—from eleven to three."

"Impossible; quite impossible. Can't leave business—certain ruin," cried Snipeton.

"Certain death, then," said Crossbone, and he slowly, solemnly drained his glass. "Certain death," he repeated.

"Don't say that, Crossbone," cried Snipeton, softened. "Mrs. Wilton—perhaps she rides, and then"—

"As for Mrs. Wilton, I trust you are under no particular obligation to that person?"



"Obligation," cried Snipeton; as though the thought implied an insult. "Why do you ask?"

"Nothing but for your wife's health. The fact is, Mrs. Wilton always seems melancholy, heavy; with something on her mind. Now, my dear sir, it is a truth in moral philosophy not sufficiently well known and attended to, that damps are catching." And Crossbone looked the proud discoverer of the subtlety.

"Indeed—are they? Perhaps they may be. Well, there's a wench coming up from Kent—somewhere near Dovesnest. I've been coaxed to consent to it. She may make a sort of merrier companion."

"She may," said Crossbone; "but what you want is an honest, sharp fellow—for honesty without sharpness in this world is like a sword without edge or point; very well for show, but of no real use to the owner."

"Go on," cried Snipeton, bowing to the apothecary's apothegm.

"Now, I have the very man who'll suit you. The miracle of a groom. Honest as a dog, and sharp as a porcupine."

"Humph!" cried Snipeton, marvelling at the human wonder.

"Your servant, Mr. Crossbone"—said Dorothy Vale, opening the door—"has called as you desired."

"Tell him to come in," cried Crossbone; who then said to Snipeton—"At least you can see the fellow."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

It may be remembered that Snipeton and St. Giles had met before. And certainly St. Giles had not forgotten the event: his somewhat anxious look declared his recollection of the scene at Dovesnest, in which he played the part of rogue and vagabond according to the statute; but as Snipeton had no corresponding interest in the circumstance, he had wholly forgotten the person of the outcast in the candidate for service. But in truth, St. Giles was not the same man. At Dovesnest he was in rags; fear and want had sharpened his face, withering, debasing him. And now, he breathed new courage with every hour's freedom.—He was comfortably, trimly clad; and his pocket—too oft the

barometer of the soul—was not quite at zero. Hence, in few moments, he looked with placid respect at Snipeton, who stared all about his face, as a picture-dealer stares at an alleged old master; with a look that in its cunning, would even seem to hope a counterfeit. Was St. Giles really the honest fellow that he appeared; was there in truth the original mark of the original artist upon him; or was he a fraudulent imitation especially made to gull a trusting gentleman?—Was there really no flaw in that honest seeming face? And Snipeton as he looked half-wished that all men—or all servants at least—were fashioned like earthen vessels; that, properly filiped, they should perforce reveal a damnifying fracture. Certainly, such sort of human pottery, expressly made for families, would be an exceeding comfort to all housekeepers. Snipeton thought this; to his own disappointment thought it: for there being no such test of moral soundness, he could only choose the domestic, two-legged vessel before him by its looks. Alas! why was there no instant means of trying the music of its ring?

“That will do; you can wait,” said Crossbone to St. Giles, who thereupon left the room.

“And what can you say for this fellow? Do you know all about him—who beget him—where he comes from?” asked Snipeton.

Crossbone was a man of quick parts: so quick, that few knew better than he, the proper time for a complete lie. We say a complete lie; not a careless, fragmentary flim, with no genius in it; but a well-built, architectural lie, buttressed about by circumstance. Therefore, no sooner was the question put to him than, without let or hesitation, he poured forth the following narrative. Wonderful man! falsehood flowed from him like a fountain.

“The young man who has just quitted us is of humble but honest origin. His parents were villagers, and rented a little garden ground whereon they raised much of their lowly but healthy fare. Far, far indeed was the profligacy of London from that abode of rustic innocence. His playmates—I mean the young man’s—were the lambkins that he watched, for at an early age he was sent out to tend sheep: his books the flowers at his feet, the clouds above his head. Not but what he reads remarkably well for his condition, and writes a good stout, servant’s hand. He was seven years old—no, I’m wrong, eight, eight years—when he lost

his father, who, good creature, fell a victim to his humanity. A sad matter that. He was killed by a windmill."

"I thought you said 'twas his humanity," observed Snipeton.

"And a windmill," averred Crossbone. "A neighbour's child was gathering buttercups and daisies, and had strayed beneath the mill's revolving sails. The young man's father obeying the impulse of his benevolent heart, rushed forward to save the little innocent. His humanity, not measuring distance, carried him too near the sails; he was struck to the earth with a compound fracture of the skull, and died."

"This you know?" muttered Snipeton, looking with a wary eye.

"'Twas when I was an apprentice. The man being poor, and the case desperate, 'twas given up to me to do my best with it. I learned a great deal from that case, and from that moment felt a natural interest in the orphan. And he has been worthy of it. You'd hardly believe the things I could tell you of that young man. You can't think how he loves his mother."

"No great credit in that,—eh?" said Snipeton.

"Why, no; not exactly credit; but you must own it's graceful—very graceful. He makes her take nearly all his wages. Hardly saves enough for shirts and pocket-handkerchiefs. Now, this strikes me as being very filial, Mr. Snipeton?"

"And you think he'd make a good groom, eh?" asked the cautious husband.

"Bless you! he knows more about horses than they know themselves. But all he knows is nothing to his honesty. I've trusted him with untold gold, and he has never laid his finger upon it."

"How do you know, if you never counted it?" asked Snipeton.

"That is"—said Crossbone, a little pulled up—"that is, you know what I mean. And—the thought's been working in me, though I've talked of other matters—I do think that a horse with the quick and frequent change of air a horse can give, may do everything for Mrs. Snipeton; for, as I've said before—she's young, very young; and youth takes much killing. And therefore, you'll make yourself easy; come, you'll promise me that?"

"I will," said Snipeton, a little softened. "You've given me new heart. Come, another glass."

"Not another drop. Pen and ink, if you please. I must write

a little prescription for a little nothing for your good lady ; not that she wants medicine," said Crossbone.

"Then why poison her with it?" asked Snipeton with some energy.

"She wouldn't be satisfied without it. Therefore, just a little coloured negative ; nothing more." Pen and ink were ordered, brought ; and Crossbone strove to write as innocently as his art allowed him. "There must be an apothecary at Hampstead, and I'll send the man with it ;" and Crossbone folded the prescription, and rose.

"And when shall we see you again?" asked Snipeton.

"Why, in two or three days. But I have done all the good I can at present. You'll try the horse?"—

"I will."—

"And the man?"—

"I'll think of him.—Tell me, does he know anybody in London?"

"Any calf you like, brought to Smithfield, knows more of the ways—more of the people of town. He's a regular bit of country turf. Green and fresh. Else do you think I'd recommend him?" Asked Crossbone very earnestly.

"I almost think—I mean I'm pretty sure—that is, I will try him," said Snipeton.

"Then between ourselves, I've recommended you a treasure. And—stop ; I was about to go, forgetting the most important thing. You heard me say that dumps were catching ? I hope you've thought of that. Now, that Mrs. Wilton—the house-keeper—she'd ruin any young woman. Bless you ! She's hypochondria in petticoats."

"Humph ! I don't know ; I prefer a serious woman for her calling. Perhaps a little over melancholy to be sure, nevertheless"—

"Well, I'll say no more. After all, she may only seem melancholy to us. There may be a great deal of fun in her, for all we know. Some people remind us of mourning coaches at a funeral : the outside's dull and solemn enough ; and so, folks never think of the jokes that's flying inside of 'em. As a professional man I know this, Mr. Snipeton ; and therefore I hate your very grave-looking people. If they really are what they look, they're bad ; if they arn't, they're worse. And in a word—I might say more if I chose, but I won't—in a word, I don't think that Mrs. Snipeton

will ever get any good from your housekeeper. Good b'ye, God bless you ;—the man shall bring the medicine." So saying, and looking deepest mystery, Crossbone departed.

The apothecary had achieved more than he had hoped. It was very true, thought Snipeton, the woman was cold—melancholy. Again, she had never looked upon him with pleasant looks. Her respect seemed wrung from her : it was not free—natural. And yet her eye watched his wife with unceasing regard. Every moment—when least wanted, too—she was hovering near her. How was it, he had never seen this before ? It was plain the woman had some false influence ; exercised some power that estranged his wife from him.

Let us leave Snipeton for a brief time struggling and weltering in this sea of doubt ; now trying to touch certain ground, and now carried away again. Let us leave him, and follow the apothecary. He had had just wine enough ; which circumstance was to him the most potent reason for having more. He had put up at the Flask at Hampstead ; and to that hostelry he strode, St. Giles silently following him.

"My man," said Crossbone, "who was your father—where were you born—what have you been doing—and where do you come from ? An answer if you please to each of these questions."

St. Giles, plucking up courage, simply replied—"I am his Lordship's servant ; and have his orders to follow you."

"There's not the slightest doubt, his Lordship's servant, that you're a convenient rascal of all work, and quite up to the business we shall put you on." Let not the reader imagine that these words were uttered by Crossbone : by no means ; not a syllable of them. But the thought—the ethereal essence of words—had touched the brain of the apothecary, and his whole frame tingled with the awakened music. He had found a secondrel, he was sure of it, and he was happy.

"Very good, my man ; very good ; I understand you. As you say, you are his lordship's servant, and have his lordship's orders to take my directions. Very well. You will therefore please to take your father and mother from my hands : understand for once that they were honest, respectable people ; and be grateful for the parents I've given you. Your father, good man ! was killed by a windmill ; and your mother still lives in the country, and regularly takes three-fourths of your wages. And you are not to forget that you have a great love for that mother. And now,

take this prescription to the apothecary's ; tell him to make it up, and send to Mr. Snipeton's. After which, you'll come to me at the Flask. Go." St. Giles, with perplexed looks, obeyed Crossbone, and went upon his errand. "I've given the vagabond a father and mother to be proud of—it's quite clear, much better than were really bestowed upon him ; and he hasn't a word of thanks to say upon the matter. Let a gentleman lie as he will for the lower orders, they're seldom grateful. Nevertheless, let us have the virtue that he wants. Were he a piece of pig-headed honesty, he wouldn't suit our work. No : Providence has been very good in sending us a rascal." With these mute thoughts, this final thanksgiving, did Crossbone step onward to the Flask. He would there further ponder on the plan that, throwing Snipeton's young wife into the arms of a young nobleman—and, in common justice, so old and vulgar a man had no claim to such refinement and beauty ; she must have been originally intended for high life, and therefore cruelly misapplied—would throw him, Crossbone, the prime conspirator, into the very highest practice. He would keep a carriage ! As he looked at the glorious clouds, coloured by the setting sun, he felt puzzled whether his coach panels should be a bright blue, a flame-coloured yellow, or a rich mulberry. Still the clouds changed and shifted, and still with the colour of his carriage at his heart, he looked upon them as no other than a celestial pattern-book, rolled out to help him in his choice. The wide west was streaked and barred with gold ; and staring at it, Crossbone was determined that lace—three-inch lace—should blaze upon his liveries. And rapt in this sweet dream, he walked on, his heart throbbing to the rumbling of his coach wheels. That music was so sweet, so deep, absorbing, that accompanying his footsteps, he was within a few paces of the Flask ere he saw a crowd gathered about the door, and heard the words "he's killed." His professional zeal was immediately quickened, and hurrying into the middle of the crowd, he saw the body of a man, apparently lifeless, carried towards the inn. The people crowded around, and by their very anxiety impeded the progress of the bearers towards the door. "Stand aside, folks—stand aside," cried Crossbone, "I'm a physician ; that is, a medical man. Keep his head up, fellow."

"Get out o' the way," exclaimed a stranger, "you don't know how to carry a fellow-cretur," and the benevolent new-comer thrust aside the rustic who was, awkwardly enough, supporting

the shoulders of the wounded man, and with admirable zeal, and great apparent tenderness, relieved him of the charge. "Poor soul—poor soul!" he cried, much affected, "I do wonder if he's a wife and family?"

"A bed-room; immediately—a bed-room," exclaimed Crossbone, and his sudden patient was carried up-stairs, Crossbone following. As he ascended, a horse bathed in foam, and every muscle quivering, was led to the door.

"It's my belief that that Claypole sends out his boy to fly his kite a purpose to kill people, that he may bury 'em. That's the third horse he's frit this week; the little varmint! And this looks like death any how." Thus delivered himself, a plain-spoken native of Hampstead.

"You may say death. Cracked like an egg-shell;" and saying this, the speaker significantly pointed to his own skull. "The doctor's a trying to get blood: it's my opinion he might as well try a tomb-stone. Well, this is a world, isn't it? I often thanks my luck I can't afford a horse; for who's safe a-horseback? A man kisses his wife and his babbies, if he has 'em, when he mounts his saddle of a mornin'—and his wife gets him lamb and sparrow-grass, or something nice for supper,—'xpecting him home. She listens for his horse's feet, and he's brought to his door in a shell."

"Well, mate, you do speak a truth; nobody can deny that," said one of the mob; who, it is probable, scarcely dreamt that the sometime moralist and truth were so very rarely on speaking terms. And this the reader will, doubtless, admit, when we inform him that the man who so humanely, so affectionately lent his aid to the thrown horseman, helping to bear him with all tenderness up stairs, was Mr. Thomas Blast. It was his business, or rather, as he afterwards revealed, his pleasure to be at Hampstead—his solemn pleasure. At this moment, St. Giles on his return from the apothecary's, came to the inn-door. Ere he was well aware of the greeting, his hand was grasped by Blast,—“Well, how do you do? Who'd have thought to see you here?” Who, in sooth, but Blast himself,—seeing that he had dogged his prey from St. James's-square? “Ha! my good friend,” cried Blast, very much moved, “you don't know the trouble I've had since we met. But you must see it in my looks. Tell me, aint I twenty years older?”

“I don't see it,” muttered St. Giles: though, assuredly,

such a sight would have carried its pleasure to the runaway transport.

“Ha! you won’t see it; that’s so like a friend. But don’t let us stand in the street; come in and have a pot; for I’ve somethin’ to say that’ll set your art a bleeding.” Hoping, praying, that Crossbone might not observe him—and feeling dwarfed, powerless, under the will of Blast,—St. Giles turned into a side-room with his early teacher and destroyer.

“I don’t feel as if I could do anything much in the way of drink,” said Blast, to the waiter following, “and so, a little brandy-and-water. Well, you wonder to see me at Hampstead, I dare say? You can’t guess what brings me here?”

“No,” said St. Giles. “How should I?”

“I’m an altered man. I come here all this way for nothin’ else but to see the sun a settin’. Your health;” and Blast, as he said, did nothing in the way of drink: for he gulped his brandy-and-water.

“To see the sun a-setting!” cried St. Giles; we fear, too, a little incredulously.

“Ha! you’re young, and likes to see him a gettin’ up; it’s natrul; but when you’re my time o’ life, and have stood the wear and tear o’ the world as I have, you’ll rather look at the sun when he sets, then. And, do you know why? You don’t? I’ll tell you. Acause, when he sets, he reminds you of where you’re agoing. I never thought I should ha’ been pulled up in the way I have been. But trouble’s done it. My only comfort’s now to look at the settin’ sun—and he sets nowhere so stylishly as here at Hampstead.”

“Humph! And so you’ve had trouble?” said St. Giles, coldly.

“Don’t talk in that chilly way, as if your words was hail-stones. I feel as if I could fall on your neck, and cry like a ’oman. Don’t freeze me in that manner. I said trouble. Loss o’ property, and death.”

“Death!” cried St. Giles.

“Little Jingo. That apple o’ both my eyes; that tulup of a child. Well, he was too clever to live long. I always thought it. Much too for’ard for his age. He’s gone. And now he’s gone, I do feel that I was his father.” St. Giles stifled a rising groan. “But—it’s my only comfort—he’s better looked arter now than with me.”



"No doubt," said St. Giles with a quickness that made Blast stare. "I mean, if he is where you hope he is."

"I should like to pay him some respect. I don't want to do much: but—I know it's a weakness; still a man without a weakness has no right to live among men; he's too good for this sinful world. As I was saying, I know it's a weakness: still, I should like to wear a little bit o' black—if it was only a rag, so it was black. You couldn't lend me nothing, could you? Only a coat would be something to begin with."

St. Giles pleaded in excuse his very limited wardrobe; and Blast was suddenly satisfied.

"Well, he's gone; and if I was to go as black as a nigger, he wouldn't rest the better for 't. Besides, the settin' sun tells me we shan't be long apart. Nothing like sunsets to pull a man up; and so you'll know when you've had my trouble. Your health agin."

"And you have had a loss of property besides?" asked St. Giles.

"Look here," cried Blast, taking off his hat and rumpling up his hair: "there's a change! Once as black as a crow; and now—oh, my dear friend"—St. Giles shrunk at the appeal as at a presented pistol—"if you want to put silver on a man's head, you've only to take all the gold out of his pocket. Had a loss! You may say a loss. I tell you what it is: it's no use for a man to think of being honest in this world: it isn't. I've tried, and I give it up."

"That's a pity," said St. Giles: knowing not what to say—knowing not how to shake off his tormentor.

"Why, it is; for a man doesn't often make his mind up to it. Well, I've had my faults, I know; who hasn't? Still, I did think to reform when I got that lump of money; and more, I did think to make a man of you. I'd chalked out the prettiest, innocentest life for both on us. I'll make a sojer of Jingo, I thought; yes, I'll buy him some colours for the army, and make him a gen'lman at once. And then I thought we would so enjoy ourselves! We'd ha' gone and been one all among the lower orders. In summer time we'd ha' played at knock 'em-downs with 'em, jest to show we was all made o' the same stuff; and in winter we wouldn't ha' turned up our noses at hot-cockles, or blind-man's buff, or nothin' of the sort; but ha' been as free and comfortable with the swinish multitude (for I did begin to think 'em that when

I got the money) as if they'd got gold rings in their noses, and like the pig-faced lady, eat out of a silver trough. I thought you'd be a stick to my old age. But what's the use o' thinking on it? As my schoolmaster used to say,—'Him as sets his heart on the things of this life,'—I've forgot the rest: but it's all of a piece."

"And how did you get this money?" asked St. Giles, with very well-acted innocence.

"How did I get the money? How should I get it? By the sweat of my brow." And so far, the reader who remembers the labour of Blast in his theft of the gold-box, may acquit him of an untruth.

And having got such a heap of gold," rejoined St. Giles, "pray tell me—how did you lose it?"

Now Blast had, and never suspected it, a sense of humour: he could really enjoy a joke when least palatable to most men; namely, when made against themselves. Nevertheless, with people who have only a proper pride of such philosophy, he had his share of sensitiveness, to be called up at a reasonable crisis. Hence, when St. Giles pressed him to explain his loss, the jest became a hurt. Good nature may endure a tickling with a feather, but resents a scratch from a tennenny nail. "My dear young friend," said Blast, "don't do that; pray don't. When you're as old as me, and find the world a slippin' from under you like a hill o' sand, you'll not laugh at the losses o' gray hairs," and again Blast drew his fingers through his locks meekly, mournfully. "How did I lose it? No: you warn't at Liquorish, you warn't? No; you don't know? Well, I hope I'm not much worse than my neighbours; and I don't like wishing bad wishes, it is sich old woman's work; it's only barking the louder for wanting teeth. But this I will wish; if a clergyman o' the 'Stablished Church is ever to choke himself with a fish-bone, I do hope that that clergyman doesn't live far from Lazarus, and that his name begins with a G. I'm not a spiteful man; and so I won't wish anything more plain than that. But it *is* hard"—and again Blast, he could not help it, recurred to his loss—"it *is* hard, when I'd resolved to live in peace with all the world, to give a little money to the poor, and—as we all must die—when I did die, to have sich a clean, respectable monument put up to me inside the church, with a naked boy in white stone holding one hand to his eyes, and the other putting out his link—you've seen the sort o' thing I dare say?—it *is* hard to be done out of it after all. It's enough to make a man, as I say, think o' nothin' but the setting

sun. Howsomever, it serves me right. I ought to ha' know'd that sich a fine place must ha' belonged to the clergyman. If I'd hid the box in a ditch, and not in a parson's fish-pond, at this blessed moment you and I might ha' been happy men; lords for life; and, what I've heard, called useful members of society. And now, mate," asked Blast with sudden warmth—"how do you like your place? Is it the thing—is it clover?"

"What place?" asked St. Giles. "I'm in no place, certain, as yet."

"There, then, we won't say nothin' about it. Only this. When you're butler—if I'm spared in this wicked world so long,—you won't refuse an old friend, Jingo's friend, Jingo's mother's friend"—St. Giles turned sick at his mother's name, so spoken—"you won't refuse him a bottle o' the best in the pantry? You won't, will you? Eh?"

"No," stammered St. Giles. "Why should I? Certainly not, when I'm butler."

"And till then, old fellow,"—and Blast bent forward in his chair, and touched St. Giles's knee with his finger—"lend us a guinea."

St. Giles recoiled from the request; the more so, as it was seconded by contact with the petitioner. He made no answer; but his face looked blank as blank paper: not a mark was in it to serve as hieroglyph for a farthing. Blast could read faces better than books. "You won't then? Not so much as a guinea to the friend of Jingo's mother?" St. Giles writhed again at the words. "Well, as it's like the world, why should I quarrel? Now jest see the difference. See the money I'd ha' given you, if misfortin hadn't stept in. 'He's a fine fellow,' I kept continually saying to myself; 'I don't know how it is, I like him, and he shall have half. Not a mite less than half.' And now, you won't lend me—for mind I don't ax it as a gift—you won't lend me a guinea."

"I can't," said St. Giles. "I am poor myself: very poor."

"Well, as I said afore, we won't quarrel. And so, you shall have a guinea of me." Saying this, Blast with a cautious look towards the door, drew a long leathern purse from his pocket. St. Giles suddenly felt as though a party to the robbery that—he knew it—Blast must somewhere have perpetrated.

"Not a farthing," said St. Giles, as Blast dipped his finger and thumb in the purse. "Not a farthing."

"Don't say that; don't be proud, for you don't know in this

world what you may want. I dare say the poor cretur up stairs was proud enough this mornin'; and what is he now?"

"Not dead!" cried St. Giles. "I hope not dead."

"Why, hope's very well; and then it's so very cheap. But there's no doubt he's gone; and as he's gone, what, I should like to know"—and Blast threw the purse airily up and down—"what was the use of this to him?"

"Good God! You haven't stole it?" exclaimed St. Giles, leaping to his feet.

"Hush!" cried Blast, "don't make sich a noise as that with a dead body in the house. The worst o' folks treat the dead with respect. Else people who're never thought of at all when in the world, wouldn't be gone into black for when they go out of it. I'd no thought of the matter, when I run to help the poor cretur: but somehow, going up stairs, one of his coat pockets did knock at my knuckles so, that I don't know how it was, when I'd laid him comfortable on the bed, and was coming down agin, I found this sort o' thing in my pocket. Poor fellow! he'll never miss it. Well, you won't have a guinea then?"

"I'd starve first," exclaimed St. Giles.

"My good lad, it isn't for me to try to put myself over your head,—but this I must say; when you've seen the world as I have, you'll know better." At this moment, the waiter entered the room.

"How is the poor gentleman up stairs?" asked St. Giles.

"Is there no hope?"

"Lor bless you, yes! They've bled him and made him quite comfortable. He's ordered some rump-steaks and onions, and says he'll make a night of it." Thus spoke the waiter.

"Do you hear that?" asked St. Giles of Blast.

"Sorry to hear it: sorry to think that any man arter sich an escape, should think o' nothing better than supper. My man, what's to pay?" St. Giles unbuttoned his pocket. "No; not a farden; tell you, I won't hear of it. Not a farden: bring the change out o' that," and Blast laid down a dollar: and the waiter departed on his errand.

"I tell you, I don't want you to treat me; and I won't have it," said St. Giles.

"My good young man, a proper pride's a proper thing; and I don't like to see nobody without it. But pride atween friends I hate. So good bye, for the present. I'll take my change at the bar." And Mr. Blast was about to hurry himself from the room.

“Stay,” said St. Giles; “should I wish to see you, where are you to be found?”

“Well, I don’t know,” said Blast. “Sometimes in one place—sometimes in another. But one thing, my dear lad, is quite sure.” Here Blast put both his hands on St. Giles’s shoulders and looked in his face with smiling malignity—“one thing is quite sure: if you don’t know how to find me, I shall always know where to come upon you. Don’t be afeard of that, young man.”

And with this, Blast left the room, whilst St. Giles sank in his chair, weary and sick at heart. He was in the villain’s power, and seemed to exist only by his sufferance.

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## THE OUTWARD AND THE INNER LIFE.

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BREKOLD how fresh and fair the opening flowers,  
 In early springtime o’er the meadows blowing,  
 Purple and yellow buds bestowing  
     In lovely showers;  
 The glad eye wanders o’er each scattered gem,  
 Bending in beauty from its fragile stem.

But there are blooming lovelier flowers than these,  
 Fair heavenly buds in earthly homes up-springing;  
 With them as joyous sunshine bringing  
     As flowers or trees;  
 Earth, treasure thou these blossoms from on high,  
 And lead them onward to their native sky.

Gaze on the waters of the far-spread deep,  
 How grand, how awful are its billows swelling,  
 The beauty of its strength foretelling,  
     Even in its sleep;  
 We stand enraptured by that sounding sea,  
 Filled with a sense of its immensity.

But in ten thousand homes of earth, there lies  
 A strength more beautiful; ’tis the outpouring  
 Of the glad heart, with praise adoring  
     The ever-wise;  
 Oh, ’tis a holier, a more solemn song,  
 Than ever shall to rolling waves belong.

See where the sunny light of heaven shines down  
 Upon the mountains, azure glory shedding,  
 And radiant tints outspreading,  
     As a fair crown ;  
 And as the day's bright lustre fades away,  
 New beauties linger 'mid the setting ray.

But there are greater things than these ; for, lo !  
 The aged Christian, on whose hoary head  
 The blessed peace of heavenly hope is shed  
     While yet below ;  
 How shall the mountains' fairest tints dispense  
 So sacred and so blest an influence ?

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## BENJAMIN'S MESS.

BY PAUL HELL.

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DID you ever try conclusions, enlightened Reader, with an English Cook of the Old School?—attempt to trouble her mind, for instance, by describing to her how those poor idolatrous heathens, the Hindoos, boil their rice ; or how those worthless profligates, the Italians (who have no wives of their own, and every one's else in common, and are, man, woman, and child, born for opera singers) manage their macaroni ? Did you ever see her dogged face of self-approving obstinacy, the peony red resistance in every line of it deep in proportion as she clings to her own kitchen fire, and denounces all *casseroles*, hot hearths, or other new-fangled devices to rescue the culinary animal from the torture of being roasted alive ? Did you ever hear her voice, sour and sarcastic enough to turn many-sided Hook and pantheistic Claret, Chablis, and the rest of 'em into vinegar—and to blight republican maize in the ear—as, deaf to the charming of Miss Acton's dulcet recommendation, or Mrs. Anne Miller's most seducing *prescription* (as the Germans call it), she replies, “ Well, ma'am (or sir), the family may take what steps they please, but I'll have neither art nor part in such outlandish MESSAGES ! ”

Now, peradventure, I may be pilloried as the coarsest and most prejudiced creature of this species—a discarded menial “ out of place,” ever since the late Mistress Partington deceased ; if I

venture, at a table like yours, laid out for the express purpose of feeding the public with savoury and wholesome viands (none of your "cheap soups for the poor!") to complain of a dish set before us too frequently; and, of late, like the Peacock of chivalrous banquets, with a triumphant flourish of trumpets before it. It is denominated "BENJAMIN'S MESS"—Benjamin, on this occasion, being active, not passive in the *receipt*. How it got the above name is a matter about which Doctors differ. Those of divinity declare the thing to be of antique origin, stating that some mention of it may be found among the Rabbinical traditions, and that it takes date from the head of the youngest of the tribes, whose allotted part was to "ravin like a wolf;—in the morning," (somewhere about the time of a London midnight, say the close of a protracted May debate) "to devour the prey:—in the evening to divide the spoil." But I think this folly. Your reverend Doctors are able to prove any and everything they please, whether it be to fight the fight for Authority or for Rationalism! Another set, the Natural Philosophers, who investigate all matters save their own perpetual quarrels as influencing our social atmosphere, assert that they detect in THE MESS, the presence of a well-known sticking substance derived from a plant, "of flimsy stamina, obtuse in the point of *stigma*, silky rather than downy—which, in taste, is sharp, pungent, and acidulous; when cold without smell, but on applying heat, sending forth an *ungrateful odour*." (*Vide REES*). This, however, my Mrs. Bell insists, is merely one of the thousand-and-one materialist conjectures which are brought forward to cast discredit on things ecclesiastical—*Gum Benjamin* being a leading ingredient in incense, and as such, certain to be treated with sad disrespect by Professor Pry and Professor Parrot, the investigators in question. Why the unwholesome stuff should be called BENJAMIN'S MESS, must, therefore, for the present, remain a mystery:—unless my namesake, Mr. Bell, who answers all conceivable inquiries with as profound a certainty as if omniscience were his *foible*, like Professor ——'s, will favour us with his lights on the subject. Meanwhile, come the confection from the East or the West—from Old Jewry or Park Lane—it is altogether deleterious, if not distasteful; and honest heads of households, who believe in Roast Beef, and hearten themselves up to fight iniquities and abuses on Brown Stout, are bound to grumble at it, as the most pretentious imposition of the kick-shaw school of philanthropic cookery.

To speak plainly—making an end of my table metaphor, and leaving others to *dish* my simile—I don't like the style of some among those who profess to teach, or to sympathise with, the People at present. I mistrust the Trader who takes up the pack of Autolyceus, because he possesses no longer a coin to support the magnificence of Alcibiades. Crockford's is a bad school for the orator who is to lecture "his dear friends the Operatives" on the virtues and beauty of Savings Banks—the "steaming board" of this Apician Duke, or the other Bacchanalian Marquis,—a comical field over which to rehearse Temperance Orations. Nor, to be candid, do I much relish the notion of the gentleman who ran away with Lady —, and would have done as much by sundry other married women, they *or their lords* permitting—talking to my Mrs. Bell and our growing girls, about "the domestic charities." Don't misunderstand me. I am not meaning "to fling" at the morals of any class. Nay, I have often thought the temptation and vitiation to which the noble and rich are exposed are more melancholy than the want and wretchedness of the humble and poor. But I would not have Libertines, Adventurers—Infidels in human virtue—experienced men who have come to treat the passions like so many beads and shells belonging to a Savage—curiosities which the well-born and well-bred have got past using or caring about—to be respected or recognised as Leaders; simply because they can sentimentalise about Factory Children,—because they can talk to Country Labourers, as if the latter were so many primroses of beauty and innocence;—because they can write showy poems, or showy novels, or showy letters in the newspapers—or showily quote the Platonists when they have to debate upon the Sewer Bill, or the Cheap Food Question. I cannot give my trust to men who have trafficked with money-changers, until they have been compelled to part with their principles among other marketable things;—I cannot act with those who have dawdled among opera dancers, till they cease to find indecorum in the *Pas Seul* of the rouged and tinselled Liberator in the "Dreary Abodes of the Desolate and the Oppressed," or disgrace in his carrying the hat round, with the true *ballet* nimbleness and seduction, saying—as plain as pantomime entreaty can speak it—"Do drop a Place in!"

"How now," cries some angry Colonel Cambric, some exquisite Sir Hyacinth, fragrant as 'Bucklersbury in simpling time;'—  
 "How now? would you establish the Inquisition among free-born



Britons? encourage Slander to pry into family histories, and Party-spite to blacken private character?—deny refined Humanity its noblest privilege of aiding in the work of social progress?—maintain the barriers which so long have kept Gentle and Simple, Learned and Unlearned, Rich and Poor, asunder?—I hope not, gentlemen. Could **THE MESS** be proved nourishing; tending neither to produce flatulence, heart-burning, debility, or St. Vitus's Dance, I would not inquire too curiously if the cook were a pigtail, or when he last beat his wife; or by which of the patent roads he intended to reach the Celestial City!—But it is the manufacture which has led me to consider the training of the manufacturer. How many are the appeals made day by day, to my fellow-labourers, in nothing more suitable to their object of befriending the bodies and balancing the minds of the People, than the wardrobe for private theatricals, which was taken out to America by the well-known Lady who sailed forth to colonise in a came-brake, all “*Wright*,” Republican; and who came back all “right divine,”—ready to *do*, in three vols. post octavo, any grievance which might be thought a good speculation. Here's one, for instance, who tries to authenticate his fitness as a popular Leader, by showing to the factory pale-faces, how their Legislators riot in the exquisite dainties of a gaming-house supper: while he would fain entertain his aristocratic patrons into admitting him as one of their favourite sport-makers, by exhibiting to them the Debating Society, the Dancing-hall, the Penny Concert, and the Farthing Reading-room of some manufacturing town:—one session hand and glove with the spinning Jocks and Jennies; the next with his arm round Hodge the ploughman's neck, brimful of the old “back-bone” truisms, which one might have thought were worn to death in the days of Hone and Cobbett. Liberalism is no longer low; it has become the fashion. Those who “flamed amazement” at the Opera in wondrous pantaloons, and strangling cataracts of satin round their throats some fifteen years since, are now trying “to top the mode” by preaching and teaching in May Fair;—clad in *fustians*! not, however, resisting the dear delight of “coming Opera or May Fair” over the Manchester tradesmen, when down in his hemisphere, to play the part of the Lion or of the Sympathiser. And so well do I know the deep-rooted love of finery in which the Englishman is steeped, that it is precisely because of plain John's accessibility to the tawdry civilities and Monmouth-street grandeurs of such philanthropists as make **THE MESS**, that I raise my voice

against them and their compound—against all Lord Blarneys, however resonant be their tales of Sir Tomkyn—against all specious Orators of the Skeggs family, charm they ever so wisely, by the hackneyed assertion, that “virtue is beyond all price.”

Enough of BENJAMIN'S MESS *au Romancier*:—there is another preparation of the same materials heavier to digest—*au Financier*; of which we are hardly suspicious enough. Who knows not the Leader whose Leading Article would come to a dead halt, but for “the instructive remarks” of the last “distinguished foreign traveller?” Who knows not the Orator, relying for his appearance of acuteness and universal wisdom on some feather-headed Frenchman, or some leaden-seated German, who has “come, seen, conquered” all the difficulties of all the problems of our social life—written two thick volumes *instanter*, describing his conquest; and, what is more cruel, published them. Admirable, valuable to be listened for by every true man who loves truth better than his own insular vanity, are all foreign criticisms of our immaculate establishments, and our sublime social ordinances!—but let us take them as hints derived from impressions, not cedés, according to which our Legislators are to rule us, and “our humble,” as Landor hath it, “to hold up hands.” The account of long residence, minute sympathy (use of language premised), power of independent observation—as opposed to glimpses through the spectacles of Mr. Millowner this, or the *green* glasses of Lord Landed Proprietor t'other!—required, ere conclusions can have any serious worth, seems to be oddly lost sight of by all parties. I have been in a position, sir, to watch how some of these oracles collect their wisdom, living as I do in a manufacturing district, and having (more's the pity,) relations among your London authors; and I shall tell an instance,—one among many.

It is not a hundred summers ago, that a very clever and very honest French journalist, and politico-economist, came to England on a tour of inspection.—I mean my epithets seriously. Mr. Q—— has a sharp neat pen, a clear arrangement of paragraphs, and considerable reasoning power. I happen to know, too, that he has proved his integrity by heavy sacrifices of fortune, a melancholy rarity in the annals of the French press. He came to us with some knowledge of English affairs; he had mastered the fact, usually a choke-pear with our neighbours, that your Lord Mayor of London is not next in greatness to our Sovereign. He spoke cuttingly of the exquisite ignorance of M. Alexandre Dumas,

who in his drama of "Kean," makes the Prince Regent transport the tragedian for a year to America! He was aware that English young Ladies had other names than Miss Kitty or Miss Jenny. He did not expect to find the "zions of our nobility," as Titmarsh calls them, going to bed in their buckskins and top-boots after a steeple-chace; nor boxing in the pit of the Opera. He had even reached that extreme of enlightenment, of admitting that the quiet English Sunday *need* not mean a Day of Mortification exclusively; but might also mean a Day of Rest to a people cleverer at leaning against posts than in dancing! Gravely: he was "well up" in our history, even the history of our "Wighs" and Tories: could name our leading men, and "discuss the same" to Lord Brougham in English, at least as fluent as his blithe Lordship's French! Well, Mr. Q—— came over to examine our manufacturing districts—the morals and desires of their population. He had promised to write on these matters; to write serious facts, not *Sibylline* fictions. He applied in London for letters to some of our leading people; he was to see and to *approfondir*, Birmingham, Derby: Manchester (of course)—Glasgow, including a Loch or two, if possible—in a fortnight! The party to whom he addressed himself, Sir, respecting him sincerely, ventured to point out to him, that his time was rather short, and his field of inquiry very wide; that Cotton has one life among its myrmidons, and Crockery another; that those who spin Flax, and those who spin Iron (for really to *spinning* do recent manufactures of iron amount!) have different humours and habits; that the Lancashire Collier in "his posey jacket," and the Spitalfields Weaver, with his auriculas, hardly even speak a common language, have a common belief, save that money is a good thing, and all Rich people are born oppressors! 'Twas in vain:—these representations ran down, without penetrating his self-complacency. Talk of Mackintosh, or the inventor of *Pannus Corium*, as impervious! mere sieve, I say, to a Frenchman of conscience steeped in a system! Mr. Q—— heard my relative with tolerable patience: that was all. But it is not all which I have to tell. The introductions were taken, and the philosophical tourist started behind the Iron Courser for Birmingham, there to begin his wondrous round. But betwixt the noise and dust and scents of his first day's tour of the manufactories, and the misery of his second day's deprivation of the bottle of St. Julien and dish of spinach for breakfast, the French traveller fell sick, and took to bed. There he lay till it was time

to return to London; and thence to Paris. Nevertheless, the "Letters on the Manufacturing Districts" were written all the same. And I have since seen grave appeals made in grave places to his lucubrations, as to a testimony worth heeding.

On what, then, should the ignorant minds be fed:—by whom should the intellects bare of everything, save a few rags of tawdry prejudices, be clad? Not, assuredly, on mouthings and pleasant periods, attudinisings and grimacings:—not by the Player-Kings and Player-Philanthropists; who bring the tinsel of Richardson's Show into Life's serious business. If it be too much to expect for the instant that state of high morality which shall preclude the political Rope-Dancer from finding any serious employment, he should not be trusted. Let us hope that the days when the trust-worth-less shall look for their audience in vain, are near. As for cutting off the People from such pleasures as brilliant oratory can afford their imagination and musical sense (their judgment convinced the while)—as for denying them such advocacy as the Poet, the Novelist, the Dramatist can tender, and reducing the statement of their wrongs and wishes to the tabulated form of a Work-House Board Report—far be that from me, sir. I would have Poetry and Taste mingle with every transaction of our lives; seeing that the one is merely the loftiest Truth, and the other the most refined Common Sense. Nay, more, to those who can recognise trumpery as trumpery: while they love to see the Puppet jerk its limbs—to hear how far a given Orator can burlesque pathos and sincerity—to read whatever new monstrosity their pet writer may have described—the Political Charlatan is innoxious—he is entertaining: the licensed successor of The Fool of old feudal times. But the People have not leisure to be fantastic over their pleasures: they are not, thank Heaven! so *blasé* as to require monstrosity and exaggeration to move them. Let us, then, beware how we encourage them to fancy the Puppet a real man—to mistake the Talker's trashy "lengths of sound and fury" for an outpouring of real enthusiasm—to accept the Scrawler's melodramatic caricatures of their homes and workahops as simple and faithful representations. The Romancer is, after all, smaller by a cubit than the *Nec*-romancer of elder times: like him, a Quack, but with powers seriously impaired, and pretensions far more grasping than his ancestors'.

As for solemn Dulness parading his discoveries as infallible by the aid of that cosmopolitan jargon, which accepts every stranger

as *therefore* a man of Science—*his* reign with the People cannot last long. The Merry Andrew may be too nimble for The School-master, so long as the world endureth ; but twenty years more of enlightenment on matters which the most concern their interests will enable our friends (without need of any Dr. Dilworth) themselves to turn the Plodders back, bidding them “work their sum at home.” But the dinner bell rings. Enough, then, of “BENJAMIN’S MESS,” and all that it symbolises. Back to wholesome English roast and boiled !

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### THE CAULD HEARTH-STANE.

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The blithest sight a poor man sees  
 Is his ain ingle’s counthie bleeze ;  
 When the kind hearth is glowin’ het,  
 And friends in social circle met.—  
 The blackest sight that meets his e’e,  
 When trampled down by poverty,  
 Wi’ friends, and gear, and credit, gane,  
 Is the gruesome look o’ the cauld hearth-stane.

When a’ that lo’e us leave their stools,  
 And, ane by ane, mix wi’ the mools ;  
 When friendship’s, love’s, endearin’ bands  
 Are riven frae our thowless hands ;  
 When blackness sits in beauty’s place,  
 And sorrow darkens heaven’s face,  
 How sad to sit, in tears, alane,  
 Demented wi’ grief, by the cauld hearth-stane.

When down the black and cheerless lum  
 The frozen winds o’ winter come ;  
 When through the crazy wa’s the drift  
 O’er a’ the house will swirl and sift.  
 Pity the wretch that’s doomed to jouk  
 In rags beside the ingle-nook ;  
 While hunger bites him to the bane,  
 And streaks him in death on the cauld hearth-stane.

Wi’ nane his glazen een to close,  
 Or his sair writhen limbs compose ;  
 Wi’ nane to speer, and nane to care,  
 What wrought the deed o’ murder there !

From Nature's heart and table turned,  
 Despised, degraded, shamed, and spurned—  
 Left like a dog in death, wi' nane  
 To lift up his corpse frae the cauld hearth-stane.

I've had my share o' warld's ill ;  
 O' grief I've aften drank my fill ;  
 Misfortune's, slander's, venom'd dart  
 Has broke my peace, has pierced my heart.  
 I've borne them all, and yet could bear,  
 Would Heaven but in mercy spare,  
 What e'en in thought maist turns my brain,  
 The lang-dreaded look o' the cauld hearth-stane.

*Edinburgh.*

W. M. FERGUSSON.

## RESEARCHES IN BELGRAVIA ;

OR,

## THE WORKS AND WONDERS OF THE WEST.

LETTER IV.—To MRS. RUSTLER.

DEAREST MRS. RUSTLER,

Take the account of our visit to Lady ——, fresh from the tablets of recollection. Should I, indeed, postpone the narration, disturbing exteriorities might arise, which, by weakening impressions, might impair the functions of veracity. Ever let us be actuated by the motto,

Now is the present ; Virgins, vineyards till,  
 And sweet advice by eager deeds fulfil.

Truth be our guide, and Charity, prompt to authenticate good by eradicating evil, our companion.

It was with feelings, as you will believe, of more than ordinary excitation, that P—— and myself presented ourselves at the portal of Lady Highborough's sumptuous mansion in —— Square. The strikingness of her character had made itself known to us through a thousand sources. In her youth, as her portrait, painted by Sir Richard Phillips, must have already acquainted you, she was surpassingly beautiful—and, as we all are (who knows better than myself ?) an object of precious anxiety, and unmitigated temp-

tations. Royalty was at her feet ; but she declined its elegant bait. Her father's board, high in the councils of his Sovereign, was crowned by all the dissolute liberalism of England. Wits, men of letters, foreigners of every shade of speciousness, flung their laurels at her feet ; but she stood firm as Niobe. Her perspicuous intellect detected from afar the storms which were about to submerge every social classification. She saw the nobility of her land, her altar and her throne, in peril ; and when little more than a shrinking girl, presented herself in the breach ! Deaf to the fascinations of a circle so illusive, she abode by her principles. "It was her duty," she said, "to resist the materialism of the middle classes—she pitied, but could not admit them to privileges for which treasure had been wasted and blood shed." Dowered only by this astounding rectitude and a delicate prettiness *tout-à-fait mignardise*, (to quote de Sevigne's Memoirs)—she espoused, when little more than a child, the august Earl whose name she bears ; and entered at once upon her career of heroic energy. As patroness of Almack's, she at once applied herself to the fostering of high breeding, and the discouragement of the unlicensed intrusions of Republican ambition. No tamperer with the wives of Mammon (in the persons of Bankers)—while she used the privileges of gold, she kept the aspiring race who deal therein aloof. Unflinching in her pursuit of Primogeniture, the younger son found no adherence at her hands—the libertine pens of Authors still less. She drew around her an august circle, which Rank accredited and Fashion adorned. Her uncompromising boldness—no less than the vivacity of her parlance, in which the repartee of the French woman and the sense of her own mother tongue were blended—exposed her to salient attacks from the vulgar, the presuming, and the upstart. But she steered her way. She it was who maintained on the Continent the august character of a Peeress of England. Accustomed at home to press the products of the Cashmerian loom in her *boudoir*, to respire but air laden with the odours of the rarest exotics conveyed from the conservatories of Lightington with a regal disregard of expense—habituated to assemble on her table the luxuries of the four hemispheres—Lady Highborough's firm mind did not shrink from the perils and privations of foreign travel. Courageous in the Pride of Sex—and daring even to read Oriental despatches a lesson on the immured victims whom their Salic ordinances confine behind veils,—she it was who claimed an audience of the Grand Sultan, and

awed his barbarian eyes by the splendour of England's lilies and roses, ripened by Time, and decorated with the lustrous heirlooms which cannot make her rank more sparkling. Long will her visit to Sultan Abd-el-Kader, in his Alhambra Palace, at Constantinople, be talked of in the "Harem." It is to her (and not to the authoress of the "City of the Sultan") that the exquisite and well-known poem by Mr. Milnes refers. This P—— has from unquestioned authority. But we can dilate without hearsay on Lady Highborough's union of what is most aristocratic with what is most fascinating.

Fortified by a provision of tracts, we set forth a little after noon: our Landlady having advised P—— to pretermitt the visit till that hour. "What would they say at Tinglebury could they see us now?" was uppermost in the thoughts of one of us at least, as we appealed to the bell. The door gave way to the summons: and a domestic resplendent in the Highborough colours (staunch orange to which my heart warmed,—and blue) admitted us, with a civil "So you're the Ladies!" Judge of our confusion! Clothed, indeed, in filthy rags did I feel myself. That our poor humble Tinglebury deeds should have preceded us! That our faltering endeavours to assert infallible truth should have resounded in the noble halls of England's Aristocracy! What was Mr. Podd to us now? A phantom. Was not here a rich recompense for our Ephesian struggles with his Hydra of false doctrine? \* \* \* \* \* I felt tears of silent praise on my cheek, but was aroused from them by a rapid exclamation on P——'s part—"Diana! darling . . . our travelling companion!"—It was so:—He, and none other, was crossing the hall, and ere P—— could spring forward to put in her claim for the welcome of recognition in a strange land—he had vanished in the interior.—Could this be Lord Highborough! whom censorious tongues had described as in a state of alienation from his august spouse, and rarely at home? "Are not friends raised up for us?" said P—— pressing my arm, as we mounted the stairs, to the presence of her we came to seek.

Time was given us to survey the drawing-room of a Belgravian star of the first water; since we were told that Lady Highborough would see us shortly—and meanwhile invited—nay *desired* (such are the courteous customs of the house!) to sit down. What was more distinguishing, we perceived through the open door by which we had entered, that the footman remained in attendant propriety



on the landing without—his inquiring eye from time to time awaiting our commands.

The luxury of the saloon in which we found ourselves was indescribable. Tissues of blue silk (originally woven, we have since ascertained, for the Monarch of Delhi) were suspended from wands of solid silver; the same hue pervaded the walls, hung with choice pictures. Here Venus, "when unadorned, adorned the most," was bathing in Helicon's waters:—there, Diana hovered over burning Troy; Ædipus and Hermione, from the ramparts, contemplating the agonizing scene. Nor was Junius Brutus, witnessing the ghost of Cæsar, wanting—these three being undoubted originals of Michael Angelo. We were sorry that Mr. Pecker (whose reputation as a Patron of Art has received a most gratifying tribute since our arrival) was not with us: but promised ourselves the pleasure of making him familiar with those treasures, on some future day. Tables of solid jasper were spread with *virtu* of all periods. Dresden lacrymatories vied with the richest West Indian carvings:—rich miniatures by Sir Joshua, with costly volumes bound by Burney. Madame de Maintenon's fan, with her rival, Madame de Pompadour's smelling-bottle: and between them the works of the brilliant *philosophe*, Madame Dudevant, whose blindness was so touchingly lamented by Sir Robert Walpole, in the "Strawberry Annals." Not a toy nor a trinket, in short, was here, which did not tell its tale of the nothingness of Beauty, or invite to the abnegation of selfish indulgence. Such a collection, how far more instructive, dearest Mrs. Rustler, than the farraginous assemblages of so-called sanctity, which disfigure, not ornament, mansions benighted by their Papistical sympathies! The undraped exposures of Pagan Art are less alien to every habit of our juvenile education, less utterly at variance with every prerogative we have been used to hold dear, than the order of decorations it is the interest of Mr. Niblett, and such as he, to advocate. Right glad were we to perceive that Lady Highborough has escaped the epidemical dalliance with Babylon, with regard to which it is written, etc., etc. \* \* \*

We were gazing delightedly round, grateful to find that the idolatrous element had not set its seal here, and P——, intent upon leaving behind her some of those pencilled tokens of admiration and sympathy which her ardent spirit so eagerly bestrews; when the swinging back of a copious sheet of mirror, which we had conceived led nowhere, revealed a third room, and voices in ani-

noted discourse. My tablets were out in an instant, since I was aware by the accent, that the speakers were of no vulgar order. It was well thought of:—the discourse turning on matters of no common import.

“Must you go, Lady Anne?”

“My dear, I must; I promised my little girl to come back and see the Bush—Children and her get their dinner together. You had better come with me;—*such* hideous little monsters!”

“Love, I can’t: I’m expecting Albertinelli every moment; and see him I must about this tiresome concert of mine. You can’t think what a nice person he is!—manages everything so admirably, and takes no liberties. I wonder sometimes, how he gets the people to sing at such terms—Policetti for only ten guineas! But then he’s her lover, poor fellow:—so interesting!”

“Now do come, dear; and can’t you leave word with George for Albertinelli to follow you to my house?”

“Would we had such neighbours at Tinglebury!” whispered I to P——. With the Bundletons, or any persons who have been in trade, dear Mrs. Rustler, such social interchanges are not possible.

“No, my kind creature, I can’t—I have to go through this bore of engaging a nursery governess again!”

“*Quel malheur!* I thought your Swiss girl was such a treasure.”

“So I thought, too, dear; and I am sure I never interfered with her. Georgina hated her; but that was of no consequence. Children always do. I did; and used to cut holes with scissors in my poor victim’s frocks. No, love, she turned out consumptive, so I sent her away at once, before she got worse upon my hands. I am expecting two new ones this morning. Sisters; I may have either, or the two together, I dare say, a bargain.”

“And do you really see these persons yourself?”

“How can I help it, my dear? I could not trust Lord Highborough, were he at home:—and you recollect that wretched business of my last but one, turning out the groom of the chambers’ wife. But I don’t exact much—clean, honest, sober—no followers. We have masters for everything, dear—It’s ruinous. What can those sort of girls want with twenty pounds a year, I often wonder—now that they can dress for nothing, and have no appearance to keep up?” What admirable principles of subordination, dearest friend! What simplicity of requisitional demands; and conveyed in what dazzling buoyancy of parlance! Tears rose to my eyes again: “And this,” I exclaimed, “is a member of

the depreciated body—one of those whom the Utilitarian Clods of the Valley would flout to extinction. Tastes, how magnificent ! Wishes, how true ! Kindness to her dependants, how considerate ! Anxiety to prevent inquiries devolving upon others, how eager !—And you will hear this lustrous being's name invoked with every expression of contemptuous animosity ! I seemed, dearest friend, to listen to my mother tongue—I felt I was in Belgravia ; and when P—— said, “ I am sure I shall embrace her,”—I was too much agitated to do more than reply, “ We will, both.”

“ Well,” after all, “ resumed Lady Highborough, “ I think I will go with you—I'm dying to know the Bush children, if they are only half as dear as Tom Thumb ! and George shall hear these gentlewomen their catechism. One needn't keep them, you know. One is committed to nothing, especially now when you may get the best of the class for fifty a year—and who can teach the harp, too.”

The Ladies came out—tall, commanding creatures, with a pallor that put your Tinglebury friend's milkmaid complexion : and even P——'s red rose blossom in her cheeks (so sweetly introduced in Mrs. Ellis's verses, written in Mrs. Pecker's album) to shame. I had intended to make a minute note of their dress ; and had turned a fresh leaf of my memorandum book on purpose ; but can only generally describe it as singularly spreading in its ulterior portions—my gaze being interrupted by P——'s enthusiasm—who burst forward, with “ Peerless Piety, and Pious Peers,” ready to offer, and a fluttering, “ Dear Lady Highborough, will you allow this to cement the commencement of an intercourse ?” She spoke so low, that we are sure she was not heard : nor did the natural terrors of the moment enable us precisely to ascertain which was our hostess. All, indeed, was confusion. The stately pair turned—surveyed us fixedly—started : and, some kind thought arising in both, sympathetically, burst into a peal of laughter, dulcet as pastoral reed—hurrying past us. I was vexed at this abrupt termination of so charming an interview, though I promised myself its resumption at no distant period. The silver chime died in the distance—not before a gay, “ A perfect gig, my dear !” had acquainted us that the conveyances our innovators at Tinglebury have chosen to deride as obsolete, still maintain their hold in the conservative districts of Belgravia.

We were not long permitted to indulge dubiety as to the

etiquette of departure, after a reception so full of promise. To the unfeigned ecstasy of P—— (ah! do you not recognise your artless *protégé* in the trait?) our travelling companion made his appearance in an elegant domesticity of costume, which convinced us that we were not wrong in ascribing to him no less distinguished an abode. And, making all mature allowances for the susceptibility of my animated companion—he *did* evince the pleasure of kindred sympathies, at this meeting; accosted us with animated cheerfulness, and though decorum precluded his engaging two parties of our sex to sit—bestowed upon us no small measure of the graces of his intellect. Perceiving our avidity for Belgravian intelligence, he kindly ministered to it; recommended our pursuing the system of making acquaintances we had already so auspiciously inaugurated; called our admiration to the works of art I have already introduced to you—and mentioned others. A statue of our gracious Majesty, in a square devoted to herself, a little beyond the boundaries of the Province, excited his eulogies.—It is by Haynes Baily, whose *Eve at the Fountain*, and *My own Blue Bell*, Mr. Pecker cites as the most chaste and surprising of modern sculptures. Eluding gracefully P——’s perhaps too frank curiosity as to his relationship with Lady Highborough, our friend volunteered the information that he was one of the Household.—I curtsied involuntarily to this representative of Majesty.—He dwelt much upon the wonders of his own highly favoured district; spoke of our hostess with terms of easy praise; of her sweetness, and persuadability—these how charming, at altitudes where the vulgar would with difficulty respire! On P—— inquiring if further tracts would be acceptable, he answered eagerly, “O, as many as you can spare!” and even hinted that Her gracious Majesty, whose amiable receipt of all commodities and curious inventions, finds its prototype in many of the Belgravian mansions, would be gratified by, though she might not solicit, a like attention. How easy, beloved friend, is it to do good!—“So simple is our Sovereign,” he added, and so indifferent to rank are the inhabitants of this quarter, that, to use his own emphatic phrase, “the Queen is a nobody amongst us!” Attuned, as I was, to surprise before, this, I confess, astonished me. Rare grace and condescension! blessed fruits of charity! The Artists, dear friend, *give* their pictures to our Sovereign! gratified by their acceptance, though too wisely aware of their own distance, to expect to behold them more. A new book of “The

"Triumphs of Oriana" is in preparation for her birthday—the words by the aristocratic hostesses of Belgravia—the music by Chalon. We grieve that English talent was not found worthy!—But more, it may be, of Royalty, and its pursuits, on some less crowded page! Let us avoid all democratic admixture of the pomp of sovereignty, with the

Homely lines of every day,

as Mrs. Abel Smith says in one of her sadly sweet sonnets. Our new friend apologised on the score of his avocations—ushered us to the portal—and we parted with gay adieux.—Peals of laughter resounded from this edifying abode, as we quitted its precincts.

I should have finished here, but I must append to this too long epistolary communication what I have already mentioned:—the tribute to Mr. Pecker's acknowledged skill in judging of works of art.—It is but to-day that he received from an accomplished collectress, whose name modesty forbids us to utter, the distinguished invitation which my thrilling pen copies with proud pleasure. You may diffuse it at Wailford\* if you will:—

"Mrs. — presents her compliments to her proximate neighbour, Mr. Pecker, and from having derived by bequest, among other tableaux a portrait of extraordinary merit, deemed likely from corresponding name originally marked at back, either to represent, or otherwise to have belonged to, at no very remote period, a family connection of his; but, to be satisfactory to herself, needing confirmation; trusts, under the circumstances, not to seem digressing etiquette unvenially herein—the object being a reciprocal one—in requesting the obliging courtesy of a call at her residence on earliest convenient afternoon, from the hour of three, *not being later than that of six*, for resolving, as she could hope, its identity; a favour, in ratio of her disadvantage towards him as a total stranger, she would not fail to appreciate, etc. etc."

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\* The Editor is once again obliged to interpose with an explanation. Those who might be misled by the poetical style of Miss Rill, into fancying that the epistle of the "Collectress," printed above, was retouched by that Lady, for the amazement of friends at home, are admonished that the letter is printed from a *bonâ fide* original: the original punctuation observed;—we may add, that it is a Circular; since we happen to know other connoisseurs besides Mr. Pecker of Tinglebury, who have received similar invitations. The incident is too Belgravian to be omitted, but too romantic to pass without authentication.

We all blush, of course, at so flattering a testimonial, to which Mr. Pecker accedes. Averse to conspicuity, he will go. You shall hear the result. Meanwhile, it is something new to find ourselves among circles where innate efforts are crowned with appreciation.—Adieu! Our dinner, ordered at the Belgravian hour of nine, awaits us. Mrs. Pecker protests—but I remind her that thus the Ancients partook of their attic repasts. No, Mr. Niblett: but P. will not wear the willow for any Papist, concealed or open: less so, now, than ever, when inspiriting opportunities of compassion are likely to be afforded to her.

Your unfeigned and affectionate,

D. RILL.

P. S.—I open my letter to announce a singular casualty. Even here, “clouds of mistake arise and with fair semblance, blot out the bloom of energy,” (as Archbishop Tennison finely says in his “*Mirandola*.”) How are we to understand the strange misapprehensiveness which has penned a billet like this just received?

“To avoid the possibility of misunderstanding or disappointment, as the message left with her butler may not have been correctly delivered, Lady Highborough acquaints D. and P. Rill, that neither of them appeared suited to fill the situation in her nursery applied for.”

“— *Square, April — 1846.*”

## JUNE.

SUMMER, and stillness; ev'ry joyous bird  
 Pours a half-wearied song; the leafy glade,  
 Panting with flowery fragrance, to its shade  
 Invites the wayside wanderer: there is heard  
 No sound amid the forest-depths, save when  
 The rushing streamlet by the breeze is stirred;  
 Or the bee murmurs in the meadows, furred  
 With moss and starry flowers; or, from some glen  
 The tired cuckoo lifts a pleasant voice;  
 Or the lone woodlark sings his hidden strain.  
 Oh! bid the poor, the lowly one rejoice,—  
 Upraise him from his penury and pain;—  
 That from the choking courts and alleys dim  
 He may come forth, and join the universal hymn!

E. M. COLLINS.

“ A HISTORY OF GREECE.”\*

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UPON the theory of Historical composition prevalent in the present age, it must necessarily be difficult to form a correct judgment. The same influences which operate on the minds of the historians to elevate and enlarge, or to depress and circumscribe their views, must likewise produce an analogous effect upon critics, and, as a general rule, almost constrain them to think favourably of works thoroughly impregnated by the spirit of the times. It may, in some instances, however, be advantageous for those who undertake in matters of this kind to think and decide for others, to emancipate themselves from the sway of current notions, and to rise, if they possess the power, to the level of those principles which ought to regulate the creations of literature in all ages and countries.

History in its primary and proper signification, really means, narrative as contradistinguished from dissertation and theorising. When a man undertakes to relate the story of a nation, we consequently expect that he will abstain as much as possible from standing still; that he will take up the people with whom he designs to make us acquainted from their cradle, or any other point on which he thinks proper to fix, and thenceforward hurry us along with them, offering occasionally short explanations of events intricate or obscure; and occasionally, perhaps, pausing for a moment to expatiate on any new aspect presented by circumstances, if it be merely to afford himself an opportunity of calling forth admiration or administering delight. Above all things, therefore, it would appear that movement is characteristic of historical composition—as nature abhors a vacuum, so history abhors stagnation. As it is the counterpart of life, the picture of a stream in everlasting flow, so it is necessarily vivacious and progressive. It admits of nothing like disquisition. The indulgence of scepticism and the ostentation of research are equally fatal to it. There must be animation, there must be continuity, there must be a perpetual exhibition of human character, and above all things, there must be unquestioning faith.

Let the historian investigate as he pleases before he commences his task. Inquiry is his duty, and we rigidly insist upon the performance of it. He must do this however in secret, alone, and not invite us to be present at his examination of witnesses, at the propounding of his doubts, at his questioning and cross-questioning of the old writers. What we

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\* “A History of Greece. I. Legendary Greece; II. Grecian History to the Reign of Peisistratus at Athens. 2 vols. By GEORGE GROTE, Esq. London: Murray, 1846.”

want is the result of all this. Let him spin his narrative how he pleases : that is his business. He undertakes to lay before us the tissue complete, and has no right to require our presence in his workshop, while he cards the wool and spins the thread, and goes through all the other preliminary processes which must, we are well aware, take place before the final completion of his task.

Among our contemporaries a very different creed appears to obtain belief. Instead of suffering us quietly to contemplate the grand and ever-shifting scenes which the circumstances of other times unfold before us, the historian thinks it incumbent on him to be perpetually at our elbow, informing us what we are to admire or despise, or believe or disbelieve. In the midst of the most stirring occurrences, when great men are struggling doubtfully for their lives, when the fate of empires is trembling in the balance, when civilisation itself stands in jeopardy, and when by the cast, so to speak, of a die, the happiness of mankind may be secured or marred for centuries, he puts a spoke in the wheel of the moral universe, and arrests the movement of the whole, that he may discuss with some sceptic the probability or improbability of what he is engaged in relating. He is not content with permitting the impression to be insensibly made upon our minds that nature and study have invested him with superior sagacity, that he is quick to discern motives, that he has an intuition of human character, that he draws moral pictures forcibly and with suitable colours; that, in one word, his mind is sufficiently large for the whole pageant of human events to be reflected from its surface. His ambition will not permit him to leave us for a moment doubtful on the point. Proud of the temper and polish of his genius, he keeps the flash and dazzle of it perpetually in our eyes. Our business consequently is soon felt to be to admire the historian, not to take an interest in and be instructed by what he relates, and as admiration soon palls upon the appetite of those who attempt to feed on it, so your fashionable historian soon degenerates into a bore, whom you admit to be very clever, but would rather not associate with nevertheless.

Whether or not Mr. Grote stands in this category we are reluctant to determine. He has evidently applied himself with great diligence and perseverance to the study of Grecian affairs; and, whatever may be the fate of his work, has endeavoured to deserve well of the public. It seems to us, however, that he placed himself from the outset under the direction of false guides; in other words, that he has habitually deferred too much to German scholars, who, contemplating Greece and her concerns from the antiquarian point of view, have by degrees brought themselves to regard her literature, her politics, and her philosophy, as a huge museum of perplexing topics, on which it is lawful to speculate for ever without arriving at any conclusion. We lament this, for Mr. Grote is unquestionably an able man, possessing much acuteness and habits of application. He has not, however, sufficient force of mind



to render him independent of his instruments. Availing himself of the learning of Germany, he has suffered it, from being his handmaid, to become his mistress. This is painfully evident throughout the whole of the two volumes before us. Do the Germans doubt? So does Mr. Grote. Do they convert traditions into mythes, and exclude whole ages from the domains of history? So does our learned countryman. His foot advances timidly at the heels of their scepticism, and he appears delighted to persuade himself that the firm ground on which he treads is a shifting and dangerous quicksand.

It is no doubt quite necessary to separate the domains of history from those of mythology, and to avoid giving us a personified vice or virtue for a man. It may likewise be desirable not to confound physical phenomena with historical events, and to present us with an earthquake instead of the executive of a Grecian state. Against errors such as these it is prudent, we say, to guard; but scholars have unfortunately convinced us that learning is liable to intemperance, and that, enfeebled by the luxury of scepticism, the judgment may in the end be made to abdicate its functions, and cease altogether to distinguish between the characteristics of truth and falsehood. It would not accordingly surprise us to find a speculative antiquarian converting Julius Cæsar into a mythe, and assuring us that the Roman Commonwealth was but a fragment of Fairy Land. Formerly the passion of investigators led them to carry back the banners of truth and plant them exultingly on fabulous eminences, into whose incompact substances they soon sank and disappeared. In our own day the practice is strikingly reversed. The object now is to roll forward the clouds of mythe not only over the debateable frontier of tradition but far into the firm and well-defined territory of history, and in this way to obscure events and characters, which to our forefathers stood quite within the range of vision.

Among those who have employed themselves in this way is Mr. Grote. Niebuhr and Arnold conducted their readers towards the gigantic fabric of the Roman republic, through the avenues of legend and poetry; but the approaches in their beauty and simplicity were every way worthy to open upon the Roman story; they looked like the obscure portals, which, in some eastern countries, lead the traveller to palaces and fortresses which themselves are steeped in the brightest sunshine. Mr. Grote has aimed at constructing before the History of Greece similar entrances, using the mythology as his materials, and invoking the epic Muse to adorn her more sober sister. It would have afforded us much pleasure to say that he had succeeded; but in laying down the plan of his work he has altogether mistaken the proportions, and appropriated to what is strictly introductory, space which he will hereafter stand in need of, should his incredulity leave him, as he proceeds, any events which he will regard as real. Mr. Grote's work already equals in length one fourth of Gibbon's History, without containing a

single page strictly historical. We have fable, we have disquisitions, we have criticism; but we have no narrative, no unfolding of circumstances, no delineation of character.

To the whole of what is denominated Legendary Greece we object. Touched by a skilful and delicate hand the fables of the mythology might have been made to constitute a very agreeable introduction to the Hellenic annals. Gods and heroes might have been made our guides to the labyrinth of regal states and commonwealths which covered the face of Greece. But Mr. Grote's familiarity with Grecian literature has not imparted to him any great proficiency in Grecian art. He moulds the most exquisite materials with so uncouth a hand, that where we might reasonably have looked for beauty we sometimes meet with awkwardness, if not deformity. Assuredly, therefore, his will not prove the History of Greece for which we have during many ages been looking. Several of the fables are developed through the instrumentality of a vocabulary, so objectionable, that some parts of the book could not be read aloud in a decent family. Not that Mr. Grote is a voluptuous writer; far from it. He is only deficient in taste, and liable sometimes to overlook the ethical value of the phrases he employs. He is not, in fact, endowed with that rare sensibility which enables some writers to enter instinctively into the feelings of all classes, and to avoid shocking any.

Certainly it is painful to contemplate the throwing away of so much labour as has been bestowed on these two volumes; but thrown away it will be, if Mr. Grote persist in regarding them as any part of the History of Greece. By themselves, and as a series of preparatory dissertations, they are by no means destitute of interest, and may not be without value. The myths are well arranged, though often related in unsuitable language; and some light is thrown on the primitive institutions, character, and manners of the Hellenes. But can anything be conceived more out of place than an infinitely prolix disquisition on Wolf's crotchets about the Iliad and Odyssey, in which the names of Nitsch and Demodocus, of Mr. Price and the Homeridæ, of Herman and Homer, of Payne Knight and Peisistratus, are mixed up together in the most admired confusion? Again, the prudence may well be questioned of adopting a plan which compels the author to touch, however succinctly, five or six times on the same subjects, and to descend again and again from the period of the Trojan War to Alexander of Macedon. It is quite true that Mr. Grote often displays great ability in the course of these rambling dissertations. For example, his view of the merits of Pindar, and the three great Attic tragedians, displays much critical acumen and power over the resources of rhetoric. He discriminates with judgment between the qualifications of the several poets, though he occasionally mistakes the relation in which they stood to their audience, from a natural or acquired incapacity to enter heartily into the religious feelings of the Greeks.

From symptoms which appear in various parts of these volumes we perceive, moreover, that we at least shall not be able to enter very

cordially into Mr. Grote's views of Greek philosophy. This we conjecture from his treatment of Socrates. The circumstances of his work did not regularly or naturally lead him to speak of the son of Sophroniscus, but he has volunteered several short allusions and passages, which show that his ideas have been impregnated by the German spirit, and that we are hereafter to be presented with a Socrates, not moulded by the hands of Plato or even of Xenophon, but distorted and disguised by the arts of critics and rhetoricians.

The most striking exemplification, however, of the evil effects of German influence on Mr. Grote's mind is supplied by his dissertation on the Spartan Commonwealth. Though he arrives sometimes at results different from those obtained by Müller, it is obvious that his imagination has been overmastered by the apologetical history of the Dorians, and that his judgment has been betrayed into decisions equally at variance with logic and with history. Still it is in this part of his work that Mr. Grote displays the greatest talent. He sometimes exhibits an inclination to escape altogether from his trammels, and think boldly for himself; but the shadow of his evil genius has too long been over him, so that after a brief effort or two he relapses into mental servitude, and sings the old song as he has been taught to sing it.

Our own temper of mind by no means disposes us to defer slavishly to the authority of any writers, ancient or modern. We put no blind faith in Plutarch or Isocrates, or Plato or Aristotle, still less in such authors as Myron of Pryene. But, taking all things into consideration, it does appear to us somewhat probable that men who lived contemporary with the Spartans—who had access to many hundreds of works now lost—who had the advantage of conversing familiarly with the most instructed among the disciples of Lycurgus, and who were besides inclined to inquiry and investigation, occupied at least a better position for acquiring correct knowledge than any professor whatever of Bonn or Göttingen. Yet Mr. Grote thinks it more safe to accept the authority of Mr. Müller than that of the most accurate among the ancients. We allude more especially to the subject of the *Crypteia*. Greek writers of grave character affirm that the Spartan Ephori annually proclaimed war against the Helots, that by a sort of jesuitical sleight of conscience they might appear to themselves justified in attacking and cutting them off secretly. But Mr. Grote, faithfully repeating the words of Otfried Müller, asks if it be at all likely that the Spartan serfs, if made war upon by proclamation, would submit quietly to be so dealt with by their masters.

They who desire to measure the extent of their submissiveness, may read and consider the account given by Thucydides of the most wanton and fearful massacre recorded in Grecian history, which was perpetrated against these men. Sparta, which lived in perpetual fear of them, on one occasion, when her apprehensions were more pungent than usual, conceived a stratagem for getting the most daring of the Helots

into her hands. Promising freedom to the boldest and bravest, who would consent to take up arms in her cause, she thus inveigled two thousand to come forward as volunteers. These gallant Peloponnesians having been received into the city with demonstrations of joy, were manumitted, and applauded and crowned, and led triumphantly round the temples, in order to place them as it were under the peculiar protection of the gods of Sparta. But after the conclusion of this imposing ceremony they immediately disappeared, nor was the manner of their death or one of their bodies ever discovered. There were deep pits at the foot of Taygetus, into which the Spartans cast their surplus children, and these probably would have been the place to search for the bodies of the two thousand Helots. This was an act somewhat more significant than the proclamation of war made by the Ephori; not publicly, however, but in the senate, with closed doors, and out of hearing of every Helot, in Laconia. They proclaimed as a Jesuit swears, *sotto voce*, not being desirous that the world should know anything of the matter.

Nevertheless, Mr. Grote's humanity will not permit him to give credence to the story of the Crypteia, which is this:—A number of the most enterprising and cruel young men among the Spartans having been furnished with daggers, were sent forth from the city to lurk about the Helotan villages, and subsist how they could. They were commanded to conceal themselves, to lie in ambushade, and to keep watch over the serfs; but, as both Mr. Müller and Mr. Grote believe, for no special purpose, and with no general result. They may, no doubt, have occasionally picked off a few Helots; but assassination, it is contended, was not the object with which they were sent out. Much mystery, we confess, hangs over this same Crypteia. Plato, in his Treatise of Laws, touches upon it slightly; but as one of the interlocutors of the dialogue is a Spartan, and another a Cretan, it might have been thought contrary to etiquette to develop all the enormity of the system.

In most of Mr. Grote's remarks on the power of training and discipline we entirely concur. An ancient philosopher observed: "Give me the education of youth, and any one who pleases may make laws for the state." This was strikingly exemplified at Sparta. Laws, properly speaking, there were few, and most of those bad. The constitution was highly imperfect, and the administration frequently corrupt. Yet, because the system of education was admirably adapted to attain the end aimed at by the Legislator, namely, conquest and dominion, the Lacedemonian commonwealth subsisted much longer and exercised more influence in Greece than states far more wisely constituted, and administered with a greater regard to justice and sound policy.

In a History of Greece, however, it is not long and laborious inquiries into subjects like these that are wanted; but a display of the several constitutions of the country in action, exercising their proper functions, and producing their natural results. By this means alone, in our opinion, can we ever be brought to comprehend the very peculiar

characters of the Hellenic States, which resembled nothing in modern times, but grew out of a certain stage of civilization, and necessarily perished with it. In the same way, and in no other, can be popularly explained the reason why philosophy, literature, and the arts, blossomed and bore fruit so luxuriantly in Greece. In the mental constitution of the people there were, no doubt, many qualities favourable to the state of things to which we allude. A similar combination of external circumstances, if it could again exist, would not suffice, therefore, to reproduce analogous effects, the intellectual idiosyncrasies of the people requiring always to be taken into account.

On topics like these Mr. Grote sometimes writes very sensibly; but even when he is most successful in his drawing, the character of his style and diction suffices almost completely to neutralise the influence of his learning and logic. As a writer he has almost everything to learn; disposition, arrangement, proportion, rhetorical art, and diction. In none of these has he any fixed principle. His language seems to reflect the forms of the author with whom he has been last conversing. There is consequently nothing very characteristic in his manner, and he has little of that *vivida vis animi*, which, in what composition soever it is found, carries along the reader, irresistibly imbuing him with truth or error according to the object and intention of the teacher. The correctness of what we here state will, we feel assured, be proved ultimately by the decision of the public, which will find Mr. Grote's work cold and uninteresting after the first gloss of novelty shall have been worn away. The same thing has already taken place with some other histories that we could mention, though we need not go out of our way to speak evil of the dead.

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## MRS. EDEN'S SIXPENCE.

A SHORT STORY FOR SAMARITANS.

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It was a little child that had come to the door to beg. But the knock—timid and hesitating as it was—disturbed the baby, that after much rocking and soothing, Mrs. Eden had just succeeded in getting into its first sleep. And very displeased with the knock was Mrs. Eden in consequence, and her mind was fully made up,—not only to dismiss the beggar,—if beggar it were,—without alms, but to speak a sharp word or two, into the bargain. But this last resolution was dismissed before she reached the door,—for she encountered a cutting gust of wind in the passage, which made her remember how severe the weather was out in the bleak streets,

and opportunely reminded her that Christian charity would not tolerate sharp words under the circumstances.

Severe enough, God knows, the weather had been for some days. People who had made their calculations, decided that for seven winters, the thermometer had not fallen so many degrees below the freezing point. Only that morning, within half a mile of Mrs. Eden's residence, a girl had been found stone dead—frozen, poor thing, on the doorstep of a rich man's house. But the rich man knew not, of course, that she was there,—for it is not in the human heart to suffer a fellow-creature to perish with cold and hunger on a doorstep. The rich man had dropped into a sound sleep—drawing up his limbs in his comfortable warm bed,—unconscious of the tragedy which, so near to him, was witnessed by the awful frost.

When Mrs. Eden had got the door open,—which was not easy of accomplishment—for the wind for some moments absolutely insisted on keeping it shut, she beheld a little, ragged starveling, of what sex she could not determine—small enough to be only six years old—but sufficiently aged in features to be twelve or thirteen—poverty having done the work of time, and laboured at it with good-will. Now Mrs. Eden, as we have seen, had determined to bestow no alms. The crying baby still admonished her of the interruption to its slumbers, and as it was a very wakeful baby indeed, she had to calculate upon a second course of rocking and soothing, before she could lay it on the pillow, and so find an opportunity to prepare her husband's supper. But woman's heart, and a mother's heart especially, is nature's master-piece of sympathy. And Mrs. Eden, who had little time for reading books, was a great scholar in human faces. God's Gospel, she often said in her own quaint fashion, was written in children's features,—a speech for which she was, on one occasion, taken soundly to task, by a local preacher and distributor of tracts. I believe she was right notwithstanding. When she had looked only an instant upon the little ragged epicene, and heard the piteous wail which its thin blue lips uttered, and which resolved itself into some such words as these—“Have you anything to give a poor child to-night, that's got no mother, please?”—She felt a twinge at the heart, that by some process of association, had reference to a certain sixpence which was deposited in a pill-box that stood upon the mantel-piece within, and which she had that morning picked up in an adjoining

street. It seemed to Mrs. Eden that this waif could not be applied to better use than the relief of the little mendicant. Accordingly she bestowed the coin upon the child, whose faculty of speech was averted by the magnitude of the alms, and the donor was unthanked. She did not heed the circumstance, for she belonged not to that class of benefactors who are uneasy if the palate of their benevolence go untickled by praise.

The child, grasping the coin in its little hand, made quick way to a baker's shop, before whose window, amongst other hungry and frost-pinched children, she (for it was a girl that Mrs. Eden had relieved,) had stood but a brief while before, eyeing the loaves that were as hopeless of attainment as the very food of angels. There was one loaf with its crusty side turned to catch the eye of the passengers, upon which she resolved to expend the sixpence. Now it chanced that the baker was not to be numbered amongst the kindest member of the human family. There was an acidity in his countenance which repelled liking. Some men we favour at a glance. This baker was of a different class. He was *sour* with an emphasis, especially to children, and more particularly to poor children. To do him justice he was not servile to the rich. He was vinegar still,—a little diluted, perhaps,—but never oil or butter, or any unctuous substance, though his wealthiest customer were counting gold of standard weight upon his desk.

The girl fearlessly entered the shop, and pointed to the loaf which she desired to possess. The baker frowned,—to his customary vinegar, he added a copious dash of unripe lemon-juice. The child threw down the sixpence.

“That loaf—that 'un there—he in the corner,” said the child, eagerly. But the baker, who had taken up the coin, did not hasten to execute the order. He narrowly inspected the money, and dissatisfied with the scrutiny, notched it with a file. And then the full villany of its being was revealed. The Samaritan gift—Good Spirits had looked down upon it and blessed it—was a sham. Adjoining the neighbourhood in which the baker resided, a gang of coiners had recently established themselves, and base money was frequently tendered at the shops of the various tradesmen. Twice that day bad sixpences had been presented to the baker in exchange for bread. The call upon his time which the prosecution of the offenders would have demanded, had alone deterred from such a step, but he had inwardly resolved, that on

the next occasion the party should be made an example of. Without more ado therefore, he walked to his door, and promised a penny roll to a ragged urchin for fetching a policeman. The lad darted off, shrieking "police" as he went, and followed by a dozen boys and girls, ragged as himself, and vociferating as loudly.

An officer was soon found. He listened to the baker—examined the coin, and professed to recognise the child as an old hand at "that sort of thing."

"You 'll have to attend to-morrow, Mr. Bulrush," he said to the baker. "Ten will be the hour. It's uncertain when 'twill come off,—but we 'll have consideration for you, on account of your business. Bread is dear enough—an't it?"

"It will be very inconvenient for me to appear myself," remarked the baker. "I suppose if I send my wife it will do—won't it?"

The policeman thought otherwise, and grasped the little hand compressed within his own, tighter as he said so. The child uttered a piteous cry of pain, and bade the man release her, that she might take the loaf to her father. At this juncture the baker's wife entered the shop.

"You are hurting your little girl," she said to the policeman.

"My little girl," said the piqued officer, glancing disdainfully at the child. "Thank you, Mrs. Bulrush,—my little girl makes a better appearance than a beggar's child—my little girl has warm, respectable clothing, and never utters bad money."

"Oh, it's another case of bad money—is it? Why, that makes the third to-day."

"Bad money," cried the child, beginning to cry as she now first understood her position. "A woman gave it to me—Father sent me out to beg, and told me to buy bread with what I got. I won't go to gaol. Please let me go home."

"It may be true what she says," remarked the baker's spouse.

"'Tis so young a child, I don't see what's the use of sending her to prison; except for charity's sake, for I suppose they 'll feed her there. I would let her go—I would, Bulrush."

"Why, you see, ma'am, it wouldn't do to let her go," replied the policeman; "if it's only on the principle of getting her fed. Why, as a Christian and a mother, Mrs. Bulrush, you must say prison-feeding is better than chance bread. Bless you, she won't know herself when she comes out; she 'll be so plump and fat."



A customer had entered the shop during the officer's speech.

"Why, Mr. Eden," said the baker's lady, "you are a stranger. How's your respectable wife and the nice baby? Here's a case of a bad sixpence—a shame, an't it, to see so young a hand at it—the third case to-day—tradesmen need be careful."

"Bad money—so young, too—not the first attempt, I suppose," said Mr. Eden.

"Oh, no—an old hand at it, sir. I've had my eye upon her this long time," said the policeman.

"I want a half-quartern loaf, Mr. Bulrush—a crusty one, if you have it—that in the window will just suit me;" and Mr. Eden pointed to the loaf which the child had intended to purchase. When she saw the baker deliver it to his customer, she renewed her crying and wept more bitterly than ever.

"Well, good night, Bulrush—good night, Mrs. B.," said Mr. Eden, turning to depart. "She is young—too young for oakum picking—cold night, isn't it?" and he left the shop. The policeman also quitted it, dragging the child along—while Mr. Bulrush put on his great-coat—wiped the flour from his face, and prepared to follow him to make the charge at the station-house.

The baby was asleep before the knocker responded to the application of Mr. Eden's finger. The supper was in course of preparation—but not ready, and Mr. Eden was a hasty man. But for the little mendicant, baby would have been disposed of half an hour before, and the sausage would be "keeping warm" upon the hob. Rat-tat-tat.

As it happened, Mr. Eden was in the best possible humour. His employers—he was junior clerk to a merchant firm in the City—had that day taken him confidentially aside, and announced their determination to elevate him to a higher post and increase his salary 70*l.* annually. He could, therefore, bear to wait complacently for his supper. He would run to the nearest tavern for half a pint of the best Scotch whisky, in which to drink his employer's health. Mrs. Eden had no objection to whisky—and the sausages would be ready by the time he was returned, and had got his house coat and slippers on. Meanwhile, the little hungry girl was dismally sobbing in her cell at the station-house.

"By the bye, my dear," said Mr. Eden to his wife after supper, "when I stepped into Bulrush's for that loaf, he was just giving a miserable child into custody for attempting to pass a bad sixpence—plenty of base money about—the third bad sixpence offered

at Bulrush's to-day. You must be careful of the silver you get in change at the shop."

"Three bad sixpences in one day! What sort of a child was it?"

"Oh, a little old-fashioned beggarly looking little thing with a careworn old-looking face. The policeman knew her well—an old hand at that sort of thing."

"It was a girl then—what sort of bonnet had she on?"

"Bonnet—I don't know whether it was bonnet or hat—it was squabbed out of all shape. To me she looked more like a boy than a girl."

"How old do you think this girl was?" said Mrs. E., following up the thread of her own reflections.

"Any age between six and fourteen. You seem concerned for her, my dear."

"Concerned—how absurd! Your pipe is on the sideboard. I'm going out a shopping—I've got a few little things to get in for to-morrow. If baby wakes"—

"You an't going out to-night, my love?" said Mr. Eden.

"Yes. I must go—we shan't have a candle in the house when that is burnt out."

"You may bring me in some tobacco. Stay—you may buy me two cigars, Mrs. E.—old Cubas—they are three halfpence each, my love."

"Two old Cubas—I won't forget."

She had hastily equipped herself in shawl and bonnet while she was talking, and only lingered to bid her husband listen for baby's waking,—ere she set her nimble feet upon the pavement, and turned her face towards the baker's dwelling. Within doors she had only half-guessed how cold it was without. The freezing wind came hard against her like a substance. The few persons abroad were wrapped to the teeth,—except the very poor,—and God help them in all weathers! From the baker and his wife, she could extract nothing concerning the child, save that she had tendered a bad sixpence, for which Bulrush was determined to punish her. Their description of her person strengthened Mrs. Eden's conjectures, and she repaired to the station-house to see the child.

She had never been in a station-house before—nor had she ever set foot within a Police Court or Criminal Court. With

humanity, as it appears under the awful guises there set forth; she was unacquainted. The battered, brutal visages, she saw there, confronted with the myrmidons of law,—especially the befaced womanhood of those of her own sex who were under arrest, filled her with dismay and terror. She could tell her errand to the inspector only with great difficulty. The man was gentle for his office, and willingly acceded to her request to have the child brought from the cells. Mrs. Eden recognised her immediately, and the little girl knew her also.

“You gave me the sixpence—indeed—I didn’t know it was a bad ’un. Let me go home to my father,” sobbed the child.

“I did indeed give her a sixpence only a few minutes before she was given into custody,” said Mrs. Eden.

“If the tradesman chooses not to appear against her, she will be discharged to-morrow by the magistrate,” remarked the inspector. “You had better talk to Bulrush, ma’am.”

“Can the child go with me to the shop?” inquired Mrs. Eden.

“No—but if, after examining the sixpence, you are satisfied that it is the coin you gave her, and the baker consents to withdraw the charge, I will act upon my own responsibility, and let her go,” replied the man.

Mrs. Eden had already seen the coin, but was unable to swear that it was the gift she had bestowed upon the little beggar. She was a lover of truth. But the appealing face of the meagre child sorely tempted her. And, moreover, she felt almost confident that it was the sixpence she had picked up and deposited in the pill-box. Should she stretch a point, and say she was *quite confident* about the identity of the coin? Certain moral scruples beset her mind, but another glance at the child’s face quieted them. God’s gospel of truth was written in those lineaments—as far as the sixpence was concerned,—as certainly as the bright sun was itself a true thing, created by the Author of Truth. She said she *was* confident, and would swear if they required her. So the inspector sent a policeman to fetch the baker.

The end of it was—that the sour baker, who, as Twelfth Night was drawing nigh, was deep in cakes, and had his time fully occupied, was glad of an excuse for escaping attendance on the police-court on the morrow, and freely consented to take Mrs. Eden’s explanation of the matter. The child was therefore set at liberty, and went to her wretched home—carrying a quartern loaf, and

some ready-cooked meat, and a few little "grocery things"—Mrs. Eden's gifts—for, as she said to the baker's wife, "*I can't help being kind to very little children, when they come to beg—'tis a weakness, but I can't help it.*"

Mrs. Eden slept soundly that night, and her repose—she told me this herself—had no reference whatever to Eden's elevation, and the annual addition of seventy pounds to his salary.

ARNHELDT WEAVER.

### THE RIGHTS OF THE POCKET.

"HARRY," said Frank Slangton,—ward of the Reverend Dr. Plumworth, and in training under the auspices of that divine for Cambridge;—the young gentleman addressed the Doctor's son: "I think I owe you some tin."

"What did you say, Mr. Slangton?" asked Dr. Plumworth, pausing in the composition of a sermon, at his desk.

"I was telling Henry that I believed I owed him some money, sir."

"Money, I think, was not the word you used," said the clergyman.

"No, sir; my expression, I admit, was tin."

"Let me beg, then," returned the Doctor, "that you will not repeat it, Mr. Slangton. As a flash term, or vulgarism, it is highly objectionable; besides which, it implies a disrespectful allusion to property. Money, properly regarded, is a very serious thing, and ought never to be spoken of in terms of levity. You are to recollect that it is a most important blessing, and although, like any other of a temporal nature, it should not engross our estimation, it is neither to be thought of nor mentioned, slightly. To talk with lightness and flippancy on pecuniary subjects argues a ludicrous frame of mind; a disposition to trifle with grave topics; almost, I may say, a constitutional irreverence. For the future, I entreat you to bear this in mind."

"Yes, sir," responded the pupil; and screening his face with his Herodotus, he made a grimace behind it.

Now, really, though it may be a bold thing to say, there was some sense in this little homily of Dr. Plumworth's. There is,

undoubtedly, a certain veneration for money which is grovelling and base in the extreme—a horrible idolatry. Granted. Let it be anathema. At the same time, we do contend that there is an amount of proper respect to be entertained for it by every reasonable person; and with this we must insist that the designation of it by such mean and unceremonious terms as “tin,” and “dust,” or even “cash,” is incompatible. Phraseology of this kind, like nicknames applied to individuals, betokens a familiarity which doth breed, if not express, contempt. But wealth, although a bad master, is an excellent servant, and therefore not to be despised by anybody. And he who disesteems money, contemns all that money will procure; that is to say, nearly everything in the world but health and peace of mind; though even these advantages are not to be had without some of it.

One would think, from the various synonyms used to signify money, whereby the direct mention of it is in a manner shirked, that it was something of which people are ashamed. Men shrink in conversation from naming it outright, and hint at it, covertly, as the “needful,” the “stumpy,” the “ready;” as if the thing alluded to were of an indelicate nature. They describe it by initials, as *£ s. d.*; and perhaps, in time, they will come to express it by asterisks. Nay, they defame it by vile and disparaging phrases, such as “dross” and “filthy lucre.” Poets and novelists, in particular, are always aspersing and decrying it, in a manner which is at least unfair; for they speak ill of it, mostly, on very slight acquaintance. They call it “sordid pelf,” and say that “riches, the incentives to evil, are dug out of the earth.” Well; so are potatoes dug out of the earth, and they are just as much, and no more, the incentives to gluttony, as riches are to evil, to those who are over-fond of them; and the only sordidness of pelf is derived from the hand that clutches it. Far be it from us to defend the love of money, considered as a blind passion, which we frankly admit to be the root of all evil, but we must put in a gentle plea for a sensible, well-regulated regard for it. “Wine is a good familiar creature if it be well used;” an equal claim on our affection have the means by which wine is procured.

We shall not dilate on the inconsistency of those authors who write for money whilst they write against it. We will only recommend them to write more justly and sensibly; and wish

them the better pay for so doing. Let them pocket it, and be thankful. The labourer's hire is not to be grumbled at unless it is inadequate. As to the man who would abuse his salary, he would also quarrel with his bread-and-butter. If, making allowance for high animal spirits, we can excuse a little jocularly in speaking of money, we cannot put up with its deliberate slander. This is an injustice too gross for our sensibilities. But we are dogmatising whilst we should reason; let us then argue,—though not exactly as barristers—for money.

Be it, then, considered, that money represents what it can purchase. A penny is equivalent to a penny's worth. Thus we say that a roll is a penny, or a ham-sandwich fourpence. So much money, therefore, is tantamount to so much bread, beef, and beer; nay, to so much water, wherever there exists a water-rate. Accordingly, he who despises money, despises the necessaries of life. A given, or gotten, sum is requisite to the acquisition even of a smock frock and a pair of ankle-jacks; therefore, even they whose wants are limited to the commonest fare, and to the meanest clothing, must admit a certain care for money. But most people's souls are superior to beef, and ascend, when they can, from plain butcher's meat to made dishes; or to Welsh mutton, partridge, woodcock, and venison. They soar above pump-water to the treble X and the entire, and thence, through port and sherry, to the pinnacles of claret and champagne. Equally do they mount from the smock frock and the highlow to the suit of Moses or of Stultz. In proportion to the rising scale of desire and appetite must be the increasing estimation of money.

None, then, but those saints who repudiate the good things of this life have any business to disparage coin. And we must deny this right to such even of them whose self-denial admits of any gratification whatever, and who draw the line of abstinence anywhere above berries and sackcloth. But your anchorite and your hermit are out of the question in this country. Their existence here would be impossible, morally and physically. A saint of this class could literally find no hole to put his head in. If he established his cave on waste land, he would infringe the right of common; if elsewhere, he would be liable to an action for trespass; and in either case, probably, would be apprehended as a rogue and vagabond, and sent to gaol like a trumper or a gipsy. Besides, he would be starved. Crab-apples are the only hedge-fruits that will keep all the year round; and he would have no

right to gather walnuts. Moreover, society would not tolerate anybody who should wear hair-shirts and never change them ; the odour of this species of sanctity would be too much for it ; and recourse to baths and washhouses for the ascetic classes would be compelled by Act of Parliament. And then a ragged and uncleanly saint would not now be listened to ; he would be forced to preach in a decent surplice, or at all events in a respectable suit of black ; the which canonicals cannot be had for nothing. No ; we address not saints, but ordinary honest men, who own to a certain liking for creature comforts, and are also desirous to pay for them. Because it is certainly possible to eat and drink of the best, and to be clad with the finest, at the expense of tradesmen. But to indulge in a fondness for good living, and a taste for dress, and at the same time not to have, and to profess not to want, money, is virtually to proclaim one's self a rogue. It is to acknowledge an unconcern about paying one's household-bills, and an unscrupulousness as to doing one's tailor.

Does any gentleman think a carriage worth possessing ? Nay, is it an occasional convenience to him to take a cab, or an omnibus ? Does he wish for a good horse ; is he fond of hunting and field-sports ? Would he be content to live in a tub, like Diogenes ; or would he prefer a snug cottage, not to say a mansion ? Requires he servants to wait upon him, or would he really not object to clean his own boots ? Unless he can dispense with these superfluities, let him not pretend to decry money. If he does, he is a humbug, to say the very least. Money, he must spend, either his own or other people's, and such a gentleman, we observe, generally chooses the latter alternative.

Is anybody of opinion that it is a fine thing to travel, to enrich his mind by the knowledge of men, to elevate it by intercourse with Nature ? Then must he think the means of locomotion, to say nothing of defraying the charges of mine host, a somewhat fine thing too. Does he delight in study ? Will borrowed books suffice him—or will he confess that he is capable of stealing them ?—also must he place a value on wealth as a help to literary treasure. Has he pleasure in the prosecution of science or the fine arts, and sets he no store by the instruments to these ends ?

Would any man fain gratify his social affections ? or would he rather live as a monk ? Say that he wishes for a wife and family :—would enjoy his home and domestic hearth. Surely he cannot scorn that which affords a maintenance to his helpmate and

offspring. Nay, further ; suppose him to be a general philanthropist, with a thirst for the promotion of universal happiness. Unless his kindnesses to his fellow-creatures are limited (as in the instance imagined is not uncommonly the case) to good advice and wishes, that thirst will most certainly be unslaked without some draught of Pactolus ; or, at least, a cheque on its bank.

Filthy meat, then ; filthy clothes, filthy fire ! Filthy beef, filthy venison, filthy wine ! Dirty carriages, dirty horses, dirty mansion, dirty menials ! Sordid travel, sordid study, sordid science, sordid fine arts, sordid wife and children ; sordid love and domestic bliss ; sordid benevolence and universal philanthropy ! Such must be the language of all those who, as “ filthy lucre,” “ dirty dross,” and “ sordid pelf,” are accustomed to stigmatise money.

The miser, doubtless, is an odious and contemptible wretch ; odious because selfish, and contemptible because foolish. Let him be dealt with according to poetry. At the same time let poetical justice be done impartially. Let not those offenders escape censure who regard not money, since they can live without it,—on their neighbours. The fashionable spendthrift is just as sordid as the usurer. The stage Irishman is as despicable as the stage Scotchman ; and the latter, intellectually considered, has, as the more prudent, rather the advantage of the two. Base as it may be to gloat over hoarded gold, there is something in the contemplation of the power which gold expresses that is even grand. There lie, *in posse*, the mighty armaments, the countless hosts, the vast resources of an empire ; there all the comforts and luxuries of life ; there the happiness of millions. Thus may an emotion approaching the sublime be excited even in the soul of a miser ; and many of the tribes of Lazarus and Levi may have had loftier thoughts than we imagine. It is the bad use, or the disuse, of possessions that is ignoble. No disparagement to the coin. No dishonour to the pounds, shillings, and pence. They are types and symbols of things useful and beautiful. To spurn the representatives of so much excellence is a downright outrage upon sentiment. It is as bad as insulting a hero in his statue, or trampling on the portrait of one's lady-love.

PERCIVAL LEIGH.



MAN WAS NOT MADE TO MOURN.

There is a voice which haunts me still,  
 Where'er on earth I be ;  
 In lonely vale, on lofty hill,  
 And on the distant sea—  
 I hear it in the silent night,  
 And at the break of morn :  
 And aye it crieth—dark or light—  
 Man was not made to mourn !

In ev'ry stream that seaward flows,  
 That voice salutes mine ear ;  
 In every wind that round me blows,  
 Its thrilling notes I hear ;  
 In ev'ry sound of Nature's heart,  
 The cheerful or forlorn,  
 This ever bears the better part—  
 Man was not made to mourn !

The sun that glads the summer noon,  
 The light that blesseth all,  
 The myriad stars, the quiet moon,  
 The showers from heaven that fall,  
 The flowers which in our meadows grow,  
 Our mountain paths adorn—  
 All, all, in their own fashion show  
 Man was not made to mourn !

All Nature cries aloud—but man  
 Regards not Nature's voice ;  
 Perverteth her benignant plan,  
 Her workmanship destroys—  
 From her fair book the brightest page  
 With impious hand has torn,  
 Yet still she cries, from age to age,  
 Man was not made to mourn !

O, gentlest mother ! may thy child  
 Ere long thy lesson read ;  
 Embrace thy precepts, loving, mild,  
 Thy fraternizing creed :—  
 Then shall the blessed end be known  
 For which he has been born ;  
 And all shall feel, from zone to zone,  
 Man was not made to mourn !

*Edinburgh.*

WM. FERGUSSON.

THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.

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WHEN one looks at the amount of theoretic law and morality extant in the world, it seems a wonder that it should not be a deal better than it is.

The precepts and injunctions recommended and enforced are enough to make one believe not only in the perfectibility, but the actual perfection of human nature. There seems no need of any new doctrine when we are so far from living up to what we have already. But there is the mischief; we are become now deaf and insensible to the good things rung in our ears; they have become a sort of *refrains* to which it never strikes us to attach a practical meaning; they have ceased to lay hold upon our consciences. We do not *disbelieve* exactly, but we have got to—Never mind. It would be social excommunication to express a doubt of any of the points of accredited morality, but the amount of practical belief we show in our life and actions is wonderful for its infinitesimal smallness,—it shows the immense surface over which a grain of reality may be attenuated.

There is hardly a man to be found who has faith enough to stake the most trifling practical result on the abstract principle he would argue the most loudly to support; it must come recommended by some more tangible advantage than being merely a point of law or gospel, before he will give it the preference. The fact is, points of morality are no longer *obligatory*; there is universally *felt* to be an appeal from them to the private judgment of common sense and immediate policy; and yet there would be much virtuous clamour raised against any one who should venture to impugn any received maxim of morality in words.

In the present day, all the practical faith going seems to have been invested in the business by which men gain their daily bread; they *believe*, THAT, if well followed out, it will work their salvation in this world in the shape of money, influence, and what not. Oh, yes! if "FAITH be the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," those who are able show this forth by the trust they have in the floating property they may possess *in esse*, though as yet it be not realised; and for *this* hope they are con-

tent to endure actual privation and inconvenience. This hope they trust to make manifest, and they have long patience for it; but for any doctrine or principle, which of them dares to—*live*? for that requires more courage than to *die*. Those men who have a belief in some abstract principle, and shape their actions by it, seem enthusiasts to practical people, who are made of the stuff the world is made of,—who are adepts in the mechanical dexterity by which the routine of life is carried on, but who never trouble themselves about the principles on which, in the *first instance*, those rules were founded.

It is a startling fact, that the men who have the most practical faith are MADMEN, and they are shut up in lunatic asylums to keep them from *acting* on their delusions. They would have been heroes, from their intense and steady reliance on their own inward convictions, had they not chanced on points which are capable of *demonstration* as practical fallacies,—things that *are not*; but the distance between theoretic wisdom and practical madness is not great. There is scarce a madman shut up for his wild projects and inconvenient attempts to realise them, whose THEORY has not one time or other been supported by some philosopher,—some theoretic man who gained name and fame by giving utterance to the speculation, but who proved his sanity by not allowing it to influence his *practice*.

“The inspired and desperate alchemists” of old, engaged over the “GRAND PROJECTION” on which their life was staked, were not engaged in a crisis half so fearful as that in which a sincere and noble nature endeavours to reduce to practice an exalted speculative conception, staking not life and gold alone, but throwing reason itself into the crucible. All the wisdom, all the instruction, all the religious teaching, which has been given to the world, and which the world has ceased to regard, has been conquered for them, made articulate, rendered safe and practical guides for them, out of the dread and shadowy realms of madness and confusion.

A man who dares to hold by the invisible, is like the apostle walking on the water,—if the hand from above be not stretched out to save him, he must sink down into the whirlpool of madness that lies beneath. There is a most touching meaning in that Eastern superstition of madmen being made the special protection of Heaven.

But whilst men with one accord seem to have retired their

faith from the forms and maxims of belief which guided their fathers, there is everywhere an extraordinary speculative activity! they seem all waiting to hear some new thing; or else are engaged in altering and remodelling what they believed before; but none are resting tranquilly in that inheritance of belief to which they were born;—with all this, there is perhaps less practical faith in the teaching and doctrines extant, than there ever was since *Christendom* began. It is always thus on the eve of great events. At such periods the foundations of the world are out of course, and the fountains of the great deep broken up. All *authority* is superseded (*universal* authority, we mean). Every man who can get a hearing has the privilege of speaking; and the world is well disposed to give ear, *if so be* it may catch the accents of that “large utterance” which can give unity and intelligibleness to the stammering and discordant tones in which individuals strive to embody the vast unknown thought of God which lies heavy on their souls. In this state of things, where there is no longer a CHURCH, nor a Supreme Teacher, the “POWER OF THE KEYS,” as it is called, that mysterious authority derived from no *human* source, is removed, and every individual is invested with an importance he could not have in old and more settled times. These are days of general disorganisation, when no one mode of religion or belief “holds solely sovereign sway and masterdom.” Any man who will sincerely and simply utter his own experience, his own earnest idea of what it is right or desirable to do, and to believe, becomes a hope, and an oracle, to his fellows; and a man who can utter in sincerity what he finds in his own heart, is “a light shining in a dark place.” In every man is lodged an oracle of the Deity, which has been opened to no other; for though he may stand close beside us, touching us, yet is he separated from us by an impenetrable veil of flesh, as much as if he belonged to an unknown world: we know not for a certainty whether the visible objects on which we gaze at the same moment, present the same aspect to him,—the things that please us, are indifferent to him,—the same things do not affright him,—the words that move us to joy or sorrow, do not touch him; whilst, again, he is moved by things which take no effect on us. He has his own soul, and his own organisation, through which it is made manifest; but, though he may stand beside us, though we may call him brother, and the same mother may have brought us forth, yet is he a mystery to us,—we can know nothing of what appears

to him, except as he reveals it to us ; and therefore it is that in times like these, the individual becomes of importance, and we are willing to listen to all, because we cannot *know of a surety* whether they may not see points hidden from our eyes.—We know how badly we ourselves decide, we know our own weakness, but we know only the apparent strength of another.

A truth to take hold of men, must have an affinity to their mode of thought,—to their bias of feeling,—otherwise it is not a truth to them ; it is nothing. When a fact, however true, has ceased to be in sympathy with those who bear it, it dies out of their heart, unless it be connected with them by the links of their desires or their interests. They cease to believe it ; their heart is hardened against it, and it cannot influence them ; it must appear to them in a new shape. THEN, if one will arise and utter the thought of his own heart, it is like a new revelation, and it works like leaven in the whole mass.

The innate, indestructible reverence we have for our brethren at the bottom of our souls, makes us believe our own thoughts more readily, if uttered by another, than when presented in our own mind : we may *think* by the mere force of our own intellect, but we only truly believe when we find another in the same mind as ourselves.

Men are ever yearning after repose and unity of belief ; they cannot bear to be out of sympathy with their fellows ; they would constrain all to swim in their own element ; hence, they who are in advance of their age, who are the first to feel the insufficiency of the existing order of things, excite anger, uneasiness—“ seem despisers of that which is good.” They are railed against ; put down as far as may be with a strong arm. They are thrown down to make a bridge and a high-way for those who come after to pass over. They are the martyrs who needs must perish,

“ Like wither'd leaves to quicken a new birth ;”

but the word they have spoken has struck an answering chord in the hearts of a few ; the spectacle of seeing men so fully persuaded of the reality of that which is invisible, has a metaphysical influence, which no truth, however logically detached from the great rock of that which is unknown, can ever have without this quickening impulse, this sympathetic faith.

They who *can* so far believe the thing they profess, who have faith enough in it to “endure as seeing that which is invisible,” may lay hold of this assurance, that in proportion as that is a

*truth* which has led them, that has its root in the everlasting life of man, and does not deal with fleeting appearance, but goes down deep into the real wants and aspirations which lie dormant in men's hearts, awakening them, and giving them utterance, their words will go forth to the whole earth; there will be neither speech nor language where their words will not find an echo. It is a mission, for which it is a privilege to be allowed to suffer, that of rousing men to "press onwards towards the mark of their high calling,—to forget those things which are behind, and to reach forward to those which are before."

But in no one form or mode of belief can truth be long imprisoned; no scheme nor theory for human guidance can last for ever. They who have been the first in the career of progress, become in time the last,—are over-passed by their followers; the peculiar form in which they shaped their doctrines,—the burning words by which once

"The world was wrought  
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not,"

will in time become cold and obsolete, the meaning will fade out of them. Then is their mission ended; well and bravely have they done; "they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

Men are always frightened and displeased at being turned out of the *spell* which has given shape to their life, and in the defence of which they would have "dared to die." They endeavour to linger in it long after it has become too strait for them, endeavouring to compress the life within them rather than go forth with their souls naked and unfenced into the "wilderness where no man dwelleth." They require one to arise able to be their leader and guide,—to say, "Arise, let us depart hence."

In times of need, such a leader has always been sent: the "transparent prison of the Past" enlarges not its bonds with the growth and progress of men; they require one to set them free from it. There is an indestructible veracity in human nature, which prevents its continuing long in a system of belief which has fallen into a ruin of words which convey no meaning. A state of general disbelief and deadness to the vital significance of professed principle cannot continue long; for this is not the world of the dead, but of the living.

Why should we of the present day fancy that there is no spiritual future for us? Why suppose that we alone of all ages from the beginning of time are to be stereotyped into the form to receive

the impress of that which is *past*? The men of to-day are as truly living souls as the men who existed two thousand years ago; and have as much need to be guided,—that which they have does *not* guide them. When men become able to use their private judgment about their religion and the belief by which they ought to live, it has ceased to *be* a religion; it has lost its hold, its grasp on the hearts and minds of men;—the need of a dominant power is making itself felt. That which ought to be a grand unity is breaking up into fragments, and every man has to build himself his own shelter from the ruins as he can; but, because we are deprived of the beautiful temple in which our fathers worshipped, are we to dwell amid the wrecks for ever? But certain periods, ever since the beginning of things, times not unlike those in which we now live, have occurred,—when nations have been sitting amid the ruins of their gods in desolate expectation of that which shall be,—and in the time of deepest need a messenger, a teacher, has always arisen amongst them. Teachers of the highest nature have been of very rare advent in the cycle of eternity, who have had a grasp strong and firm on humanity,—their own nature deep and wide enough to comprehend and articulate the world-wide wants and aspirations of all men, to whom the people have willingly submitted themselves. Leaders and teachers, so far exalted in their nature above their fellows as to seem like gods on earth, have not often appeared; nevertheless, when the world required a mighty impulse to carry it forward, they have appeared, and gone before, making a path towards the future, into the *Unknown*, in which the ages that followed have walked. It is written, “The people that sat in darkness have seen a great light, and to them that sat in the valley of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.” And why should not *that* light shine into our hearts also? Why should we, of all the ages which have preceded us, expect to be left desolate? Why are we to be condemned to juggle with our own souls, striving to persuade ourselves that we believe—*what we do not*? Instead of trembling and crouching to the *PAST*, let us have faith in the *Future*; for it is to the *FUTURE* that our faces are set. *FORWARDS* mankind must of necessity go, so long as the generations of men continue on the earth. There is no return possible into the *Past*. The Arabs have a proverb which signifies that the most distant event in futurity lies nearer to us than the transaction that happened an hour ago. It is in the *Future* we must hope—the *Past* is barred against us.

## A STAR IN THE DARK.

“There is a future to all who have the virtue to repent, and the energy to atone.”—BULWER LYTTON.

“You may call it foolish and romantic, if you like, but I repeat, that I could more easily forgive one great fault, committed under strong temptation, and foreign to the natural disposition, than a series of petty meannesses springing from and belonging to the character.”

Thus spoke Helen Travers to her sister, Mrs. Cunningham, and the thread of their discourse is taken up where first it was overheard. It was a strange spot for anything like a “confidential” or “sentimental” conversation to have taken place; but every one must have observed, that subjects of interest often arise in the most unexpected manner. The two ladies had mistaken the hour at which a morning concert was to commence, had arrived somewhat too early, and had consequently taken their seats before any others were occupied. Perhaps, warming with the subject under discussion, they had not observed the few stragglers who from time to time dropped in, and certainly had not heard the footfall of a gentleman who entered, and seated himself immediately behind them, just at the moment when some of the attendants were making a prodigious din in their re-arrangement of the benches near the orchestra.

“I could not have married a man in whom I did not take pride,” replied Mrs. Cunningham; “I am very sorry for people who have ever been led away to do anything wrong, but they must take the consequences of their own conduct; certainly anything like disgrace, or the world’s censure, falling upon my husband would crush me to the earth.”

“Not if his fault were the one fault of a life,” resumed Helen; “not if you loved him very dearly. Nay, I think his very suffering would draw you more together. I have a theory, that the very happy do not love half so deeply as those who have known sorrow.”

“I call such ideas perfect nonsense.”



"I know you do," replied her sister with a faint smile, and playing as she spoke with the fringe of her shawl.

"Any one would think, to hear you talk, that you had fallen in love with some scapegrace or another, and were seeking to excuse your folly."

"Susan! you know there is nothing of the kind. You know I have never felt anything more lasting than a passing fancy, which one shakes off, just as waking breaks up a dream."

"How should I *know*?"

"Then believe,—I would not deceive you. Though three-and-twenty, indeed I dread old-maidism far less than an ill-assorted union."

Helen Travers turned her head as she spoke, and though she did not perceive the stranger, he caught the profile of her animated countenance. But the audience were by this time arriving, and the sisters drew nearer together to make room for new comers. There was an end to their conversation of course.

Notwithstanding a certain family likeness, a look that was caught now and then, the sisters were very different. The elder, Mrs. Cunningham, was far the more beautiful, if exquisitely chiselled features and a brilliant complexion could make her so. But though quick and clever, even witty and accomplished, she was deficient in sentiment and the powers of imagination; was a lover of detail; and therefore despised, because it was to her incomprehensible, the higher and generalising mind. A thoroughly worldly education had completed her character, and rendered her a cold-hearted, selfish woman of the world; without enough of heart to feel the necessity of affection, and yet possessing an insatiable vanity that fed on universal admiration! Her sister formed a perfect contrast. With features less regular, her countenance was as changeful as the sea; for it mirrored every thought and feeling, as they welled up from her woman's heart. Early removed from the influence of worldly-minded parents, she had been reared by a widowed aunt, a high-minded being, who had sought and found the sweetest solace for her own early bereavement, in the artless nature of her young relative. Although by no means a stranger to the Metropolis, or to society, the country had been Helen's home. Her young heart had expanded beneath the influences of nature; her taste had been refined, her fancy quickened by it; and though she had read much, she had had time and leisure to think more.

In short, she was a fine natural character, as little warped as possible, by the prejudices of the selfish and the conventionalities of society. Death had, a year before, deprived her of her more than mother, and the independence which this beloved relative had bequeathed to her, while it rendered her an object of envy to her unmarried sisters, seemed to her own heart no consolation for her irreparable loss.

But the stranger who had overheard those few sentences which, to a thoughtful mind, revealed a world of knowledge, what of him? He had come to that morning concert simply to enjoy music in which he delighted; yet so absorbed did he become in some all engrossing thoughts, that the sweet sounds which he had sought to hear, fell upon his soul only, from time to time, as chimes that harmonised with his reflections, whatever they might be, and were only remembered afterwards by the power of association which linked some peculiar cadence with a thought, a dream, a memory: or with a moment where his attention had been roused by some expression of pleasure or admiration in the sweetest voice he had ever heard—the voice of Helen Travers. He was not what boarding-school girls and youths in their teens call young, for he must have reached five or six and thirty; and, according to such high authority, he had passed the age of romance and the capability of a sudden love, and yet, in those two hours he drank as deeply of the draught as ever did mortal man. A strange and awful Youth had checked and driven back the tide of emotions which belonged to its epoch; only that it might swell now with the concentrated might of a loftier sentiment, a chastened tenderness, and restrained passion. He would—ere half that time had expired—have perilled life to have touched her ungloved hand, or to have caressed the light ringlet which floated from time to time beyond her bonnet!

It seemed, too, that fortune was to favour him, for friends came up, and addressed Mrs. Cunningham by name; mutual introductions elicited that of Helen. He had but to follow them to their door; and now he knew who she was, and where she lived. This he did with wonderful calmness. People always *are* calm on really great occasions; except, indeed, people who are themselves too small ever to make or understand them.

Well—the pigmy of soul escape through the entangling meshes which Fate weaves for mankind, into the outer void of mere animal existence; they are the strong of heart and quick of sense who are

retained to play great parts in the struggle of life and the war of the passions. And yet, and yet oh mystery of humanity! who that has suffered deeply, has not felt that in the deepest depths of anguish there is a pulse which vibrates *not* with pain! Feebly, and rather as the first faint promise of a future joy, than the flicker of an expiring power, but still to console, still to whisper, "Peace, peace; better thus, than not to feel!"

So felt William Johnson—for by that common name must the stranger be known—so felt he in the hour of endurance, when that strong man writhed in silent lonely agony on the floor of the gorgeous apartment of which he was master.

Life is either one long chapter of accidents, or there is no such thing as an accident in the world! Three days afterwards the stranger of the concert-room was formally introduced to Helen Travers at the house of a mutual friend. Three months from that day let us listen to their words; they had been betrothed for weeks. The scene was a drawing-room in an antique country house. Both were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham.

"I have but one care, William, one sorrow in the world," exclaimed Helen, pressing the hand which had fondly clasped hers between both her own; "oh, why this mystery, why this concealment! You are free to do as you will, and so am I; though good, and generous, and true; and rich," she added with a smile; "as you are, my family, you well know, would receive you with open arms!"

"The time is come; be seated," he replied in a tremulous voice, and releasing his hand with a gesture that might have been, but was not, mistaken for coldness. And while Helen sank on a neighbouring couch, he leaned his arm for support on the opposite side of the mantel-piece. His countenance was pale as ashes, but his voice grew more steady as he proceeded.

"The first time I saw you," he continued, "I heard you say you could more readily forgive the one great fault of a life, than habitual meanness of character. I have two sins to confess ere I would wed you—as I might do, and you never, never know them; you see if I am my own accuser, I also make the most of my virtues; therefore do I take some credit for enforcing secrecy till I had summoned strength for the confession. For if you reject me, and sorrow in the act, I believe you would rather not take the cold world into your confidence. And yet, Helen, if there be solace in revealing what I tell you, be free as air to do so if you

will. Life would be so worthless, the betrayal of my secret would be but as a feather, weighed against the sweet thought of assuaging your sorrow."

"You frighten me," murmured Helen, struggling with emotion.

"In mercy," he exclaimed, "not tears,—yet. I will be brief. One of my sins has been wooing you, with the dark knowledge in my breast that a crime of my early life and its consequences might well be considered an insuperable obstacle to our union. Oh! forgive me this—this at least." And he flung himself on his knees before her, and buried his face in her garments.

"What terror is to come? Quick—quick; in pity tell me."

"No; forgive me this last fault first."

"Yes, yes," she murmured, and her hand leaned heavily on his shoulder. The act unnerved him, and a shower of tears rained from his eyes. "Tell me," again she whispered.

"I cannot yet. Bear with me."

"Then I will guess."

"Ay, do."

With a shudder as she put each fearful question, she began—  
"Have you shed human blood, protected by the laws of honour, and feel that now you are a murderer?"

"I never raised my arm in anger against aught that has breath; I never so much as kicked a snarling cur from my path."

"Have you been a false friend, deceiving where you were trusted?"

"I cannot recal to mind a lie I ever told."

Once more Helen's hand sought that of her lover; but she withdrew it as a terrible thought rushed to her mind. She paused ere she could give it words. At last she said, "Have you been guided by the code of man's moralities, and won a heart only to fling it from you? or—or been guilty of the deeper, darker wrong still?"

"My conscience is singularly free from all such stains. They who do these things speak not of them as crimes." And he looked up and met the tearful gaze of Helen Travers, without his own lids drooping.

"Then I will wed you," she exclaimed, after a moment's pause, "and only as your wife will learn this dreadful secret."

"You will?" and William Johnson started to his feet as one who had received an electric shock.

"I will."

For a moment she yielded to his embrace, but he released her quickly. "You would so wed me," he exclaimed, "but you shall not. The dear memory of your words is a happiness Fate cannot take from me; it gives me strength to complete the tragedy. Listen. These limbs have borne the manacles the law furnishes to the convicted thief; this form has quailed in the felon's dock beneath the callous stare of the stranger multitude; but even then I did not lie. I owned that I had stolen the means to purchase food for a famishing mother. The name which I have dared to ask you to bear, is for ever enrolled in the chronicles of crime. The convict crossed the seas, and was a slave for the seven brightest years of his youth. Helen—Miss Travers, you do not scream, or faint, or wither me with a look. Only tears, quiet, common tears! Are you woman or angel?"

"Be calm, and tell me all."

"You will believe I meant to replace the note I—I—stole, though the judge would not credit my story. This is all I have to tell; for why should I picture the haunting presence of a memory, and the worthlessness of that wealth which descended to me from the relative who exposed my youth to temptation, and left my mother to perish?"

"The future; the happy future. May it make you forget the past!—William!"

"Helen!"

At her feet once more; but now with child-like sobs, and breathing passionate exclamations, and fervent blessings.

It was the next day; and that burst of wild tumultuous joy had given place to a serener happiness on the part of William Johnson, while a softer and more thoughtful expression reigned on the face of Helen.

"I have a compact to propose," said she, laying her hand upon his arm, and looking up calmly, yet affectionately in his face; "let us for the future speak not of this dark thing, except indeed there be just necessity and occasion for renewing the subject. Let it be a sacred deposit, of which each has the key, but do not suffer it to belong to our lives by frequent discourse or thought of it. Thus may time heap bright realities to hide and stifle these smouldering ashes. You tell me that your common name has been to you a shelter from suspicion; that your secret rests with one tried and trusted friend; and that the world among its common blunders deems your love of retirement the spirit of pride and exclusiveness.

I will but look at the result of the leisure that retirement has afforded, the cultivated intellect, and the habits of simple enjoyment. Yet whence came your enlarged sympathies with humanity? These are not fostered by hermit-like retirement.

“ Can you ask? You are silent. I need not tell you how much is known intuitively by one who has erred and suffered.”

“ And expiated ! ”

Ah, deep the meaning of that word which burst spontaneously from *the heart which felt aright!* Deeper and higher, more world-embracing such Wisdom than aught that was ever extracted by the casuistry of the schools. The Merciful God by His instruments, the mysteries of inexhaustible nature, heals the wounds and lesser ills of the body until it becomes whole again. And must the wounds of the Soul fester for ever? What is Man that he dares pluck Hope from the breast of his fellow? And is not the punishment he inflicts for crime but Satan’s work on earth, except so far as it prevents, amends—and through the suffering and amendment expiates? The poet paints what should be, rather than what is, when he declares “ there is a Future for all who have the virtue to repent and the energy to atone.” May he prove the Poet Prophet!

Of the myriad real tragedies which are hidden behind the veil of conventional life, not a few are there in which woman plays a ministering angel; and builds, amid the wreck of happiness, a saving ark by the spell of her trusting faith, and a Wisdom that is of the Heart!

C. T.

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“ THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.”

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WHAT! naked Truth? Ay, let Truth stand confess’d,  
 Bright lovely Truth! thy nakedness thy boast,  
 “ Beauty when unadorn’d adorn’d the most ! ”  
 Who blest thee is in himself most bless’d :  
 View Falsehood in her garb of tinsel dress’d,  
 Like some vain conjurer on the mimic stage  
 Misleading man in every clime and age,  
 Making poor Virtue virtuously distress’d :  
 Sin boasts a cloak to hide her form uncouth,  
 Flattery a veil, Deceit a mask can find,  
 “ Why should not I,” half jestingly said Truth,  
 “ Have for myself a something of the kind ? ”  
 And then Truth glorious in her beauty stood  
 And said, “ Behold ! I’ve my immortal Hood.”

R. V. H.

## THE HEDGEHOG LETTERS.

CONTAINING THE OPINIONS AND ADVENTURES OF JUNIPER HEDGEHOG, CABMAN,  
LONDON; AND WRITTEN TO HIS RELATIVES AND ACQUAINTANCE, IN  
VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD.

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### LETTER XXIX.—To LORD NUGENT.

MY LORD,—I hope you'll excuse this freedom in me who am only a cabman. But the truth is, as I've somewhere said before, I can't help looking on any of my fare but as in the light of an acquaintance. And in this way I reckon, I know, a lot of peers, and lords, and judges, and bishops. In fact, who is there so great that some time in his life he doesn't ride in a cab—that is, when he rides by himself?—for I *have* known parties who've been so ashamed of the thing, that they've made me set 'em down half a street off. Very poor, twopenny-halfpenny pride this! But if in this jolly England we were to build hospitals for all the bold Britons that were sick with it,—wouldn't there be rare work for the bricklayers!

As I had the pleasure of taking up your lordship at Exeter Hall from the great meeting for doing away with public killing by the hangman, I can't help writing you these few lines on what has been said and hinted upon that matter. There's no doubt that a good many folks stickle for hanging as they'd stickle for good, strong, thick, stupifying port,—something fine and fruity; to show the hardness of their heads and the strength of their stomachs. And so they call a dislike to Jack Ketch nothing less than “sickly sentimentality.” Once it was “morbid sympathy;” but that's gone out. Now, not to like the halter is to be sickly and sentimental; whilst to enjoy the Old Bailey use of hemp is to show our manhood. The British Lion, these folks think, would be no more than a milk-lapping puppy-dog, if now and then, there wasn't given to him a live murderer. Then he wags his tail; then he roars, and shows what is called the majesty of the law (tho' sometimes, I must say it, its majesty is of a very Bartlemy-fair sort, indeed); then he proves that law must be

carnivorous, I think they call it, to live at all. And we've only to think a while of the old times to remember the judges and grave folks who declared that if the majesty of the law (that is, the British Lion from the Royal Arms) didn't feed upon men for doing fifty other things besides blood-shedding,—he'd mope, fall sick, take the mange, and die. Nevertheless, one by one the British Lion lost his meals of human flesh—and though certain folks swore he must sink under it, he's as strong as ever on a less bloody diet.

The fact is, everybody had his own hobby about hanging; everybody thought his own particular bit of property the bit of all bits to be protected by Jack Ketch; otherwise what sheep would be stole—what horses run away with! Could women—the dear little doves!—think themselves safe, if bigamy didn't lead to Tyburn? Wouldn't every other man buy two wedding rings, just as men went sporting with double-barrelled guns to hit two birds one after the other? Well, they didn't hang any longer for sheep and horses, and still their owners sleep in their beds, while the beasts are out in the fields. They didn't hang for bigamy—and though for some time no woman would accept a man afore all the parish registers had been searched to know if he was really single or not, now we find that they *are* cajoled to go to church, quite content to take the man's word upon the matter. Yet there was a time when no woman thought herself safe if she wasn't protected by a halter.

It's the same thing, mind, with a good many people who'd hang for murder. They think—I know it—that there's a crowd of folks who're only waiting for the putting down of the hangman, to run out like mad Malays, and cut and thrust at their neighbours. "I tell you what," said my friend Jack Blackgang to me the other day—"I tell you what; if they wasn't to hang a man for murder, I shouldn't sleep peaceably in my bed." Now, at the very time Jack said this, I'm sure he quite forgot that burglary was no longer capital; and that therefore he'd been quietly sleeping, safe in the thought that his door-post was guarded by the hangman.

'Twould be looked upon as a shocking matter now—in fact, Newgate stones would be torn up against it—to hang a little boy of fifteen for passing a forged twenty-shilling bank rag,—and yet such child murder has been done; otherwise would the gentlemen of the Bank parlour have thought their gold safe even in their very cellars? The Lion Majesty of the Law was to be satisfied; and therefore he made his Newgate breakfasts off men and chil-



dren. And then wasn't the Lion full fed, and wasn't his coat sleek and glossy with his good living? Poor beast! he has since been deprived of his breakfasts of babies,—and yet, my lord, when I saw him last he looked as fresh as a four-year old, and roared as loud as any average clap of thunder. But I repeat it: almost every man who would hang for murder, thinks without that hanging there'd be somebody ready to murder *him*: and therefore he respects and praises Jack Ketch as the scarecrow that keeps the assassin from his own particular throat. His sheep are safe enough, although Jack Ketch is no longer their shepherd; but he himself deprived of such a friend to take a proper vengeance, would be the mark for every other knife—the target for every bullet. “No,” says Bill Dixon, that drives 942—“No,” says he, “don't hang for nothing but taking life; for life,” says he, “is a holy thing!” “'Xactly so,” says I; “and being so holy, are we taught to think it so, when we see one man in cold blood—paid for the work, too—strangle another? Life, that Jack Ketch takes for so much money—for mind, man-killing is a matter of trade to him; everything he eats is seasoned with the halter—can't be preached up as a very holy thing—(no, not though there's a parson of the 'Stablihed Church on the gallows to preach it). What one man does for a salary, it may be thought by some can't be so very horrible to do when the blood's up to have revenge!” And after this fashion, my lord, do they preach the holiness of life; and folks are found to cry “Amen” to the preaching.

“But I'll tell you what,” said Bill Wigram to me; Bill drives chariot 72—“I'll tell you what. If you didn't hang for murder, you'd have people take the law themselves. I hope I'm a peaceable man,” said Bill—and he is, I must own that—“but if anybody was to kill anybody as belonged to me, and the law wouldn't kill him, I would!” “But William,” says I, “the law wouldn't let you have that pleasure. The law, if it was worth anything, would itself lay fast hold of the murderer, and keep him from doing further mischief. And when you talk about following a man through the world”—for he did—“that wouldn't be called for at all, since he'd be found on Norfolk Island or some such pleasant resting-place. But the fact is, you're one of the folks that think murder not much unlike French brandy; take away the halter from one, and all the duty from the other, and all the world would suddenly be wanting their bellyful of both.”

And when we think of the murders Jack Ketch has committed,

—hanging innocent folks ! And I should like to know if a man mayn't still be hung innocent of murder, as men have been killed innocent of house-breaking and sheep-stealing. I read a pretty case in the papers a day or two ago. Perhaps, my lord, you saw it. It was about one Joseph Mason, "late of Clifton, Yorkshire, who was at the York Lent Assizes, 1843, unjustly sentenced to twenty years' transportation." Well, the man was found out to be innocent ; and Mr. H. R. Yorke, M.P., doing his best for him—he was brought back from chains and slavery to his poor wife and children. "He arrived in London on the 29th of April," and would you think it ? The man went to the Home Office, where they gave him money—at least some forty shillings—to take him home. And the innocent man went down to York, and his friends made a little feast for him—though I haven't heard that the Mayor was at the party, or that the jury that tried him, or the judge that sentenced him, sent to wish him joy of his happy return. He was robbed of only three years' time and labour—he was chained and made a slave of for three years, and the head (and heart) of the Home Office making capital reparation, paid Joseph Mason's fare (first class, of course) down to York ! Well, all this is bad enough—but suppose Joseph Mason had been hanged ; and a twenty years' sentence of our day would certainly have been hanging a few years back ; the kind "unwearied exertions" of all the House of Commons could not have brought back to the world Joseph Mason, murdered by Jack Ketch ! The Home Office might have offered even more than fifty or sixty shillings,—and poor Joseph must have still slept in his grave—his wife robbed of her husband—his children of their father. And yet, my lord, is it not horrible to think and to know that many a Joseph Mason has been killed—innocently killed—in cold blood by the hangman, for "the protection of property" and the cannibal "majesty of the law ?"

I know, my lord, I am but a cabman, and not at all fit to dot the *i*'s or stroke the *t*'s of the writers in *The Times* ; still I must have a little say upon this hanging matter. *The Times*, for the most part, had a mild, good-tempered piece of writing enough on the meeting at Exeter Hall ; nevertheless, here's a little bit that I don't think quite fair.

"The other alternative is imprisonment. The sentence, we presume, must be for life. The confinement, *we also presume*, will be, *in part at least*, solitary. The substitute, then, for death is to be solitary confinement. For a quick and painless execution we are to have a tedious life-long torture. The effects of this kind of punishment are now well

known—idiocy, madness, incurable weakness of mind and body. *To save a man's life you convert him into a beast.* To give his soul time for repentance, you debase it *until it ceases to be a human soul*, and becomes a mere animating spirit of so much worthless clay. And this is your notable scheme of criminal reformation, your notable substitute for capital punishments, ye speech-making philanthropists, ye transcendental moralists! You say that the image of man is sacred, that it shall not be defaced on a scaffold, and hung up on a gibbet. *But is not his mind more sacred still, and shall that be destroyed for the benefit of humanity?* You call an execution judicial murder, but we call solitary confinement a life-long torture. You stigmatise the law of the land as sanguinary and opposed to the genius of Christianity; we say that *your law is worse than sanguinary, and opposed to that spirit of mercy for which you so ostentatiously contend.*"

Now, my lord, if I've properly attended to your speeches and writings, and the speeches and writings of others on this matter of man-killing, I have never understood that it was proposed to convert the murderer "into a beast,"—to debase his soul "until it ceases to be a human soul,"—to destroy his "sacred" mind "for the benefit of humanity." I may be wrong; but I have always thought that the murderer, whilst he was prevented from doing further mischief—whilst, indeed, he was kept apart like a human rattle-snake—should not be debased into a beast; it was never thought of, if his life was saved from the hangman, that his spirit should be murdered by his gaoler.—Certainly, he was to be made a slave for life; but the slavery was not to be made so dark, so lonely, that the wretch was not to catch glimpses of heaven through it. What say you, my lord?

But the great point is this; the great bungling is to teach gentleness and mercy and kindness towards man and man by public killing! To make the hangman the schoolmaster! What should we say of a father who, to teach his children the sin of picking pockets, did nothing but what is called, I think,—for as I once heard one great author say of another, my "knowledge of *flash* is very superficial,"—what is called "draw the salt-box?"—that is, pull a handkerchief out, without letting the lid be heard. I think this would be about as wise a plan to teach a respect for other people's pockets, as it is wise in the employers of Jack Ketch to teach a respect for other people's throats. I think so. But then, as I often say, I'm only an ignorant cabman.

But to go back a little to their "sickly sentimentality." Depend upon it, some folks, if they'd have had the words would have used 'em to any chicken heart who'd turned pale when the

rack cracked the bones of the criminal—or the thumb-screw made the blood spirt from under the nails. He'd have been "sickly sentimental" then, as the enemies of hanging are now. The *Morning Post* leaves its flounces and its frills, and opens its book-muslin mouth against "sickly sentimentality;" and even the *Gardener* turns from his carnations and his roses, to squirt at the white-faced weakness. He says,

"We have not yet heard of any philanthropic persons having taken these marauders [*wasps*] under their protection. That is a stage of civilisation at which we have not at present arrived; though, considering how far *sickly sentimentality* is going just now, there is no knowing what may happen. In the meanwhile, until wasp-catching becomes penal, either legally or socially, we would advise those who are likely to have anything eatable next autumn, to look sharp now."—*Gardener's Chronicle*.

Mr. Gardener, without ever dreaming it, has ranged himself along with the rope party of all times. For they have always punished criminals as if they were mere wasps; as if they were altogether different things from the working bees of the hive; as if they were sent here, with their stings ready made, to seize upon the honey, to kill the honey-makers,—and for such reason were to be got rid of by steel or rope.

At this very moment, my lord, writing here at the Goat and Compasses—for I'm obliged, like other writers I've heard of, to scribble in all sorts of pot-houses wherever my stand may be—at this moment, Jem Davis has read an account of the Old Bailey. Here it is:—

"The grand jury, among many similar instances, have had before them the case of Thomas Miller (No. 34, Middlesex) a child of eight years of age, for stealing lead to the value of —, with a former conviction, and the case of two boys, of the age of sixteen (No. 119, Middlesex), for stealing to the value of one shilling, with a former conviction against one of them for stealing to the value of sixpence. The irrationality of moving the complicated and costly machinery of law for the legal punishment (and for such acts) of children, *neglected and untaught*, forcibly impressed itself on the minds of the grand jury."

Now Thomas Miller, a few years ago, would have been looked upon as a born wasp; and after a few years' stealing about the town would have been killed, not by Mr. Gardener's "pair of entomological forceps," but by Mr. Ketch's rope. And what "wasps" have not been killed! Wasps of courts, and alleys; wasps hatched to pilfer and sting; wasps especially brought into the world to rob

and murder the honest, hard-working creatures of the hive! Human insects, as different from decent people as wasp from honey-bee! But now, my lord, we are beginning to find out our mistake; to discover the "irrationality" of punishing the growth of our own neglect. And therefore, I say, "sickly sentimentality" must protect these wasps; seeing it is not their fault if they are not turned into working-bees.

Mr. Carlyle, however, is of a different mind. I've been reading bits of his *Oliver Cromwell* in the *Times*, and oh! how he does lay about the men of your party, my lord, the abolitionists!

"But in Oliver's time, as I say, there was still belief in the judgments of God; in Oliver's time, there was yet no distracted jargon of 'abolishing capital punishments,' of Jean Jacques philanthropy, and universal rosewater, in this world, still so full of sin."

Mr. Carlyle is a great writer for certain; nevertheless—but then, I'm only a cabman—some of his passages remind me of a basket of eels; you can see there's wriggling and life in what's before you; but for all that, you are sometimes plaguily puzzled to make out the proper heads and the proper tails.

So, according to Mr. Carlyle, these judgments of God ought to continue to be acted by Jack Ketch. With Carlyle to hang is—divine!

"Only in late decadent generations, fast hastening towards radical change, or *final perdition*, can such indiscriminate mashing-up of good and evil into one universal patent-treacle, and most unmedical electuary of Rousseau sentimentalism, universal Pardon and Benevolence, with dinner and drink, and one cheer more, take effect in our earth. Electuary very poisonous, as sweet as it is, and very nauseous; of which Oliver, *happier than we*, had not yet heard the slightest intimation, [the author *knows* this] even in dreams."

When I read this, Sam Biggs called it "very startling;" and so the sound of it—just the sound—is very startling; in the same way that any man would be very startling, if he walked about the world with a speaking trumpet to his mouth, making a row with "how d'ye do?" "it's a fine day," "what's o'clock?"—things common-place enough when uttered like a Christian, but to some folks very startling, when turned inside out, and bellowed as though every syllable had been fished up from the well of truth, and was as great a discovery as North and South America.

And so, my lord, I remain,

Your obedient humble Servant,

JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

## New Books.

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**AMERICA: ITS REALITIES AND RESOURCES:** comprising important details connected with the present social, political, agricultural, commercial, and financial state of the country, its laws and customs, together with a review of the policy of the United States, that led to the war of 1812, and peace of 1814. The "Right of Search"—The Texas and Oregon Questions, &c., &c. By FRANCIS WYSE, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. London: T. C. Newby.

If any truth be allowed to physiognomy as regards man, surely the same should be allowed to books; and considering the title page of a book as its face, we may be allowed to predicate of its contents and style therefrom. We are not about to enter upon the defence of what has been said to be a common mode of criticising books, but merely on a little theorising of our own. A plethoric countenance bespeaks a plethoric habit of body, and a stuffed title-page indicates a tendency to redundancy in the book. And we think this is verified in Mr. Wyse's; there is a great deal of valuable matter in his book, but it may be questioned if it would not have been more serviceable if it had been more compressed: if it had been less abounding in dissertation and detail, and more pregnant with observation and judgment. We must however take it as it is, and we are very glad to do so. It contains an immense deal of information collected during a long residence, and must be received as one of the fairest, as it is one of the fullest, accounts of the actual state of the great western nation.

We regret to say that it is not on the whole very favourable to the Americans; and although there is nothing in it that will strengthen the aristocratic theory, yet there is much that will prove there may be a very close approach to pure democracy, without producing that perfection of character which has ever been the aim of democratic philosophy. According to Mr. Wyse's testimony, there is an amount of open and flagitious corruption in public functionaries, which we had hitherto been led to suppose could be the result only of the noxious influence of a decaying monarchy. And the charge thus made receives a kind of indirect confirmation, from the threats lately used in Congress as to the corruption of the President himself,—a charge which, if ever made here by any crack-brained opponent, would not find the slightest echo in the bitterest enemy of the minister. There appears also to be a tricking and chicanery, and looseness in the morality of all classes, painful to contemplate, and which should be narrowly weighed and attentively considered by those who maintain that public morality is the effect and not the origin of the law. Let us hope, however, that this is not more the case than in other commercial countries: and that if it is, that it results

rather from a struggling and ill-conditioned youth than from any tendency of free institutions to cause it. The extraordinary stimulus given to enterprise and speculation by their particular territorial position has doubtless much to do with it. We have an example amongst ourselves, in the Jews, what a peculiar character will be produced by circumstances driving the energies into one channel. We place implicit confidence in the generous tendencies of mankind, and trust that the enlightenment of genius, developing a true religion, will breed in this great nation a sense of right and goodness, for their own sakes, that will ultimately make them foremost amongst the regenerated races of mankind. They have no hereditary prejudices to contend with, they are not encumbered with the dead weight of ancient notions, preventing their pursuing the right way, when they find it.

Mr. Wyse has written his book principally as a guide to the emigrant, and is exceedingly full in all information relating to the subject. His style is remarkably plain and distinct, and at the same time is not destitute of a certain charm, arising from earnestness of purpose, and good clear sense. He possesses also descriptive powers that will afford entertainment to the mere literary reader. Notwithstanding the vast number of works by residents and travellers in America, we do not know of one so comprehensive in its view, so abundant in its details, and on the whole so temperate and conclusive in its observations. It is a book that it will profit every emigrant and trader to America to be acquainted with: and must deeply interest every intelligent reader taking interest either in the great political questions connected with the Oregon or Texas territories, or in the condition of a race on whose development the solution of so many political problems depend.

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LIVES OF THE KINGS OF ENGLAND, FROM THE NORMAN CONQUEST, with Anecdotes of their Courts, now first published from official records and other authentic documents. By THOMAS ROSSCOE, Esq. Vol. I. Post 8vo. London: H. Colburn.

It might very well be concluded, on the first sight of this volume, that we already knew enough of the subject, and that the labours of the illustrious historians we possess, from Carte to Thierry, must have exhausted it. Of the public life and political effects it is probable that we have already a sufficiency of narratives, but of the private it is equally true we possess none. Whoever has read attentively the great historians must be aware that they have left behind a vast mass of details unsuitable to their views, and which history, proper, could never introduce. Chartularies, chronicles, letters, and indirect evidences of all kinds, they must and have searched, but only for the details or purposes of political events. It is therefore very serviceable as well as interesting to have such works as the one, lately reviewed, by Mr. Wright, and the present as illustrations of character and manners that could never otherwise reach the general reader.

The public is more particularly indebted for the present series to the success of Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England," a work written with great taste and research. It cannot, however, be termed a servile following out of that lady's idea, because it is extremely desirable that there should be substantive and separate biographies of the kings, as an aid and addition to any History of England. All biography must be instructive if properly executed, and these will be particularly so, as not only developing character; but as opening new stores of information relative to ancient manners and customs; affording thus not only a biography of the kings, but indirectly, if it may be so termed, a biography of the nation.

Mr. Roscoe's long apprenticeship to literature, and his devotion to literature of a kindred nature, admirably fit him for the task. It would appear that although not a professed antiquary, he has possessed himself of documents either not accessible to, or neglected by previous writers; and it is certainly evident that of all the known sources he has amply availed himself. We could have wished that his style had been less ornate and fluent; that it had a deeper shade, even of rust, and that it had not glittered with so modern a burnish. A staid and stiffer style would better have become this dim and remote period. A too great familiarity of style produces a confusion of ideas; and although we have nothing quite so outrageous as we once met with in a translation of Plutarch's Lives, namely, that "Julius Cæsar leaving the forum, took a hackney-coach and proceeded to Pompey's house;" yet there is so completely a modern air thrown into the narrative, that we feel inclined to say "that Conqueror was a very pretty fellow." Undoubtedly matters and things were as fresh and new in the Conqueror's days as now, but still it was not in the same kind of fashion; and we cannot conceive him in Wellington boots and strapped trousers, with a field-marshal's hat and epaulettes. Whatever may be thought on this point, the work is never dull, and to those not very deeply versed in the subject is an indispensable adjunct to a History of England.

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EMILIA WYNDHAM. By the Author of "Two Old Men's Tales," "Mount Sorel," &c. 3 vols. Post 8vo. London: H. Colburn.

THE authoress of this romance (for that it is a lady's writing we are quite convinced, despite the thin pretences interspersed through its pages to the contrary),—this authoress, we say, has gained a considerable reputation by the publication of her first novel, "Two Old Men's Tales," a tale of adultery, detailed so as to portray all the melodramatic horrors possibly attendant on that crime. Having gained this reputation in the circulating library, and having also gained a confirmation of it from other dispensers of "immortality," we think ourselves bound to examine into the validity of these judgments. We cannot say we agree with them, although it is not to be denied that the authoress has



a kind of talent that raises her productions somewhat above the general run of novel writers. But that she is wise, passionate, or natural, we must deny. She has a common-place kind of good sense, is extremely sentimental, and occasionally very real. How far these qualifications are from true genius let any reader judge by reading one of her sentimental scenes, and then perusing any truly passionate one; for instance, let him open anywhere in Shakespeare, and he will immediately detect the false from the true: not only in form of language, imagination, or illustration—for of course in those particulars there could not be a fair comparison with any writer—but in the pure development of human emotion. Let him make the same comparison as regards the justness of her reasoning, or the strength of her observation, with Irving or Hood, or the unknown author of "Tales of a Voyager," and he will immediately perceive how deficient in originality or acuteness the authoress of "Emilia Wyndham" is. Let the same process, as regards what is somewhat curiously termed her "natural" power, be tested by Fielding or Miss Austen, or even Mrs. Gore, and it will be immediately perceived that her power of describing the real is on a par with her wisdom and her passion.

"Emilia Wyndham" is a popular novel because it is an exciting novel: but it is by no means, therefore, a work of genius, or to be ranked with works of genius, any more than the "Castle Spectre" should be with "Hamlet," or the "Man of Feeling" with "Don Quixote." It is but a mere novel, and as such rather injurious than otherwise: inasmuch as it falsely stimulates the emotions by combinations and situations which are improbable though perhaps not actually impossible, and which are introduced and heightened for the purpose of working on the feelings. All works that merely stimulate the appetite for sensation have an evil tendency, because they excite the feelings unnecessarily, and nature always avenges this proceeding by a reaction. It is well known that persons particularly sensitive to fictitious woes, are by no means so to real ones. The man who could eloquently descant upon and delight to picture in all its horror the distresses of Chatterton with the pen wet in his hand, refused the smallest assistance to a brother author similarly situated. And why so? Because the picture raised by the one object did not affect him as the other did, and because sentimentality has nothing to do with real feeling. It is a mere mirage arising from "the heat-oppressed brain," and totally different from the spontaneous offspring of genuine philanthropy. To excite the emotions is a very common-place art: but to correct the feelings by the revelation of true wisdom is the office of genius. More tears have been shed at "Venice Preserved" and "Isabella" than perhaps at any of Shakespeare's or the great dramatists' plays; but the latter do more than fulfil the mission of Holcroft or Fitzball: they inform, enlarge, and elevate the soul. We learn to contemplate humanity with their eyes; and our vision is informed with an intensity of which we had no previous idea.

"Emilia Wyndham" has no such object, and the authoress has no idea

of any such aim. She does all that cleverness can. She is aware of her own tendency to the sentimental and the melodramatic, and continually restrains with a consciousness unpleasantly obvious, and with a prosaicness discordant to her temperament, the vehemence of her delineations. She appears like a formalist of the severest kind superinduced on a character of great impulsiveness: a Quakeress with a most volatile disposition. The consequence is, we have scenes of a vehement kind interlarded with gravest proprieties: the utmost deference to established and conventional proprieties, with a continued struggle to escape from them. This antagonism of the real and the ideal, this making characters to pattern, and this endeavour to inform them with a will and idiosyncrasy of their own, produces certainly book-creatures with names and actions, but not human beings, and must not be taken for delineation of human character. Common-place readers take a great deal on trust; they have only to have here and there a bit of reality, and they take all the rest for granted. They easily are led to imagine the possibility of the scene, and the writer has then nothing to do but to "pile the agony," and the emotion is raised: the tears fall, and the writer's power being felt in one particular, is pronounced a genius. Of the utility of such a process we have already expressed our opinion. It is the result of a trick, and, like all such results, in the long run hardens instead of softens, misleads instead of instructs. True tragic power lies much deeper than this, and never moves the emotions without expanding the understanding. Talent is abundant, genius is rare; to the latter we cannot devote too much attention, of the former we cannot be too careful. The one has civilised mankind; it may be doubtful if the other works not for as much evil as good. At all events, it is the duty of every one to take care that the authority of genius is not given falsely to products not entitled to it; and it is because this has been done, that we are more careful to record our opinion of "Emilia Wyndham."

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HISTORY OF CIVILISATION. By WILLIAM ALEXANDER MACKINNON, F.R.S., M.P. In 2 volumes. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1846.

THE idea was a happy one of selecting public opinion to serve as the thermometer of civilisation, and this alone would entitle Mr. Mackinnon's work to an attentive perusal. But it is not the original idea alone that is ingenious: its development exhibits much ability, and the truths it teaches are conveyed in a terse and elegant style. Not that we can adopt all Mr. Mackinnon's views; on several points he appears to us to decide upon insufficient data, and to reach his conclusions *per saltum*. He deals too harshly with all the inferior forms of civilisation, and exaggerates the benefit conferred on the world by the existing phasis of it. With him, however, we acknowledge that great progress has been made, and that although we have not as yet at

our command all the advantages which he regards as the necessary result of our system, it is not to be denied that we are at least in a fair way of attaining them. This work necessarily leads him to take a comprehensive view of the fortunes of human society—to glance at Egypt, and Greece, and Rome, and pursue the thread of events, as knotted and tangled it finds its way through the mazes of the middle ages, and conducts us up to the lofty platform on which we at present stand. In pursuing this compound series of discussion and narrative, the author displays much reading and ability, and puts forward many sound remarks and enlightened opinions. But, thoroughly to comprehend modern civilisation, it is necessary to investigate far more minutely the older cycles out of which it has proceeded. What we think and know, and possess now, would not be what it is, were it not for what was thought and known and possessed formerly. Fully to comprehend, therefore, the history of civilisation, it is necessary to lift the veil from antiquity, to study the early workings of the springs that move us still; not merely in the rough realisations presented by the forms of ancient society, but in the recondite and profound speculations of philosophers, the first ideal shadowings forth of what was afterwards converted into practice. Hereafter Mr. Mackinnon may bestow more attention on this part of his work. In the modern divisions there is very considerable development. The author undertakes to interpret the histories of England and France, and of the other great kingdoms on the Continent, and even extends his examination to the antique despotisms of Asia. Over so vast a field he could only be expected to glance. To descend into *minutiae*, to study particulars, to enter into all the wild and almost infinitely varied opinions which have exercised a forming influence on society, would have been a task too Herculean perhaps for any one. Mr. Mackinnon has done what he could, and the result is an interesting and useful work, interspersed with quotations from the ablest authors, and enlivened more especially by passages from the poets. The writer has displayed much judgment in thus having recourse to the earliest and most popular teachers of mankind. There is often, moreover, a philosophy in poetry which prose can seldom reach. The poet walks over the summits of things, and yet we may discern from his gait that he has sometime or another inspected their foundations. We highly approve, therefore, of Mr. Mackinnon's plan of calling in their vaticinations to his aid. The most elaborate portions of his work are those which treat of the histories and institutions of England and France, in which, though we might find matter for controversy, we likewise discover a great deal to approve. It is quite right to call old notions in question, and at every step we take in civilisation to cast our eyes backwards, and see how the old landmarks look from our novel position. The result must always be beneficial upon the whole. Here and there proofs are given of curious reading, as in the chapter on witchcraft, where the author undertakes to lay open some of the sad lapses of our forefathers. The remarks on the

history of France are particularly valuable, as they seem to explain a series of political events, which have generally been misrepresented by historians. We behold sown broadcast over the face of the past, the seeds of events and disasters which have grown up and borne fruit beneath our eyes, and Mr. Mackinnon seems generally anxious to draw liberal inferences from the facts under his view.

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**DISCOVERIES IN AUSTRALIA :** with an account of the Coast and Rivers explored and surveyed during the voyage of H.M.S. "Beagle," in the years 1837-38-39-40-41-42-43. By command of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. Also a narrative of Captain OWEN STANLEY'S visits to the Islands in the Arafura Sea. By T. LORT STOKES, Commander, R.N. London : T. and W. Boone. 1846.

We generally entertain extremely false notions respecting the amount of knowledge possessed by the present age. Commerce and navigation are supposed to have rendered us familiar with the surface of our own planet, at least in all its broad and characteristic features; and yet there are whole continents, our acquaintance with which extends little beyond the sea-coast. Australia, for example, previously to the last surveying voyage of the "Beagle," was in nearly all parts a *terra incognita* at the distance of a very few miles inland, and in many places the shore line was unknown. Considering that we have been settled on one point at least of the Continent for nearly sixty years, that out of the great original colony several smaller ones have sprung up, that communication is perpetually maintained between them and the mother country, that fact might at first appear incredible. But being a trading nation, we are chiefly guided in our undertakings by the principle of utility, and would not be at the expense of long and laborious surveys until the safety of our shipping engaged in the Australian trade peremptorily required it.

The necessity for the surveys to which we have alluded was fully recognised in 1837, when, under the command of Captain Wickham, the "Beagle" was sent out to complete the work commenced several years before. When a portion of the survey had been accomplished, Captain Wickham returned, through bad health, to England, and was succeeded by Captain Lort Stokes, who, having effected the purpose of the expedition, returned home also, to present the public with the history of it. This he has now very ably and satisfactorily done in the two volumes before us, in which he throws much light on the geological structure of the Australian continent, on the character and manners of the aboriginal inhabitants by whom it is peopled, and on the progress and prospects of our own colonies, which may soon be expected to belt it entirely round.

Captain Stokes has selected the popular form of a discursive and miscellaneous narrative in which to embody his information, and will thus,

in all likelihood, be extensively read. By the same process, however, he has greatly increased the difficulty of the reviewer, who has to enter into many calculations and comparisons, and to institute, as it were; original inquiries for himself, before he becomes master of the views which the work is calculated to give birth to. Sometimes our attention is solicited by the condition of the natives, whom we deeply commiserate, brought suddenly into contact with a colonising and conquering race, too impetuous, practical, and calculating, to reflect maturely on their moral responsibilities, or conscientiously to perform their duties towards the primary possessors of the soil. Captain Stokes appears, however, to be convinced that by a judicious and humane system of policy the natives might be civilised and preserved; and it would therefore afford us much satisfaction to see him promoted to some position in Northern Australia which would enable him to reduce his theory to practice. Others may take the commercial view of colonies; but to us the paramount duty of all who make new settlements in lands already peopled seems to be not merely to attempt, but to achieve, the civilisation of the first occupants. The task, no doubt, is a difficult one, but that it may be accomplished we feel persuaded; and that which with any degree of pains is practicable ought, most assuredly, to be done. In taking this view of the matter we are strongly supported by the facts and reasonings contained in the last voyage of the "Beagle." Again and again were our countrymen brought face to face with the savages, under circumstances the most likely to give rise to hostilities, and yet through the judgment, forbearance, and humanity displayed both by officers and crew, the impression left ultimately on the minds of the Australians must have been highly favourable to their white visitors. And this is the more praiseworthy in that some few incidents occurred which might, under less skilful management, have led to the most deadly feuds. Excited and bewildered by the novel circumstances in which the arrival in their country of a strange race placed them, the natives yielded to the first impulse of man, and sought to deliver themselves from the intruders by the employment of whatever force was at their command. This urged them, among other things, to the sparing of Captain Stokes himself. But when it certainly appeared from experience that the new comers were friends and not enemies, the natives, in nearly all instances, relinquished their hostile designs, and gave evident tokens of a wish to enter into friendly relations with them. Whether our future intercourse with the race shall correspond or not to this auspicious beginning will depend very much on the character of the men who may be selected to watch over and develop the resources of our multiplying and growing settlement. Hitherto there has been, we believe, no instance of the appointment of a statesman to be governor of an infant colony, and yet no political operation is more delicate or difficult than that which is intrusted to the leader of such a colony. The spread of our external empire has rather been brought about by a combination of circumstances and the daring enter-

prise of individuals, than by any subtle or profound arrangements of policy. A rough, rude, good sense has no doubt been visible; but to carry the system to perfection we must have recourse to principles which range higher than mere good sense, and bring into play that enlarged and generous statesmanship which is based exclusively on goodwill towards men. We refer to the volumes of Captain Stokes for innumerable practical illustrations of the truths we have been advancing. They are especially rich in details, though the author has slightly and cautiously shadowed forth many theories which he probably did not think it prudent to develop fully. On the subject of steam navigation from Singapore to Sydney, by way of Port Essington and Torres Straits, he supplies exceedingly useful information; and when that scheme is thoroughly carried out, his work will probably become the manual of those who undertake the voyage. It is furnished with several very correct charts, and illustrated by graceful engravings and woodcuts.

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THE LIFE OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE CANNING. By ROBERT BELL, Author of "The History of Russia," "Lives of English Poets," &c., post 8vo. London: Chapman & Hall.

A LIFE of Canning was a desideratum in our literature. He is every way entitled to a distinct biography. He was the means, if not the cause, of many legislative enactments, and bore a prominent part in the business of the state during an eventful period. But he had a still greater claim to a separate record and development of his character. He may be esteemed the first man of a class that undoubtedly is fast advancing to its proper importance in the social scale. He was the first purely literary and intellectual man that became, solely by the exercise of these means, prime minister of the most practical and business-like government in the world. It may be said that Wolsey and Wentworth and others advanced to that position by their talents; but they were the tools of the favourites of kings. Lord Chatham and Sheridan may also be cited as instances of the same kind. But the elder Pitt advanced entirely by his oratory and his political powers, and Sheridan received only an inferior appointment in the short ministry of his party; Canning alone by his literary powers, for his oratory consisted more of literary graces than any profound political feeling or knowledge. He was the first faint dawning of that kind of rule which will doubtless hereafter have as great effect in other states as it has in France. He was the representative, or rather the outward symbol, of the literary and intellectual class; and loomed forth a strange monstrosity to the old nobility and landed and even monied interests of the country. In his advancement might be traced, and it was felt with an instinctive horror by the old powers, the destruction of the borough influence, the commencement of the real power of the many, and the ultimate obliteration

tion of that remnant of mere external power which had gradually dwindled from the possession of collared serfs to subservient voters.

In this point of view the "Life of Canning" is of real importance, although the present biographer has taken it up with no such idea; on the contrary, the earlier part of his narrative is occupied with a very needless dissertation on the legitimacy of his birth and his hereditary connexion with the aristocracy. With Mr. Bell's liberal views it is surprising he did not at once claim for him the diploma of genius, and cast aside all factitious endeavours to elevate his hero. His conduct to his mother was an honour to him, not because she was so high in the social scale, but because she was so low. A country actress of the last century, who had failed in London, and, after two or three equivocal marriages, became the wife of a bankrupt country tradesman, can, by no force of argument, be converted into a connexion of the aristocracy. The only weakness is the refusal to give Canning the full benefit of his own talents. And here, by the way, we must say, we can hardly think Mr. Bell has been rightly informed when he assures us that a great statesman could divulge his political plans to any mother, much more such a one. Gracchus might to Cornelia, but hardly Canning to Mrs. Reddish; of whom Mrs. Hannah More said, it is reported, "She is married, but it seems there are a bunch of Reddishes."

Mr. Bell's peculiarly easy and agreeable style are well known, and are ably manifested in the present volume. He has been diligent in collecting illustrative anecdotes; has himself moved in political circles; and must have had a personal glimpse of Canning in his later career: or if not personally, at all events is familiar with his compeers and contemporaries. He is intimately acquainted with the politics, literature, and sentiments of the last half century, and indeed has a smack and flavour of the old and really the past school, that we should not have expected. Whatever opinions there may be of its political partialities, or its philosophical tendencies, every one will rejoice that it is written in the easiest and most readable of styles, and that it gives a clear view of the man as well as the legislator; and above all, that it is a compact volume, and not a ponderous quarto stuffed with state papers and political dissertations. We believe there is not any other Life of Canning extant, and are quite sure there is none other so suitable as Mr. Bell's to the times and to the modern reader.

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LIVONIAN TALES. By the Author of "Letters from the Baltic." Murray's Colonial Library. Sqr. 16mo. London: J. Murray.

WE perfectly remember the sensation caused by the "Letters from the Baltic," by the authoress of this volume; revealing as they did a picture of middle-age barbarism still to be witnessed in a secluded nook of Northern Europe. The same observant touches of character, the same good sense and good feeling, are apparent in the present Tales. Exhausted as the other parts of Europe are by travellers, tourists, and

novelists, we should think readers of light literature would rush to these Tales for a little novelty. The places and personages are drawn evidently from actual observation, and have a freshness and vigour, the result of such direct communication.

The grand subject of interest in this country seems to be the wolf, and the poor peasant appears to pass his life in fulfilling both the literal and metaphorical truth of keeping the wolf from the door.

We should for ourselves have preferred some more "Letters from Livonia," that we might have felt certain where facts ended and imagination began; and we think the lady's talents are better displayed in the narration of real occurrences than in imaginative scenes. She is not without the artifice of professional story-tellers, but shines much more in her own clear and vivid narrations. The details, however, interwoven with the fictions, are exceedingly interesting. We read the following several times over, scarcely believing our eye-sight, and thinking that the date must be a misprint for 1610. We give it, however, as it stands in the book at page 129.

"Two warlocks were executed in the year 1810, at Liege, for having under the form of ware wolves, killed several children. They had a boy of twelve years of age with them, who completed the satanic trië, and under the form of a raven; consumed those portions of the prey which the warlocks left."—GRIMM'S *Deutsche Sagen*.

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BELLS AND POMEGRANATES. No. VIII. and Last. LURIA; and a SOUL'S TRAGEDY. By ROBERT BROWNING, Author of "Paracelsus." Medium 8vo. London: E. Moxon.

MR. BROWNING is, in our opinion, a great poet, and it is probable he is also a great man. We say this, because there seems to be in him a thorough hatred and scorn of the *ad captandum* school. He has great perceptions and conceptions, and his delight is in his own might, not in the vain plaudits of those who mistake skill for genius, and smartness for originality. If the comparative neglect of the many is displeasing to him, at all events, Coriolanus-like, he will not show his scars; he cannot

"Put on the gown, stand naked and entreat them."

He may perchance have a touch too much, with the proud Roman, of resting on his own powers, and if not despising, disregarding his reader. He understands character and human emotion profoundly, and delineates it powerfully. He never aids the reader by narrative or obtusion of himself. There are character, passion, and poetry, flung down on the paper, and it is certainly the reader's fault or misfortune if he does not perceive them. The great secret of his strength and of his hardness is his utter want of sentimentality. He portrays the characters of men in all the nakedness and hideousness of true passion. He has chosen an age and a country where these kind of developments have been most, or at all events, best recorded, and we are present, by his art, with the



real and terrific men that have been the slaves of intense hatred, ambition, lust, and of all the impulses of unrestrained human nature. When goodness does appear amongst such a crew, it is of the genuine and angelic kind, as it must be.

In history one reads of the actions of such men, and with but a half belief in the truth of the narration; but the dramatist proves its existence with appalling force. Mr. Browning is deeply imbued and informed with the spirit of the middle age; and he has a great idea, which, in the play of "Luria," he nobly realises. It is the conflict of mind and matter, of will and intellect.

"Brute force shall not rule Florence! Intellect  
May rule her, bad or good, as chance supplies;  
But intellect it shall be, pure if bad."

The "Soul's Tragedy" is one of the most intensely dramatic works ever penned. The deepest emotions and the nicest traits of character are developed by the mere external conduct and expression. The villain of the piece is a thorough human villain, and the unfolding his villany is a masterly exposition of the degradations and weakness of human nature. The truly good and the noble are equally powerfully portrayed, and Mr. Browning has fulfilled the mission of the poet and the dramatist by giving new and valuable illustrations of our human nature. The theatre and Mr. Browning's dramas are never likely to come in contact; not at all events until, as in the early days of our true drama, the most refined minds, and therefore the comparatively few, again visit the playhouse as a place to study nature and philosophy. The high drama was always played in its entirety, and always must be, to the reflecting few. When we have another "Globe" or "Blackfriars," containing a few hundred cultivated spectators, Mr. Browning's dramas may be performed.

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THE BLACK GOWN PAPERS. By L. MARIOTTE. 2 vols. Post 8vo. London: Wiley and Putnam.

THESE two volumes are a strange mixture of Italian and American life; and we can only solve the mystery by supposing that an Italian emigrated to America, and so gathered observations in both countries. It would not be hazarding much to suspect that political reasons had induced the author to travel, for we find a continued run of sly sarcasm on the state of affairs in Italy, and an activity and energy of thought that seem exceedingly likely to arise from political feeling. Whatever may have given rise to the present tales, they seem to present very truthful and characteristic illustrations of Italy as it really is; and a very different Italy does it show from that presented by our antiquarian travellers or romantic young ladies. Priest-ridden, soldier-ridden, and statesman-ridden, it seems irredeemably sunk as a nation. Whoever takes an interest in it will not find his time thrown away in looking into these illustrations of its present condition.

THE SELF-TEACHING FRENCH GRAMMAR. By J. TOURRIER, French Master at Westminster School, &c. Part I. D. Nutt.

CERTAINLY, the French, of all languages, either living or dead, is either the most embarrassing, or the most accommodating; every teacher of it having a grammar of his own, and declaring the impossibility of teaching it from any other. The only novelty that Mr. Tourrier aims at, is teaching by instalments,—his work being serial, each part of speech claiming a separate *part*. \* Judging from the single specimen before us, the work is well conceived, and its execution betrays a perfect mastery of the subject, and will, we have no doubt, when completed, be a stock-book. We, however, question the utility of its piece-meal publication, for in the part before us, professing to treat *exclusively* of articles, one of the exercises commences, "*J'ai écrit*," &c. Now, to find these words with a knowledge of their import, it is obviously necessary that the pupil should know something of *verbs* besides articles; therefore parts 5 and 6, which treat on "the verb," are, in contradiction to Mr. Tourrier's own theory, necessary for the understanding of part 1. The same objection applies to adjectives, which are introduced before the pupil has found out *what* an adjective is.

HINTS ON THE STUDY OF THE LAW. For the practical Guidance of articulated and unarticled Clerks. By FRANCIS EDWARD SLACK. Post 8vo. Crockford.

THESE "Hints" are intended to stir up the juvenile ambition of the young attorney's clerk, by stimulating him to methodical study, and unremitting application to his duties. The author instances six (and he might with very little research have trebled his list) attorneys' clerks, "humble servers of writs and engrossers of deeds," including the ancestors of Lords Kenyon, Tenterden, Ashburton, and Hardwicke, who have achieved the highest honours from so low a commencement; and points to the names of Denman and Brougham, who have from a comparatively humble origin "soared aloft into the brightest circles of nobility." All this is very well, and the object of the writer no doubt praiseworthy, and if it will only persuade the young gentlemen to attend to their business, we may forgive them the delusion of exchanging some of these days their hard stools, for the comfortable woolsack of the Lord Chancellor.

While on the subject of "Lawyers' Clerks," we should be sorry to let an opportunity slip of speaking a word in season for an intelligent and, taking all things into account, a deserving body of men. Of all the "working" (and well do they merit *that* distinction) classes, they are the worst paid, and hardest worked. With more confidence reposed in them than other operatives, they have stronger inducements and more frequent opportunities to betray their employers' interests; and yet, as a class they are neither dishonest nor unfaithful: while they are expected to keep up the appearance of gentlemen, their means of

