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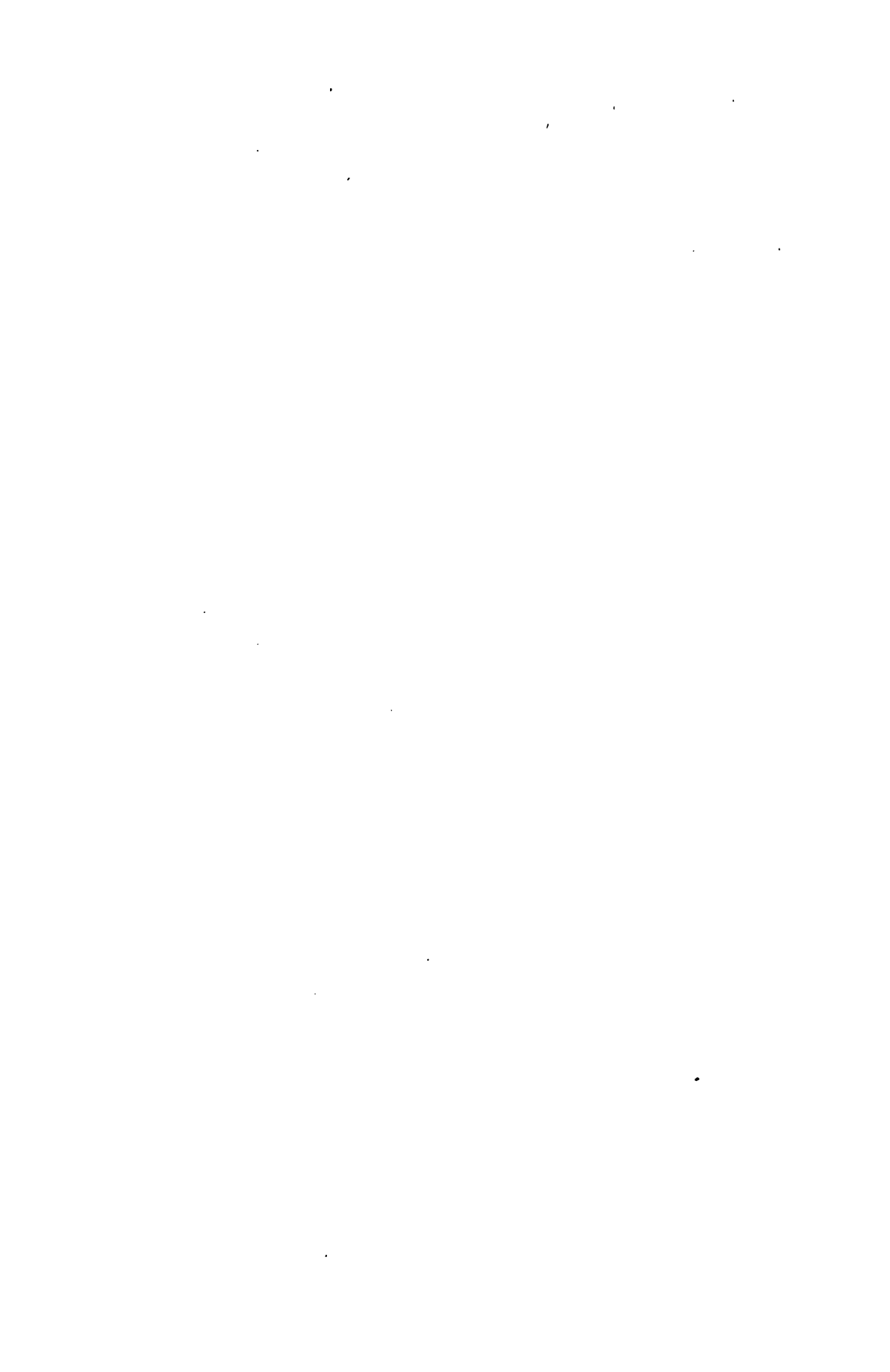
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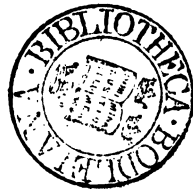




THE
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EDITED BY
WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

VOL. 107.



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

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE PEACE AND ITS ADVERSARIES.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

PEACE is restored once more, and grateful is the intelligence to the nation, although it may not please those whom ambition governs in place of reason and humanity, any more than it may suit the ignorant, selfish, or unimaginative. The contest has terminated on the side of civilisation. The guilt of the aggressor has commended the poisoned chalice to the lips of its concoctor. This result will carry conviction to the minions of despotism that its illegal objects must be realised in future by some other mode than the application of brute force, when it trespasses on the rights of any member of the national European family. The inference may be an unwelcome one to the rulers of the eastern states of the Continent. They may not relish being taught so much against the grain, that the advancement of freedom, of sound principles, and of the sciences, which, enlarging the scope of vision, humanise the more barbarous, are at the same time the only worthy sources of the prosperity of empires. The "divine right" of rulers to commit outrages among unoffending neighbours, and to seize upon their territory for purposes of self-aggrandisement, will soon be wholly repudiated on the eastern side of the Atlantic upon the experience which has been just read to Russia. With peace a new monarch governs in the Muscovite empire, if rumour is to be credited, possessing a mind greatly in advance of that of his proud, double-dealing predecessor, who was the cause of the late convulsion and present humiliation of his people. This succession augurs well for Europe as well as Russia itself. Alexander II. is reported to be friendly to internal improvements and to the extension of foreign intercourse, thinking that such means are the surest guides to the consolidation of his extensive empire. We hope that this is really the fact, and that the European nations, if they are to be excluded from the Elysian territory which lies between Labrador and the Straits of Magellan, as they are threatened to be by some persons in the United States of America, may survive the exclusion in order to set examples of national integrity, of obedience to the laws, and of that refinement which cheers and enlightens the mind under the turmoil of its mortal career. The integrity of the Turkish territory has been secured, the hidden designs of the late Emperor of Russia have been exposed to the world, Greece has not become a tributary to the Muscovite, and neither England nor France find it imperiously required to keep expensive fleets in the Mediterranean. The road to the East through Egypt is still open to all nations. The "sick man," whom

the "pious"* and disinterested Nicholas was so desirous to put out of pain—not indeed by uncertain doses of chemical origin, like the clumsy man-destroyers in vulgar life in our own country, but by the surer and more direct application of steel and gunpowder—that "sick man" yet survives, and he who contemplated his destruction lies himself prostrate in the dust, to which he would have consigned the object of his crime. In this instance, at least, we see the hand of retributive justice. We do not, in this instance, feel that temptation to repine against Providence, which is felt in spite of ourselves, when we cease to remember that the decree of Omnipotence often rightly sanctions what in our short-sighted vision appears wrong, because our eyes cannot reach the termination of the perspective where the sense of the dispensation is revealed.

No one denies the right of an individual to avert an impending injury to himself by anticipating the remedy, the principle being based on self-preservation. It cannot be denied that the same principle extends to a nation. This was not denied by those who censured Lord Aberdeen for his right-minded efforts to preserve peace under a hopelessness nearly complete. His lordship knew that the crimes and the costs of war, under their lightest aspect, were dreadful evils. Those who censured him knew little of the question, not more, indeed, than they do who are now censuring Lord Palmerston for having made an honourable peace with Russia in conjunction with our allies. When it is recollected that forty years of peace disqualified so many from knowing anything practically on the subject, and that those at home who had not passed their grand climacteric alone knew anything about it by experience, we could not sanction every crude idea that was started on the subject. Hence, we take it, arose the censure by the press of many things which did not merit censure. Hence, too, frequent mistakes were made as to the details by those who had the active management of belligerent affairs. Such was the utter absence of every provision for an unforeseen contingency, and the lack of resources from professional ignorance, that the soldier understanding the manual and platoon exercises to admiration, thought that with his natural spirit and courage he could perform them—old Dundas into the bargain—as well in the face of the enemy as he had done on the parade at home. This he conceived was all a soldier's duty demanded, indeed all that many had scope of mind enough to comprehend. Any unforeseen contingency took him aback. In his ideas the differences of climate, surface, supply, under which war is waged, went for nothing. The indomitable courage of the officer and soldier was, in consequence, seen everywhere, the strategic military mind, fertile in resources, nowhere.†

But the present object is not to criticise the conduct of the war so happily concluded, but to express an opinion utterly at variance with the sullenness of those ignorant people who condemn the government for a

* Russian superstition centres in the emperor. The church is no political body. The emperor is sovereign and pope, holding the souls as well as bodies of his subjects at command.

† Hume says—and facts justify him to this day, except perhaps in the examples of Marlborough and Wellington—speaking of the battle of Blenheim, "Salisbury here supplied his defect in numbers by stratagem; a refinement of which there occur few instances in the English civil wars, where a headlong courage, more than military conduct, is commonly to be remarked." How continually was this exemplified before the Russian entrenched camp in the Crimea, and what valuable lives it cost us.

peace which exhibits the full attainment of the objects for which hostilities were originally commenced. Popular notions, adopted without reflection, and based upon the narrowest footing of self-interest, tenaciously clutched, are ever main difficulties in the way of national benefits. It is the many, not the few, who retard the upward progress of empires. We have not yet seen the treaty of peace, but the Premier has been too long accustomed to the *charlatanerie* of cabinets to be duped by them; and what interest could he have in deliberately betraying his country? Turkey has been saved, the Black Sea enfranchised, the Danube opened, the blood-soaked earth of Ismael restored—that slaughter-house of the butcher Suvarrof sixty years ago;* the French have shown how fallacious were the boastings of Nicholas of a march to Paris; the English have proved to the world that the same sovereign's threat of dictating a peace to them in Calcutta is rather more feasible on paper than in reality.† Six thousand captured cannon, a succession of victories by the Allies, a vast arsenal and fleet destroyed, deep-laid plans of robbery and aggrandisement in the South foiled, a vast Russian force decimated, the towns in the Sea of Azof bombarded, the charm of Russian invincibility dissipated by defeats from the Turks single-handed, the frontier of Sweden better secured, and the rights of Christians protected,—these objects, far more than were demanded to avert the war at the commencement, have been attained. Thus attained, and Russia ready to make peace and join again the family of nations, was it right, was it Christian, to prolong the war? Was it politic?

Unfortunately, the doctrines of Christianity are pleaded continually, *pro* or *con*, only as they interfere to prop interests or prejudices. Ignorance has raised up a host of discontented persons, who would have had the war prolonged until Russia paid France and England the hundred millions or more it cost each of those nations. As we can rarely convince the creditor of one who has nothing but his skin that he cannot redeem his obligation, so the sullen and discontented with the present peace will not credit that Russia, unable now to pay such a sum, would be in a better condition to do so when after a year or two more of war we had doubled her and our own expenses. But if Russia would not pay, what were we to do then? We could shed a little more blood, and destroy a seaport or two, of little moment with such grumblers. No matter, the Shylocks must have their bond. What would follow if Russia, like the tortoise, were to draw herself back within her vast and desert territories? A soil without vegetation six months in the year, a plain of fifteen hundred miles, with Moscow for a centre, too inclement and thinly peopled to support victorious hostile armies, as the experience of Napoleon I. exhibited, and one-third of a continent in extent out of Europe besides,—a march into the heart of Russia being impracticable, we must continue

* No less than 6000 women and children were massacred after the place surrendered, over and above 30,000 men. Catherine and her minions sang *Te Deum* for this crime.

† “Il faut que son tour vienne” (England's: Russia having once dictated peace at Paris), “et dans quelque temps nous ne devons plus faire de traité avec ce peuple qu'à Calcutta, sa fausse politique a joué son reste; qu'elle aille s'allier aux nègres d'Afrique, à qui elle veut tant de bien, et pour lesquels l'Europe est sa dupe.”—*Moscow Gazette*.

the contest upon the frontiers, and squander millions awaiting, like so many cats, the time when the mice may be pleased to come into our jaws. We are aware that these arguments have little effect upon the feelings of many who have no ideas but such as are prompted by money notions, no vision beyond the counter. This cannot be helped, and the notion that debtor-and-creditor money balances and state ledgers, with peace in one column and war in another, are the main consideration in concluding a treaty with one of the most powerful modern empires, may be natural to those whose extent of view is so well delineated by this display of their political wisdom, but to them alone. Then as to motives :

Mrs. Battle having seen a clear hearth, sits down to whist, maintaining "the rigour of the game." The stove blazes cheerfully. The cards are cut, she deals, and knaves are trumps. "There," says the lady, in the tranquillity of an obesity of feature as well as of corporeal dimension, which flattering portrait-makers call "breadth," "knaves are trumps; that reminds me of Lord Palmerston, who is no better than that card."

"How is this, my dear lady," rejoins Mr. Scrip, the broker, who has an eye upon Mrs. Battle's "jointure land," "you told me not a month ago that his lordship was a great favourite of yours?"

"Yes, Mr. Scrip, but he has made peace, and my nephew, young Jenkyns, the son of him who writes so 'beautiful' in the *Morning Post*, has only just joined the regiment in which I bought him a commission, and now he will come home, and go at once upon half-pay—think of that, Mr. Scrip. I hoped I had got the youth off my hands. Provoking, ain't it?"

"Yes, my dear Mrs. Battle, but 'partial evil is universal good,' as some one of the poets said, I forget who—Paley, I believe."

"That is no consolation, Mr. Scrip. What is 'universal good' to me and my nephew? I shall never hear the minister's name with patience again. Take up your cards, Mr. Scrip—what is 'universal good' to my good, and to Harry's good?—lead off, Mr. Scrip: mind, we are only two by honours."

"Devilish unlucky—the present administration must go out, that is clear—I am glad of it. They can never keep their places in a peace. The Opposition did not choose to come in during the war, as they might have done, but they would not be burdened with its responsibilities."

"Serve the ministry right—let it go out!" said Alderman Portsoken, to a friend with whom he was arm-in-arm coming out of St. Katherine's Docks.

"But peace will bring trade about a little, alderman—'peace and plenty'—a fine old saying upon similar occasions."

"Too old to be good: I have speculated on a couple of years more war; made all my calculations accordingly. I am seriously hit. Don't you think the present incapables must go out?"

"I am no judge of that point. I think it very likely the peace will keep them in office. We shall have corn down—a benefit to the poor."

"I have a little spec. in Mark-lane, too. I shall be ruined. The ministry must go out—this peace must have done harm to others as well as to me—out with them, I say."

"My dear friend, think what an opportunity is afforded to buy into the funds for a rise. I made a little by it."

"Ay, you are for peace on that account. After all, cash profit and

loss are the things to settle questions of faith and politics; that is my argument," concluded the alderman, "and that of a good many besides, who are thus ill-used by the government."

This mode of deciding the merit of political measures and the worth of an administration, is also a standard for gauging a large proportion of agrarian patriotism. The high price of corn during the war enraptured the agriculturists. Free trade ceased to be a Jeremiad in the mouth of the cultivator. The tables are turning. The price of corn must be lower with peace. The consequence will be that the merit of the government, in putting an end to bloodshed with honour and advantage, will become matter for the vituperation of those who gained by hostilities. What are the prospects of humanity, religion, and the kindly intercourse of nations, to such as can look only for their own particular and exclusive interests in measures that concern the community at large? Rulers are bound to consult the interest of all. A government of mere traders neither has been nor can ever be magnanimous or lasting. It may grasp petty details, but is incapable of great and generous views; it can only think of itself. The exemplification of the rule of a great nation on these principles has never yet been tried, it is true, but Venice, Holland, and other states, insignificant in extent and population, have given little encouragement to uphold such a system of rule in empires of the first order. Corruption, despotism of the meanest kind, and liberty to the wealthy alone, speak their career. Cruelty, covetousness, and wars to support monopolies, mark their history. The career of an ambitious ruler, though a history of self-aggrandisement, includes of necessity an increase of influence in the nation he rules, and it is in a degree elevated with him. The lives of such meteors in history call forth occasionally great talents, and even virtues in individuals, the force of whose example afterwards is of value. Napoleon I., while he made all subservient to his ambition, was the author of many beneficial measures that only a superior mind could conceive and effect. The spirit of trade is a narrow, lowering spirit, effecting good to society unconsciously, while knowingly serving its own selfishness. It is an excellent "slave of the lamp," but, like most slaves, it is an arbitrary master, and its vital principle is to love itself, not its neighbour. It has no regard for that portion of humanity which cannot be made to contribute to its own peculiar advantage. In the discomfiture of Russia at so great an expenditure of hard money, the return is looked for in cash or goods. It is not enough to have obtained the end sought, to have secured Turkey and India, there must be a money return, because this end can alone be comprehended by stunted intelligences. Hence the want of sensation in the trading world at the triumphant conclusion of the late arduous contest. "Is she not to be made to pay our expenses in the war?" is continually repeated. We could not destroy Russia if we made war for a score of years, and bankrupts of ourselves into the bargain. The government has not prolonged the war beyond the necessity. France sees as well as Austria that the end is attained. What Prussia—the most contemptible of kingdoms under its last two monarchs—may think upon the subject is of no moment. She strengthens her character of proverbial meanness on every interference with other nations. Turkey and Sardinia are of opinion with the other allies, no doubt, and that enough has been done to secure European tranquillity for a long time to come.

To do right without regard to consequences is as much the duty of a free government as of the individual citizen. There is not only the successful attainment of the object for which the war was made to be reckoned, but we must recollect that the present Russian ruler was not the cause of hostilities. The ambition of Nicholas may have expired with him. The singular courage and perseverance with which the Russians resisted the Allies, and for which they must have fair credit, show that the people at least merit justice at our hands. There is no longer a cause for the sacrifice of such gallant foes. Let them have their due praise, and do not give their ruler reason to appeal to the warlike qualities of his subjects, not upon an object of arrogant ambition, but upon the valid basis of injustice to his own placable desires, and the self-defence of his realm. We do not address ourselves thus to those who censure the peace, but as an argument to be put into the mouths of its defenders.

The success of England and her allies is another evidence to lead nations less advanced to imitate those in which civilisation is carried furthest. It is untrue that wealth alone secures the ascendancy in war; it is secondary after all. The wealth of a nation depends upon the extent of enlightenment among its people. Science navigates the ocean, delves in the mine, levels the railroad, and points out sources of gain in which it is no partaker. Science is oftener called into action in speculative communities than in those which are poor and prudent, but it may exist in these to the same extent in an inactive state, because it cannot here be made a source of gain. Science is the foundation of the ascendancy of the wealthier empires, and the Frenchman wrote the truth when he said: "De tout temps les nations éclairées dominèrent sur celles qui ne l'étaient pas." The indisputable bravery of our soldiers, with the national wealth at its back, could not preserve our late commanding officers from the exhibition of deplorable professional ignorance, because science was absent. Xerxes, with a million of men, and the countless wealth of the East, could not overcome the enlightened Greeks, who were but a handful in comparison. This is further exemplified within the army itself. Our educated artillery and engineers maintain a first-rate scientific reputation in Europe.* Our unscientific officers of the other arms, who buy their posts, display heroic courage without conduct, and shed their blood extravagantly without defined objects, as if to exemplify the fact as to the individual which we maintain in the larger sense, that wealth cannot purchase what education can alone bestow. Our glorious navy is another proof of our argument, and the lords of the admiralty are so sensible of it, that they have just wisely increased the scientific acquirements and age necessary for candidates applying to serve.

We maintain that to prolong the war until Russia reimbursed the expenses would be to shed blood uselessly, and to double our public debt without any prospect of attaining that end. There are other considerations before pecuniary cravings that must rule in political life, as in private life there are things superior to the vulgar lust of gain, although "the many" do not think so. We hold the peace to be opportune, crowning the most desirable results. We regard the success of the

* "La dernière guerre ayant démontré la perfection de l'artillerie anglaise, toutes les puissances se sont empressées d'établir leur système d'après ce modèle."
—*Bulletin des Sciences Militaires.*

alliance of Western civilisation against Eastern barbarism as likely to be useful beyond the gratification of a momentary triumph or the vacillations of party politics. Its beneficial effects will be acknowledged by posterity. The world moving onward with accelerated rapidity, emendations in the constitution of society must keep an equal pace to be harmonious. The condition of the people continually ameliorating in the more advanced nations, others must follow the example, whatever their rulers may think to the contrary. All is progressive ascent. The waste regions of the earth are populating. The more barbarous are becoming civilised, and the more civilised advancing still higher in civilisation. To what destined end all this is taking place is concealed from human perspicacity, hid in the depths of an impenetrable futurity.

Shall we vainly attempt to resist this course of things with the admirers of the dark ages in religion and government? Shall we censure that rational contrast amidst success in our rulers, which leads towards universal good, because those whose existence is purely animal and selfish exhibit a discontent, originating within the limited circumference of sordid habits and obliquitous vision? The present carplings of persons of confined intelligences are to be regarded as out of reason where they are or are not stimulated by latent interests. England, among the foremost to check lawless ambition with her allies, concludes a peace which is fully reconcilable with the cold policy of states, and which Christianity, if it were really more than a name with the dissentients to that measure, would, under existing circumstances, imperiously dictate. England can really gain nothing by the venal view of such a question.

If Russia change her former conduct—and she will be wise to change it—if she apply herself to traffic and internal improvement throughout her vast dominions, finding them at last the only solid foundation of national strength in these advanced times, she will be a large exporter of productions for which the results of British industry must be exchanged. The prolongation of scenes of bloodshed, with ever-accumulating feelings of national hostility, can never lead to such a benefit. It is the true interest of England to see all nations peaceful, industrious, and flourishing, on the ground of an advantageous intercourse. Exorbitant terms of peace under the promptings of a short-sighted, grasping policy, would never be carried into effect if demanded, and if they could, would defeat a great moral end.

Peace was hailed enthusiastically in France. The march of Alexander I. to Paris, so boasted of by Russia without alluding to her support by the other European armies, after the snows of the North had destroyed every effective opposition on the part of the French, required that the invincibility of Russia, echoed by her allies at that time, and propagated for forty years, should be demonstrated false. That time had arrived. It was pleasant to the Allies, but doubly so for France, to see the Turks on the Danube, single-hand, dissipate the delusion and humiliate the pride of the Czar Nicholas and his bragging journals. The truth as regards the Moscow expedition is now clear. The deification of Alexander I. in England afterwards,—for it was something like deification, that servile adulation—adulation *usque ad nauseam*—or rather that species of idolatry paid him,—may now be judged. To the wily Alexander even the broad-brimmed followers of George Fox paid their most obsequious homages, as certain Aminadabs did the other day to Nicholas in

St. Petersburg, to implore peace. Never did the nitric gas more delightfully intoxicate the inhaler than the atmosphere of the Russian sovereign overcome his drab-coloured visitors. It might be thought there would have been a little more of the staid philosophical character about both embassies. It was otherwise: even the Quakers yielded to the soft impeachment in the presence of the Boreal sovereign. To resume: French people were avenged with the cause of truth, but the pleasure the reflection afforded them did not repress their desire for a reconciliation: they did not haggle with their government for what their good sense told them was impracticable.

Let us, therefore, be satisfied with our share of the triumphant result, and with the peace to which our government is a party. Strangers to the terms of the definitive treaty in detail, which, while we write this, has not appeared, we do not credit a syllable of the soundness either of the political or huckstering objections to the pacification raised by mortified opposition, by individual ignorance, or the ingrained avarice of "the age of merchandise." We hear of no lack of guarantees or of stringency in the stipulations. The Premier is well versed in the intrigues of the continental diplomatists, and not likely to be overreached. The Emperor of France has displayed his wonted firmness, and has not resiled. We heard no complaint with the appearance of validity, except of the policy which admitted the most contemptible of European governments to be a party to any portion of the treaty. Even here it is possible the contracting powers might have had good reason for the admission of Prussia, of which they could alone judge. On the whole, as the event has turned out, it was most probably best that the contest began and terminated where it did. Fortune timed it well. Had Russia delayed an attack upon Turkey until a later period, when the other European powers were involved in troubles or disagreements among themselves, demanding their whole attention, the result might have been less disastrous to Russia, and more injurious to Europe.

We are not ashamed of our philosophy in condemning war. We have witnessed some of its miseries, and pronounce it, even when necessary, a calamity so great that its triumphs never compensate for the evils they inflict, for its ferocities, cruelties, and murders. It depopulates cities, ravages the fair face of nature, breaks the hearts of mothers and relatives, depraves the manners, tramples on the social virtues, and, in place of religion, science, and letters, introduces grossness, ignorance, and barbarism. It makes industry hopeless, competence indigent, interrupts the peaceful pursuits of commerce, and impoverishes communities. Shall we sanction censures cast upon those who take the earliest opportunity, consistent with the national honour, to extinguish this curse of our mortal state? Shall we object to the pacification of Europe from its violation of no principle, its extinguishing no honest hope, and depressing no elevated prospect of future advantage to ourselves or our neighbours, but solely upon the ground to which Duke's-place owes its unenviable notoriety?

On the contrary, the Allies have acted wisely. The attacks made upon the government, and the cavils of its enemies oozing out rather than openly expressed, must be ascribed to that unhappy influence which, in a trading community, is incapable of judging but by the system of buying cheap and selling dear; yet is all war, by its nature, the reverse of that fundamental principle in money-making.

THE MAIL-CART ROBBERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WISH."

I.

AN incident savouring strongly of romance occurred many years ago in a certain county of England. Some of the actors in it are living now, but as the facts were of public notoriety at the time, it can do no harm to recal them here.

There stood one morning in the post-office of the chief town of Highamshire (as *we* will call it) two gentlemen sorting letters. The London mail had just come in, bringing its multiplicity of business. They were the postmaster of Higham and his son. The former, most deservedly respected by his fellow-citizens, had held the situation for many years; the latter, a handsome young man, looked to hold the situation after him.

"Ready," cried out Mr. Grame, in a loud tone, and the side-door opened, and four men entered, and ranged themselves in front of the counter. They were the town postmen, and each, receiving his separate freight, departed for his allotted quarter of the city. It was striking half-past nine as they left the post-office: letters in Higham are delivered and answered by that hour, now.

Meanwhile Mr. Grame and his son continued their work, which was, now, the making-up of the bags for the cross-country towns and villages. Upon one letter, as it came under his observation, Mr. Grame's eye rested rather longer than on the rest.

"Here's Farmer Sterling's letter at last, Walter," he observed to his son.

"Has it come?" cried the young man, in a lively tone, while he suspended for a moment his own employment, and leaned towards his father to look at the letter in question. "Mr. Sterling, Hill House Farm, Layton, Highamshire," he read. "Ah! he need not have been so fidgety over it. I told him it would be all right."

"He has never been otherwise than fidgety over this yearly letter," observed Mr. Grame.

"Because of the money in it," rejoined Mr. Walter.

At that moment somebody's knuckles came rapping at the glazed window, and Mr. Grame, who stood next it, pushed back the wooden slide from an open pane, and looked out. But, first of all, he dropped the letter for Farmer Sterling safely into the Layton bag.

"Is that there letter come yet, sir?" inquired the voice at the window.

"Oh, is it you, Mr. Stone. I don't think it is. What was to be the address?"

"'Miss Parker, Post-office, till called for.'"

"Ay. No, it is not arrived. Better luck to-morrow, perhaps."

"It's my belief it won't come at all. The young woman, you know, replied to the advertisement for a housekeeper, which was in the *Higham Herald*, Saturday week. I tell'd her yesterday that perhaps she'd have

no answer. But nothing does but I must come here, morning a'ter morning, to ask for it. Did you hear of Ned Cooke's shop being broke into last night?"

"No," shortly answered the postmaster. "I am busy now, and can't talk."

And the board slid sharply back again, nearly shutting up the end of Mr. Stone's nose with it. "Good day, sir," called out that discomfited applicant, as he moved away.

A little more work in the post-office, and then Mr. Grame called out as before, "Weirford and Layton bags ready!" And a tall, fine-looking young man with an open countenance, looking much more like a gentleman than the driver of a village mail-cart, came in.

"Not a heavy freight this morning, John," observed Mr. Grame, as he handed over the bags, secured only with string, the careless practice of the Higham post-office in those days. "Have you got your horse rough-shod?"

"All right and ready," responded John Ledbitter, with a pleasant smile.

"Or I don't know how you would get to Layton: the roads must be dreadful. Take care you start back in good time, or you may be too late for the evening mail."

"I'll take care," answered the young man. "As to the roads, if anybody can drive over them, I can, let them be what they will. Any commands"—dropping his voice as he spoke to the son—"for the farm, Mr. Walter?"

"Are you going there this morning?"

"If I don't change my mind. Can I carry any message, I say?"

"No," sharply replied Mr. Walter Grame. And John Ledbitter laughed to himself as he went out with the bags.

Locking them into the box of his cart, an open vehicle, and taking his seat, he drove out of the town towards Layton, as fast as the dangerous roads would allow. It was the month of January, and Jack Frost had come down with all his severe might: snow on the fields, icicles on the trees, frozen snow and ice lying in wait for broken limbs on the roads. But John Ledbitter's horse had been prepared for the state of affairs, and he drove him cautiously.

"It's too bad of me, but I do like to nettle him," he chuckled to himself, as he laid the reins on the dash-board, and set on to beat his arms, to keep feeling in them. "'Are you going there?' cries he so sharply, when I mischievously asked him if he had any commands for the farm. Many a day does not pass over my head but I do go there, Master Walter, and that you'll find out soon. Now, Saucy Sir! hold up.

"The idea of *his* making up to her," continued Mr. John Ledbitter, taking the reins again. "She's a mile and a half too good for him. Why is it I never liked the fellow? *She* has nothing to do with it, for he repelled me, years before I thought of her. He is a handsome chap; an agreeable companion; plenty of gumption in his noddle—yes, all that. But there's a turn in his look, not honest, not genuine; in the eye and lip I think it lies: perhaps other people don't see it, but I know it repels me. And look at the fellow's vanity, where women are concerned! He thinks, I know, as to Selina, that he has only to ask and

have. Not so fast, Mr. Walter Grame: she cares more for my little finger than she does for your whole carcass—as the ancient song goes:

Despise her not, said Lord Thomas,
Despise her not unto me,
For I love thy little finger
Better than her whole body.

Gently, Saucy Sir! keep your feet if you please to-day, of all days in the year. In any case he would not be worthy of her, setting my pretensions quite out of the question," continued John, holding a tightened rein over his horse: "he carries on too many wild vagaries to be a fitting mate for an honest girl. And unless my suspicions wrong him, he's in debt up to his elbows. If the old man knew half, he would take to his bed out of mortification, and leave the post-office to manage itself. The other night he—— If you don't step more firmly, Saucy Sir, you and I shall quarrel."

Finding his whole attention must be directed to the care of his horse, John Ledbitter put off his reflections to a more convenient season. At length he reached Layton, a small town about seven miles from Higham, having left the Weirford bag at that village, on his way. He drove straight to the post-office, unlocked his cart, and delivered the Layton bag to the postmaster, Mr. Marsh.

"A sharp day," remarked the latter.

"Sharp enough," replied John. "I have had some trouble with the horse, I can tell you."

"It's a wonder he kept his feet at all. Sir Geoffrey Adams's bailiff was coming down yonder hill last night, on the bay mare, and down she went, and broke her leg. Had to be shot."

"No!"

"I stepped up and saw her lying there in the road, Mr. Ledbitter: her groans, poor thing, were just like a human creature's. Sir Geoffrey was called out from his dinner, and shot her with his own hand. He was awful with Master Bailiff over it, and told him if he had been human enough to lead her down the hill, it would not have happened. *He* was cut up too, he was, and didn't offer a word of excuse to Sir Geoffrey. Good day, if you are off to put up Saucy Sir."

The mail-cart and Saucy Sir being comfortably deposited at their usual quarters, Mr. Ledbitter took a sharp walk of twenty minutes, which brought him to Hill House Farm. Taking off his great coat and leggings before he entered the sitting-room, he appeared in plain black clothes, such as are worn by gentlemen.

"Here's a morning!" he said, as a fair, quiet-looking girl rose at his entrance, the farmer's only child. Many would have called her features plain, but in her gentle voice, and her truthful, earnest eye, lay plenty of attraction.

"What a journey you must have had!" she exclaimed, giving him her hand.

"Ay, indeed. I thought once it would have come to *my* carrying Saucy Sir. Where's Selina?"

Before Miss Sterling could reply, her father entered. "Ah, Master

Ledbitter, is it you?" he said. "Well, d'ye think you have brought that letter of mine to-day?"

"I don't know," laughed the young man. "I have brought the bag, but cannot say what letters are in it."

"You have not heard 'em talk of it at the post-office in Higham, as having come, have ye?"

"No," responded John.

"Damn it! if that letter's lost, there's fifty pound gone. And fifty pound ain't picked up in a day, Master Ledbitter."

It may as well be explained that some few years previously, the sister of Mrs. Sterling, who had married a Mr. Cleeve and settled in London, died, leaving one only daughter. Mr. Cleeve married again, and then the child was consigned to the home and care of Mrs. Sterling, Mr. Cleeve forwarding, every Christmas, a 50*l.* note, to cover her expenses. It was this note that Farmer Sterling was so anxious to receive: and each year, from the moment Christmas-day was turned, till the money was actually in his hand, he never ceased worrying himself, and everybody about him, with conjectures that the note was lost. It had been pointed out to him several times, that to have the money conveyed in a letter was not a very safe mode of transit. But the farmer would answer that it had always come safe hitherto (though with delay), and he had no time, not he, to go tramping into Higham to receive it of the bankers there. So that Farmer Sterling continued to expect and receive this important letter and its enclosure every year, which was a well-known fact to all Layton, and to half of Higham. This was the letter noticed by the postmaster that morning, as he sorted it into the Layton bag.

Selina Cleeve, now grown up, and about the age of her cousin, was the belle of Layton and of all the rest of the parishes round about. A well-grown, handsome, dark-eyed girl, full of fun and laughter, played and sang like the nightingales in Layton Wood (as people were apt to express it), rode her horse with ease and grace, and took everybody's heart by storm. All the bachelor farmers were quarrelling for her, and many a fine gentleman from Higham wore out his horse's shoes riding over to Hill House Farm, who, had Selina Cleeve not been in it, must have studied the map for its site. They might have spared themselves the trouble, the farmers their quarrelling, and the gentlemen their steeds, for the young lady's heart was given to John Ledbitter; but woman-like, she kept this to herself, and evinced no objection to the universal admiration. As to Anne Sterling, no fine gentleman noticed her: her accomplished, lovely, and London cousin was all-in-all. But as to the servants: Molly, who had lived twenty years in the family, and Joan, the dairymaid, who had only lived as many months, they would tell you that if Miss Cleeve's attractions won admiration, Anne Sterling's would secure more love, in the long run. The housekeeping, and other household management, devolved on Anne, for Mrs. Sterling was a confirmed invalid, sometimes not leaving her room for days together.

"Shall you be able to come to-night?" questioned Anne Sterling of Mr. Ledbitter, as her father left the parlour.

"With this weather, Anne!"

"But the moon will be up. Do try."

"You unreasonable girl! the moon will not dissolve the ice on the roads. What is it you are at there, so industriously?"

"Cutting papers for the candlesticks," rejoined Anne. "This is the last. And now I must hasten into the kitchen. I have a thousand-and-one things to do to-day, and Molly's head seems turned."

"Can I help you?"

"No," laughed Anne, "you would be a hinderance, I suspect, instead of a help. Selina will be here directly."

She entered the parlour as Anne Sterling left it. A stylish girl, in a rich plaid silk dress; her black hair was worn in heavy braids round her head, not much the fashion then, especially in rural districts. John Ledbitter's manner changed to one of deep tenderness. He closed the door, and drew her fondly to him.

"Oh, John!" were her first words; "what unfortunate weather for our party to-night! You will never be able to come."

"My darling! Had I to walk every step of the way, here and back, and could remain but time to snatch one word with you, I should not fail."

"But you must come and return in the night!—unlike the others, who can choose the daylight?"

"The first dance, remember, Selina, after I do get here. Who comes from Higham?"

"Walter Grame, of course." "Of course. And his sisters, and several others. He has engaged me for the first and last dances: you will not be here at either. And as many more as I would afford him between, he said."

John Ledbitter laughed, such a meaning laugh, and his eye twinkled mischievously. "Selina, dearest," he whispered, "I fear his case is desperate. What say you?"

She understood him. And though she did not say it in words, he saw, in that downcast, happy countenance, that all "cases" save his own, so far as Selina was concerned, were desperate.

Delaying his departure as long as was prudent, and still talking with Miss Cleave, John Ledbitter at length rose to go. In the kitchen, where he went to don his overalls and rough coat, he saw Molly taking some mince-pies and tartlets out of the room.

"Don't they look first-rate?" said Molly to him. "But that's nothing, Mr. John; just please step in here." And opening the door of the best kitchen (a large room, scarcely ever used by servants or masters, being deemed too good for the one, and not good enough for the other, since Miss Cleave came), Molly proudly disclosed to view the long supper-table, already laid out, and decorated with laurustinus. A large, handsome twelfth-cake rose high in the middle, for it was Twelfth-day, and a bonny fire of wood and coal was blazing in the grate.

"I mean to keep it up all day," observed Molly, alluding to the large fire, "for missis has been on at me two or three times about getting the room well warmed. She was for having the supper in the big parlour, but they wanted it for cards. Did you ever see finer fowls, sir? And them hams! they'll eat like marrow, for I biled 'em myself, and helped Miss Anne with the curing. Ah, you may well be struck with the yellow richness of the chis-cakes, and look at the clearness of the jelly! you might see to read through it. Half the things is in the cellar yet,

the custards and the two dishes of trifle : besides the brawn and the cold beef, and them sort o' things which is to stand on the sideboard."

"What a preparation !" exclaimed John Ledbitter, staring confusedly at the profuse display. "Why, you must have had all the cooks in the parish at work here for a week !"

"Cooks ! what next ?" cried the offended Molly. "Miss Anne did it all yesterday and this morning, with what little help I could give her in the matters of fetching and carrying, and beating eggs, and lifting on and off o' saucepans. We never let Joan come a-nigh us, though she kept haunting the door and putting her eyes to the chinks, sick to see all as was going forrard. You won't find Miss Anne's match in this county, Mr. Ledbitter, nor in any other. My missis have brought her up right well. She don't play the pianer, it's true, and she don't spend hours over her hair, a setting of it off in outlandish winds round her head, and she don't dress in silks the first thing in a morning," satirically added Molly, with an allusion to somebody else, which Mr. John perfectly well understood, and laughed at. "But see Miss Anne in illness, who tends a sick body's bed like she?—hear her pleasant voice a soothing any poor soul what's in trouble—look how she manages this house, and gives counsel to master about the farm out-doors ! No, Mr. John : you young gentlemen like to please your eye, but give me one who has got qualities inside of 'em, that'll shine out when hair's grey and pianers is rusty."

But Mr. Ledbitter had no time to stay gossiping. In hurrying away, he ran against the farmer in the kitchen.

"Are you a coming to this kick-up to-night, Master Ledbitter ?"

"If I can get here."

"Bless the foolish women, I say, putting things about, like this, for a night's pleasure ! I don't know our house up-stairs, Mr. John, I don't, I assure you. There's every stick of furniture took out of the big best bedroom, and forms, which they have borrowed from the Sunday-school, ranged round it. As to the walls, you can't tell the colour for the branches of green stuff, with a few dozen of tin things holding candles, hid amongst 'em. 'Tain't me as they'll get for candle-snuffer all the evening."

"There won't be no snuffing wanted," interposed Molly, tartly. "The candles is wax."

"Wax ! I said I'd have no wax in the house again," retorted the farmer. "The last time we had one of these affairs, Mr. John, I happened to stand under some o' them waxes, getting as close to the wall as I could for fear of being upset by the couples what where whirling round the room, and when I came to comb my hair the next morning, may I never stir from this kitchen if it wasn't all glued together with the droppings of wax."

"Never you mind the droppings, master," cried Molly, "the room'll look beautiful."

"It had need to," rejoined the farmer. "There's Anne up there now, on her hands and knees, a chalking the floor ! When they set on at me that I must dress myself up in my Sunday-going clothes, I answered 'em that I should stop in the kitchen out of the row, and smoke my pipe in the chimney-corner."

"Not a bit of it," quoth John ; "you must dance away with the best

of us. Good day, sir. I must be off." And in half an hour's time John Ledbitter was driving Saucy Sir back to Higham, with the Layton and Weirford letters for the Higham evening mails.

A merry scene it was that night at Farmer Sterling's. It was the custom at Layton and in the adjoining parishes, for the wealthy farmers to hold an annual entertainment, which were distinguished, one and all, by great profusion of dainties, a hearty welcome, and thorough enjoyment. Dancing was always kept up till daylight—winter time, remember—then came breakfast, and then the guests went home. At Farmer Sterling's this party had been omitted for the last two years, in consequence of Mrs. Sterling's precarious state of health, but now, as she was somewhat better, it was renewed again.

The ball began with a country dance, always the first at these meetings, the Vicar of Layton opening it with Miss Sterling. He had just been presented to the living—a very poor one, by the way—and as yet knew but few of his parishioners personally, was a young man, and enjoyed the dancing as much as anybody. Next to them stood young Mr. Grame and Selina Cleeve, by far the handsomest couple in the room. Mrs. Sterling sat in an arm-chair by the fire, looking pale and delicate, and by her side sat the new vicar's mother, who had come to Layton to keep house for him. The farmer, as he had threatened, was in the kitchen, smoking his pipe, a knot of elderly friends round him, doing the like, and discussing the state of the markets, but as they were all in full dress, the farmer included (blue frock-coats, drab breeches and gaiters, and crimson neckties), their presence in the ball-room might with certainty be looked for by-and-by.

It was nine o'clock when John Ledbitter entered. Some of the young farmers nudged each other. "He's come to take the shine out o' Grame," they whispered. He *did* take the shine out of him; for though young Grame could boast of his good looks and fine figure, he was not half so popular as John Ledbitter. He made his way at once to Mrs. Sterling, and spoke with her a little while. He had a pleasant voice, and the accent and address of a gentleman. Mrs. Cooper, the clergyman's mother, looked after him as he moved away to take his place in the dance. She inquired who he was.

"Mr. John Ledbitter," said Anne Sterling.

"I thought—dear me, what an extraordinary likeness," uttered the Reverend Mr. Cooper, following John with all his eyes—"how like that gentleman is to the man who drives the mail-cart. I was noticing the man this morning as he drove into Layton, he appeared to manage his horse so skilfully."

"John Ledbitter is the driver of the mail-cart," interposed Mr. Walter Grame, drawing himself up.

"I must explain it to you," said Mrs. Sterling, noting the perplexed look of the clergyman. "Old Mr. Ledbitter, John's father, was an auctioneer and land agent in Higham. He had the best business connexion in all the country, but his large family kept his profits down, for he reared them expensively and never laid by. So that when he died they had to shift for themselves. John, this one, who was the third son, had been brought up an agriculturist, and obtained a post as overlooker and manager to the estate of a gentleman who was then abroad. How-

ever, the owner was embarrassed, the property got sold, and John lost his situation. This was—how long ago, Anne?”

“About four months, mother.”

“Yes; and he had held it about three years. Well, poor John could get into nothing; one promised him something, and another promised him something, but no place seemed to drop in. One day he had come over to see Sir Geoffrey Adams on business for his two brothers in Higham, who are the auctioneers now, and was standing by the post-office here, when the driver of the mail-cart fell down in a fit, just as he was about to start, and died. There was nobody to drive the cart back to Higham; the afternoon was flying on, and the chances were that the Layton and Weirford letters would lose the post. So John Ledbitter said he would drive it, and he did so, and got the bags to Higham in time.”

“He drove to and fro the next day, and for several days,” interposed Mr. Walter Grame, who had appeared anxious to speak, “nobody turning up, at the pinch, to whom we chose to entrust the bags. So my father, in a joke, told Ledbitter he had better keep the place, and by Jupiter! if he didn’t nail it. The chaffing’s not over in Higham yet. Ledbitter can’t walk through the streets but he gets in for it. And serve him right. The fellow can expect nothing else if he chooses to degrade himself to the level of a mail-cart driver.”

“It is not the pay he does it for, which is trifling, but he argues that idleness is the root of mischief, and this daily occupation keeps him out of both,” said Anne Sterling, looking at Mr. Walter Grame. “He has only taken it as a temporary thing, while seeking for something better.”

“Ledbitter’s one in a thousand,” exclaimed the bluff voice of Farmer Blount, a keen-looking young man, who had just come up from the card-room, “and there ain’t one *in* a thousand that would have had the moral courage to defy pride and put his shoulder to the wheel as he has done. Ain’t it more to his credit to take up with this honest employment, and live on the pay while he’s waiting for a place to drop from the clouds, than to skulk idle about Higham, and sponge upon his brothers? You dandy town bucks may turn up your noses at him for it, Master Grame, but he has showed hisself a downright sensible man. What do you think, sir?” added the speaker, abruptly addressing the clergyman.

“It certainly appears to me that this young Mr. Ledbitter is to be commended,” was the reply. “I see no reflection that can be cast upon him for driving the mail-cart while he waits for something more suitable to his sphere of life.” And Anne Sterling’s cheeks coloured with pleasure as she heard the words. *She* knew the worth of John Ledbitter: perhaps too well.

“He’ll get on fast,” cried Farmer Blount; “these steady-minded chaps are safe to rise in the world. In twenty years’ time from this, if John Ledbitter has not won hisself a home and twenty thousand pound it’ll surprise me.”

“I am glad to hear this opinion from you, Mr. Blount, for I think you are capable of judging,” observed Mrs. Sterling. “People tell me there is an attachment between John Ledbitter and my niece, so that we

—if it is to come to anything—should naturally be interested in his getting on.”

“I hope that is quite a mistaken idea, ma’am, and I think it is,” fired Mr. Walter Grame. “You would never suffer Miss Cleeve to throw herself away on him! There are others——”

Mrs. Sterling made a movement for silence, for the quadrille was over, and the two parties in question were approaching. Selina seated herself by her aunt, and the clergyman entered into conversation with Mr. Ledbitter. Presently the music struck up again.

“It is my turn now, Selina,” whispered Walter Grame.

She shook her head in an unconcerned manner, as she toyed with a spray of heliotrope. “I am engaged to Mr. Ledbitter.”

“That is too bad,” retorted Walter Grame, resentfully. “You danced with him the last dance.”

“And have promised him for this. How unreasonable you are, Mr. Walter! I have danced with you—let me think—three times already.”

Mr. Ledbitter turned from the vicar, and, without speaking, took Selina’s hand, and placed it within his arm. But after they moved away, he leaned down to whisper to her. There was evidently perfect confidence between them.

“I think it is so—that they are attached,” remarked Mrs. Cooper, who was watching them. “I hope their prospects will——Oh, goodness! my best black silk gown!”

“It will not hurt, it is only white wine negus. Anne, get a cloth. Call Molly,” reiterated Mrs. Sterling. For Mr. Walter Grame’s refreshment glass and its contents had fallen from his hand on to Mrs. Cooper’s dress, as it lay on the floor. Anne said nothing then or afterwards, but her impression was that it was *thrown* down, and in passion. The glass lay in shivers.

A few days after this, Higham great market was held, the first in the new year. Amongst other farmers who attended it was Mr. Sterling. About three o’clock in the afternoon, when his business was over, he went into the post-office. Mr. Grame and his son were both there, the latter sitting down and reading a newspaper. It was not a busy hour.

“Good day, Mr. Grame,” said the farmer. “Good-day, Master Walter. I have come about that letter. I do think it must be lost. It never was so late before, that I recollect.”

“What letter?” inquired Mr. Grame.

“Why, that letter—with my fifty pound in it. I don’t expect any other. You are sure you have not overlooked it?”

“The letter! It went to Layton days ago,” responded Mr. Grame. “Have you not received it?”

Farmer Sterling’s eyes opened wide with perplexity, and his mouth also. “Went to Layton days ago!” he uttered, at length, “where is it, then?”

“If you have not had it, there must be some mismanagement at the Layton office. But such neglect is unusual with Mr. Marsh.”

“Good a mercy! I hope it has never been stole.”

“Which morning was it the letter came, Walter?” cried Mr. Grame, appealing to his son. “Oh—I remember—the day you and the girls

were going over. It was the very morning of your wife's ball, Mr. Sterling."

"The morning afore, or the morning after?" asked the bewildered farmer.

"The same morning, the 6th of January. When Walter and the two girls went over in the evening."

"Now why didn't you tell me it was come, Mr. Walter?" expostulated the farmer.

"I never thought of it," replied the young man. "And if I had thought of it, it would only have been to suppose you had received it! You ought to have had it that afternoon. Had you happened to mention it, I could have told you it was come."

"Now look at that!" groaned the farmer. "What with the kick-up that night, the smoking, and the eating and the drinking, I'm blest if I didn't cast care to the winds, and the letter never came into my head at all. Are you quite sure, Mr. Grame, that it was the very letter?"

"I am sure that it was a letter addressed to you, and that it came from London. I made the remark to Walter that your letter was come at last. I have not the slightest doubt it was the letter."

"And you sent it on to Layton?"

"Of course I did."

"But Anne called in at the post-office yesterday, and old Marsh assured her there warn't nothing o' the sort arrived for me."

"I put it into the Layton bag myself, and secured it myself, as I always do," returned Mr. Grame, "and the bag was never out of my hands till I delivered it to John Ledbitter! My son was present and saw me put it in."

"I did," said Walter. "When my father exclaimed that your letter was come at last, Mr. Sterling, I looked over his shoulder at the address, and I saw him drop it into the bag. They must have overlooked it at the Layton office."

"Old Marsh is such a careful body," debated the farmer.

"He is," assented Mr. Grame. "I don't suppose he ever overlooked a letter in his life. Still such a thing may occur. Go to the office as soon as you return, Mr. Sterling, and tell him from me that the letter went on to Layton."

"It's a jolly vexatious thing to have all this bother. If that 50*l.* note's gone, it's my loss. Selina's father never wanted to send 'em through the post-office, but I told him I'd run the risk."

And perhaps here lay the secret of Farmer Sterling's anxiety about the safe arrival of these letters—because he knew that the money's being forwarded in this way, was in defiance of the opinion of everybody.

The letter never reached Layton—so old Mr. Marsh affirmed, when applied to by the farmer. He remembered perfectly the 6th—why it was not a week ago—the day he told Ledbitter of the accident to the bay mare. No soul but himself touched the letters; nobody was present that day when he opened the bag, and he could swear that the letter for Farmer Sterling was not in it. Mr. Marsh's word was a guarantee in itself; he had held the situation two score years, and was perfectly trustworthy.

So the suspicion fell upon John Ledbitter. Indeed, it may not be too

much to say that the guilt was traced home to him. The postmasters of Higham and Layton were known, tried public servants, above all suspicion: the one had put the letter in, and secured the bag; the other, when he opened the bag, found the letter gone; and none could *or did* have access to the bag between those times but John Ledbitter. He was dismissed from his situation as driver, but, strange to say, he was not brought to trial. Farmer Sterling declined to prosecute—he warn't a going into a court o' justice after keeping out of 'em all his life, not he—and no instructions were received on the subject from the government; but John Ledbitter's guilt was as surely brought home to him as it could have been by twelve jurymen. Of course he protested his innocence—what man, under a similar accusation, does not?—but his crime was too palpable. Neither the letter nor its enclosure could be traced. Mr. Cleeve furnished the particulars of the lost note, and it was stopped at the London and country banks, handbills describing it were also hung up in the different public-houses: but it was not presented for payment, and was never heard of. “Saucy Sir must have eat it up with his hay,” quoth the joking farmers of Layton, one to another: but if they accidentally met the gentleman-driver—as they were wont to style John Ledbitter—they regarded him with an aspect very different from a joking one.

John Ledbitter never entered Mr. Sterling's house but once, after the committal of the crime, and that was to resign Selina Cleeve; to release her from the tacit engagement which existed between them. However, he found there was little necessity for his doing it: Selina released herself. He arrived at the Hill House for this purpose at an inopportune moment, for his rival—as he certainly aspired to be—was there before him.

It was Sunday, and when the farmer and his family got home from church in the morning, they found Walter Grame there, who had ridden over from Higham. He received an invitation to remain and partake of their roast griskin and apple-pie. Pig-meat, fed at Farmer Sterling's, was not to be despised, neither was apple-pie, made by Anne. After dinner, the farmer took his pipe, his wife lay back in her cushioned arm-chair on the opposite side of the fire, and while Anne presided over the wine—cowslip and port, a bottle of the latter decanted in compliment to their guest—he watched Selina Cleeve. The conversation turned upon John Ledbitter and his crime.

“I do not see how he could have accomplished it,” exclaimed Mrs. Sterling, “unless he stopped the mail-cart, and undid the bag in the road.”

“Well, what was there to prevent him doing so?” responded the farmer.

“But such a *deliberate* theft,” repeated Mrs. Sterling. “I can understand—at least, I think I can—being overtaken by a moment of temptation, but a man who could stop his horse in a public road, unlock the box, and untie the bag for the purpose of robbing it, must be one who would stand at no crime of a similar nature.”

“Why that's just what I told him,” cried the farmer, “when he come to me at Higham, a wanting to excuse himself, and make believe he was innocent. ‘What's gone with the letter and the money,’ I said, ‘if you

have not got it?" And that shut up his mouth; for all he could bring out was, that he wished he knew what *had* gone with it."

"Ah," broke in Walter Grame, "Ledbitter went down amazingly with some folks, but I scented the rascal in him. And Higham never noticed, till now, the singularity of his having taken to drive a mail-cart."

The farmer took his pipe from his lips. "As how, Master Walter?"

"Did any one ever before hear of a gentleman—as Ledbitter may be termed—accepting a menial office, only suited to a postboy, under the plea of keeping himself from idleness? Trash! It is the opinion in Higham that the robbery was planned when he took the place."

"What, to crib that same identical letter of mine?" gasped the farmer, laying his pipe on his knee, while a startled look of dismay rose to Anne Sterling's face.

"Not yours in particular, Mr. Sterling. But probably yours happened to be the first letter that presented itself to my gentleman, as bearing an enclosure worth the risk."

"The villain! the double-faced rascal!" uttered the farmer. "That's putting the matter—and him too—in a new light."

At that moment Molly entered the room with some silver spoons, large and small, and shut the door behind her.

"It's him," she abruptly said, coming up to the table, with a face of terror. "He says he wants to see Miss Selina."

"Who?" demanded everybody, in a breath.

"That dreadful Ledbitter. He come a sneaking in at the kitchen door: not the front way, or you'd have seen him from this winder, but right across the fold-yard. I was took all of a heap, and axed if he'd walk into the parlour, for I was afeard on him. 'No,' says he, 'I'll not go in. Is Miss Cleeve there?'"

"'Yes, she is,' I said, 'and missis, and Miss Anne, and master, and Mr. Walter Grame; and Joan's close at hand, a skimming the cream.' For I thought he should know as I warn't alone in the place, if he should be come to take anything.

"'Molly,' says he, quite humbly, 'go in and ask Miss Cleeve if she will step out and speak a word with me.' So I grabbed up the spoons, which, by ill-luck, was a lying on the table, and away I come."

Miss Cleeve rose from her chair.

"Selina!" said Mrs. Sterling, in a reproving tone.

"Aunt," was her rejoinder, "I have also a word to say to him."

"But my dear! Well, well, just for a minute, if you must. But remember, Selina, we cannot again admit Mr. Ledbitter to the house."

"I'd as lieve admit the public hangman," roared out the farmer.

Scarcely had Selina Cleeve left the room, when Walter Grame darted after her. He drew her, with the hand of authority, it seemed, into the best parlour, the door of which, adjacent to their sitting-room, stood open.

"Miss Cleeve! Selina! you will never accord an interview to this man?"

"Yes," she answered. "For the last time."

"Good Heavens, what infatuation! Don't you believe in his guilt?"

"It is impossible to disbelieve it," she murmured, looking wretchedly

ill, and also wretchedly cross. "But upon the terms we were, a last interview, a final understanding, is necessary."

"What terms?" he savagely uttered. "It cannot be that you were engaged to him!"

"Not engaged. But——"

"But what? Trust me as a friend, Selina."

"Had it not been for this, had Ledbitter remained what he ought, we should have been."

"I am *grieved* to hear it. It is a lucky escape for you."

"Oh and it is this which makes me so angry," she bitterly exclaimed.

"Why did he monopolise my society, seek to make me like him, when he knew himself to be a base, bad man. I, who might have chosen from all the world! Let me go, Mr. Grame: I shall be more myself when this is over."

"You can have nothing to say to him, now, but what may be said through a third party," he persisted, still holding her. "Suffer me to see him for you."

"Nonsense," she peevishly answered. "You cannot say what I have to say."

She broke from him, and walked, with a hasty step, along the passage. He did not dare to follow her, but, to judge by his looks, he would have liked it, and to have boxed her ears as well. The two servants were whispering in the kitchen, but Selina could see no signs of Mr. Ledbitter. Molly pointed with her finger towards the door of the best kitchen, and Selina went in.

Standing in the middle of the cold, comfortless room, his eyes fixed on the entrance, as if waiting for her, was John Ledbitter. She walked up, and confronted him without speaking, her action and countenance expressing both anger and scorn.

"I see," began Mr. Ledbitter, as he looked at her. "I need not have come from Higham to do my errand this afternoon. It has been done for me."

"I feel it cold in this room," said Selina, glancing round, and striving, pretty successfully, to hide the agitation she really felt under a show of indifference. "Be so good as to tell me your business—that I may return to the fire."

"My business was, partly to see how this accusation had affected you towards me: I see it too plainly now. Had it been otherwise——"

He stopped: either from emotion, or from a loss how to express himself. But she stood as still as a post, and did not help him on.

"Then I have only to say farewell," he resumed, "and to thank you for the many happy hours we have spent together. I came to say something else, but no matter: I see now it would be useless."

"And I beg," she said, raising herself up, "that you will forget those hours you speak of, and which I shall never reflect on but with a sense of degradation. I blush—I blush," she vehemently repeated, "to think that the world may point to me, as I pass through the streets, and say, 'There goes she who was engaged to the felon, John Ledbitter!' I pray that I may never see your face again."

"You never shall—by my seeking. Should I ever hold converse with you again, willingly, it will be under different auspices."

He quitted the room, stalked through the kitchen, and across the fold-yard into the side-lane, his breast heaving with passionate anger, for she had aroused all the lion within him. Molly and the dairymaid pressed their noses against the kitchen window, and stared after him till he was beyond view, like they might have stared had some extraordinary foreign animal been on exhibition there, and with quite as much curiosity. Whilst Selina Cleeve, repelling some softer emotions, which seemed inclined to make themselves felt within her, strove to shake John Ledbitter out of her thoughts, and to say to herself, as she returned to the sitting-room, that she had shaken him out of them for ever.

THE years passed on, nearly two, and the postmaster at Higham was stricken with mortal illness. His disease was a lingering one, lasting over several months, during which he was confined to his bed, and his son managed the business. One evening, just before his death, Walter was sitting in the room, when the old man suddenly addressed him.

"Walter," he said, "I shall soon be gone, and after that they will make you postmaster. Be steady, punctual, diligent in your daily business, as I trust I have been; be just and merciful in your dealings with your fellow-men, as I have striven to be; be more urgent than I have ever been in serving your Maker, for there the very best of us fall short. You have been a dutiful son to me, a good son, and I pray that, in return, your children, in your old age, may be such to you."

Mr. Walter fidgeted uneasily in his chair.

"There is one only thing in business matters which causes me regret for the past," resumed Mr. Grame, "that the particulars connected with John Ledbitter's theft should never have come to light. It is a weight on my conscience, having suffered him to assume a post for which his position unfitted him. If he sought it with the intention of doing wrong, my having refused him the situation would have removed the temptation from his way."

"You need not worry yourself over such a crotchet as that, father," responded the younger man. "A fellow bent upon crime, as Ledbitter must have been, if he does not find opportunity in one way, will seek it in another. If there's anything to be regretted in the matter it is the not having brought him to punishment; he ought to have been made stand his trial, and despatched out of the country. The thing would have been done with them, and have gone out of men's minds."

"He has had his punishment," replied Mr. Grame. "Abandoned by his relations, scorned by his friends, shunned by all good men, and driven to get his living in the fields, as a day labourer! Many a man would have sunk under it."

"I cannot think why the fool stops in Highamshire. If he would be off to a distant part, whether county or kingdom, where his crime was unknown, he might get up in the world again."

"No harsh names, Walter," interrupted the father; "John Ledbitter did not offend against you. Leave him to the stings of his own conscience."

Mr. Walter Grame muttered something which did not reach the sick-

bed, and quitted the room. It was irksome to him to remain in it long. He was absent about an hour, and, during this period, Mr. Grame dropped asleep and dreamt a very vivid dream. So vivid, that, in the first moments of waking up, he could not be persuaded but it was reality. The colouring his thoughts had taken was no doubt imparted by the previous conversation. He dreamt that John Ledbitter was innocent: he did not see or understand how, but in his sleep he felt the most solemn conviction that the fact was so.

"Walter, Walter," he gasped forth, after his confused relation of it, "when his innocence is brought to light, do you try and make it up to him. I would, if I were alive."

"When his innocence—what do you mean, sir? You must be asleep still. A dream is but a dream."

"Well, if it comes to light, if it shall be proved that he is an injured man, do you endeavour to compensate him for the injustice that has been heaped on his head. It is a charge I leave you."

"The old man is wandering," whispered Mr. Walter to the nurse, who was then present; and it was through her that this dream of the postmaster's got talked of in Higham, though not for long afterwards. "Let me give you your composing draught, sir."

III.

A GODLY company were wending their way to Layton church, for the fairest flower in Layton parish was that day to be taken out of it. A stranger, who happened to be passing through Layton, stepped into the church with the crowd.

"She is a handsome bride," he observed to a farmer, who stood in the porch, looking in. It was Farmer Blount.

"Ay, she be that. Some of our youngers have been mad after her this three or four year, but Master Grame have walked off with her at last. He ain't bad-looking neither, for a nian."

"Extremely handsome, I think. Who is he?"

"The postmaster of Higham; as his father was afore him. The old man died a year ago, and left a goodish bit of property behind him, but he turned out that Master Walter there had anticipated his share, and how he kept his creditors quiet till the old one went off, was a matter of wonder. But he has sowed his wild oats now, they say, and unless he had, I take it Miss Oleeve would have seen him further afore she'd married him. She's well off, for her father's dead also, and there's fifteen hundred pound told down with her this day."

"He's a lucky dog."

"It's sheer luck with him, for he warn't her first fancy. Young Ledbitter courted her at one time, and she was mighty fond of him. But he ran his head into trouble—robbed the Layton mail-bag. Of course, no decent young woman could stand that, though he shipped out of a prosecution. Since then he has been starving about the county, thankful to any farmer who would give him a day's work. He's on my grounds now."

The stranger gave a low whistle, forgetting he was in the porch of a

church. "Is it not hazardous to employ a thief, even as an out-door labourer?"

"Well, you see, the Ledbitters was so much respected in the county, he and all, till this came to light, so that folks can't help feeling for him, for the sake o' the family. There never was a breath known again him afore, and nothing has come out again him since: a likelier, steadier fellow than he was, I'd never wish to set eyes on. But, law bless ye, sir, he have got his treadmill upon him, if any one ever had, for there ain't a mad dog in the parish as is shied at more than he."

The stranger nudged the speaker, for the bridal party were returning from the altar. Mr. Walter Grame and his bride, no longer Selina Cleeve, walked first, next came Anne Sterling with her father, and several friends followed. The two young ladies were dressed alike, in lavender silk, the bride wearing orange-blossoms in her white bonnet; Anne, lilies of the valley. They brushed the stranger as they walked through the porch, so that he—to use his own expression—had a good stare at them.

"She's a regular beauty," he remarked to Farmer Blount, "but for my choice give me the one that follows her, the bridesmaid. The first has got a temper of her own, or I never read an eye yet; the last has goodness written on her face." Farmer Blount grunted forth an inaudible reply. None were more aware of Anne Sterling's goodness than he: he had proposed to her in secret the night of the ball, three years before, and she had refused him.

But another person was also looking on the bridal party; a man in a smock-frock; looking through a gap in the hedge, from an obscure corner of the churchyard. It was John Ledbitter. Oh, what a position was this unfortunate man's! Guilt does, indeed, bring its own punishment—as all Layton, and Higham too, had repeated, with reference to him, hundreds of times. Hunted down by his own class in life, condemned to labour for common sustenance with the hinds who tilled the ground—for in any more responsible situation, in an office, or where money would have passed through his hands, none would trust him—there he stood, a marked man, watching her, whom he had once so passionately loved, led forth, the bride of another. A bitter curse rose in his heart on that hour when he had first ascended the mail-cart to drive it to Higham, and with a wild cry, which startled the air, and seemed to be wrung from the very depths of his spirits, he leaped the stile at the rear of the churchyard, and rushed back to his labour in the fields.

THE HISTORY OF THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS,

AUTHOR OF THE "EIGHTEENTH CENTURY."

I.

INTRODUCTION.

FROM a miserable sheet of flimsy paper, blotted with coarse letter-press, describing some fabulous event or retailing some more than doubtful story : or, now a mass of slavish panegyric, now of violent and indiscriminating abuse, issued stealthily, read under the breath, circulated from hand to hand unseen, we all know that our modern newspapers have sprung. But the change has been the work of more than two centuries. Dependent as it was on the progress of public enlightenment, of government liberality, of general liberty and knowledge ; checked by the indifference of a people or the caprices of a party ; suppressed by a king, persecuted by a parliament, harassed by a licenser, burnt by a hangman, and trampled by a mob, the newspaper has been slow in climbing to its present height. It surely must be worth while to glance back at the marks it has left in its steady though gradual ascent : to review the growth of the Giant which now awes potentates, and it may scarcely be too much to say, rules the destinies of the world. May we not linger with advantage over the history of the struggles of its birth, the convulsions of its infancy ? Or do we owe so little to our free press—at once our censor and our champion—that these matters are of no moment to us ? Of no moment may they be to the merchant who makes use of the daily sheet to guide him in his purchases or sales, to the fashionable lady who consults it for the latest scandal of Belgravia, to the shopkeeper who advertises his wares, or the honest yeoman who reads it for the sake of its "accidents and offences ;" but thinking minds have perhaps wondered why the scattered facts which are known of its early history have never been woven together, and heartily wished they had been.

Much that was before known, and many facts which lay hidden in the depths of our dark and unfathomable public records in their dusty and inaccessible storehouses—apparently kept there to fill the stomachs of rats and puzzle the brains of catalogue makers—were thrown together by the late Mr. Knight Hunt in his "Fourth Estate." We say "thrown together," for Mr. Hunt candidly admits that he had had but few opportunities of collecting the facts necessary for a history of journalism, and therefore modestly calls his book "*Contributions towards a History of Newspapers.*"

This, published in the year 1850, was the first attempt at anything like "a bringing together, in a distinct and tangible form, a number of previously scattered dates and passages illustrative of the history of the newspaper press." An article in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," containing the stereotyped falsehood as to its first appearance in England ; a few papers in *Chambers's Journal*, in 1834,—about the best on the sub-

ject; discursive articles, treating more of the importance of the present than the history of the past newspaper, in the *Edinburgh* and in the *British and Foreign Quarterly Review*, in 1837; and a wretched pamphlet, called "The Periodical Press of Great Britain; or, an Inquiry into the State of the Public Journals," published in 1809, comprised the printed history of the English newspaper, although incidental but much more important notices of it occur in Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes," Chalmers's "Life of Ruddiman," Timperley's "Encyclopædia of Literary and Typographical Anecdote," and a Paper, read by Mr. P. L. Simmonds before the Statistical Society of London. "The Public Press" and "News" have formed the subjects of several popular lectures, none of which have passed into print, but we believe the most comprehensive were those before the Salisbury Mechanics' Institute, delivered in 1836, by J. Hearn, Esq., editor of the *Salisbury and Wiltshire Herald*; before the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution (two lectures), July 27, 1840, by G. F. Richardson, Esq., F.G.S.; and before the Leeds Philosophical Society, January 2, 1855, by C. Kemplay, Esq.

Mr. Hunt might therefore well feel anxious to do something towards recording the history of a profession to which he belonged, and such time as his editorial duties and his health allowed he devoted to this labour of love. But "half-hours that could be filched from heavier duties," "before, or between, or after, real work," will not suffice to record the history of an institution so vast; they were all he could afford to the subject, and those half-hours he has well employed.

We had been long expecting that the subject would be taken up, and had resolved to place at the disposal of the person who might venture upon it a collection of notes and particulars which had occupied us some years in getting together, when Mr. Hunt sent his two volumes into the world. At once perceiving that from the very nature of the work much that was related by that gentleman would have to be repeated in any other book upon the same subject, we had consigned our gleanings to oblivion, till a recent article in one of the Reviews, calling for further details of newspaper history, induced us to polish them up and see what we could make of them. If we hope to contribute a few facts and fill up a few outlines, to trace more regularly, and perhaps in more detail, the ground that has been so little traversed, we shall endeavour to avoid, as far as we can do it without injustice to our subject, the wider field which Mr. Hunt has taken in his second title, "The Liberty of the Press," *generally*. "The Newspaper" is our text, and about it alone we wish to write; Political Pamphlets at one time, and Philosophical Essays at another, took so many of its features, that we shall have to touch upon them both, but we shall have done with them as soon as possible, and return to our subject "pure and simple."

And a great subject it is! of which men of all opinions have agreed in one: that "its liberties and the liberties of the people must stand or fall together," as Hume was the first to declare; of which Erskine said, "Its freedom has alone made our government what it is, and can alone preserve it;" of which Burke said that, "a part of the reading of all, the whole of the reading of the far greater number, it is a more

important instrument than is generally imagined." "It is," thunders Junius (and he charges us to instil it into our children's minds)—"it is the palladium of all the civil, political, and religious rights of an Englishman!" That "knowledge is diffused among our people by it," as Johnson emphasised; that "it is the protector of freedom, a watchful guardian, capable of uniting the weak against the encroachments of power," as Goldsmith thought; that "it secures that publicity to the administration of the laws, which is the main source of its purity and wisdom," as Mansfield observed; that "it pervades and checks, and perhaps, in the last resort, nearly governs the whole of the government of England," as Canning declared; that, "through its assistance, a whole nation, as it were, holds council and deliberates," as De Lolme has written; such is what has been thought of the newspaper press by great and learned men, some of whom it had handled roughly too.

A great subject indeed! "Give me but the liberty of the press," said Sheridan, "and I will give to the minister a venal house of peers—I will give him a corrupt and servile house of commons—I will give him the full sway of the patronage of office—I will give him the whole host of ministerial influence—I will give him all the power that place can confer upon him to purchase and submission and overawe resistance, and yet, armed with the liberty of the press, I will go forth to meet him undismayed—I will attack the mighty fabric he has reared with that mightier engine—I will shake down from its height corruption, and bury it amidst the ruins of the abuses it was meant to shelter!" Such (who can deny it?) is the tremendous power of the press of the present day. The picture was perhaps a little overcharged as applied to its influence in the time of Sheridan.

"Great is journalism," cries Carlyle; "is not every able editor a ruler of the world, being a persuader of it?" "It is the newspaper," says Bulwer Lytton, "which gives to liberty its practical life, its constant observation, its perpetual vigilance, its unremitting activity. It is the daily and sleepless watchman that reports to you every danger which menaces the institutions of your country, and its interests at home and abroad. It is informal legislation of public opinion, and it informs the people of the acts of legislation: thus keeping up that constant sympathy, that good understanding between people and legislators which conduces to the maintenance of order, and prevents the stern necessity for revolution." A testimony to its importance is even wrung from the judges, who sit in jealous watchfulness of its licence: "I am willing to acknowledge, in the most ample terms, the information, the instruction, and the amusement derived from the public press," says Lord Lyndhurst, cautiously; but Lord Brougham speaks out more honestly: "There is nothing to fear," says his lordship, "from open public discussion—from that press which enables us to speak as we think."

Hallam comes forward to bear a less equivocal testimony: "For almost all that keeps up in us permanently and effectually the spirit of regard to liberty and the public good, we must look to the unshackled and independent energies of the press." "Freedom of discussion is our birthright," cried Sir Francis Burdett, "and by the dissemination of truth alone, through the medium of a free press, can we hope to attain or preserve our liberty." Bishop Horne says, "A newspaper is the history

of that world in which we now live, and with it we are more concerned than with days which have passed away and exist only in remembrance." More concise is Benjamin Constant, "The press is mistress of intelligence, and intelligence is mistress of the world!"

It is quite impossible for foreigners to *understand* our press: they have nothing like it. Napoleon, however, must have mastered the idea, if, indeed, he said, "A journalist is a giver of advice, a regent of sovereigns, a tutor of nations. Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a hundred thousand bayonets." Such a remark could scarcely have applied to the newspapers of the Empire. De Tocqueville's is more general, and would do for the press all over the world: "The newspaper is the only instrument by which the same thought can be dropped into a thousand minds at the same moment."

Of this mighty Mind-Engine—of this tremendous Moral Power, let us attempt to write the history; if but one half of what has been said of it were true, it should have had chroniclers innumerable, for where could a grander theme be found? Such an institution should be worth tracing from its earliest germ—from that origin and through that growth, of which an Edinburgh Reviewer has eloquently said:

"In common with everything of signal strength, journalism is a plant of slow and gradual growth. . . . Of far more modern date than the other estates of the realm, the fourth estate has overshadowed and surpassed them all. It has created the want which it supplies. It has obtained paramount influence and authority, partly by assuming them, but still more by deserving them. Of all puissances in the political world, it is at once the mightiest, the most irresponsible, the best administered, and the least misused. And, taken in its history, position, and relations, it is unquestionably the most grave, noticeable, formidable phenomenon—the greatest FACT of our times."

II.

The earliest Newspapers—The *Acta Diurna* of the Romans—The "Gazzettas" of Venice—Written News—News Correspondents—The First Execution of a News Writer—Derivation of the word "Newes."

IN inquiring into the rise and progress of the British newspaper press, it will be necessary to look into the annals of another country for the original from which the art of collecting and publishing, and commenting on intelligence, was copied—even without regard to its probable existence in remote ages. It would doubtless be flattering to our national pride to acknowledge, as of our own creation, such a noble institution as the public press has become; so indigenous as it would appear, at a first glance, to our soil, and congenial, in its stateliness and independence, to the feelings by which Englishmen are governed—so warmly as it has nursed and fostered all that, as a nation, we have to be proud of—so bravely as it has battled, and so nobly as it has suffered in the cause of our rights and liberties—so vigorously and successfully as it has fought against tyranny on the one hand and anarchy on the other—so zealously as it has assisted improvement and diffused knowledge—and so instrumental as it has been in giving weight and influence to the British name abroad,—we say our national pride would be flattered by claiming

it as an idea springing out of those noble principles in which we trace the germs of the other institutions belonging to a free and enlightened people which we enjoy.

But if we are denied this proud boast, we may take pleasure in noticing how this foreign blossom has flourished on our soil—how it has expanded into a far wider sphere of usefulness and importance than any other nation has been able to nurse or train it to—and in contrasting its state of majesty here with its weakly condition even in the countries where it was first sown; seeming to show that there is something in our constitution which favours the dissemination of public opinion, without the free power of expressing which a newspaper can be looked upon with little reverence, and would not deserve as many words as we may, perhaps, occupy sheets in recording its history. We must remember that only *nominally* was the first newspaper published in a foreign land: the press as it now is, and as only we could be proud of it—THE FREE PRESS OF ENGLAND—is peculiarly our own.

Publications answering to some extent the purposes of newspapers would appear to have been not entirely unknown in the remote ages. The Romans had their daily reports of public occurrences, called *Acta Diurna*, spoken of by Seneca. Suetonius and Tacitus also allude to the *Acta Diurna*, but more, it would seem, in the sense of journals of the proceedings of the municipal councils, as *Talia diurnis urbis actis mandare* (Tacitus). Dr. Johnson gives a few specimens of these news sheets in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1740, which contain short announcements of a much more familiar kind than we are in the habit of associating with the idea of ancient Rome. Thus we have reports of an assault case before the magistrates—of a brawl at the Hog-in-Armour Tavern, in Banker's-street—of a thunderstorm—of a fire on Mount Caelius—of the funeral of Marcia—and other every-day occurrences, which curiously remind us that the Romans were but men; and that Marcus Fuscus and Lucius Albus were brought up to the police court for being drunk and disorderly, and that Titus Lanius was fined for giving short weight. These *Acta Diurna* were issued "by authority" of the government, both of the republic and of the empire, and were posted in two or three of the most frequented parts for the perusal of the citizens. The writers (*actuarii*) seem even to have been possessed of some system of reporting speeches; for their papers contained, for a short time, the proceedings of the senate, the pleadings in the courts of law, &c. After the death of Julius Cæsar, the privilege of publishing the former was withdrawn; and the only confirmation of the latter belief occurs in the letter of Pliny the Younger to Tacitus, in which he calls his attention to a cause in which he had been engaged, "which cannot have escaped you, since it is in the public registers," which, after all, may have been but the archives of the court in which it was heard by the consuls, although he would then, one would think, not have been so sure that Tacitus would have read them.

Be this as it may, there remains much obscurity as to the actual character of these publications. Mr. Hunt protests against their being considered as at all allied to the subject, or bearing any relationship to the newspaper; but we would respectfully suggest that in all essential points they make good a claim to be regarded as newspapers, if periodical

publication and the promulgation of news are, as we take them to be, the essential points of difference between newspapers and proclamations, or pamphlets. The objection that they were in manuscript is rather puerile—"Rome had neither types nor presses!" But types and presses do not constitute a newspaper; and we might as well argue that *Lloyd's Evening Post* of the last century was not a newspaper because it had only four pages instead of eight.

During the sanguinary reigns of Cæsar's successors, the publication was lost to the Romans, and nothing of the kind seems to have been revived. We must confess our own opinion, that it was never of much importance, or we should have had more frequent mention of it; for what writer of the present day fills a volume without once alluding to the newspapers? But we may be pardoned for indulging a pleasant fancy, and conceiving the possibility of the publications, such as they were, having been introduced into Britain, and perhaps a similar system of promulgating news adopted, during its occupation by the Romans.

Italy—whatever may have been the real character of the *Acta Diurna*—can still claim to have been the birthplace of journalism; and the city, whose glories again illuminated her peninsula, may be left to dispute with Rome the honour of calling into existence the first public newspaper. "The first modern sheet of news," according to Chalmers, made its appearance in Venice, in or about the year 1536, for the purpose of enlightening the Venetians on the progress of the war with Turkey. It was in manuscript, written in a legible hand, and read aloud at particular stations, but only appeared once a month. In the Magliabecchi Library, at Florence, thirty volumes of this journal, all in MS., are still preserved; and it was not until the close of the sixteenth century that this inconvenient arrangement was abandoned, and the printing-press substituted for the pen.*

But insignificant as was the *Gazzetta* of Venice in the respects of size and influence, and even of information, its name is perpetuated in almost every country to the present day, in the title which obtains most among newspapers of all nations, *Gazette*. The name was derived, according to some, from the Latin word *gaza*, a treasury or store; according to others, from the Italian *gazza* or *gazzara*, a magpie or chatterer; but, with more probability, on the authority of several writers, from the name of a coin, *gazzetta* (the value of which was between a farthing and a half-penny of our money), now out of circulation, which was the price of the paper, or the fee formerly paid for the reading of the sheet in manuscript. Blount's *Glossographia*, early in the seventeenth century, gives the following definitions to the word:

"GAZZETTA.—A certain Venetian coin, scarce worth one farthing; also a bill of news, or short relation of the occurrences of the time, printed most commonly at Venice, and thence dispersed every month into most parts of Christendom."

It had now evidently assumed a more general character, and must have extended its information, as the news of Venice alone would scarcely have interested sufficiently "most parts of Christendom."

* The earliest of these papers contained in the British Museum is dated 1570, and is at that time printed.

These again Mr. Hunt rather fastidiously, we think, repudiates as newspapers, on the plea that "they were not published for circulation," but the above extract from Blount, which he could not have seen, shows that they were very widely circulated.

It was due to these progenitors of an extensive and honourable tribe to enter concisely into their history—in fact, that of the British press would not have been complete without a glance at the parent stem from which it sprang; but we shall not stop further to trace the progress of the newspaper press in other countries, but come at once to the period when it took root in our own.

When the spread of knowledge had made people interested in and inquisitive about public events, intelligence was circulated in a manner that still excluded the general public from participating in it, and made it a luxury attainable only by the rich. The classes who were beginning to dismiss the jester from their establishments, were taking on the news correspondent; the minds of the nobility and landed gentry had ascended a step higher, but the masses were still groping down below in the dark. Probably the extreme rigour with which the powers of the Star Chamber were exercised, and the great restrictions with which the progress of printing was fettered during the reign of Elizabeth, prevented anything in the shape of pamphlets of news being made public, for we find that but little of the kind appeared in her reign; but there was a profession of "news writers," or correspondents, who collected such scraps of information as they could from various sources, and for a subscription of three or four pounds per annum sent them every post-day to their employers in the country. Communications somewhat of this sort are preserved in Fenn's Letters, giving the particulars of events during the wars of the Roses.

A curious entry in the family accounts of the house of Clifford, of Yorkshire, is quoted by Whitaker, in his "History of Craven," from which it would appear that the calling of news writer was not considered dishonourable:

"To Captain Robinson, by my lord's commands, for writing letters of news to his lordship, for half a year, five pounds."

That the news was not always to be depended upon, is insinuated in Florio's "Second Frutes" (1591):

"T.—These be newes caste abroade to feede the common sorte. I doo not believe them.

"C.—Yea; but they are written to verie worshipful marchants.

"T.—By so much the lesse do I believe them. Doo not you know that everie yeare such newes are spreade abroade?

"C.—I am almost of your minde, for I seldome see these written reports prove true.

"T.—Prognostications, newes, devices, and letters from forraine countries, good Master Cæsar, are but used as confections, to feed the common people withal.

"C.—A man must give no more credite to Exchange and Powle's newes than to fugitives' promises and plaiers' fables."

This profession of "news correspondent" appears to have continued in existence as late as the beginning of the eighteenth century, although

no doubt fallen into great disrepute, for the prospectus of the *Evening Post*, which appeared on September 6th, 1709, thus alludes to it :

“There must be 3*l.* or 4*l.* per annum paid by those gentlemen who are out of town for written news, which is so far generally from having any probability of matter of fact in it, that it is generally stuffed up with a ‘we hear,’ &c., or ‘an eminent Jew merchant has received a letter,’ &c., being nothing more than a downright fiction.”

These correspondents had been a whole century going to the wall. The swaggering gossipper about the court had given up the trade to the disabled captain, who, having served abroad, was presumed to know the movements of the armies. With peace the captain’s *prestige* was gone, and the decidedly shabby gentleman, who haunted the chief places of public talk, Westminster Hall, Saint Paul’s, and the Exchange, earned a precarious living by collecting news for his country subscribers, and was the person so kindly favoured with perusals of the letters of the mythological “eminent Jew merchant.” The printing-press had already pushed them out of its way, and they were soon glad to go into its service, and to feed its iron jaws with matter for digestion at the rate of a penny a line. Or worse, if there were many Captain Rockinghams among them, who, as Gifford informs us in his *Notes* to Ben Jonson, is introduced in a curious poem called the “Great Assizes,” as a news correspondent, “whose occupation was invaded by a swarm of ‘paper wasters,’ &c.,

Who weekly uttered such a mass of lies
Under the specious name of novelties,

that the captain found his trade overrun, and was obliged to betake himself to ‘plucking tame pigeons’ (tricking) for a livelihood.”

In Fletcher’s “Fair Maid of the Inn” we have a glimpse of another of these captain correspondents, who “writ a full hand gallop and wasted more harmless paper than ever did laxative physic.”

One Rowland White, “the postmaster, a notable busy man,” “constantly writ over to Sir Robert Sydney, at Flushing, the news and intrigues of the court,” for which he (Sydney) “allowed him a salary,” according to Collins (“*Memorials of State*”), quoted by Mr. Hunt; but, if we are to search out all such correspondents, and consider them as professional writers of news, there is no writer of an ordinary letter of the times whom we should not regard as one of our early journalists. All letters, especially in times of agitation or trouble, would be written to convey news; and we even doubt whether Edward Coleman, the victim of Titus Oates, was sufficiently a *professional* news writer to require mention; however, as he was a martyr in the cause—perhaps the first who was hanged for writing a letter of news—we will glance at him as he goes along on his hurdle to Tyburn, forsworn by Oates, assailed by Jeffreys, and judged by Scroggs—a worthy trio to make the first declaration of war against the circulation of intelligence—for such was his offence after all. It matters not that his intelligence was false, his zeal indiscreet, his principles criminal, it was for *circulating* his news letters, not for *writing* them, that he was charged with high treason.

Descended from a good family in Suffolk, Coleman had raised himself

to the office of secretary to the Duke of York; but Roger North, in his Life of Lord Keeper Guildford, informs us that, going the northern circuit, "as his lordship passed along, divers gentlemen showed him circular news letters that came to them;" "and upon his lordship's inquiry, he was told that they came from Mr. Coleman, the Duke of York's secretary. His lordship, on his return, made a representation to the king of this news letter from such a person, and the ill consequences of it. Whereupon Mr. Coleman was turned out of the duke's service, but never blamed, for he was afterwards made the Duchess of York's secretary."

Still suspicion had pointed at him, and Oates made the most of it. Coleman was condemned to death, and he died accordingly, abandoned in his extremity by the promise-breaking master he had served, and hooted by a mob which did not know his offence. Two centuries, saving a score of years, have rolled up their mists between him and us, and we have but an imperfect view of the first martyr of journalism; but there appears to have been but little to admire in his character beyond his fidelity to the cause of the gloomy bigots to whom he gave up his life.

In the reigns of Charles and James these "newes books" still struggled against the printed sheets of news. Pepys in his Diary twice alludes to them, but without comment. And here we may pause to remark upon the great flights which certain learned gentlemen have lately taken in search of the derivation of this same word "newes." Soaring high above what would appear to us poor benighted mortals as the root from which it sprang—the plain English adjective *new*—they have fought fiercely to assign to it all sorts of sources: from the French, from the Norman, from the German, the Dutch, the Teutonic, and the Flemish. Nay, one suggests the possibility of its coming from the Greek *vous*, the understanding, and another from the English word *noise*! Still more ridiculous is the origin assigned to it by most of the small encyclopædists from the letters ^{s.} ^{n.} ^{e.} _{w.} having stood on the heading of the earliest newspapers to indicate that the intelligence they contained was collected from all points of the compass! This hypothesis, started, we believe, in the *European Magazine* in 1747, and clung to even by Mr. Haydn in his "Dictionary of Dates," was very pretty and ingenious, and might have been accepted as correct but for two very troublesome facts—that, despite the assertion, no newspapers are known with the pretended heading, and that the earliest spelling of the word was *newes*, which would give us five cardinal points instead of four. This superficial statement, uttered gravely in 1850, may be traced to the "Wit's Recreations," where it is suggested playfully as long ago as 1640:

When news doth come, if any would discusse
The letters of the word, resolve it thus:
News is conveyed by letter, word, or mouth,
And comes to us from north, east, west, and south.

In the same year, too, Butter, alluding to the newspapers of the Continent, calls them "novels," which confirms the more rational opinion of the derivation of the word.

SCENERY OF SINAI AND PALESTINE.*

SINAI and Palestine have been variously described, some may think with almost too much reiteration; but it was possible, the Rev. A. P. Stanley has shown, to view the Holy Land under a new aspect, that of its outward appearance—its actual physiognomy—in relation to its history and past and present civilisation. The influence of such external features on the natural character, on the forms of its poetry, its philosophy, and its worship, the explanation given by them to particular events, the evidence they lend of the truths of sacred history, the illustration they afford of the scenes of events and their poetical and proverbial use, are points that have as yet been little touched upon, still less fully expounded. The long course of ages has invested the prospects and scenes of the Holy Land with poetical and moral associations, but it has not yet been attempted to show the connexion of these with the poetical events of the sacred history. The comparative geographer has laboured, from the collection of various data, to establish the identity of modern with ancient localities; the biblical archæologist has toiled, not in vain, to unravel the politico-religious institutions and the vicissitudes of the people; few have thought to stop at the connexion that is to be traced between the scenery, the features, and the situation of Sinai and of Palestine, on the one hand, and the history of the Israelites on the other. Yet, if there be anything in the course of human affairs which brings us near to the Divinity which shapes men's ends, rough hew them as they will, which indicates something of the prescience of their future course even at its commencement, it is the sight of that framework in which the national character is enclosed, by which it is modified, beyond which it cannot develop itself. Such a forecast, as every one knows, can be seen in the peculiar conformation and climate of Greece. There is, as one of the profoundest historians of our day well observes, a satisfaction in treading the soil and breathing the atmosphere of historical persons or events, like that which results from familiarity with their actual language and with their contemporary chronicles. And this pleasure is increased in proportion as the events in question occurred not within perishable or perished buildings, but in unchanging scenes of nature: on the Sea of Galilee and Mount Olivet, and at the foot of Gerizim, rather than in the house of Pilate, or the inn of Bethlehem, or the garden of the Holy Sepulchre, even were the localities now shown as such ever so genuine.

Greek and Italian geography intertwines itself far more closely in some respects with the history and religion of the two countries; yet when we take the proverbs, the apologues, the types, furnished even by Parnassus and Helicon, the Capitol and the Rubicon, they bear no comparison with the appropriateness of the corresponding figures and phrases borrowed from Arabian and Syrian topography, even irrespectively of the wider diffusion given them by our greater familiarity with the Scriptures. The passage of the Red Sea—"the wilderness" of life—the "Rock of

* Sinai and Palestine in connexion with their History. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M.A., Canon of Canterbury. John Murray.

Ages"—Mount Sinai and its terrors—the view from Pisgah—the passage of the Jordan, the rock of Zion, and the fountain of Siloa—the lake of Gennesareth, with its storms, its waves, and its fishermen, are well-known instances in which the local features of the Holy Land have naturally become the household imagery of Christendom.

Greece and Italy have also geographical charms of a high order. But they have never provoked a Crusade; and however bitter may have been the disputes of antiquarians about the Acropolis of Athens or the Forum of Rome, they have never, as at Bethlehem and Jerusalem, become matters of religious controversy—grounds for interpreting old prophecies or producing new ones—cases for missions of diplomatists, or for the war of so-called civilised nations.

The historical interest of sacred geography, though belonging in various degrees to Mesopotamia, Egypt, Asia Minor, Greece, and Italy, is, like the sacred history itself, concentrated on the Peninsula of Sinai and on Palestine. Mr. Stanley does not exaggerate the physical peculiarities of the former region when he pronounces it to be, geographically and geologically speaking, one of the most remarkable districts on the face of the earth. It combines the three grand features of earthly scenery—the sea, the desert, and the mountains. It occupies also a position central to three countries, distinguished not merely for their history, but for their geography, amongst all other nations of the world—Egypt, Arabia, Palestine. And, lastly, it has been the scene of a history as unique as its situation, by which the fate of the three nations which surround it, and, through them, the fate of the whole world, has been determined:

It is a just remark of Chevalier Bunsen, that Egypt has, properly speaking, no history. History was born on that night when Moses led forth his people from Goshen. Most fully is this felt as the traveller emerges from the valley of the Nile, the study of the Egyptian monuments, and finds himself on the broad track of the Desert. In those monuments, magnificent and instructive as they are, he sees great things, and mighty deeds—the father, the son, and the children—the sacrifices, the conquests, the coronations. But there is no beginning, middle, and end of a moral progress, or even of a mournful decline. In the Desert, on the contrary, the moment the green fields of Egypt recede from our view, still more when we reach the Red Sea, the further and further we advance into the Desert and the mountains, we feel that everything henceforward is continuous, that there is a sustained and protracted interest, increasing more and more till it reaches its highest point in Palestine, in Jerusalem, in Calvary, and in Olivet. And in the Desert of Sinai this interest is enhanced by the fact that there it stands alone. Over all the other great scenes of human history—Palestine itself, Egypt, Greece, and Italy—successive tides of great recollections have rolled, each to a certain extent obliterating the traces of the former. But in the Peninsula of Sinai there is nothing to interfere with the effect of that single event. The Exodus is the one only stream of history that has passed through this wonderful region—a history which has for its background the whole magnificence of Egypt, and for its distant horizon the forms, as yet unborn, of Judaism, of Mahometanism, of Christianity.

The Peninsula of Sinai lies between the two gulfs of Suez and of Akaba. From them it derives its contact with the sea, and therefore with the world; which is one striking distinction between it and the rest of the vast desert of which it forms a part. From hardly any point of the Sinaitic range is the view of the sea wholly excluded; its waters, blue

with a depth of colour more like that of some of the Swiss lakes than of our northern or midland seas, its tides imparting a life to the dead landscape; its white shells which strew the shores, the forests of submarine vegetation, which give the whole sea its Hebrew appellation of the "Sea of Weeds," the trees of coral, whose huge trunks may be seen even on the dry land, with the red rocks and red sand which, especially in the Gulf of Akaba, bound its sides, all bring before us the mightier mass of the Red, or Erythræan Ocean, the coral strands of the Indian Archipelago, of which these two gulfs, with their peculiar products, are the northern offshoots:

The peninsula itself has been the scene of but one cycle of human events. But it has through its two watery boundaries been encircled with two tides of history, which must not be forgotten in the associations which give it a foremost place in the geography and history of the world; two tides, never flowing together, one falling as the other rose, but imparting to each of the two barren valleys through which they flow a life and activity hardly less than that which has so long animated the valley of the Nile. The two great lines of Indian traffic have alternately passed up the eastern and the western gulf; and though unconnected with the greater events of the Peninsula of Sinai, the commerce of Alexandria and the communications of England with India, which now pass down the Gulf of Suez, are not without interest, as giving a lively image of the ancient importance of the twin Gulf of Akaba. That gulf, now wholly deserted, was, in the times of the Jewish monarchy, the great thoroughfare of the fleets of Solomon and Jehoshaphat, and the only point in the second period of their history which brought the Israelites into connexion with the scenes of the earliest wanderings of their nation.

Such are the western and eastern boundaries of this mountain tract; striking to the eye of the geographer, as the two parallels to that narrow Egyptian land from which the Israelites came forth; important to the historian, as the two links of Europe and Asia with the great ocean of the south, as the two points of contact between the Jewish people and the civilisation of the ancient world. From the summit of Mount St. Catherine, or of Um-Shuma, a wandering Israelite might have seen the beginning and the end of the nation's greatness. On the one side lay the sea through which they had escaped from the bondage of slavery and idolatry—still a mere tribe of the shepherds of the Desert. On the other side lay the sea, up which were afterwards conveyed the treasures of the Indies, to adorn the palace and the temple of the capital of a mighty empire.

The peninsula itself is, physically speaking, divided into three parts. The first and most extensive is the northern table-land of limestone, which is known as the Desert of Tyh, or the "Wanderings." It is a wide, undulating, pebbly plain, supported and enclosed by long horizontal ranges of hills, which keep their uniform character wherever they are seen; and however much they may vary in form or height, are always faithful to their tabular outline and blanched desolation. One solitary station-house and fort marks this wilderness. A miniature of the mid-way station for the great Syrian desert—the Palm-grove station of Solomon and Zenobia—it is called Nakhel—the Palm—from an adjacent palm-grove, which has vanished like that of Tadmor or Palmyra.

A narrow plain, or belt of sand, called from that circumstance the Dabbet-er-Ramleh, divides the table-land of the north from the mountains

of the south. This yellow line of sand is distinctly visible from Sirbal and St. Catherine; and seems to be, as its name implies, the only tract of pure sand which the Desert of Sinai presents. Sand is, indeed, the exception and not the rule of the Arabian desert, or Syrian or Mesopotamian wilderness. Whatever other sufferings the Israelites may have undergone, the great sand-drifts which the armies of Cambyses encountered in the desert of Africa are never mentioned, nor could have been mentioned, in their journeyings through the wilderness of Sinai.

Beyond is the mountain-land of the peninsula; it is called the Tur by the Arabs, and its people the Tuwara, as the people of Tyh are called the Tiyaha. The word is Chaldaic and Syriac as well as Arabic. It was the name given to the whole of that country of mountains which, as modified by the Romans, became Taurus, and it is still given to a fragment of the same chain in Mesopotamia. A partly sandy, partly gravelly plain, runs, under the name of El Ka'a, along the south-western base of this mountain mass. On their north-western side, and on the whole of the eastern side of the peninsula, the mountains of the Tur descend so steeply on the shores of the sea that there is little more than the beach left between the precipitous cliffs and the rising tides.

This mountain-land is approached by steep and rugged defiles, or passes, called Nakhb, or Akaba, and which lead to the higher land above, from which spring the cliffs and mountains themselves. They begin in a gradual, and terminate usually in a very steep ascent—almost a staircase of rock.

The mountains themselves, a granitic kernel, flanked by sandstone formations, are divided into three clusters, each with a central summit. These are the north-western cluster, which rises above Wady Fairan, and of which the most remarkable mountain—being in some respects also the most remarkable in the whole peninsula—is Mount Sirbal; the eastern and central cluster, of which the highest point is Mount St. Catherine; and the south-eastern cluster, which forms, as it were, the outskirts of the central mass, the highest point of which is Um-Shuma, the most elevated summit of the whole range.

It is to its rock formations that Mount Sinai owes the depth and variety of colour which distinguish it from all other mountainous scenery. Red with dark green are the predominant hues. These colours are diversified by the long streaks of purple, which run over them from top to bottom. Sandstone and granite alike lend the strong red hue, which, when it extends further eastward, is connected with the name of Edom. It was long ago described by Diodorus Siculus as of a bright scarlet hue, and is represented in legendary pictures as of a brilliant crimson. Viewed even in the soberest light, Mr. Stanley says, it gives a richness to the whole mountain landscape which is wholly unknown in the grey and brown suits of our northern hills.

Another feature of Mount Sinai, less peculiar but highly characteristic, is the infinite complication of jagged peaks and varied ridges. When seen from a distance this causes them to present as fine an outline of mountain scenery as can be conceived, but the beauty and distinctness of a nearer view is lost in its multiplied and intricate confusion. Not less striking is their nakedness. They are the Alps of Arabia—but the

Alps planted in the Desert—the Alps unclothed. “This,” says Mr. Stanley—“their union of grandeur with desolation—is the point of their scenery absolutely unrivalled.”

And it is this, probably, combined with the peculiarity of the atmosphere, that produces the deep stillness and consequent reverberation of the human voice, which can never be omitted in any enumeration of the characteristics of Mount Sinai. From the highest point of Ras Sasafeh to its lower peak, a distance of about sixty feet, the page of a book, distinctly but not loudly read, was perfectly audible; and every remark of the various groups of travellers descending from the heights of the same point rose clearly to those immediately above them. It was the belief of the Arabs who conducted Neibuhr, that they could make themselves heard across the Gulf of Akaba; a belief doubtless exaggerated, yet probably originated or fostered by the great distance to which in these regions the voice can actually be carried. And it is probably from the same cause that so much attention has been excited by the mysterious noises which have from time to time been heard on the summit of Jibal Musa, in the neighbourhood of Um-Shuma, and in the mountain of Nakus or “the Bell,” so called from the legend that the sounds proceed from the bells of a convent enclosed within the mountain. In this last instance the sound is supposed to originate in the rush of sand down the mountain-side; sand here, as elsewhere, playing the same part as the waters or snows of the north. In the case of Jibal Musa, where it is said that the monks had originally settled on the highest peak, but were by these strange noises driven down to their present seat in the valley; and in the case of Um-Shuma, where it was described to Burckhardt as like the sound of artillery, the precise cause has never been ascertained. But in all these instances the effect must have been heightened by the deathlike silence of a region where the fall of waters, even the trickling of brooks, is unknown.

The wadys—hollows, valleys, or depressions, more or less deep, wide, or long, worn or washed by the mountain torrents or winter rains—constitute an important feature in Mount Sinai. For a few weeks or days in the winter these valleys present the appearance of rushing streams, but their usual aspect is absolutely bare and waste, only presenting the image of thirsty desolation, the more strikingly so from the constant indications of water which is no longer there. Yet to these waterless rivers the Desert owes its boundaries, its form, its means of communication, as truly as the countries or districts of Europe owe theirs to the living streams which divide range from range and nation from nation.

The chief of the Sinaitic valleys are the Wady-es-Shaykh, or Shaikh's Valley, so called from the tomb of Shaykh Salah, the Muhammadan sanctuary of the peninsula, and which, following a curvilinear direction, separates the two great clusters of mountains, with a vast margin on each side, such as, in a happier climate, would afford pasturage for a thousand cattle; the Wady Tayibeh, so designated from the “goodly” water and vegetation it contains; the Wady Sayal, or of the “Acacia;” the Wady Musa, closed between overarching cliffs; the Wady Tidri, expanding into a level space, with rare bushes of white thorn, whence its name; and the Wady Abu Hamad, “the father of fig-trees” that grow in its clefts. Not only the valleys, but the mountains also, are named from the slight vegetation by which they are distinguished. Thus, Um-Shuma signifies “the mother of fennel;” Ras Sasafeh—the Horeb of Moses—is “the willow-head;” Sirbal is so called from the Sir, or myrrh,

which creeps along its ledges; and Mr. Stanley thinks that Sinai itself derives from Sinah, or Seneh, "acacia."

The springs that are met with in Sinai assume an importance from their rarity as well as from their being the nucleus of whatever vegetation the region produces, and the seat of whatever settlements have been founded there. In all of them the union of vegetation with the fantastic scenery of the desolate mountains presents a combination as beautiful as it is extraordinary. They occur at such distances, that after leaving Suez, it is often difficult to travel from one to another in a day's journey. The best known and the most remarkable collection of springs is that which renders the cluster of Jibal Musa the chief resort of the Bedouin tribes during the summer heats. Four abundant sources in the mountains immediately above the convent of St. Catherine must always have made that region one of the most frequented of the Desert. The springs at the port of Tur give birth to the palm-grove called that of Al Wady. Tracts of vegetation are to be met with indeed in all the principal wadys, from the existence of perennial brooks or waters of more or less duration.

This is the general conformation of the scenery through which the Israelites passed. Even if their precise route were unknown, yet the peculiar features of the country have so much in common that the history would still receive many remarkable illustrations. They were brought into contact with a desolation which was forcibly contrasted with the green valley of the Nile. They were enclosed within a sanctuary of temples and pyramids not made with hands—the more awful from its total dissimilarity to anything which they or their fathers could have remembered in Egypt or in Palestine. They were wrapt in a silence which gave full effect to the morning and the evening shout with which the encampment rose and pitched, and still more to the "thunders, and the voice exceeding loud" on the top of Horeb. The prophet and his people were thus secluded from all former thoughts and associations, that

"Separate from the world, his breast
Might duly take and strongly keep
The print of God, to be expressed
Ere long on Sion's steep."

Not less illustrative, though perhaps less explanatory of the more special incidents recorded, are some of the more local peculiarities of the Desert. The occasional springs, and wells, and brooks, are in accordance with the notices of the waters of Marah; the "springs" (mistranslated "wells") of Elim; the "brook" of Horeb; the "well" of Jethro's daughters, with its "troughs" or tanks in Midian. The vegetation is still that which we should infer from the Mosaic history. The wild acacia (*Mimosa Nilotica*), under the name of "sont," everywhere represents the "seneh" or "senna" of the Burning Bush. A slightly different form of the tree, equally common under the name of "sayal," is the ancient "shittah," or, as more usually expressed in the plural form (from the tangled thickets into which its stem expands), the "shittim," of which the tabernacle was made; an incidental proof, it may be observed, of the antiquity of the institution, inasmuch as the acacia, though the chief growth of the Desert, is very rare in Palestine. The "retem," or wild broom, with its high canopy and white blossoms, gives its name to one of the stations of the Israelites (Rithmah), and is the very shrub under which—in the only subsequent passage which connects the Desert with the history of Israel—Elijah slept in his wanderings. The "palms," not the graceful trees of Egypt, but the hardly less picturesque wild palms of uncultivated regions, with their dwarf trunks and shaggy branches, vindicate by their very appearance the title of being

emphatically the "trees" of the Desert; and therefore, whether in the cluster of the seventy palm-trees of the second station of the wanderings, or in the grove, which still exists at the head of the Gulf of Akaba, were known by the generic name of "Elim," "Elath," or "Eloth," "the trees." The "tarfa," or tamarisk, is not mentioned by name in the history of the Exodus; yet if the tradition of the Greek Church and of the Arabs be adopted, it is inseparably connected with the wanderings by the "manna" which distils from it, as gum arabic from the acacia. It is also brought within the limit of their earlier history by the grove of "tamarisks" which Abraham planted round the wells of Beersheba, as soon as he had exchanged the vegetation of Palestine—the oaks of Moreh and of Mamre—for the wild and scanty shrubs of the Desert frontier. The "Casaf," or "Asaf," the caper plant, the bright green creeper which climbs out of the fissures of the rocks in the Sinaitic valleys, has been identified on grounds of great probability with the "hyssop" or "ezob" of Scripture, and thus explains whence came the green branches used even in the Desert for sprinkling the water over the tents of the Israelites.

The physical phenomena, as in the mysterious sounds of the Jibal Musa, assist in explaining the wonders of the giving of the Law, and the relation of the Desert to its modern inhabitants is still illustrative of its ancient history. The local traditions, Arab and Greek, afford but scanty data by which to trace the track of the Israelites, and the physical peculiarities of the district have suggested most of the legendary scenes which subsequent tradition has fastened on that history. Such are the "fossil trees" proclaimed as memorials of the "Burning Bush;" the mark of the back of Moses on the summit of the mountain that bears his name; the mark of the body of St. Catherine on the summit of Jibal Katherin; the footmark of the mule; the sunbeam of the "Burning Bush;" and the Rock of Moses.

If the sanctity of Sinai was forgotten under the Jewish Dispensation, still more likely was it to be set aside under the Christian, where not merely its contrast, but its inferiority, was the constant burden of all the allusions to it—"the mount that gendereth to bondage," "the mount that might be touched." But what its own associations could not win for it, its desert solitudes did. From the neighbouring shores of Egypt—the parent land of monasticism—the anchorites and cenobites were drawn, by the sight of these wild mountains, across the Red Sea; and beside the palm-groves of Fairan, and the springs of Jibal Musa, were gathered a host of cells and convents. The whole range must have been then to the Greek Church what Athos is now. No less than six thousand monks or hermits congregated round Jibal Musa; and Paran must almost have deserved the name of a city at the time when it was frequented by the Arabian pilgrims, who wrote their names on the sandstone rocks of the Wady Mokaltab and the granite rocks of Sirbal. Probably the tide of Syrian and Byzantine pilgrims chiefly turned to Jibal Musa; the African and Alexandrian to the nearer sanctuary at Fairan. Of all these memorials of ancient devotion, the great convent of the Transfiguration, or, as it was afterwards called, of St. Catherine, alone remains.

Those who have seen the Grande Chartreuse in the Alps of Dauphny know the shock produced by the sight of that vast edifice in the midst of the mountain desert—the long, irregular pile of the Parisian architecture of the fifteenth century—the one habitation of the upland wilderness of which it is the centre. It

is this feeling, raised to its highest pitch, which is roused on finding in the heart of the Desert of Sinai the stately Convent of St. Catherine, with its massive walls, its gorgeous church hung with banners, its galleries of chapels, of cells, and of guest chambers, its library of precious manuscripts, the sound of its rude cymbals calling to prayer, and changed by the echoes into music as it rolls through the desert valley, the double standard of the Lamb and Cross floating high from its topmost towers.

The Byzantine emperor, Justinian, determined to secure a safe transit through the Desert by a fortified convent. A tower, ascribed to Helena, furnished the nucleus. It stood by the traditional sites of the Well of Jethro and the Burning Bush, a retreat for the hermits when in former times they had been hard pressed by their Bedouin neighbours.

As centuries have rolled on, even the convent of Sinai has not escaped their influence. The many cells which formerly peopled the mountains have long been vacant. The episcopal city of Paran, perhaps in consequence of the rise of the foundation of Justinian, has perished almost without a history. The nunnery of St. Episteme has vanished; the convent of the good physicians Cosmo and Damian, the hermitage of St. Onufrius, the convent of the Forty Martyrs—tinged with a certain interest from the famous churches of the same name, derived from them, in the Forum of Rome, on the Janicular Hill, and on the Lateran—are all in ruins; and the great fortress of St. Catherine probably owes its existence more to its massive walls than to any other single cause. Yet it is a thought of singular, one might add of melancholy interest, that amidst all these revolutions the convent of Mount Sinai is still the one seat of European and of Christian civilisation and worship, not only in the whole Peninsula of Sinai, but in the whole country of Arabia. Still, or at least till within a very few years, it has retained a hold, if not on the reason or the affections, at least on the superstitions of the Bedouins, beyond what is exercised by any other influence. Burckhardt, and after him Robinson, relate with pathetic simplicity the deep conviction with which these wild children of the Desert believe that the monks command or withhold the rain from heaven, on which the whole sustenance of the peninsula depends.

With these singular advantages, Mr. Stanley also points out that it is hard to recal another institution with opportunities so signally wasted. The convent-fortress of St. Catherine is a colony of Christian pastors planted among heathens, who wait on them for their daily bread and for their rain from heaven, yet not a spark of civilisation, or of Christianity, so far as history records, has been imparted to a single tribe or family in that wide wilderness. Not only this, but hardly a fact has been contributed by them to the geography, the meteorology, or natural history of a country which has been submitted to their investigation, in all its aspects, for thirteen centuries.

The scenery of Palestine is so much more familiar than that of Sinai, that it is unnecessary to enter into the same details regarding that region as has been done in the instance of "The Desert." It is to be regretted that Mr. Stanley, in travelling from Akaba to Petra, instead of following the Wady Arabah, pursued the usual course across the range of the Jibal Shira. But he has made some remarks which show that the slope from east to west, which distorts the course of the currents, makes it almost impossible to distinguish whether they descend in a northerly or southerly direction. In the midst of the line of hills or undulations spoken of by Burckhardt and De Bertou, Mr. Stanley's Arab Shaykh showed him a

broad watercourse, Wady Howar, which he maintained was the water-shed; but it ran from east to west, and therefore towards a lower level than the Tyh mountains, where it may turn northwards or southwards, nobody knows which. This, however, is sufficient to prove that the water-shed is at a lower level than that assumed by De Bertou, and probably somewhere near where Captain W. Allen places it, about twenty-five miles from Akaba. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* has strangely misrepresented the views entertained by the last-mentioned traveller, and which were alluded to in the last number of the *New Monthly Magazine*, when he supposes that Captain Allen's project necessitates two cuttings, one for forty miles from Acre to the Jordan, and another of 120 miles from the Dead Sea to Akaba. The Dead Sea lying in a depression of about 1300 feet below the Mediterranean, all that is requisite is to open a canal to such a point on either line as shall have a depression of thirty feet below the level of the Mediterranean: and this point Captain Allen believes to be at about twenty-five miles from the Bay of Acre, and twenty-five miles from Akaba, which would hence be all the cutting necessary to fill up the remainder of the proposed canal. In the map of the Peninsula of Sinai, attached to Mr. Stanley's work, the Wady-al-Arabah is depicted as a true wady, or marshy hollow or depression, extending from the Dead Sea to Akaba, with a nominal water-shed a little southward of Petra, as if it was a mere accidental accumulation of the detritus borne down by the rivulets of that neighbourhood in the rainy season into the Wady-el-Arabah.

The great features of Palestine are its mountains and rivers. From the Lebanon flow four rivers of unequal magnitude, on which, at different times, have sprung up the four ruling powers of that portion of Asia. Lebanon is in this respect, Mr. Stanley remarks, a likeness of that primeval paradise to which its local traditions have always endeavoured to attach themselves. The Orontes was the river of the Greek kingdom of Antioch and Seleucia; the Litany was the river of Phœnicia; the Barada was the river of the Syrian kingdom of Damascus; the Jordan was the river of Palestine. The Jordan is unique on the surface of the globe: the deep depression of that river has absolutely no parallel. No other valley in the world presents such extraordinary physical features; none has been the subject of such various theories as to its origin and character. Earth and man are in this country alike objects of wonder and investigation.

It is around and along this deep fissure that the hills of western and eastern Palestine spring up, forming the link between the high group of Lebanon on the north, and the high group of Sinai on the south. On the one side of the Jordan these hills present a mass of green pastures and forests, melting away, on the east, into the red plains of the Hauran. On the other side they form a mass of grey rock, rising above the yellow desert on the south, bounded on the west by the long green strip of the maritime plain, cut asunder on the north by the rich plain of Esdraelon, rising again beyond Esdraelon into the wild scenery of mountains and forest in the roots of Lebanon.

Each of these divisions has a name, a character, and, to a certain extent, a history of its own, and they were unitedly secluded from the rest of the world by desert, sea, and mountain. In Palestine, as in

Greece, every traveller is struck with the smallness of the country. It is rarely more than fifty miles from the Jordan to the sea. Its length from Dan to Beersheba is about 180 miles. But Mr. Stanley remarks, that whatever may be the poverty or insignificance of the landscape, it is at once relieved by a glimpse of either of the two boundaries of mountain or sea, visible from almost every high point in the country, and the close proximity of each—the deep purple shade of the one, and the glittering waters of the other—makes it always possible for one or other of those two voices to be heard now as they were by the psalmists of old.

The once central situation of Palestine materially influenced its destinies. "I have set Jerusalem in the midst of the nations and countries that are round about her." Palestine was the "high bridge" over which the ancient empires ascended and descended respectively into the deep basins of the Nile and the Euphrates. The whole history of Palestine, between the return from the captivity and the Christian era, is a contest between the "kings of the north and the kings of the south"—the descendants of Seleucus and the descendants of Ptolemy—as it afterwards became the scene of the chief conflicts of Rome with Asia. There is no other country in the world, Mr. Stanley remarks, which could exhibit the same confluence of associations as that which is awakened by the rocks which overhang the crystal stream of the Dog river, where it rushes through the ravines of Lebanon into the Mediterranean Sea; where, side by side, are to be seen the hieroglyphics of the great Rameses (a fact which the French archæologist De Saulcy persists in denying), the cuneiform characters of Sennacherib, and the Latin inscriptions of the Emperor Antoninus.

Above all other countries in the world, Palestine is a land of ruins. It is not that the particular ruins are on a scale equal to those of Greece and Italy, still less so to those of Egypt. But there is no country in which they are so numerous, none in which they bear so large a proportion to the villages and towns still in existence. In Judæa it is hardly an exaggeration to say, that whilst for miles and miles there is no appearance of present life or habitation—except the occasional goatherd on the hill-side, or gathering of women at the wells—there is hardly a hill-top of the many within sight which is not covered by the vestiges of some fortress or city of former ages. Nowhere else can all the details of Roman domestic architecture be seen so clearly as in the hundreds of deserted villages which stand in the red desert of the Hauran, as nowhere can the dwellings and churches of the primitive Christians be seen to such advantage as in North Syria. The ruins are of the most diverse ages; Saracenic, Crusadine, Roman, Grecian, Jewish, extending even to the old Canaanitish remains, before the arrival of Joshua. This variety, this accumulation of destruction, is the natural result of the position which has made Palestine for so many ages the thoroughfare and prize of the world. What a field for labour is here presented to the Palestine Archæological Association! So remote is the origin of some of these remains, cairns, monoliths, circles of stones, tells, and forsaken villages, that as far back as the history and language of Palestine reaches, they were familiar to the inhabitants of the country.

Travellers ask themselves, on witnessing such a scene of desolation, "Can these stony hills, these [deserted valleys, be indeed the Land of Promise, the land flowing with milk and honey?" The difference is that between culture and neglect, the destruction of forests and groves, and the consequent absence of moisture and springs. The forests of Hareth, of Bethel, of Sharon, and of Ziph, have, for example, all long since disappeared.

Mr. Stanley denies to the scenery of Palestine any peculiar claims to beauty. The country, he says, is not only without the two main elements of beauty—variety of outline and variety of colour—but the features rarely so group together as to form any distinctive or impressive combination. The hills are generally rounded and of a grey colour—grey partly from the limestone of which they are formed, partly from the tufts of grey shrub with which their sides are clothed, and from the prevalence of the olive. As Keith has too justly said, "The rounded and rocky hills of Judæa swell out in empty, unattractive, and even repulsive barrenness, with nothing to relieve the eye or captivate the fancy."

These rounded hills, occasionally stretching into long, undulating ranges, are, for the most part, bare of wood. Forest and large timber are not known. Corn-fields, and in the neighbourhood of Christian populations, as at Bethlehem, vineyards creep along the ancient terraces. In the spring, the hills and valleys are covered with thin grass, and the aromatic shrubs which clothe more or less almost the whole of Syria and Arabia. But they also glow with what Mr. Stanley believed to be peculiar to Palestine, but is not so, being equally common to Syria and Mesopotamia—a profusion of wild flowers, daisies, the white flower called the Star of Bethlehem, but especially with a blaze of scarlet flowers of all kinds, chiefly anemones, wild tulips, and poppies.

The general barrenness of the country sets off in the same way the rare exceptions in the larger forms of vegetable life. The olive, the fig, and the pomegranate are so humble in stature, that they hardly attract the eye till the spectator is among them. Then, indeed, the twisted stems and silver foliage of the first, the dark broad leaf of the second, the tender green and scarlet blossoms of the third, are amongst the most beautiful of sights even when stripped of their associations, which would make the tamest of their kind venerable.

There are, however, a few trees which emerge from this general obscurity. Foremost stand the cedars of Lebanon. In ancient times the sides of that mountain were covered with them, now they are only found in one small hollow on its north-western slope. The oaks and terebinths must always have presented striking objects in the view, wherever they appeared. They are both tall and spreading trees, with dark evergreen foliage, but they are rare, and the oaks especially have become invested with a kind of religious sanctity, as landmarks of the country, to a degree which would not be possible in more thickly-wooded regions. Such are the oaks of Abraham, of Moreh at Shechem, of Mamre at Hebron, of Bethel, and such the groves of Hazori and at the sanctuary of Dan.

The palm which once broke the uniformity of the Syrian landscape is now almost unknown to its hills and valleys. Two or three in the garden of Jerusalem, some few perhaps at Nablus, one or two in the plain of

Esdraelon, comprise nearly all the instances of the palm in Central Palestine. Once a palm-grove seven miles long surrounded Jericho; En-gedi was in a similar grove; so also was Bethany. The sycamore is still a tree of the plain, or rather of the fountain, but rare; and the oleander, with its bright blossoms and dark green leaves, still imparts the aspect of a rich garden to the banks of the Jordan.

Lastly, not only does the thirsty character of the whole of Palestine give a peculiar expression to any places where water may be had, but the rocky soil preserves their identity, and the wells of the Holy Land serve as the links by which each successive age is bound to the other, in a manner which at first sight would be thought almost incredible. The tombs of Ancient Greece or Rome lined the public roads with funeral pillars or towers. Grassy graves and marble monuments fill the churchyards and churches of Christian Europe. But the sepulchres of Palestine were, like the habitations of its earliest inhabitants, hewn out of the living limestone rock, and hence do they remain, next to the wells, the most authentic memorials of past times.

“And this,” Mr. Stanley remarks, “is in fact the final conclusion which is to be drawn from the character, or rather want of character, presented by the general scenery. If the first feeling be disappointment, yet the second may well be thankfulness. There is little in these hills and valleys on which the imagination can fasten. Whilst the great seats of Greek and Roman religion—at Delphi and Lebadea, by the lakes of Alba and of Aricia—strike even the indifferent traveller as deeply impressive, Shiloh and Bethel, on the other hand, so long the sanctuaries and oracles of God, almost escape the notice even of the zealous antiquarian in the maze of undistinguished hills which encompass them. The first view of Olivet impresses us chiefly by its bare matter-of-fact appearance; the first approach to the hills of Judæa reminds the English traveller not of the most but of the least striking portions of the mountains of his own country. Yet all this renders the Holy Land the fitting cradle of a religion which expressed itself, not through the voices of rustling forests, or the clefts of mysterious precipices, but through the souls and the hearts of men—which was destined to have no home on earth, least of all in its own birthplace—which has attained its full dimensions only in proportion as it has travelled further from its original source to the daily life and homes of nations as far removed from Palestine in thought and feeling as they are in climate and latitude—which alone, of all religions, claims to be founded not on fancy or feeling, but on Fact and Truth.”

PILGRIMAGES TO THE FRENCH PALACES.

BY FLORENTIA.

V.

Death of Madame Henriette—Monsieur—Madame Charlotte de Bavière—The Regent Orleans—His Family—Duc and Duchesse du Maine.

It was in the Palais Royal that, during the infancy of Louis, the daring Frondeurs presumed to penetrate, until they had reached the sleeping-room of their young king. Anne of Austria, magnificent in beauty and majesty, advanced to the door with the utmost composure to meet the rude invaders, who were rushing pell-mell into the chamber. On her appearance they drew back, amazed at the vision of loveliness and dignity before them; her finger, placed on her mouth, commanded silence, and the crowded mass, before so noisy and obstreperous, was hushed as by a charm in an instant. Beckoning to the foremost to advance, the queen approached the bed of her son, and, withdrawing the curtain, displayed Louis slumbering in all the soundness and tranquillity of childhood. The Frondeurs were satisfied, and at once silently withdrew, descending the stairs and traversing the spacious galleries of the Palais Royal in a very different spirit to that in which they had mounted, assured that their king was in Paris, and neither spirited away by his mother nor kidnapped by Cardinal Mazarin. None but a woman possessed of great personal courage and royalty of soul could have acted in this dilemma with the dignity and composure displayed by the queen, whose character I have ever much admired, which must excuse the fondness with which I linger around those scenes with which she is connected. Anne of Austria did not long survive the death of Mazarin; forgotten by a court given up to frivolity and dissipation, and neglected by her son, who was engaged in a succession of amorous intrigues, she expired, after great sufferings, of a cancer in the breast.

Although Richelieu had expressly desired that his palace should be unalienable from the crown, it passed into the possession of that soft and effeminate brother of Louis XIV., Monsieur, the husband of Henrietta of England, whose horrible death was undoubtedly caused by poison administered by one of the favourites of her abandoned lord. Suspicion pointed at the Chevalier de Lorraine, who was known to view with great jealousy any rival in the ascendancy he exercised over the duke. Certain it is that no steps were ever taken to investigate the cause of a death so sudden and so fearful. Her husband evinced but little sorrow, and the only person who really felt any compassion for the sufferings of the unfortunate duchess was Louis XIV. himself. Scandal had often joined their names, and it is confidently asserted that an attachment had at one time subsisted between them prior to the king's *liaison* with La Vallière; but of this there is no sufficient proof. Louis, undoubtedly, was much attached to his beautiful sister-in-law, whose grace, elegance, and wonderful knowledge of all the mysteries of the toilette so exactly corresponded with his own frivolous taste, and in the earlier part of his reign Madame Henriette exercised great influence over him. It is said, that on hearing of her death, he caused Morel, the maître d'hôtel

of his brother, to be summoned before him, and on pain of instant death if he attempted to equivocate or deceive him, closely questioned him as to the circumstances.

Morel replied that he would conceal nothing from his majesty.

"Did the duchess die by poison?" demanded the king, pale with horror.

"She did," said Morel.

Louis shuddered. "By whose order was the poison administered?"

"By that of the Chevalier de Lorraine," replied Morel; "it was put into a cup of chicorée-water, the duchess's usual beverage, by the hands of the Marquis d'Effiat. Before God, your majesty, I am innocent of all save the knowledge of the crime. The duchess complained of thirst, the cup of chicorée was presented, and soon after she was seized with convulsions. Your majesty knows the rest."

There was a pause.

"Tell me," said the king, making a great effort, and trembling with agitation as he put the question—"tell me, had my brother—had the Duc d'Orleans—any part in this foul deed?"

"No," said Morel; "they dared not trust him; he would have betrayed all. But it was believed that the death of Madame would not be——"

"Answer as I desire you," sternly interrupted the king, relieved in the greatest degree by hearing that his brother was not an accomplice. "I have heard what I wished—I am satisfied; but although I spare your life, wretched man, leave my kingdom for ever; remember the honour of princes is in your hands, and that wherever you fly their vengeance can pursue you. Therefore be silent as you value your life."

The king dared investigate no further; too foul a picture of his brother's life would have been revealed to public curiosity. The death of the lovely though frivolous young princess remained unavenged, and was soon comparatively forgotten in the gaieties of a court where the sovereign set an example of the most heartless egotism.

As for Monsieur, nothing daunted by the suspicions attached to his name, and although believed by many to have been an accomplice in Henrietta's death, he determined to re-marry, and actually found a German princess (ever the refuge of unfortunate royalties in search of a wife) inclined to encounter the risk of such a Bluebeard. This lady, a certain formidable she-dragon, by name Charlotte of Bavaria, was certainly well able to defend herself in case of necessity, and was altogether a lady not at all of a nature to be trifled with. What a contrast to the beautiful, fascinating Henrietta! Her successor's autobiographical memoirs remain as a lasting evidence of her coarseness of mind and body. She relates, with the utmost *naïveté*, full particulars of matrimonial mysteries that certainly have ever been regarded and respected as such by all the world since the day that Eve clothed herself in Paradise. The opening pages of this curious autobiography exceed in eccentricity anything ever before published. Let my readers judge for themselves by the following sentences. Thus she begins:

"I am naturally rather melancholy, and when anything annoys me I always have an inflammation in my left side, as if I had the dropsy. Lying in bed is not at all my habit; as soon as I wake I

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E

must get up. I seldom take breakfast, and if I do, only eat bread-and-butter. I neither like chocolate, coffee, nor tea; foreign drugs are my horror. I am entirely German in my habits, and relish nothing in the way of food but the *cuisine* of my own country. I can only eat soup made with milk, beer, or wine. As to *bouillon*, I detest it; if I eat any dish that contains it I am ill directly, my body swells, and I am fearfully sick; nothing but sausages and ham restore the tone of my stomach afterwards.

"I always wanted to be a boy, and having heard that Marie Germain became a man by continually jumping, I used to take such fearful leaps that it is a miracle I did not break my neck a thousand times."

I only know of one good quality this extraordinary German *frau* possessed—she thoroughly saw through Madame de Maintenon's true character and hated her cordially, who in return detested the duchess, and of course induced all her *clique* to do the same. Her young favourite, the interesting Duchesse de Bourgogne, then dauphiness, the mother of Louis XVI., amiable as she was in most other respects, was influenced by her against Charlotte of Bavaria, whose coarse manners also contributed to this dislike, and treated her with marked and extreme rudeness, refusing, even when addressed by her, to make any reply. The Duchesse d'Orleans, with frank, downright German independence, and an uncontrollable share of pride, supported by a coat of arms containing a hundred quarterings at least, was not of a disposition long to suffer any indignity in silence. At first she was willing to attribute this impertinence on the part of the dauphiness to childish pique or caprice, "for she was," says the duchess, "but a wild hoiden of a girl, and very young," and she expected that her highness's manners would mend with her years. But finding that instead of diminishing, this disdain and rudeness only increased, and was encouraged by Madame de Maintenon, she openly declared her intention of complaining to the king, with whom she was on the best terms, her blunt and unsophisticated outbursts affording him infinite amusement. At this notice, the *old woman*, as she called Madame de Maintenon, became seriously alarmed, and taking her aside, entreated her not to put her threat into execution, promising that the dauphiness should in future be more conciliating in her conduct; which was the case. From that time the duchess's originality was respected, and she was left in peace to drink as much beer and eat as many sausages as the peculiarity of her constitution required.

Proud, haughty, and repulsive as she was, Charlotte of Bavaria possessed a considerable share of plain common sense, and she contrived to live peaceably with her heartless, effeminate husband, Monsieur, whose vices she attributed more to weakness than to wickedness. On her son, the Regent Orleans, she doted with all a mother's pride and tenderness, and seems to have been utterly blind or indifferent to his profligacy; but even he was not exempt from the brusque violence of her temper. On first hearing of his approaching marriage with Mademoiselle de Blois, the daughter of Louis XIV. and Madame de Montespan, and sister of the ambitious Duc du Maine, this tigress was so enraged that she actually struck her son in an outburst of uncontrollable passion. She considered that such an alliance would be an eternal blot on her escutcheon,

which, like all Germans, she prized to a ludicrous extent, for, according to Madame, the Palatine family was more illustrious than any other among the princes of Christendom. Whether she was content to trace her descent from Adam is not certain, but she is accused of not being satisfied with so common a progenitor, and rather to have aspired to some family connexion with the angels "that loved the daughters of men," and in this manner got a footing among the clouds—a situation much more suited to her pride. At all events she made no mystery of her opinion, that in marrying a grandson of Henri Quatre she had committed a painful *mésalliance*. What then must have been her rage and indignation at her son matching with a royal bastard! Her opposition was most violent; and being far too much excited to assume even a semblance of etiquette or politeness, the expressions of rage to which this voluminous German dame gave utterance were neither as choice nor as aristocratic as might have been expected.

She flew to the king, and although the doors of the cabinet where the interview took place were carefully closed, the angry voices of the king and Madame were distinctly heard high in dispute.

"If your majesty had wished for an alliance between my son and a daughter of Marie Thérèse, I should have considered it my duty to accede."

"Oh!" cried the king, crimson with passion, "you would then have condescended to accept a princess royal for your daughter-in-law?"

"Yes, your majesty, that would have been a different affair altogether, although I believe there is not a princess in Europe who would not too gladly accept my son, descended as he is from the noble house of the Palatinate." The king stamped with anger. "But, sire, my son shall never ally himself to a bastard."

"Madame!" cried the king, "you forget yourself. How dare you address me in such language?"

"Your majesty will oblige me to presume still further by pressing this proposal, for my opposition shall not only be confined to words. I will never consent to this marriage." And Madame rose to leave the room.

"We shall see," said the king, "if your husband, my brother, will dare to oppose my wishes. We shall see, Madame la Palatine."

"Your brother, sire, will, I am sure," said the duchess, retiring, "be advised by one who can better defend the honour of his house than he is capable of doing himself. Your brother will do his duty."

Louis, finding that there was no chance of overcoming the opposition of Madame, either by persuasion or by threats, consulted with Madame de Maintenon how the marriage was to be brought about. They both determined that what could not be effected openly must be done by intrigue. The Abbé Dubois, that *âme damnée* of the young duke, known to exercise an influence great as it was pernicious over his mind, was summoned to the boudoir of Madame de Maintenon at twilight. By promises of large preferment, she completely made him her creature, and the unprincipled tutor promised to use all his influence over his pupil to hurry on the marriage with or without the consent of his mother. To accomplish this, he represented to him the anger of the king, the cer-

tain loss of all command or influence, the incessant and disagreeable animosity that must result from his refusal to accept the hand of Louis's daughter. At length, after much difficulty, the duke consented, met Mademoiselle de Blois in the apartments of Madame de Maintenon, and the marriage was soon after celebrated in the presence of the whole court.

Madame was furious at what she termed her "dishonour," and wept, abused, menaced, and scolded by turns; but finding that there was no help, that the marriage was concluded, and that further opposition might really rouse the vengeance of the king, she gradually cooled down and received her new daughter with tolerable civility; particularly as the marriage-portion of Mademoiselle de Blois continued the possession of the Palais Royal, with all its pictures and sculptures, in the Orleans family—a proviso not to be despised, and which somewhat served to gild the bitter pill she had to swallow.

After the death of his father, the Palais Royal became the favourite residence of this unprincipled but agreeable libertine, endowed by nature with so many noble and distinguished qualities. Eminently handsome, there was a grace and dignity about him that attracted and attached all those who approached him; and his universal acquirements, his talents for government, his frank and manly eloquence, ended by making him as popular as he deserved by his public character to become. But ever the constant object of the hatred and the malicious intrigues of Madame de Maintenon and her favourite and pupil, the Duc du Maine, who openly aspired to the regency, he was assailed in his youth by the foulest and blackest accusations. No death could take place in the royal family without the Duc d'Orleans being immediately pointed at as the murderer, and the mysterious illness and death of the first and second dauphins and poor Adelaide of Savoy appeared to favour these suspicions, as the removal of each of these princes placed him nearer to the throne. Spite of his urbanity, his courteous bearing, his *insouciance*, he was hooted at by the populace wherever he appeared, the public only remembering that he was the son of that Monsieur who, at the death of the unhappy Henrietta, had incurred such horrible suspicions.

The last remaining child of the dauphin—the last lineal descendant of all Louis's numerous family—now lay dangerously ill. With or without reason, it was thought that the cause of this illness was poison. Madame, mother of the regent, suddenly recollected that her son possessed a counter-poison of great efficacy, and wrote to him desiring his instant presence at Versailles with this remedy. The duke came, and, unknown to the king, the counter-poison was administered by the hands of him who had been so falsely accused of causing the deaths of the father and mother of this very child. The little Duc d'Anjou recovered. When Louis was informed of the circumstance, he was utterly astonished and quite unable to reconcile this fact with the injurious insinuations and accusations poured into his ear by De Maintenon and her *coterie*.

The Duc d'Orleans, deeply sensible of the shameful suspicions raised against him, and determined once and for all to silence such odious and abominable lies, requested an audience of the king, and in the very presence of his arch-enemy, Madame de Maintenon, whom he significantly glanced at from time to time, thus addressed his uncle: "Sire," said he,

“had the time which has been employed in accusing me been used in asking for my assistance, I might have been the happy instrument of preventing other deaths in your majesty's family, but it was easier for my enemies to spread odious reports of such than in trying to prevent these calamities. But the time is now come when these vile calumnies must cease, and the authors be exposed to the degradation and contempt they deserve. I come, sire, to demand justice of you—I, who have been so falsely accused. It is well known that I have a laboratory in the Palais Royal, where I amuse myself with experiments in chemistry, and this circumstance has been taken advantage of by my enemies to invent those calumnies, too easily, I fear, credited by your majesty. Sire, if it is your pleasure, imprison me—nay, torture your nephew if you will—my character has been assailed, and I have a right to demand legal satisfaction and inquiry into my motives and my conduct. Humbert, my assistant in chemistry, has already, by my orders, surrendered himself at the Bastille, and I only wait your command to follow him there myself.”

At this noble appeal from the Duc d'Orleans to the justice of the king, Louis was quite disconcerted, and without replying in any way to his request, dismissed him.

But the Duc d'Orleans was only half satisfied, he had discomfited but one division of his enemies, whose names were legion; there yet remained the Duc and Duchesse du Maine, who, more bold and insolent than the others, ceased not to attribute to him every execrable crime. He suddenly appeared before the Duchesse du Maine, without even being announced, looking as black as thunder, and with an air and manner that announced anything but an agreeable rencontre. After having made a slight bow to the poets, courtiers, and *précieux* of both sexes, who always surrounded the duchess, converting Sceaux into a complete Hôtel Rambouillet, and her highness into Madame de Scudéri, the duke walked straight up to the Duc du Maine, who was leaning against the chimney-piece.

“Monsieur,” said he, in a loud voice, “the time is now come when we must have a few words of explanation, and I am glad that our conversation will have so many witnesses.”

“Yet,” replied the Duc du Maine, who exceedingly disliked the idea of a public interview, “here is my room, if your royal highness——”

“No,” replied the prince, “I shall remain here—I court publicity.”

“What does all this mean?” stammered the duke.

“It means, sir, that I am weary of being the victim of the dark intrigues you are ever directing against me, and that you shall swear to discontinue them before I quit this room. Yes, on the instant, sir, or at once maintain your assertions with a sword in your hand, like a gentleman, in your own park.”

“I entreat your highness to be more calm,” said the duchess, advancing.

“Madame, we neither require your services for acrostics nor couplets at present,” said the Duc d'Orleans, smiling; “be kind enough, therefore, to let me continue my conversation with your husband.”

“In a word, Monsieur, what do you want?” replied the legitimatised son of De Montepan, endeavouring to raise his voice, tremulous with fear.

"I desire," said the duke, in stentorian tones, and casting round him a look of defiance, "that you, here, on this spot, and also everywhere else, contradict and disavow the calumnies you have dared to utter against me touching the late melancholy deaths in the royal family."

"Prince, you are misinformed: I never, in my inmost soul, for one moment believed you culpable."

"Duke," cried the duchess to her husband, "what are you saying? These justifications are beneath you."

"Madame a raison," replied the Duc d'Orleans, half drawing his sword. "Follow me, sir, and maintain, at least, in a manner befitting a colonel of artillery, what you have dared, like a Jesuit, in holes and corners, to accuse me of."

"No, no!" replied the duke, growing dreadfully frightened in earnest, and speaking quite spasmodically, "I am ready to own—to declare your entire innocence of any connexion with these misfortunes. I declare solemnly that you are entirely innocent."

"What unworthy—what cowardly conduct!" cried the duchess, flinging herself on an ottoman. "You dishonour the noble blood of Condé that flows in my veins!"

"Really, madame," said the duke, more careful of preserving his own life than of defending the honourable blood of the Condés, "I can't see what you have to do with my conversation with his royal highness. I only satisfy my conscience in giving a testimony to the loyalty of the Duc d'Orleans. Yes, prince, believe me," added the crafty pupil of Madame de Maintenon, "I respect you beyond any man in the whole of his majesty's dominions, and I will declare my devotion to you, however or wherever you please!"

"I am satisfied," said the duke, with a scornful smile. And casting a look of commiserate contempt upon all present, he quitted the room as abruptly as he had entered.

After these two celebrated *éclats*, in which the duke behaved with such spirit, he was no longer assailed by the accusations that before circulated everywhere to his prejudice, and had enraged the Parisians against him to such a degree that he could scarcely traverse the streets without danger, and he was soon after received at court with the distinction due to his rank and near relationship to the sovereign. His subsequent conduct as regent, the care and affection with which he watched over the infant years of the delicate nursling confided to his care, and the gratitude ever expressed by Louis XV. towards him, are further historical guarantees of the injustice of all these accusations.

But the excessive and avowed profligacy of his private life, where he gloried in resigning himself to the indulgence of every impurity, and his open ridicule of all principle and religion, stamp his memory with abhorrence, and eclipse all his nobler qualities. Under the guidance of the abandoned Dubois (whose conduct was certainly calculated to make him undervalue any religion which possessed such a minister), whom his father had chosen as his tutor for the express purpose, as it appeared, of corrupting his youth, it is not surprising that he became dissolute in an eminent degree. Without the constant excitement of company and intoxication, he could not exist. Flinging himself headlong into

the most monstrous excesses, he gloried in showing that he could exceed all the reckless compeers that surrounded him. Irreligious and unprincipled, all was lost save a sentiment of honour and an inherent exaltation of soul that nothing could eradicate, and which, had it been cultivated by a judicious education, would, joined to his splendid acquirements, have made him one of the most distinguished characters of an age that boasted a Racine, a Bossuet, and a Boileau.

His forced marriage with Mademoiselle de Blois did not conduce to improve his character; he was always galled by the recollection of the *mésalliance* he had contracted; his temper, otherwise good, became soured, and he revenged himself on his wife by treating her with neglect and indifference. Neither was she of a disposition to endear herself to him. Proud, imperious, and luxurious, and gifted with considerable abilities and great power of language, she never remembered that her mother, Madame de Montespan, was the *mistress*, not the *wife*, of her father, and exacted precisely the same etiquette as if she had been born a princess of the blood-royal. Under this strange misapprehension, she treated the Duc d'Orleans with a scorn he could ill brook, feeling as he did her inferiority. But on the whole he bore her extravagant pretensions with wonderful equanimity, often listening to her harangues in silence, answering her with a little good-natured ridicule, or addressing her by the nickname of "Madame Lucifer," when provoked by an especial display of her arrogance.

She, on her part, little cared for the shameless orgies given within the very walls of the Palais Royal, provided she was treated with all the dignity she considered her due. The Duc d'Orleans astonished even the hardened voluptuaries of his own day, and educated his family in habits of licentiousness only equalled by the annals of the ancient Romans. If credit is to be given to the numerous particulars of his daughters' excesses, the Palais Royal was indeed the centre of all that was depraved and monstrous. The Duchesse de Berri, the eldest of the regent's children, kept her court at the Luxembourg with a pomp and parade little short of royal, which did not, however, prevent her intrigues with De Riom and other gentlemen of inferior rank becoming public. Nor did she think it beneath her dignity to do the honours at certain *petits soupers* of the regent's, too well known in the scandalous annals of the day, where, as all the guests became intoxicated, it is only charitable to conclude that they ceased to be responsible for their actions. Her affectation of dignity was at times quite ludicrous. On one occasion, expecting the visit of a foreign ambassador who wished to pay his respects to the daughter of the regent, she received him seated in state on a kind of throne only to be approached by steps. The ambassador was at first astonished, then amused, and ended by bursting into a fit of immoderate laughter and leaving the room, to the great discomfiture of the duchess, who was extremely piqued at the failure of her scheme.

But some charlatan having prophesied that she would not pass her twenty-fifth year, she became alarmed, and after any very extraordinary scandal, retired to a convent and lived as a nun, lying on a mattress and submitting to all kinds of austerities and discipline. Having, as she imagined, reconciled herself to Heaven and ensured her eternal safety,

she returned to the Luxembourg and to her former mode of life with renewed zest and vigour. Her sister, Mademoiselle de Valois, was remarkable for her great beauty, and boasted of an equal lack of reputation. When the handsome Richelieu was imprisoned by her father in the Bastille on her account, all the ladies of Paris amused his captivity by promenading round the walls to look at him. Such were the manners in the time of the Regency. Mademoiselle d'Orleans, the third daughter of the regent, yielded to none of the others in the scandalous celebrity she acquired; indeed, she somewhat surpassed them, if possible, in the audacity of her excesses. Becoming weary of even the slight restraints of her father's court, she announced her determination of becoming a nun, and was elected Abbess of Chelles, to the eternal disgrace of the Church, which at that time could tolerate and overlook the crimes of an Abbé Dubois and an Abbess d'Orleans. Sometimes overcome by a fit of remorse, she would give up music, break her harp, piano, and guitar, fling the remains into the fire, vowing never to sing a note except of the most solemn *Miserere*. But before the next day she had changed her mind, grew worldly again, and repented what she had done, yawning and wandering about the cloisters of her monastery, given up to chagrin and *ennui*. The day after the fit was completely over, fresh instruments, music, and singers from the Opera arrived from Paris, and Madame l'Abbesse recommenced her usual mode of life. "Tel père tel fils," says the proverb; such was the regent and his family, and such was the Palais Royal under the reign of Louis le Bienaimé. When in the possession of Louis Philippe, whose private virtues afforded such a striking contrast to the vices of his family, how altered was the scene! The vast fortune of Louis Philippe enabled him to adorn this palace, and amongst other embellishments he added a gallery of paintings devoted to illustrate the historical scenes that had passed within its walls. But at the expulsion of the Orleans family, in 1848, these beautiful and most interesting pictures were destroyed, as were also, at the same time, the magnificent furniture and ornaments at the Tuileries. But it is more than time I should leave the Palais Royal, where the never-ending chain of historical associations has tempted me to linger, engaged in a feeble effort to trace the principal events and characters that have immortalised its walls.

VI.

Boulevards—Notre Dame—Victor Hugo—Review of Monks—Churches.

THERE is no end to the attractions of this city. The sight-seer may employ weeks in exploring the churches, the galleries of painting, the museums, and the palaces, open, without difficulty, to all the world. Our inferiority in this respect is most striking; we have few national sights; and if London does contain treasures of art in private collections, they are so well concealed that they become as though they were not; half London dies in utter ignorance of even the names of their possessors, while here all is open and accessible, gratis, to every one.

One of the great features of Paris, and perhaps *the part* of their city

most admired and frequented by the Parisians themselves, is the Boulevards; but, if truth must be spoken, they disappointed me. Certainly these streets are wide and handsome, and teeming with life, gaiety, and amusement, but their very purpose seems a failure. Where are the trees? for on a boulevard one naturally expects to see trees; there is the space allotted to their growth, and there no trees are to be seen—a vacancy that much injures the effect of the *ensemble*. I do verily believe all the trees on the Boulevards at this very time would scarcely make a dozen sizeable walking-sticks. But if the Parisians will eternally have revolutions, and will raise barricades, and will cut down the time-honoured trees intended to grace and to shade their promenades, why the consequence must be that the Boulevards lose all their beauty and become no more than broad unpaved thoroughfares, very like Edgeware-road in its best parts. Indeed, the trees on the Boulevards would serve as an admirable guide to the chronology of the different revolutions; and as Paris has lately done nothing but amuse itself in this manner, the present trees are in extreme babyhood. Nothing here is respected when popular tumults once begin, and from kings, queens, and princesses, down to the unfortunate trees on the Boulevards, all is cut down and annihilated!

The French make it their boast that Paris is the most refined and most civilised city in the world; but although in many respects such may indeed be the case, the strangest anomalies still exist, notwithstanding this boasted refinement, and it is a simple fact that a woman cannot traverse the grandest streets of this capital without momentarily having her delicacy offended in the highest degree. I cannot describe how this utter want of national propriety horrified me, it is so ostentatious, so offensive. London and the Londoners would not tolerate such sights for a single week!

I will now say a few words about the churches of Paris, one of its most attractive features: each one has some particular interest, either of architecture or association, to recommend it.

First in importance as in interest stands Notre Dame, the cathedral *par excellence*, dating back to the twelfth century, when it was erected by Louis le Jeune on the ruins of a church that had existed on the same spot since the time of the Romans. Strikingly picturesque is the situation of Notre Dame, rising majestically out of the mass of antique-looking houses that cover the island on which it stands. The twin towers are seen from every spot in Paris, near the river, and seem to indicate the heart of the city, whence proceed the various veins and arteries necessary to its life and circulation. Viewed from any of the innumerable bridges over the Seine there is a charming air of picturesque antiquity about all the old part of Paris, and especially about this island, reminding one of Prout's inimitable sketches, or the view of some old town by a Dutch master.

The Seine flows rapidly along, crossed at short intervals by handsome bridges, but not a boat, not a single steamer is to be seen, and a solitude prevails on the river quite unaccountable to an eye accustomed to the perpetual life and movement on the Thames. On either side are the bright, clean-looking quays which I particularly admired, as forming such an agreeable contrast to the dirty, smoky manufactories, wharfs, and

warehouses that ruin the banks of our river, to say nothing of the mighty banks of mud and slime which mar what ought to be the chief beauty of our English capital. True there wants that world of shipping that imparts such an air of dignified bustle and commercial grandeur to the Thames, but in lieu of this the Seine presents on either side interminable lines of gay-looking, handsome buildings, and offers here and there points of exceeding grandeur and architectural beauty.

But in my admiration of the quays I am forgetting Notre Dame, rising so majestically before us. We must hasten to cross the bridge that spans the river, pass through some dirty, obscure streets, and then emerge in the large open space before its portal. And what a glorious old entrance it is! What a forest of sculpture—what delicate tracery around those Gothic arches—what pillars—what windows, especially the large central circular one—what a rugged, time-honoured old pile it is, with its quaint row of niches for the twenty-seven kings of France from Childebert to Philippe Auguste!—these empty niches being at present, by the way, filled with the most unseemly flat effigies in metal.

The grandeur of the exterior prepares one for something equally surprising in the interior, and in this I was deceived, for, on entering, the church appears bare and unadorned, totally wanting in that luxuriance of architectural decoration I had so admired from without. The pillars are of a plainness that approach to baldness, and the oval form of the edifice behind the grand altar produces but a mean effect, especially as the windows in this part of the building are narrow in proportion to the size of the whole. The interior of Notre Dame cannot be compared, in an architectural point of view, to Westminster Abbey, characterised by that mysterious half-light grandeur which imparts so solemn an aspect. Here one sees the whole building at a glance; whereas, there, the long-drawn aisles, supported by clustered pillars—the receding dimly-lit chapels—the projecting monuments, surrounded by solemn statues in attitudes of prayer or of repose, darkening the long naves with lengthening shadows, leave as much as they display to the imagination, and invoke feelings of mysterious awe only to be experienced where expectation is heightened by uncertainty.

Still there is an antiquated air about Notre Dame which is very pleasing, and that very simplicity, amounting to a fault, has something touching in its quaintness. Many of the monuments behind the grand altar are of interest, and some of considerable beauty. There is one in the sacristy of particular interest; it was erected by the Duchesse d'Harcourt to commemorate the death of her husband and a remarkable dream that predicted the event.

He was ambassador at the court of Vienna while she remained in Paris. She dreamt that she saw him lying sick and dying in his coffin, and that as she rushed forward to rescue him, he leaned forward to embrace her, and in this act expired. The letter acquainting her with his death informed her that it had occurred at the very hour in which she had beheld this vision. So extraordinary a circumstance was commemorated by her in a monument where the scene of the dream is represented.

In this church Napoleon was crowned, and here are exhibited his sumptuous coronation robes, destined ere long, perhaps, to adorn the

person of his aspiring nephew. Here the emperor placed the crown on the head of Josephine, whom he afterwards so cruelly sacrificed; and here also Maria Louisa was invested with imperial honours by the same hand that had degraded her predecessor. Strange vicissitudes of fortune beheld by these old walls! fated, perhaps, to see many as sudden and extraordinary a change amid a people so volatile and unstable as the French have now, in consequence of "their love of new things," become.

I mounted to the belfry. Who could behold those well-worn stairs and those great bells, and not expect to see every moment the hunchbacked Quasimodo emerge from the shadow of some buttress, or encounter the cynical Claude Frollo sweeping the ground with his dark robes as he descended from the cell on whose walls some mysterious hand had expressed in one word his whole fate? That splendid romance has so peopled Notre Dame with characters and associations, that when treading its pavements I could not consider them as mere unreal creations of the imagination, such a "local habitation" has the genius of Victor Hugo given them among those old towers. Strange property of fiction that can thus fill the mind with the unreal while viewing objects in themselves full of interest and well calculated to fix our attention, but which are forgotten amid visions to which the reality serves only as a frame or background! I fear I took far more pleasure in viewing Notre Dame as the abode of these characters than as the scene of so many interesting episodes in French history.

The view from the towers is very extensive, from the clearness of the atmosphere, which allows almost every roof in Paris to be visible. The hills encircling the city are very pleasing in outline, and the whiteness and cleanness of the houses astonishes by the contrast they present to our dingy, smoke-begrimed metropolis. The Hôtel de Ville, standing in an open space on the bank of the river to the left, is a noble building, worthy of its founder, Francis I., and worthy also of being the nucleus of that city which can boast such a palace as the Louvre. Here, during the bloody wars of the Fronde, those rival queens, the Duchesses of Longueville, Chevreuse, and Bouillon, held their court, and distributed military posts and honours among their equally belligerent female followers—generalships, lieutenancies, and colonelcies among countesses, duchesses, and princesses—all Bellonas in the cause of revolt, and eager to distinguish themselves as the "*merveilleuses*" of that day. From those windows in our own day were pronounced the impassioned orations of Lamartine, recalling all the fervid eloquence of republican Greece, but failing to guide or to convince the *blasé* population of the nineteenth century, too sensible, or too stupid, to be led by mere words. When we had descended from the towers, I passed on to the old bridge that crosses the Seine close to Notre Dame, and as I leaned over the parapet recalling various scenes, one incident occurred to me, so new and out of the way, that I shall transcribe it.

Let the curtain rise in the seventeenth century in this same royal city of Paris we are contemplating, at that moment given up to the intrigues of the Fronde and its favourite leader, the Duc de Beaufort, that "*roi des Halles*," whose escape from the prison of Vincennes is at once so comic

and so clever. It is not long since la grande Mademoiselle occupied the Bastille, and pointed the guns of that fortress against the troops of her beau-cousin and king, Louis XIV., or rather against the regent, Anne of Austria, for between his magnificent mother and her all-powerful minister, Mazarin, Louis was then but little thought of. The Duchesse de Longueville is at this very time holding her court at the Hôtel de Ville hard by, where she expects her brother, the Prince de Condé, to join her, he whose extraordinary attachment never allows him long to be separated from his beautiful sister. But there is now an especial reason why Condé should come, for Paris is closely besieged, and the confusion is great and universal. Indeed, in such straits are the besieged, and so much in want of defenders, that an extraordinary expedient has been devised—no other than actually to arm the idle do-nothing monks; and this very day there is to be a review of these reverend members of the church militant on the bridge of Notre Dame!

Having now taken this general view of the state of Paris, we must penetrate into one of the apartments of the Hôtel de Ville devoted to the very prettiest of the many pretty ladies attached to the service of the Duchesse de Longueville. The fair occupant, Mademoiselle de Rosny, has just finished a most elaborate toilette, and having arranged the innumerable little curls (then so much in vogue) round her face, fastened the proper quantity of ribbon in her dark locks, and taken a last fond parting look in the glass, she is seated in the happiest state of expectation, for there is a certain all-conquering beau—Monsieur d'Aumale by name—who has more than half achieved the conquest of her little heart; and she has a kind of presentiment that the morning will not pass without a visit from this pearl of cavaliers. Nor is she mistaken: a soft knock at the door announces the approach of some one. How her heart beats! It must be M. d'Aumale, so she says "Entrez!" in a trembling voice, and no other than D'Aumale stands before her.

"Mademoiselle de Rosny," he exclaims, in the utmost haste, "I am come to beg you to be present at the most singular spectacle you ever beheld."

"What may it be?" replies she, rather chagrined that instead of a tender love-scene, such as she anticipated, M. d'Aumale seems so *affairé*.

"It is a review, mademoiselle, ordered by the council; but, ha! ha! such a review! Ma foi, you will never guess of whom—the oddest idea—for it is no other than a review of priests, monks, and seminarists, all dressed in regimentals, sword in hand, and ready to charge the enemy. Pardieu! it is the strangest idea of defence that ever was conceived; but as we have lady-generals, and the grande Mademoiselle for chief, we are now to have an army of priests for them to command. These recruits are actually now all assembled on the bridge of Notre Dame."

"Was ever anything so ridiculous!" exclaimed Mademoiselle de Rosny, laughing. "But indeed I should be terrified at their awkwardness; they will be sure to fire too low and wound the spectators."

"Oh, but you must go. I will be your cavalier, and pledge myself that you shall return uninjured," said D'Aumale, with a tender glance at the lady. "Besides, to reassure you, I declare that these monk-warriors are not even to be trusted with matches; the arquebuses and cannon are as

empty and as innocuous as when in the arsenal, so do not fear. If you will come, I will conduct you in my new coach—the very model of elegance—I will answer for it there is not another such in all Paris.”

“That will be delightful,” cried the lady. “I do admire those new coaches so much, and if it were not for this abominable war, I suppose they would become universal. Well, Monsieur d’Aumale, je suis à vous, allons! let us see these monks travestied; it will be a good story for me to entertain Madame la Duchesse with this evening at her reception. How the Duc de Beaufort will laugh.”

In high glee departed Mademoiselle de Rosny and her admirer, her pleasure not a little heightened by the idea of appearing in a coach, then by no means common in Paris, and reserved generally for grand occasions or state processions—heavy lumbering vehicles, such as figure in the old prints of that period, with a sloping roof like a house, and drawn by Flemish horses of huge dimensions. On arriving near the bridge, they stopped under the shadow of the lofty walls of the church, and there beheld the most extraordinary spectacle. All the monks in Paris were crowded on the bridge of Notre Dame, with the exception of the Benedictines and some other orders, who refused to take any part in this mummery. At least fifteen hundred ecclesiastics were assembled in excellent order, and executing the various manœuvres of march, halt, right-about face, &c., with tolerable exactness. The greater number had fastened up their black robes, otherwise petticoats, and had invested their lower limbs with most uncanonical vestments. The reverend fathers, with their hoods hanging over their shoulders, were booted and spurred, many wearing helmets and cuirasses, with all the halberds, lances, swords, and bucklers they had been able to pick up. Each carried in one hand a crucifix, and in the other pistols, scythes, old daggers or knives, with which they swore to perform prodigies of valour against the enemies of the Fronde. As they advanced and retreated, defiling about in squares and columns, arrayed in their sombre garments, they presented exactly the appearance of an immense flight of crows hovering over a field of newly-cut wheat.

To this martial array was added the clamour of drums, trumpets, and warlike instruments, with no end of benedictions, of *Oremuses*, and chanted psalms. At the head of the troops was the bishop, metamorphosed into the commandant, moving very slowly, by reason of his corpulence and the weight of the armour he wore, looking like a dilapidated St. George, minus the dragon; then came Carthusians, Begging Friars, Capuchins, and Seminarists, each different order commanded by their abbot or prior, advancing gravely in the orthodox goose-step. The cries of “Down with the regent!” “Death to Mazarin!” “*A bas* the Italian beggar!” “Long live the Union!” “Vive Monsieur le Prince!” “Vive la Fronde!” added to the clang of the martial music, and Mademoiselle de Rosny was fain to hold her ears, notwithstanding all the sweet things her companion was whispering. All the *canaille* of Paris was assembled to witness this extraordinary review, rejoicing in the unexpected aid contributed by the Church in the general emergency. Nor was M. d’Aumale’s the only coach on the Quai Notre Dame that day; many others had been attracted by this laughable scene—

the legate was present among the number; the crowd was immense, the applause enthusiastic.

"Ciel!" exclaimed Mademoiselle de Rosny, "Monsieur d'Aumale, you have deceived me. See, I am sure they are going to fire."

"No, no," said D'Aumale, "you are mistaken. 'Give the monk his rosary, the soldier his sword,' says the motto. Messieurs les moines will not venture to burn their hands in attempting to handle fire-arms."

"But I tell you," replied the lady, "they are going to fire; and see, the guns are all turned this way. Oh, D'Aumale, we shall be murdered. Help! help! I implore you!" And she began to scream after the most approved fashion preparatory to a fit of hysterics.

D'Aumale rose and looked out of the window. "In the name of Heaven, beware, or we are all dead men!" cried he. But in the confusion his voice was inaudible. The priestly artillerymen, awkward and inexperienced, had already lighted the matches, and the cannon exploded, right and left, amid the crowd. A fearful cry arose from the legate's coach, placed near our pair.

"Thank Heaven, D'Aumale, we have escaped,—this time at least," said Mademoiselle de Rosny, now calmed by excessive fear.

"Yes, but I fear some one has been seriously wounded. I will dismount and see," said D'Aumale.

A dense crowd surrounded the coach belonging to the legate; and sure enough terrible mischief had been done by the reverend artillerymen, for the secretary of his eminence had been struck dead on the spot by a shot through the chest, his confessor was wounded in the head, and the two valets also much injured. Never was there such a confusion. M. d'Aumale hastened back to secure the safe retreat of the fair De Rosny. They were soon disengaged from the crowd and rolling back over the rough pavement to the Hôtel de Ville, where we must bid them farewell, after assuring any of our readers who may be interested in them, that mademoiselle soon secured the possession of the much-admired vehicle by a speedy marriage with its handsome owner.

In the vicinity of Notre Dame are several remarkable churches. The most interesting is the modern Pantheon—now dedicated to Sainte Geneviève—a standing monument of the fickleness of the Parisians. Erected by that impersonation of all the vices and weaknesses of monarchy, Louis XV., it was subsequently seized on by the Convention, for the purpose of forming a temple in honour of the bloody heroes of their annals, where, under the specious pretext of the dedication, "Aux Grands Hommes la Patrie Reconnaissante," their ashes were to repose. Mirabeau was the first interred under the lofty dome of the Pantheon, then came Voltaire and Jean Jacques Rousseau. To the infamous Marat was also assigned the honour of reposing among the great men of his country; but, to the honour of France be it said, his bones were not allowed to remain long undisturbed, but were soon dragged out, exposed in the streets of Paris, and finally scattered to the winds.

Unstable and inconstant to the memory of the dead as to the reputation of the living, each succeeding faction ousted the bones of those placed there by their predecessors in power, and all that seemed certain

was, that none interred in the Pantheon were permitted long to lie undisturbed in its vaults. Napoleon destined it as the place of interment for his principal senators and generals. Now not a single monument is allowed to remain. What a curious epitome this church affords of the French character—"unstable as water!" The building itself is very beautiful,—in all respects a monument worthy of a great nation.

At a short distance is the singular little church of St. Etienne du Mont, which every one would do well to visit. Even supposing that its claims to antiquity are not established as early as Clovis, still it is the quaintest, prettiest little pattern of antique grotesqueness one can conceive. The singular gallery on either side of the church, which, after forming an encircling ornament, or fringe, round two vast pillars near the centre, leaves them midway, and extends along either side of the choir as galleries, is the rarest piece of middle-age eccentricity imaginable.

It would be wearisome to enumerate the very names of half the Parisian churches, all well worthy of a visit. St. Roch, in the Rue St. Honoré, is a good specimen of the modern meretricious French style. Around the walls are a series of chapels, each adorned with a sculptured representation of some act in our Saviour's life, forming twelve stations intended to aid the piety of the devotee by vividly representing to the mind scenes of great agony. Behind the altar are three chapels in succession, so arranged as to be each visible from the centre nave. First, in the foreground, are the gorgeous ornaments of the high altar; behind this an immense image of the crucified Saviour; and, still further in the background, and elevated above all the rest, a figure of the Virgin placed in a large arched recess, the white figure standing on clouds, illuminated with a skilfully-contrived false light, imparting to the image a mysterious shadowy appearance.

No one can be a day in Paris without gazing with rapture at the exterior of the Madeleine, the finest building in Europe, worthy of the palmiest days of Grecian architecture. To describe it were utterly vain; it must be seen in all its vast and classical proportions to be appreciated, standing on its raised pedestal like some chaste vestal placed aloft for universal admiration. The interior is fitted up with all the scenic accessories common to all French churches,—a style of decoration that reveals much of the national character—*artificial* even in its temples, while prostrate before God!

AMERICA AS SEEN BY A FRENCHMAN.*

M. AMPÈRE, the son of a well-known natural philosopher, was a person in every way qualified to give an opinion upon the new social and political conditions that are daily developing themselves among the people of the United States. Poet, academician, and professor, as well as an experienced traveller, he could bring his studies of antiquity in Egypt, Greece, and Italy, of the middle ages in Spain, Scandinavia, and Germany, and of modern times in France and England, to bear upon the phenomena exhibited by the New World. Such was his tact, indeed, that no sooner had he set his foot on board the *Franklin*, than he found himself in an American atmosphere. "The first thing that I remarked," he says, "on board ship, where the greater number of passengers belonged to the United States, were incessant allusions to, and perpetual glorification of their country. America is the fixed idea of the Americans; the conviction of the superiority of their country is at the bottom of everything that they say; it is even found in the acknowledgment of what they are in want of. Thus every one hastens to warn me that I must not expect to find in a new society the refinements of the Old World: nothing can be more reasonable; but I find in this anxiety to inform me as to what I shall not meet with in the United States, the precautions of a sensitive patriotism, always mistrustful of the opinions of a stranger."

Entering the bay of New York—which, notwithstanding the asseverations made to that effect, M. Ampère declares to have no resemblance whatsoever with that of Naples—and landing upon its busy quays, our traveller found the drivers and innkeepers to be by no means so obliging as "the gentlemen." One of the latter engaged a vehicle to convey him to Astor House for half a dollar; arrived there, the driver demanded a double fare. Upon referring the difficulty to those who received him at the hotel, they paid no attention to him or to his letter of introduction, but contented themselves with remitting a dollar to the coachman, with an indifference, he remarks, that would have been quite charming if the money had come out of their own pockets. Going on board the Boston packet, a coloured attendant passed over his ticket to him, taking care not to touch his hand. This little incident suggested a first painful reflection upon the relation of the two races. On the other hand, on board the packet he asked for a glass of water. The waiter, a white man, without condescending to reply, and with a *geste d'une incomparable majesté*, pointed to a glass on the table. A sharp, shrewd, and practised observer like M. Ampère, detected at once a fact in American life which has not been put in the same light before. "There is," he says, "military precision carried into the habits of civil life. The servants who bring in the dishes keep the step; they place them on the table at a given signal, distribute the plates in a measured and methodical manner, and knives and forks set to work with all the trained regularity of soldiers grounding arms. Everything is done with the same punctu-

* Promenade en Amérique: Etats Unis, Cuba, Mexique. Par J. J. Ampère, de l'Académie Française.

ality, precision, and rapidity; no one has either any time or words to lose."

At Boston, a policeman bade our traveller extinguish his cigar. "It was," he civilly adds, "manifest that the Frenchman was the barbarian." The progress of Unitarianism in the same city particularly struck his attention. It is, he justly remarks, the natural result of the reaction of that excessive Puritanism which would not allow beer to be made on a Saturday for fear it should *work* on a Sunday, and of that pitiless sectarianism which declared "that the desire to be damned for the glory of God is necessary to salvation." The Americans, he adds, carry into religion the ardour and impetuosity which they impart to every other thing; and in the present day, the number of lunatics who are confined in Worcester hospital from religious excitement equals that of the victims of intemperance. As a result, there are now twenty Unitarian churches in Boston to fourteen belonging to the Puritans.

At the University of Cambridge, M. Ampère also found that the Calvinism which had presided over its foundation had, with the lapse of time, become a stranger to the place. The spirit is, however, by no means extinct, if we are to judge by the regulation which insists that Protestant pupils must go once every day to church, and twice on Sundays; and that any one who shall have contravened this law three times in four years is liable to expulsion! The professors at Cambridge, M. Ampère assures us, live upon the very best terms, with one exception,—the professor of chemistry, who killed one of his colleagues and secreted the body in the laboratory. "But," he adds, "every one hopes that the same thing will not occur again."

M. Ampère was at Boston at the time that a festival was held in honour of the opening of a railway between the United States and Canada. For the greatest number around him, he says, the basis of congratulation was associated with ideas of annexation; but Mr. Neilson, formerly a Canadian democrat, repudiated the idea in a public speech, declaring that an annexation brought about by so invasive a people would be the death of Canadian nationality. "As well," adds M. Ampère, "throw themselves into the gulf of the Niagara at once." At this festival there was a review, at which was a goodly display of coats of various colours and fashion—blue, grey, and red—Hungarian, Hussar, and Polish. If, our traveller remarks, Boston contained as many regiments as it does uniforms, it would possess a formidable army, but every one is an officer, and chooses his own uniform. Mr. Fillmore presided on horseback, and policemen held the animal when the firing of guns disturbed its state of repose. It is not necessary in America, M. Ampère remarks, "que le pouvoir sache monter à cheval." The Americans, he adds, have a decided inclination for military affairs, and differ in that point greatly from the English. This manifest tendency may one day lead to a total change in the character and institutions of the American people. There was also a procession, which was most characterised by what the French call *réclame*, that is to say, that every one wanted to take a part in it, but always with the object of advertising or puffing himself or his goods. A dealer in bear's-grease promenaded a stuffed bear; there were vans with workshops in them, and agencies for domestic and nurses exhibited their human commodities. There was after-

wards a dinner, at which, according to a local journal, "a Mediterranean of human fraternity sat under a firmament of flags." M. Ampère returned, he says, to his hotel, exclaiming to himself, "Le roi s'amuse."

At Buffalo, the driver called the Frenchman "my friend." This was the essence of politeness compared with the style of another of the fraternity, who, entering an hotel in pursuit of his fare—the Prince Bernard of Saxe Weimar—called out, "Where is the man who starts this evening? I am the gentleman that has to convey him." Alluding to the praiseworthy respect with which the fair sex are treated in America, open in some cases to abuse, our traveller says he has seen three hundred gentlemen waiting for a lady, who often, although not a "lady," allowed herself to be waited for before they could take their seats at table. He elsewhere saw an American go and bring in an old peasant from among some emigrant passengers, so that he might claim a first and upper seat at the table by having "a lady in charge." At Detroit, M. Ampère went to see a picture, much spoken of, as from the easel of an American artist. It was, indeed, proclaimed to be a *chef-d'œuvre*; nothing, he was told, among ancient or modern paintings in Europe, could bear comparison with it; yet he declares it to have been "un tableau de chevalet fort ordinaire." At New Buffalo, where he had to sleep on a table, he was aroused by the waiter throwing a napkin on his stomach, with a "Come, comrade, it is time to get up."

A grandiloquent description of the pig-killing season at Cincinnati, in periods of Ciceronian length, reminded our academician of Dante's description of the endless files of pilgrims going and coming from St. Peter's to the Bridge of Hadrian during the solemnity of the Jubilee. "Great numbers," he adds, "however, always arouse the faculties of wonder and imagination, whether of years, distances, or individuals, even if those individuals be pigs; and the porcine industry of the 'Queen of the West' is a really astounding fact." Contemplating these new cities in the West, Cincinnati and Columbus, M. Ampère is led to remark that the Americans, who have been successful in sculpture, fail in architecture. Artistic inferiority shows itself mainly in this point, where new types are wanted for new circumstances. The American taste inclines to the Gothic, not only in churches, but in custom-houses, banks, and colleges. Their classic architecture does not come up to the Bourse or the Madeleine, nor do they succeed in Gothic like the English, who sometimes attain considerable perfection; and when they wish to strike out something new, "ils tombent dans le baroque." At Columbus there is a brick edifice with a great hexagonal tower, a crowd of turrets, doors, and windows of white marble: this castellated building is a school of medicine! The only descriptions of buildings that deserve serious attention in America are the great works of public utility, particularly its aqueducts and reservoirs, as in the instance of the High Bridge at New York. These are magnificent undertakings, to be admired even after having seen the analogous works of the Romans.

Our academician remarks of the condition of the stage in the United States, that it is debased, because it is condemned by the puritanical party. Struck as it were with a kind of moral condemnation, it is obliged to address itself to the crowd. An art is like a man: he requires

to be respected to honour himself. In play-bills, when a tragedy is announced, the name of the actor is given in gigantic letters; that of the author is altogether omitted: which suffices to show that tragedy has no literary existence in the States. Mr. Forrest, M. Ampère remarks, possesses a certain violent energy, often forced, but the dignity of art is utterly wanting. The publicity of the misunderstanding between Mr. and Mrs. Forrest, he also adds, did not tend to heighten respect for the American stage. Farces of a local character are played with greater success; and the prevalent pretensions to religious austerity, or to universal philanthropy, are often amusingly caricatured on the stage. A tragedy called "Savonarola," of American origin, accidentally came under the notice of the French academician. The stiletto, corrupt monks, melodramatic brigands, are all that the author knew of Florence in the fifteenth century; and he has made of one of the most extraordinary personages of his time—a noble but unfortunate enthusiast, the embodiment of a dawning Protestantism—an assassin, a jacobin, a brigand, an impostor, and a fool. Living in 1495, three years after the discovery of America, "Savonarola" is made to yearn for the Eden of the "Far West" in exchange for the worn-out miseries of the Old World!

In the midst of his long dissertations on the stage and on the literature of the United States, of whose living representatives Mr. Ampère speaks in most favourable yet discriminating terms, our academician is every moment put out by what he calls *l'incurie Américaine*—"American carelessness." If he walked in the Broadway it was always at the risk of his life: great excavations to pass over by narrow and insecure planks, open cellars, and neither lamps nor rails; or new and old edifices tumbling down into the street. The *Courier des Etats-Unis*, a French paper published in New York, is, according to our traveller, the only organ of publicity that has the courage to denounce this state of things. Scarcely a day passes at New York without a fire; and what is supposed to be the main cause? The acquisition of the insurance money! The post-office service is very inadequately performed. Mistakes, our author heard from several persons, were very common; and he himself experienced the fact. The police is also not equal to the task of keeping the heterogeneous population of a great city like New York in order. In the evening, some of the quarters are infested with those terrible bandits called rowdies, who not only delight in robbery, but also in assassination. While M. Ampère was in New York, these wretches went into a Frenchman's house and killed him, out of the mere caprice of unbridled ferocity.

Remarking upon the progress of the fine arts in the United States, M. Ampère says, the principle insisted upon by the Americans, that they must wait for society to establish itself, and that the development of the fine arts will come with time, is a wrong one; it is not, he says, the maturity, but the youth of nations that is favourable to imagination. But to found a good school, part of the money of the New York Art Union should be invested in examples of the old masters, and not frittered away on mediocre and even bad paintings. At Columbia College M. Ampère met a professor who did not make a secret of his antipathy to the democratic side of American institutions. The statutes of the college embrace an admirable course of study, but the young Ameri-

can is so anxious to make money, that he can only devote four years to accomplishing that which is supposed to include integral calculus, and the methods of Newton, Laplace, and Lagrange!

Coming down Bowery-street, one of those myriad of colonels without regiments who adorn American society said to M. Ampère, "You see this street, it divides the society of New York into two classes: those who have not made their fortunes live to the east of Bowery-street, those who have made their fortunes go to the west." "And if misfortunes come?" "Oh, well, they go back to the east!" This in an especially free and independent country, with democratic presidents, democratic diplomatists, and democratic institutions!

The Americans, always inclined to be jealous of Europe, compare the Hudson to the Rhine. A young traveller remarked, in a tone of triumph, of the same river: "The pages of our history are pure; we have no feudal castles!" "As far as I am concerned," says M. Ampère, "I only asked him to allow me to love at least what remained of feudal times—its ruins." One of the innumerable inconsistencies of democracy is witnessed at the military school at West Point, which is conducted on the system of the Ecole Polytechnique, but a nomination to which is only obtained by favour; whereas at the great military school of France, all candidates are admitted to compete upon a footing of perfect equality—a much more democratic system in the best sense of the word.

"Among all the Americans," our academician states, "whom I have interrogated on the point of the danger that the tyranny of the majority, without any counterpoise, may cause to liberty in purely democratic states, one only frankly conceded that the danger existed; the others generally answered me in the same language as that adopted by Mr. Spencer in his notes to De Tocqueville, that the danger signalled by that writer is warded off by the mobility of the majority, and which, by bringing in turn the different parties into power, does not permit any one of them, or the opinion it represents, to establish a lasting tyranny. This does not appear to me a sufficient answer to M. de Tocqueville's argument; for it would result from it, at most, that the oppression would make itself felt at each turn in a contrary sense; this might possibly be a consolation to the oppressed, who would become oppressors, but it would not be a state of liberty for any person. Bodies of individuals, or individuals themselves, have exercised tyrannical power in many countries, and have been successively crushed or obliterated. It is what is seen in our revolutions: what results from them but a variety of slavery, and different but equal defeats to the principle of liberty?"

"Further, it will not do to trust too much to the regularity of these oscillations of the majority in a contrary sense; it may happen that upon certain points the one that shall succeed to another may inherit certain passions in common with its predecessor, certain very general prejudices, which would strike with equal force a persistent minority. In the slave states, for example, liberty of opinion upon that subject no more exists when the Whigs carry the elections than when the democrats triumph; and, speaking of the general government of the Union, is it quite certain that parties do succeed one another alternately in power? Have not the democrats triumphed for now many years in almost all the presidential elections? May they not also so triumph in the elections of Congress

that legislation shall be carried on against their adversaries for such a length of time that their position will become one of real oppression?—the same majority that triumphs in an election, as M. de Tocqueville so well observes, being then everywhere, in the press, in the jury, and, it may now be added, in the judges, appointed in the present day almost generally by the people.

“Mr. Spencer thinks that the peculiar position in which the United States were placed at the period when M. de Tocqueville visited them, may have had an influence on the impressions which he received. It was, he said, the epoch when the astonishing majority which supported General Jackson in the most violent measures of his policy may have led to the belief that the minority was crushed and powerless for self-defence; since that, things have changed. But that things should have arrived at such a state, testifies, it appears to me, that the danger signalled by M. de Tocqueville is not illusory; it is a manifest sign of the reality of this peril: for an evil of which one is momentarily cured, if it has its principle in the organisation, may return again at different intervals, and finish by being fatal. Now, M. de Tocqueville does not contemplate the phases of sickness or of health of the United States; what he renders evident is the principle itself of a radical infirmity, a principle inherent in American society as in all democratic bodies—the possible tyranny of the number where number is all and everything; and it seems to me that no explanation or discussion of details, however ingenious they may be, can suppress the reality of an evil which is inherent in the very nature of things. That which is possible, is not to deny it but to struggle against it; for the author of ‘Democracy in America’ signalled it in order that it should be combated in the United States and elsewhere. I persist in believing that he placed his finger on the mischief, and that by so doing he showed the necessity of seeking for a remedy, which was rendering the greatest possible service to American democracy and to all democratic countries; and I would venture to advise these countries, whatever they may be, not to forget that, if they wish to be free, they ought to defend liberty against the despotism of democracy.”

There can be little doubt as to the correctness of the views entertained by the French academician, M. de Tocqueville, and now endorsed from observations made at a subsequent period by his colleague, M. Ampère, as to the elementary evil that lies at the bottom of purely democratic societies and corrodes their very vitals; but the remedy proposed by the latter of defending liberty against the despotism of democracy, has no logical basis whatever. M. Ampère himself avows that there can be no such thing as liberty under a democracy, where the tyranny of a majority takes the place of the tyranny of a despot, or that of a monarch tempered by a representative and constitutional system. The mere supplanting of one tyranny by another, he justly points out, may be a consolation to the oppressed, who become in their turn the oppressors, but it does not ensure liberty to any one. The tyranny of the majority is, therefore, not only a vice inherent in democratic institutions, but it is inseparable from them.

It is true that it might be opposed to this view of democracy, that there is a monarchy in republican institutions, or, as is argued by many

modern American statesmen and divines, there is a sovereignty in democracy. Sovereignty, say this class of writers, is not in the people, but always somewhere else: in Europe, in a despotic or constitutional government; among the Americans, in an aggregate of reasonable principles, and which, as such, are derived from God, and are inscribed in the constitution. This constitution is the sovereignty in democracy, the monarchy of republican institutions; it must be respected and obeyed. Government and congresses always changing is to that constitution what an executive and houses of representatives are in the Old World—a power instituted to replace peaceably and legally false principles by true ones. It would appear, at first sight, strange that if, as is declared by Mr. Hawkes, one of the most distinguished of the divines of the United States, the principles of the American constitution are derived from God, any of these principles should be false and capable of being replaced by true ones; but the constitution of the New World does not as yet claim the infallibility of Popedom in the Old. The boasted supremacy of the constitution, its monarchical position in relation to government and people, is to a great degree negatived by leaving open the power of replacing false principles by true ones. It is evident that that which was a true principle under one order of ideas or opinions, becomes false under another. Thus a constitutional principle held good by a Whig, may be deemed false by a Democrat. Slavery, upheld as justifiable and constitutional by the southern states, may not be esteemed in the same light by the northern. Where government is elected by the majority, the majority being guided by opinion, and that government having the power to tamper with the constitution, the boasted sovereignty of that constitution is in reality a mere empty dream.

The practical money-getting turn of mind of the Americans, our academician remarks, is adverse to metaphysical or purely philosophical speculation, yet there exists at Concord a little knot of thinkers or dreamers of whom Emerson is the centre. But, as he further remarks, the philosophy of Emerson, advocating contempt for the past, excess of confidence in the present, and above all things self-reliance, is only the tendencies and excesses of the American character embodied in a so-called philosophical system. While at the same time the Americans are professedly so religious, our academician tells us that the "Philosophie Positive" of M. Comte, which arrives at the negation of all religion under a serious and scientific form, is much read in America, and obtains greater credit there than in France. The idea of a positive philosophy, he intimates, was agreeable to an eminently positive people, and a narrow, limited system was congenial to minds characterised by firmness rather than by comprehensiveness.

M. Ampère describes the excesses of democracy as never made more manifest than upon the occasion of the arrival of Kossuth in the United States. He was proclaimed to be the future liberator of Europe. One preacher, he states, declared his coming to be the second advent of Christ! The papers propounded that the time had come for the United States to interfere in the affairs of Europe, and to support the democratic principle. One spoke of sending a fleet into the Adriatic to attack Austria, by taking Fiume; and another into the Baltic to bombard Cronstadt and St. Petersburg. Another proposed to declare war simul-

taneously with England and France. A charming young person said that she had always wished to see a hero! Lola Montes alone declared him to be a humbug. Two of a trade never agree. The populace shouted out "Hungary!" but said to themselves—"Canada and Savannah!"

At Philadelphia our academician saw a translation of Victor Hugo's "Tyrant of Padua" performed; but as Quaker prudency could not tolerate that the heroine should be a courtesan, they had made her in the play-bills an actress—a transformation which altered the sense of the whole piece, and showed at the same time in what little esteem the theatre is held.

Religion, even in its toleration, presents as many inconsistencies in the States as does democracy. Religious toleration, which could not be found in episcopal Virginia or puritanical New England, originated with the Quakers of Pennsylvania, a sect notoriously intolerant in the Old World. Roger Williams, who first inculcated that the State should not interfere with creeds, would not himself join in prayer with his own family because he did not deem them to be regenerated. An Irish Catholic, Lord Baltimore, advocated religious liberty in Maryland, which was rewarded by the Protestants excluding his co-religionists from the State. The vagaries of religion may also be said to have attained their extreme development in the United States in Mormonism. The only faith that has been persecuted in a country where the most strange creeds are expounded without an obstacle, Mormonism is probably in part indebted to this persecution for its success. One of the greatest evils connected with an institution which is subversive of all family ties is, that the population is almost entirely kept up by proselytes or victims obtained in this country. They designate themselves as Saints, and call the other people of the States Gentiles. They resemble the Jews in having the same antipathy for the rest of mankind, the same indefatigable activity in the pursuit of wealth, and the same union among themselves. M. Ampère remarks upon Mormonism, that there is no doubt that that which assisted it in its progress in the United States, is the idea that America ought to have her own religion and her own revelation, and ought even upon that point to detach herself from the Old World, so as to be indebted to her in no one thing. The book of the Mormons has, he adds, been manifestly written for Americans. The theory which makes reason the gift of the majority is placed in the mouth of one of the chiefs of the predestined tribe: "It is not usual that the voice of the people should desire anything contrary to that which is good; but it often happens that the minority wants that which it is not proper to concede. That is why you will make it a law to conduct your affairs according to the will of the people."

It is easily seen by this how much the Mormons, whatever may be the difference of their ideas upon other matters, are imbued with the American doctrine of the infallibility of numbers, and the presumed error of the minority—a doctrine which has few inconveniences, M. Ampère says, where the people are so enlightened as in the United States, but which must everywhere have the result of elevating force into the place of right. Pascal said, speaking of a vote on ecclesiastical affairs, "It is easier to find monks than reasons." It is easier to find a majority than to discover

a truth, or to establish the reign of justice and reason. The existence of Mormonism in the United States speaks more in favour of their tolerance than of their principles and rectitude. True, that the depravity and ignorance of the Old World pours its scum into the caldron of abomination, but the boasted enlightenment of the Americans permits itself to be sadly dimmed by the existence of such an enormity, and of its incorporation with other Christian States.

The sovereign purity of the constitution is also not a little tarnished by the law which permits a master to pursue his fugitive slave into states where slavery does not exist, and that not under the name of slave, but of "a person held out to service or labour," and which allows to the judge a greater remuneration if he declares the capture to be good, than in case of a verdict in favour of the miserable culprit. M. Ampère calls such a state of things "scandalous;" it is, indeed, an apparent bribe to a corrupt verdict in favour of slaveholders; one, we suppose, of those "false principles," as Mr. Hawkes would call them, which have crept into the divinely-begotten institutions of the United States. M. Ampère heard in an open court at Philadelphia one of the judges express, after a verdict had been given, his dissent with the other judges. It is, he remarks, pushing respect for individual opinion rather far to permit the minority to thus express an opinion opposed to the judgment given, at the risk of affecting its weight.

"The triumph of Mr. Hobbes," M. Ampère records, "the victory gained by the yacht *America* at the regatta off the Isle of Wight, and the success of the reaping-machine, are three subjects upon which the American press is never tired of dilating. To these three industrial exploits must be added the superiority in speed which has enabled the American steamers to effect the passage from Europe to America in less time than the English boats. These are like so many grand warlike exploits. They are the *Arcole*, *Marengo*, *Austerlitz*, and *Wagram* of the United States. The national pride is perfectly intoxicated by such successes. The English honour themselves by the courtesy with which they accepted the defeat. When the *America* beat their yachts off the Isle of Wight, the Queen congratulated the conquerors. The conquered applauded their victors. I have heard Americans admit that in case of defeat they would not have done as much." There is a great deal contained in this last statement; it is at the bottom of all those political difficulties which never can be settled from the obstinacy of the American character, and the repugnance which it has to acknowledge itself in the wrong, or to admit of compromise or defeat. Like the spoilt and wayward child of fortune, it must have all its own way—no arbitration—no interference—no dictation—everything or nothing.

M. Ampère first saw at the theatre of Baltimore the amphitheatre to which people of colour are consigned. Although of a pure white, a quaterone, he remarks, is obliged to take his place among the negroes. The musical instinct, he adds, is not much developed among the Americans. They are, nevertheless, very musical, an enormous number of pianofortes being manufactured in the United States, and social concerts as much in vogue as in Europe; but he adds, "I do not see that they produce in this country any remarkable results. The proud Yankees must recognise their inferiority in this respect to those whom some of them look upon

as barely human beings. The negro is condemned by slavery or contempt to a miserable existence, but he has a gift which has been denied to those who oppress and despise him—that of gaiety. To sustain him in the bitterness of his position, Providence has given him a taste for singing and dancing—

Le bon Dieu lui dit : Chante,
Chante, pauvre petit.”

At Washington there are two things essential for the traveller—one is to visit the senate, another to attend a levee of the president. At the first, M. Ampère witnessed the violence of democracy personified by Mr. Foote; at the second he had—his pocket picked! Upon another occasion our academician attended a discussion on the subject of a compromise between the north and south on the question of the Fugitive Law. Here he heard Houston and Foote, parliamentary antagonists a few days previously, now unanimous in their sentiments, in which they were also followed by the “inveterate enemy of England”—General Cass. M. Ampère was most struck by the manners and appearance of Mr. Douglas, whom he describes as “petit, noir, trapu, sa parole est pleine de nerf, son action simple et forte.” No small amusement has since been created by this passage having been publicly expounded, as implying that the short, squat, and dark senator in question was a negro!

Speaking of the two great parties into which the States are now divided, the Whigs and the Democrats, corresponding pretty nearly to the Federalists and Republicans of former times, M. Ampère remarks that the acquisition of the Oregon and the conquests in Mexico under President Polk assisted materially in developing warlike inclinations and the ambition of conquests, new elements from which, if they do not take care, the ruin of the United States may yet ensue. Since the days of Jefferson, he adds, the Democrats have almost always been in power. “This is natural, for they represent more completely than their adversaries the sentiments and the faults of the majority. The Whigs used to temper these, the Democrats give them impulse. The government of the United States is like a locomotive started on an iron road: it begins its course at a moderate speed; soon the furnace is heated, the speed is accelerated, the whole force of the steam is put on, an immense way is made in a very short time; but it also often happens in this country that the boiler bursts, and the locomotive is blown into the air. *Avis aux Américains.*”

M. Ampère also makes some wise and judicious remarks upon that spirit of conquest and aggrandisement which is at the present moment rampant in the United States. The condition of neighbouring states, as Cuba, Mexico, and Central America, favours the ambitious desires provoked. The difficulties which the Mormons present at the present moment to Congress attest that others may arise from too extensive an empire, and the contemptuous manner in which these sectarians repel all that are not themselves, shows that even the boasted power of fusion and of assimilation has its limits. The policy of invasion also favours instincts that are fatal to republican principles. Channing long ago pointed out that great armies would give birth to heavy taxation and to great captains. Are the Americans so weary of the republic that they wish to give to it such guardians? The Fenélon of America, as M. Ampère calls him, also said, “We talk of accomplishing our destiny! Thus spoke the last con-

queror of Europe, and destiny cast him upon a solitary rock in the midst of the ocean, victim of an ambition which has been definitively fatal only to himself. Who does not perceive, that if war becomes a habit with us, our institutions cannot be preserved? We boast of the progress of society, but this progress consists in the substitution of reason and morality to the empire of brute force. It is true that a civilised people is always called upon to exercise a great influence upon neighbours that are less so than themselves; but it ought to be to ameliorate and to enlighten, not to crush and to destroy."

The alarming perspective suggested by a brief delay at Washington, and which alternates with more agreeable details regarding the Smithsonian Institution, the Patent Office, the Observatory, Messrs. Henry, Maury, and Bache, men of scientific fame in both Worlds, were soon exchanged for the bustle of railway and boat, and the glorious inconveniences of wending the way through rain and mud, in search of a house where the tickets were exchanged, without even a sign-post, still less a living person to indicate the place. As to the omnibus at the end of the journey, it had to be felt for. Near Wilmington the train traversed a river by a viaduct, with great intervals open beneath the waggons, and no parapet at the side. The effect, our traveller says, was *peu rassurant*.

Charleston, with its commerce in cotton, suggested new trains of thought. What would become of the population of the great manufacturing towns in England if no cotton arrived at Liverpool? That which will maintain peace between England and America more than all the societies united to that effect, M. Ampère remarks, will be a certain number of bales of cotton!

The sale of a family of negroes on the public square was a less gratifying exhibition. By their side was a red flag, worthy emblem, says our Frenchman, of crime and slavery. Close by the same spot a negro was burnt at a slow fire in 1808. "Je me garderai bien," says M. Ampère, "d'ajouter la moindre réflexion a ce récit." Near Charleston is a fort, which the Secessionists, or those who desire separation from the Union, if any attempt is made against the rights and interests of the south, declare to have been raised to keep the city in obedience. "Such a threat on the one side, and such anger on the other," M. Ampère remarks, "appear to announce an imminent crisis."

If it was not for a day's journey to be performed in a carriage near Montgomery, the whole distance between Quebec and New Orleans could now be performed by rail or steam-boat. M. Ampère, who appears to have been constitutionally chilly, actually complained of the climate of Alabama! "America," he says, "is a rigorous climate: it has preserved the native roughness of countries that have not been softened by an ancient cultivation; the land has not yet been warmed by the breath of man!" On board the same boat on the Alabama was one of those dogs used for hunting fugitive slaves. He was not a little disgusted at seeing the people caress it, and call it "a good dog." The Southerners, he says, will work with negroes, but will not eat with them. Politics were freely discussed on board. One of the leading speakers had his coat out at the elbows. Below, were two ministers taking an unfortunate actor to task. One related an instance of his

having baptised the child of an actor, and described with unction the grief of the parents at thinking of the lot that awaited it. The other told of a female who always came to church veiled: being asked who she was, she replied, "I am an actress, but I wish to save my soul."

The first thing that struck our traveller on arriving at New Orleans was an advertisement for the sale of lands and slaves: one of the slaves was designated as an idiot. "Vendre un idiot!" he exclaims. At the great hotel, which, with its cupola, is one of the leading features of the city, the rooms have no bells, their place is occupied by an electro-magnetic apparatus. "Au lieu," he says, "de tirer le cordon d'une sonnette, on fait jouer une pile de Volta!" A tradition of France still existed in the same city: the cookery was infinitely better than elsewhere. Other reminiscences of France soon also presented themselves: the ladies dressed and even looked French. "Quelques-unes," says M. Ampère, "nous ont offert de charmants types à demi parisiens, à demi créoles." At the theatre, also, the young men disturbed the house with their noisy witticisms, which "malheureusement pour notre amour-propre national, étaient en français." Some fifty or sixty miles were travelled on the Mississippi in a steamer, to inspect a sugar factory, without an accident. M. Ampère did not repeat M. Gustave de Beaumont's question to the captain: "Your machinery is in a very bad state; how long do you intend to use it?" So he saved himself from the stereotyped reply, "Till it bursts!" Publicly recognised in New Orleans by that clever Egyptologist, Gliddon, as having first brought to Europe the copy of an inscription from the island of Philæ, M. Ampère also brought a reminiscence from an equally remote point of the globe: "The Chactaw Indians," he tells us, "are already initiated in parliamentary tactics, for when they have a talkative and quarrelsome senator, they make a president of him!"

It is not a little curious, in a psychological point of view, that our academician, who in New England was perfectly awake to the dangers that threaten the institutions of the United States from the tyranny of a majority, which, if expressing the opinion of the greater number, may not always represent that of the more moral, intellectual, and refined classes; who, at Washington, as lucidly exposed the perils accruing from the ambition of conquest and aggrandisement, now in the ascendant; and who, in the south, saw in the threats of the Abolitionists, and the angry preparations for resistance on the part of the Secessionists, the omens of a crisis that is imminent (and "Kansas difficulties" and "Know-Nothings" did not exist then), should, on the Mississippi, have yielded resistless to the brilliant and grandiose visions with which every traveller is fed and pampered in the United States.

The Mississippi, M. Ampère chronicles, on his way to Havannah, is one of the most respectable masses of water in the universe. When its valley shall be as well peopled as England, it will contain a population equal to two-thirds of that of the whole world, and New Orleans will probably be the greatest city ever seen under the sun. The Gulf of Mexico is itself only an expansion of the Mississippi: no wonder then that the Americans anticipate their future union by such an expansion with the great rivers of South America!

The charms of climate and the beauties of art and nature in Havannah were tempered by the dread of yellow fever. A motley, incoherent popu-

lation, badly governed and over-taxed, deducted equally from the relief otherwise afforded to the selfishness and pride of the United States, by the gaiety, elegance, and grace of a Spanish town, and the polish of the Old World engrafted on a race with tropical blood in its veins.

As to Mexico, still worse governed than Cuba, it presented to our academician, in modern life, ranchos, convents, churches—monks, gamblers, and bandits—barbarity in civilisation; in ancient life, hieroglyphic paintings of the Aztecs, colossal statues resembling petrified monsters, and other monstrous combinations of Mexican art. There were also pyramids—more particularly the great Cholula—and M. Ampère, who is well qualified to give an opinion, says, that except in point of form, he thinks there is no analogy to establish between the pyramids of Egypt and the Mexican pyramids. The first, he says, were decidedly funereal, the latter had simply a religious object.

Finally, Cuba, Mexico, and Canada, our academician tells us, are destined, sooner or later, to form part of the United States. Cuba and Mexico will go first. "To visit Cuba and Mexico is, therefore, still to travel in the United States—in the United States of the future." That this may be the case ultimately is possible; but it is also equally possible that it may, by the intervention of some accident or other, meet with the same kind of delay that has occurred in the appropriation of Turkey by Russia. Again, the people of Cuba are hostile to a degree to their own bad government, without at all desiring the sway of the people of the United States. If they pass under their dominion, it will, therefore, be because they have no other alternative. The people of Canada are by no means so circumstanced; and if a time comes when they wish to withdraw themselves from allegiance to the Old World, there is no reason whatever that they should throw themselves into the arms of the Yankees. Again, if already New England has to overawe Charleston by forts and citadels, if the States are already divided into Abolitionists, Secessionists, Mormonites, and Californians, is it at all likely that when the valley of the Mississippi shall be more populous than the Euphrates of old it will form part of the United States? Still less will this be the case when, if Providence so wills it, the United States shall have assumed such disproportionate development as to embrace Cuba, Mexico, Central America, and, perchance, Canada. If, under the present system, there is a difference of character, difference of interests, difference of tariffs, and the still graver difference of toleration and intolerance of slavery between the industrial states of the north and the agricultural states of the south, what will it be when the hardy Scots of the Red River and the lively French Canadians are brought in contact with the morose asceticism of puritanical America, and the impious ravings and disgraceful immoralities of the Mormons; and these again with the mixed populations of Mexico and Central America, indolent, corrupted, and depraved by detestable governments? The central power, whatever may be its limits, must exercise authority under certain circumstances: can it make itself felt beyond the Rocky Mountains and at the other end of the Gulf of Mexico? Notwithstanding railroads, steam-boats, and the electric telegraph, there will always be some distance from Washington to Tehuantepec.

COUSIN CARL.

FROM THE DANISH OF CARL BERNHARD.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

PART III.

ABOUT an hour before luncheon I stole away into the wood to wait for Jettè, and it was with a beating heart I listened for any approaching footstep; had I not kissed her, I should have felt easier in my own mind. Ought I now to confess to her the impositions of which I had been guilty? Perhaps it would be better to do so. . . . But the kiss . . . would she forgive that?

I discerned her white dress a good way off, and I almost felt inclined to hide myself and let her take the trouble of finding me; but again I bethought me that it was not the part of the cavalier to be shamefaced in a secret assignation. I therefore went forward to meet her. As soon as she caught a glimpse of me, she stopped, and suddenly changed colour. The poor girl—how sorry I was for her! She could not utter one word. I led her to a rural seat near.

“Cousin,” at length she said, “it must doubtless surprise you, and naturally so too, that I should in such a secret manner have requested an interview with you. If you could conceive how painful this moment is to me, I am sure you would compassionate me.”

“My dear young lady, I owe you an explanation, and I thank you for having given me an opportunity . . .”

“Dear cousin, be not offended with me—do not speak to me in that distant and ceremonious manner, it makes the step more painful which I am about to take, and which cannot be longer delayed. It is I who owe you an explanation—alas! an explanation that will deprive me of your esteem and your friendship. I am very unhappy.”

“Do not weep so, dear cousin; you cannot imagine how it grieves me to see you so miserable. Believe me, I have your happiness sincerely at heart. You little know what delight it would give me if I were able to say to myself that I had contributed to it.”

The double signification which my words might bear drew forth more tears. Jettè cried, without making any reply.

“There is comfort for every affliction,” I continued. “God has mercifully placed the antidote alongside of the poisonous plant. Tell me, at least, what distresses you—let me at least endeavour to console you, even if I cannot assist you, and do not doubt my good will, though my power may be but limited.”

“For Heaven’s sake, Carl, do not speak so kindly to me,” cried Jette, with some impetuosity. “Do not speak thus—I have not deserved it. If you would be compassionate, say that you hate me—that you abhor me.”

“And if I said so, I should only deceive you. No, Jettè, my complaisance cannot go so far.”

“You would hate me—you would despise me!” she exclaimed,

sobbing, "if you only knew . . . oh ! I shall never be able to tell . . . if you only knew . . . how unfortunate I am . . . how I . . ."

"Dear Jettè," said I, in some agitation, "you have come to enter into an explanation with me ; allow me to assist your confession, and help to lighten the burden which weighs so heavily on your heart. You have come, I know, to break off with me."

"*You know !*" she exclaimed, in consternation. And she seemed as if she were going to faint. "Take pity on me, Carl ; leave me for a few minutes ; I dare not look you in the face." She buried her own face in her pocket-handkerchief, and wept bitterly. I kissed her hand, and left her.

Very much out of spirits myself, I wandered to and fro under the trees. "How is all this to end?" said I to myself ; "the poor girl will fret herself to death if she cannot have her Gustav, and get rid of her cousin. Gustav is a fine fellow, and a very good match ; even the father allows that. The cousin must be an idiot to let himself be betrothed by his father's orders to a girl he knows nothing about—and a tiresome one too, according to what is reported of him. Jettè is a girl with a great deal of feeling—but he must be a clod with none ; he can't care in the least for her, or he would have been here long ere this. He shall not have her. What if I were to advise them to run away an hour or two before I take myself off ? or, suppose we were all three to elope together ? Nonsense ! How can I think of such folly ? Poor girl ! It would melt a heart of stone to see her crying there. What if I were to stay and play the cousin a little longer—formally renounce her hand—give her up to Gustav ? I should like to act such a magnanimous part . . . and when it was all well over, and the real cousin arrived, to let him find that he had come on a fool's errand, and go back to nurse his cold . . . or, it might be better to drop him a line by the post to save a scene ? I'll do it. By Jove ! I'll do it ! The god of love himself must have sent me here ; no man in the wide world could do the thing better than myself. But what right have I to decide thus the fate of another man—a man whom I have never even beheld ? Right ! It is time to talk about *right*, forsooth, after I have been doing nothing but wrong for thirty-six hours. No, no, let conscience stand to one side, for the present at least ; it has no business in this affair. I have acted most unwarrantably, I know, but I will make up for my misdeeds by one good deed ; one blessing will I take with me, and when I am gone, two happy persons at least will remember me kindly, and Hannè will be less harsh in her judgment of my conduct, since it will have brought about her sister's happiness. Let me set my shoulders to the wheel—there is no time to lose. No, they shall not all execrate me."

Jettè was still sitting on the bench where I had left her. I placed myself beside her, and tried to reassure her.

"I said I owed you some explanation ; allow me in a few words to tell you all you wish to communicate. You do not care for me—you love Gustav Holm—you will be wretched if you cannot find some good pretext for breaking off the match with me—you have many reasons to love him, none to love me—you want to let me know how the matter

stands, and to give me a basket,* but to do it in so amicable a manner, that you hope I will accept it quietly like a good Christian, and not make too much fuss about it. All this is what you would have told me sooner or later. Am I not right, Jettè? or is there more you would have entrusted to me?"

She hid her face with her hands.

"My window was partly open the other night," I added. "I overheard your conversation with Gustav Holm, and I knew immediately, of course, what I had to expect. You will believe, I hope, that I have sufficient feeling not to wish to force myself upon one who cannot care for me. Forgive me that I have caused you any uneasiness; it was against my own will. I would much rather have convinced you sooner that you have no enemy in me, but, on the contrary, a sincere friend."

"Dearest, best Carl! Noblest of men! You restore me to freedom—you restore me to life! The Almighty has heard my prayers! You do not know how earnestly I have prayed that you might find me detestable."

"Therein your prayers have not been heard, Jettè," said I. "If you could have loved me, I could not have wished a better fate. I love you and Hannè much more than you think." I felt that every word I had just spoken was positive truth. Jettè wrung my hand.

"You have removed a mountain from my heart," she replied. "Would that I could thank you as you deserve!"

I was quite ashamed of all the thanks she poured out, and all the gratitude she expressed. It is an unspeakable pleasure to promote the happiness of one's fellow-creatures; it is an agreeable feeling which I would not exchange for any other.

When the first burst of joy was over, Jettè consulted with me how it would be best to break the matter to her father. I told her of his good opinion of Gustav, and built upon it the brightest hopes.

Jettè shook her head. "He will insist that I shall keep my promise," said she, mournfully, "He will not relinquish a plan which he has cherished for so many years. How dreadful it is for me to disappoint him!"

"Very well, take me."

"Oh! do not jest with me, dear Carl. My only dependence is on you."

"I shall take my departure immediately, and leave a letter renouncing my engagement to you. That will go far to help you."

"For Heaven's sake, stay! You are the only one who can speak to him," said she. "You have already acquired much influence over him."

"Then let us proceed at once to the *éclaircissement*. I shall tell him that I have discovered that your heart belongs to Gustav Holm, not to me; and that I cannot accept any woman's hand unless her heart accompanies it."

"Oh! what a terrible moment it will be when that is said. I tremble at the very idea of it. You do not know what he can be when his anger is thoroughly roused."

* "To give a basket," in Danish, signifies a refusal.

"Then would you prefer to elope with Gustav? Like a loyal cousin I will assist you in your escape."

"That would enrage him still more; he has always been so kind and gentle to me."

"I wish we had Gustav here, that something might be determined on. These anticipated terrible moments are never so dreadful in reality as in expectation; you have had a proof of this in the one you have just gone through."

"Gustav will be here soon; he knows that I had requested this private conversation with you . . . he will meet me here in the wood . . . he will come when—when . . ." She stopped, and blushed deeply.

"He will come when I am gone," I said, laughing. "That was very sensibly arranged, but the arrangement must be annulled nevertheless, and he must make the effort of showing himself while I am here. I dare say he is not many miles off—perhaps within hail." "Mr. Holm! Mr. Holm!" I roared at the top of my voice. "He knows my manner of inviting him, and you will see that he will speedily present himself. Good morning, Mr. Holm!" I added.

"For God's sake do not shout so loudly, you will be overheard," said Jettè. "Oh! how will all this end?"

"Uncommonly well," thought L. "Here comes the lover."

Gustav came, almost rushing up; his countenance and manner expressed what was passing in his mind, namely, uncertainty whether he was to look on me as a friend or a foe.

"Gustav—Carl! . . ." exclaimed Jettè, sinking back on the bench. She found it impossible to command her voice, but her eyes, which dwelt with affection on us both, filled up the pause, and expressed what words would not.

I took his hand and led him up to Jettè. He knelt at her feet, she threw her arms round his neck, while I bent over them, and beheld my work with sincere satisfaction. There was a rustling in the bushes, and Hannè and her father stood suddenly before us! The lovers did not observe them, although I did my utmost by signs to rouse their attention.

"What the devil is all this?" exclaimed the Justitsraad, in a voice of thunder. "What does this mean? Carl, what are you doing?"

"I am bestowing my cousinly benediction, and full absolution and remission of sins, as you ought to do, my worthy uncle," I replied, as cheerfully as I possibly could. It was necessary to appear to keep up one's courage. Gustav rose hastily, and Jettè threw herself into her sister's arms.

"My dear sir!" said Gustav, imploringly.

"Mr. Holm!" cried the Justitsraad, drawing himself up.

"Dear uncle!" I exclaimed, interrupting them both, "allow me to speak. Gustav adores Jettè, and she returns his love. There can be no more question about me; I am her cousin, and nothing either more or less. I am not such an idiot as to wish to force a woman to be my wife whose heart is given to another. I have dissolved the engagement between Jettè and myself, deliberately, and after due reflection. I *could* not make her happy, and I *will not* make her unhappy. There stands

the bridegroom, who only awaits your blessing. Give it, dear uncle, and let this day become the happiest of my life, for it is the first time I ever had an opportunity of doing good."

"Heavens and earth! a pretty piece of work, indeed!" The Justitsraad was as blustering as a German, and would on no account allow himself to hear reason. A great deal of his anger was naturally directed against me. I tried to smooth matters down. Jettè wept and sobbed. It was a hundred to one against us. "I shall write to your father this very day," he said, at length; "he only can absolve me from my vow; but that he will not do—that he certainly will not do on any account. This marriage has been his greatest wish for I do not know how many years, as well as mine."

"But he will be obliged to do it," said I; "this very afternoon I shall take my departure, and you shall never hear of me more. My father's power over me by no means extends so far as you seem to fancy. I will not make Jettè miserable, merely to indulge his whims. Dear uncle, let me persuade you to believe that your contract is null and void: give your blessing to Gustav and Jettè, and leave me to settle the matter with my father. Feelings cannot be forced. Jettè does not care for me, and you ought not, in this affair, to be less liberal than I am."

"Liberal—liberal indeed! He is always prating about such folly," exclaimed the Justitsraad, in a rage. "It is that abominable Berlin liberality that has entirely ruined him."

Berlin liberality! It was the first time I had ever heard *that* bewailed. But what absurd things do people not stumble upon when they are angry, and speak without reflection!

"Well, it was Berlin that ruined me, according to my uncle, and so utterly ruined me . . . that I am betrothed in Berlin, and cannot be betrothed again. It is against the law both here and in Prussia to have two wives."

This was an inspiration prompted by the exigency of the occasion; what did one untruth more or less signify? I was a Jesuit at that moment, and excused myself with Loyola's doctrine—that the motive sanctifies the means.

"Betrothed!" exclaimed the Justitsraad—"betrothed in Berlin! Make a fool of me! Hark ye, Carl . . ."

"Betrothed!" interrupted Hannè. "Upon my word, you are a fine fellow, cousin. That is the reason he does not wear Jettè's betrothal ring. And I to be standing here admiring his magnanimity!"

Jettè silently held out her hand to me from one side, Gustav from the other; these were well-meant congratulations.

"Yes, betrothed," I continued. "Abuse me at your will, hate me, curse me, say and do what you please, but betrothed I am, and betrothed I must remain."

This was a settler. The wrath of the Justitsraad cooled by degrees; that really kind-hearted man could not withstand so many anxious looks and earnest prayers; and fear of all the gossip and ridicule to which his holding out longer under the circumstances might give rise, also had effect upon him.

"You are a sad scapegrace, Carl," he said, "and Jettè may be thankful she is not to have you for her husband; but she shall not be left in the

lunch on account of your foolish freaks." He took her hand and placed it in Gustav's, saying, "You must make up to me for the failure of these hopes which I have cherished through so many years. But," he added, with a sigh, "what will my brother say when he hears this history?"

Jettè cast herself upon his neck; she almost fainted in his arms; the rest of us surrounded him. There was no end to embraces and thanks.

"And now let us hasten to my mother," said Hannè; "the revolution shall end there. I would not be in your place, cousin, for any money; you will be soundly rated."

"You shall be my advocate, Hannè, and shall defend my case; it is only under your protection that I dare appear before my aunt. Take me under your wing—I positively will not leave you."

I slipped my arm round her waist, and I think, if I remember aright, I was going to kiss her.

"Hands off, Mr. Cousin! Now that you are not to be my brother-in-law you must not make so free. Remember your intended in Berlin."

Alas! to help others I had injured myself. Hannè, her father, and I walked on first, the lovers followed us a little way behind. As we came along we met some of the peasantry on the estate going to their work.

"Hollo! good people!" cried I to them, "this evening we must be all merry, and drink your master's good health, and dance on Miss Jettè's betrothal-day. Hurrah for Miss Jettè and Mr. Holm!"

"Hurrah!" cried the people. And the declaration was made.

"Be quiet, you good-for-nothing!" cried the Justitsraad, "and don't turn everything topsy-turvy in a place that does not belong to you. A feast, forsooth!—drink my health, indeed! It is easy for you to be generous at another man's expense. I declare the fellow is determined to take the whip-hand of us all!"

My aunt heard the noise, and came out on the stone steps to ask what was the matter. I crept behind Hannè and hid myself.

"A complete revolution, my dear, which that precious fellow Carl has brought about. When the luncheon-bell had rung for some time in vain, without their making their appearance, Hannè and I went to look for Jettè and Carl in the wood; I expected to have found him at Jettè's feet; but instead of him there lay another, and he was actually busying himself in making up a match between them. Truly, it is an edifying story. Come in, and I will tell you all about it, and you will see to what purpose he has travelled. He has betrothed himself in Berlin, fancy—and very probably in Hamburg, in Paris, in Vienna, wherever he may have been. He is a fine fellow! A pretty viper we were nourishing in our hearts!"

My aunt wase asily reconciled to the course of events, and she gave the young couple her maternal blessing. But it was me whom they all wanted for a son-in-law and a brother-in-law. It was very flattering to be such a favourite; however, as I was not to be had, they received Gustav (for whom they had a great regard) with open arms. We all became as sprightly as a parcel of children, and I would have been very happy, had not the many affectionate good wishes for the future welfare of myself and my unknown *fiancée* in Berlin fallen like burning drops of molten lead on my soul, and had I not had constantly before me the remembrance that I must soon leave this pleasant circle, and for ever! My proposi-

tion to spend that day entirely by ourselves was agreed to, and orders were given to admit no visitors.

"Let me but live this day undisturbed to the end," thought I, "and I shall demand nothing more from Fortune, which has hitherto been so kind to me." It was a day, the like of which I have never spent. You will perhaps think it strange, dear reader, that my conscience should be so much at ease; but I must frankly confess that the good action I had accomplished, and the happiness I had bestowed, had entirely had the effect of quieting that internal monitor. Jettè was right when she said that I had already obtained some influence over her father; for I can positively assert that my sudden and public announcement of the state of affairs had been taken in good part. I was all activity and excitement; and my exuberant mirth, which was almost without bounds, did not permit a serious word, scarcely a serious thought. I obliged them all to exert themselves, and fly about in order to make preparations for a little dance in a round summer-house at one end of the garden: the Justitsraad had to send to the village for two fiddlers, his wife had to give out sheets and curtains to make hangings for the walls; the young ladies wove garlands, Gustav and I manufactured chandeliers out of barrel-hoops and vegetables. Everybody was set to work, and before the evening the prettiest little ball-room that could be was arranged; and the people on the estate declared they had never seen anything so splendid before; "but, to be sure, there had never been a betrothal feast in the family before."

"You are a clever fellow, Carl," said the Justitsraad; "you have got this up so prettily and so well, that one might almost give a real ball. Were it not that I should have my wife and children up in arms against me, I really fancy I should like a dance. But there would be too many difficulties in the way."

Hannè flew up to her father, and hugged him in her joy; he was taken at his word, and nothing else was talked of but the ball, which in the course of eight days was to be given to celebrate Jettè's betrothal.

"We will set about writing the invitations at once," said Hannè; "there is an hour or more yet before the people are to begin to dance, and we have nothing to do. Let us fetch pen, ink, and paper; I will dictate, and Carl shall write; it will be done directly almost, and early to-morrow morning we shall send off the invitations. So, all the difficulties are overcome. Now, cousin, mend your pen; you write a good hand," said Hannè.

"Write! No, that I won't," thought I. "I shall take good care not to betray myself by that."

"Gustav can write what you want; I have hurt my hand," said I, looking round; but Gustav and Jettè had both disappeared.

"How? Let me see," said Hannè. "It is not true. Gustav and Jettè have gone into the garden; we must let them alone; so you shall come, and you may as well do it at once."

"But I have really hurt my finger, Hannè; it is extremely painful. I shall not be able to make the most wretched 'pothooks—my finger is quite swollen."

"Or rather you are extremely lazy, and won't take the trouble," said Hannè. "But at least you shall help me to write a list of the people to

be invited, before I forget half of them ; I have got them all in my head just now, and your pothooks are good enough for that. Begin now! Put down first our neighbours who were here yesterday. Kammerraad* Tvede, with his wife, his two daughters, his son, and the tutor. Have you got them down?" Hannè looked over my shoulder at the paper. "But what in the world stands there?" she asked.

"Kammerraad Tvede, with his wife, his two daughters, his son, and the tutor," I replied. "These are Greek characters, Hannè ; I can write nothing but Greek with this finger."

"But I can't read Greek, you refractory monster!" cried Hannè, dolefully.

"You must learn it, then, Hannè. Task for task ; if you force me to write the list, I will force you to read Greek."

"That's right, my boy!" exclaimed the Justitsraad, laughing heartily. "If one gives the girls an inch, they are sure to take an ell ; they would take the command of us altogether, if they could."

After a great deal of joking and foolery, we accomplished making out the list, and the last name given was that of my good uncle, the worthy pastor, whom it was my purpose to visit, and whose guest I would be before the sun rose on the following day.

"Do you know him, too?" I asked, with a feeling of mingled surprise and annoyance.

"He confirmed both Jettè and me," said Hannè ; "he is an excellent man, therefore I kept him to the last. You can hardly imagine how much we are all attached to him. If ever I marry, he shall perform the ceremony. I think you must remember him ; at least, you saw him in this house more than once when you were here as a child."

"Very true. I think I recollect him ; he is a tall, old man, with a hooked nose. Yes, I remember him distinctly."

This time, at least, I had no need to help myself out with lies! In a situation such as mine, one seizes with avidity every opportunity to speak truth ; it is so very refreshing when one is up to the ears in untruth.

Our chandeliers answered their purpose exceedingly well ; the fiddlers scraped loudly and merrily, and the floor shook under the powerful springs and somewhat weighty footing of the country swains and damsels who were dancing in honour of Miss Jettè's betrothal. I had taken a turn in the waltz with each of the village belles, and danced that furious *Fangedands* with Hannè—a dance that one must have seen the peasantry execute, in order to form an idea how violent it is. Glee and good-humour reigned around, and even the Justitsraad entered heartily into the joyous spirit which seemed to prevail. And although from time to time he whispered to me, "I ought to be very angry at you—you have played me a pretty trick," yet he was not in the slightest degree angry ; on the contrary, he submitted with an extremely good grace to what he could not help. But I—I who had been the originator and cause of all this gaiety and gladness—I felt only profound melancholy, and stole away to indulge in it amidst the most lonely walks of the garden, or in the wood beyond. The hour of my departure was drawing rapidly near.

* A Danish title.

Perhaps you may imagine, dear reader, that it would be impossible for me to be sad or serious. Could you have beheld me wandering about the grounds alone, that September evening, when every one else was dancing, you would have found that you were mistaken in your opinion of me. I ascended the sloping hill, on which stands Hannè's favourite swing. By day the view from thence is beautiful; and even at night it is a place not to be despised. The garden, stretching out darkly immediately beneath, looked like an impenetrable wood. The moon was in its first quarter, and therefore shed but a faint, uncertain light over objects at a little distance, while its trembling rays fell more brightly on the far-off waves of the Baltic Sea, making them appear nearer than they really were. On the right, the walls and chimneys of the dwelling-house gleamed through the openings of the trees; on the left, light blazed from the illuminated summer-house, whence came the sound of a hundred feet, tramping in time to the overpowered music. All else was as still around me as it generally is in the evening in the country, where the occasional bark of some distant dog, with its echo resounding from the wood, is the only sign of life. Behind me lay the pretty grove; and above my head stood the swing, on one of whose tall supporters my name was fastened in derision.

Had you seen how carefully I detached the piece of paper from the wood, and placing myself in the swing where I had sat with Hannè, allowed myself to rock gently backwards and forwards, while I gazed on the strange name that had become dearer to me than my own, because *she* had pronounced it and written it, you would have perceived that I also could have my sad and serious moments. But people of my temperament seek to avoid observation when a fit of blue-devils seizes them, and only go forth among their fellow-beings when the fit has subsided.

Jettè and Gustav took me by surprise. They had passed in silence through the garden, and arm-in-arm they had as silently ascended the little eminence.

"What, *you* here! in solitude, and so serious, dear cousin?" said Jettè; "you look quite out of spirits. Every one connected with me should be happy on this my betrothal day, and I must reckon you among the nearest of those—you, whom I have to thank for my happiness. Come and take a share in the joy you have created; if I did not know better, I might be inclined to fancy that you are grieving over the irreparable loss you have had in me: you really do assume such a miserable countenance."

"Do not ridicule me, Jettè; I have perhaps just lost more than I can ever be compensated for."

"It is well that a certain person in Berlin cannot overhear what politeness induces you to say in Zealand," replied Jettè. "But a truce to compliments at present, they only cast a shade of doubt over your truthfulness; keep them for those who know less of your affairs than I do, and let us speak honestly to each other. In reality, you are glad not to become more nearly connected with us than you are already: you cannot deny that."

"Do you think so? And if that were far from the fact?—if, on the contrary, that were the cause of my melancholy—the knowledge of the impossibility of my being so—what would you say?"

"I should be under the necessity of pitying you very much, poor fellow!" said Jettè, laughing. "But who would have thought that this morning?"

"You may indeed pity me, Jettè, for when I leave this place my heart and my thoughts will remain behind, with you—with all your dear family; and I must leave you soon."

"Soon! Are you going abroad again?" asked Gustav.

"Two days after your arrival among us!" exclaimed Jettè; "no, no, we cannot agree to that."

"And yet it must be," I said. "I shall be gone, perhaps, sooner than you think. I have my own peculiar manner of coming and going, and . . ."

"But what whim is this, Carl?" asked Jettè, interrupting me. "Did you not come to spend some time with us? You may depend on it my father will not bear of your going, though our wishes and requests may have no influence over you."

"I am compelled to go, dear Jettè; I must leave you for some time. Perhaps we shall meet again . . . but should that be impossible, I shall write you, if you will permit me. And when I am gone, will you take my part, if I should be made the subject of animadversion? Let me hope, dear Jettè, that you and Gustav will think kindly of me, and that on the anniversary of this day you will not forget me when you stroll together through that wood which was this morning the scene of my dismissal."

They both shook hands with me.

"But, Carl, I hardly understand you," said Jettè; "you are so grave, so strange; you speak as if we were about to part for ever. Have you any idea of settling in Berlin?"

"I beseech you, Jettè, speak not of Berlin—that was a subterfuge, a story, which came suddenly into my mind; I could not pitch upon any better excuse wherewith to upset your father's plan in a hurry, or I would not have lied against myself. I assure you I have never put my foot in Berlin, nor am I betrothed to any one."

Jettè stepped back a few paces, and fixed on me a look of surprise and earnest inquiry.

"What!" she exclaimed, "you have never been at Berlin? You have told what is not true about yourself to help me? You are not engaged?"

"No; as certainly as that I stand at this moment in your presence, I am not engaged, and have never attempted to become so. I have only put myself in the way of receiving one refusal in my life," I added, smiling, as Jettè began to look suspiciously at me, "and that was this morning in yonder wood. Were it not superfluous, I could with ease give you the most minute particulars."

There was a short silence; then Jettè exclaimed,

"You are a noble creature, Carl; may God reward you, for I cannot. But day and night I will pray for your welfare." She was much affected, her voice faltered. Gustav shook my hand cordially.

"My dear friends," said I, "do not accord to me more praise than I deserve, for the higher one is praised the greater is the fall when opinions change. Hear me before you promise to pray for me, and let me tell

you how . . . but no, no, let me keep silence—let me say nothing. Pardon my seeming caprice. Promise me that you will be my sincere and unshaken friends, and let us go and dance again. May I have the honour of engaging the bride for the next waltz ?”

I had been on the point of confessing all my foolish pranks, and how I was imposing on them ; but false shame prevented me. Was it better or not ? I scarcely knew myself. I begged them to accompany me back to the summer-house. In the alley of pine-trees which led to it we met Hannè, who, according to her own account, was looking about for us ; she almost ran against us before she perceived us.

“ But, good Heavens ! have you all become deaf ? I have been calling you over and over, without receiving the slightest answer, and now I find you gliding about in deep silence, like ghosts, searing people’s lives out of them. I suppose Carl has been amusing himself, as usual, with mischief, and has been haunting you two poor lovers, and disturbing you. Do you not know, Carl, that you have no sort of business to be—in short, are quite an incumbrance where Jettè and Holm are ? Now answer me—do you know this, or do you not, Carl ?”

“ No,” I replied, shortly.

“ ‘ No ! ’ Is that a fitting answer to a lady ? Be so good as to reply politely. I must take upon myself to teach you good manners before you go abroad again, else we shall have reason to be ashamed of you.”

And then she began to hum the song of “ Die Wiener in Berlin :”

“ In Berlin, sagt er,
Musz du fein, sagt er,
Und gescheut, sagt er,
Immer sein, sagt er. . . .”

“ I wish Berlin were at the devil, Hannè !” I exclaimed, interrupting her ; “ that is my most earnest desire, believe me.”

“ A very Christian wish, and expressed in choicely elegant phraseology, every one must admit.”

“ Only think, Hannè, he has *never* been at Berlin, and is *not* betrothed there. Carl only made these assertions because he could think of no other way of making my father agree to our wishes,” said Jettè, almost crying.

“ What ! he is not engaged ? He has never been in Berlin ? Well ! he is the greatest story-teller I ever met. Did he not stand up, and make positive declarations of these events, with the most cool audacity ? It is too bad. Lying is the worst of all faults—it is the root of all evil.”

“ No, my little Hannè, idleness is the root of all evil.”

“ I dare say you abound in that root too. But I don’t think you can ever have studied the early lesson-books, from which all children should be instructed. I shall myself hear you your catechism to-morrow, and rehearse to you the first principles of right and wrong, so that when you leave us you may be a little better acquainted with the doctrines of Christianity than you are at present.”

“ But he leaves us to-morrow, Hannè ; he has assured us of that.”

“ We positively will not allow him to make his escape,” said Hannè. “ At night we shall lock him in his room, and during the day Thomas

shall watch him. That boy sticks as fast as a burr,—he won't easily shake him off."

"But suppose I were to get out by the window? You cannot well fasten that on the outside."

"And break your neck, forsooth. No, no, that way of making your exit won't answer."

"Oh, people can climb up much higher than my window, and descend again without breaking their necks," said I. Jettè and Gustav coloured violently.

"Well, we can discuss that point to-morrow. This evening, at least, you will remain with us, on account of its being Jettè's betrothal day. Come, give me your arm, and let us take a walk; it is charming, yonder in the garden—within the summer-house one is like to faint from the heat."

We strolled on, two and two, in the sweet moonlight; sometimes each pair sauntering at a little distance from the other, Hannè and I chatting busily, while Gustav and Jettè often walked in the silence of a happiness too new and too deep for the language of every-day life.

"Is it really true that you are going to leave us?" asked Hannè.

"It is indeed too true. I must quit this place."

"Why? if I may venture to ask. But do not tell me any untruth."

"Because I have been here too long already—because a longer residence among you all . . . near you, dear Hannè, would but destroy my peace."

"I expressly desired you not to tell me any lies. Good Heavens! is it impossible for you to speak truth two minutes together?"

"And is it impossible for you to speak seriously for two minutes together? What I have just said is the honest truth."

"Humph! However, tell me, is it true or not true that you are engaged in Berlin? Who have you hoaxed—Jettè and me, or my father and mother? I beseech you speak truth this once."

"If any one is hoaxed, it is your father, Hannè; but at the moment I could think of nothing else to shake his determination, or I certainly should not have composed such a story, for telling which I blamed myself severely."

"Oh, of course I believe you! To make a fool of one's own excellent uncle! It is a sin that ought to lie very heavy on your conscience, Carl. It is almost as great a sin as to make fools of one's cousins."

"That is a sin from which I hope you will absolve me. Ah, Hannè! what has most distressed me was, that my character must have appeared dubious in your eyes. From the first moment I was wretched, because I could not tell you that it was only a pretended engagement."

"I do not see what I have to do with your being betrothed in Berlin or not. As far as I am concerned, you might be betrothed in China, if you liked."

"Your gaiety of temper makes you take everything lightly, and yet it is you who have taught me that life has serious moments. You have transformed me, Hannè; if you could only know what an influence the first sight of you, the night I arrived here, has exercised upon my fate"

“Indeed! Do tell me all about it; what was the wondrous and fearful effect of the sight of me?” said Hannè, laughing.

“Dear Hannè, without intending it, you have pitched upon the right words, in calling it ‘wondrous and fearful.’ Yes, it will follow me like a heavy sentence from a judgment-seat, ever reproaching me with my thoughtfulness. Awake, and in dreams, will I implore forgiveness; I will kneel and pray for it. Look at me once more with that captivating glance which, you evening, made me forget myself, and tell me that you will not hate me—loathe me—despise me: see, upon my knee I entreat one kind look—one kind word!”

I had actually fallen on one knee before Hannè, and had seized her hand—

“Let my hand go, you are squeezing it, so that you quite hurt me. That is not at all necessary to the part you are acting. Get up, cousin; you will have green marks on your knees, and I can’t endure to see men in such an absurd, old-fashioned plight. You should be thankful that it is no longer the mode, when one is making love in earnest, to fall down on one’s knees. These pastoral attitudes are very ridiculous; they savour of a shepherd’s crook, and a frisky lamb with red ribbon round its neck.”

I arose quite crestfallen.

“At any rate I must allow that you promise to be a capital actor,” added Hannè. “Next Christmas, when you come back, we shall get up some private theatricals: that will be charming! Last year we could not manage them, because we had no lover; Holm positively refused to act the part, unless I would undertake to be his sweetheart; and a play without love is like a ball without music.”

“Hannè, let us speak seriously for once. I really am going away, and shall be gone perhaps before you expect it; for I hate farewell scenes. It is not without emotion that I can think of leaving my amiable cousins, and God only knows if we shall ever meet again. Laugh at me if you will, I cannot forbid your doing that; but believe me when I tell you that your image will be present with me wherever I may go, and”

“You will travel in very good company, then,” said Hannè, interrupting me.

“Let me take the happy hope with me that I shall live in your friendly remembrance. Sink the cousin if you choose, dear Hannè; cousinship is not worth much, and let the term *friend* supersede it. That is a voluntary tie, for which I should have to thank but your own feelings. It is as a friend that I shall think of you when I go from this dear place, and as a friend that your image will follow me throughout the world.”

“Oh, it won’t be very troublesome to you,” said Hannè. “As to me, I don’t happen to be in want of cousins, still less of friends. Let me see, in what office shall I instal you? Make a confidant of you? We do not employ any in our family; I am my own confidante: assuredly I could have none safer. I shall follow in this the example of my silent sister, who never gave me the slightest hint of her love for Gustav. A counsellor? Truly, such an accomplished fibber would make a trustworthy

counsellor! No, I am afraid, if you throw up the post you hold, you will find it difficult to replace it by any other."

"Very well, let me retain it then, but not as the gift of chance. You must yourself, of your own free will, bestow on me the title of your cousin, your chosen cousin: that is a distinction of which I shall be proud."

"And will you, then, promise to come back at Christmas, and act plays with us?"

"I promise you into the bargain a summer representation, before autumn is over," said I. "The Fates only know if I shall preserve the dramatic talent I now have until winter."

I had caught a portion of Hannè's gaiety, and my sentimental feelings, so much jeered at, shrank into the background.

"Then I will dub you my cousin of cousins; and besides, on account of your many great services and merits, I will confer on you the distinguished title of my court story-teller."

"And on the occasion of receiving this new title, I must, as in duty bound, kiss your hand; wherefore I remove this little brown glove, which henceforth shall be placed in my helmet, in token of my vassalage to a fair lady."

"No, stop! give up my glove, cousin—I cannot waste it upon you. It is a good new glove, without a single hole in it. Give it up, I tell you; the other will be of no use without it."

She tried to snatch it from me, but I held it high above her head, and speedily managed to seize its fellow-glove.

"You must redeem them, Hannè; a kiss for each of the pair is what I demand; and they are well worth it, for they are really nice new gloves. I will not part with them for less."

"I think you must be a fool, Carl, to fancy for one moment that I would kiss you to recover my own gloves. No, I will die first," she exclaimed, in a tone of comic indignation.

In answer to her mock heroics, I apostrophised the gloves in glowing terms, finishing with—"On your smooth perfumed surface I press my burning lips. Tell your fair mistress what I dare not say to her, what I at this moment confide to you." I kissed the gloves.

"Well, well, give me back my gloves and I will let you kiss me," said Hannè. "But it shall be the slightest atom of a kiss, such as they give in the Christmas games, the most economical possible; it must not be worth more than four marks, for that was the price of the gloves. Now, are you not ashamed to take a kiss valued so low?"

"No, I will take it. But the value I put upon it is very different; for the slightest kiss from your lips, Hannè, is worth at least a million. You will make me a *millionnaire*, Hannè."

I gave her the gloves, and was just on the point of kissing her, when the voice of the Justitsraad broke on the silence around, calling, "Jettè, Hannè, Carl, hollo! where are you all?"

"Here," cried Hannè, bursting away from me. "We are coming."

"But dearest, dearest Hannè! my kiss—my million?"

"We will see about it to-morrow; you must give me credit this evening."

"My dearest Hannè, to-morrow will be too late; for Heaven's sake have compassion on me. I am going away to-night; there is no to-morrow for me here. Give me but half the million now—but the quarter—but the four marks' worth which you owe me! Dear Hannè, pay me but the smallest mite of my promised treasure."

"Nonsense! we must make the best of our way home, or we shall be well scolded."

Gustav and Jettè joined us at that moment. The gloves and the kiss were for ever lost!

"Why, children, what has become of you, all this time?" exclaimed the Justitsraad. "Come in now, and have a country-dance with the good folks before we leave them and go to have some mulled claret. Stop, stop, Carl, you can't dance with Hannè; she is engaged to one of the young farmers. You must take another partner. There is poor Annie, the lame milkmaid, she has scarcely danced at all; it is a sin that she is to sit all the evening because one leg is a little shorter than the other. Go, dance with her."

"Don't turn the poor girl's head with your enormous fibs," cried Hannè to me, as I was entering the summer-house. "Have pity on her unsophisticated heart, and do not speculate upon a million there; the herdsman would probably not allow it."

"A million? The herdsman? What is all that stuff you are talking?" asked her father.

"Ill-nature—downright ill-nature, uncle."

"Fie! cousin; that is not a chivalric mode of speaking. But do go and foot it merrily with lame Annie, and I promise you the dance shall last at least an hour."

The dance was over—the mulled wine was finished—the happy Gustav had gone to his home—the family had bid each other good night, and I was alone in my chamber.

"This was the last evening," thought I to myself; "the short dream was now over, and I had to leave that pleasant house, never more to return to it." A deep sigh responded to these reflections. "My deception will soon be discovered; they will revile and despise me. I shall most probably be the cause of their being exposed to the ridicule of the whole neighbourhood; that will annoy them terribly, and they will be very angry that any one should have presumed to impose so impudently on their frank hospitality. And my kiss . . . my million . . . the realisation of that delightful promise! . . . What if I were to remain yet another day—half a day—another morning even? Remain!—in order to add another link to the chain which binds me here, and which I am already almost too weak to sever? No—I will go hence. In about an hour the moon will set, and when its tell-tale light is gone I will go too. One short hour! Alas! how many melancholy hours shall I not have to endure when *that one* has passed. It is incomprehensible to me how I became involved in all this. Chance is sometimes a miraculous guide, when we allow ourselves to be blindly led by it. But a truce to these tiresome reflections, I have no time to think of anything but Hannè, now that I am about to leave her for ever. . . . *For ever!* These are two detestable words. Everything is now quite still in the house. I

hear no sound but poor Pasop, rustling his chains in his kennel; he will not bark when he sees it is only I passing. They are all friendly to me here, even the very dogs; yet how false I have been to them!"

I threw my clothes and other little travelling appurtenances into my *valise*, and opened the window.

"But ought I to run away without leaving one word behind? The worthy family might be alarming themselves about me. What shall I write? I suppose I must play the cousin to the end; at any rate I must try to put them on a wrong scent. I shall address my note to Hannè, that she may see that my last thoughts were with her." I seized a pencil and wrote:—"Hannè's cruelty has caused my bankruptcy and my flight. She could have made me a *millionnaire*, but she has left me a beggar. Poor and sad I quit this hospitable house, leaving behind my blessings on its much-respected and amiable inmates, including the hard-hearted fair one, who has compelled me to seek a refuge at Fredericia, which, from the time of Axel, has afforded *jus asyli* to unfortunate subjects." I stuck the paper in the dressing-glass, where it would speedily be observed.

I had played out my comedy, and the sober realities of life were now before me. I fell into a deep reverie, which lasted until the first dawn of day, when I started up to prepare for my departure. First I threw my carpet-bag out of the window, and then, getting out myself upon the tree, and cautiously descending from branch to branch, I reached the ground safely and quietly. Taking a circuitous route, I at length passed the woody village near my uncle's abode; and the sun stood high in the heavens when, weary and dispirited, and out of humour with the whole world, I entered the parsonage-house.

WESTWOOD'S "FOXGLOVE BELLS."*

"SCORN not the sonnet" was the poetical expression, uttered through the medium of a sonnet, of one who amply testified to his fondness for this particular description of measured rhyme. Upwards of two hundred were written by him in the pleasant regions of Rhydal Mount. It is a species of verse-composition which, more than any other, seems to demand that calm and steady concentration of thought, which a peaceful residence in and amidst such scenery as the Cumberland and Westmoreland lakes and fells would habitually tend to produce. The sonnets of Wordsworth are sonnets *par excellence*; they teem with all that devotional feeling and love of nature so characteristic of the writer, and in none of them do we perceive any tendency in the mind of the poet to be diverted from the

* Foxglove Bells: a Book of Sonnets. By T. Westwood. Brussels. 1856.

theme which he has taken to illustrate in the prescribed fourteen lines. He speaks truly when he says,

'twas pastime to be bound
Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground.

That he revels in the confined precincts, is evident from the ease and absence of all self-imposed constraint; that it is no prison to him, that he wanders free, and unfettered by any sense of his fancy halting, or his imagination overleaping itself, is too manifest to become a question. In the lists where of old the late poet-laureate was used to encounter many an adversary, Mr. Westwood has thrown down the gauntlet, and pleasantly challenges opponents with a book of sonnets, having for title "Foxglove Bells," suggested to him by Wordsworth's celebrated sonnet, beginning,

Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow cells,

and in which the poet so happily attests that any confined position to which man dooms himself is indeed no prisoned space. Do not the bees "murmur by the hour in foxglove bells?" So, too, thinks Mr. Westwood; and we are very much mistaken if the world, poetical and otherwise, will not very cordially accept the graceful effusions which he has culled together and dedicated, with one of the sweetest verse-dedications ever written, to his wife. It is impossible to resist quoting this sonnet in verification of the talent displayed in its composition, and as an elegant instance of tributary poesy:

I am so poor, so poor! I that would fain
Be such a royal giver! See, I stand
Before thee, Love, with deprecating hand,
And heart o'erflowing with a grievous pain,
And a great gladness, for with no disdain,
My queen thou lookest from thy high estate
On the sole offering that my grudging fate,
Low at thy feet so tardily hath lain.
Thou art the royal giver; sweet and fair,
As the spring sunshine, laughing, bright and bland,
Sheds life, grace, glory on a wintry land,
So thou, beneficent, rich past compare,
Hast smiled away my heart's chill, winter snows,
And made life's desert blossom with the rose.

Tasso writing to his loved Lenora, Dante addressing Beatrice, or Petrarch sunning himself in the effulgence of his Laura's eyes, could never have given more tender, chaste, or heartfelt homage. Courteous and lovingly submissive, every line bespeaks the emotion of the writer; like the rose unfolding its fragrant petals under the influence of the summer sun, so the heart of the man-poet submits itself to the gentle presence of its earthly adoration, and, in giving praise, trustfully acknowledges its own weakness. Various are the subjects of the succeeding sonnets. Memory, Peace, Nature—even War obtrudes its fierce realities in the pages of this new addition to our poetical literature. A night-storm in the mountains is described with all the vivid actuality which appertains to such a commotion of nature; the crashing and upheaving of the contending elements, and the fiery flashings of Heaven's dread lightnings, are re-

corded powerfully, and in unison with the fitful sensations scenes so terrific are wont to produce. In the "Contrast," Mr. Westwood shows us his manly and English sympathy with those brave fellows who have fought and bled on the plains of Inkerman, and of pity and honour for those—alas! to say it—who

lie
Stark, 'neath the pitiless Crimean sky,

and whose Rachels seem "past all comfort now." To turn from these sad images, and meet Mr. Westwood in the second part of his charming volume, which latter and better portion is called "Rose-leaves: a Heart Record," is to find him following in the track which his first sonnet indicates, namely, a series of heart-verses addressed to his *cara sposa*. These sweetest of all sweet Rose-leaves are twenty-six in number, and bespeak to the full all that grateful affection and earnest appreciation of God's greatest blessing to man, which only a fond and happy husband could have so exquisitely acknowledged. The poet prays for life, for happiness, for comfort, amidst the storms and trials of his earthly career. Darkness and shadows of evil compass him around; even the flowers grow dim and straggling on his pathway, the eternal hills look drear and cold, and phantoms flit fiercely about the lindens, till silently and blissfully light spreads its gentle glory on the horizon; then the bee hummers even in the fog-love bells, the birds pipe free and fall in the balmy trees, while plains and hills sparkle with grace and beauty; for lo! the poet has found the Rose, and earth and sky glow with the richness of the presence that has chased sorrows and mists away. Was ever wife welcomed to the threshold of her new home with fairer and courtlier homage? Happy the woman whose ears are greeted with such loving serenades! Very pleasantly must music, such as is contained in the following poem, sound beside the domestic hearth of the poet. It is replete with all the delicious sweetness of the glad South:

Henceforth, I have two birthdays; on the one,
God gave me life, but on the other, now,
By love's late lore informed, I see, and know
My life of life, in its first germ was won.
When thou wert born, the year had scarce outrun
Its earliest infancy, but old and grey
The guise it wore on that November day,
When my unconscious being was begun.
No matter! On the last, our place must be
By our warm hearth, where cordial talk and gay
Shall while the weary winter hours away,
But on the first, we may go forth and see
How spring wakes cheerily in wild and wood,
How violets blossom, and how roses bud.

No vain or empty compliment is here declared, but the outpourings of a sensible and heart-full man. Gracefully set as have been Mr. Westwood's previous utterances on the flowers and fields of nature, there can be no question that in this small volume his genius has been even more perfectly displayed.

FINISHING WITH SCOTLAND.

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.*

I will resolve for Scotland.—2 HEN. IV.

WE had passed our usual time in Yorkshire, and it was still only about the middle of September. It was too early to return home. No one goes home in September, except to shoot; and there could be no shooting in squares and terraces, even had the Town Act not made it a finable offence: so we determined to *finish with Scotland*. Our friends favoured us with their advice, and we received outlines innumerable of the *routes* they recommended. Some were good, but not exactly what we wanted; some appeared to have been dashed off, after the manner of railway projectors in the memorable '45, when the *termini* were thought sufficient for a prospectus, and all intermediate difficulties and expenses were left to be surmounted as they might; some called our special attention to localities merely endeared by pleasant recollections to the writers themselves; and some, obliviously confounding Blairgowrie with Blair Athol, and Inverary with Inverness, pointed to lines of country which only a bird could have travelled. It was difficult to make anything satisfactory of such materials as these. We therefore determined to add to our information by procuring Black's *Picturesque Tourist of Scotland*. But why "picturesque tourist?" It seems to me to be as difficult to define a picturesque tourist as a "bonnyfeed traveller." If it mean, as Moore says,

A something between Abelard and Old Blucher,

with a profusion of beard and moustache, a capriciously-twisted hat, and a flowing *aquascutum*,† sitting upon the parapet of a bridge to be admired, or stalking over the hills in a Highland garb *sans culottes*, neither of these descriptions would apply to myself. And why "of Scotland?" Presuming the "picturesque tourist" to be identified and defined, is he to be of *Scotland* only? Strange! that on a title-page bearing the impress of the modern Athens, out of four words two should be nonsense. But I bought the book notwithstanding, and a very useful guide-book it is—there are few better—and spreading out its map before us, we fixed upon the Caledonian Canal as our northern boundary, and resolved to see as much of the country below it, east and west, as we should be able to accomplish.

Now I am not going to write a guide-book; but it may be useful to others to know how easily much that is grand and beautiful is accessible. I am satisfied that there are many who seek such scenery abroad, in mere forgetfulness of its existence within their own shores.

We took the railway from Newcastle to Carlisle—itsself one of the pleasantest railway drives in Great Britain—and then crossed the border by Greta Green. Having no occasion for the services of its priest, I

* In *A Visit to the Home of Goethe*, which appeared some time since, *Saxe Weimar* was, more than once, carelessly written instead of *Weimar*. As my intermediate contributions were not by an *Old Traveller*, I have had no earlier opportunity of correcting the mistake.

† *Latina Sartaran*.

merely looked at the temple of the clandestine hymen as a clean-looking rural village, with a good inn and a few small houses. Our reason for taking this direction was to see something of the "land of Burns" and the scenery he had described. It is curious to trace the descriptions of a great poet to their originals in nature, or to know for how much of them we are indebted to his imagination. One is soon satisfied that the subjects of Burns's verse were worthy of his powers. Nothing can be finer than the "Braes of Ballochmyle," or fuller of quiet beauty than the banks of the Nith. Dumfries recalls him to our recollection every moment, sometimes painfully. The house he lived and died in is still carefully preserved. We saw the room where—often after the wearying labours of his appointment—he meditated or transcribed those glorious songs; and we stood upon his grave—the vault to which his remains were removed when the first monument to his memory was about to be erected. Indeed, at every step after crossing the border we are reminded of him. Annan, Lincluden, Friar's Carse, Drumlanrig, the Lugar, Manchine, Irvine, Kilmarnock—with all their associations of mournfulness or mirth, of pathos or of humour—are passed in succession; and, though looking at places of interest from a railway carriage is very like looking at them from the top of a mail-coach when the horses are *running away*, it is at least something to have been near enough to see and remember them. At Ayr you may more leisurely trace *Tam o' Shanter*, line by line, from the small public-house in the High-street, where he had been "getting fou and unco happy," along the road by Slaphouse-bridge, near the "ford" and "birks" and "meikle stane," till (passing by the cottage where Burns himself was born) you reach *Kirk Alloway*; and thence (which was lucky for the "grey mare Meg") it is but a short distance to the famous bridge—the last scene of that eventful history—which spans *the braes o' bonny Doun*, and is overlooked by the graceful and costly monument erected to the poet's memory. Never were scenery, associations, and events so happily blended; and a drive of three hours carries you through the whole. There are other objects of interest in the neighbourhood of Ayr, especially the view from Brown Carrick, which would only be a continuation of the drive to the monument. It must be confessed that our own pilgrimage was not made as deliberately as it ought to have been. We were running against time and an apprehended change of weather; but, even under these circumstances, I accomplished much that (as a worshipper of the Ayrshire bard) I had long desired.

Our next resting-place was Glasgow, where we saw nothing that associated itself with such memories as those connected with the scenes we had left, except the tomb of Motherwell—the poet, and genial annotator of Burns. It canopies a noble bust, and on the pedestal are designs in faint relief from his most popular works, executed with a spirit and freedom equal to the outlines of Flaxman or of Retsch. The cathedral was under repair, and would soon show a splendid interior, though no longer the cathedral of romance. The Salt-market, too, which, when I saw it many years ago, was such a place as the *douce baillie* might have inhabited, had become the abode of a population as vicious and squalid as ever dwelt in the Old St. Giles's of London, or as now fills the *wynds* and closes which branch from the Cannongate of Edinburgh. If

the eye did not rest upon a policeman at every step, neither purse nor life could be considered safe.

A steamer down the Clyde, a railway to the foot of Lochlomond, and a steamer skirting the wooded islands of that beautiful lake, brought us to Tarbet, which was to be the point of departure for our greater tour.

Passing by Arroquhar and the head of Loch Long, our first sight of a Highland glen was Glencroe, a scene of wild and desolate grandeur. Its sides were treeless sheep-walks; and numberless thin white lines of waterfall rushed from its cloudy summits. As I was walking—to ease our horses—up the steep ascent that leads to the well-known stone-seat inscribed “Rest and be thankful,” I was startled by the spectral apparition of a man in a grey plaid driving a sulky *high above me in the clouds*. Descending by a zigzag road, he came near, and I found that it was her Majesty’s mail on its way to Tarbet. It is not surprising that the inhabitants of a country where the senses may be so easily deceived should be still superstitious.

Cairndrow Inn, at the head of Loch Fine, brought us to the end of our first fourteen miles. After a drive of nine miles farther by the side of the loch (in which a large porpoise was making its plunges, for its own amusement and ours, close to the road), we passed the remains of Dunderaw Castle, and came to broader water with a background of islands, and in sight of Inverary, its bridge, and the castle of the Duke of Argyle. They form a combination of very beautiful objects—though Dr. Johnson was certainly right when he said that the castle should have been “a story higher.” If unable to ascend the wooded hill that overlooks the grounds, the stranger must at least not omit to walk from the upper part of the town through one of the finest avenues of beeches in Great Britain.

From Inverary we passed by the magnificent woods that surround the castle, and through the pleasant scenery of Glenary to Loch Awe. On our way a small farmer, who had heard at the inn the night before that we should travel in that direction, was on the look-out to present us with some nuts, the only show of Highland hospitality he was able to offer. Loch Awe has a good deal of the dull solemnity of some of the English lakes, though Ben Cruachan, with its snow-capped summits, would no doubt look down with conscious superiority upon the English Skiddaw. For some distance there are fine views of the loch, its islands, and Kilchurn Castle, and of the “proud” mountains of Glenorchy, till, sixteen miles from Inverary, we arrive at Dalmally. To the tourist this is a point of some importance. The coaches to Oban, &c., pass by it, and it is within an easy distance of the coaches for Fort William by Glencoe.

We were now in the Breadalbane country. Seventeen miles more—chiefly by the side of the river Orchy, a noble stream—took us to the inn at Inverouran, on the banks of a melancholy sheet of water called Loch Tulla. On its opposite shore the Marquis of Breadalbane has a shooting-lodge. To the left lies one of his best deer forests. A little beyond the inn is the head-forester’s house, and near it a pack of splendid deer-hounds were confined within an area surrounded by trellis-work, of which their kennel formed the centre. To have seen these was alone worth a visit to the Highlands.

While we were at the inn, the coach to Fort William through Glencoe was changing horses. It was different from anything one usually meets with—a small model of a crystal palace upon four wheels—admirably adapted for enabling one to enjoy the scenery, but not a very desirable conveyance in case of an upset.

The country that now surrounded us was awfully wild. On our left was the deer-forest of Blackmount, on our right, the dreary moor of Rannoch, a wide extent of bogs and mosses, that, seen in the misty twilight, seemed like a border of the world that had been left unfinished. Yet I do not know anything finer on a dark and stormy evening than the effect of the setting sun glaring upon the scattered patches of water which lie in the distance upon the surface of a bog, or have been left by the ebbing tide on some sandy shore.

Our next stage was, fortunately, only nine miles; and it brought us to a small inn called King's House. When the poet sang *facilis descensus*, it is evident that he had never driven a pair of tired horses from Inverouran down to King's House. By the time we arrived there "the gloomy night was gathering fast," and it was beginning to rain. "*It's ow'r late to be going through Glencoe to-night?*" said the host; and we asked him to let his *gude wife* show us their accommodations. The house had formerly been a mere place of call for Highland drovers. It had been recently enlarged—*too* recently, perhaps—and there were symptoms both of cold and damp; but the hostess and her pretty daughter were evidently determined to make us comfortable. A gentleman who had been deer-stalking very courteously gave up his sitting-room, and though there were no fires but turf with a scanty mixture of wood, we had not any reasonable cause to be dissatisfied either with our lodgings or our fare. It is true that our rest was disturbed by the loud talk of drovers, the barking of collies, and the passing of thousands of sheep on their way to the great Tryst at Falkirk. What of that? It was our own fault that we were there at all. Had we known our route better we should have started earlier, so as to have passed through Glencoe before sunset, and slept at the excellent Ferry House at Ballachulish. Indeed, we ought so to have arranged our departure from Tarbet or Inverary as to have been much earlier at Dalmally, where we might have had a choice of conveyances. As it was, we posted all the way, and were benighted to boot.

In the morning we were asked to look at a fine, well-antlered buck which our obliging fellow-guest had shot. It seemed sad that so handsome a creature, with its full black eyes and gentle face, should be smitten with death for the mere amusement of an hour. But it has *always been so*, and always will be. Besides, it had not been mangled or made to suffer protracted pain. A single ball, dexterously aimed, had put an end at once to feeling and to life.

After an excellent breakfast we proceeded on our way through the famous glen. Its description has not been exaggerated. In the direction in which we approached it the mountains rise with steep abruptness in every variety of form, and when the projections are brought into relief by something more of sunshine than we then enjoyed, even the quieter beauties of the northern valley would, I have no doubt, be worthy of their fame. The immediate scene of the massacre—one of the foulest

records on the page of time—is marked by a clump or two of trees, and by a few stones, still left, as it is said, from the ruined homes of the Macdonalds. I do not attempt to *describe*: it has been done already. Even the local guide-books have pictured the scenery of Glencoe with a magniloquence that I should vainly endeavour to approach. My own task is merely to show, in a few pages, how much the traveller may easily accomplish within the compass of three or four weeks: a fact of which I confess I was not myself aware until I had ascertained it by pleasant experience.

Leaving Glencoe, and near the slate-quarries of Ballachulish, we passed through a village of as miserable hovels as were ever seen in Ireland, and with a population apparently as poor. At the ferry we crossed an arm of Loch Leven. Then came a lovely drive by the banks of Loch Eil. The island of Mull rose distinctly in the western distance, and after passing near Fort William, through Maryburgh, and by Lord Abinger's half-ruined Castle of Inverlochry, we arrived at Bannavie, where there is a good hotel (the Lochiel Arms), in addition to its being the most convenient point for embarkation on the Caledonian Canal. As Ben Nevis was then nearly hidden by clouds, we might have been induced to stay a day or two in hopes that it would have unveiled itself; but Scotch mountains are, in this respect, very unaccommodating, so we gave up the chance of seeing Ben Nevis more distinctly, being unwilling to lose the opportunity of taking our passage the following morning in the *City of Edinburgh* steamer, and with her popular captain.

Before quitting Bannavie, however, I may mention that on our way to Fort William we again passed by some of the most miserable cottages that I have ever seen inhabited by the peasantry of a civilised country. They were low buildings of a single story, with a door and two windows (sometimes only one), often unglazed; they had no chimneys, the smoke making its way through the thatch, which was blackened and decayed by the damp of many winters, and if their occupants had not been visible, they would not have been taken for the dwellings of human beings.

The day after our arrival we were "up in the morning early," and the paddles of our gallant barque, the *City of Edinburgh*, were put in motion about eight o'clock. Her commander (Captain Turner) ought certainly to lead a pleasant life. He seemed to know everybody, and in the exceptional cases of strangers like ourselves, he soon became acquainted by his civilities and attentions. He had a word for all. If a Gaelic derivation was discussed, he could modestly offer an explanation. He could tell us the owners and traditions of every place we passed. At some of the points where we stopped, ladies in Diana Vernon hats, mounted on gallant steeds, came down from lordly halls to hear the news, or have a chat with Captain Turner. He had a steward, too (a sadder though not a wiser man), who seemed to think that the digestive organs of the human race were a mill that should be continually kept at work, for though he gave us an excellent breakfast, that was sufficient to have satisfied any reasonable person for a week, he was always preparing a table profusely spread with good things. The bread alone, that he procured at Fort Augustus, was, in this age of adulteration, a veritable luxury.

With such accessories as these, and with a splendid day, the navigation of the Caledonian Canal was one of the best incidents of our tour.

In beauty of natural scenery it is far beyond the Rhine. Where the spurs of the mountains seem, in the distance, to come down to the water's edge, it resembles some of the finest parts of the Hudson between New York and Albany. In its "castled crags" alone is the Rhine superior. Some speak of its more *poetical associations*. Its traditions are more numerous, but the deeds of its titled robbers are surely not to be contrasted with recollections of the loyalty and devotion of which every wood and glen reminds us as we look towards the western shores of Loch Eil, Loch Lochy, and Loch Oich. From these we cannot but remember that the gallant Cameron came forth to the fatal field of Culloden. Here were mustered the clansmen of Glengarry, and here the prince to whose desperate cause they were sacrificed was himself a wanderer and concealed as an outlaw.

At the entrance to Loch Ness is Fort Augustus. A few miles farther the steam-boat stops to admit of a visit to the Fall of Foyers. This is the only piece of fine scenery where the muse of Burns does not seem to have met him *uncalled*. How different his description of it from the exquisite nature and simplicity of his lines on *Bruar Water*! The fall is picturesquely formed, surrounded by wooded steepes, and worthy of being seen; but should the tourist be *unable* to see it, the disappointment need not be too passionately regretted. The ruins of Castle Urquhart are on the opposite shore, and here alone the scenery might have some resemblance to the Rhine were the stream as narrow.

About four o'clock we arrived at the end of our voyage, landing at Muirtown, from which a short drive took us to Inverness. The passage of about sixty miles had occupied about eight hours. On the lochs we sometimes steamed at the rate of twelve miles an hour; but the *canal locks*, which connect them, are a more tedious affair, and while the vessel is going through these the passengers often land and walk. I do not know how a summer's day could be more agreeably occupied than on the Caledonian Canal. Indeed, I have heard of an Englishman who spent an entire month in steaming backward and forward, sleeping alternately at Inverness and Bannavie.

It was chiefly in the districts we had just passed and at Inverness, that we heard complaints of the eviction of the Highlanders. I was asking, on one occasion, if there were any foxes in some likely places that we were looking at. "No; both Highlanders and vermin had disappeared. English gamekeepers had cleared the country of the one, and the others were driven away, to turn the land they had occupied into deer-tracts and shooting-grounds. There's no such thing as a *corbie crow* to be seen noo," said my informant; "and in my youth they were quite common."

"And what's a *corbie crow*?" I inquired.

"Why, it's just a great bird that used to live upon the mountains, and would feed at times upon the young lambs."

I ventured to suggest that the loss of such a creature as this was what the lawyers would call *damnum sine injuria*. As regarded the Highlanders, I admitted that it might be different.

"Ou, ay, it had been the *ruin* just of the retail trade of Inverness."

I expressed a doubt whether the occupants of such wretched hovels as we had seen could be very valuable *customers* anywhere.

I was "quite wrang. It was at the *Highland capital* they made all their purchases, and the numbers made up for the smallness of the amounts."

We were then passing by the house of a laird, a dismal-looking edifice enough.

"Noo that," said my pleasant companion, "if rented *by one of your countrymen*, would be called his *shooting-box*. That's what those *fine old mansions* are always called when they are taken by the *English*."

This was a palpable hint that my countrymen were not as popular in the Highlands as even the *corbie craws* had been, so I said no more. Between poverty and discontent the alliance does not seem very unnatural; and Dr. Johnson spoke, eighty years since, of "the general dissatisfaction" that was *then* "driving the Highlanders into the other hemisphere."

I remember its being recently stated in the *Times* that the Highland *dress* was at present only worn by the regiments (not exclusively Highlanders) in the Crimea; and "by a few men and boys who wear the tartan to impose on, or adorn the household of, the wealthy Englishman who has the shooting for the season." This is not correct. Both in Inverness-shire and in Perthshire I have met with young and old, the peasant and the laird—and not a few—habited in the ancient garb. Amongst children in the villages it is very common.

The pleasantest recollections of Inverness are the approach by the river side (where we see at once its spires, and new bridge, and modern castle) and the splendid view from the castle hill, now acknowledged to be the true site of the castle of Macbeth. Of the discovery of some curious druidical stones at Castle Leys (about three miles to the S.W.) I heard nothing till our return to England; and our only excursions in the neighbourhood were to the field of Culloden and to Cawdor. The latter is a good specimen of the moated stronghold of a half-civilised chief, but we might have seen it more easily from Nairn. Kilravock (pronounced Kilrack) is a similar building. It lay on our way to Cawdor, though not visible from the road, and permission to see it had been politely given to us unasked; but our driver stupidly mistook the approach, and we were obliged to appear indifferent to the courtesy that had been so frankly shown.

When there is time, a very interesting excursion may be easily made into Sutherlandshire; either to Beauly, or even as far as Dunrobin Castle.

On the Sunday that we rested at Inverness we attended the episcopal chapel. It was curious to see our national Church regarded—so near home—as a mere sect; but, humble as was the temple, we were gratified by hearing the service read, by the Rev. Mr. Mackay, in a natural tone of deep and solemn feeling that I have seldom heard equalled. I wished that I could have preferred him to a bishopric. Few deserve preferment better.

Our course was next by Nairn to Huntley, and so by railway to Aberdeen—a route on which there are objects not to be overlooked. About

three miles from Forres is the heath, traditionally alleged to be the spot where the weird sisters were gathered

*To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles and affairs of death ;*

and, if not the precise locality, it is as likely as any other to have been their place of meeting. In all such cases of historic doubt it is satisfactory to think upon the little difference that exists between the *vero* and the *ben trovato*. But it is not quite so pleasant—after yielding oneself to the associations which the scenery we had lately passed through had awakened—to be told by the commentators upon Shakspeare that “it is now believed by some that *Duncan was not assassinated at all, but slain in battle.*” Immediately after leaving Forres may be seen, from the road, the column, upwards of twenty feet high, called Sweno’s Stone. Antiquaries have connected it with a defeat of the Danes. In what way, they do not seem very clearly to have determined. At Elgin there are the ruins of the cathedral; and in several places the educational establishments—sometimes very handsome buildings—which were erected by the Duke of Gordon at every town connected with his princely territory, are also to be noticed. Then the towns themselves are, most of them, in some way curious. The streets, for instance, of Keith—the last place that one would wish to *stay* at—intersect each other at right angles, as in some of the towns of America.

Till we approached the glens and moors beyond Gordon Castle the country was well cultivated. Wherever this was the case, the cottages were good, and the peasantry in comfort. Forty shillings an acre is not an unusual rent in Nairnshire; and it would be easily paid, for the harvest had been well got in, and in many of the farm-yards there were from fifty to eighty good-sized corn ricks.

At Huntley we for the first time encountered the inconvenience of an overcrowded hotel, which, in the earlier part of the season, is an incident of not unfrequent occurrence. The house must have been well conducted, for even under these circumstances we were not dissatisfied; and as we were placed, for the evening, in a room near the bar, it gave us an opportunity of comparing the customs of a Scotch and English establishment. A bell rang. In England attention would have been called to the number of the room; but, at Huntley, a cry of “*Wullie! yon traveller! tak a look at him!*” was the mode in which our landlord directed the waiter’s attention to the wants of his guest.

It is useless to recommend this good hotel. There is scarcely a bad one at any posting-house on the road; but their days of prosperity, I am afraid, are numbered. Since we left Inverness the railway has been opened to Nairn, and the intermediate portion, from Huntley upwards, will soon be rapidly progressing.

The next morning we proceeded by railway to Aberdeen. Here we were unfortunate. It was a “sacramental occasion,” or fast day; the shops were strictly closed, and a succession of heavy showers prevented our going to any distance. In the old town we saw the King’s College, and the moresque gateway of the residence opposite to it; and we had a glimpse of Lord Byron’s bridge of Balgownie. From the poet’s allusions, I had somehow pictured it to myself as a grimly object, spanning

some wild spot, and almost tottering to its fall; but I found it, though rather ancient, a well-established and respectable bridge, and so close to Aberdeen, that if that good town goes on increasing as it *has* done, the *Brig o' Balgownie* will shortly be near the end of King-street. The truth is, that his lordship was a Highlander in masquerade. Moore says that the houses he inhabited in his youth are still shown. My cicerone was not poetical; and as the rain was sufficient to damp a younger enthusiasm than mine, I was obliged to leave them as Wordsworth left the *Braes of Yarrow*—unvisited. I must honestly admit, however—though no one has felt the genius of Byron more powerfully than myself—that, with the exception of Newstead, I have not the same curiosity as to his localities that I have felt in seeking those of Burns and of Scott. I looked for the grave of Beattie, and had some difficulty in finding any one who could point it out; so I mention, for the benefit of future pilgrims to poetic shrines, that it is outside the East Church, in a corner immediately to the right of the principal entrance, or central tower—to the right, I mean, as you approach it—and where there are some monuments fixed to the wall. The farthest of them is Beattie's. It will be a bad symptom for our poetical literature when his works are neglected.

Aberdeen, though the granite of which it is built gives it a dull grey uniformity, is a handsome town; its Union-street is one of the most spacious in Great Britain; and it is worthy of a longer stay than we were then disposed to make.

From Aberdeen we went by railway to Banchory. The Dee, even as seen from the railway, is beautiful, but it appeared much finer as we traced it upwards, in the drive by Ballater, Aboyne, Abergeldie, and Balmoral, to Braemar. I still abstain from description. We had passed by every variety of glen, from the calm repose of Glen Urquhart to the savage wildness of Glencroe, and by rivers that seemed to flow through Paradise. But to describe them

I lack both space and pow'r.

Nothing could be more inspiring than the country through which our route now lay: Lochnagar rose to our left in dark and misty majesty. Judging from the guide-books, it seems to be his habit so to shroud himself; but, take it altogether, I do not think that a district could have been found in all Scotland which at once combines so much of beauty and of grandeur as that which has been chosen for the royal residence. At every post-house there is good accommodation; at Aboyne a very handsome hotel; and while we were changing horses there, the Marquis of Huntley drew up on his way to the forests, accompanied by two noble deer-hounds.

We took the southern road by Balmoral, crossing the Dee by a suspension-bridge near the small, but not picturesque, church of Crathie—the church attended by the Queen. This gave us a second and nearer view of the castle—the first was on approaching Crathie—and the road then ran through the pine forest, by the Falls of Garrawalt. I do not remember to have seen a grander forest of the kind even in America. On our way through it we met the Duchess of Kent, who courteously ordered her carriage to be drawn aside to allow the strangers to pass.

A little farther, leaving the old Castle of Braemar—the scene of the

annual gathering—close to the road on our right, we came to the Invercauld Arms at Castleton, a very good house, excellently kept, though the host was somewhat of a *fiery Tybalt* under remonstrance—a fault that was amply counterbalanced by the admirable venison-soup prepared for us by his wife. My first colloquy with him, while I was yet standing by our calèche, was rather singular. There had been some question as to apartments. I expressed my surprise, telling him I had understood that his house was the best in the country.

“Weel, and what hev’ ye to say against it?”

“Oh, nothing; but of course we wish for the best accommodation we can find, and if you cannot let us have it, we might try the *Fife Arms*.”

“Ye better had! It’s been *closed for twa year just*. And what is it ye’ll want?”

“Why, I understood that you had not a vacant sitting-room.”

“And what do ye ca’ that?” said mine host, opening the door of a goodly apartment near the door, and thus placing me decidedly in the wrong. In fact, I had entered upon the case without sufficiently getting up my evidence.

By this time the ladies of our party brought intelligence that the sleeping-rooms were excellent, and having no longer any inclination to try a house that had been closed for “twa year,” we finished the discussion by ordering what proved to be a capital dinner, of which the materials testified that our host stood well with the foresters.

Here, however, we had our first *contretemps*. A gentleman, whom we recognised as the inheritor of millions of mercantile wealth, returning from his *shooting-box* with his family and suite, had ordered the whole of the post-horses (and Castleton could furnish ten pair) for the next two stages. Our route, like his own, was by the Spital of Glenshee, and there we were obliged to sleep. At that time it was certainly what the Highlanders call “gay cauld.” The crops, such as we had seen gathered in Nairnshire, were still out, for though farther south, it was 1300 feet above the level of the sea, to say nothing of the difference of soil and farming.

On our way from Castleton of Braemar, we came by the *Devil’s Elbow*, a sharp descent in the shape of an angular \succ , which is one of the terrors of the glen, but a carriage and four seemed to come down it without difficulty, and with care and daylight it presents little of danger. The Queen, I believe, took this route only once.

From the Spital, in place of going to Blairgowrie, we went to Blair Athol by Kirkmichael and Pitlochrie. The whole distance from Castleton to Blair Athol was forty-eight miles, and it embraced the Cluny Water, with its many nameless falls, in appearance something between rapids and *cascatelle*, Glen Cluny, Glen Beg, Glen Shee, Strath Airdlie, the moors of Ballakilly, the very heart of the Grampians, Pitlochrie, and the matchless pass of Killiecrankie: the same alternation of grandeur and of beauty which we had so often seen. It is a peculiarity of the mountains of Glen Beg that they are smooth green pasture to their summits, and sheep may be seen, breaking as it were the outline, upon their highest points. At Blair Athol, the Bruar Water and a visit to Glen Tilt are the chief objects of attraction. There is *one* of the falls of the Bruar that, in its combinations and its form, is the perfection of picturesque beauty.

We returned to Pitlochrie—a pleasant resting-point, from whence a day's excursion may be made in the direction of Loch Tay—and then, passing by the rich meadows on the banks of the Tummel, and looking back upon the Grampians, we entered the fine old woods belonging to the Duke of Athol, and so to Dunkeld. We there made the usual circuit through the duke's grounds—the scene of the gallant fight of the Cameronians so powerfully described by Macaulay—and crossed the river to the Falls of Braan. If seen in their native wildness, instead of being accompanied as they now are by the tea-garden accessory of the *Hall of Ossian*, they would be one of the finest waterfalls in Scotland.

Dunkeld itself should be approached from the south. The bridge, the ruins of the cathedral, and the town, with its background of woods, are then so brought together as to warrant the fame it has acquired.

It will soon be the station of a branch railway communicating with the Scottish Midland. This will produce a revolution in its hotels. Already a Birnam Hotel, of goodly exterior, has been prepared near the terminus; but it must be *very* well conducted before it can compete with the *Royal*. At present this is the perfection of one of those family hotels which used formerly to be supported by the neighbouring residents in every county town. Rooms, beds, cooking, and attendance are all excellent, and the charges moderate. As we were leaving it, we were invited into a room near the entrance, and presented with wine glasses of *Athol brose*, a delicious compound of honey, cream, and whisky, which was gracefully offered to us by a modest Hebe, in the person of a daughter of the house. I do not say that any one partook of it, at so early an hour, except myself; but I have myself a lively recollection of its goodness.

On leaving Dunkeld there is a splendid opening up the valley of the Tay towards Murthly Castle; and after an agreeable drive, with a good view of Scone Palace on our left, we entered Perth. We could not remain there, for the next morning the races were to be patronised by the Caledonian Hunt, and every place was full. The appearance of Perth from the bridge, looking towards the North Inch, with the fine outline of mountains in the distance, has not been exaggerated; but the best view of it is from Kinnoull Hill. Could we have remained, we might have made it the centre of several pleasant excursions, as Moncrieffe Hill, Scone, Glamis, and the Carse of Gowrie.

As is was, we took the railway to Stirling, passing by Dunblane, the fine ruins of its cathedral, and the bridge of Allan, a rising watering-place, of somewhat German aspect, which we visited the next day.

We found Stirling greatly changed since we were there some twenty years since. There are at least six new churches (for the separation that has taken place in the Kirk of Scotland has given an *impulse* to architecture); and there is a castellated prison, which, seen from the Queen's Park, is as fine an object as the castle itself. As I was standing with my back to the ruins of the building commenced by the Earl of Mar, the tall house facing me at the bottom of the street was pointed out as the "lodging" of Darnley, when this part of Stirling was inhabited by nobility; and the house with pedimented windows, about half-way down on my left, was said to have been occupied by the unhappy family of the Duke of Albany. At a corner of a back street to my right, the low building with a round tower was the dwelling of an earl whose name I do

not remember ; and, looking down from this, the building in front, now the Inkermann Inn, was the Royal Mint. All else about Stirling, and the views and objects of interest that may be seen from its walls as we gaze upon the lovely Links of Forth, are duly pointed out by the *Picturesque Tourist*.

Leaving Stirling by the railway, we saw "the flocks and herds," which were being collected as we passed through the Western Highlands, dispersed amongst their purchasers at Falkirk, and the drovers returning accompanied only by their dogs. The remains of Linlithgow Palace and of Niddry Castle, where Queen Mary found refuge after escaping from Lochleven, are seen from the railway carriage, as well as such a mode of conveyance admits of seeing anything ; and in about two hours we arrived at peerless Edinburgh.

This was not our first visit. During our brief stay we crossed the Forth into Fifeshire ; and we made the usual excursion to Hawthornden and Roslin, of which the chapel, though a mere toy in size, is a specimen of beautiful and elaborate ornament rarely seen out of Spain. Hawthornden may now be easily visited by railway, and Roslin by a public conveyance. This is familiar ground, and so would be our return to New-castle, crossing the border at Berwick, where a glance at the

*Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone,*

was our last view of Scotland.

Having despatched our tour, I must add a few words on its statistics. The whole distance, going and returning to our home, was nearly 1200 miles, and it occupied 28 days. In Scotland alone, from the time we left Carlisle till we reached Berwick on our return, we went 318 miles by railway ; posted 290, exclusive of excursions ; and steamed 85. From Carlisle to Glasgow we were 3 days ; from Glasgow to Bannavie 4 days ; 1 day on the canal to Inverness ; 1 there ; 1 day to Huntley ; 1 at Aberdeen and by Aberdeen to Banchory ; 1 to Castleton of Braemar ; 2 by Glenshee to Blair Athol ; 1 to and at Dunkeld ; 1 by Perth to Stirling ; 1 there ; part of one to Edinburgh and part of one to Berwick ; exclusive of four Sundays and three days at Edinburgh : total, 25. The posting from Tarbet, by Inverary, to Bannavie was 98 miles ; from Inverness to Huntley 67 miles ; from Banchory to Perth 125 miles. The charge for posting is 1s. 6d. a mile, and the carriages are, generally, calèches that may be closed. The tolls are either heavy (including bridge tolls) or there are none ; and this, as well as the distance, should be perfectly ascertained before leaving the post-house. On most of the routes where we posted there are public conveyances, but being a party of four, the saving to us between fares and posting would not have been more than a fifth, and the times of departure and arrival were not always convenient.

For the many objects of interest included in the scenery through which we passed, I would refer to the *Picturesque Tourist*. For giving the names of the best hotels it is perfect.

As this information would have been very useful to myself before we commenced our excursion, I presume that there may be others to whom it will be as acceptable as a more amusing paper. It may aid them in making their arrangements for the coming summer, and prepare them, more or less, for what they have to do and see.

Ballads from English History.

BY JAMES PAYN.

III.—EDGAR AND ELFRIDA.

THE panegyrics which the monks have conferred upon Edgar were procured through his persecution of the married clergy. His moral character was probably worse than that of any of our early kings. During the lifetime of his first wife he carried off the beautiful Edith from the monastery of Wilton, and, for all we can learn to the contrary, was suffered by St. Dunstan to retain her as his mistress upon submitting to undergo a trifling penance; and the means by which he became possessed of Elfreda were scarcely less disgraceful. The court of this promoter of celibacy swarmed, indeed, at all times with concubines obtained in the most violent and flagitious manner, and this dreadful wooing of Elfrida, his second lawful wife, seems to have been remarkable less for its crime than for its romance. The report of her beauty having reached the monarch's eager ear, he sent his friend Earl Athelwold into Devonshire to ascertain its truth. The maiden's charms prevailed over the noble's fidelity; he represented her to the king as of homely appearance, and finally, on pretence of her great wealth, obtained permission to wed her. Some courtiers, jealous of the favourite, disclosed his stratagem, and Athelwold, betrayed by his wife Elfrida, as related in the ballad, paid for his dissimulation with his life.

Four years after the king's death, his son Edward was slain at Corfe Castle by Elfrida, precisely as Edgar had slain Athelwold.

The court of royal Edgar
 Had many a pleasant flower
 In fairest bud and blossom
 To deck his bridal bower,
 Where the pale violet Edith
 Did her meek charms unfold,
 And Elfreda bloom'd blushless
 With hair of sunny gold;
 But yet there lack'd a Lily,
 And yet bore every gale
 The tidings of her sweetness
 Who droop'd in Devon vale.
 Of Olga's peerless daughter
 Still told the travell'd lord,
 And still to fair Elfrida
 The gleeman touch'd his chord;
 "And, by my crown," quoth Edgar,
 "If less may not betide,
 This fairest in broad England
 Shall reign King Edgar's bride:
 But first—for that I know them—
 My Athelwold, bring word
 Wherein our youth be liars,
 Or if 'tis as we heard."

So the young earl departed:
 Sprang up from bended knee
 No knight more leal in duty
 To king and friend than he.

From Elfreda and Edith,
 Safe, in his pride, he went,
 In strength, and grace, and honour,
 By those fair perils tent,
 Blind to the meaning token,
 Deaf to the wanton word,
 The favourite of his monarch,
 The first at song and sword;
 To woo the high Elfrida
 (Ah cruel task and rare!),
 To pluck the perfect Lily
 Another was to wear.

Down in Devon, fertile Devon,
 Made for love alway,
 In that castle by the sea-beach
 Dwelt he many a day;
 Round about the breezy moorland,
 O'er the purple hill,
 Riding while the woods make murmur
 Though the birds be still,
 Through the long-drawn summer evens
 Riding, not alone,
 While his faithless heart beat softly
 Music of its own;
 While the Lily looking upward,
 Fair of face and limb,—
 Could he part with such sweet burden
 That so leant on him?

Then spake he to King Edgar,
 This knight so true and bold—
 "It is a Lady Lily,
 And dazzles by her gold;
 The worth of Olga's daughter
 Is but the dower she brings,
 A fitting prize for courtiers,
 But not a mate for kings."
 And once again to Edgar:
 "Thou that wast aye my friend
 Might'st to myself, as suitor,
 Thy kingly vantage lend,
 For waste hath thinned my treasure
 And narrow'd my broad land,
 And who clasps this fair finger
 Holds all in Olga's hand,"
 So the young earl departed:
 Sprang up from bended knee
 No perjurer for love's sake
 With heart more light than he.

Down in Devon, fertile Devon,
 Made for love alway,
 In that castle by the sea-beach
 Every month was May,
 Mated with the fair Elfrida;
 Though the changing leaf
 Shook, not seldom, warning finger
 Of the summer brief;
 Though the love-look sometime kindled,
 And anon the flush
 Overspread the Lily's fairness
 More than maiden blush;
 Yet he loved her like a lover,
 Load-star she to him,
 Set in place of died-out Duty
 And of Honour dim.

Now all was told to Edgar,
 And May was at its close,
 And the king's wrath, like winter's,
 In its white malice rose.
 "Lo! have eight princes bent them
 To row me o'er the Dee,
 And am I yet King Edgar
 That this is done to me?
 Let Athelwold have warning
 That I this day do ride,
 To view the stately castle,
 And mark the homely bride."

Then, at that meaning message,
 Spake husband unto wife,
 "There are two things in peril,
 Thine honour and my life.
 Elfrida, I have wronged thee:
 That most imperial brow,
 But for my love, enchantress,
 Had worn its crown ere now;
 Veil, veil, pure wife, thy beauty
 From Edgar's eyes of flame,
 And save me from the dagger,
 And save thee from the shame!"

But the false wife dissembled,
 The Lily bow'd its head,
 While leaf, and stem, and flower
 Trembled, but not with dread;
 And glass'd in the dark current
 Of her thought's swollen stream,
 She saw a sceptre's splendour
 Eclipse a dagger's gleam.
 Revenge and bad Ambition,
 Her tiring-maidens twain,
 She stept forth from her chamber
 With circlet and with chain,
 And met the king at portal
 In glory and in guile,
 Assassin in her whisper
 And Wanton in her smile!

So Athelwold rode hunting
 At morn in Edgar's train,
 And from the purple moorland
 Return'd not home again;
 And he who drave the dagger
 (Ah, shame for me to sing!)—
 The man who drave the dagger
 His guest was, and his king.

Now she who wedded Edgar
 Wore seven long years his crown,
 And slew his best belov'd
 Whose birthright cross'd her son;
 Stabbed him the while he pledged he
 At her own castle door,
 His foot within the stirrup,
 As stabbed his sire before.
 As it is writ in story
 So have I told the tale,
 Of that ensanguined Lily
 Who droop'd in Devon vale.

THE CATHEDRAL ANGELS.

My father was a solicitor, with small practice, in a cathedral city : I was the eldest of his four children, whom he contrived by dint of self-denial and frugality to keep respectable. I was bandied from school to school, with large margins of leisure time, until I was eight years old, and then I left off schooling altogether for a while. This was my golden age : I roamed over the country in all the majesty of a boy's loneliness, debating perpetually with myself whether I would be lord chancellor or lord mayor, and feeling immeasurably superior to the thousands who passed by me to their obscurity. I was somewhat of a mystic even then, and this may, perhaps, explain in part my vanity, for all mystics seem to despise other people ; indeed, as far as my memory is correct, my first conceit was given when no one could tell me the connexion between the pure blue infinite sky and the eternity which the Bible calls God's home. I used to fancy that one was the same as the other, and to say my prayers always in the open air, thinking that God would hear me better in His own palace. No one else seemed to understand this ; my father wanted to know " what foolish question I should ask him next ? " when I propounded the difficulties of the subject to him. My mother told me to " read, and be wiser ; " whereas, for my own part, I had an idea that they would have told me if they had known, and the pride of my genius consequently flourished more than ever. They were dissenters—unflinching, stern upholders of Nonconformity and Voluntaryism, and I could not presume as yet to question their infallibility. I passed by the grand old cathedral day after day, with their prejudices strong upon me ; even though the sun used to set behind it on summer evenings and make the red tints of its turrets unearthly in their magnificence, I dared hardly admire, much less enter it. But one bright fresh morning I ventured into the close on its north side to gather daisies for my sister, and heard the echoes of the organ coming from the long aisles through the opened window. It was so unlike all the chapel-organs which I had heard, and moreover so infinitely more soul-thrilling, that I stayed listening to it for nearly an hour. I was very solemn all the rest of the day, keeping my new-found treasure from even my sister, but firmly resolving to hear it again on the morrow. I was awake half the night, wondering if people who sent up to God such beautiful music were, after all, so wicked as I had been told ; I settled at last that they were not, and that I would go inside to look at them in the morning. I walked timidly into the porch, and was quite overwhelmed with awe when I looked up through the vastness of the nave, to the slanting sunlight which brightened the stained glass in the distance. I was soon at the summit of all conceivable dignity, for a kind-hearted verger marshalled me with his golden wand into a prebendal stall, or throne, rather, as I fancied it. Then came in the choristers—I had never seen a surplice before—making me think that it was all intended for a symbol, and moreover a very beautiful one, of the white-robed ones in heaven. There was one of the canons, too, or elders, as I thought him, of whom the Revelation speaks, who struck me very much by his hoar-headed solemnity ; I felt a strange interest in him at the very first glance, just outside the organ-screen, when he handed a lady to one

of the vergers for a seat. The whole service was an endless theme for mysticisms, since it was quite meaningless to me in itself. At last it ended; I watched the choristers defile past me, and saw the tiny congregation disappear; and as I was going out, the old canon of whom I spoke came up, leaning on the lady's arm. She smiled on me as she passed by, and made me, oh! so happy, for I had never seen any one so beautiful before, and I had hitherto believed what my mother had told me, that fair faces were snares of the devil. But I could not believe this now; the devil would not let his children go to a "little heaven below," I thought, and look so sweetly on a stranger-boy. The next day I went again, telling no one, lest I should be prohibited. There were, as before, the choristers, the peelings of the organ, the white vestments of the clergymen; but none of these had any charm for me, compared with the lady who had smiled on me. I looked at her again and again—she was exactly opposite—completely fascinated by her fairness, which indeed was white as the whitest marble, only mellowed by the flesh-tint of life. And when her voice was wafted to me as she stood up to sing, I could think of nothing else but one of Fra Angelico's angels which I had seen. "Her sister angels," I said to myself, "are surely watching her;" but at first I had not the courage to look up; and when I did look up, behold, on the corbel-stone was a seraph with folded arms, glancing up to God. The sunlight just then fell upon its countenance, and I felt that it was the own home of her guardian. Day after day I saw the same beautiful face and the same seraph-watcher, but I was rather shocked once to see an officer with my lady, and to hear afterwards that he had been for some months her husband. I was soon reconciled to this, however, for she oftenest came alone. Oh! it was so beautiful to see her when alone, for she was quite unearthly in her loveliness, as she floated down the nave with the organ-music flooding behind her. She always smiled on me, and at last spoke. I used to anticipate with greater delight than even the service itself, the walk with her over the few yards of turf which separated the canonry from the cathedral; she would ask me of my parents, and of my sisters, and of my fondness for flowers, and of my likings for holy music.

All this went on while summer lasted, and one bright autumn afternoon, I remember well, as a crimson glow suddenly streamed from beneath a cloud, seeming to mingle with the gold tint of her golden hair, and to veil her face with a robe of the sun's own weaving, she asked me if I should like to be a chorister. This was exactly what I had wished for myself, and I coveted it just now much more than my prospective chancellorship; so I looked up in wild worship of her beauty, and told her all my heart.

"It would be like heaven," I said, "to sing in a white robe morning after morning, and evening after evening: isn't it what the angels do?"

She seemed to like my fancy, and smiled: oh! how she smiled! Her gaze has shone upon me ever since with the spirit-like lovingness with which one day, I hope, it shall shine upon me again!

All the next week was too rainy for me to be allowed out of doors, and when I went to the cathedral again, she whom I adored was no longer there. Week after week, as often as I dared, I continued my search for her, through the cold frost and over the dreary snow; the winds came

sometimes to join in the worship, and the sunshine stole stealthily through the cheerless windows; and then again the little snowdrops near the south buttresses came to solace me, and the jubilant chimes rang out clearly through the clear sky of early spring; but still the guardian-seraph on the corbel-stone watched in patience, for I now noticed the folded arms more than the glancing eye; and I too watched in patience, like the carven angel, though my vigil seemed a weary one. I was once, however, walking rather gloomily up the aisle, when the old canon, advancing with the short quick steps of age, overtook me, and said,

“I have something to tell you, my little man, when the service is ended.”

Of course I heard not a word of the music or the prayers, in an agony of impatience as to what the news might be; ages seemed to elapse before the brazen gates were flung back, and it was time for my wonderment to cease.

“I have heard your voice sometimes in the chants,” he said, “and if your father likes, you may be a singing-boy.”

I rushed home in a flush of joyous impetuosity, to tell my father for the first time of my passionate love for the cathedral, and to ask his leave to be a chorister.

“Minister of Satan, rather,” he thundered out at my last word. “Go and say, that, thank God, I am able to support my children without their entering into the service of the state-establishment.”

No weepings, no entreaties could prevail upon him to relent; this, and no other, was the message I must bear. The same afternoon, with a heavy heart and saddened look, I skulked into the mysterious twilight of the nave, and before long the old canon passed me. I told my tale as he walked hurriedly on; but he seemed to be in haste, for all that he had time to say when he reached the sacristy door was, “Well, well; God bless you.” I was disappointed again, but I lingered for some moments near the organ-screen, to see if my angel’s angel was watching still, and then hid myself in the gloom of the aisle, for I saw that there were many people coming up the nave. They went into a side-chapel, and soon I stole there too. I saw the old canon in his robes, but I did not so much notice him, nor yet the circlet of tapers which hung like a coronal over his head, nor yet the group of ladies, nor yet the few choristers who knelt round the font; for she whom I worshipped was standing there, and on her breast was the loveliest baby that the sun has ever shone upon. It was *her* babe, I knew, for it was like her in being so wonderfully fair, and besides, when she smiled upon it she looked as only a mother knows how to look, half weeping with holy ecstasy. It was right, I thought, that in thus coming to me, as it were, from the tomb, she should bring with her a lily of Paradise. And the baptism went on, and the babe lay in the old man’s arms; and the name was whispered out, “*Celeste*,” and the mother blushed as it was uttered, and lifted her eyes to heaven. I crept away noiselessly, and all my sorrows were forgotten.

I was too much ashamed of the message I had borne to venture near the cathedral again; all that I could do was to make a cathedral for myself in the woods, rehearsing the service as well as I could remember it. But after all, my father’s refusal of the choristership has been the most fortunate circumstance that has ever happened to me; I might have

been a singing-man there still, if I had accepted it. As it was, my father removed in a few months to another town, where he heard of an opening for his practice, and by a strange coincidence, within a week of our arriving there a vacancy arose on the foundation of the grammar-school, which I was able to fill up. I rose rapidly in the school, working with all my might, and my father's practice also improving, he was able to keep me there. When I was fifteen I was invited to spend my summer holidays in our old city. I went gladly, and as the memory of what had happened years ago was by no means effaced, I paid an early visit to the cathedral. There was neither the old canon, nor the choristers I had known, nor the incarnate angel whom I still adored; there was only her guardian on the corbel-stone, but whether it watched, or whether it had ceased its watching, I knew not. I paced the lawn for a long time when the service concluded, thinking of her words there, and at last tried to fix upon the very spot where she had last smiled upon me in that golden autumn sunset. I came to where I thought it was without much difficulty, for I remembered the spire between the towers, and then I saw a grave-stone, some three years old perhaps. I knew all about it before I read the inscription; it was the grave of the old canon, and of "*Emily Celeste*, his niece, who died in giving birth to her second child, a son, who survives her." The sky was too beautiful for me to indulge in sadness. I was very happy in that bright summer weather, even though I was standing at *her* tomb—I had only this one thought, that an angel had gone back to God.

Years rolled on, not robbing me wholly of my memories, and yet clothing them in some of the mist which wraps every golden age, until at length I gained a scholarship, and was able to proceed to college. I passed through the course with credit, and at its termination sought for a tutorship, until I was ready for holy orders. An advertisement in the *Times* seemed exactly to suit me. A retired admiral, on the south coast, offered a liberal salary and a comfortable residence. I found, by letter, that the chief pupil was to be his son, a boy of fourteen, whose lessons would sometimes be shared by a young lady, about two years older; and I was delighted when my testimonials procured for me the engagement. My boy-pupil came with his father to take me from the railway station to Ravensthorpe, where he lived; but I arrived too late to see any one else that night. The next morning, at breakfast—a morning which I can never forget—I first met Miss Wilton. If I were to say that she was fair or beautiful, I should not tell half the truth; she was far more, she was angelic. In her pure white morning-dress, in that sweet June sunlight, she filled me with ecstasy unutterable; if she had been only a tithe so lovely in face, in language, in expression, I could have loved her with my whole soul; but as it was, I could merely look up to her as Dante did to Beatrice in heaven, feeling that she was heavenly and I was earthly, and not daring to trespass on holy ground. Nor did the adoration of that first morning diminish when I knew her more; she was a mystic, I found, as I had been, and the phantoms of my own youth seemed perpetually to spring to birth again in her. I remember well her surprise when she found that I liked her fancies, and that I could follow out their meaning.

"What are the waves doing, Mr. Ellaby?" she said to me one day, not long after my arrival, as we walked along the shore.

"Trying to say their prayers," I answered, smilingly.

Oh! how she looked on me then, as she told me of her delight in having met with one who could share her own beloved mysticisms. "It is just what I thought of them myself," she said. "There is some one at last to understand me."

From that day forth we did but little study together, for we could talk nothing but wild fancies of the earth and sky, and waves and flowers. Her name struck me sometimes, "Celeste:" I had heard it, I thought, before, but I had forgotten exactly when; I only began to have a glimmering of the truth when I found that the present Mrs. Wilton was the admiral's second wife. I learned the reality by degrees: Celeste's mother had had the same name, she had died when my boy-pupil was born, she had been made weak by the cold damp of a cathedral. The visions of my youth came crowding on me then with all their magnificent pageantry of choral-services, and autumn sunsets, and cathedral angels. But this was just as the period of my tutorship expired. I went along the shore for the last time with Miss Wilton, and would have told her all my conjectures, if I could have summed up courage enough. We were very near the house when I asked her,

"What is the last thing—the greatest thing—that I can do for you?"

"Love me!" she replied, to my utter bewilderment, and then parted from me.

I only saw her once again before leaving Ravensthorpe, but in spite of her command I could do little else than adore her.

I heard no more of her for some years; the memory of her and her mother was a beautiful picture in the distant past—I knew not whether it might not be as beautiful in the future. I still loved the old cathedral city, and even after my ordination I still went to it occasionally. I had not been there for a long time, however, when on one glorious autumn day, as much for the associations as the beauty of the place, I attended afternoon service. I looked up for a moment from the stall where I was sitting, and behold! right in front of me, where I had first seen her mother, was Celeste Wilton, in deep mourning—with more heavenliness than ever in her face, and with her mother's angel, lit up by the red sunlight on its countenance, still watching from the corbel-stone. I was half-frenzied in my ecstasy of joy. We met when the service ended, and as we passed through the porch, she said,

"This is my mother's birthday—in heaven; here is where she lies."

I could not help bursting out, "And here is where I last spoke to her, twenty long years ago."

Her mother's smile was on her face as the sunlight glowed over it, and I told her all I knew. The duskiness of evening came on before I finished, and I then pressed her hand to leave her, uttering a hope that I should soon see her again. She looked bitterly sad as she said,

"I am an orphan now—papa has gone too—and will *you* leave me? Come with me, and you shall be with me, and I will be with you, always."

That moment was the bridal of our souls, and an angel looked down from heaven to seal it.

* * * * *

Thou art gone away, Celeste, but thou art with me still. Would that I were with thee!

May—VOL. CVII. NO. CCCCXXV.

PLEASURE IN BUSINESS.

BY E. P. BOWSELL.

We often look back to a certain morning in our early boyhood, when we were taken by a friend of the family to the counting-house of a firm in the City, for the purpose of rendering particulars touching our qualifications for appointment of junior clerk in the office of such firm. We were fresh from school, nervous and timid to a degree, and it was with emotions of absolute awe we presented ourselves before, or rather were dragged into the presence of, the leading partner. He was a tall man, with an austere countenance, and standing with his back to the fire, gazing coldly upon us; we felt very much, probably, as a slave may feel when first made the subject of barter. A string of questions did this stony man of business put to us, and pleasant it was to hear the disparaging remarks which now and then our replies caused to be addressed to our introducer: our good qualities and our bad ones were openly commented upon as though we had been a horse exhibited by a horse-dealer, and the possibility of the shrinking lad before him having any feelings which might suffer hurt, never, probably, occurred for a moment to our kind-hearted examiner. We say we often look back upon this morning. That interview left an impression upon our boyish brain which will never be effaced, that if you want to thrust a youth down into the very depths of humiliation and abasement,—if you seek to clear out from him every morsel of self-respect,—if you wish to pave the way for his becoming a miserable machine, without a single spark of aught that is truly worthy or noble within him, you will try and get him a junior clerkship in the office of Richards and Roberts, or some such firm, composed of some such men.

Now why should it be so much the custom for people in authority, or in any way having others under them, to treat their inferiors in this dog-like fashion? Why was Richards such a brute as we have described? We dare say, for all that he lives in our memory as a vile tyrant, that he was not generally a bad-hearted man. The style which he adopted towards the youthful applicant was only that which three-fourths of City merchants would have adopted; and the manner in which, doubtless, if we could have heard him, we should have found he subsequently rated poor Mr. Jones, his clerk, for some slight negligence, was only the manner in which Mr. Jones would have been rated by almost any other City merchant for a like offence? The explanation lies in this. Mr. Richards loves to speak as he has been spoken to. In years long gone by, when Richards had just come from the North, with sixpence in his pocket and the clothes on his back as the whole of his earthly possessions, and with but one friend in the world from whom he could expect the slightest favour—the friend who had brought him to London—he, Richards, obtained a junior clerkship in a colonial broker's office. While filling this exalted appointment, he suffered ills which would have caused a negro's soul to fire with indignation. But Richards bore them with the fortitude, not of a martyr, but of a miser. He was horribly fascinated with the wealth and importance which he found "sticking to business" would

infallibly bring. His fellow-clerks nerved themselves for renewal of labour by evening recreation : their hard-earned money was soon spent. Their duties they abbreviated as much as they dared, their periods of relaxation they stretched to the utmost. Otherwise did young Richards. He prostrated himself before the figure of a great merchant sitting at ease in a well-carpeted private room, with his banker's book before him and a shaking clerk waiting his commands. What were the pains of labour if they led to attainment of this glorious position? Richards *would* be the head of a firm himself ; and he worked, and strove, and saved, until he *did* become the head of a firm, and *was* enabled to, and did, bully and abuse those members of the wretched race called clerks, who had the misfortune to enter his service. Oh, it is a brilliant consolation for the injury I have received from Smith to straightway inflict the like injury upon Brown ! If Jones should knock me down, surely I have a right to knock down Robinson. Say, reader, whether, with all our prating about morality, this be not the principle acted upon by the mass of mankind? Richards was bullied when he was a junior clerk : *ergo*, Richards, now a master, bullies his junior clerk. It will be so as long as this world endureth.

But it is not right, nevertheless. There is no earthly reason why the duties of a clerk, whether senior or junior, or a man-servant or maid-servant, or an artisan or mechanic, or common labourer, or messenger or footboy, should not be lightened by about one-half of the burden which now they represent. Making things pleasant is not a crime with reference to our requirements from those under us. Our balance with them may be struck just as faithfully, and payment made quite as fully and punctually, if the matter be entered upon in a friendly and kind-hearted, as in a frowning and surly fashion. Wiggles owes me so much respect and so much service, which he is willing to pay. Why then should I be always mentally kicking Wiggles, as though he were constantly dishonouring my drafts? I know he has a burden to bear. I am uplifted over Wiggles. I am master—Wiggles is servant. Is it not enough? Can I not afford to smile upon Wiggles? Or is it a matter of necessity that I should ever be frowning upon and growling at him, and worrying and insulting him, merely because he is some steps below me on the great ladder?

Now, there is my dear friend Hargreaves, a shrewd, clever man ; a good man to advise with, a valuable friend to possess, and an agreeable companion at any time, save in his office. In his office he is a monster, an ogre, a horrid tyrant. And why? Because of that same deep-rooted notion to which we have just referred, namely, that in business everything ought to be unpleasant and bearish. Why is it that in business a man must be a brute? Why should the face which but now, when *outside* the counting-house, was full of smiles, when it has entered, and the body of which it is a part is seated in the worn leathern chair, suddenly lengthen, the eyes grow cold and severe, the lips be compressed, and the whole man assume a rigid, stony look, quite painful to regard? Why should the voice become stern, and the words which issue be marvellously sharp, if not disagreeable? Only because my friend considers all this a part of business. A smile in his counting-house would seem to him like the entrance of a plague, or an ugly blow at his

solvency. If I should ever catch him laughing in that dreadful *sanctum* of his, in the which no mortal ever breathed five minutes without a feeling of sadness irresistibly creeping into and deadening him, I should close my business transactions with him at once, for I should be sure that he was a ruined man, and the laugh was that of maniacal despair.

Now I want to know (and I put the question with all respect) why the Rev. Samuel Starling, the minister of the church which I and my family attend every Sunday, thinks it necessary, when reading the prayers, to change his ordinary tone of voice to an extent quite startling? Slowly, sadly, heavily, the remarkable sounds fall upon my tympanum. I doubt exceedingly whether, try as he might, he could read other matter thus. Out of church he is a merry, kind-hearted, fun-loving person. In the church he does indeed look a most miserable sinner; he is the very personification of melancholy. But then the Rev. Samuel clearly agrees with my friend Hargreaves. Directly the man of business enters his counting-house, every morsel of warmth and geniality must go out of him; immediately the clergyman appears in the church, retention of the slightest portion of manner or aspect *out* of the church would be absolutely criminal: therefore becometh he suitably wretched and appropriately desponding and gloomy.

And wherefore doth my doctor so change from gay to grave when, having ceased to chat with me on some common topic, he bends his ear to my tale of a sick-headache and weary limbs? Why does his face lengthen and his aspect become lugubrious? Wherefore need of that solemn, portentous look, that lacklustre eye, and that painfully profound attention? He is now upon business—not at all important business, he well knows that; for I am obliged to confess to a lobster-salad and rum-punch last night, and his professional knowledge is not severely taxed as to either the cause of or remedy for the evil, but simply because his avocation has now been called into play my doctor feels bound to become very rigid indeed, to show not the ghost of a smile, and to throw into his countenance an expression of absorbing care and anxiety.

Wherefore, O Public, should business thus be made disagreeable? Why should not the round face be still round, the bright eye still bright, and the gentle voice still gentle, when the mind is on the duty and the hand on the work, as when both are freed from labour and are taking their ease? Why should we ever hear of a business look, or a pious look, or a steady look?—why of anything but a natural look, pleasant, it might be otherwise, but not necessarily associated with habits, tendencies, or capabilities? Wherefore must the merchant frown in his counting-house, the divine drawl in the reading-desk, and the doctor bemoan in his surgery? Why should business always bring a cloud carefully to shut out even the small modicum of sunshine struggling to illumine our mortal career?

This system it is which makes men hypocrites. A black coat, a white neckerchief, and carefully combed and flattened hair, do, indeed, cover a multitude of sins. A gay garment, a blue tie, and curls, savour strongly of evil-doing! Who hath not relieved the “respectable” beggar, his heart bleeding at the circumstance that anybody encased in black cloth, be it ever so seedy, should stand in need of sustenance at the hand of the charitable? The same principle is involved. The beggar should

beg according to preconceived notions we have formed. He should beg, not as a man who is hungry, but sedately and appropriately, as a man who knows his business. What if he should bear a smiling aspect, withal that his stomach is empty,—have nothing to do with him. He is unmindful of his avocation, which is begging, and requireth its own peculiar and unutterably woe-begone demeanour.

Thus, O my son, ponder the great lesson: have your business face, your business voice, and your business manner. Remember that in business you must be a brute, a hypocrite, a tyrant; you must be anything other than your real self in your calling. This is a profound truth: regard and act in accordance with it, and you will prosper. Richards, whom I have described, bent unto it, and is wealthy. Jones (you remember that poor silly fellow) would never learn wisdom, and though not a sluggard, is now resting his grey hairs on a pauper's pillow.

Wordsworth has composed a sonnet on the appearance of the great city from Westminster-bridge at dawn of day, and declares that "earth hath not anything to show more fair." We confess, if we should be minded some morning to rise so particularly early, and betake ourselves to the same spot, and there contemplate the "mighty heart," our emotions would be tinged with little of respect, and certainly no love. We should not write a sonnet. In the first place, we could not, and a more cogent reason need not be assigned. However, we should not be even poetically inclined. "Foul, grim monster!" we should rather be disposed to break forth, "what a mass of iniquity, baseness, meanness, trickery, lies for the moment dormant within thee. And how soon will it wake again, and rear its head in full strength and activity, to work on unceasingly through another day!" *Another day!* Time passes so quickly, we think nothing of a day. The great city lives, and the huge world rolls on. The little stream of virtue and vast roaring river of vice both pursue their course, and will finally lose themselves in the same unbounded ocean. You and I, reader, are both being wafted thither. May our voyage be pleasant, and may we both ultimately anchor in the sure haven!

Well, the point is, if a great city *must* have within it much sin and sorrow, much trouble and trial, anxiety, disappointment, and vexation, at least to lighten the incubus to the best of our ability. Therefore, Richards, would I entreat you (assuming you to be still ungathered to your fathers, and still to be following your crooked, grumbling, disagreeable course as of yore) to relax that stern brow, to soften that savage eye, and mollify that gruff tone, which rendered you in business a nuisance to all your inferiors. No need to render a business life *more* unpleasant than can be avoided. It is bad enough at the best—grinding, soul-narrowing, heart-contracting; but render it not an absolute curse, O ye mighty money-makers of London city! Let a morsel of sunshine, in shape of a smile, a kindly greeting, a friendly act (not as a matter of policy to superiors or equals, but to inferiors and subordinates), find its way into narrow dirty rooms in narrow dirty courts, so that the burden of those beneath us may be diminished, and the way of life be rendered smoother to their wearied feet. Ah, Richards, there will come a day when you will be glad to cast up more carefully than ever you cast up your banker's pass-book, all the items to your credit in the account of "Duty to my neighbour."

SCISSORS-AND-PASTE-WORK

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

SELECT LETTERS OF ROBERT SOUTHEY.*

SOUTHEY at his best was a delightful letter writer, and of his best letters we can hardly have too many. But of his second best we may have, and perhaps already have had, quite enough; and of his fifth and fifteenth rate ones, it is possible to have more than that,—witness not a few in the present collection. The editor of it is far from employing the quantum of discrimination indispensable to success. His preface, besides being prosy, is a thought fussy and fractious; and his foot-notes, though rare, are more than once gratuitous and pretentious.†

The poet is seen in no new light in these volumes. But they confirm our interest in him, and regard for him, in every particular phase of life and character by which he is already known to us. They serve to enlarge our acquaintance with him as a conscientious, hard-working, sound-hearted man of letters. They corroborate our conception of him as a model paterfamilias, in no frivolous, but a most worthy and admirable sense. We have further evidence of his capacity for toil, and liking for it; his somewhat haughty self-respect, and contemptuous estimate of adverse critics;‡ his feats in the way of walking, and in the consump-

* Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey, &c., &c., &c. Edited by his Son-in-law John Wood Warter, B.D. Vols. I., II. Longman and Co. 1856.

† Why, for example, should Mr. Warter impress upon us, who are no way likely to retain a grateful impression of it, that he himself is a scholar “long ago not unread in German literature of all sorts, especially theological; and,” he adds—*why* should he add?—“from my long residence in Copenhagen, as chaplain to the embassy, not unversed in Danish and Swedish lore, and in the exquisitely curious Icelandic Sagas.” His mild negatives, “not unread” in this, and “not unversed” in that, make up an “exquisitely curious” positive, which is a positive curiosity in its way.

Why, again, should Mr. Wood Warter write queer French himself, while in the act of benignly excusing the comical French of his father-in-law? Certain letters in this collection are printed, he says, “to show the playfulness of Southey’s disposition. The French is like the French he used to talk on his travels. He talked it boldly, and shrugged his shoulders *à la merveille*. I have not altered one grammatical error,—the specimen is complete.” Mr. Warter’s own specimen, too, is *à la merveille*, quite.

Averse as he declares himself from overloading a book with notes, the editor, on the mere mention of the Codex Argenteus, “cannot omit to state the delight with which he examined it on the spot, nor fail to remember the courtesy with which it was showed to him, many years ago.”

To quote trifles of this kind in a captious tone may seem like catching at straws. Such straws, however, show which way the wind blows; and the editorial part of these volumes is windy to a degree.

‡ Especially Jeffrey. *E.g.* “Have you seen Jeffrey’s criticism upon ‘Kehama’ [1811]? It is quite as original as the poem, and, above all, matchless for imper-
tinnence.” (Vol. ii. p. 221.)

Miss Seward is pitied for having left her letters “to a Scotch bookseller, who is man-midwife to Jeffrey, bringing into light all that that fellow spawns in the ‘Edinburgh Review’” (*ibid.* 226), &c.

tion of gooseberry-pie. The change that came over the spirit (or was it, after all, not so much the spirit as the letter?) of his politics, is definitely seen. In a letter to Miss Barker, dated London, 1801, he refers to Mary Wolstonecraft as still favourably disposed to France, and adds: "but France has played the traitor with liberty. Mary Barker, it is not I who have turned round. I stand where I stood, looking at the rising sun—and now the sun has set behind me!" Of this, Southey appears to have been quite satisfied. A dozen years later, alluding to some remarks on his tergiversation, he writes to his brother, "As for what the reviewer says concerning a change in my way of thinking, he does not perceive that it is the times that have changed most." One political prejudice he cherished with strange tenacity,—his utter detestation, apparently, of the person and policy of Pitt. From the first to the last mention of the Minister in these letters,* from 1796 to a period subsequent to the great man's death, Southey has nothing for him but bad words, bitter bad. He suspects Pitt in 1796 of having "had the marble and the stone flung at the king's coach, in order so to alarm the people that they might submit to any of his measures." In 1805 he denounces "the Duke of York's appointment, the most infamous and shameless acquiescence on the part of Pitt, for the sake of keeping his place. Oh, for a day of reckoning!" In 1806 he writes: "The death of Pitt is a great event; the best thing he ever did was to die out of the way;" and later, to his brother, the captain, R.N., "It will grate your gall to think that Pitt should have the same parliamentary honours as Nelson:" and still later, to Mr. Bedford, "I am grieved at his [Fox's] death,—sorry that he did not die before that wretched Pitt, that he might have been spared the disgrace of pronouncing a panegyric upon such a coxcombly, insolent, empty-headed, long-winded braggadocio." Only Coleridge could go beyond this in execration of the statesman, and he did it in inconveniently memorable verse.

Whatever wit or humour Southey possessed (both are denied him outright by Mr. Macaulay), was of a *sui generis* Doctor Dove-ish† sort. In

"The new 'Quarterly,'" he writes in February, 1812, "has two articles of mine . . . the latter ought to have some bitter remarks upon Jeffrey, but I know not whether they have past the censor's office." (Ibid. 251.) The liberties Mr. Editor Gifford took with the articles of Mr. Contributor Southey, was a grievance to the latter, of almost quarterly renewal.

* Bonaparte, however, divides honours with Pitt. Southey is for ever longing to get the tyrant done for, by bullet or blade, or anyhow; for anyhow it would be a case of Killing no Murder.

† There is a foretaste of the Doctor, a preliminary dose from the Doctor's shop, in some of the letters, for instance, to Miss Barker, where Southey suggests an improvement in discriminating the masculine and feminine genders in English grammar. "I believe I sent you some specimens before, such as *he-mises* and *she-mises*, *he pistles* and *she pistles*, *penmanship* and *penwomanship*, &c. What think you now of *agreeabeau* and *agreeabelle*? and have not I right to sign myself, your *agreeabeau* correspondent, as well as heartily and truly yours, R.S."

More than once he plumes himself on his powers of punning, and sighs for a Boswell to catch them as they waste their freshness on the unheeding air. Here is one, recorded by himself, in default of such a Bozzy. "Why is Sir Cloudesly Shovel like Werter? Because he was a *felo-de-se* (a)." This he thought good enough to repeat in another letter, where it is coupled with a second pun, not decent enough to be repeated with advantage here. Many of Southey's jokes,

some of these letters he revels in absolute nonsense of the flattest quality. Good, religious man, too, as he was, in that which passeth show, there is sometimes a show of irreverence in the liberties he takes with Scripture, that will scandalise the scrupulous. His animal spirits were generally buoyant, and occasionally found expression in sallies of the oddest. There are frequent references in the letters to the rise or fall, or average elevation, of his "boyish good spirits." To his old friend Mr. Lamb (not Charles) he writes from Bath, in 1798: ". . . At twenty-four I am married, without a want, almost without a wish unsatisfied. Time and experience have done me much good, and somewhat tamed me. Imagine me taller and still thinner than in 1792, and with even spirits, which nothing either elevates or depresses, and you will have most of the alterations that the interval has produced." Nearly ten years later we find him writing to Grosvenor C. Bedford: "Were you to see me during my hybernations, when nobody sees me, I think it would almost surprise you to behold my uninterrupted high temperature of even, boyish, good spirits. I go on steadily with the one object in view of making the best use of my talents, and thereby ripening myself for a better world, and leaving behind me an everlasting memorial in this: and though the 'ways and means' of life draw me aside, and force me to unworthy work, still even that has reference to the same object, and I take it cheerfully." Turning over some old letters in 1802, he lights on two which make him "more than ordinarily serious," relating to certain schoolboy and university experiences ten and eleven years previously—the two, namely, which he received from Lisbon on his being rejected at Christ Church, and afterwards on abandoning Oxford: "Ten years have materially altered me. The flavour of the liquor is the same, and I believe it is still sound; but it has ceased to froth and to sparkle." With a mind clouded by sorrow, he yet writes to Miss Barker in 1809: "That I am a very happy man you know. That good lady who, as you remember, physiognomised me so luckily for 'a man of sorrow, and acquainted with woe,' did not happen to know that my acquaintance with woe has been broken off long since." He owns that sorrow and he certainly did keep company once, and affirms that he has been in as many situations of real suffering as fall to any man's lot between the years of seventeen and twenty-two. But since that time, he adds, no man's life can have passed more smoothly. "Sorrows I have had, but only such as came in the ordinary course of nature, and which, resulting from the laws of nature, bring with them their own cure, in a sense of the necessity, as well as duty, of resignation."

Many parallel passages, to this last, occur in Mr. Cuthbert Southey's edition of his father's *Life and Letters*. The reader will remember how often Epictetus is commended as a stay for stricken minds, if not a balm for hurt ones—how earnestly Southey's correspondents are recommended to adopt his regimen in stoic philosophy, and "diet on Epictetus." And, in sooth he might have said with a brother poet, *not* however of "Epictetus his school" at all at all, but rather of Epicurus's (say as Epicurus was, not as he is vulgarly supposed to have been):

indeed, are coarser than might be desired; insomuch that we can bear very well with the affliction of his finding no Boswell to record them in full, and readily forgive him for neglecting to be his own Boswell in this respect.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones,
I may not think on now;*
And calmly midst my dear ones
Have wasted with dry brow.

In some of the earlier letters there are intimations of a tendency to dejection, at variance with the tone of the passages we have been quoting. Thus in 1799, to John May: "I fall into gloomy day-dreams, and dread the future while I wish the present were past." In 1800, to Mr. Wynn: "There is danger that hypochondriacal feelings may take root in me, and the sooner I adopt some efficacious remedy the better." To the same trusty and valued friend he writes, again, in 1803: "In other respects [the exception being a complaint in the eyes] I am well, and should be sufficiently happy were it not for the stinging recollection how much happier I have been. In company, I am not less alive and cheerful than ever, but when alone, I feel myself sadly different from what I was." He found it necessary to repress feeling, to put a damper on sensibility, to thwart and curb and counteract the "spontaneous generation" in his, a poet's, breast, of emotional reverie and all the pangs as well as luxury of woe. He had the case of Coleridge *in presenti* before him, and it was full of warning, and by that warning he profited like the good, brave, dutiful, conscientious man he memorably was. In 1803 he lost his first-born, Margaret Edith; and he writes on that occasion to one of his brothers: "I was never so upset before—never saw so little hope before me. Yet, Tom, I am like the Boiling Well,—however agitated at bottom, the surface is calm." He uses the same illustration in a letter to Miss Barker, the year following: "Coleridge is gone for Malta, and his departure affects me more than I let be seen. Let what will trouble me, I bear a calm face; and if the Boiling Well could be drawn (which, however it heaves and is agitated below, presents a smooth undisturbed surface), that should be my emblem." To the same endeared *Senhora* he writes in 1806, just after parting with his two brothers—the three having then been together for the first time since they were children, and Robert apprehends, as by no means improbable, for the last,—"My head feels as if it would be easier if I were to let a little water out; but tears, *Senhora*, are a bad *collyrium* for weak eyes, and I shall go to work. Idleness is the mother of sins, they say; and it may be said that she is the wet-nurse of melancholy. My motto you know is, '*In Labore Quies.*'" To his brother, the Sea Captain, he writes, the same year: "Twelve years ago I carried Epictetus in my pocket, till my very heart was ingrained with it, as a pig's bones become red by feeding him upon madder.† And the longer I live, and the more I learn, the more

* An expression, of which the pathos is, so to speak, a lower power of that unknown quantity in Coleridge's solemn line—true poetry and true psychology in one—

"And agony which cannot be remembered."

† There is a plurality of *similitudes* of a like quality to be met with in these letters. Thus—in a burlesque outburst of oburgatory remonstrance against Mr. Bedford's protracted silence, we read: "Hast thou ears to hear? Let the voice of malediction rumble down thy auricular labyrinths like the mail-coach over Brentford stones! Hast thou eyes to see? Let them look upon the letter that disturbs this indolent repose, pleasantly as the rock-ribbed toad leers at the stonemason who saws him open." (Vol. i. p. 58.)

I am convinced that Stoicism, properly understood, is the best and noblest system of morals. If you have never read the book, buy Mrs. Carter's translation of it whenever it comes in your way. Books of morals are seldom good for anything; the stoical books are an exception." And again, the year after, to Miss Barker, then suffering, it would seem, at once from illness and recent bereavement: "It is useless to afflict yourself. Against this calamity, and against still greater ones, you can bear up, and must bear up. Did you ever read Mrs. Carter's 'Epictetus?' Next to the Bible it is the best *practical* book and the truest philosophy in existence."

Coupling occasional fragments of this kind with the known reserve Southey exhibited, in the company of all but his intimates, or what may be called his sympathisers,—many readers have concluded him to be, after all, a cold, at any rate very far from a warm-hearted man. Only a narrowly one-sided glimpse of him, nevertheless, can warrant any such inference. As son, husband, father, brother, friend, and general philanthropist, he was a pattern man, one of a thousand; eminently, cordially, self-denyingly, and most unaffectedly good.

As a father, his affectionate solicitude and tender devotion is illustrated in these volumes, as in the previous series of letters, in multitudinous touches and by-way proofs, sometimes playful, painful at others. There is, indeed, one curious epistle, announcing to Miss Barker the birth of his daughter Edith, in 1804, which may seem to promise *primâ facie* evidence in favour of the misbelievers in his heart of grace—so unconventional, and perhaps they will declare unfeeling, is the look of this astounding news letter: "I had a daughter Edith hatched last night;

Yearning for Mr. Bedford's reply, "My expectation," he adds, "gasps for the letter like a frog in a hot dusty day on the turnpike-road; it will swallow thy excuses as a whale bolts herrings." (*Ibid.* p. 59.)

Very like (—no, too anticipative reader, *not* a whale; but) The Doctor.

Again; from Portugal he writes complaining of "the cursed sirocs of the East," which, says he, "reach us here, tamed indeed by their passing over sea and land, but still hot as if they had breathed through an oven, or like the very breath of Beelzebub." (I. 119.)

He calls the descent from Skiddaw (which he had just been ascending with Coleridge, 1803) mere play, but adds: "Up hill a man's wind would fail him, though his lungs were as capacious as a church-organ, and his legs would ache though his calves were full-grown bulls." (I. 239.)

Very Doctorish, that too; or Daniel Dove-like.

Again, describing the congregation of William Huntingdon, S.S., as having quite a physiognomy of their own, he calls them "sallow, dismal people, looking as if they were already so near the fire and brimstone that it had coloured their complexions." (I. 355.)

Condoling with Mr. Rickman on being made the father of a girl, when a boy was looked for, he observes, among other topics of consolation, that "boys about a house are like favourite dogs in the country, who come into the parlour with dirty legs, and then lie down on the hearth and lick themselves clean; they are always in the way, and when out of sight, ten to one but they are in mischief." On the other hand, "Girls are like cats, clean and fit to be up-stairs." (II. 65.)

Once more—and an unsavoury simile to conclude with, though not likely to be in "bad odour" with thorough-going Protestants like himself: "No child of mine should ever visit a Catholic family. You may go to heaven that way certainly; but there is no more reason for doing it, than there would be for going to London in a dung-cart, when there are so many easier, cleaner, and surer conveyances." (II. 313-4.)

for she came into the world with not much more preparation than a chicken, and no more beauty than a young dodo." "They are doing well," the bulletin anent mother and child goes on to say, "but the young one is very, very ugly; so ugly that, if I did not remember tales of my own deformity, how both mother and grandmother cried out against me, notwithstanding my present pulchritude, I should verily think the Edithling would look better in a bottle than on a white sheet. She may mend, and in about three months I may begin to like her, and by-and-by I suppose I shall love her; but it shall be with a reasonable love, that will hang loosely upon me, like all second loves." And then he adds, with a dash under the words, "*Make you no comment upon this.*" A monition intended, we presume, for Mrs. Southey's sake, to guard against allusions by his correspondent to whatever might remind his wife of an elder Edith, his and her first love, whom death had carried away too soon. Again and again the father was warned, by successive losses among his heart's darlings, to love them with a "reasonable love," as he here calls it, that might "hang loosely" enough about him to bear a sudden wrench, a rough withdrawal, an absolute rending away, without rending and tearing away his very heartstrings too. In 1809 he writes to one of his old friends: "Herbert has had the croup, and been saved from it; but last night we lost Emma by a violent bilious attack. . . . Enough of this. These losses are but for a time: this is not the first that we have sustained, and probably will not be the last. Neither I nor my children seem made of very lasting materials; in fact, it is very unlikely that my children should be. It is not altogether a fanciful analogy between a man who cultivates his mental faculties exclusively, and those plants which are improved by culture in an artificial soil: they bring forth finer flowers, but either they do not seed at all, or the seedlings wither away." What he felt in his case was, that the seedlings were withering away, and would so wither, till he might exclaim, in the bitterness of lonely grief,

—Oh, sir, the *young* die first,
And we whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket.*

The Herbert mentioned in the foregoing extract, is that almost idolised boy whose death cost the unhappy father such lifelong pangs. That death occurred subsequently to the period at which the present volumes close; but knowing as we do its predestined and speedily inevitable advent, the fond father's every allusion to his doomed darling, in the letters before us, is fraught with sorrowful suggestion. Here is the record of Herbert's birth, in 1809: "Your long bespoken godson," writes Southey to Mr. Wynn, "made his appearance this morning about six o'clock, coming into the world in as beautiful a morning as ever could be supposed to promise fair fortunes, and crying with as loud a voice as if he was destined to make a great noise in it." In 1807 he thus describes Herbert and Edith in one characteristic critique: "Herbert grows finely, and if it were not for the Tatar-shaped eyes which all my children have—I cannot divine by what right of intelligence—he would be a beauty. I tell my daughter that she is like my old books—ugly, but good;

* Excursion, Book I.

though, sometimes, sad to say! the latter part of the simile is not so accurate as the former. All her perceptions and feelings are so fearfully quick, that I am never without a dread that some tendency to organic disease occasions this exquisite acuteness. Thank God! she is well as yet, and as strong as if she were own child to Hercules or Samson before he had his hair cut." Next year the report is: "My son walks barefoot. . . . He is a beautiful boy, terribly violent, and almost unmanageable. All this he will outgrow, if it please God that he lives. I am in great favour with him, and when he and I have the book of the birds or beasts before us, I teaching him the language of all, and he repeating them after me, I verily believe such a concert hath not been heard since Noah and his live-stock came out of the ark. What you hear at Exeter Change is nothing to it!" But a month later, "My little boy has been very ill," he writes, "and I had many days' anxiety about him. Thank God, he is now recovering, and able again to walk. I have such rooted and habitual sense of the precariousness of life, that what is to be done with him hereafter scarcely ever passes across my mind, and never so as to excite a moment of care." A year or so later, and Robert the Rhymer glorifies the child, in his own manner, as being round as a dumpling, "the nicest kissing, and sweetest playfellow,"—telling how the scale of kissing (a recurring pleasantry in these letters) has been enlarged, so that they, kisser and kissee, have now nine kisses for the Nine Muses, three for the Graces, ten for the Predicaments, another half-score for the Commandments, nine-and-thirty for the Church Articles, and seven for the Deadly Sins. Southey all over!

To Miss Barker—whose lot it would one day be to hold in her arms the dying Herbert, the dead Herbert, and to announce his death to his father and mother in their bed—the poet writes in 1812: "You will be much pleased with Herbert. He may best be characterised by calling him a sweet boy. You can hardly conceive anything more gentle and more loving. He has just learnt his Greek alphabet, and is so desirous of learning, so attentive and so quick of apprehension, that if it please God he should live, there is little doubt but that something will come out of him." And in the same year, to the child's gallant uncle: "Herbert has been reading the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' taking infinite delight in the letter, but no great edification from the spirit, as Mary will conclude, when she learns that his favourite amusement at present is to what he calls play Apollyon with Bertha and Kate. He goes about the room or the passages towards them like a lion seeking whom he may devour; and Kate and bluff Queen Henry cry out, 'Don't *Pollyon*, don't *Pollyon*, Herby!' though when he has done they ask him 'to *Pollyon* again.'"

The testimony of an observer from without, to the boy's engaging qualities, and his father's sensitive attachment, may here be noticed with propriety. At the time Mr. de Quincey became acquainted with the master of Greta Hall, Herbert was a child in petticoats, whom the Opium-eater describes as very interesting even then, but annually putting forth fresh blossoms of unusual promise, that made even indifferent people fear for the safety of one so finely organised, so delicate in his sensibilities, and so prematurely accomplished. As to his father, it became evident, says this feeling observer, that he lived almost in the light of young Herbert's smiles, and that the very pulses of his heart played in unison to the sound of his son's laughter. "There was in his manner

towards this child, and towards this only, something that marked an excess of delirious doting, perfectly unlike the ordinary chastened movement of Southey's affections ;" and something also, Mr. de Quincey adds—expressing in his own language the fine sentiment (psychologically so true) of Shakspeare in one of his sonnets—

And weep to *have* what I so fear to *lose*—

something also, which "indicated a vague fear about him ; a premature unhappiness, as if already the inaudible tread of calamity could be divined, as if already he had lost him ; which feeling, for the latter years of the boy's life, seemed to poison, for his father, the blessing of his presence." When Herbert died, with him (the same authority assures us) died for ever the golden hopes, the radiant felicity, and the internal serenity of the unhappy father. Then was experienced the possible meaning of an ancient mourner's lament—

Omnia tecum una perierunt commoda nostra,
Quæ tuus in vitâ dulcis alebat amor.*

Months after the event, the witness we have cited was accompanying Southey through Grasmere, on his road homewards to Keswick, from a visit to Wordsworth at Rydal Mount, when the afflicted father, speaking without external signs of agitation, almost coldly, but with the coldness of a settled misery, gave expressions to his final feelings as connected with that loss. For him, in this world, he said, happiness there could be none ; for that his tenderest affections, the very deepest by many degrees which he had ever known, were now buried in the grave with his youthful and too brilliant Herbert.†

Another youthful and most interesting inmate of Southey's home, was Hartley, the first-born of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. He is frequently mentioned in these volumes, and indeed forms one of the most attractive subjects brought before us. The precocity in his case was still more marked, with certain distinctive features of eccentricity and wayward whim, than in that of Herbert Southey. Moses was the name, or one of the names rather, by which his uncle Southey loved to designate him ; and Moses is here said, in a letter of the year 1803, to be growing up as miraculous a boy as ever King Pharaoh's daughter found his namesake to be. His great delight at this time—Moses being now in his seventh year—was to get his father to talk metaphysics to him. He would invent the wildest tales—a history of the kings of England who are to be—a series of legendary extravagances, so odd and preternatural as sometimes to terrify himself ; when he would exclaim, "*I*se afraid of my own thoughts." Two years later he is described again by his uncle, as the oddest of all God's creatures, and becoming quainter and quainter every day—totally destitute of anything like modesty, yet without the slightest tinge of impudence in his nature. "His religion makes one of the most humorous parts of his character. 'I'm a boy of a very religious turn,' he says ; for he always talks of himself, and examines his own character, just as if he was speaking of another person, and as impartially. Every night he makes an extempore prayer aloud ; but it is always in bed, and not till he is comfortable there and got into the mood. When he is ready he

* Catullus.

† Autobiographic Sketches. By Thomas de Quincey. Vol. ii. chap. vi.

touches Mrs. Wilson, who sleeps with him, and says, 'Now listen!' and off he sets like a preacher. If he has been behaving amiss, away he goes for the Bible, and looks out for something appropriate to his case in the Psalms or the Book of Job. The other day, after he had been in a violent passion, he chose out a chapter against wrath. 'Ah! that suits me!' The Bible also is resorted to whenever he ails anything, or else the Prayer-book. He once made a pun upon occasion of the belly-ache, though I will not say he designed it. 'Oh, Mrs. Wilson, I've got the colic! read me the Epistle and Gospel for the day.' In one part of his character he seems to me strikingly to resemble his father,—in the affection he has for those who are present with him, and the little he cares about them when he is out of their sight." Southey describes him again, in his sixteenth year, as grown a great fellow [*that he never grew, in any absolute sense: his coffin, poor fellow, was that of a child*], all beard and eyes—as odd and extraordinary as ever he was, with very good disposition, but with ways and tendencies which promised badly whether for his own happiness or for the comfort of anybody connected with him—in fact, of such unmalleable materials, his uncle adds, contrasting him in this respect with his younger brother, Derwent, "that what he may make of himself God knows, but I suspect nobody will be able to mould or manage him." The last reference to him in these volumes is at the date of his first going up to Oxford (1815)—his connexion with which university was destined to have so unhappy a termination. "Hartley is by this time at Oxford," Southey tells Mr. Neville White, "and probably settled at Merton. What will his fate be? I hardly dare ask myself the question. . . . He takes with him a larger stock of Greek than is often carried to college, a powerful intellect, good principles, and good feelings. But with these he has some dangerous accompaniments; for he is headstrong, violent, perilously disposed to justify whatever he may wish to do, eccentric in all his ways, and willing to persuade himself that there is a merit in eccentricity." But his greatest danger, Southey goes on to intimate, arises from a mournful cause, against which it is impossible to protect, or even to caution him—viz., from his own father. And here it must be remarked, that the elder Coleridge appears on the whole to less advantage in these pages than in any extant memorials of him by his friends—and a friend Robert Southey emphatically (and with no lip-service but real life-service) was—perhaps the Recollections of good Joseph Cottle alone excepted. In the present allusion to him, Southey observes, that the conduct of the father is, of course, a subject on which no one would speak to the son; and that Hartley, to all appearance, contrived to keep it out of his own sight; but the uncle expresses his apprehension lest Coleridge should take it in his head to send for the boy to pass any of his vacations with him, which would involve the most imminent danger of his unsettling Hartley's mind upon the most important subjects, and the end would be utter and irremediable ruin. "For Coleridge, totally regardless of all consequences, will lead him into all the depths and mazes of metaphysics: he would root up from his mind, without intending it, all established principles; and if he should succeed in establishing others in their place, with one of Hartley's ardour and sincerity, they would never serve for the practical purposes of society, and he would be thrown out from the only profession or way of life for which he is qualified. This you see it is absolutely impossible to prevent. I

know but too well, and Coleridge also knows, what an evil it is to be thus as it were cut adrift upon the sea of life; but experience is lost upon him." There is deep sadness in these forebodings—verified as they were, in so considerable a degree, by the course of Hartley's after life. Of him, at six years old, Wordsworth had written—

O blessed vision! happy child!
Thou art so exquisitely wild,
I think of thee with many fears,
For what may be thy lot in future years.

Of him, at nineteen, we have just seen how Southey speaks. Of himself, when prematurely grey-headed, the child-man Hartley, "nor child nor man," thus despondingly, self-upbraidingly speaks, in one of those exquisite sonnets by which he being dead yet speaketh:

Long time a child, and still a child, when years
Had painted manhood on my cheeks, was I;
For yet I lived like one not born to die;
A thriftless prodigal of smiles and tears,
No hope I needed, and I knew no fears.
But sleep, though sweet, is only sleep; and waking,
I waked to sleep no more, at once o'ertaking
The vanguard of my age, with all arrears
Of duty at my back. Nor child, nor man,
Nor youth, nor sage, I find my head is grey,
For I have lost the race I never ran;
A rathe December blights my lagging May;
And still I am a child, tho' I be old,
Time is my debtor for my years untold.

Requiescas in pace, tempted and troubled one! In the rest that knows no troubling, be thine also the peace that passeth all understanding,—which the world could not give thee here, nor can take away from thee now.

Attached as Southey unmistakably was to S. T. Coleridge, there was such a discrepancy between the two, as regards habits and the regimen of work-day life, that we cannot wonder at the manner in which the former often refers to current evidences of this disparity. As early as 1799 he finds out, at Bristol, that in one point of view Coleridge and he are bad companions for each other,—Coleridge takes up too much of his time in pleasant but protracted talk. In 1800 he writes significantly to Danvers, from Lisbon, "Coleridge has never written to me: where no expectation existed there can be no disappointment." In 1804 they are harmoniously housed together in Keswick: "Coleridge and I are the best companions possible, in almost all moods of mind, for all kinds of wisdom, and all kinds of nonsense, to the very heights and depths thereof." The same year Coleridge leaves for Malta, and Southey feels the parting more than he lets be seen: "It is now almost ten years since he and I first met, in my rooms at Oxford, which meeting decided the destiny of both; and now when, after so many ups and downs, I am, for a time, settled under his roof, he is driven abroad in search of health. Ill he is, certainly and sorely ill; yet I believe if his mind was as well regulated as mine, the body would be quite as manageable. I am perpetually pained and mortified by thinking what he ought to be, for mine is an eye of microscopic discernment to the faults of my friends; but the tidings

of his death would come upon me more like a stroke of lightning than any evil I have ever yet endured; almost it would make me superstitious, for we were two ships that left port in company." Coleridge's long silence while on his travels perplexes and irritates his friends: Wordsworth thinks he must have delayed writing till he finds it painful to think of it; Southey is "more angry at his silence" than he "chooses to express"—because "I have no doubt whatever," he tells Danvers (1806), "that the reason why we receive no letters is, that he writes none; when he comes he will probably tell a different story, and it will be proper to admit his excuse without believing it." These intimations of insincerity are painful to meet with; insincerity in any guise was odious to Southey; even in Coleridge's prospectus of *The Friend* (1809), there was a *soupcçon* of it, sufficient to aggravate him—for Robertus noster abuses the Prospectus, to Rickman, as having about it a "sort of unmanly *humblification*, which is not sincere, which the very object of the paper gives the lie to, which may provoke some people, and can conciliate nobody." Southey's history of the failure of this periodical is shrewd and interesting, and quite falls in with that by De Quincey in his *Autobiographic Sketches*.

Frequent, too, are the allusions to S. T. C.'s lack of energy to fulfil many an energetic design. A certain biography, in the subject of which he is interested, is like to be so badly done, that, in 1810, we hear of him "groaning;" talking of writing the life himself, and saying that, he will, this very night, write to offer his services. "This, of course," Southey remarks, "he has not done; nor, if he undertook it, is it likely that he would accomplish that, or anything else." Again, in 1811: "I urged Coleridge to double the intended number of 'Omniana' volumes, merely for the sake of making him do something for his family; this requiring, literally, no other trouble than either cutting out of his common-place books what has for years been accumulating there, or marking off the passage for a transcriber. He promised to add two volumes, and has contributed about one sheet, which, I dare say, unless he soon returns to Cumberland, will be all." In 1812, a strictly parallel passage occurs in another letter: "I inserted some articles of Coleridge's in the book ['Omniana'], merely in the hope of getting something from him in this way; he had literally only to cut them out of his common-place book. It was my intention to make four volumes instead of two, in this manner; but he kept the press waiting fifteen months for an unfinished article, so that at last I ordered the sheet in which it was begun to be cancelled, in despair." Alas for the effect of opium on a Will already and constitutionally infirm!

Of other note-worthy, personally brought before us in the letters, may be mentioned Charles Lloyd, of Brathay,—George Dyer, Thomas de Quincey, Madame de Staël, and Walter Savage Landor, that staunch friend and steadfast admirer of the writer, opposed as they were in points where difference too commonly weakens friendship, and puts admiration out of the question.

Two more volumes are to complete the work. Albeit we could not wish Southey a better son-in-law, a better editor we could. But as we are free to own, in parting from Vols. I. and II., the pleasurable expectancy with which we await Vols. III. and IV., perhaps in this *ex animo* confession Mr. Warton has his revenge.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM.

BY CYRUS REEDING.

LET an artist employed on a work requiring sound vision, steadiness of hand, and exquisite nicety of touch—putting together a chronometer for example—be supposed at the same time standing upon an inclined plane of ice, and struggling to keep his footing: such a similitude explains the position of the leaders in the affairs of a great nation. If the artist do not give his chronometer the perfection it ought to possess, his excuse will be the position which the authority of his employer has forced him to take while pursuing his labour. He obeys the necessity of the circumstances in which he is placed. There is nothing like plain truth, however disagreeable to multitudinous self-love. The head of each state department struggles, in the midst of onerous labour, daily and hourly with the solicitations of too many parliamentary representatives, seated under the lapse of popular duties in their selection. In the choice of high-minded and well-qualified representatives there is a fearful laxity among electors, who, in too many cases, have not the smallest conception of an imperious duty. The root of the evil lies in the gross mistake which presumes that in politics integrity is always on the side of the many. Discriminating persons support the suffrage of the many against that of the few, only on the ground that multitudinous suffrages present the best obstacle in the path of corruption. It is the physical not the moral benefit that rules here; the money difficulty of enlarged corruption, not the superior virtue. In matters of feeling, the many are generally right; in those of reflection and reason, they are wrong nine times out of ten; and in pursuing self-interest, as warm as the most devoted grubbers of 'Change-alley, having no superior consideration. A glance at an abstract truth is taken by the masses; its full realisation becomes the object in undisciplined minds; that maximum of excellence being deemed attainable, which if attainable in mundane things would remove the barriers between earth and heaven. The very right of self-government depends upon that of personal freedom and the security of property, through selected individuals adequate to promote those ends, not upon the intellectual powers or legislative ability of the electors, for whom the former should act as trusts. The opposite idea is fatal to true freedom—as fatal as the will of a lawless aristocracy or democracy. If political integrity were with the many, we should not see men utter strangers to constituencies empty shallow purses into the electors' pockets in exchange for seats [to push their own fortunes, careless of the national weal, hungry after places for dependents and themselves, forcing a minister to pass over merit in order to strengthen his footing upon the ice,

and acting as a grievous impediment to his attention in carrying out his own official duties. Theoretically, none but the wisest and best-adapted individuals sit in parliament; practically—— But we must be careful of the serjeant-at-arms! Happily, Whig, Tory, and Radical can understand what we might say to complete the sentence, if we said that our ultra-patriotic constituencies, or those which exhibit a vigour below all constitutional limit; besides neutralising honest constituencies, no matter for the party, look only to their own selfishness, making a private of a public trust, deciding the fate of administrations, and disturbing the action of the heads of offices by ravening for themselves. Thus, too, are excluded qualified individuals, as well as those unqualified, if we may judge from the apprehension of Lord Cecil the other day lest Government might give any place to a literary man, because, we presume, literary men could not perform the duties so admirably performed now as to make a change needful. A minister said but a little time ago much what Falstaff said of his ragged regiment, "He was ashamed of those who could not perform the little official duty they had to do accurately." Now, if out of seventeen thousand places at the disposal of Government half a dozen had been given to literary men—and unless we go back for a series of years we cannot reckon up half a dozen such instances—his lordship need not grieve over the matter. A celebrated man—to find an equal for whom Lord Cecil's house must travel back two hundred and fifty years, to its sole name of note on record—a celebrated man wrote that a literary man "is not incapable of every-day business; he may be above it. A blood-horse may carry a pack-saddle as well as an ass, but he is too good for it." No doubt his lordship intended to benefit the public by his superfluous observation, but we must not endeavour to convince people even of salutary untruths for a good end.

The heads of the administration do not take office from pecuniary objects. This is one thing left that is a benefit, in a time when sordid motives rule so extensively; ambition, distinction, family connexion, desire of influence, or party spirit, are in general motive causes for holding office, and all are better than sordid pecuniary gain. Some public men have ruined their fortunes by place, and the incomes of the heads of departments does not defray their expenses, nor, indeed, equal in amount those in subordinate situations. This is so far fortunate, when the prime object of most others, in as well as out of office, has descended to the category described in Scripture, "The heads of the land judge for reward, and the people thereof judge for hire."

It is easy to imagine after this how many incompetent persons have got into public offices, and how the heads of departments are kept in a struggle on the ice while they should have no cares but those which their duties to the country necessarily require. When placed in their posts, it was not easy to exact duties from those who were often as idle as they were incapable, and thus the routine system became the only resource, acting like the harness to the horse in the mill. It is hard to say what plan else could have been devised to keep a machine going so ineffectively horsed. Emulation, qualification, and the desire to be useful, must fall into the same system that alone makes the lame horse go, and find no better reward. No minister can afford to lose a vote; he must be politic, and though placing the sapient son of the venal member for Noddleborough in a Government office may be against his grain, it must be done.

"No government," said the great Frederick of Prussia, "can be carried on without corruption." The member corrupts the electors, and we insist, therefore, that the electors should cleanse their hands to commence the alteration. This, we fear, cannot be, and we have no resource but to turn to the due qualification and undoubted efficiency of those who are to be employed in the public service. We must enable the minister to meet the evil half way, and in place of being crushed by the interest made for incapable noodles and doodles, to put in only well-qualified persons, by which the public service will not in future suffer. It can little matter if the instruments be efficient and the duty be adequately performed, whether the son of Billy Button, Esq., the manager of the borough of Noddleborough, or the Honourable Laurence Lanky, the son of Lord Leatherhead, be installed tyros in the Tax or War-office, provided they have been rigidly examined and proved capable. The nation suffers from the incapables. Ireland is said just now to lay the heads of the state departments largely under contribution this way. Sent back for incapacity, they have been again pressed forward in some instances, and again been subjects of complaint. What is to be done? Let it not be supposed we do not think some change necessary. The public service exhibits evidence enough of this fact. When the whole mass of the community is advancing, no one can hesitate to say advance must be the rule here. The present system is not the chosen system of the Government, which, trammelled by incompetent officials, and well aware of it, could not change the aspect of things without bringing popular opinion to bear upon it. Every minister, no matter of what party, would avoid the risk of damaging his credit, of seeing his plans bungled out, of being exposed to the censure of political opponents, if he could, for he must be the scapegoat for all that goes wrong—no errors are "excepted" in his case. There is charity for all things but a prime minister; his bones are not canonised even after martyrdom. There was a time when ignorance was a venial thing in public life; we remember the history of a chairman of the House of Commons, which might be a useful study for Lord Cecil, whose objection to literary men is, perhaps, that they know too much. We speak of a Lord William Poulet, whose knowledge went as far as was requisite in his time, more than half a century ago it is true, and who could scarcely read—who saw in "equivalent" the animal denominated an "elephant;" and being required to give a written denial that he was the writer of a certain pamphlet, began, "This is to scratify, that the buk called the Snak——" "Hold, my lord!" cried the requisitioner, "that is enough. Your lordship did not write the pamphlet, I am convinced." Sir John Germain believed that Sir Matthew Decker wrote the Gospel of St. Matthew. It was but the other day, at a military examination where the questions and answers were deliberately written, we were informed that the question, "Where are the Pyrenees?" was answered, "In India." Yet the Queen's commission had been borne by the answerer several years. A boarding-school girl would have answered the question correctly. We knew of a case just after the recent order came out that officers were expected to read and make themselves acquainted with history, or to the same effect, that a youth of the Guards entered a bookseller's shop in Pall Mall, and in the course of conversation asked the biblioplist what he would recommend him to read, "such a bore of an order having come

out." "Really I can't say," was the reply; "that book close to you is a very entertaining one." "What is it?" "Boswell's Johnson." "Oh, I read 'Boz' some time ago." We have heard of twenty young officials being asked if they had read the "Vicar of Wakefield;" only two had done so, but all had read the vile "Mysteries of London."

It is a great misfortune that when youth is instructed in the elements of education, it ceases. No course of useful direction leading to reflection follows; no attempt to create those habits which render reading really beneficial. Hence it is that the spread of education has had little or no effect on the public mind, nor will it have any beyond creating a belief that reading is designed solely for amusement. Books of mere amusement are complete barriers to mental progress; other works are considered too dry and uninteresting after them. Professing to remedy all the foregoing evils, there was started in the City the new Administrative Reform Society. Established now a considerable time, it has not yet discovered the talisman which is to infuse into the senility of the public service the strength of the young eagle.

It was once rumoured in the ancient town of Plymouth that the skipper of a bark, well inured to navigation by twenty years' probation in all weathers, who knew, as well as he knew his vernacular tongue, every creek, rock, shoal, sounding, and bearing on the northern coast, must necessarily be one of the most experienced of seamen in general navigation. If a certain local experience would answer for every coast, this was no doubt correct, and Mr. Bobstay merited the encomiums he received. He had never navigated the Channel, but had occasionally "sighted" the Foreland; Dungeness was to him an unknown shore, and the bearings of Portland, for all he knew, were those of Cape Blanco. None ever handled a collier between the Tyne, Tees, and Thames in a more sailor-like manner. Fame was thrust upon him. The adroit mastership displayed between the Tyne and the Thames, in vulgar opinion equally entitled him to the priority in seamanship off the coast of China in a typhoon, or St. Lucia in a West Indian hurricane. The result was that Bobstay obtained the command of a noble merchant vessel in Catwater, and taking a hurried leave of the black diamond traffic, qualifying his particular condition by a generous use of the lavatory, he set sail from the favored port of the Hawkins and Drakes, bound to Newfoundland. He was spoken with, all well, off the Lizard. The owners at Plymouth had an anticipatory dinner, to which, according to the papers, all the regions of the globe contributed their varieties, and where the departed Bobstay, unconscious of the honour, was toasted with three times three. Time flew—months passed. The owners awoke as usual under the pressure of a golden nightmare, when one morning Bobstay and his vessel were discovered quietly at anchor in the Sound.

"How is this?" the startled owners inquired, scarcely out of their golden dream—"sprung a leak?—run from a pirate?—what is the matter?"

"No, gentlemen, ship and cargo all right," replied the master; "I put back because I have beat about and about, and for the soul of me I can't discover where Newfoundland is—gentlemen, I can't find it."

Such nibility where confidence ran high is not mortifying alone to mercantile flesh. To see a lofty reputation like an inverted cone—a pyramid in place of receding course after course, threatening the scalp

by its impending shadow—is too bad. Spectators would smile at architects who, in seeking a right royal road to reputation, begin their edifices with the apex downwards. Yet, if there be such, they must not be discouraged; for happily, as with the skipper Bobstay, the world every day gives credit for the power of performing great feats to those whose utmost efforts have never been able to go beyond very little ones.

The profuse promises of the administrative reformers have, it is to be feared, terminated like Bobstay's voyage. It would do the seaman and committee injustice to analyse their qualifications in regard to the duties they undertook, those duties being dissimilar. The society—perhaps it should be "company," from starting into existence beneath the fostering shadow of Gog and Magog—at present tremorish from dread of reform themselves—the "company" exhibited symptoms of weakness at its first meeting. The shares were never at par. The reasons may not all be clear, but there was the fatality that no duke was in the chair, nor even a baron as a *pis aller*. Mr. Bull regards this as an omission not to be overlooked. Bull and his family are sensitive in the matter of "respectability"—a canting, indefinable term in great favour with them. Unless Bull is able to see that word in large letters, and he is thus certain his orthodox servility is secured, he will not sanction any novel proposal under the head either of faith, hope, or charity. His rule of life is mechanical; he lives upon the sayings and notions of others. Reasoning is a superfluous commodity with him. The matter is cut short at once by a coroneted chairman, for there is then the stamp of "respectability," with a list of subscribers in the papers, where Bull, his wife, and progeny, may conspicuously appear with their subscriptions, the parent pair having a wonderful knack at propagation. Without those antecedents secured, or anticipated on sure ground, there is no chance of a family donation even in the most tragical of cases. With those antecedents, father, mother, and the whole brood, with eyes on the chair, ears dreading to lose a word, and mouths expanded, will whine and blabber in full chorus. Such is the effect of a politic regard to a titled chairman in filling subscription-lists and lachrymatories. We fear the truth is that the committee at its first meeting were afraid of a rebuff had they solicited a man of high rank to act on an occasion of that peculiar kind. He must have exhibited, they imagined, rather a grotesque ambition in taking the place of honour on such an occasion, especially if he were a borough patron. They forgot that in these times peer and peasant agree that progress is reform. Not only was there the above defect, but Bull was not quite satisfied about what he should gain by this City committee. He must see a direct advantage, clear to himself if to nobody else. This conviction might have been produced had a dinner been announced after another meeting, where Bull might dine himself into an easy, intermediate state of being, awaking peculiar kindness, until his mesdlin sympathies changed him from bigotry in creed to the most generous of universalisms, from in frigidation to the most emollient charity. Virtue with him cannot, inside the London Tavern, be sustained free of venison on any occasion. His entrance there on all business implies edacious conditions: these things go pleasantly from having his reasons under hand. "Administrative reform!—meeting at the London Tavern—no dinner!" There appeared nothing personally profitable in the thing. What did Bull ever care for other people now, or

for posterity hereafter, unless when his virtues were upheaved by port and turtle, when his gastriloquism finds vent in the pathetic-social. So he shook his head and broad shoulders, and said he could not understand it. "What was the administration of a purge to the College of Physicians to him? What good would it do him analysing the draughts of the apothecaries? What should he get by moderating the gurgitation of Morison's entrail-destroying drastics? Was it reforming supernumerary church offices?—Chancery proceedings? Was the concoction and administration of the Mansion House turtle to be regulated? Was the marrow-pudding to be in future submitted to their sublimities the Court of Aldermen before the feast, to prevent that civic *bonne bouche* from being brought into contempt? Was that distinguished administrator of the law, Mr. John Ketch, to be reprehended or retire on a pension? Was the corporation of London to be amended, and the false pretence of its corporate representatives being those of the metropolis of England to be set aside?" Bull could not find anything definite in the loose proposals with which the committee, like another Pallas, started at once into maturity from the halls of the London Tavern. No other reason has yet been publicly ascertained for Bull's neglect except the neglect of the titled chairman, and the self-evident deficiency of the gastronomical induction of the subject. Bull agreed that he scented a disagreeable odour as well as a good many others of her Majesty's subjects, but he discovered that the committee had not, or could not, point out a disinfector.

The committee were, no doubt, in earnest, and so was honest Sancho about his government of Barataria. They might not have been at all deficient in those pedestrious conveniences with which certain divines tell us that in one particular hell is made as comfortable for a promenade as Regent-street; but they have left us in the dark upon all the other points but their good intentions. We want details; we wish to learn what are their plans for storming the public offices, and to be able to judge whether there is any probability of success, and whether the return of the Guards from the Crimea may not become an obstacle to their assaults upon Somerset House and the Treasury. It is to be feared they did not start masters of their subject. They built too much upon truth being on their side, not at all recollecting that at present, as in the past time, people will sooner begin the foundation of an edifice upon sand than upon truth. They expected the lady of that unhonoured name would come up from the bottom of her well to kindle their tiny lucifer match, and blow it up into a flame that should enlighten England from one end to the other, while they placed the hopeful young nominees of peers and M.P.'s in the fire of purification, they themselves acting the part of priests of Moloch in putting the children through the fire. But the forms and ceremonies on so momentous an occasion? These seem abandoned to accident, it is to be feared from lack of having secured the details from the Philistines, out of the archives of the Society of Antiquaries. Under such a happy species of purification, like a Salic law acquittal, we should no doubt find Euclids in our gaugers, Justinians in our lawyers, St. Pauls in our chaplains, Solons in our rulers, and correct spelling, with some adaptation of things to proper times and circumstances in our Horse Guards *élèves*.

The foregoing patriotic hopes on the part of the public will, we fear,

remain in suspension for some time to come. Many men of great note in the City possess credit without esteem; the committee may have esteem without credit for the extent of their services. It is, as appears to us, gone back from where it set out, its Newfoundland being still unfound. Have they no spurs to "prick the sides of their intent withal?" They do not mean, like the Flying Dutchman, to be ever at sea out of sight of land? It is better they should anchor alongside their ledgers in Mark-lane and Thames-street, than not give us some account of their progress, if it be not an Eastern Counties Railway statement. We want to know their rolling stock, their motive power, the means they possess for grinding old stiff official incorrigibles into new and effective elasticities, to see that the drivers of the office engines are duly qualified, and that time be at last so properly valued in public offices, that half an hour be no more consumed in answering the question of "What's o'clock?" In short, we must have specifications and plans to strengthen our faith, that it may be known what there is to hope of some good crawling out at last, or whether we are to consider it all a "Bobstay's Voyage," after the City, from Bishopsgate to London Bridge, has been so long aching on the tiptoe of expectation.

Is the committee content with its past exertions, and does it intend to leave the question as it is, having burned priming? The Parliamentary committee upon civil service qualification has perhaps, they think, taken the matter out of their hands; but the objects of that committee go not, it is reported, beyond the limit of the above service. If the City committee have so resolved, it is to be commended for that valuable quality possessed by prudent people in passing through a troublesome world, valuable more especially where sagacity and genius are wanting; we mean discretion, a sort of second-rate prudence, excellently well adapted for beating a retreat when advance becomes hopeless.

The committee was surely not ignorant of the qualifications required in the different departments of the Government. On starting similar objects, too much is sometimes taken for granted, and the chapter of accidents is left to work out the operation. The measure being beneficial, the mode of action will come, it is supposed, from chance quarters, and thus things will slip into their right places in the end. Did the City committee master the views and examine the evidence of the Parliamentary Civil Service Committee? Did it coincide or not as to the requisite degree of information or instruction which should qualify candidates for places? The City committee could not expect to compass its end destitute of means.

If under the departmental heads, rigid, unsparring, unbending examinations were exacted free of favour or affection, no Oxford or Cambridge practices being permitted, so that a minister may say to a hungry M.P. who must have his nominee from the bogs of Munster or Connaught, under penalty of his anti-ministerial vote, safely housed in the Tax-office, or daily refreshed with the odour of whisky at the Customs freshly imported, "Master Pat shall have a place if you will bring me the necessary certificate of his ability, without which you are aware I can do nothing,"—if this answer could be given rigidly in *all* cases, the public would be protected, and a change for the better would follow. The son of the peer or peasant, under an examination equally stringent, would then be qualified for serving the public, and the public, clear upon this

point, would not care which it was. At present the appointment of inefficient persons is not dependent upon the choice of the minister, for he cannot refuse without hazard, under one of those necessities which in every position of society is more or less the ruling principle, whatever evil it may involve, besides subjecting the heads of departments to the accusation of that corruption, which in private business is, from choice, daily practised, but which is here a species of self-defence.

It can be deemed no advantage to any administration that blockheads should be pitchforked into subordinate offices, when it must look to them for the punctual fulfilment of its orders. When Lord Aberdeen, the Duke of Newcastle, and their friends, ordered the expedition to the East, they had a just right to suppose that in a country like this, so powerful in means under all the different branches of the service, they would find them every way efficient. It was not so; the inefficiency of the leaders of the army under a system which the ministry did not create, ruined that ministry. There was nothing unconstitutional in this result; all ministers are answerable under similar circumstances. But can it be conducive to the well-being of any administration to be ill served in its inferior departments, and less so the end to these results? The evil had become ingrained, and only recent revelations connected with the Crimean expedition forced it into notice. No administration can remedy such a mischief unless it be supported by public opinion, and upon that object it would have been difficult to fix public opinion, unless its deformities were strongly revealed, as by accident they have been. Those who used the system for their own advantage would not have hesitated to show its insulated promoters marks of their distaste. By "insulated" we mean any individual minister or man who instituted a searching inquiry into the fitness of placing matters in a state equally just to merit and to the public. Because the selected legislators themselves make their profit out of the system existent, why disguise the truth? The coldness with which such inquiries for the extension of parliamentary reform have been received originated in the observation so notoriously true, that the "last state of too many who get into parliament is exceedingly better than the first." Let the elastic political morality of the people be exchanged for the strict rule of duty to their country; and there will not be much longer any complaint on the score of official imbecility. Let those who go with the multitude to do "good," suspend the enjoyment of exalting its reputation until it changes its practice of accepting for legislators the first comer, any body—we had almost said any "thing"—from some preponderating motive, not always founded on direct corruption, but such as the support of a railway job or a speculative company, under all which considerations the true legislative duties of a representative, in connexion with a great nation, are but a secondary affair. The sin under this head—not to speak of still lower considerations—is enormous. A great minister of England once said, "It was fortunate so few men could be prime ministers; as it was best that few should thoroughly know the shocking wickedness of mankind."

Those who form committees, however laudable in object, are bound, before they bring them out, to make their business clear in all its bearings; so as to exhibit the remedy for the cure of the disease of which they complain. Doctors of medicine exhibit bread-pills sometimes; not knowing what to administer, they take care to give something. We do not get

even bread-pills from the committee. It does not seem that the Administrative Reform body have proposed a palliative of any similar kind to the expecting public if they cannot manage a cure. We fear they did not study the case before they offered to effect a cure, or they would have proposed a mode of treatment in detail. The sanguine feeling of the Peace Society, which is a society, too, that sustains itself upon taking things for granted in the way of remedy, got a cruel truth from Lord Palmerston the other day, when he undecieved them in their project of keeping peace in Europe by national arbitrations. Despite the immortal pilgrimage to St. Petersburg, they persist in pursuing the end without the means. They presume that courts which rule nations and their destinies can be got to settle national disputes by arbitration; a species of amiable simplicity of belief and of good intention, at the expense of all past experience, all past knowledge of courts, all hope among those who know the "inborn" flagitiousness of the powers which be, and their concentration of every tendency to evil found in human nature—"tendency to" (it should be "practice of") all possible vices. The individual criminal is repressed by laws which he has been accustomed to obey; courts know no law, human or divine; the fear of some hostile brute force alone restrains them. Jealousies, hatreds, hypocrisies, murders, injustices of every kind mark their career. Domestic rebellion apprehended, or the dread of a neighbour equally powerful, not moral restraint, holds them in; no shuffle is too mean, no resource of low cunning beneath their adoption. The colour or contour of a crime never troubles their slumbers. Sully—and his experience cannot be denied—Sully says, "The grandest and most serious affairs of state derive their origin and their most violent movements from the silliness, jealousies, envies, and other whims of a court, and are rather regulated by those than by meditations and well-digested consultations, or by considerations of honour, glory, or good faith!" Let us imagine Russia arbitrating between Austria and Prussia, or the Pope between Sardinia and the last and worst of the Bourbons at Naples, what a melancholy farce would it be! Would to God, for the sake of mankind, for the sake of the peace and happiness of Europe, such a scheme were practicable, to preserve us from the calamities of war in future! Would to God the Peace Society were right, and the experience of all time, past and present, on the feasibility of the means they advocate were wrong. Those who mean well are often unaware, in their desire to do good, of the insurmountable obstacles in their way. There was once an hereditary professor of divinity at Hamburg. Franklin talked of hereditary mathematicians, after the example of the practice of our House of Lords as hereditary judges. We fear our numerous successions of reformers resemble these hereditary absurdities in their continued successions, without a more efficient fulfilment of their objects than if they were continued from sire to son. The truth is, they set out wrong in supposing the multitude always right; whereas the mischief begins in the venality of the people, and naturally shoots upward. The leaven of virtue in the masses is neutralised by the ascendant of their unleavened evil, and there is, over and above, a surplus number besides, to whom their superiors, rightly or wrongly, when vituperated to the colour of midnight, might reply in the well-known language of the pot to the kettle, which, however to the point, savours too much of that of the scallion to adopt for the decoration of these pages.

THE MISSING LETTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WISH."

I.

It was the dinner-hour at Hill House Farm, an hour after mid-day. Mr. Sterling, the farm's occupant, and his daughter sat down to it alone. The farmer was sinking into years, and latterly he had been full of ailments, had grown short of breath and wheezy on the chest, and could not look after his out-door pursuits as formerly. His daughter was of quiet, gentle manners, not beautiful, but full of earnest truth and kindness. It was singular that the farmer's only child, who was admired wherever she was known, and who would be the inheritor of his substance, should have gained her six-and-twentieth year without having changed her name, but she laughingly answered, when joked about it, that she could not afford to leave her father and mother.

"Shall I carve to-day, father, or will you?" inquired Anne.

"You carve, child. Cut for your mother first."

But Anne chose first of all to help her father. The dish was boiled beef, and she was careful to cut it for him as he best liked it. Appetite never failed with Farmer Sterling. She then rose to take up her mother's dinner.

"Hallo, Anne!" cried the farmer, "what are you leaving the table for? Where's Molly, that she can't take that up?"

"Molly has so much to do to-day," was his daughter's reply. "There's Martha's work, as well as her own; and with her weak knee she will not be able to stir when night comes, if she has to run up and down stairs. I shall be there and back in a minute."

When dinner was over, the farmer drew his arm-chair close to the fire. Anne gave him his pipe and tobacco, set his jug of ale beside him, and then went up to her mother's chamber. She smoothed the bed and the pillows, changed her mother's cap for a smarter one, in case any neighbours dropped in, put some lavender-water on her handkerchief, and gave her her usual little glass of wine.

"What else can I do, mother?" she asked.

"Nothing, my dear. Sit down and be still. You must be tired, helping Molly so much this morning. Unless you will read a psalm. The book is here."

Anne Sterling took the Prayer-book, and read the evening psalms for the day. Her accent and manner of reading were those of a gentlewoman, practically inured, as she was, to inferior household occupations. She then sat talking, till, after a while, her mother seemed inclined to sleep; so Anne softly left the room, and went down stairs into the kitchen. It was then four o'clock.

"Well, Molly, how are you getting on?"

"Oh, pretty well," crossly responded the old servant, who was a fixture in the family. "Martha hadn't need to go gadding out for a holiday every day, though. I'm off now into the dairy."

"Is my father gone into the fields?" inquired Miss Sterling.

"I ha'n't seen nor heer'd him since dinner."

"What, all this while! Then he must have dropped asleep."

As Anne spoke, she went along the passage to the sitting-room, and soon a wild shriek reached Molly's ears. The latter ran after her, as well as her lame leg would allow.

Farmer Sterling was in a fit. His pipe lay broken on the ground, and his head had fallen on the elbow of his chair, his eyes starting, and froth issuing from his lips. Molly screamed out that it was apoplexy.

"He'll be gone," she uttered, "unless something can be done. He's going fast. However can we get the doctor here in time?"

Anne Sterling, pale as a sheet, gathered her scared senses together. "I will run into Layton for the doctor," she said; "you would never get there. Hold his head up and rub his hands while I am gone."

She darted off without bonnet or shawl across the fold-yard into the lane, which was the nearest way to the little town of Layton, flying along as if for her life. It was dirty, and the mud splashed up with every step. A labourer, in a smock-frock, who was at work in a contiguous field, stared at her with astonishment, and strided to the stile to look at her as she passed.

"Oh," she cried, as she darted up to him, her heart leaping at the sight of a human being, one who might perhaps be of service, "if you can run quicker than I, pray go for me into Layton. My father,— I—I did not notice that it was you," she abruptly broke off; "I beg your pardon." And, swifter if possible than before, she flew on her way down the lane.

He was scarcely more than thirty years of age, yet lines of care were in his face, and silver was mixed with his luxuriant hair, but his countenance was open and pleasant to look upon. He was a tall, agile man, and he leaped the stile and overtook Anne.

"Miss Sterling! Miss Sterling!" he impressively said, as he came up with her, and, strange to say—strange when contrasted with his dress and his menial occupation—his words and bearing were those of an educated and refined man,— "you are in some distress. Though it is I—myself: though I am a banned, persecuted outcast, need that neutralise any aid I can render? Surely no curse will follow that. What can I do for you?"

She hesitated. Her breath was getting short, her legs were aching, and she felt she could not keep up this pace long. What though he *was* pointed to amongst his fellow-men as a criminal who, by luck, not merit, had escaped the hulks, was not her father dying for want of aid? Yes, she would waive prejudice at this time of need.

"My father is in a fit," she panted. "If you can get Mr. Jelf to him quicker than I can, we should be ever thankful to you. I fear it is apoplexy."

"Apoplexy!" he repeated; "then no time should be lost, Miss Sterling. It must be half an hour before Mr. Jelf can be with him, even should he be at home. He must be bled instantly. Is there no one in the house who can do it?"

She shook her head as she ran on, for she had not halted in her pace. "Not a soul is in the house but Molly. Save my mother—who is bed-ridden."

"Then I had better go back to your house—if it may be permitted me

to enter it," and he spoke the last words with conscious indecision: "I may be able to do something: if you can go on for Mr. Jelf." "Be it so," she answered. "Lose no time." He sped back swiftly, and entered the house by way of the kitchen. He knew the locality well. There was no one about, but he heard the voice of Molly—he remembered that well, also—calling out in a sobbing, startling tone, to know who was there.

She started much more when he went in and she saw who it was. A look of blank dismay, not unmixed with resentment, overspread her countenance.

"What do *you* want, Master Ledbitter? What brings you here?" "I come to render aid—if any be in my power. By Miss Sterling's desire," he added, distinctly. "By the time the doctor got here he would be past aid," he continued, looking at the unfortunate man. "Get me a washhand-basin, and some linen to make a bandage. Have you any hot water?"

"Yes," sobbed Molly, "a biler full. I put it on to wash out my kitchen."

"Then get a bucket of it, and bring in all the mustard you have in the house, while I take off his shoes and stockings. Make haste. We may restore him yet."

John Ledbitter spoke with an air of authority, and Molly, to her own astonishment, obeyed, much as she despised him. Little time lost he. There was no lancet at hand, but he bared the farmer's arm, and used his own sharp penknife. He was an intelligent man, knew something of surgery, and when Anne Sterling returned she found her father had been rescued from immediate danger. Mr. Jelf was not with her: he was on the other side Layton, visiting a patient, but they had sent after him. A neighbour or two returned with Anne.

"He ain't in no favour with honest folk, that John Ledbitter," remarked Molly to Miss Sterling, when she came in, "but as sure as we are sinful creatures, you may thank him, Miss Anne, that you have got a living father. He was at the last gasp."

He did more besides restoring him. He was strong and active, and, with a little help from the women, he got Mr. Sterling up-stairs, undressed him, and placed him in bed. "I will remain and watch him, with your permission," he said, looking at Anne, "till the surgeon comes."

"If you will kindly do so," she answered. "I am very grateful to you, indeed I am," she added, through her tears, as she kindly held out her hand to him. "My mother will not know how to thank you when she hears that to you, under Heaven, he owes his life."

Mr. Ledbitter did not take her offered hand. He extended his own, and turned it round from side to side, as if to exhibit its horny, rough texture, bearing the impress of hard, out-door work, whilst a peculiar smile of mockery and bitterness rose to his face. "It is not so fitting as it once was to come into contact with a lady's," he observed; "these last six years have left their traces on it. You would say also, as the world says, that worse marks than those of work are on it—that it bears the impress of its crime, as Cain bore his."

She looked distressed. What was there that she could answer?

"And yet, Anne—pardon me, the familiar name rose inadvertently,

not from disrespect: I used to call you so, and you have never since, in my mind, been anything but *Anne Sterling*—what if I were to assert that the traces of rough usage are the worst guilt of which that hand can righteously be accused—that it is dyed with no deeper crime? What then?"

"I don't know," she faltered.

"I do," he answered. "You would throw my assertion to the winds, as others did, and leave me to toil, and blanch, and die in them, rather than accord me the sympathy, so necessary from man to man, even though it were but the sympathy of pity. A messenger of Heaven might whisper such to a fallen angel."

The reproach of crime had lain upon John Ledbitter for more than six long years. One of a large family, and of highly respectable parents, he was brought up a land-agent and agriculturist, and became the manager of an estate in the county. Subsequently the property changed owners, and John Ledbitter, whilst looking out for another situation, undertook to drive the mail-cart from Higham to Weirford and Layton. It was regarded as a young man's freak by his acquaintances, and they used to salute him as the "gentleman-driver." John himself said he did it to steer clear of idleness and mischief. Before he had driven it three months, a letter was abstracted from the Layton bag, in a mysterious manner; and it would seem that the culprit could not, by any possibility, have been other than John Ledbitter. The Higham postmaster, Mr. Grame, had put this letter into the bag with his own hands, secured the bag (*with string only*—the custom then), and delivered it to Ledbitter. The latter locked it in his mail-cart, drove to Layton, and handed the bag to the postmaster of that place: but the letter was then gone. There could not be a more palpable case, and conviction of the gentleman-driver's guilt was forced on every breast. The letter was for Farmer Sterling, and had contained a fifty-pound note; which fact was previously known, a similar letter and enclosure being forwarded to the farmer every Christmas. Ledbitter was not prosecuted, either by Farmer Sterling or the government; but he had since been a proscribed man amongst his fellows. It appeared an unaccountable fact that he should have remained in the locality where his crime was committed: better for him to have gone where he was not known, and begun life again, a free man. Employment in his own sphere was denied him—who would trust a thief?—and, from that day, had John Ledbitter, by manual labour as a husbandman, kept body and soul together.

At the time the crime was committed an attachment existed between him and a niece of Farmer Sterling's, a Miss Cleeve. It was instantly and rudely broken off by the young lady, and she had become the wife of the postmaster of Higham, son to the gentleman spoken of above, who then held the situation. And when John Ledbitter went to the farm, this afternoon, to the succour of Mr. Sterling, it was the first time he had entered it for these six dreary years.

II.

FARMER STERLING got better, but only for a time, and a very short one: hardly long enough, as the old gentleman himself said, to make his peace with his Maker. He never left his bed again. Mrs. Sterling, whose disorder appeared to abate, and her strength to revive with the necessity of the case, now managed to reach her husband's room daily, and to sit with him for several hours.

About three weeks subsequently to the farmer's attack, his daughter went to Higham by the morning coach, to see her cousin, Mrs. Grame. As she entered the passage of the house, the office was on her right, and Mr. Grame was there, stamping some letters. Anne waited a moment, thinking he might see her, and she observed that his eyes were red, and his hands shaking.

"Good morning, Walter," she said, at length. "Is Selina up-stairs?" The postmaster looked up. "What is it you, Annie? You have just come, I suppose. How is the old gentleman?"

"He is better, but gains no strength, and does not get up. This is the first day he has seemed sufficiently comfortable for me to leave him, or I should have been in to see Selina before."

"And I have been so bothered with one thing or other, that I have not had a minute to ride over. What tale's that, about Ledbitter having saved his life?"

"He certainly did. My father must have been dead before the surgeon came, had it not been for John Ledbitter. He applied the necessary remedies, and bled him, as handily and effectually as Mr. Jeff could have done."

"Ah, women are easily frightened," carelessly repeated the postmaster. "You came across him, we heard, as you were rushing into Layton, for Jeff."

"It was so."

"Well, then I must tell you, Anne, that I contradicted that report. For I never could believe you would have permitted yourself to hold speech with such a character, still less to admit him inside the house."

"Not to save my father?" returned Anne. "I would use any means, any instrument, when his life was at stake."

"You did not know it would save his life," persisted Mr. Grame. "I am astonished at your imprudence, Anne."

"My father was dying for want of assistance," she retorted, warmly. "I am thankful that Providence threw even John Ledbitter in my way to render it."

"Providence!" sarcastically ejaculated the postmaster.

"Providence," quietly repeated Anne. "The longer I live, the more plainly do I see the hand of Providence in every action of our lives. Even in those which to us may appear insignificantly trivial, at the moment of their occurrence."

"You'll avow yourself a fatalist next," rejoined the postmaster.

"How is the baby?" inquired Anne, by way of turning the conversation.

"Oh, it's well enough, if one may judge by its squalling. I never

heard a young one with such lungs. I think Selina must manage it badly. You'll find them all up-stairs."

Miss Sterling ascended to an upper room, Mrs. Grame's bed-chamber, and knocked at the door. But there was so great a noise inside of children crying, that she found little chance of being heard. She opened it. Mrs. Grame sat in a rocking-chair, in an invalid wrapper and shawl, her countenance ghastly from illness, presenting so painful a contrast to the once blooming and lovely Selina Cleeve, that few could have traced a resemblance. The infant in her arms was crying, as if in pain; another little fellow, of two years, stood by her knee, roaring also, from temper.

Anne went up and kissed her. "What are you doing here, with these crying children, Selina?" she said.

"Oh dear, do try and quiet them, Anne!" Mrs. Grame helplessly uttered, bursting into tears; "my very life is harassed out of me. Since the nurse left, I have the trouble of them all day."

Miss Sterling threw her bonnet and shawl on the bed, and taking a paper of home-made cakes from her pocket, drew the elder child's eye towards them. The tears were arrested half-way, the mouth remained opened, and the noise ceased.

"These cakes are for good little boys who don't cry," said Anne, seating the young gentleman on the floor, and putting some into his pinafore. Then she took the infant from its mother, and carried it about the room. When soothed to silence and sleep, she sat down with it on her knee.

"Selina," she began, "I am not going to tell you now that you are a bad manager, for I have told you that often enough when you were well. But how comes it that you have no nurse?"

"Ask Walter," replied Mrs. Grame, a flood of resentment escaping with her tone.

"Now be calm, and speak quietly of things. You surely purpose taking a maid for the children?"

"I purpose!" bitterly retorted Mrs. Grame; "it is of very little use what I purpose or want. Walter squanders the money away on his own pleasures, and we cannot afford to keep two servants. Now you have the plain truth, Anne."

"I have thought," resumed Miss Sterling, after an awkward pause, "that you have sometimes appeared not quite at your ease as to money. But a case like this is one of necessity: your health is at stake, and it is Mr. Grame's duty to provide an additional servant, if only for a few months."

"Listen, Anne," resumed Mrs. Grame, speaking with an excitement her cousin in vain endeavoured to arrest. "You thought I married well: that if Walter had been living freely, as a young man, and anticipated his inheritance, he was steady then, had a good home to bring me to, and a liberal salary. You thought this—my uncle and aunt thought it—I thought it. But what were the facts? Before that child was born—and she pointed to the little cake-eater—"I found he was over head and ears in debt, and they have been augmenting ever since. His quarter's salary, when paid, only serves to stop the most pressing, and supply his private expenses, of which he appears to have abundance. Such expenses are shameful for a married man."

"Be calm, Selina."

"Calm! how can I be calm? I wish I had never seen him! I wish I had been a thousand miles off, before I consented to marry him! I never did love him. Don't look reprovingly at me, Anne; it is the truth. I loved but one, and that was John Ledbitter. When he turned out worthless I thought my heart would have broken, though I carried it off with a high hand to *him*, for I was bitterly incensed against him. Then came Walter Grame, with his insinuating whispers and his handsome person, and *talked* me into a liking for him. And then into a marriage——"

"Selina," interrupted Miss Sterling, "you should not speak so of your husband, even to me."

"I shall speak to the world, perhaps, by-and-by: he goads me enough for it. Night after night, night after night, since from a few months after our marriage, does he spend away from me. In what society, think you? He comes home towards morning, sometimes sober, and then I know where he has been, for *I have heard*; but oftener he comes staggering home from the public-house, primed with drink and smoke. Beast!"

Miss Sterling wrung her hands, but she could not stem the torrent of words.

"I should not so much care now, for I have grown inured to it, and my former reproaches—how useless they were!—have given place to silent scorn and hatred, were it not for the money these habits of his consume. Circumstances have grown very bad with us; of money there seems to be none; and it is with difficulty we provide for our daily wants, for tradespeople refuse us credit. How then can I bring another servant into the house, when we can hardly keep the one we have?"

"This state of things must be killing her," thought Anne Sterling; as she listened and shivered.

"What it will come to I don't know," proceeded the invalid, "but a break-up seems inevitable, and then he will lose his situation as post-master. In any case, I don't think he will keep it long, for if he could stave off pecuniary ruin, his health is so shattered that he is unfit to hold it. I now thank my dear aunt that she was firm in having my 1500*l.* settled on myself. The interest of it is not much, but, if the worst comes to the worst, it may buy dry bread to keep me and these poor children from starvation, and pay for a garret to lodge in."

"Oh, Selina!" uttered Miss Sterling, as the tears ran down her cheeks, "how terribly you shock me!"

"I have never betrayed this to a human being till now. You may have thought me grown cold, capricious, ill-tempered—no doubt you have, Anne, often, when you have come here. Not long ago, you said how marriage seemed to have altered me. But now you see what I have had to try me, the sort of existence mine has been."

"What can I do for you? how can I help?" inquired Anne. "Were my father well, I would take little Walter home with me, and relieve you of him for a time, but his state demands perfect quiet in the house. Money, beyond a trifle, I have not, of my own, to offer: perhaps my mother, when she knows, will——"

"She must not know," vehemently interrupted Mrs. Grame. "I forbid you to tell her, Anne—I forbid you to tell any one. As to

money, if you were to put a hundred pounds down before me this minute, I would say, throw it rather into the first ditch you came to, for it would only be squandered, by him, on his orgies and his debts. No, let the crisis come: the sooner the better: things may be smother after it, at any rate quieter; for, as it is, the house is dunned by creditors. Oh, Anne! if it were not for these children I would come back and find peace at the farm, if you would give me shelter. But now—to go from my own selfish troubles—tell me about my uncle. To think that it should be John Ledbitter, of all people, who came in to his help! Walter went on in a fine way about it, in one of his half-tipsy moods. He has an unconquerable hatred to him, as powerful as it is lasting. I suppose it arises from knowing I was once so attached to him.”

“Selina,” returned Miss Sterling, lowering her voice, “you will say it is a strange fancy of mine, but from a few words John Ledbitter spoke to me, the evening of my father’s attack, I have been doubting whether he was guilty.”

“What can you mean?” demanded Mrs. Grame, with startling fervour; “what grounds have you? did he assert his innocence?”

“On the contrary, he seemed rather to let me assume his guilt. He said, that of course I believed him guilty, like the rest of the world did; and then followed a hint that he *could* assert his innocence. But his manner said more than his words. It was so peculiar, so haughtily independent, betraying the self-reliance of an innocent man, smarting under a stinging sense of injury. I do believe——”

“Don’t go on, Anne,” interrupted Mrs. Grame, with a shudder. “If it should ever turn out that John Ledbitter was accused unjustly, that I, of all others, helped to revile and scorn him, my sum of misery would be complete, and I must go mad or die. I suppose you have seen him but that once.”

“Indeed we have. He called the next day, and Molly let him go up to see my father.”

“In his smock-frock,” interposed Mrs. Grame, in a half derisive tone.

“We have never seen him in anything else, except on Sundays, and then he is dressed as a gentleman. He comes every day now.”

“Ha!”

“He proffered his services to me and my mother, if he could be of any use about the farm. We were at terrible fault for some one to replace my father, and a few things he undertook were so well executed that they led to more. Now he is regularly working for us.”

Mrs. Grame leaned her head upon her hand and mused. “Is he much altered?” she asked.

“Oh yes. His hair is going grey, and his countenance has a look of care I never thought to see on one so smiling and sunny as was John Ledbitter’s.”

Miss Sterling returned to Layton that evening with sad and sorrowful thoughts; the more so, that she was forbidden to confide them, even to her mother. But she had little leisure to brood over them in the weeks ensuing, for a change for the worse occurred in her father’s state, and it was evident that his thread of life was worn nearly to its end. The farmer held many an anxious conversation with his wife and daughter, touching his worldly affairs. It was intended that the farm should be

given up, after his death, but several months must elapse before that could be effected, and who was to manage the land in the mean time? One Sunday evening, in particular, the farmer seemed unusually restless and anxious on this score. His wife in vain besought him not to disturb himself—that she and Anne should manage very well.

“I should have died more at ease, I tell ye, if I could have left ye with a trusty bailiff and overlooker,” persisted the farmer. “Anne has got her head on her shoulders the right way, I know; but women can’t see much to out-door things. If that John Ledbitter had not got the mark upon him, there’s not a man I’d so soon have left as him. He’s a downright good farmer.”

Annie cleared her throat and spoke up timidly. “Father,” she said, “I by no means feel sure, now, that John Ledbitter was guilty. A few words he let fall, the night he was taking care of you, gave me to a powerful doubt of it in my mind.”

“Eh, girl?” cried Farmer Sterling, in bewilderment. “It would not surprise me to find that he was innocent. Of course—there he is,” broke off Anne, seeing John Ledbitter advance from her seat by the window. “I dare say he is coming here to inquire after you.”

“Let him come up,” rejoined the farmer. “None looking at him now could suppose he had the brand of a thief upon him, still less that he was a common day-labourer. For he bore the stamp of a gentleman in his dress and manner—in his superior black clothes and his manly form and countenance. Mr. Sterling asked him to take a chair, and Anne pushed one forward—the first time for many years that he had been invited to a seat in that house.”

“John Ledbitter,” began the farmer, “since I lay here I have had a many things in my mind, that old business of yours is one of ’em, and something Anne has just been saying has brought it back again. So when you came to the door, in the very nick o’ time, the thought came over me that I’d ask you, once again, if you could or would, make things clearer. It’s all over and done for now, however it might have been, but I should like to know the truth. I’m a dying man, John Ledbitter, and it would be a rest to my mind.”

A deep crimson hue dyed the face of John Ledbitter. Once, twice, he essayed to speak, and no words came, but when he did find speech it was that of a truthful earnest-minded man.

“Six years ago—more now—when that happened, I denied my guilt to you, Farmer Sterling. I told you that I was innocent as you were; but you answered me demurely, and sneered me to silence. I was innocent!”

“What!” gasped the farmer, whilst Mrs. Sterling rose into a more upright position on her pillow and chair.

“I have not often been guilty of telling a lie; never that I can now reach to my recollection. But I could no more dare to assert one to you, hovering on the confines of the next world, than I could, were I myself on the brink of it. Farmer Sterling, as I said then, I repeat to you now—I never knew what became of the letter or the money; I never touched either. In the presence of God, I assert this.”

"Then who did take it?" inquired the amazed farmer.

"I cannot tell; though my nights have been sleepless and my hair has grown grey with anxiety over this very point. Old Mr. Grame affirmed the letter was in the bag when he delivered it to me; Mr. Marsh affirmed it was not in it when I delivered it to him. They were both to be trusted; they were both above suspicion; but I will affirm that the bag between those points was never opened or touched, or the box of the mail-cart unlocked. It is a curious mystery, but a certainty has always rested upon me that time will unravel it."

"But why not have proclaimed your innocence then, as you do now?" inquired Mrs. Sterling.

"Dear madam, I did proclaim it," he answered with emotion. "To my relatives, to my friends, to the postmasters, to Mr. Sterling; as earnestly, as solemnly, as I now assert it this day. Not one listened to me. I met, even from my brothers, with nothing but disbelief and contumely. They were impressed with the conviction that my innocence was an impossibility. I do not blame them; I should myself so have judged another, accused under the same circumstances; and even she, who was more to me than my own life, joined in the scorn and shook me off. I took an oath, a rash one, perhaps, that I would never leave the county till my innocence was established. So I have lived since by the sweat of my brow, shunned by, and shunning my equals; never ceasing, in secret, my endeavours to trace out the lost note, but as yet without success. I have spoken truth, Farmer Sterling."

"I do believe you have," murmured the dying man. "May God make up to you the persecutions you have endured, John Ledbitter!"

Farmer Sterling died a man of substance, worth several thousand pounds, and John Ledbitter discarded his smock-frock when he was appointed manager of the farm by Mrs. Sterling. And thus a few weeks went by.

III.

THE post-office at Higham was closed for the night, and its master sat drinking brandy and water in his sitting-room. It was only ten o'clock, very early for him to be at home; but he had come in, saying he was not well. Mrs. Grame sat by his side in a sullen state of rebellion. He had received his salary two days before, had locked it up in one of his iron safes, and had given her none. A desperate resolution was stealing over her—and the reader may justify or condemn her according to his own opinion—that as soon as her husband should sleep she would go down to the office, and take some of this money for her pressing necessities.

"Where's the sugar?" inquired Mr. Grame.

"I have no sugar for you," she resentfully answered. "I told you there was none for the baby to-day."

The postmaster, in a jocular tone, for he had taken enough already, consigned his wife and child to a very far-off place, drank some brandy neat, and pulled open the sideboard-cupboard in search of the sugar-basin. There it stood, full of sugar. So he paid his wife another worthy compliment.

"It is not yours," she exclaimed, "or meant for you. My cousin Anne was here to-day, and bought it for the baby."

He answered by dropping some into his glass. "And what news did Anne Sterling bring?" he said, in a mocking tone, as he lighted a cigar: "fresh praises of their new manager, the thief Ledbitter?"

"It was not Ledbitter who was the thief, she told me that news," Mrs. Grame replied, in a raised, and almost an hysterical voice; for the information had had its effect upon her. "John Ledbitter was innocent, and the crime was committed by another. I ought to have known that from the first."

A fearful change came over Walter Grame. His face turned to a deadly whiteness, his cigar fell from his lips, and his teeth chattered in his head. "Ledbitter innocent!" he gasped forth. "Did she say who took it? How did it come to light?"

"What is the matter with you?" cried Mrs. Grame, in astonishment. "Are you so full of hatred to John Ledbitter, that the hearing of his innocence should affect you in this manner?"

"Woman!" he retorted, in the extreme of agitation, "I ask you how it came to light?"

"Nothing has come to light, except that Ledbitter assured, and *convinced*, my uncle of his innocence, just before his death. I wish the real criminal was discovered," she impetuously continued: "I, for one, would aid in persecuting him to the death. Whoever he may be, he has been hugging himself under the ruin of poor John Ledbitter."

Mr. Grame laughed, a forced laugh, and stooped to pick up his crushed cigar, for he had put his foot on it when it fell burning to the carpet. "That's his sort of innocence, is it," he derisively observed; "his own assertion! Honest men want something else, Mrs. Grame."

But Selina saw that his teeth chattered still, and his hand shook so as to scarcely lift the bottle, draughts from which he kept pouring into his glass. "How very singular!" she repeated to herself.

The spirit at length told upon Mr. Grame, and he sank down upon the sofa and slept, an unconscious man. Then, her lips pressed together with angry resolution, Mrs. Grame possessed herself of his keys and the key of the private office, which he always kept in his pocket, and she stole down stairs.

She stood before the iron safe, the smaller safe—his, in his father's time—and tried the keys, several of the bunch, before she came to the right one. The moment it was unlocked the door flew open and struck her on the forehead. A large bump rose instantly: she put up her hand and felt it. At any other time she would have been half stunned with the shock; it was not heeded now.

Two cash-boxes, and three small drawers were disclosed to view, and she had to try the keys again; each drawer opened with a different key. The first drawer was full of papers: in the second, as she drew it open, she saw no money, only one solitary letter lying at the end of it. An old letter, getting yellow now; still folded, but its seal broken and its address, "Mr. Sterling, Hill House Farm, Layton, Highamshire." A powerful curiosity excited her: she had recognised the writing of her own father: what should bring a letter of his, to her uncle, in this secret safe of Walter Grame's? As she opened the letter, something fell from it, and Mrs. Grame sank almost fainting on a chair.

It was the long-lost letter and money, which John Ledbitter had been

accused of stealing, the bank-note for fifty pounds. "Had the letter been mislaid by old Mr. Grame, and overlooked till this day?" she asked, in the first bewilderment of discovery. "Or had Walter acted the traitor's part to bring disgrace upon Ledbitter? The latter, oh! the latter," she convulsively uttered, when reason asserted its powers; "and I, who once so truly loved John Ledbitter, discarded him for this man!"

She made no further search for the gold—this discovery absorbed every care and thought. Securing the letter and note upon her person, she locked the safe again, sped up-stairs, and shook her husband violently, pouring forth her indignant accusation. He struggled up on the sofa, and stared at her: she herself was a curious object just then, with that dark mound standing out on her forehead, and her dangerous excitement. Then he began to shake and shiver, for he comprehended that the officers of justice were after him. The fright partially sobered him, but he was stupified still.

"Nobody can prosecute but you, Selina," he abjectly stammered, in his confusion. "You will not refuse to hush it up for your husband."

"Tell me the truth, and I will *not* prosecute," she vehemently answered, humouring his fears. "Did you do it on purpose to ruin John Ledbitter?"

"No, no," he uttered; "I was hard up, I was indeed, Selina. I did not know where to turn for money, and if my debts had come to the knowledge of the old man he would have disinherited me. So when this fifty pounds came, like a temptation, before me, I took it. That's the whole truth."

"You took it!" she repeated. "After it was given to John Ledbitter?"

"It never was given to him. As the old man dropped it into the bag some one came to the window, and my father turned to answer. It was Stone the barber. I twitched the letter out then, and the old governor closed the bag and never knew it. But I did not use it, Selina; the money's there now; I could not find an immediate opportunity of changing it away, and then there was such a hubbub struck up that I never dared to."

"And I could make this man my husband!" she muttered—"the father of my unhappy children! Traitor! coward! how dared you thrust yourself into the society of honest people?"

His only answer was to stagger to the table, and drink a deep draught of the spirit still on it. It revived his courage.

"Ha! ha! my old father had a dream a night or two before he died. He dreamed that Ledbitter was innocent, and charged me to make it up to him. *Me!* as if some inkling of the truth had penetrated to his brain. I did not like that dream: it has cowed me, since, whenever I have thought of it, and now it has come out. But there's one part, Selina, which is glorious to think of still—that I outwitted him of his bride."

She might have done him an injury had she remained in the room longer, for her feelings were worked up to a pitch of exasperation bordering upon madness. She went up-stairs, bolted herself in the room with her children, and threw herself, undressed, on the bed. Her husband did not attempt to follow her.

The next afternoon she was at Layton, entering the Hill House Farm. Near the front gate she encountered John Ledbitter. "It is you I have come to see," she said.

Not for years had they met, and she spoke and looked so strangely that, but for her voice, he would scarcely have recognised her. He followed her in. Anne Sterling, who was in the parlour alone, rose from her seat in surprise, and inquired if all was well at Higham.

"Examine this, Mr. Ledbitter," was Mrs. Grame's only answer, drawing from her pocket the fatal letter. "Do you recognise it?"

Not at first did he understand; but when a shadowing of what it was burst upon him, he was much agitated. "Am I to understand that this has been lost—misaid—all these years?" he inquired. "And it was a natural question, seeing the note intact."

"Misaid?" burst forth Mrs. Grame, giving way to her pent-up excitement. "It was stolen, Mr. Ledbitter—filched from the bag before it went into your charge. And the thief—thief, and coward—trembled at his act when he had done it, and dared not use the money. He has kept it since from the light of day. Look at it, Anne."

"And this was—"

"Walter Grame. To you I will not screen him, though I am his wretched wife. To the world it may appear as was your first thought now—if you, Mr. Ledbitter, will show mercy where none has been shown you. I would not ask it but for his innocent children. I have not seen him since last night. He is nowhere to be found. Everything is in confusion at home, and the letters this morning had to be sorted by a postman."

"Where is he?" uttered Anne.

"I know not, unless this discovery has so worked upon his fears that he means to abandon his home and his country. I pray it may be so: I shall be more tranquil without him."

"You are not going? You will surely stay for some refreshment," reiterated Miss Sterling, as Mrs. Grame was about to leave, in the same abrupt manner that she had entered.

"I cannot remain, Anne, I must go back to Higham; and for refreshment, I could not swallow it. A friend of mine drove me over in his gig, and is waiting for me at the gate. You will explain things to my aunt—I have only one more word to say, and that is to you, Mr. Ledbitter. Will you—will you—?"

John Ledbitter took her hands in his, looking down compassionately upon her, for her emotion was so great as to stop her utterance, and the corners of her mouth twitched convulsively.

"Will you forgive me?—it is that I want to say," she panted—"for give my false heart for judging you as others did? In our last interview here, in this house—you said if we ever met again, it should be under different auspices. The auspices are different."

What he answered, as he led her to the gig, was known to themselves alone. Her tears were flowing fast, and her hand was clasped in his. It may be, that in that brief moment, a trace of his once passionate tenderness for her was recalled to his heart. Anne Sterling was watching them from the window, but she never asked a question about it, then or afterwards.

It was rare news for Higham. Walter Grame, what with his unfortunate debts and his unfortunate habits, had found himself unable to make head against the storm, and had started off, poor fellow, and taken ship for America: and in the search, which followed, his wife had come upon the missing letter and money, amongst some old valueless papers. In what unaccountable manner it could have been mislaid, was useless to inquire now, since old Mr. Grame was dead and gone: but that no fraud was committed by any one, was proved by the money being safe. So reasoned the town, as they pressed in to the post-office to curiously handle the letter and note.

But John Ledbitter of Higham went very red with shame when it remembered him. How on earth could he be recompensed for all he had endured? Three parts of the city, rich and poor, flocked over to Layton in one day: some in carriages, some in gigs, some on horseback, some in vans, and the rest on Shanks's pony. Old Mrs. Sterling, when she saw the arrival of these masses, from her bedroom window screamed out to Molly and Martha, believing the people must see a fire on the farm, and were coming to put it out. John Ledbitter's hands were nearly shaken off: and many a bold voice, at other times, was not ashamed of its own emotion, as it pleaded for forgiveness and renewed friendship. Everybody was for doing something: some were for drawing John into Higham in triumph, and then charring him round the town, as they did the city members; a few thought of asking the king to knight him, and John's brothers—who had got on in the world—whispered that the money to set him up, in any farm he chose to fix on in the county, was at his command. John good-humouredly thanked them all, and towards evening the last visitor was got rid of. He then turned to Miss Sterling.

"They have been speaking of a recompense," he said to her, in a low tone: "there is only one thing that would seem such to me; and that is not in their power to give. It is in yours, Anne."

Miss Sterling's eyes fell beneath his, a rich, conscious colour rose to her cheeks, and there was the same expression on her face that John Ledbitter had never seen but once before, many years ago, before he had declared his love for Selina Cleeve. He had thought then—in his vanity—that it betrayed a liking for him; and he thought it—not in his vanity—again now.

"Anne," he tenderly whispered, drawing her to him, "that dreadful mistake, which, when it overwhelmed me, seemed far worse than death, was sent for one wise purpose: perhaps for others, though we may not yet see it. But for that, I should have linked my fate with your cousin's, and neglected you—a most worthy, and now, long best-beloved. Will you forgive my early blindness, which I have lately wondered at—or will you shrink from bearing the name of one, who has been branded through the county as a felon?"

Closer and closer he drew her to him, and she suffered herself to remain there, nestling in his arms. No words escaped her, but she was inwardly resolving, in her new happiness—a glimpse of which had recently hovered on her spirit—that her love and care should make up to him for the past.

"Hooray!" shouted old Molly, when she heard the news, "we shan't be to give up the farm now, for Mr. John will take it on his own hands. Dear missis, I shall say my prayers to-night with a thankful heart."

SCISSORS-AND-PASTE-WORK

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

II.—MERIVALE'S ROMANS UNDER THE EMPIRE.*

[FIRST NOTICE.]

MR. MERIVALE is now fairly launched on the vasty deep of his great subject. His fourth and fifth volumes comprise the History of the Romans under the emperors, or principate, of Augustus and his three immediate successors. That five volumes of the History, however, should bring us no further down than to the death of Claudius, may imply, in the judgment of many, a degree of diffuseness in the historian that verges, to say the least, on the faulty. But, apart from considering the preliminary character of the opening volumes, there is such admirable arrangement in the narrative, such breadth of view and completeness of detail, a sagacity so penetrating in its analysis of men and manners, industry of research so manifest in the collating and sifting of authorities, so independent, generally impartial, and often original an exercise of the critical faculty, and so unusual an animation of style and richness of colouring, in a work which establishes Mr. Merivale's right to a place in the first class of historians, that any complaints on the score of prolixity are like, after all, either to be faint and few, or to come from those who have not actually read the work they disparage. In the one advantage of an animated, variously graphic, now gravely impressive and anon pleasantly piquant style, this History may fairly count on a much larger audience and wider welcome than almost any recent work on any cognate theme, Greek or Roman; as every reader may infer for himself who will invidiously compare, or contrast, it in this respect with the "execution" of, for instance, Mr. Grote, of Sir G. Cornwall Lewis, and of Dr. Liddell. Nor is this attraction in the manner gained at the cost of the matter: brilliant the author may be justly pronounced, in passages dealing with fit topics for rhetorical display, but he is never flashy, flatulent, or forcible-feeble; we feel ourselves throughout under the guidance of a competent master, duly seasoned in the art he professes, carefully equipped for the large enterprise he has undertaken, and equally an adept in the what to teach and the how to teach it, *in modo* and *in re*.

The policy of Augustus is most ably and elaborately discussed in the former of the two volumes just published. The fundamental principle of the Roman religion was still surviving. Notwithstanding the signs, and worse, the sense, of material and moral decay, and amidst the desolation which resembled a darkness that might be felt, brooding over and blighting the City of the Seven Hills, there yet remained a powerful sentiment to which a thoughtful legislator might appeal with signal effect.

Augustus did so. It was the policy, Mr. Merivale says, of the new master of the republic to throw himself upon this deep conservative feel-

* A History of the Romans under the Empire. By Charles Merivale, B.D., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Vols. IV., V. Longman and Co. 1856.

ing—the feeling, namely, that Rome owed its prosperity to the divine principle of its constitution—that the empire of Rome was a standing evidence to the truth of the Roman religion, in its widest sense, as the foundation of its laws and usages. “The conqueror commenced his career of empire by the restoration of the ancient cult. Religious forms were entwined about all the public and private life of the primitive Roman;”—and Augustus perceiving, with unerring sagacity, the direction of the popular sentiment, which willingly ascribed the sufferings of the commonwealth to the impiety of the previous generation,* at once placed himself at its head; assuming the duty of renovating the temples, and restoring the popular worship of the *Lares*. Indeed, at a later period in his reign, he seems to have “so far yielded to the irresistible propensity of his people to make him an object of worship, as to have allowed his own name to be associated with these semi-divinities,” the *Lares*, guardians of the domestic hearth,—sanctioning the erection of his image along with theirs, and that of the faithful dog † who watched together with the *Lares* and himself over the household security of the citizens.

On the strength of this zeal for religious revival, Augustus could allege that he had secured the stability of Roman institutions by his piety to the gods. “He had bribed Olympus by gifts in which the immortals delighted. He had set up their fallen altars, repaired their temples, revived their services, and rekindled the flame of devotion in the heart of the nation. To his own fortunes and to the fortunes of the state, he had attached the powers of heaven for ever. From the gods he had descended to rehabilitate the ancient heroes of his country, restoring their monuments, re-erecting their images, surrounded with triumphal ornaments, and placing them under the colonnades of his own spacious forum, as the witnesses and patrons of the glory he had achieved. The city itself had participated in his pious solicitude. He honours her as a mother and a tutelary influence, almost as a goddess herself. For her embellishment he constructs many magnificent works, and requires the wealthy and the noble to follow his example; for he is not an Oriental potentate, but only the first of his own rank of citizens.”

* So Horace:

“*Delicta majorum immeritus lues,
Romane, donec templa refeceris . . .
Dis te minorem quod geris imperas.*”

Od. III. 6.

The admonitions of the poet, says Mr. Merivale, were hailed with general acclamation when he reminded the commonwealth, that it was the lord of mankind only because it was the servant of the gods. “This pious acknowledgment, said Horace, was the beginning and end of all its greatness.”

† The historian quotes Ovid,

“*Et canis ante pedes saxo fabricatus eodem . . .
Mille Lares Geniumque Ducis qui tradidit illos
Urbs habet, et vici numina trina colunt;*”

(*Fast.* V. 129, sqq.)

and refers to the numerous votive inscriptions, *Laribus Augustis*. He properly distinguishes, however, between the worship of Augustus (or rather perhaps of the Lar of Augustus), as a demi-god, or genius (*geniumque ducis*), and the latter worship (“cult”) of the Cæsars as deities, which Augustus himself interdicted, at least in Rome.

These citizens took very quietly the primacy of their wily lord and master. No Oriental potentate he, in outward semblance; only *primus inter pares*. Of all things, let them avoid the notion of his affecting regal supremacy, or aiming at a revolution in the constitution of the state. No opportunity was lost of impressing upon them the pleasant illusion, that their Emperor in fact was nothing of the kind—not even a Citizen King—merely First Citizen. "Are there," asks a British poet,*

Are there, approved of later times,

Whose verse adorned a tyrant's crimes?

Who saw majestic Rome betrayed,

And lent the imperial ruffian aid?—&c.

meaning by the imperial ruffian and betrayer of majestic Rome, the placid, smooth-spoken Octavianus Caesar. Romans of the Augustan era did not see matters in the same light with the British poet. When moulding for his future purposes the form and constitution of that supremacy which he had obtained by inheritance and by arms, Augustus proceeded, as Mr. de Quincey observes, with so much caution and prudence, that even the style and title of his office was discussed in council as a matter of the first moment, the principle of his policy being, to absorb into his own functions all those offices which conferred any real power to balance or to control his own. Hence he appropriated the Tribunitian power, because that was a popular and representative office, which, as occasions arose, would have given some opening to democratic influences; whereas the Consular office he left untouched, because all its power was transferred to the Emperor, by the entire command of the army, and by the new organisation of the provincial governments.†

The ancient law in force at Rome, by which any person who attempted to establish the royal power, was liable to capital punishment, with forfeiture of goods, may probably be considered, as Sir G. O. Lewis says, a reminiscence of the time when kings existed, and of the feeling of repugnance with which their memory was regarded; similar to the laws against *tyrannis*, or despotism, at Athens. Sp. Cassius, Mælius, and Manlius, we are reminded, successively lost their lives for attempts to make themselves kings: the tumult which ended in the slaughter of Tiberius Gracchus began, according to Plutarch, by a gesture of Gracchus, who pointed to his own head—a gesture misinterpreted by his opponents into a demand for a diadem, and thus occasioning the fatal attack on his person. The ill-will which Caesar drew upon himself by his encouragement of the attempts to invest him with the dignity of king, is well known; and its importance in contributing to the conspiracy for murdering him, is attested by the scrupulous anxiety with which Augustus avoided the assumption of the royal honours, title, or insignia.‡

* Akenaide.

† "In no point of his policy was the cunning or the sagacity of Augustus so much displayed, as in his treaty of partition with the Senate, which settled the distribution of the provinces, and their future administration. Seeming to take upon himself all the trouble and hazard, he did in effect appropriate all the power, and left to the Senate little more than trophies of show and ornament."—DE QUINCEY: *On the Caesars*. Ch. vi. (1834.)

‡ "The idea that a king was an absolute monarch, which prevailed throughout the later ages of Rome, was probably in part derived from the belief respecting

In reflecting, however, upon the easy acquiescence of the Romans under the royal tyranny of this same Augustus, disguised under very transparent pretensions, we must not, says Mr. Merivale, forget that they were not in a position to anticipate the rapid decline in public spirit which from this time actually took place among them. The historian remarks with justice, that, apart from an antique prejudice, of which the wisest statesmen may have well been ashamed, royal rule could not imply, to their minds, degeneracy and decay. Had not the Macedonians under Philip conquered Greece?—had they not under Alexander subjugated Asia? Had not Sparta flourished under a dynasty of kings; and even the Romans themselves first proved their youthful energies under the auspices of a Romulus and a Tullus? “They were far, therefore, from anticipating that the greatness and glory of their country would decline under a prince’s sway; it was only in the last agonies of an impracticable republic, that their valour had earned them no triumphs.” Augustus studiously distinguished between the Emperor and the Princes, in his personal habits and demeanour,—disguising all consciousness of his deserts, and shrinking from the appearance of claiming the honours due to him. Amidst the magnificence displayed around him, which he chose to encourage in his nobles, his own manners were remarkable for their simplicity, and were regulated, not by his actual pre-eminence, but by the position he affected to occupy of a modest patrician. His mansion on the Palatine hill was moderate in size and decoration, and he showed his contempt for the voluptuous appliances of patrician luxury, by retaining the same bed-chamber both in winter and summer. His dress was that of a plain senator, and he let it be known that his robe was woven by the hands of Livia herself and the maidens of her apartment. He was seen to traverse the streets as a private citizen, with no more than the ordinary retinue of slaves and clients, addressing familiarly the acquaintances he met, taking them courteously by the hand, or leaning on their shoulders, allowing himself to be summoned as a witness in their suits, and often attending in their houses on occasions of domestic interest. At table his habits were sober and decorous, and his mode of living abstemious: he was generally the last to approach and the earliest to quit the board. His natural disposition favoured his artful policy. As he carefully avoided, so was he constitutionally indifferent to, the pomps and showy prerogatives of imperial sway.

Ne considerentur otio grandæuli supremæ, et non debent esse vitæ. (very French) *On ne peut être Augustus, et être un homme de bien.* Odiemus et; Romains, et présente à moi-même. Traitez-moi comme ami, non comme souverain, &c.

and Cornelle’s version of the Emperor is not “without book,” in these confessions and professions from the height of his *grandeur suprême*.⁺ The character of the last Pagan’s rule, though it is inconsistent with their own history of their other kings, the Greek kings of the Macedonian period, and the barbarian kings, with whom the Romans came in contact, were however all absolute; and it was from them that the later Roman idea of royalty was practically taken.”—SIR G. CORNEWALL Lisle’s *Inquiry into the Credibility of Early Roman History*, p. 11. See also Cornelle’s *Annales*, II. 1.

In proportion to the growth and accumulation of power, in its substantive and its symbolical forms, Augustus the more scrupulously affected to appear, in his mien and habits, the unpretending equal of his citizens. He rejected with signs of horror, we are told, the appellation of *Dominus*, which awkward flatterers sometimes addressed to him; and once in the theatre, when a player uttered the words, "O just and generous Lord," and the spectators applied it with acclamations to the emperor, he repressed their flattery with a frown and gesture of impatience, and the next day issued an edict to forbid the use of a term which seemed to imply that the Romans were his slaves. When consul, he generally traversed the streets on foot, nor at other times did he shut himself up in a close litter. In the senate he rejected, as far as possible, the distinctions of the consular dignity. The fathers were given to understand that he did not wish to be conducted from his door to the curia by a crowd of illustrious attendants, nor would he let them rise from their places when he entered the assembly or quitted it. As he passed along the streets he received petitions with equal affability. The Romans repeated with delight his playful rebuke of a nervous suppliant, whom he likened to a man giving a halfpenny to an elephant. They observed with complacency, that when Augustus recommended a candidate for a magistracy, he conducted him always in person through the public places, and solicited votes in his favour—giving his own vote in his proper tribe, like a private citizen.

To the counsels of Mæcenas, who was, during a long course of years, the closest and dearest of the emperor's advisers, the Romans ascribed "the subtle policy by which Augustus gathered into his single hand the functions of the magistracy and the legislature." They probably overrated the influence of the confidant; at least the emperor seems to have needed little prompting in this respect. It was among the first cares of Augustus, "on succeeding to his parent's inheritance, to return to the principles Cæsar had set forth," in the popular privilege of election, whether of the higher or lower magistrates,—“and restrict himself to the nomination of one half;” merely claiming the right of veto upon the nomination of unworthy candidates; though, in effect, while he reserved to himself the decision of what should constitute merit or demerit, he reduced the succession to all places of trust and power to a matter of personal favour. "Such was the pretended restoration of the prerogatives of the people, for which Augustus obtained credit: it was a part of the general system of dissimulation with which he imposed upon a people willing to be deceived, a system which could only succeed in the hands of one whose personal merits were far dearer to them than any consistent theory of government."

There is a class of characters, self-poised and harmoniously developed, Mr. Merivale observes, in whom the possession of unlimited power (which intoxicates some men with pride, drives others to raging madness, crazes others with fear, or fevers them with sensual indulgence, or reduces them to absolute imbecility)—there is an order of men in whom it gives birth to a genuine enthusiasm, a firm assurance of their own mission, a perfect reliance upon their own destiny, which sanctifies to them all their means, and imbues them with a full conviction that their might is right, eternal and immutable. The indignant conspirator of the poet may denounce with horror

— toutes ces cruautés,
 La perte de nos biens et de nos libertés,
 Le ravage des champs, le pillage des villes,
 Et les proscriptions, et les guerres civiles,

which, with too much justice, he affirms,

Sont les degrés sanglants dont Auguste a fait choix
 Pour monter sur le trône et nous donner des lois.

But the emperor in his last hours appears to have been disturbed by few or no compunctious visitings. No remorseful "rooted sorrow" embittered, so far as we can tell, his dying days, or wrung from him a piteous appeal to leech's art, to

Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
 And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
 Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
 Which weighs upon the heart.

On the contrary, at the close of his long career, he could look back, the historian writes, upon the horrors in which it had commenced, without blenching. "He had made peace with himself, to whom alone he felt responsible; neither God nor man, in his view, had any claim upon him. The nations had not proclaimed him a deity in vain; he had seemed to himself to grow up to the full proportions they ascribed to him. Such enthusiasm, it may be argued, can hardly exist without at least some rational foundation. The self-reliance of Augustus was justified by his success. He had resolved to raise himself to power, and he had succeeded. He had vowed to restore the moral features of the republic, and in this too he had, at least outwardly, succeeded." Mr. Merivale adds, however, that while the lassitude of the Romans, and their disgust at the excesses of the times, had been the main elements of the emperor's success, another and more vulgar agent, which it might seem to need no genius to wield, had been hardly less efficacious; and this was simply his command of money; Augustus being enabled, throughout his long reign, to maintain a system of profuse liberality, partly by strict economy and moderation in his habits, but more by the vast resources he had derived from his conquests. "He was anxious to keep the springs of this abundance ever flowing, and he found means to engage the wealthiest of his subjects to feed them with gifts and legacies. The people were content to barter their freedom for shows and largesses, to accept forums and temples in place of conquests; and while their ruler directed his sumptuary laws against the magnificence of the nobles, because it threw a shade over the economy which his own necessities required, he cherished the most luxurious tastes among the people, and strained every nerve to satiate them with the appliances of indolent enjoyment, with baths and banquets, with galleries and libraries, with popular amusements and religious solemnities.

"Yet the secret of his power escaped perhaps the eyes of Augustus himself, blinded as they doubtless were by the fumes of national incense. Cool, shrewd, and subtle, the youth of nineteen had suffered neither interest nor vanity to warp the correctness of his judgments. The accomplishment of his designs was marred by no wandering imaginations. His struggle for power was supported by no belief in a great destiny, but

simply by observation of circumstances, and a close calculation of his means. As he was a man of no absorbing tastes or fervid impulses, so he was also free from all illusions. The story that he made his illicit amours subservient to his policy, whether or not it be strictly true, represents correctly the man's real character. The young Octavius commenced his career as a narrow-minded aspirant for material power. But his intellect expanded with his fortunes, and his soul grew with his intellect. The emperor was not less magnanimous than he was magnificent. With the world at his feet, he began to conceive the real grandeur of his position; he learnt to comprehend the manifold variety of the interests subjected to him; he rose to a sense of the awful mission imposed upon him. He became the greatest of Stoic philosophers, inspired with the strongest enthusiasm, and impressed the most deeply with a consciousness of divinity within him. He acknowledged, not less than a Cato or a Brutus, that the man-God must suffer as well as act divinely, and though his human weakness still allowed some meannesses and trivialities to creep to light, his self-possession both in triumph and reverse, in joys and in sorrows, was consistently dignified and imposing.

This is a portraiture by no common painter. Nowhere, perhaps, is Mr. Merivale more vigorous and effective than in studies like this, of human character. We might dwell on two other striking portraits, of men who flourished together with and by Augustus: the stern-looking but liberal and elegant Agrippa, whose whole career was devoted to consolidate the empire of his master, to which purpose he sacrificed the objects that a more selfish man would alone have regarded; and Mæcenas, who for many years governed the republic in the truest interests of Augustus, by quietly removing from his path the opposition which might have stimulated his meaner ambition, and who taught the Romans to be content with the liberties they were yet able to retain and enjoy, thereby averting from them the further encroachments of despotism; a man whose manners were a mixture of nature and artifice; for under the exterior of careless good-humour, Mæcenas concealed real shrewdness, activity, and vigilance—being fully possessed of all the threads of party intrigue, and never unprepared, at the fittest moment, to baffle any hostile preparation; while he employed, for the purpose of stifling the yearnings of ambition, and the murmurs of discontent, the same lax philosophy, gilded with the brilliant name of Epicurus, which Cæsar had used to quell the remorse of his followers, when urging them to trample on the sanctions which upheld the frame of the republic. But we pass on to the second emperor—the morose, but perhaps in some respects maligned Tiberius—of whom the portrait by Tacitus is known so widely, and so profoundly admired; a portrait, however, which the present historian criticises and calls in question, as regards its deeper shades, and touches seemingly (if not demonstrably) introduced for effect—insomuch that the reader can hardly escape the conviction that Tacitus, though undoubtedly he has painted a very striking, indeed an immortal piece of art, has by no means given us a proportionably faithful likeness.

The tranquillity and contentment of the provinces under Tiberius bear witness, Mr. Merivale contends, to his merits as commander of the Roman armies. While Roman writers with whom we are most familiar, it is added, depict the character of this Cæsar in the most hideous colours,

and only with manifest reluctance about any circumstances which bespeak the moderation and equity of his rule, we have the independent testimony of two provincial authorities combined to assure us, that in the provinces at least his administration was beneficent; and his memory held in honour. Thus Philo of Judæa speaks in glowing terms of the wisdom and mildness of the government of Alexandria under the auspices of Tiberius, and exalts still more eloquently the happy condition of the world at the moment of his demise; while Josephus applauds his reformation of the system of proconsular rule, as conceived in a spirit of equity, and intended to remove the main cause of the sufferings of the provinces, in the arduous with which each new governor annually changed, had hastened to make his fortune, in the brief space allotted him. So again with this emperor's manner of dealing with the old plan of taxing the provinces—a plan resembling in its details those now in force in Turkey and British India—Tiberius deserves high credit for the firmness with which he is said to have resisted the temptations which commonly beset a government under this method of taxation. He refused to apply the screw to his financial agents, and require the larger return which he was assured might easily be extracted from them. "A good shepherd, he was wont to say, must feed his sheep and not slay them." Nor was his care confined to the provinces. We find him devoting himself with untiring industry to the reform of abuses in the government of Italy, to assuring general security and tranquillity, and alleviating distress; protecting the inhabitants from robbers and banditti by the establishment of military posts, and stimulating the diligence of the city police; and devising temperate and well-considered measures for maintaining order in the capital. His attempts to impose restraints of a sharp and stringent nature, on public immorality in its more shameless forms, have been scornfully wrested to tell against himself. What, it is asked, was the private character of the man who showed himself thus harsh and unbending in his public capacity? But not a single word is said on this point.

In meeting this question, Mr. Merivale warns us that the prejudices of the Romans were early excited against Tiberius, and that no reliance can be placed on their malicious assertions that his natural reserve was assumed as a mask to conceal the grossest improprieties. As regards the period of his personal rule in the capital, it would seem that his amusements and relaxations, no mean element in the character of every Roman, were frivolous rather than corrupt. "Nor can there be any doubt of the untiring perseverance with which Tiberius devoted himself through at least the greater part of his principate to the engrossing cares of his station, cares which above all others must have demanded a clear head and a sound body. For several years he never quitted the dust and din of Rome for a single day, and his whole time was given without intermission to the discussions of the senate, to the procedure of the tribunals, to conferences with foreign envoys, and every other detail in its turn of his world-wide administration. The charge of profligacy, only slightly supported by external testimony, falls to the ground before this strong internal evidence of its falsehood.

... "But the morality of Tiberius was not confined to abstinence from gross vice, or refraining from luxuries and indulgences which might have been less unsuitable to his position. He was anxious to exhibit the

ancient ideal of the Roman statesman in the practice of the household virtues of simplicity and frugality. His domestic economy, formed on the pattern of Augustus, received additional hardness and severity from the habits of the camp, with which he had been so long familiar." In illustration of this, we are reminded that the number of his slaves was limited; that the freedmen who managed his private concerns were kept strictly within the bounds of modesty and propriety; while his economic policy enabled the government to fulfil every engagement with punctuality, to pay its civil officers adequately and without disappointment, and to keep its soldiers within the bounds of military discipline, by gratifying them regularly with their daily dole, thereby ensuring their submission without a murmur to the labours of the camp and the blows of the centurion.

At the same time, with all his frugality, Tiberius obtained, our historian continues, "the rare praise of personal indifference to money, and forbearance in claiming even his legitimate dues." *Satis firmus, ut sæpe memoravi*, Tacitus allows of him, *adversus pecuniam*. He not unfrequently waived his right in cases where the law enriched the emperor with the property of a condemned criminal, and allowed it to descend to the heir; repeatedly refusing, moreover, to accept inheritances bequeathed him by persons not actually related to him, and checking the base subserviency of a death-bed flattery. There is valid cause shown on the whole for Mr. Merivale's argument, that had Tiberius been so fortunate as to have died at the close of a ten years' principate, he would have left an honourable though not an attractive name in the annals of Rome. "He would have represented the Cato Censor of the empire, by the side of the Scipio of Augustus and the Camillus of Cæsar." Popular prejudice may be staggered at the "conceit" of Tiberius as a Cato Censor—of hinting any likeness between the out-and-out old Roman, who ploughed with his own hands his Sabine field, and the hoary voluptuary who gave up great Rome to Sejanus, and his miserable self to the worst pleasures of sin for a season—as Milton darkly shadows him forth,

Old and lascivious, and from Rome retired
To Capree, an island small, but strong,
On the Campanian shore, with purpose there.
His horrid lusts in private to enjoy;
Committing to a wicked favourite
All public cares, and yet of him suspicious;
Hated of all, and hating.

But, confining our view to the first decade of his reign, there is nothing extravagant in the comparison above suggested. The sternness and even cruelty he had so often exhibited, would, the historian maintains, have gained Tiberius no discredit with the Romans, so long as they were exerted against public offenders for the commonweal, and for no selfish objects. "But as the fine and interesting features of his person were marred by a constrained and unpleasing mien and expression, so his patience, industry, and discretion were disparaged by a perverse temper, a crooked policy, and an uneasy sensibility. The manners of the man, the martinet in the camp, the officialist in the closet, the pedant in the senate-house, carried with them no charms, and emitted no scintillation of genius to kindle the sympathies of the nation. The Princeps, from his invidious and questionable position, if once he failed to attract, could only

repel the inclinations of his subjects. If once they ceased to ascribe to him their blessings, they would begin without delay to cast upon his head all their misfortunes." Accordingly, the mystery of the death of Germanicus is said to have thrown a blight upon the fame of Tiberius from which he never again recovered; his countrymen from that moment judging him without discrimination, and sentencing him without compunction: their suspicion of his machinations against Germanicus, unproved and improbable as they really were, kindled their imaginations to feelings of disgust and horror, which neither personal debauchery, nor the persecution of knights and nobles, would alone have sufficed to engender. The year 776 (A.D. 23), the ninth of Tiberius, is marked by Tacitus as the turning-point in the emperor's character. Up to this time the government, he affirms, had been conducted with honour and advantage to the commonwealth; and thus far the emperor, he adds, might fairly praise himself on his domestic felicity, "for the death of Germanicus he reckoned among his blessings, rather than his afflictions." From that period, however, fortune began to waver and change: sorrows and disappointments harassed him and soured his temper; he became cruel himself, and he stimulated the cruelty of others;—the mover and contriver of the atrocities which followed being, as all men allowed, the wretched Sejanus—of whom, recognised by crouching Rome as

— the second face of the whole world,
The partner of the empire,

the galled malcontent in Jonson's tragedy bitterly declares,

He is now the court god; and well applied
With sacrifice of knees, of crooks, and cringes;
He will do more than all the house of heaven
Can, for a thousand hecatombs. 'Tis he
Makes us our day, or night; hell, and elysium
Are in his look: we talk of Rhadamanth,
Furies, and firebrands; but it is his frown
That is all these;

or, as one made of other metal, otherwise yet to the same effect designates him—also *ore rotundissima*—

Sejanus, whose high name doth strike the stars,
And rings about the concave; great Sejanus,
Whose glories, styles, and titles are himself,
The often iterating of Sejanus, &c.

Mr. Merivale refers to the retirement of Tiberius to Capreae as having been justly considered an important turning-point in his career; inasmuch as, having thereby screened himself from the hated gaze of his subjects, the emperor could thenceforth give the rein, without shame or remorse, to the worst propensities of his nature. "From this time undoubtedly we find him less anxious to moderate the excessive flatteries of the senate, or to mediate between its servile ferocity and the wretched victims of the delators." The citizens of Rome were affrighted at the ruthless sweep of vindictive power, hurrying the noblest, by basest means, to a bloody death. "What a commencement for the new year is this!" they cried, when, even on the calends of January, the strictest holiday of the Roman year, Tiberius sent from his sea-girt rock a demand for the life of a shamefully betrayed noble: "what victims are these with which

Sejanus requires to be appeased! What day from this time forth will pass without an execution! If a season so holy and festive must be profaned with the chain and cord!

Sejanus fallen, the Romans, described as still willing to deceive their selves as to the emperor's real character and motives, emitted in the assurance that a marked and happy change would now become apparent in his behaviour. To the blighting influences of an unworthy favourite they fondly ascribed the reserve, the moroseness, and hardness of their master's temper, forgetting how the germs of all these vices had been already manifested in his early youth, and that these were seeds which advancing years could not fail to confirm and aggravate. Accordingly when it was known that Tiberius, early in the year 765 (or A.D. 20) had crossed the narrow strait which separates Capreae from Surrentum, and was making progress along the Campanian coast, with a seeming intention at length, after so long a time, to revisit his capital, they were prepared to welcome him, as one restored from an unjust exile, and to exchange with him smiles of mutual love and reviving confidences. But the ardent greeting they reserved for him was destined never to be tendered. They were surprised, perhaps, to hear that his excessive timidity had induced him to quit the land, and take refuge on board a trireme, which bore him up the Tiber, while guards attended on his progress, and rudely cleared away the spectators from either bank. Such was the strange fashion in which he ascended the river as far as the Caesarean Gardens and the Naumachia of Augustus; but on reaching this spot, and coming once more beneath the hills of Rome, he suddenly turned his prow without landing, and glided rapidly down the stream, nor did he pause again until he had regained his island. The populace of Rome were mortified and disgusted exceedingly at this slighting freak. They muttered curses, not perhaps loud but certainly deep, on the fickle tyrant, whom they accused of the foulest motives in this sudden return to Capreae.

He is our monster, forfeited to vice
So far, as 'twere a virtue can redeem him.
His loathed person fouler than all crimes:
An emperor, only in his lusts. Retired
From all regard of his own fame, or Rome's,
Into an obscure island, where he lives
Acting his tragedies with a comic face.
Amidst his route of Chaldees.

They stigmatised this turning of his back upon them, at the very gate of Rome, as the caprice, not of a Princeps or an Emperor, the child of law and organised government, but of a king; such a king as ruled with despotic sway over the slaves of Asia; such a king as guarded his citadel of Ctesiphon or Artaxata, despised all human feelings, and trampled on all principles, sporting, for his selfish pleasure, with not the lives only, but the honours of his miserable subjects; such as tore from them their children to mutilate or deflower, and stimulated his brutal passions by the nobility of his victims.

All this and worse was now freely ascribed to the recluse of Capreae: he slunk, it was asserted, from the sight of the good and pure, to the obscurity of his detestable orgies; he was the patron of panders, the sport of minions; he was drunk with wine, and drunk with blood.

which were freely circulated of his crafty and licentiousness were coloured from the most loathsome sources of the streets and the slave-market.

If our historian accepts the charges of Tacitus and Suetonius against Tiberius, it is from his persuasion of the general character of vice in high places; as portrayed by Juvenal, Pliny, Seneca, Petronius, and in fact almost every writer of these times. He evinces no disposition to palliate the emperor's sin and shame. He is no apologist for him, in the style of Flaubert (taken by hand from Champigny), who seems to account it perfectly reasonable to taste, duly compounded of the spiritual and the sensual, could possibly, it is implied, be out of his element. For, look you, monsieur, l'a'c'est-à-dire, 'des jardins, délicieux; des bouhours, en roquille et points à la façon de Watteau, ou de Meillard. [scilicet, "Tibère"]; 's'était retiré pour se livrer à son unique occupation, à la solitude, ou, les des affaires, par un de ses caprices, et d'une manière rarement connue des princes, il donna, de ses soupers agréables, &c., &c., at which, *petites soupers*, M. Litiguet would doubtless have been charmed to assist, though the supper-parties are vulgarly supposed to have had the bad eminence of making night hideous, now you'll see, upon and all around that blasted isle.

What Mr. Merivale does say for Tiberius is, that the worst iniquities ascribed to him may be paralleled in the conduct of private individuals, his contemporaries, the accounts of which may have been coloured by a prurient imagination, but at least have not been distorted by malice. As to the massacres which made the close of his reign a reign of terror,—terror which, according to Tacitus, shrunk from the common duties of humanity, all natural compassion cowering in silence beneath the tyranny rampant on every side,—the suggestion that there may have been a touch of insanity* in the conduct

* To whose particular suggestion of insanity Mr. Merivale may allude, we are not aware. But the reader will here allow us to cite a suggestion to that effect, by Thomas de Quincey, in one of his remarkable chapters on the Cæsars—a series of essays we hope soon to see republished in a volume of that author's miscellaneous "Selections."

"But, finally, what if, after all, the worst of the Cæsars were entitled to the benefit of a still shorter and more conclusive apology? What if, in a true medical sense, they were insane? It is certain that a veil of madness ran in the family; and anecdotes are recorded of the three worst, which go far to establish it as a fact, and others which would imply it as symptoms—preceding or accompanying. As belonging to the former class, take the following story: At midnight an elderly gentleman suddenly sends round a message to a select party of noblemen, rouses them out of bed, and summons them instantly to his palace; Trembling for their lives from the suddenness of the summons, and from the unseasonable hour, and scarcely doubting that by some anonymous delator they have been implicated as parties to a conspiracy, they hurry to the palace—are received in portentous silence by the ushers and pages in attendance—are conducted to a saloon, where (as in every where else) the silence of night prevails, united with the silence of fear and whispering expectation. All are seated—all look at each other in ominous anxiety. Which is accuser? Which is the accused? On whom shall their suspicion settle—on whom their pity? All are silent—almost speechless—and even the current of their thoughts is frost-bound by fear. Suddenly the sound of a fiddle or a viol is caught from a distance—it swells upon the ear—steps approach—and in another moment, in rushes the elderly gentleman, grave and gloomy as his audience, but capering about in a frenzy of excitement. For half an hour he continues to perform all possible evolutions of caprioles, pirouettes, and other extravagant feats of activity, accompanying himself on the fiddle; and, at length, not having once looked at his guests, the elderly gentleman whirls out

of Tiberius at this period, is favoured as consonant with the evidence of facts. The blood of the Claudii was tainted, we are once and again reminded,—apparently through many generations, with an hereditary vice, sometimes manifesting itself in extravagant pride and insolence, at others in ungovernable violence; and the whole career of Tiberius from his youth upwards, in its abrupt alternations of control and indulgence, of labour and dissipation, had in fact, says the historian, been such as might naturally lead to the unsettlement of his mental powers. "This inward disturbance showed itself in a very marked manner in the startling inconsistency which became now more and more apparent in his conduct." Charity clutches at any such suggestion, as a cloak, whatever its possible tenuity of texture, or short-comings in size, to cover, if only imperfectly and in part, a very multitude of sins.

A far less questionable case of lunacy will come before us in a following paper—the case of Caligula, by whom the Romans were first practically taught the infernal possibilities of a *jus divinum*, or

Right divine of kings to govern wrong.

TO THE CUCKOO.

BY MARY C. F. MONCK.

WHERE art thou, unseen spirit of the woods?
 I hear thy well-known, long-loved summer cry
 Filling the air above me. But in vain
 I turn to hedge, and copse, and waving bough
 To seek the leafy covert of thy choice—
 What art thou?

Storms and cold east winds are gone
 Before thou comest. Happy, happy bird!
 Thou know'st no change of season; not for thee
 Do all the fair and lovely things of earth
 Wither and die, their rich perfection reached.
 Thou dost not see the flowers thou hast loved
 Fade to such ghastly and unsightly things,
 That the eye turns from what was once its pride
 With loathing and distaste. Oh, fairy bird!
 Thy life is all one round of summer days
 Radiant with sunshine.

Where wert thou so long?
 From the bright lands laved by the southern seas
 The swallows are come back, and dart about,
 Now here, now there, in shadow and in light,

of the room in the same transport of emotion with which he entered it; the panic-struck visitors are requested by a slave to consider themselves as dismissed: they retire; resume their couches:—the nocturnal pageant has 'dislimned' and vanished; and on the following morning, were it not for their concurring testimonies, all would be disposed to take this interruption of their sleep for one of its most fantastic dreams. The elderly gentleman who figured in this delirious *pas seul*—who was he? He was Tiberius Cæsar, king of kings, and lord of the terraqueous globe. Would a British jury demand better evidence than this of a disturbed intellect in any formal *process de lunatico inquirendo*?"

Now skimming o'er the blue and rolling stream,
 Now flitting o'er the sloping meadow-lands
 That billow lightly in the gentle wind—
 Where hast thou stayed ?

The butterflies are here;
 The russet bees have left their moss-lined cells,
 And hover o'er the chalices of sweets
 Which field and garden offer lavishly.
 The bright laburnum waves her golden veil ;
 The perfumed lilac's purple pyramids
 Shower their full-blown petals on the grass ;
 The early roses, trained by hands beloved—
 Hands which may clasp mine, never, never more—
 Cluster in graceful wreaths upon the wall ;
 The blossoms of the lime are hanging forth
 Heavy with fragrant honey.

All around,
 Amid the broad leaves of the sycamore,
 Are murmurous sounds of myriad insect-wings
 Humming around the pale-green pendant flow'rs ;
 The hawthorns bend beneath their weight of bloom,
 So lately pure as snow, but tinted now
 With the faint flush which heraldeth decay ;
 The rich-breathed clover casts its scent abroad—
 The loveliest things of spring-time welcome thee—
 The choicest hoards of summer bud for thee.
 Then, bird, or spirit, leave us not—oh, stay !
 Thy voice hath magic power in its tone
 To call up thoughts, and dim, sweet memories—
 Things of my glad, untroubled childhood's days,
 When, 'mid the dewy fields at early morn,
 My blood rushed up into my glowing face,
 And my hands dropped the cowslips they had gleaned,
 While, awed and wondering, with quick-beating heart,
 I listened for the call, I half believed
 Came from the clear and cloudless sky above.
 Shy denizen of lone and darkened shades,
 I hear thee nearer, nearer overhead,
 In the tall elms, but still a viewless thing :
 Now thou art gone, thy cry is faint and far,
 Fainter and farther, in the summer air,
 Like the low echo of a broken dream.
 And now I hear thy plaintive call no more,
 And the full choir of sweet and mellow songs,
 Unheard, unheeded, while thou fill'dst mine ear,
 Ring out with tenfold power.

But my tears,
 Drawn from a source half sweet, half bitter, flow,
 And my heart heaves with a dull yearning pain.
 I would—I would the tide of time might flow
 Back on the golden sands that it hath left,
 And I be once again the thoughtless child
 Among the dewy flowers at morning-tide.
 It may not be, and when those tears are dried
 I'll smile that thou couldst draw them. Thou wilt go,
 But the returning spring shall bring thee back,
 Whilst I—I will not think of what may be ;
 Let the dim future rest with Him whose word
 Makes sunshine in the shadowy realms of death.

THE FOOD OF PARIS.

PARIS is, according to M. Armand Husson, after London and Peking, the greatest centre of consumption of food in the universe. It contains in the present day 31,558 houses, and these shelter 365,242 families, at an average of 2.66 persons in each. Hence there are upon an average 12 families, or 33 persons to every house. This strange discrepancy between the number of habitations and the population is owing to the system of dividing houses into numerous stages and apartments, a system which has been greatly on the increase for the last twenty years, while at the same time the fecundity of marriages and the number of individuals in each family, have decreased to a remarkable extent, leaving only, as we have seen above, an average of between two and three persons to each family or ménage, as our continental friends express it. It is a convenient term, for it expresses the married and unmarried who live together.

The population of Paris was estimated in 1861 at 1,063,269, and it was divided into a normal population of 996,067, an accidental population of 25,468, and a garrison of 31,734 men. From 1846 to 1857, there was an actual diminution of population, brought about by political events and the ravages of epidemics, but the opening of railway communication, and the improvements effected in the distribution of the people, have succeeded to bring so many provincials and strangers to the capital, that at the same rate of increase that has been going on lately, the population of Paris would be doubled in seventy-six years.

While the number of marriages and of legitimate births is happy in the increase, the proportion of births to the increase of population has been on the decline. This important fact appears to be attributed, in the main, by M. Armand Husson to the effects of the law which enforces division of property. There are more unmarried men and women in Paris than there are married, and of the married there are more women than there are men. The number of widowers to widows is as 1 to 3.

The professions are distributed as follows: 125,786 persons follow the liberal professions, 70,727 the commercial, 337,921 the mechanical; 172,890 are salaried, and 78,586 are in the army; 137,186 men and women are servants. In 100 yearly deaths, it has been found that 50 are Parisians, 42 provincials, 4 strangers, and 3 people whose origin is unknown. The foreigners in Paris are in the proportion of 12,243 Germans, 9711 Belgians, 8512 Italians, 5144 Swiss, and 3055 English. Considered, in a religious point of view, there are 1,025,169 Roman Catholics, 13,366 Protestants, 10,719 Jews, and 4008 of diverse faiths. Considered in the point of view of employment, the greater number that is to say, 36,686, are engaged in factories, and nearly as many, viz., 35,679, are employed in what are called *Ateliers de Paris*.

Poverty, or at all events relief to the poor, has ever since 1791 been diminishing in Paris. Where was, for example, 1 pauper upon every 5.06 inhabitants in 1791, there was only 1 in 15.65 in 1853. This is

* Les Consommations de Paris. Par Armand Husson, chef de division à la Préfecture de la Seine.

precisely the reverse of what we see in this country, with our costly and palatial workhouses. If pauperism is less general in Paris than in London, the effects of sudden scarcity are, however, more frequently and more severely felt than with us. In the industrial and alimentary crisis of 1846 and 1847, no less than 394,564 persons received temporary relief; that is to say, two-fifths of the whole population. The number of persons who avail themselves of the *Monts de Piété* are also infinitely more numerous in Paris than in London. The value of property annually pledged averaged 20,000,000 of francs; and of the borrowers 71,104 are proprietors, 135,542 belong to the liberal professions, 96,094 are in business, 46,638 are *employés*, 2557 are military, and 577,609 belong to the working classes. Of 47,000,000 francs in the savings banks, the half belongs to the working classes.

The dependence of the Parisians for assistance in times of emergency upon public establishments is remarkably illustrated by the sick, not less than 1 in every 1254 obtain hospital relief during the year; 6666 beds are, upon the average, annually filled. There is one death upon every 8.12 admitted into the general hospitals, and 1 upon every 15.73 admitted into the special hospitals. The infirm and aged in the hospitals form of themselves an average population of 6612 individuals. The number of foundlings and orphans has diminished of late from an average of 4166 to 2403, but the number *dépôts en soue*, or abandoned in the streets, has increased from 180 in 1847 to 244 in 1854. This is attributed to an arrangement adopted within the last few years by which a parent does not necessarily lose cognisance for ever of a child that has been *déposé au bureau* or in other words, committed to the care of the Foundling Hospital, and which was formerly a kind of coffin for the living.

The number of lunatics is about 2848, of whom 1698 are men and 1150 women.

There are daily in Paris

in the hospitals	5,666 sick
in the asylums	2,848 lunatics
in the almshouses	8,612 old people
in special establishments	4,093 foundlings
	Total 21,227

The number of persons in prison on the average every day amounts to 4495, of whom one in 351.93 dies there. This is a proportion of one in 307 prisoners to every 307 individuals.

It must be interesting to those who go over to Paris at times of great influx, to know what amount of accommodation the city really presents. There are 1100 hotels that receive strangers, and they can accommodate from 20,000 to 30,000, or even 35,000 persons. There are 1800 *misons* or *meublées*, which can accommodate from 15,000 to 16,000 persons; and there are 2963 houses adapted for the working classes, which can accommodate as many as 50,000 individuals. There are thus altogether in Paris 6863 houses devoted to the comforts of 69,000 individuals, who represent the moving population of travellers, and of those who, possessing no home, properly speaking, are utter strangers to the habits of the more sedentary part of the population.

To provide for the wants of this population of permanent and fixed residents, of travellers, military, and scholars, of sick, indigent, foundlings and prisoners, there are 4408 wine-shops (outnumbering, indeed, all others); 4234 greengrocers; 1958 grocers; 1255 gargotiers (lowest class of cookshops); 1537 milk and cream dealers; 725 dealers in brandy; 712 bakers; 661 butchers; 551 cheesemongers; 503 fishmongers; 477 pork butchers; 380 restaurateurs and traiteurs; 267 poulterers; 246 confectioners; 246 dealers in tripe, &c.; 159 corn-dealers; 148 frituriers en boutique; 128 pâtisseries darioleuses; 114 marchands de bouillon et de viande cuite; 105 distillers; 94 marchands de liqueurs; 82 confiseurs; 56 rôtisseurs; 55 débitants de café tout préparé; 54 marchands de comestibles; 44 marchands chocolatiers; 41 débitants de bière et de cidre; 38 fabricants chocolatiers; 25 marchands de vermicelle et pâtes; 19 marchands de pain d'épices (gingerbread); 12 fabricants de vermicelle et pâtes; and 11 aubergistes or innkeepers.

Although in Paris, as in London, the number of bakers by no means equals that of the dealers in drinkables (in Paris, 712 bakers to 4408 wine-shops), still, in considering the subject of consumption of food, bread, "the staff of life," is always allowed to take precedence. France, it is to be remarked, although an agricultural country, does not produce corn enough for its own consumption. This is the more remarkable, as the French eat more grains than we do, more especially haricots, lentils, and peas; but they also consume a good deal of bread at their meals. *Pain à discrétion* is a liberality at a table d'hôte best appreciated by our bread-consuming neighbours. What is equally important is that Paris has always had the reputation of making bread of the very best wheat flour. The Parisian is so spoiled by long indulgence on this point, that, however limited his means, he will have none but the whitest bread. There are also various fancy-breads, as pain à la reine, pain à la Montoron, pain mollet, pain de Gonesse, pain cornu, pain de Ségovie, in the making of which the yeast of beer, milk, and other ingredients, are used. Many of these are becoming obsolete, or are superseded by pain Anglais, —which, if veritably so, could not be too much avoided,—and by pain Viennois.

In 1637, the time of Cardinal Richelieu, there were three kinds of bread—pain de chapitre, pain de Chailli, and pain bourgeois, respectively assumed to be of 10, 12, and 16 ounces weight. The price of each loaf was fixed, but the weight was allowed to vary, and thus, when flour was dear, the loaf diminished proportionally in weight. The French were evidently not so sharp as they are now, or they would have seen that it would have been better to allow the price of the loaf to vary with the state of the market than to be at the baker's mercy—to get for a given sum a loaf of variable weight, and which might be expected to go on diminishing, till it vanished altogether from sight. In those days the bread consumed in Paris was mainly brought in from the villages ready made; hence the former renown of the bread of Gonesse, Pontoise, Saint Denis, Poissy, Argenteuil, Corbeil, and Charenton. The mean consumption of bread was at that epoch one pound and nearly two ounces to each person, or a total of 181,440,000lbs.

In our own times the French government has jealously reserved to itself the power of determining the price of bread and of meat. Hence,

in periods of scarcity, as has lately been the case, the poor are provided with bread and meat at the same price as in better times, and the difference is made good to the bakers and butchers by taxes, raised at a mere opportune period, or by a general equalisation among the rate-payers. In a city so excitable as Paris has historically ever been, this power places in the hands of government the means of avoiding much disaffection and many a tumult. It is much to be wished that something of the same kind was done to equalise the poor-rates in London and its suburbs. Many of the suburbs of the English metropolis, having a great number of small tenements to which the poor resort, and being themselves at the same time by no means wealthy, have to support many times as many paupers, and have, consequently, a much more onerous poor-rate than the most wealthy parishes of the metropolis. If the rate was equally distributed among the different districts of London as it is constituted by the recent Metropolis Local Management, the burden, by being the same with all, would fall less heavy upon particular districts.

The bakers of Paris are obliged by law to have a quantity of flour in reserve, which used to be equal to a consumption for thirty-five days, or 81,280 sacks; but this has been recently augmented to 210,825 sacks. The proportion to be kept in reserve by the different bakers is determined by what we technically call the number of sacks that are done in the business. Paris is thus, now, always sure of ninety days' sustenance. The price is fixed every fortnight. The law, which provides that bread shall be supplied to the inhabitants in time of dearth at a lower price than the flour, the difference to be reimbursed at a later period, is enforced by what is called the Caisse de Boulangerie, and the data which it necessitates enable the amount of consumption to be determined with a nicety quite unknown in this country. The results were as follows for 1854 :

White bread	138,687 loaves daily
Fancy bread and panasserie (rolls)	313,739 daily
Whity-brown bread	5,012 loaves daily
Oatmeal bread	14,425 do.
Barley bread	7,152 do.

Total 479,015 loaves and rolls

The habit of eating nothing but white bread has gone on increasing. This has been owing to the fact that none other was to be found at the restaurants, or even on the oil-skins of the gargotiers and the wine-shops. A recent enactment has, however, ordained that there shall be a medium loaf. The idea of remedying the inconveniences derived from the whole population of a great city, the rich and the indigent alike, insisting upon eating nothing but white bread, by creating a loaf of medium quality, was a favourite idea of Napoleon I. It was not, however, carried into force, because it was thought that the Parisians were so thoroughly accustomed to the very best wheaten bread, that they would never be brought to consume bread of an inferior quality. The arguments advanced by M. Armand Hussen, who is a chef de division à la préfecture de la Seine, in favour of a medium white bread, may have been put for-

ward in anticipation of the proposed change, as carried out by Napoleon III.

It is to be observed that all the bread consumed in Paris is not made by authorised bakers. The hospitals, prisons, and garrisons have all their special bakeries. La Boulangerie de l'Assistance Publique produces 2,186,783 kilogrammes of white bread, and 970,920 kilogrammes of medium bread. Those attached to the prisons 184,959 kilogrammes of white bread and 1,191,680 of medium. The Hôtel des Invalides consumes annually 774,932 kilogrammes of white bread.

The Paris butcher is compelled by law to purchase his beasts exclusively in the markets provided for that purpose, and to slaughter them in the abattoirs. Some of the trade make their purchases in the markets. This is called *vente à la bœuvillerie*, and the meat purchased by the *charcutiers* is generally of a cheaper and inferior quality to that sold by the regular butchers. This practice has converted the abattoirs into markets. It has its origin in the system of division of labour, which is mostly found to work well; but the French seem to object to it, on the ground that the butcher has no longer the same facility of selecting his beasts when they are killed and cut up into quarters.

The cattle markets of Paris are Sceaux, Poissy, la Halle aux Veaux, the market of the Bernardins, and La Chapelle. Looking at the tables, in M. Armand Husson's work, of the different départements which have supplied these markets, we find that Calvados, in Normandy, sent from 1845 to 1854 the greatest number of oxen, viz., 296,844; and after it Maine et Loire (Anjou), viz., 240,318 beasts. Seine sent most bulls 3273; as also most cows 467,076; after it Seine et Oise, 48,077. Seine et Oise and Eure et Loire in the Orléanais supplied most calves 344,374, to 164,924. Seine et Oise also takes the lead in sheep, supplying no less than 1,614,180 head. The trade with foreign countries has been almost limited to the latter: Germany supplying 516,363; Holland 11,231, and England 3,178; so, after all, we sometimes go to Paris to eat our own Southdown under its new designation of *pré salé*. The total consumption for the eight years was 150,683 oxen, 1028 bulls, 31,095 cows, 120,275 calves, 916,388 sheep; or a total of 1,219,470 beasts. In Smithfield market alone there were sold in one year, in 1854 (the last census given by Dodd), 263,008 cattle and 1,539,380 sheep.

In point of quality, the oxen of Normandy, especially those of Cotentin, are most esteemed; after them come the oxen of Cholet, Charolais, Saintonge, and Périgord. The cows are almost all Norman or Flemish. Calves are reared almost especially for Paris; the provincials seldom indulge in veal. The most esteemed sheep are the German. After the mutton of Wurtemberg, of Bavaria, and of Baden, the next in consideration is that of Gâtine and of Poitou.

What the French call the *issues et abats comestibles*, and we the offal, of beasts, constitutes an important element in the food of Paris. Two well-known dishes, the *gras-double à la Lyonnaise* and the *ragoût* known under the name of *tripe à la mode de Caen*, have the paunch of oxen or cows for a basis. An enormous consumption of calves' heads, calf's pluck, and sheep's trotters takes place in the restaurants of second and third class. The lowest class *traiteurs* manufacture *ragoûts* from the flesh of sheep's heads. The quantity of offal annually consumed in Paris

amounts to 3,405,342 kilogrammes. This gives an annual supplement to the 120 lbs. of butcher's meat of 3 kilogrammes, 233 grammes, or about 7 lbs.

Every one knows how largely the Parisians indulge, and how much he excels in those preparations of pork which he designates as *charcuterie*. There are no less than 402 charcutiers in Paris, and to the inhabitant, to whom time and money are alike of importance, their ready-cooked and seasoned meats are a valuable resource. The pig-triangles are at Saint Germain, La Chapelle, and La Maison Blanche. These are supplied mainly from Sarthe and Maine et Loire. The meat of pigs is also extensively sold, more especially by the charcutiers of Nanteuil, at the market des Frouards. Bacon without is also obtained at Bayonne, Mayence, and York, and, Frankfurt, Lyons, and Arles, sausages, and the andouilles, hure, jambonneaux, and fromage de cochon (brawn) of Troyes.

The amount of charcuterie and pork consumed annually by the Parisian is estimated by M. Armand Husson at 10 kilogrammes, 267 grammes, or 23½ ounces per diem. Thus, although the consumption of charcuterie as an article of food is very general, it still does not attain a proportion of more than one-seventh of that of butcher's meat.

Strangers looking in at the windows of some of the well-provided, clean-looking charcutiers of Paris are almost appalled at the variety of preparations presented to their contemplation, and are sometimes debarred from purchase by not knowing what to ask for. To such it may not be uninteresting to present them with a list of some of the chief and most recommendable articles, leaving out the well-known hams and sausages, Jambonneaux, petit salé, côtelettes cuites, bachi pour la cuisine, boudin ordinaire, boudin de table, boudin blanc, andouilles, cervelas, fromage de cochon, fromage d'Italie [fromage de taillis?], hure, pieds de cochon à la Sainte Menehould, pieds de cochon truffés, pâtés de foie.

In considering the interesting subject of the consumption of wines in Paris, the wine drunk by the citizens must be distinguished from that sold in the restaurants and at the wine-shops. The *bourgeois Parisien* is easily satisfied with the quality of his wine; he readily accepts wines of the second and even third quality as of the first growths. Julien, in his "Traité de tous les Vignobles connus," and M. Armand Husson after him, lay it down as a principle that it is only les vins de premiers crus which unite that spirituous aroma which is called bouquet to that delicious *sève* which is not perceptible, like the first, to the sense of odour, but dilates in the mouth, and leaves a fragrance that survives the draught.

Three-fourths of the wine consumed by the bourgeois come from the Mâconnais and the Beaujolais; the other fourth consists of Bordeaux and a small quantity of wine from the Côte d'Or. The first growths of Burgundy and of the Bordelais are rarely met with at even the most sumptuous tables of the bourgeoisie. If such wines appear, they are mostly of second quality. The bourgeois also consume a small quantity of champagne, mousseux. The fair sex especially have a weakness for this pleasant beverage, which is never, however, but of second or third-rate quality; but, as M. Armand Husson justly remarks, a sensible man prefers to this light and sparkling wine the marked savour of a Bordeaux fin, or the still better characterised flavour of an old Burgundy.

The first-class restaurateurs, especially such as are desirous of obtaining a reputation for the excellence of their wines, do their utmost to secure those of the first quality. If they do not always succeed, it is that they themselves are deceived; but the stranger is always sure at least of obtaining the best wines of the second quality. The second-class restaurants confine their attention more to good vins ordinaires. The wines served at restaurants of an inferior order partake of the rank which they, the said restaurants, hold in the culinary hierarchy, and keep lowering in quality until they are no better than what are met with in the common wine-shops.

In first-class restaurants three-fifths of the vins demi-fins are Bordeaux, the other two-fifths are Mâcons and Beaunes. Two-thirds of the vins fins are Bordeaux, the other third Côte d'Or and Champagne. In second-class restaurants the Mâcon wines are in greater demand, and constitute from two-thirds to three-fourths of the whole consumption. In inferior restaurants Mâcon wines still hold ascendancy, but they are *coupés*, that is to say, mixed with other wines.

The consumption of wine at the wine-shops, of which there are 4408 in the city, not including the barrières, is equal to that of the restaurants and bourgeois put together, or nearly one-half of the whole wine consumed. The wines sold at these shops are retailed by measure, and they are, *without exception, the produce of the mixture of various growths.* The wines of the Loire, that is to say, of Cber, Chinon, Béaugency, and Orleans, play an important part in the manufacture of wines sold by the pint; they constitute two-tenths of the whole. The Bordeaux ordinaires, the wines of Gaillac, of Cahors, and of the Charente, form three-tenths. The wines of the Charente are always called, in Paris, Bordeaux. The common wines of Mâcon, the wines of Beauvais, and of Auvergne enter for a tenth. The wines of Lower Burgundy constitute another tenth. The wines of the south, more especially those of Marseilles, Narbonne, and Fitou, make up two-tenths. The Roussillons constitute of themselves one-eighth of this latter contingent. Lastly, the remaining tenth is made up of the wines of Anjou and of Vouvray.

As to the white wines, sold by the pint, they chiefly belong to Lower Burgundy—Chablis and Maligny. A small proportion are derived from Vouvray and the Bordelais. Besides these wines, the shops also deal in red wines, in bottle, known as vin à quinze sous. These wines are almost exclusively furnished by the Mâconnais and the Beaujolais, with a very small proportion of Bordeaux.*

The consumption of these inferior mixtures at the barrières alone, amounted, from 1851 to 1854, to 251,604 hectolitres (the hectolitre being equal to 100 litres, or French quarts, 22 gallons English); within the city, to 1,193,006 hectolitres. The number of bottles of vins fins sold in Paris during the same period amounted to 1,268,080. This gives a mean (including the wine drunk at the barrières) of 137.12 French litres for each individual in the year, or an average of 0.375 of a litre per day.

* These calculations are founded upon good data, viz., the quantity of wines that have paid duty. But the mixtures are not always in the same proportions; nor do these estimates include the amount of water added, as it does not pay duty.

The comparison of the quantity of wine consumed in Paris in the present day, with what was consumed in former times, relatively to the population, tends to show a diminution; and as there has been at the same time no marked increase in the amount of beer and cider consumed, there is every reason to believe that the Parisian is getting more and more into the habit of superseding wine by brandy and other spirituous liquors.

As to beer, it is mainly consumed in the *cafés* and *estaminets*. Some people drink beer at their dinners, but it is rather from economy than preference, and what they drink is a small beer, which is to good beer—or *bière double*, as the French call it—what *piquette* is to wine. Most of the beers consumed in Paris, although some of them bear departmental, or even foreign names, are brewed in the city. The chief kinds are the *bière de Strasbourg et de Bavière*, the *bière double de Paris*, and the *bière blanche*. At the *cafés* and *estaminets* are also to be procured *bière de Lille*, *de Lyon*, *bière blanche de Louvain*, and *faxo de Bruxelles*. Ale and porter have their special breweries. The proportion of alcohol in these beers is, in Burton ale 8·2 in 100, Edinburgh ale 5·7, London porter 3·9 to 4·5, Strasbourg 2·5 to 4·5, Lille 2·9 to 3·5, *bière de Paris double* 2·5 to 3. The so-called strong beer of Paris is, therefore, not so strong as porter. The quantity of beer consumed in Paris and at the *barrières* averaged for each individual per year, from 1851 to 1854, 14·41 litres or quarts, giving a mean of 0·039 of a quart for each individual per day. The total consumption for 4 years (from 1851 to 1854) was 151,804 hectolitres.

The cider consumed in Paris comes from Normandy, Picardy, and La Briè; there is also some manufactured in Paris itself. The consumption is very trifling, amounting to 3124 litres per annum, or 0·0086 of a litre for every individual per day. The total consumption for 4 years—from 1851 to 1854—was 32,906 hectolitres.

Since the price of wines has been so much increased by the disease in the grape-vine, the manufacture of spirits has been much upon the increase in Paris. The chief of these now in use is obtained from the distillation of molasses, or beet-root juice, and the produce, which is a kind of rum, is mixed with spirits of wine. A particular aroma or flavour is afterwards imparted by the addition of herbs or fruit. Brandies, however, still constitute the chief feature in Parisian liquors, those of Montpellier, of Cognac, and of Armagnac, being the most esteemed.

Some curious facts are to be obtained from looking over the tables of the prices of wines. In the list of *vins fins de la Haute Bourgogne*, *La Romanée Conti* and *Clos Vougeot* take precedence. There are, however, two kinds of the latter; the best is distinguished as the *vieux ceps*. Among the *Beaunes*, or wines of Lower Burgundy, *Montrachet* is the highest-priced, as dear as the best *Romanée Conti*. The highest-priced *Bordeaux* are the *Château Margaux* and *Château Lafitte*. The clarets of the English houses, Kirwan, Palmer, and Brown, only rank as wines of *troisième cru*, nor do they fetch more than half the price of the wines of the five *Châteaux*—*Margaux*, *Lafitte*, *Latour*, *Haut Brion*, and *D'Yquem*.

It is also a curious fact that the best Champagne wines are rarely to be met with in Paris. The great houses of Rheims have, indeed, no con-

nexion with Parisian commerce. The wine consumed in Paris is all of an inferior quality. Bouzy, the most esteemed of the Champagne wines, fetches five francs a bottle at Rheims, and in the best years as much as ten francs. Next in estimation are the Verzenay, Ay, and Sillery. These wines are worth four francs and a half at Rheims.

Poultry, like the meat of Paris, comes from the provinces; capons and pullets are derived almost peculiarly from Calvados and Sarthe. Game comes mainly from the great forests in the neighbourhood of Paris; but Germany sends hares, and England pheasants. Venison is obtained from Luxembourg, Baden, and Wurtemberg; as also from several French provinces. Moutons de pré salé,* lamb, kids, and sucking-pigs, rank in Paris in the same category as game and poultry, and are not considered as butcher's meat. There were consumed, in 1853, 6,849,449 head of poultry, including pigeons and tame rabbits; 2,049,941 heads of game, including plover, larks, and other small fry. It is not a little striking peculiarity of Parisian statistics of food, that they can arrive at such minute details. In Dodd's work on the Food of London, we meet with nothing but complaints of the want of precise knowledge of the amount consumed of the most important articles, such as bread and butcher's meat; but in M. Armand Husson's remarkable work, we find it stated that 1,329,964 larks were devoured by the Parisians in one year! Is the gibecière of every badaud sportsman returning from the plain of Saint Denis examined at the barrière, and the produce of his sport registered? The consumption of kids in Paris is considerable, no less than 26,095 in a year; of lambs, 10,392; sucking-pigs do not appear to be in favour—only 325 in a year.

The average price of a capon is 4½ fr.; of a fowl, 2½ fr.; of a turkey, 5½ fr.; of a duck, 2½ fr.; of a goose, 3½ fr.; of a hare, 3½ fr.; of a partridge, 1½ fr. (the Parisians eat 292,587 partridges in a year); of a woodcock, 2½ fr.; of a lark, 1d.

The markets of Paris are much better supplied with fish, and in far greater variety, than is generally imagined. This supply has also been further extended by the construction of railroads. The Parisian is a great consumer of sea-fish, which, when fresh, he designates as *marée*. There was formerly a superintending chamber, called *Chambre de la Marée*. The ports from whence the markets of Paris are provided with fish are, in order of importance, Boulogne, Berk, Dieppe, Etaples, Calais, Dunkerque, Tréport, Anvers, Gravelines, Fécamp, Le Croisic, Trouville, Cayeux, Saint Valery-en-Caux, Saint Valery-sur-Somme, Honfleur, and Havre. The total consumption of fish in 1853 amounted to 9,937,430 kilogrammes; the mean amount per annum for each individual is 9435 kilogrammes, or 26 grammes per day.

Three kinds of oysters are indulged in, in Paris. Oysters from the Channel, known as *huitres de Cancale*; small Ostend oysters, and the green oysters of Marennes. Courseulles and Dieppe are the chief sources of supply. The number of common oysters consumed in Paris in 1853 amounted to 70,876,825; of Ostend oysters, to 1,263,430; of Marennes, to 374,400. This makes a mean consumption of 69 oysters for each individual per annum.

* A change has recently taken place with regard to *pré salé*.

The Parisian does not despise fresh-water fish. In his Sunday excursions, his great delight is to seek the shady gardens of the restaurants on the banks of the Seine and the Marne, and there to enjoy, "un poppe champêtre, dont la matelote, odorante ou le goujon frit est le plat fondamental." The immediate neighbourhood of the rippling waters appears to the citizen a guarantee for the freshness of his dish. A large piece of conger-eel has in the mean time been obtained by the restaurants on the Saturday. This is skilfully cut up into the number of gudgeons necessary. They are then carefully rolled in batter, and these pseudo-gudgeons, crowned by a few veritable individuals, and a bunch of parsley over the whole, gratify the appetite and taste of the benevolent consumer. The Parisians consume a total of 690,075 kilogrammes of fresh-water fish per annum, of 655 grammes per individual. In this mass of fish, pike enter for 132,390 kilogrammes, eels for 133,010 kilogrammes, and carp for 100,423 kilogrammes. Fresh-water fish is, strange to say, generally dearer than sea fish.

Salt fish, distinguished by the Parisian from *marée* (as "la saline," is an important article of food, more especially among the poorer orders of Roman Catholics. The chief supply of salt cod is from Dunkerque, Gravelines, and Boulogne. Dry cod, called *maelcher*, is prepared at Granville. Herrings are salted all along the coast, but Saint Valéry and Fécamp send the most esteemed, known as *harengs saurs demi-prêts*. Boulogne and Calais, those least so, and designated as *franco-saurs*. Mackerel are, for the most part, salted on board-ship. Altogether, 1,502,000 kilogrammes of salt fish are annually consumed in Paris, equalling 1 kilogramme 426 grs. for every individual. Fresh herrings are called *poulets de carême*, or Lent chickens.

The consumption of fish marine has assumed such a development in Paris that *thon*, sardines, and anchovies have become a necessary accompaniment of the morning repast. Sardines are chiefly prepared at La Rochelle, at the Sables d'Olonne, and at Nantes. *Thon mariné* at Saint Jean de Luz, and at Marseilles. Anchovies at Collioure. The amount consumed in Paris is as follows:

Sardines comtes à l'huile 255,000 kilogrammes.
 Thon confit à l'huile 11,000
 Anchois conservés à la saumure 45,000

presenting a total of 311,000 kilogrammes of poisson marine, or a mean of 296 grammes per individual. The consumption of sardines is rapidly developing itself in London; it is much to be wished that the equally delightful *thon mariné* were more readily procurable.

Milk, it is well known, is more extensively consumed in Paris in proportion to the population than in London. Women and children of almost every class indulge in the morning in their *café au lait*. Not being subject to octroi duty, the actual amount consumed is not so well known, as is the case with other articles of food. It was ascertained in 1843 that Paris received every twenty-four hours 173,000 litres, or quarts. This was equal to about the twentieth part of a quart, for each individual. But besides the country milk, a good deal is obtained from cows kept in sheds in Paris. The milk, M. Armand Husson argues, thus obtained, cannot be so wholesome as that derived from cows that enjoy the

open air of green pastures in summer, and a substantial food in cow-sheds in winter; and we agree with him. The opening of railway communication extended the sphere of the provisioning of the capital with milk, as well as with other articles, so that the total now consumed is estimated as follows:

Milk brought in by trains	59,143,689 litres
Milk brought in by other carriages	41,745,097 "
Milk of cows (estimated at 2302) fed in Paris	8,402,300 "
Total	109,291,086

This would give an average consumption of the twenty-eighth of a litre for each person per day. The milk which comes by rail is said to be generally creamed, but even then it would not be so objectionable as it is when further reduced by water, as is generally the case. Milk deprived of its cream, and diluted with water, sells at from 2d. to 2½d. the quart; better-class milk at 3d.

Milk and butter are alike largely adulterated in Paris, notwithstanding the vigilance of the police. But still the capital boasts of being able to offer to the consumer some very superior butters, of remarkably fine and delicate flavour. Such are more particularly the butter of Isigny, from the rich pasturages of Calvados, and the butter of Gournay, both of which are sent in cylinders, wrapped in linen, in osier baskets. The next in quality are the butters of Anneau and Bonneval, and these are sold in pound lumps. The butters called petits beurres are sold in lumps of various forms and sizes; they come from Nogent-sur-Seine, Troyes, and numerous other places. The salt butters come mainly from Brittany. The most esteemed is that of Préalais; it is transmitted in little stone pots, that hold rather more than a pound English. Boiled butters are also expedited from the Loiret and the Orne.

The comparative consumption of the different kinds is as follows:

Isigny butter	2,862,955 kilogrammes
Gournay butter	1,965,449 "
Butter in pounds	1,631,164 "
Petits beurres	439,564 "
Salt and boiled butters	233,770 "
Total	7,132,902 kilogrammes

The French esteem their cheeses, as they are soft or hard. Soft cheeses are with us quite exceptional. The chief hard cheeses are Gruyère, Roquefort, Auvergne, and Septmoncel; as also Dutch, Parmesan, and Chester. The proportions in which these cheeses are consumed are as follows: Gruyère, 814,028 kilogrammes; Roquefort, 203,507; Auvergne, including Septmoncel and Sassenage, 203,507; Dutch, 300,000; Parmesan and Chester, 100,000: total, 1,621,042; about 2½ pounds for each individual in the year.

The soft cheeses consist mainly of such as are called à la pie, and are sold in round cakes, and the cheeses of Brie and Montlhéry. There is a greater consumption of these soft cheeses than of the hard kinds. The total for 1853 was 1,171,987 cheeses, or 2,593,511 lbs. Besides these cheeses, which, with the charcuterie of Paris, constitute the complement of the poor man's daily repast, a large number and a very great variety of soft cheeses are sold in Paris. Four kinds of Neufchâtel

nearly 9 lbs. of confectionery and pastry per individual for the year round. Petits fours are made of sugar, almonds, and white of eggs; as to the so-called macarons sur feuille, they go to make up the enticing heaps seen upon the gambling-tables in the Champs Elysées.

What are called pâtes alimentaires—the forms of which we are most familiar with are vermicelli and macaroni—came originally from Italy, but from their adaptation to soups, and their other admirable culinary applications, they soon won favour, and in the present day the pâtes d'Auvergne, made of the finest flour of Limagne, are held in higher estimation than those manufactured in Italy. They are even exported to Naples. The chief varieties in these manufactures are vermicelli, of which 1,110,000 kilogrammes are annually consumed in Paris; macaroni, of which 57,000 kilogrammes are consumed; and semoule, lazagnes, nouilles, and the stars and lentils for soups, of which 30,000 kilogrammes are consumed. The Parisians consume a fair quantity of rice, more especially in their favourite dish riz du lait; they also manufacture French sago, tapioca, and arrowroot from potatoes. Peas, lentils, haricots, beans, and chesnuts are also reduced into a farinaceous state. A very large quantity of potatoes are also employed in the manufacture of alimentary pastes.

The use of sugar, scarcely known in the time of Louis XIII., is a prime necessity with the Parisian. Brillat Savarin has devoted a chapter to its praise in his "Physiologie du Goût." The French, it is well known, drink it with water. Modern researches have thrown great doubts upon the salutary influence it has been supposed to exercise. If the theories of Liebig are correct, its presence may serve materially to interfere with the otherwise beneficial effects on the liver of tea and coffee. An enormous quantity is consumed in Paris in the manufacture of sweetmeats. The chief of these are dragées, of which 207,666 kilogrammes are annually consumed; bonbons, of which 171,589 kilogrammes are made away with; preserves, preserved fruit, pâtes pectorales, and chocolats—28,197 kilogrammes of the latter are annually disposed of by the sweet-toothed Parisians. They also sip at the same time 54,786 quarts of syrups, and 1,267,230 quarts of liqueurs, or about 1198 quarts per individual. These liqueurs are chiefly absinthes, anisette, cassis, curaçao, crème ou eau de noyau, fleur d'oranger, ratafia, &c. The best absintie is that called Swiss, coming from Lyons and Pontalier. Rum, kirsch-wasser, and gin are sold without adulteration; but the brandies, whether of Cognac, Montpellier, or Armagnac, are almost invariably diluted with water, and slightly coloured. The consumption of brandied fruits has lately assumed a great development in Paris; shops are devoted especially to their sale, and crowds are to be seen frequenting them, who are in reality only led away by the fashion of the day. 344,186 litres of brandied fruits were consumed in 1854.

The luxurious Parisians consume 289,351 litres of cream-ices, and 144,675 litres of water-ices in the year. At dinner, ice is limited to sorbets; at the dessert, to bourbes, fromages glacés, and châteaubriands; in the evenings to demi-glaces moulees, demi-biscuits glacés, and mousses glacées. Fromages glacés make a delicious addition to a dessert. They are made by four hundred parts of soft cheese, à la pie, as before described, beat up in one hundred and fifty parts of cream, or, to speak correctly, of

pure milk, and then iced. The glaciers-crémiers of Paris manufacture yearly 484,662 kilogrammes of cream and water-ices, and 52,500 of fromages à la crème.

There are two kinds of honey used in Paris. A white honey, called that of Narbonne, which is only used for medicines and tisanes, and a common kind, which comes from Brittany, and is used in making gingerbread. Yet 60,000 kilogrammes of the one and 180,000 of the other are annually consumed.

In Paris, coffee, it is well known, takes the place of tea in London. M. Armand Husson estimates in round numbers the quantity of coffee annually consumed at 3,000,000 kilogrammes, or an average of two kilogrammes 848 gr. for each individual. This coffee used to be adulterated with the roasted powder of acorns, and with chicory. The latter is now, however, almost solely in use. About 333,334 kilogrammes are added to the 3,000,000 kilogrammes of coffee. Such an admixture, M. Husson remarks, positively detrimental to the aromatic qualities of coffee, presents no advantages, save that of colouring the liquid and adding to the quality. Yet we are told that in this country some people prefer coffee adulterated with chicory. We can only say that they cannot appreciate pure coffee.

The Parisian, whose taste particularly inclines to light and aromatic descriptions of food, consumes large quantities of chocolate, upwards of 2,000,000lbs. annually. A great deal more is manufactured for the provinces. Good chocolate should consist of equal parts of cocoa and of white sugar, but it is much adulterated, notwithstanding an excessive vigilance of the police being directed towards this particular and favourite article of food.

Statistics show that the use of tea is becoming much more general than it was formerly in Paris. Many persons, more especially such as are given to intellectual pursuits, prefer it to coffee. So much so, indeed, that M. Armand Husson deems it necessary to indite a caution upon the subject. "If the habit of drinking an infusion of tea," he says, "has its advantages, it has also its inconveniences, for there are few men who are engaged in absorbing and continuous work who can, in their daily *hygiène*, do without this digestive: that which is for others a purely agreeable beverage, becomes to them a necessary help." Such a caution will, in all probability, in another half-century be a literary curiosity. The Parisians consume a good deal of green tea, but they have the good sense to prefer the black varieties, knowing full well that the green is an adulterated article. The quantity of tea annually consumed in Paris is equal to 39,200 kilogrammes, a large portion of which is, however, probably consumed by the English.

When a Parisian speaks of fruit he distinguishes what he calls fruits de primeur from fruits de saison. With him, the ananas, which he describes as the most beautiful of all fruits, with its coat of mail, its purple plume, and odour of violets, is a fruit de primeur. So also are early strawberries, five or six in a small pot, till the Alpine variety is ripe, when the consumer gets twenty-two to twenty-five! They sometimes fetch a franc a strawberry. Forced grapes and other fruits also reckon as fruits de primeur. The produce in pine-apples is about 3000, and they fetch about 10 francs each.

In respect to his fruits de saison, the Parisian receives his first supplies from the south, and these are succeeded by the fruits of his own neighbourhood. The fruit which comes from the south is not, however, so much esteemed as that obtained from the environs of Paris. If a hot sun hastens the ripening of some kinds of fruit, it is at the expense of aroma and flavour. With others, as the grape-vine, a certain heat is necessary to bring them to perfection; in fact, each climate has its own fruit, and to have it in its highest condition it must be waited for till it is produced in that climate to which it particularly belongs, and neither forced in hot-houses or in warmer climates.

The greatest consumption in fruits de saison is in pears, next in plums, then apples, and then cherries. The amount is so great as to have astounded M. Armand Husson himself—150,223,006 kilogrammes of pears, and other fruits in proportion! The grapes preferred for dessert are those of Fontainebleau; but those from Montauban keep longest. Oranges are mainly supplied from Valencia and Seville; the admirable oranges of St. Michael's consumed in London, and those of Sicily consumed by the Belgians, are scarcely known in Paris. An attempt has been made to introduce the Algerine oranges, but they have not found great favour. Oranges and lemons are applied to an infinite variety of purposes. The first are most in favour, cut in slices, sugared, and bathed in brandy. In winter-time the theatres are invariably filled with the perfume of oranges, mingled with the still more penetrating odour of apples.

Prunes are derived mainly from Lot et Garonne: these, as also what are obtained from Tarn, are all alike sold as prunes d'Ente and prunes de Bordeaux. Inferior kinds are very common. The best figs are imported from England. Those of Provence, called Marseillaises, are, however, by no means to be despised. Raisins have been largely used, since the disease in the grape-vine has enhanced the price of wine, in the manufacture of a kind of sweet wine, which is flavoured with gin; 100 quarts of wine are made with 22lbs. of raisins and 18oz. of gin, fermented for twelve days; 3,000,000 kilogrammes of raisins are annually used in the manufacture of wine, which costs barely a penny a quart.

Provence sends the best almonds and nuts, called noisettes de l'Académie. Paires tapées and pommes tapées, that is, flattened and sweetened, are imported from Maine et Loire, Sarthe, and Indre et Loire. What are called pistoles and brignolles are prepared from a small plum deprived of its skin and kernel, and obtained at Digne, in the Basses Alpes. Fruits glacés, which have lately come so much in vogue, are prepared in the south. Altogether, the Parisian consumes more fruit than anything else. Of fruits de primeur, 16,010 kilogrammes are consumed in the year; of fruits de saison, 427,498,823; of dried fruits, 3,952,000; and of olives, 54,000: making a grand total of 431,520,833 kilogrammes, or near nine millions of pounds; giving an average of nearly 2½lbs. for each person every day.

Vegetables, like fruit, are divided into légumes de primeur, de saison, and secs. Green and white asparagus, salads, cucumbers, radishes, French beans, carrots, &c., are all forced; but green peas from Algeria have superseded the forced article. They can be indulged in in the month of January. No details exist as to the quantity consumed, but it

is known that, in the neighbourhood of Paris, there are about 1800 gardens, with 360,000 frames, and 2,160,000 bell-glasses. The money derived from the sale of vegetables is said to amount to 13,500,000 francs.

Among the légumes de saison, the potato, as with us, takes precedence in the amount annually consumed; leeks, cabbages, and carrots follow. There is an immense consumption of some vegetables little used in this country, as for example, 7,560,000 kilogrammes of sorrel, and 259,200 kilogrammes of salsifis. The total consumption of fresh vegetables is estimated at 133,925,391 kilogrammes annually, or about 127 kilogrammes for every individual.

We have already remarked that dried vegetables enter largely into the ordinary food of the Parisian. This can be best judged of by the fact that 4,651,200 kilogrammes of haricots, 2,121,750 of lentils, and 1,804,923 of peas are annually consumed; giving about $5\frac{1}{2}$ quarts of the first, $2\frac{1}{2}$ of the second, and $2\frac{1}{4}$ of the third for each inhabitant.

A new process has lately been introduced of artificially drying vegetables. Thus, at La Villette, they dry cabbages; at Meaux, carrots; at Le Mans, potatoes, peas, and onions; at Dunkerque, cabbages, spinach, and chicory; and at Rueil, French beans. These products are called grosse julienne and julienne fine. The army in the Crimea was largely provided with these dried vegetables. Peas and haricots are also preserved in butter. Sorrel and chicory are kept for a long time in stone pots, well closed. Sorrel is also preserved by simply boiling it. The quantity of tomatos preserved is not known. Sauer-kraut is also consumed in large quantities.

Truffles are considered as condiments. The most esteemed are those of Périgord, but a white kind is imported from Piedmont, which is preferred by some on account of its slight flavour of garlic; 5,957,815 kilogrammes of salt, 20,073 hectolitres of oil, and 20,438 hectolitres of vinegar are annually consumed. It is estimated that 20,000 kilogrammes of fine mustard and 250,000 kilogrammes of common mustard are also consumed annually. The mustard called en vraque, used at the traiteurs, is made of salt and the lees of wine.

As a general summary, the population of Paris consumes upon an average, yearly,

730,501,195 kilogrammes of solid food
 263,977,738 litres of liquids
 32,184,970 hectolitres of water for domestic purposes
 1,604,601 kilogrammes of tobacco

Compared with the other great towns of France, Paris takes precedence of all in the quantity of butcher's meat consumed relatively to its population. Rennes and Bordeaux are, after Paris, the two towns where most meat is consumed. The worst off in this respect are Nantes, Toulon, and Caen. Amiens, Montpellier, and Orleans consume most cow meat; Montpellier, Nimes, Avignon, Saint Etienne, Marseilles, Bordeaux, and Lyons most mutton.

In consumption of pork, Chalons-sur-Saône, Montpellier, Toulouse, Metz, Angers, and Dijon, all take precedence of Paris.

Bordeaux stands at the head of a whole group of southern towns, all

of which consume relatively more wine than Paris. The northern towns, as Lille, Dijon, Amiens, Metz, and Nancy, consume, on the other hand, more beer and cider. Dijon is remarkable for its consumption of wine and beer alike. The great consumption of cider is naturally in the towns of the west, in Normandy and Picardy. Rennes takes the lead here. Rouen enjoys the unenviable notoriety of consuming most brandy in proportion to its population. After it comes Cognac; then Amiens, Brest, Rheims, Paris, and Lille.

The comparison of the consumption of Paris with London, or with other great cities, is not an easy matter. The non-existence of duties of the octroi, and the absence of all reliable statistical information, render the real consumption of London and its suburbs, with the exception of beer, mere guess-work. No two writers, Ormrod, MacCulloch, Block, Porter, Dodd, Mayhew, or the *Quarterly Review*, agree even in the leading figures. Certain it is that London consumes, relatively to its population, much more butcher's meat than Paris. According to M. Armand Husson, the Parisian only consumes 72 kilogrammes (160 grammes), while the Londoner consumes 148 kilogrammes (327 grammes). But the average Parisian consumption of bread is for the year 160 kilogrammes 168 grammes, and for the Londoner only 148 kilogrammes 777 grammes. So also, the Parisian consumes much more vegetables than the Londoner. M. Armand Husson estimates the difference as nearly one-half, or as 136 kilogrammes 644 grammes to 631 kilogrammes 956 grammes. The Parisian also consumes 103 litres 76 hectolitres of milk, whereas the Londoner only consumes 96 litres (407 hectolitres). The Parisian again consumes more butter, the Londoner most cheese. The Londoner absorbs in the course of the year 139 litres 305 hectolitres of ale and porter; the Parisian only consumes 128 litres 30 hectolitres of wine, beer, and cider, put together.

As a summary, the Londoner consumes considerably more solid food than the Parisian, in the shape of butchers' meat, fish, oysters, potatoes, and beer and porter. The Parisian consumes more light food, and more particularly bread, poultry, butter, eggs, milk, confectionery, fruits, and vegetables. Probably, each diet is best suited to its own climate. We should however, venture to express a doubt as to the real consumption of bread in London and its suburbs (as given, approximately, in the table above). We do not think that it would be found that the Parisian consumes so much more bread than the inhabitants of London. The Londoner eats a more potatoe at his dinner, the Parisian most bread; but the difference ought to be made up by the quantity of the latter consumed by Londoners at their breakfasts, lunches, teas, and suppers.

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INFORMATION RELATIVE TO MR. JOSHUA TUBBS AND CERTAIN MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY, CAREFULLY COMPILED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES,* BY E. P. ROWSELL.

THE name of Joshua Tubbs is certainly not suggestive of a dignified person or a refined intellect.

Reader, if your servant were now suddenly to announce to you Mr. Joshua Tubbs as a visitor, what kind of personage would you expect to see? We will answer for you. You would immediately look for a little fat man, with rather a red face, attired in a brown coat and waistcoat, with speckled trousers, a blue and white neckerchief, and large, very stiff collar. You would find it difficult to explain why these several points should thus suggest themselves in connection with the mere name of Joshua Tubbs, but it is not the fact that they would add so

Stay, you may be of the number of those who knew the great man concerning whom we are about to write. If so, there will be no mystery. With his image constantly before you (and who, among the many acquaintances he possessed, will stand forth and own to the coldheartedness and ingratitude which would be manifested by the acknowledgment that he had in the slightest degree faded from memory?), no sooner will the name be mentioned than the whole man will present himself to your mental eye, with a vividness absolutely startling. Our Mr. Joshua Tubbs was "a little fat man," had "rather a red face," and did commonly wear "a brown coat and waistcoat, speckled trousers, a blue and white neckerchief, and large, very stiff collar." The mighty hand of Time has indeed brought changes to the estimable man; redder was the face when last he saw the dress spruce the garments, and very much less stiff the collar; but we are but commencing our history, and while our eyes are yet undimmed by tears and our hand is yet steady, we have to speak of Mr. Tubbs as he was when Fortune smiled on him, and not as he is when, with characteristic fickleness, her smile has been exchanged for a frown, a poke, a hard thrust, a regular knock-down blow.

Having thus rendered information upon the poor paltry point of Mr. Tubbs's outer man, we proceed to avail ourselves of the beautifully full and luminous descriptions indirectly rendered by many sources of Mr. Tubbs's intellectual glories. Here is an extract from a letter written by Mrs. Tubbs, about the time when our narrative opens, to her dear friend Mrs. Smyles. The letter having touched, with deep pathos, on the sufferings recently endured by the writer through the misconduct of "that hussey, Jane" (a young person, who seems, by a subsequent letter, to have been a servant-of-all-work to Mrs. Tubbs, and to have strayed from the path of propriety to follow that of a policeman), thus proceeds:

* The compiler has to return his best thanks to Mr. Smyles, of Dubberley, tailor; Messrs. Butcher and Mangle, London, solicitors; the Rev. Tolman Tawke, Dr. Bam, and many other parties, for valuable assistance rendered for this work.

"I am a good deal worried just now, my dear Sophy, by Joshua having joined the 'Thorough Equality' Club, which meets every Saturday evening, at the Anchor and Cart-Wheel public-house. There are many wonderful clever men at this club, but it's said my Joshua beats 'em all. His oratory is amazing. I don't hear him at the club, of course, but he practises at home other evenings before the children and me. I don't understand much about it, but I can assure you it is exceedingly instructive."

Of Mr. Tubbs's labours as a member of the vestry of his parish, there is abundant narrative. Mr. Tubbs commonly moved from six to eight resolutions at each meeting of this august body, and though they were invariably negatived, the fact at least proves his energy and perseverance. A small pamphlet which he published, entitled "The Vestryman's Mission," the reader has, of course, seen. It is a work of great learning and research. The subject of the awful responsibilities of a vestryman is entered upon in a deep and earnest spirit. We believe there is a person still living who has read the work literally from beginning to end, being a man of strong mind; but we rather think that no one but this remarkable individual has been able to do more than simply scan the closely-printed forty-eight pages, finding even that effort dangerous to intellectual health.

But the renowned production which will carry Mr. Tubbs's name to remotest ages as a powerful writer, is that "searching, stinging, sarcastic" essay (we quote the words of a criticism concerning it, which appeared in the *Dubberley Guardian*.—MEM. It has been whispered that he wrote it himself), produced by him at a period of great excitement, when every lover of his country was called upon to be up and doing, entitled "Englishmen, beware! being a few words on the present price of Rushlights." As we shall presently explain, Mr. Tubbs was a vendor of the useful articles named, and his sagacity discovered that, while common men (poor, short-sighted creatures!) were putting forth a multitude of surface-reasons for the unsatisfactory state of the nation, such as excessive expenditure, restricted commerce, too stringent laws, and such like, the cause lay much deeper—it rested in the reduced price of rushlights, of which Mr. Tubbs had been a large buyer, and which he was now selling at a loss. We have eagerly sought for some account of the effect which this startling work must have wrought upon the public mind at the time of its issue. No positive outbreak, however, seems to have occurred. All remained tranquil. No law passed enhancing the price of rushlights, and those in stock by Mr. Tubbs were all sold at a ruinous reduction. We will not say that the circumstances had any connexion with this last-named unlucky speculation, but we think we may mention that Mr. Tubbs had his revenge. There were no impertinent analyses in those days. Mr. Tubbs sold sugar as well as candles, and for twelve months after the candle mishap, Mr. Tubbs's sugar had only half the sweetening qualities it previously possessed.

We must be forgiven for this somewhat irregular way of introducing Mr. Tubbs to the reader, but we are anxious to instal a good general idea of that worthy personage before fully bringing him on the stage and exhibiting him in all his lustre. There are just one or two more matters we will mention before closing our preliminary chapter.

If any one who lived in Dubberley at the time of our history should peruse these pages, surely we know that we are now about to speak of a struggle, the recollection of which will stir his whole soul within him and cause him to gasp with overpowering excitement. Former resident in Dubberley, recollectest thou the strife between the organ and the flute—the victory of the flute and the ignoble flight of the organ? You do; you must. Then read on, and bear testimony to the truth of the following narrative:

Mr. Tubbs was a performer on the flute. We say *the* flute, for he never played but on one, which had been the property of his grandfather, who had used it for forty years, and of his father, who had performed on it daily for thirty years, and twenty years had now elapsed since Mr. Tubbs himself had first caused it to moan under a dreadful consciousness of a new and sound-winded master. His high musical abilities led Mr. Tubbs to join a certain band of instrumentalists which attended church every Sunday, after the fashion still existing in remote districts. Greatly did these lovers of the art pride themselves on the elaborate performances which each Sabbath-day caused the old roof of Dubberley church to shake again. Far more effectual were they in keeping awake the drowsy villagers, than the ponderous exhortations of the Rev. Timothy Easyman, their respected pastor. *They* caused sleep, whereas no mortal could possibly be otherwise than wide awake while the four flutes, two violins, and a trumpet were giving forth the Old Hundredth. And the solos, which were always rendered by Mr. Tubbs: how many are the affecting stories which we find narrated in various papers now before us of the thrilling influence of these solos! One old lady, the widow of a publican, who had been induced to come to church after a discontinuance of the practice for a brief space of fifty years, was thrown into such raptures by the performance of Mr. Tubbs of the Old Hundredth, from its close resemblance, as she said, to the tune which her beloved deceased used to play, and which accompanied the song of

Oh, drunk are we; yea, very, very drunk!

that henceforth, to the day of her death, she was unremitting in her attendance.

The following anecdote is still more striking:

There was a wicked boy in Dubberley, about ten years of age. One Sunday morning he stole two turnips from Squire Larkins's field. He was at church in the afternoon, and heard the usual solo by Mr. Tubbs. The sounds melted his bad heart. After service he took the turnips and returned them to their owner, entreating forgiveness. The affecting circumstance is fully narrated by the Reverend the Vicar, in a tract which he published, entitled "The Flute's Whisper; or, Turnips no real gain." And the same is now before us.

But in due course the Rev. Timothy Easyman died, and the Rev. Wilbraham Markham came to be vicar. On the first Sunday after his induction, when the band, accompanied by their great leader, were about ascending to the gallery as usual, a note was put into Mr. Tubbs's hand, stating that Mr. Markham wished the instrumental performance might be omitted in future. Was it possible? Had the new vicar lost his senses? Pale with rage, Mr. Tubbs, immediately after service,

waited on Mr. Markham, and was met—how? by a quiet persistence in the resolution “to put down” the band. No, not Mr. Markham knew not his men. He said they should not play; they said they would. And they *did* play, in church and out of church—everywhere where they could meet with the unfortunate vicar. They beat him, he flung gave in; and away they went to another living, not so good, but where there was an organ.

How deep was the emotion which shook the vestry when Mr. Tubbs attended for the last time! Tears fell copiously from the already weak eyes of Mr. Snyles, as he moved a resolution, which we shall present to the reader, both on account of the beauty of its composition and style (bearing strong resemblance to the vote of thanks customarily bestowed on a very exalted personage when about to retire from office in November), and the earnest testimony which it furnishes to the profound worth of Mr. Tubbs.

“RESOLVED.—That the warmest thanks of this vestry are due, and are hereby given, to Joshua Tubbs, Esq., for the ability, zeal, and perseverance which he has displayed in the performance of his important duties as vestryman of this parish for the last fifteen years; for the upright sternness evinced by him in checking the claims of pauperism; for the unvarying affability he has manifested towards his fellow-vestrymen; for the splendid manner in which he has upheld the dignity of his office, by always coming to the vestry in his four-wheeled chaise; for the munificent hospitality he has exhibited in twice, each year, inviting the vestry to tea and negus at his house; and, generally, for the noble, straightforward, honourable, truly English manner in which both as a vestryman and general dealer he has conducted himself during the whole period of his residence in Dubberley.

“That this vestry sincerely congratulates Mr. Tubbs on the improved position which he is about to occupy, and respectfully hopes that he will not forget those whom he leaves behind him.”

This resolution was ordered to be copied on foolscap, by the best writer from the charity school; and, subsequently, it was presented to Mr. Tubbs, at a farewell banquet given to him at the Anchor and Cartwheel. So thoroughly heartbroken was Mr. Tubbs by the overwhelming kindness shown him at this feast, that he was taken home insensible, and was the whole of the next day in bed, receiving no other sustenance than broth, and no stimulant whatever saving toast and water.

II.

STARTLING EVENTS HAPPEN TO THE FAMILY OF TUBBS, AND GOOD FORTUNE RESULTS.

It was the close of a bright summer day. The sun was declining in all its glory behind the distant hills. The busy hum of active life was hushed. All nature was sinking into beautiful repose, and Mr. Tubbs sat on a bench in front of his shop, enjoying a pipe and a pint of mild porter.

It has been mentioned incidentally that Mr. Tubbs was a general dealer. He was indeed. What did he not sell? Eatables and drinkables, raiment of every description, garden tools, perfumery and toys, earthenware and stationery: there was scarce anything which Mr. Tubbs's shop did not contain, or which its owner could not procure, on

and indeed Duddley was a small, remote place, it could scarcely be called a town—yet the inhabitants were well-to-do, ate and drank well, and were well clothed; and the custom at Mr. Tubbs's shop had always been, on a side-table—everywhere—
 not the worst of things, in happy mood, and didn't his, robes with a smile, of pleasant thoughts were evidently passing through his mind. The smile deepened, the whole countenance relaxed, and satisfaction was manifested in every line—when suddenly appeared a beggar-woman. As they might have been witnessed that startling change in Mr. Tubbs's aspect which no one ever regarded with out terror. Then the brow grew black as night; then the eyes flashed fire; then the arm was wrathfully extended—then the whole body shook with anger. (The poor creature quailed.)
 "Very hungry, sir," murmured the beggar-woman. "Beg your honour's pardon, and I'm sure—very hungry." "Go away, tramp, directly," shouted Mr. Tubbs. "Not a morsel of food, sir, for forty and twenty hours!—Just a ha'penny, your honour," but Mrs. Tubbs would not let her husband do anything of the kind. "Not a farthing, be off," very wrathfully exclaimed Mr. Tubbs. The man hesitated. He certainly looked uncommonly strong and well for a mendicant. The next minute, he turned and walked slowly away. Mr. Tubbs's reverie having been broken, he retired into his house. The shopman shut the shutters, and Mr. Tubbs joined his wife and family in the snug little parlour at the back. Mrs. Tubbs was a quick, bustling woman, pretty in her time, pleasant to look at now. She was a good woman of business, helped in the shop, looked the orders, kept an eye on the shopman, and scolded the servant with laudable energy.

Mrs. Tubbs was a young lady of one and twenty, hair with just the tiny slightest tinge of red, large blue eyes (which had already killed a solicitor's clerk—a personage, we should have thought, by the by, as little likely as any human being to die of love), and half-killed a chemist's shopman—who was whispered to be putting an end to himself, by a slow poison), very nice, small lips, rather (as Miss Tompkin, the innkeeper's very plain daughter, used to say) an "Auppish" manner, and a tongue like her mother's, indefatigable.

Mr. Tubbs, junior, was nineteen years old, and was regarded by his parents with unqualified admiration. He had been well educated, and was expected to shine in the world, though in what way had not been to this time decided.

II

Everybody must expect to meet with troubles in this vale of tears. The prime minister has his troubles—baleful combinations are at work to eject him from power; the labourer has his troubles—work is sometimes dear, and embargoes hard; the why should Mrs. Tubbs be exempt? At this day, Jack's hall, indeed, is gone, but had not that blessed Elizabeth succeeded where? But, hark! in the parlour door is open—there is sound of voices in dispute.

"Elizabeth, Elizabeth, I'll surprise thee from the kitchen (it is the vision of Mrs. Tubbs); I'll surprise thee better." "There is not an honest animal than the cat in England." "She had nothing to do with the breast of the chicken." "Well, my dear, Elizabeth is the best to receive, and so reply, 'I'll surprise thee better.'"

"you may believe me, mum, or you may *not* believe me. A untruth, mum, is what I scorn, partickler regardin' such a thing as a breast of a chicken, mum."

"Well, Elizabeth," appealeth Mrs. Tubbs, "you must own it's a remarkable circumstance."

"Nothing at all remarkable, mum."

"Don't be impertinent, Elizabeth," Mrs. Tubbs is heard to reply, in a tone which seems to imply the steam is getting up.

"I think I'd rather leave, mum. The place don't suit. A month from Monday, ma'am, if you please."

"Oh, certainly. I wouldn't keep you, Elizabeth, if you paid me for doing so. You're a saucy creature!" exclaims Mrs. Tubbs, losing her temper and her dignity.

"Perhaps so, mum; I scorn to recriminify. Wish the next may be a good one, mum, and cheap, and a small eater, mum."

Mrs. Tubbs, allowing her enemy to have the last broadside, now retreated to the parlour, and made her appearance there with a very flushed countenance. Her first proceeding was to seat herself on the sofa, and indulge in that great luxury to women, but most exasperating nuisance to men—a copious flood of tears.

"Brute!" crieth the reader; "do you call the sight of one of the fair sex in tears an exasperating nuisance?" Yes, I do. I repeat, a woman luxuriates in crying. She does not mean to say she is unhappy—not at all. When she is very happy she cries. She cries at her wedding—she cries when she hears good news, and bad; when she leaves an intimate friend, and when she rejoins her. When she is overpleased she cries; the excitement has been too much for her. When she is displeased she cries; it is the punishment she inflicts on you. My belief is she cries when she is simply in want of amusement, particularly if there be a chance of some one she is fond of coming to gently wipe away the tears, and ask as a reward the very easy gift—of a smile.

"It will be the death of me, it will," moaned poor Mrs. Tubbs. "I cannot bear it."

"Bless me, Mary," cried Mr. Tubbs, angrily, "there seems to be no end to the uproar and worry. Come, do dry your tears, and let's have supper. I've got something to say."

As these last few words were spoken in a rather unusually portentous manner (although, as the reader will hereafter perceive, Mr. Tubbs, even in ordinary conversation, seemed perpetually to remember his high position as an orator at the "Thorough Equality" Club), the tears of Mrs. Tubbs were stayed, and curiosity supplanted grief. The supper was produced (after "the hussey" had occasioned as much delay as was practicable), and the family party sat down to its despatch.

Then did the countenance of the gifted general dealer assume that striking expression which, to those who knew him, always heralded a great and important communication. Was it not that precise expression which instilled awe into the whole vestry on the memorable occasion of Mr. Tubbs "rising," as he said, "under circumstances which might well excuse agitation, though agitated he was *not*; which might well cause him to be weak, but he was *strong*; which might well unnerve him, but he was *resolute*?" But the quotation would be too long. Was it not with the same singularly contorted visage which he displayed when he

harangued the Dubberley vestry for three-quarters of an hour on the subject of the pew-opener having charged three-halfpence apiece for washing the church towels instead of a penny, as heretofore, that he now proceeded to address his dear family assembled?

"My wife, my son Joshua, my daughter Jane," spake Mr. Tubbs, "the communication which I am about to make to you is of a pleasing character. You know, my dears, that for several years now your father may be considered to have done well—done well. Business has prospered. Rushlights, it is true, have been depressed; but sugar has been good; so has tea; also mixed pickles. Your father is respected in Dubberley. He has had a profitable contract with the workhouse. He has supplied the Sunday-school with cloaks. Sunshine has been upon him. A portion of his little savings he invested some months ago in the Great Wheel Wuggy Consols. Wheel Wuggy, my dear family, is a tin mine in Cornwall, known to our friend Mr. Speck. He advised your father to purchase shares therein, and he did so. The post this evening, my beloved, brought a letter from Mr. Speck, stating that the Great Wheel Wuggy had revealed a lode of vast value, and that the one hundred shares purchased by your parent at a discount were now at twenty pounds per share premium. I have given orders to sell, my beloved, and now I have to state to you that this small piece of fortune, added to the few pounds I have been able to save, will furnish me with means sufficient to close the establishment here, and enter upon that broader and nobler sphere, wherein I think we are all qualified to make a figure."

The applause with which Mr. Tubbs's speech and announcement were greeted, was, of course, tremendous. Mrs. and Miss Tubbs cried a little, naturally, for joy, but, after a few minutes, all were boisterous. Of course pa meant they were going to London? Yes, he did. He was not about to open a shop in London? No. He meant, no doubt, to take a large house, and keep a carriage? No, he did not; he was not rich enough. That was a pity; but Aunt Matilda's money would come to them shortly, then they could live in real style.

This latter remark gave rise to a conversation touching Aunt Matilda.

"How is the very cross old lady?" asked Miss Jane; "you heard from her, ma, this morning, did you not?"

"She is very poorly, she says; but then she never says otherwise," replied Mrs. Tubbs. "She is coming to stay here a few days; don't you remember, I told you?"

"Oh dear, dear! When?" inquired Mr. Tubbs, junior (remembering drearily the miseries he suffered on the occasion of Aunt Matilda's last visit).

"Ah, nobody knows," answered Mrs. Tubbs. "The disagreeable old lady likes to come unawares."

"I was turned out of my bed the last time she was here, I recollect," said the younger Tubbs; "mind, I won't go again."

"Nonsense," interposed Mr. Tubbs. "Aunt Matilda's got a good ten thousand pounds, which will come every penny to us, unless we offend her, like my stupid young cousin Marsden has done. Now let us to bed; we've plenty to do to-morrow."

Now it is quite unnecessary for us to state the fact, because there can be no one so ignorant of female habits as not to be sure that such a circumstance would occur; yet, for the sake of precision, we will mention

that, when the ladies of the party had seen the gentlemen retire, they settled down to a quiet, comfortable "talk" over the important changes which were coming about.

The talk, we doubt not, was delicious.

Such glowing anticipations they chatted over, such visions of greatness they gazed upon and discussed, such wonderings there were as to the manner in which the Dubberley people would receive the announcement, that time flew astonishingly; and it was not until Mr. Tubbs's voice had been heard crying, "Are you ever coming to bed, Mary?" and after, to their great terror, some one suddenly shouted, "Who's there? I'll fire!" and Tubbs, junior, appeared before them in his night-attire, armed with an old blunderbuss and a poker (he having fancied, on awaking from his first sleep and hearing a murmur of voices, that there must be thieves in the house), that they closed their conversation and prepared to depart.

The ladies were scarcely in their respective bedrooms, when at the shop-door, which boasted an ordinary London knocker, was heard a knock.

A knock! How feeble is language! It was a cruel, murderous blow, and no sooner inflicted than it was followed by other blows, so tremendous that the house shook.

Mr. and Mrs. Tubbs having in somewhat startled tones remarked to each other on the simple fact of the knock (a coolness on their parts which seemed to exasperate the knocker to an intolerable degree, for it played away again with a vigour quite terrific), Mr. Tubbs proposed, and his wife seconded, that he (Tubbs) should put his head out of window, and see who was there, which was done.

"Who is that knocking?" growled Tubbs.

"Who! Mr. Tubbs," faintly murmured a female voice, "Oh, that you should ask 'Who?' Oh dear! oh dear—Martha, support me!"

"Bless me, Mary," exclaimed Mr. Tubbs, rapidly withdrawing his head, "it's Aunt Matilda!"

"My patience!" cried Mrs. Tubbs, aghast, "What can have brought her at this time?"

"Confounded nuisance! Wish her at Jericho. However, she must be let in. Just like her. Botheration—always disagreeable—must bear it, I suppose. Ten thousand. Happy release."

Thus, muttering rather a jumble of thoughts to himself, Mr. Tubbs proceeded to don a sufficiency of vesture, and then descended and opened the door.

There presented themselves to his half-opened eyes, firstly, an old lady resting on a young woman's—probably her servant's—arms; secondly, a man with a truck, whereon were piled boxes of huge dimensions, as high as the ceiling of the ground-floor.

"My dear aunt," exclaimed Mr. Tubbs, "you are a little late, but I am so glad to see you. Let me help you in at once."

"Oh no, Tubbs," replied the old lady, without altering her position in the least. "I'm going back to the inn. May you be happy, Tubbs, happy as the day is long."

Tubbs half groaned.

"The old story," he said, half aloud; "no wonder my uncle died of inflammation of the brain. But, my dear aunt, pray come in. You take

us a little by surprise—agreeable surprise. Come, Mary is waiting to receive you!”

“She had better not wait,” murmured Aunt Matilda; “tell her, Joshua, that I wish her well. I will pray for her, Joshua.”

“Aunt Mary loves you, you know, but——”

“No, I don’t know, Joshua. I don’t think anybody loves me. Oh no.”

“Oh no, indeed,” thought Mr. Tubbs; “you sweet-tempered old lady; about right there.”

“You say you want me to come in. You haven’t a bed for me of course” (still with her head on her servant’s neck).

“Indeed, aunt, we can get you a bed ready quickly. The one you had before,” continued Mr. Tubbs. (Poor Tubbs the younger, what was it caused thee to start in thy second sleep just then?)

“I tell you what it is,” interposed the man with the truck, “if nobody’s going to nobody’s bed, I’m going to mine, so that’s all about it.”

This very-much-to-the-purpose speech aroused Aunt Matilda, who now allowed herself to be tenderly conducted into the house, where she found Mrs. Tubbs, all smiles outwardly, and half-murderous thoughts inwardly, waiting to receive her. Poor Mr. Tubbs had to help bring in the boxes, in which labour he caught a cold, requiring black draught and gruel for the following three nights.

Mrs. Tubbs having fondly embraced the dear and rich old lady, provided for her (being guided by experience) a more powerful comforter than any eloquence, even female, and had the satisfaction of presently seeing those benevolent features assume a yet milder aspect.

While the worthy mother was thus occupied, the amiable daughter was performing her part.

Tap—tap—tap, at Joshua’s bedroom-door.

No answer.

Thump—thump—thump—thump.

“Who’s there? what is it?” is heard in a muffled tone, as from under the bedclothes (whence, indeed, it came).

“Josh—here—don’t make a noise. Come here.”

With a loud groan the unhappy youth rolled out of bed.

“What *do* you want, Jane?”

“I don’t want anything, Josh; but Aunt Matilda’s just come, and *she* wants your bed. You must sleep at the inn. Be quick; we want to make it up fresh for her.”

At first he would not, no, come what might. “It was too bad. Aunt Matilda might be smothered.” But he relented by degrees, and the up-shot was, that in ten minutes the unhappy youth might be seen issuing from his father’s roof with a small bundle, and bending his steps towards the Anchor and Cart-wheel (where, by-the-by, he could make nobody hear for exactly fifty minutes).

In due time poor Joshua’s bed was “made up,” and Aunt Matilda’s aged frame deposited therein. Accommodation was found for Martha beside “the hussey.” The house was again quiet; everybody was asleep except the hussey, and she—**AROSE.**

Softly played the silvery moonbeams on the green grass. Profound was the calm. Not a leaf stirred. All around seemed in deep unbroken slumber,

when the clock of the old church of Dubberley struck one; and from his bed in a corner of the field close by, Lurching Jem—**AROSE**.

Bringing an end to slumber—bringing an end to rest—rousing to fresh vice—hurrying on to dark fate, the church clock struck one, and from his hard couch, the ground, Crooked Dick—**AROSE**.

Then those two, Lurching Jim and Crooked Dick, in foul companionship, slunk past the venerable pile, not daring to turn a glance upon the ghastly white tombstones, lest, almost, they should cry out and hurl them at once headlong into the ruin in which otherwise they would only gradually, but with sickening sureness sink; and so crept into the main street. Looking now back, now forward, now from side to side, starting and shrinking, stopping, listening, hurrying, by turns, those two, Lurching Jim and Crooked Dick, made their way to a house at the end of the street, and halted.

It was the house of Mr. Tubbs.

Lurching Jim tapped very gently at the door, and it was opened by "the hussey." A slight whispering ensued. Then Crooked Dick went in, and the door was closed.

To work they went, guided by "the hussey." No need of noise. "The hussey" had wonderfully cleared the way. Cupboards and desks almost flew open, and booty brightly accumulated. A consultation ensued. They glided to the door of Mr. and Mrs. Tubbs's bedroom. Not a sound. They turned to Miss Tubbs's bedroom. Not a sound. They proceeded to the bedroom where rested Aunt Matilda, gently opened the door, and went in.

"Aunt" was asleep, and any one save Lurching Jim would have been softened by the sight of her benevolent countenance, as it displayed itself on the pillow, imbedded in frill. But Lurching Jim was a hard man, and having placed his hand on Aunt Matilda's mouth, he raised and shook her until she awoke.

"If you give the faintest squeak," hoarsely whispered Jim, "I'll cut your head off."

It needed not the announcement of this appalling determination to keep Aunt Matilda quiet. Her poor old senses clean fled at the moment, and the ruffians had to wait impatiently for their coming back again; they slowly tumbled into their places at last.

"Keys o' them boxes," whispered Crooked Dick.

A withered hand crept up and drew them from under the pillow.

But now, O Lurching Jim and Crooked Dick, men deep sunk in desperate vice and crime, dark dyed with well-nigh every cause of infamy which can make man a blot and curse upon the earth, know that time closeth upon ye—your hour is at hand.

That cruelly-slandered animal, the cat, alarmed at the unusual interruption to her slumbers, had been wandering about in great wonderment and terror. In this state of mind she ventured on that forbidden territory the kitchen dresser, whereon were ranged divers vegetable dishes of large dimensions. In another minute such a crash there was that Mrs. Tubbs, who was dreaming of the first dinner-party which she intended to give in London, and fancied herself sitting at the head of her table, waiting for the soup to be placed before her, started and awoke.

Having got rid of the first notion suggested by the dream, namely, that the servant had dropped the tureen on the stairs, and the dinner-

party had broken up in dismay, a wide-awake notion entered Mrs. Tubbs's head, which caused her at once to rouse her lord.

"Joshua, did you hear that?"

"No—what is it? There's nothing!"

"Joshua, I'm sure there are thieves in the house."

"Are there, Mary?" said Mr. Tubbs, with some degree of excitement.

"If you really—were—quite sure—we ought, perhaps, to—to see."

"Of course—pray get up, Joshua. I'm sure I hear them now. There, there—oh! I declare we shall have our throats cut. Joshua, do get up and ascertain what's the matter."

"Well, don't be in a hurry, Mary. All I say is, let's be quite sure—quite sure, you know. I'm not a young man, Mary; and should I receive a chill in this attire, it would be dangerous."

Not a sound more was heard, and Mr. Tubbs then proceeded partly to dress himself. This done, he drew from under the bed an old sword, which had belonged to a very remote ancestor. It was a fearful weapon, and made your blood run cold to look at it. Even Mr. Tubbs's hand shook as he raised it,—very nearly, by-the-by, as he did so, running his recumbent spouse through the body.

"Be quick, Joshua," urged Mrs. Tubbs from under the bedclothes. "I hear 'em—I hear 'em now, distinctly. Won't you have a light?"

"No—o—o—o," answered Mr. Tubbs, fumbling at the door.

"Don't kill anybody, if you can help it, Joshua," urged Mrs. Tubbs.

"No, I won't, if I can help it," feebly answered Mr. Tubbs. And he slowly glided from the room.

He had hardly closed the door before Mrs. Tubbs began to reproach herself with having urged him to go. She did not dare look out to call him back. Was there anything else she could do? She pondered. A bright recollection occurred to her. She rose in haste, and took from a closet a huge rattle, threw open the window, and made a din which roused almost every human being in Dubberley in a minute's time. Away went Lurching Jim and Crooked Dick, helter-skelter, and away had intended to go "the hussey," but she lost her presence of mind, and at the last moment sat down, moaning. The neighbours poured into the house, and were met immediately by Mr. Tubbs, who, in a high state of excitement, and brandishing his sword, declared his thankfulness that he had not been compelled to imbrue his hands in the blood of a fellow-creature. To say the truth, however, Mr. Tubbs had run no great risk on this score, for he had never proceeded more than half a yard from his bedroom-door, having then taken refuge in an old clothes' closet until all danger was over.

Lurching Jim and Crooked Dick were quickly caught, tried, and convicted; and "the hussey" also paid the due penalty for aiding and abetting burglarious proceedings.

For Aunt Matilda, she was the only person who suffered wrongfully for the events of that night. The sorry little stream of life within her, which had been growing very muddy and running very slowly for a long time past, a few days after stopped altogether. The Tubbs family gave a sigh, and ordered their mourning attire. And when aunt's will was opened, and Mr. Tubbs found himself richer by 11,340*l.* in the Three per Cent., and a large quantity of gowns and turbans, his aspect became dejected, and he at once called for a pipe and a pint of porter.

corps of riflemen, uncle, and the new regulation is, that every rifleman is to have moustaches . . . so I must mount a pair."

"What a foolish regulation! Don't you think so, wife? But I suppose it is a case in which one must do as others do."

This settled, I was left, as to my disguise, in peace. But my venerable uncle commenced another attack. "I must positively have you to go out and look about you, Adolph. I am going to-morrow to see my friend Justitsraad —, whose country seat is not far from this. You shall drive over there with me; the road is very pretty."

"I would much rather remain at home, uncle; I don't know these people." "I will introduce you to them. They are a very amiable, charming family, and you will soon become acquainted with them. You absolutely must go."

What excuse was I to manufacture? I had recourse to fibs again.

"The Justitsraad and my father are personal enemies—they quarrelled about some matter of business. They are deadly foes—I should be very unwelcome—my name is proscribed at — Court."

"How very strange that I never heard of this before!" exclaimed the unsuspecting old man. "People should not hate each other for the sake of sinful mamma. We must bring about a reconciliation between them. I shall certainly preach upon the subject of forgiveness next Sunday—a

powerful discourse will I give." "It is also my wish that they should be reconciled—dear uncle, and therefore I think it would be most prudent not to mention my name yet. If I make the acquaintance of the Justitsraad without his knowing who I am, I shall feel more at my ease with him. I assure you this will be the best."

"Well—so be it," said my uncle. "I will not then mention your being here. But I shall throw out a few hints about forgiveness and Christian feelings—these can do no harm."

"No—that they cannot," said my aunt. "But I quite agree with Adolph. I think his plan a good one."

As soon as the old people had retired to rest, I stole softly through the garden, and reaching the high road, took the way to — Court. As I approached it, I saw with pleasure the white summer-house on the outskirts of the garden. Soon after I reached the hill, where stood the well-known swing. The moon was shining brightly, and it was a lovely night. All was so still around, that I could hear the wind whistling through the adjacent alleys of trees—and the rustling of the wind amidst the branches of the pine and the fir has a peculiar sound. Far away in the wood was to be heard the melancholy tinkling of the bells worn by the sheep round their necks. There is a sadness in this monotonous yet plaintive sound which has a great effect upon the heart that is filled with longing—and where is the human being, who has nothing to long for? But such sadness is not hopeless, and as the bells give tones sometimes higher, sometimes deeper, from different parts of the woods or fields, so tranquillising voices whisper to our souls, "There is comfort for every sorrow—we shall not always long in vain."

The moon shed its soft light over the quiet garden, the clock struck eleven, that was generally the time at which the family retired to rest—

therefore I ventured to leave my place of concealment, without the fear of encountering any one. Presently after I stood again behind the bushes of fragrant jasmine immediately beneath the windows, and beheld one light extinguished after the other. In the room I lately occupied, all was dark. At length the light also disappeared in Hannè's chamber.

Sleep sweetly sleep! Dream blessed dreams!

I whispered with Baggesen, and my heart added, in the words of the same poet,

I love—I love—I love but only thee!

In Jettè's room there was still a candle burning; doubtless she was thinking of her Gustav, perhaps writing a few kind words to him. I could hardly restrain myself from climbing up *the tree*, and speaking to her; I had a claim upon her indulgence, for had I not laid the foundation of her happiness? *Laid the foundation!* How did I know that the real cousin had not arrived? But even in that case it would be scarcely possible to undo what had been done. I clung to the pleasing idea that I had effected some good.

At length Jettè's candle was extinguished also. The last—last light—I had gazed on it, till I was almost blinded. With an involuntary sigh I turned my steps slowly back towards the garden; something was moving close behind me; it was my quondam friend, a greyhound belonging to the Justitsraad, but he followed growling at my heels, as if he wished to hunt me off the grounds I polluted by my presence.

"Wachtel! my boy! is that you? So—so—be still, be still, Wachtel!" I turned to pat his head, but he showed his white teeth, and barked at me; and presently all the other dogs near began to bark also. "Forgotten!" I exclaimed bitterly to myself, "forgotten, and disliked!" Wachtel followed me, snarling, to the extremity of the garden, and barked long at my shadow as I crossed the field.

The next day my uncle drove over to — Court. The moment he was gone I hurried up to his study, which looked towards the east, and arranged his large telescope to bear upon that place which had so much interest for me. I could overlook the whole plain; at its extremity was some rising ground studded with trees—that was the garden; to the left lay the grove, and close to it was the hillock on which stood the swing! Suddenly the swing, until then empty, seemed to be occupied with something white, which put it in motion. "It is Hannè who is swinging!" I exclaimed aloud in my joy; and I spent the whole afternoon in gazing through the telescope, with a beating heart, and with my eyes fixed upon the swing to catch another glimpse of her who had vanished, alas! too soon. One glance at the folds of her white dress had thrown my blood into a tumult of excitement, but how wildly did not all my pulses beat when, towards evening, my uncle's carriage rolled up the avenue of the rectory.

After he had greeted my aunt with all due affection, and delivered the complimentary messages with which he was charged, inquired how things had gone on during the hours of his absence, settled himself comfortably in his old easy-chair, and lighted his pipe, he began with—

"I heard some very strange news over yonder; I really can think of nothing else."

"What is it, dear? A great rise in the price of anything?" asked his wife.

"Oh no, my dear, not at all. It is a very ridiculous story. It is not to be mentioned; but I know you will keep it to yourself when I particularly request you to do so. Well—I will tell you all about it; it is really quite a mysterious affair."

And the good man proceeded to relate how, one evening when they were expecting a cousin who was betrothed to Jettè, a person arrived who answered every question about the family, seemed to know all their affairs, gave himself out to be Carl, whom they had not seen for eleven years, and, as might be supposed, insinuated himself into the good graces of the whole of them. "He found out that Jettè was attached to that young man Holm, who is studying agricultural affairs in this neighbourhood; so he insisted on annulling his engagement to her, declaring that he was not in love with her, but was betrothed abroad. The Justitsraad was at first very angry, but he gave way at last, and there were gay doings at — Court that evening. Next morning the cousin was nowhere to be found; but he left behind him a paper of which nobody can make anything. They expected him during two whole days, but he did not make his appearance again. On the third day, another person arrived, who also declared himself to be a cousin, said he was called Carl, and that he was the expected guest. He brought letters from his father, about whose handwriting there could be no doubt, and the whole family recognised him at once from many things. The first, of course, was an impostor. But Jettè is now betrothed to Holm as well as to the cousin, who had come to arrange about the wedding. There was an awful scene—he insisted on Holm's giving up Jettè to him, and her father had at last to interfere to prevent the rivals carrying their wrath to some fearful extremity. The cousin's obstinacy gave great offence, and he took his departure the day after he had arrived. But he was so angry, that it was with great difficulty he was induced to promise that he would hold his tongue, and not blab about this absurd affair."

"May the Lord graciously preserve us all! It must have been some wicked sharper!" exclaimed my aunt, clasping her hands in great agitation, when her husband had finished his recital.

"Of course he was an impostor. But it is a very curious story. For what could he have come—will any one tell me that?"

"Why, to steal, to be sure. Did he break into none of the keeping-places? Is there nothing missing—none of the plate? no forks or spoons?"

"Not the slightest article, and he was there for two days, and went about like one of themselves."

"It is very surprising; but the fact is, he must have come to reconnoitre the premises, and, when the nights are longer and darker, they will hear of him again."

"It is a most incomprehensible affair," said I, in a voice that might have betrayed me to more acute observers. "And can they not guess at all who he is—have they no clue to him?"

"Not the slightest, nephew. They all describe him as a handsome, gentlemanly young man, who knew how to conduct himself in good

society, and he acquitted himself so well in his assumed character, that none of them had the least notion what a trick he was playing upon them.

"Believe me, my dear aunt, this parcel was no other than the celebrated MORTEN FREDERICHSEN, who was arrested and imprisoned at Roskilde, but made his escape. He must be a very clever fellow, if," said my aunt, "I have been told that he pretended to be a Russian officer upon his arrival in Copenhagen, made his way into the highest circles, and spoke Russian as if it had been his mother tongue. No doubt he has contrived to get free again, and he is a dangerous man. He has served us from him. Where he is, there is always mischief going on. I will take care to see that the house doors are well bolted and fastened, and I shall tell the servants to let Sultan loose at night. One caution better be taken when there are such characters lurking in the neighbourhood."

The old lady went quite out of her mind at the reasoning of the house, without dreaming that he who caused her such alarm was dwelling under her own peaceful roof.

The next day nothing else was spoken of, and it was easy for me to draw from my uncle all that I wished to hear. I ascertained that the real cause had not made a favourable impression, and that, in fact, they were all glad that the engagement between him and Jettè was at an end. My extraordinary and mysterious disappearance had set them all guessing, but they despaired of ever solving the riddle, since all the suggestions and inquiries which could be properly instituted had failed to yield the slightest trace of me. Gustav, following up the hint I had given in the note I had left, had written to a friend in Fredericia, but it proved this had led to no result. Thomas daily scoured the country round, searching the woods and the moors, to find me; but every succeeding day lessened his hopes of being able to bring me a prisoner to his home. My imprudence, then, had been productive of no bad effects; fortune had befriended the rash fool, as it so often does. I cannot describe with what joy I gathered this happy intelligence; and when I had reflected on it for some days, I came to the conclusion that I might venture again to show myself at Court, and entreat forgiveness of my sad delinquencies. I formed a thousand plans and relinquished them again. At length I wrote to Copenhagen for new clothes, and sent a letter, to be forwarded from thence by the post to the Justitsraad, wherein I made a confession, and candidly avowed all that my inclination for a frolic and a succession of accidental circumstances had led me into. I threw myself upon Miss Jettè's kindness to intercede for me, trusting that she would not refuse me this favour; I dwelt on my contrition and deep regret, and implored forgiveness for my misdemeanours. Nothing did I conceal except my name and my love for Hanuè. I hope, dear reader, that you will not find it necessary to ask why I concealed these.

The blue coat arrived at length from Copenhagen, with information that the letter had been forwarded. It was not difficult for me to put it into my uncle's hand to drive over to Court, and ascertain if there had been any elucidation of the mysterious story that had almost entirely chased sleep from my good aunt's couch. I had intended to have accompanied him, but when the time came, my courage failed, and, pleading a headache, I left him to go alone. "You are not well, my dear nephew, that I can easily perceive," said

he, as I saw him into his carriage; "we must positively send for the doctor. You will turn quite black in the long run; for in a fortnight only you have become as dark as a Tartar, and that is not a healthy colour. Perhaps you have got worms."

The worthy man little knew that I was purposely obliterating my good complexion more and more, and had the greatest trouble in giving myself this Tartar tint. "He shall drink some of my decoction of worm-wood," said my aunt; "it is better than any apothecary's mixtures, and will do him a great deal of good." Whereupon she invited me to go with her to her sanctum, and there I was compelled to swallow a horrid bitter potion, which was enough to bring the most hardened sinner to a sense of his guilt.

"Well, tell me, have they found Morten Frederichsen?" asked my aunt, when my uncle returned. "This is my brother-in-law, is it not?" "No, my dear aunt, there was no housebreaker in question at all. Truly, it is a laughable story. The man has written the Justitsraad from Copenhagen. A threatening letter? A defiance? It is making no thing at all of the police, a positive insult to them. But God be thanked, there is no longer in our neighbourhood."

"Now, my good wife, you are quite mistaken," replied my uncle, who then proceeded to relate the contents of my letter, which, as he appeared, had still further excited the bitter hostility of the worthy family. "My aunt could not receive from the state of amazement into which she had been thrown."

"But what says the Justitsraad?" I asked.

"Why, what can he say?" He is glad that the intruder was a gentleman, for the letter is evidently written by one in that rank of life; but of course he is angry at having been so hoaxed. But it was Jetté who pacified him, for she did not stop entreating him until he promised her not to vex himself any longer about the matter. I thought of you, nephew, and took the opportunity to say a few words about forgiveness and placability, grounding my lesson of Christian duty on the excellent admonitions of the Scriptures. They talked a great deal about the mysterious personage; and the Justitsraad said at length that he would not wreak his vengeance upon him if he could see him, but would rather feel a pleasure in meeting him again. The girls wanted their father to put an advertisement in the papers addressed in a roundabout way to him, but Mr. Holm dissuaded them from this.

"That was very right of Mr. Holm," said my aunt. "He is a sensible young man; for if the person really was a thief—of which there can be no doubt—for he who tells a lie will also steal."

"That does not by any means follow, dear aunt," said I.

"Well, be that as it may, we are invited to Court to-morrow, and I promised that we would go, and you too, Adolph. I told them I had a nephew on a visit to me at present."

"In a fortnight, my dear aunt, you know, my father and the Justitsraad are to be married."

"Oh, we must manage to set all that to rights; to entertain feelings of enmity is quite unworthy of two such men. Leave the matter to me. I have not yet mentioned your name, therefore you need be under no

embarrassment in presenting yourself to the Justitsraad. He is a very pleasant man."

"Sooner or later—it makes but little difference," thought I; "and if I can but look him full in the face, without dreading to be discovered, I shall be willing to acknowledge all his good qualities."

"Had we not better take the bottle of wormwood with us in the carriage?" said my aunt, next day; "Adolph looks so black under the eyes this morning, that I am sure he is worse than he was yesterday."

"I confess I do not like his looks," said my uncle; "but perhaps that dark shade is cast by his moustaches. One might really fancy, nephew, that you had darkened your face with burnt cork. You don't look at all like yourself. Truly, the rifle corps has a great deal to answer for."

My endeavours had been successful. Instead of the gay, fresh-looking, light-hearted cousin, in a dark green frock-coat, that had left Court, came, along with the clergyman and his lady, a grave, silent, dark-haired nephew, in a blue coat; with an olive complexion, very sallow, and with black moustaches; my transformation was complete. I scarcely recognised myself when I saw myself in the glass. The worst that could happen to me would be to be taken for myself—the agreeably characterised "*sad scamp*" from Hamburg. But for what would I not be taken to see Hannè again!

None of them knew me; the Justitsraad addressed me as "Mr. Adolph," and received me very courteously. The guests were Kammerraad Tvede, the Jutlander, and his family, Gustav, a friend of his, and ourselves. I do not doubt that my heightened colour might have been visible even through the swarthy shade of my cheek when Hannè entered the room. She had become ten times prettier than ever in these fourteen days; she looked really quite captivating. Gustav and Jettè cast many speaking glances at each other, and her mother looked kindly at them. I stood silent and grave in a corner window; the various feelings that rushed upon me assisted me in playing the part of a somewhat embarrassed stranger. Wachtel rose from his mat, and walked round the room as if to greet his master's well-known guests; he wagged his tail in token of welcome to my uncle and aunt, but he growled at me, whereupon Hannè called him away, and made him lie down in his usual place.

"But tell me, my dear friend, how does this happen? When I was here last your daughter was engaged to another gentleman. What has become of him?" said the inquisitive neighbour, Tvede.

"Oh, that was only a jest from their childhood," said the Justitsraad. "He was my brother's son, and was on a visit to us. Jettè was betrothed at that time to Mr. Holm, though her engagement was not generally known."

"Oh, indeed; but where is your nephew now?"

"He left us some time ago."

"A very nice young man your nephew is; perhaps what was only jest between him and the elder sister may become earnest between him and the younger one. What say you to that, Miss Hannè?"

Hannè blushed scarlet, but made no answer. The Justitsraad looked a little confused, and smiled to my uncle; I sat as if on thorns.

"So your father resides in Copenhagen, Mr. Adolph?" said the indefatigable questioner, turning towards me.

I rose in a fright, and bowed.

"He is a merchant, is he not? and has a good deal to do with the West Indies?"

"Yes, he has a good deal to do with the West Indies," I replied, in a feigned voice, as different from my own as I possibly could make it.

"My brother-in-law does a great deal of business with the provinces also—commission-business—as a corn merchant," said my uncle; "that is safer than West India business."

"Ah, so he is your brother-in-law—married to your sister, no doubt? Well, your nephew seems a fine young man. He is in the army, I suppose?"

"No, my dear sir, he is a clerk in his father's office; but as he has joined a rifle corps, according to a new regulation, he is obliged to have moustaches," replied my uncle, honestly believing the truth of my assertion.

The observation of all present was drawn upon me. I turned crimson. Gustav and his friend cast a meaning glance at each other, and both smiled. I interpreted the smile into this, "He is a vain, conceited puppy; the regulation is the coinage of his own brain." What an unmerciful interpreter is conscience! We were to take our coffee in the garden; thither, therefore, we all proceeded. I approached Jettè, and began to talk to her about the pretty country round.

"Have you been long at your uncle's?" she asked.

"I have been there some little time, and I should have left it before now, had not a strange commission been imposed on me—one which I find it very difficult to fulfil. It is a commission which relates to the family here," I added, when I found she was not inclined to ask any questions.

"To us?" said Jettè; "and the commission is so difficult?"

"It is no other than to obtain for a man the restoration of that peace of mind of which his inconsiderate folly has deprived him, and to procure for him your father's forgiveness—his pardon of an injury that otherwise will weigh him down with regret and remorse for the remainder of his life."

Jettè looked at me in astonishment.

"What—Mr. Adolph? I do not understand."

"A friend of mine has written to me from Copenhagen, and charged me to try and make his peace with the Justitsraad; but the papers which he has forwarded to me containing his case, really present it in such a perplexing and an unfortunate light, that I cannot attempt to carry out his wishes, unless you, to whom he particularly desired me first to apply, will grant me your valuable assistance. He certainly did most shamefully abuse your confidence."

"You know . . . it is . . . you are acquainted with that strange story?" exclaimed Jettè, much embarrassed.

"I know it thoroughly; and though this is the first time I have had the honour of seeing you, I think I may say you yourself are not better acquainted with the particulars of that affair than I am. It is on your kindness that I principally rely; yet I may not mention my friend's name until he has obtained entire forgiveness. He has given me very positive directions."

but Johann his heir much surprised that a person who inherited my father and all his riches should be so poor. Gustav said of his own accord to her, "I have not been so surprised that he should have inherited what was not truly his, as that he should not believe that, on the contrary, he had rather been his servant than you."

She blushed deeply, and although she perceived that she had said she should certainly not find him ungrateful, said she, "I have not forgotten what I owe him. What do you require of me?" "I have not forgotten," my friend retorts, "I thought me to grant him poor, for a mystification to which purely accidental circumstances had led, but which was continued solely from an interest in my noble, and an anxious desire to serve you. The entreaty that you will do your utmost to mollify your father towards him, and procure for me a private interview with him, which I trust will end in the pardon of my father, who has no dearer wish than to be reconciled again to a father who so highly esteems and respects, and to be permitted to prove to them how deeply he regrets his thoughtless folly."

Some others of the party now approached, and I was obliged to drop the conversation. Gustav and Hannè were disputing, and said, "I fear of making you ill," said Hannè, "I hold to my opinion that nothing is so fire as family connexion. If one only could draw one's kindred blood out of ties would be much stronger, it is a pity not to go a step farther, and let it be a fixed rule, that relations to a certain extent remote, should marry within their suit each other or none. If this would certainly extirpate love, but it would be vastly obnoxious, and in the worst case it would have hindered many doubts and hopes, had all that followed?"

Pray recollect your last decision, there was not much to be said of it. The ties of consanguinity could hardly have furnished any family with a less desirable member. Yes, they could, for the member who came after that was much inferior, notwithstanding he bore on his brow the stamp of legitimacy. Even though my selection, as you call it, fell upon one who was disagreeable, he was at any rate pleasant, lively, and amusing, whereas the legitimate one was cold, stupid, pedantic, tiresome, and wearying, even with every blow, would be interested. He did not mean to say that of all the evil you speak of the stranger. The property installed, cousins and nephews whom I have latterly seen have been miserable creatures, who looked as if they could not count five, and as if they had not been thought to bestow on anything but their own pitiful persons, or as if they placed the most exorbitant value without the slightest ground for so doing."

As she finished this tirade, Hannè cast a side glance at me, who in truth, played capitally the part of the most tireless, and self-satisfied blockhead of a nephew, any one could imagine. She had an epigrammatic bow part of her language had enchanted me, and I said, "Legitimate right is a good thing, it is that I quite agree with the young lady," said the Jutlander, who had just approached, and thought fit to join in the conversation. He had only caught a word or two of what Hannè had been saying, and mistook entirely her meaning.

19 While she continued to stroll about, Jettè took her sister aside and whispered something to her. Hanné turned her eyes of full content and asked: "Is it about the good as it is as possible I went up to her, and began to talk about the weather, that innumerable subjects to even the most important and most interesting subjects; and we soon fell into conversation, and it turned upon the communication Jettè had just made.

"My sister said to me that your friend had shown her a letter of forgiveness, and she said: "We have already given him that, for he has done us a greater service than he thinks of. Our regard is another affair, that would be a good deal more to be desired, and doubtless she does not mean that the lightest shade of resentment is to be put in which would do us a good deal of harm. "You should condemn him to some severe punishment if you would forbid his writing to us at all, or if you would without your good opinion, your forgiveness would be a snare passing into of charity, without the further he would be a beggar for all his life, with his *shall I not be content with what I have*." Hanné collected at the reminiscence these words, a awakened, but she only said a word of evoy of bettering ed of his respects and he answered: "You put a high value on it."

"Not higher than my friend's loss, would you regard the charming Miss Hanné, is what he seeks, and were his *Hob* attracted to this place by perhaps a providential coincidence of yours, I should have been standing here as his spokesman, to have spoken him kindly, promised to obtain for me a few minutes private conversation with you, either self or to be shared by my unfortunate friend, cannot be softened, and I, I pray you, not to say, but I shall spare you of a few in communication which have perhaps required him to be in a great measure, for without your entire pardon I cannot fulfil any of my friends, and I will not attempt to do it by halves."

"You are a very zealous agent, there is no denying that. Well, you may speak to your father, he will not be the most hard-hearted of the family, and besides, I really felt that your friend has an advocate in his own inclination for a joke, though his jest was carried rather too far. I did not expect this goodness from you, nor only my friend would not have painted you to be quite so lenient. And pray in what else could he have been so far from me to ask? It would be difficult to give any one a likeness, on so short an acquaintance, and I will spare you of a few in communication which have perhaps required him to be in a great measure, for without your entire pardon I cannot fulfil any of my friends, and I will not attempt to do it by halves."

"Indeed, you have really done me too much honour," she said, "stiffly, and in an offended tone of voice. At the distance from heaven, I said: "justice to the original," she had smiled; at the "absolute truth," she became angry.

They were at the foot of the hillock, on which stood the swing. There must be a fine view from the top of that rising ground," said the Police-ness obliged him to ascend the bank. Gustav and his friend followed him at a little distance in earnest conversation; the rest of the party had gone to the summer-house, where coffee was prepared. Really, this is a lovely view," he remarked, mechanically. "Wonder how your uncle's diurol," said Hanné, "it makes the twelfth spine see can see from this hill, but you need had said it to see

"I have remarked this place from my uncle's window; these white poles shine out against the dark green background."

"Were you afraid of them? Did you fancy they were"

"A gallows?" I exclaimed, interrupting her. "No, Miss Hannè. I am rather more rational than my foolish friend."

Hannè looked inquisitively at me.

"Have you remembered what he begged of you on this spot? That when you heard evil of him, and doubts of his honour, you would come up here, and judge leniently of the absent; that you would not condemn him totally, although appearances might be against him?"

"He must have favoured you with a remarkably minute report of his sayings and doings here," said Hannè, laughing. "You have got his speeches by heart—word for word."

"Every word which he exchanged with you remains for ever engraved on his memory. You promised this to him. Dare he flatter himself that you have not forgotten that promise, and have not deserted him, while he relied on your compassion?"

"I have taken his part a great deal more than he deserves," she replied. "But now that is no longer necessary, and if he return here, he shall find me his worst enemy, for I do not allow myself to be made a fool of without taking my revenge."

"Have some mercy, fair lady! See, I sue for grace—he cannot stand your ire. I have come to throw myself at your feet—acquitted by you, he will have courage to meet any storm . . . Miss Hannè," I added, with my own natural voice, "you are the only one who knows that the unfortunate sinner is here; condemn me irrevocably, if you have the heart to do so—I will hear my sentence from your lips."

Hannè looked at me with an arch smile.

"You will not betray me, or misuse my confidence," I added, in a supplicatory tone. "Bestow on me your forgiveness, and procure for me that of your parents. Without this I cannot live. You have discovered me notwithstanding my disguise; it was only under its shelter that I ventured to come near you during the light of day. Ah! at night, I have often been here, standing outside of the house, looking up at your window, until the light was extinguished in your room, and I had no longer any evidence of your proximity to feast upon."

She looked at me for a moment with unusual softness, nay with kindness; then clapping her hands together, she called out,

"Gustav! Linden! Come here—make haste! Here he is—here he is!"

"Who? What is it?" cried the two young men, as they came hurrying towards us.

"For Heaven's sake—Miss Hannè—you surely will not . . . you abuse the confidence I placed in you—I did not expect this of you. Will you betray me? Will you disgrace me before that stranger?" I stammered out, amazed and vexed at her sudden change.

"There he is—the false cousin—standing yonder. Now he is caught," added Hannè, skipping about with joy.

"The cousin—he?" exclaimed Gustav, in great astonishment; "but tell me then"

"Mr. Holm," said I, "and you, sir, with whom I have not the pleasure of being acquainted"

"True!" cried Hannè, interrupting me, "I owe you an explanation. You need not excuse yourself to Gustav, in his heart he acknowledges you to be his benefactor; and this gentleman, *with whom you have not the pleasure of being acquainted*, is quite as cognisant of your exploits as any of us. 'YOU WILL NOT BETRAY ME, OR MISUSE MY CONFIDENCE,' said she, mimicking me, "therefore let me present to you Mr. Linden, my bridegroom elect. You once asked me what this ring I wear betokened—do you remember that? I was then obliged to give you an evasive answer; now I will confide the secret to you, my much honoured cousin—and much admired truth-teller."

Could I have guessed *this*, or have had the slightest suspicion of it, two hours earlier, I never again would have put my feet within the doors of — Court.

There was nothing for it now but to let myself patiently be dragged about by them, after I had muttered something, that might as well have been taken for a malediction as a felicitation.

My uncle was walking in the alley of pine-trees with the Justitsraad and Jettè; she had been preparing him for the audience I told her I wished of him, but she had not yet the least idea that I was the person for whom she had been pleading. I appeared before them as a poor culprit.

"Dear father," said Hannè, "I bring a deserter, who has given himself up to me. He relies on your forgiveness, for which I have become surety, and if you withhold it, my word will be broken."

"Let me speak, child," said my uncle, who fancied that a disagreement between my father and the Justitsraad was the affair in question.

"As the servant of the Lord, it is my duty to exhort every one to peace, and forgiveness of injuries; you should all remember the divine mission of Him who is the fountain of love, and who came to bring goodwill on earth; remembering His example you should chase away hatred, and all evil passions and thoughts from your minds. See, this young person comes to you with *confiding hope*, and now do shake hands with him in sign of reconciliation, and let not two worthy men remain longer enemies. Speak kindly to him, my old friend, and do not oblige him longer to conceal his name, because it is one which you once disliked—let the past be now forgotten!"

"What! *you* also pleading for him, my worthy friend? Then, indeed, I must give in. Well, the foolish madcap has found intercessors enough, I think," said the Justitsraad, as he held out his hand to me.

"He is petitioning for his friend," said Jettè.

"For my benefactor," said Gustav.

"For his old father," said my uncle.

"For himself," said Hannè. "This is the pretended cousin himself, in disguise; this is the very man himself who threw our family into such confusion; but what his real name may be, Heaven only knows."

"He is my sister's son—Adolph Kerner, a son of Mr. Kerner, the well-known Copenhagen merchant; he has no need to be ashamed of his name," said my uncle.

Every one was astonished; there was a general silence from amazement.

At length Jettè exclaimed, "The pretended cousin himself?"

"The young Kerner who went to Hamburg?" asked the Justitsraad.

"What! the impostor my own nephew?" cried my uncle, upon whom the truth began to dawn. The formidable explanation was given, forgiveness followed, and we were reconciled. The Justitsraad shook hands with me cordially.

"And now let us seek my mother," said Hannè, "and fall at her feet. For the honour of our sex, I hope Mr. Kerner will have to undergo the pains of purgatory in her presence."

We proceeded to the summer-house, where the rest of the party were sitting at table, taking coffee. The Justitsraad led me up to his wife, and said, "I beg to present to you your lost nephew, who returns, like the prodigal son, and begs for forgiveness. To-morrow he will show himself without these moustaches, in his own fair hair, and he hopes to find the same kind aunt in you whom the false Cousin Carl learned so speedily to love."

The lady gave me her hand, after having held up her finger as if to threaten me.

"And here you see Morten Frederichsen, my dear, against whom Sultan was to have guarded our house. The good-for-nothing, he has certainly hoaxed all us old ones," said my uncle, laughing. "His liver complaint was nothing but a trick."

"What is that you say? Morten Frederichsen! How the idea of that dreadful creature frightened me! But I have retaliated upon him with my wormwood, I rather think." The good woman was much puzzled, and could hardly comprehend how it all came about.

"And now I beg to introduce to Kammerraad Tvede, the younger Kerner, son of Mr. Kerner of Copenhagen, a youth who has lately returned from an educational trip to Hamburg," said the mischief-loving Hannè, pulling me up to the Jutlander.

"A very fine young man," stammered the Kammerraad. "I have the pleasure of knowing your father, and am aware of the high standing of your house."

I made my escape over to Jettè and Gustav, who kindly took compassion on me.

"Don't you all see now that it was not so stupid of me to propose examining him in the almanack?" said Hannè.

"At any rate, to *you* belongs the credit of having placed me in the most painful dilemma," said I, with some bitterness. "Be merciful now, and do not play with me as a cat does with a mouse; the conqueror can afford to be magnanimous to the vanquished."

"Well, the sun is about to set, and I suppose I must let my just resentment go with it. I will forgive you for all your misdemeanours upon one condition, that, according to our late agreement, you will return by-and-by, and assist us in getting up some private theatricals, to which I have the pleasure of inviting all now present. I think you will shine in *"The April Fools."**

"Shame on you all!" cried Jettè. "How can you be so revengeful, and still persecute Mr. Kerner in this inhuman way?"

"I trust he will excuse the persecution," said her father; "and I hope that it will not frighten him from a house which will always be open to him, and where he will henceforth be as well received under his own name as he was under that of—COUSIN CARL."

* "Aprilmarre." A Danish vaudeville.

"What! the impostor my own nephew?" cried my uncle upon whom the truth began to dawn. The formidable explanation was given, for-
THE HISTORY OF THE NEWSPAPER TRADE.

"And now let us see what the impostor has done," said my uncle, and fell at her feet. For the honour of my sex, I hope I have not had to undergo the pains of purgatory in her presence.

We proceeded to the summer-house where the rest of the party were sitting at table, taking coffee. The Unsettled led me up to his wife and
The English Mercury, Forgeries—Henry VIII's Proclamation against News Books—The News Ballads of the reign of Mary—News Books of Elizabeth and James V. of Scotland—The First Weekly Newspaper—The First London Newspaper—The First Religious Newspaper—The First News Vendor—A Popular Opinion of the "News."

of We have yet another half a century before passing into the history of the newspaper proper; for so fondly has the *English Mercury* been huged to the nation's heart, so carefully has it been preserved in the nation's repository of rarities and valuables, that an impostor, as it were, must give a slight stretch of what has long been created as England's first newspaper, not to arraign it as a fraud, but to admit it had not been a forgery.

What is that you say? Morten Frederick! How the idea of Chalmers, in his *Life of Ruddiman*, proudly brings the *English Mercury* into notice. This was, we believe, the first time its meretricious pages were held out to the eyes of the antiquary. Chalmers' account was reprinted in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1794, and afterwards incorporated with Mr. Nichols' and the Reverend Samuel Ayscough's particulars of early newspapers in the fourth volume of the "Literary Anecdotes," and yet later copied by Disraeli into his "Curiosities of Literature," with a fresh description of the paper appeared in the "Compendious History of Ancient Institutions, Inventions, &c.," published in 1823.

According to Mr. Watts, to whose discernment we shall have to pay a tribute presently, the "Encyclopædia Condensée," the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana," the "Encyclopædia Britannica," the "British Encyclopædia," the "Penny Cyclopædia," the "Encyclopædia Americana," the "Conversations-Lexicon" of Brockhaus, the "Nouveau Conversations-Lexicon" of Wiegand, the "Dictionnaire de Conversation et de Lecture," and the Russian "Encyclopædieski Lexikon" and, he might have added, the "Annual Register" for 1794, and Timperley's "Dictionary of Printing," also adopted Chalmers's statements, besides hundreds of minor publications, such as How's "Year Book," and the smaller fry of magazines and newspapers, so that there was documentary tale enough to support the *English Mercury* in the distinguished place it held for five and forty years.

But in 1839 the suspicions of Mr. Thomas Watts, of the British Museum, were excited, and the result of his examination proves how easily a mistake may pass current for a length of time without question, which, had the writer more readily adopted Chalmers's statements and taken the trouble to inquire into that, had they but looked at the paper they were writing about, must have been detected long before that Chalmers was deceived, there can be no doubt; but now, could have been deceived it seems more difficult to understand, when read

"A Letter to Antonio Panizzi, Esq., &c., on the Reputed Earliest Printed Newspaper, the *English Mercurie*, 1588. By Thomas Watts, British Museum."

The *English Mercurie*, which delighted and deceived the eyes of Chalmers, consists of seven numbers, contained in Dr. Birch's Collection, No. 4106. Of these seven numbers four are in manuscript and three in Roman type; the latter "published by authority, for the suppression of false reports; ymprinted at London, by Christopher Barker, her Highnesses printer, in 1588."* The first of these papers, dated July 23rd, and numbered 50, contains advices from Sir Francis Walsingham, reporting the movements of the Armada, meetings of, and loyal addresses from the Corporation of London, declaring their staunch allegiance to the throne, &c. No. 51, dated July 26th, announces the arrival of a Scots ambassador from James VI., promising the support of that monarch against the Spaniards, which is followed by advertisements of new books and pamphlets. No. 54, with the date of November 24th, gives an account of the queen's proceeding to Saint Paul's, to offer public thanksgiving for her successes; in fact, the contents were just such as the *London Gazette* was filled with two centuries later.

Long and gravely had Burleigh been extolled for inventing this means of disabusing and reassuring the public mind during the panic occasioned by the threatened Armada, when, after two minutes' examination, Mr. Watts saw sufficient in the treasured documents to induce him to pronounce them to Mr. Jones, his assistant, the most transparent forgeries. And on these grounds:

1st. That, in the printed papers, the type was of the character used in or about 1766;

2nd. That two of the written numbers are the originals, in modern spelling, of the printed copies in the antique spelling badly imitated, with their corrections and additions;

3rd. That the handwriting is of as modern a character as the type;

4th. That they are made up of a confusion of dates and circumstances that could hardly have occurred had they been written at the time represented; and

5th, and most conclusive, the paper on which the manuscript is written bears the watermark of the royal arms and the initials "G. R."

Mr. Watts has since found reason, in the similarity of the handwriting and other circumstances, to charge this impudent and infamous forgery to the second Lord Hardwicke; nor, perhaps, was Dr. Birch himself imposed upon by it.

Mr. Disraeli, in the preface to the twelfth edition of his "Curiosities of Literature," thus feelingly alludes to Chalmers's mistake:

"I witnessed, fifty years ago, that laborious researcher busied among the long dusty shelves of our periodical papers, which then reposed in the ante-chamber to the former reading-room of the British Museum. To the industry which I had witnessed I confided, and such positive and precise evidence could not fail to be accepted by all. In the British Museum, indeed, George Chalmers found the printed *English Mercurie*; but there, also, it now appears, he might have seen the *original*, with all

* Erroneously printed 1558 in the "Fourth Estate," vol. i. p. 33.

its corrections, before it was sent to the press, written on paper of modern fabric. . . . The fact is, the whole is a modern forgery, for which Birch, preserving it among his papers, has not assigned either the occasion or the motive. I am inclined to think it was a *jeu d'esprit* of historical antiquarianism, concocted by himself and his friends the Yorkes."

Such is the history of the *English Mercurie*, for which Chalmers innocently declares England was indebted "to the sagacity of Elizabeth and the wisdom of Burleigh." We somehow cannot but feel glad that the spuriousness of this pet discovery did not come to light in the lifetime of its industrious and honest explorer.

The *English Mercurie*, then, *not* being the first printed newspaper, we must go on to find the one that was. Scarcely do the printed news books deserve the title—those pamphlets of news which made their appearance at the close of the sixteenth century merely treating of a particular event—somewhat in the style of our Seven Dials sheets—not appearing periodically, or continuously, or even twice under the same title, although they certainly may claim close kindred to the newspaper, and, in its absence, served its purpose, for Burton says, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," in 1614, "If any read now-a-days, it is a play-booke, or pamphlet of newes."

The collection of newspapers in the British Museum (commenced by Sir Hans Sloane, and added to by the purchase for 1000*l.*, in 1813, of Dr. Burney's collection, the addition in 1766 of Dr. Birch's, and the presentation by George III. of the Thomasson collection) affords us many specimens of these, the immediate forerunners of the British newspapers, although it contains none of earlier date than 1603. Of private collections, that of Mr. Nichols was the most complete, and happily was preserved in his dwelling-house from destruction, when the fire destroyed his contiguous printing-office in Red Lion-court.

The "Harleian Miscellany" (Codex, 5910, 1st volume, 5th part), among a collection of lists of printers, &c., has "A Statement of the Progress of Publick News and Papers: when they first began, their progress, increase, and uses and abuses to the people," in which the writer misses, rather than gains, a trace of printed news books in the reign of Henry VIII., of which, however, he can make nothing more than that they were "something of the kind," but chiefly attacks upon the Pope and Cardinal Wolsey. That, however, there was something more than this in Henry VIII.'s time we may infer from the following proclamation, which we transfer from the *Gentleman's Magazine* of September, 1794 (page 787). The proclamation was issued at the close of 1544, and was for the calling in and prohibiting of "certain bookes printed of newes, of the prosperous successes of the King's Ma'tie's arms in Scotland:"

"The King's most Excellent Majestie understanding that certain light persones not regarding what they reported, wrote, or sett forth, had caused to be imprinted and divulged certaine newes of the prosperous successes of the King's Majestie's army in Scotland, whereas, although the effect of the victory was indeed true, yet the circumstances in divers points were in some parte over slenderly, in some parte untruly and amisse reported; his highness, therefore, not content to have anie such matters of so greates importance sette forth, to the slaunder of his capitaines and ministers, not to be otherwise reported than the truthe was, straightlie

chargeth and commandeth all manner of persones into whose handes any of the said printed bookes should come, ymediately after they should hear of this proclamation, to bring the same bookes to the lord maior of London, or to the recorder, or some of the aldermen of the same, to thintent they might suppress and burn them, upon pain that every person keeping any of the said bookes twenty-four hours after the making of this proclamation should suffer ymprisonment of his bodye, and be further punished at the King's Majestie's will and pleasure."

This proclamation (if genuine) points to more than mere libels on the Pope or Cardinal Wolsey; but it was possibly still only directed against the doggerel news ballads, which we find in the reign of Mary. The Harleian scribe mentions a "Ballad of the Queene's being with childe" as one of the earliest; but about that time ballads of news "began to fly about in the city of London;" and he continues emphatically, "These, I say, were the forerunners of the newspapers." Unquestionably they were. It has been, unfortunately, the practice of the few writers who have treated this subject, to seek for a full-blown newspaper to date from. Thus Chalmers starts with the *English Mercurie*, which he is delighted to find equal to anything the Gazetteer of his own day could compile; Nichols devotes all his attention to the completeness of his list of newspapers, beginning with Butter's; whilst Knight Hunt alludes to the news books only to deny that they have any features in common with the newspaper. Now we do not see why the infant forms of the newspaper should be so slighted; nothing could be more natural in its growth, more easy in its changes, or more regular in its progress. First we have the written news letter furnished to the wealthy aristocracy; then, as the craving for information spread, the ballad of news, sung or recited; then the news pamphlet, more prosaically arranged; then the *periodical* sheet of news; and lastly, the newspaper. Does not the news, ballad form an indispensable link in this chain, or are we to suppose that, after all, the newspaper started as near perfection as the periodical sheets of news of the seventeenth century? Have not the historians of the stage treated with becoming attention the scaffold at the Cross Keys, or the booth at the fair, although they were no more theatres than the news ballad was a newspaper, but only the forerunners of them?

There is an entry in the books of the Stationers' Company of three of these ballads, one of which is called "Newes out of Kent," and another "Newes out of Heaven and Hell," both printed in 1561—doggerel reports, no doubt, of some recent occurrence (perhaps the latter a tale of witchcraft)—but the title is suggestive, and affords a ray of light in the darkness. The dawn comes on, and we find the Harleian manuscript more firm in his footing:

"In the days of Queen Elizabeth we had several papers printed relating to the affairs in France, Spain, and Holland, about the time of the civil wars in France, and those were for the most part translations from the Dutch and French. We must come down to the reign of James I., and that towards the latter end, when news began to be in fashion."

No papers of so early a date as the reign of Elizabeth are preserved in the British Museum, but we have been kindly favoured by Dr. Rimbault with the following list, which has fallen under his observation: all of which, with the exception of the last, are of that reign:

"Newe newes, containing a short rehearsal of Stukely's and Morice's Rebellion," 4to, 1579.

"Newes from the North, or a Conference between Simon Certain and Pierce Plowman," 4to, 1579.

"Newes from Scotland, declaring the damnable life of Doctor Fian, a notable sorcerer, who was burned at Edenborough in January last," 4to, Gothic, 1591.*

"Newes from Spaine and Holland," 1593.

"Newes from Brest, or a Diurnal of Sir John Norris," 4to, 1594 (printed by Richard Yardley).

"Newes from Flanders," 1599.

"Newes out of Cheshire of the new found well," 1600.

"Newes from Gravesend," 4to, 1604.

We may add to Dr. Rimbault's list the following :

"Wonderful and strange newes out of Suffolke and Essex, where it rayned wheat the space of six or seven miles," 12mo, 1583.

The titles of most of these pamphlets direct us to a very fair estimate of their contents; it must be confessed they were somewhat of the stamp of the "Full, True, and Particular Accounts" of Seven Dials. The public asked for news—and got it in its first crude form, yet still in disjointed fragments :

"Lamentable newes out of Monmouthshire in Wales, containinge the wonderful and fearfull accounts of the great overflowing of the waters in the said countye," &c., 1607.

"Woful newes from the west partes of England, of the burning of Tiverton," 4to, 1612, with a frontispiece.

"Strange newes from Lancaster, containing an account of a prodigious monster born in the township of Addlington in Lancashire, with two bodies joyned to one back." April 13th, 1613.

The appetite for news is whettened, and increased efforts are made to appease it. The pamphlets begin to assume a more definite form :

"Newes from Spaine," published in 1611.

"Newes out of Germany," 1612.

"Good newes from Florence, 1614.

"Newes from Mamora," 1614.

"Newes from Guliek and Cleve," 1615.

"Newes from Italy," 1618.

"Newes out of Holland," published May 16th, 1619 (Dr. Burney's collection).

"Vox Populi, or Newes from Spaine," 1620.

"Newes from Hull," "Truths from York," "Warranted tidings from Ireland," "Newes from Poland," "Special passages from several places," &c. &c.

Such are samples of the titles of news books preserved in the British Museum and other collections, most of them purporting to be translations from the low Dutch.

We will give one title in full, to afford a general idea of what these

* At the commencement of the nineteenth century, Bulmer, of London, reprinted a single copy on vellum for Mr. G. H. Freeling—Dibdin's Decam. ii. 377.

pamphlets professed to be. We quote from Mr. Hunt's list, as one will stand for a dozen :

"*Newes out of Holland.* London: printed by T. S. for Nathaniel Newberry, and are to be sold at his shop under St. Peter's Church in Cerahill, and in Pope's Head-alley, at the Sign of the Star, 1619."

The "*newes*," of which all these publications treated, was of the events of foreign countries; home affairs, probably in respect to the government, were seldom touched upon. And this peculiarity seems to have continued to mark the public prints, and for the same reason, during the greater part of the century, for Clarendon says of a period even five-and-twenty years later, that news from Scotland had hitherto never appeared in the English prints, but that intelligence from Hungary and other less important states, was arranged under distinct heads. Still, as when Ben Jonson wrote his "*Staple of News*:"

And here I have my several rolls and files
Of news by the alphabet, and all put up
Under their heads.

In two or three years more these pamphlets became periodical, but the title still varied. One or two enterprising printers of news books undertook to bring them out at regular intervals, but they had yet to conceive the idea of ranging them under one regular head, numbering and paging them in orderly continuation. These printers were Nicholas Bourne and Thomas Archer, of the Exchange and "*Pope's Head Pallace*;" Nathaniel Newberry and William Sheffard, of Pope's Head-alley; and Nathaniel Butter, who is the acknowledged father of the regular newspaper press. The first of any regular series of newspapers, preserved in the British Museum, is dated 23rd May, 1622, and entitled,

"*The Weekly Newes from Italy, Germanie, &c.* London: printed by J. D., for Nicholas Bourne and Thomas Archer."

Most of the succeeding numbers, which appear to have followed, with a few omissions, at weekly intervals, bear the general heading of "*Weekly Newes*," till the 28th of September, when we have,

"*Newes from most parts of Christendom, &c.* London: printed for Nathaniel Butter and William Sheffard."

This is the first time we meet with Butter's name in connexion with these newspapers; and it is still later (May 12th, 1623) that we find any system of numbering them adopted, when "*The Newes of this present Week*" of that date is numbered "31." If the publication of the "*Weekly Newes*" had been regular, even from May 23rd of the previous year, this should have been No. 52; so we may infer that there were nineteen weeks when Butter and his fellow news printers found nothing to communicate, or that all the papers preserved were not belonging to one series.

After Butter's accession the appearance of the weekly sheet became more regular, and the title more irregular. It was variously "*The Last News*," "*A Relation*," &c., "*The Weekly News continued*," "*More News*," "*Our Last News*," &c.

Thus struggled on the first newspaper, not without trouble and difficulty. It had to contend against prejudice, ridicule, and the jealousy of the news correspondents. Of the first, Ben Jonson seems to express the

opinion of many of the old stagers of the time, which he describes as "hungering and thirsting after published pamphlets of news, set out every Saturday, but made all at home, and no syllable of truth in them; than which there cannot be a greater disease in nature, nor scorn put upon the time." The "Times Newes" he describes as "a weekly cheat to draw money;" and at last, in his "Staple of News," produced in 1625, and dealing particularly hard blows at Butter, he breaks forth:

See divers men's opinions! Unto some
The very printing of 'em makes them news,
That have not the heart to believe anything
But what they see in print;

a passage which Gifford, in his *Notes*, explains—"Credulity, which was then at its height, was irritated rather than fed by impositions of every kind, and the country kept in a feverish state of deceptive excitement by stories of wonderful events gross and palpable."

In fact, not only the "Staple of Newses," but also Fletcher's "Fair Maid of the Inn," and Shirley's "Love Tricks," bear hard upon Butter and his colleagues. But then came a trouble upon them greater than all these—the licenser, who appears to have taken little notice of them before, perhaps not thinking they came within his province, or were worthy of his attention. The irregularities in the publication may be attributable to the interference of this functionary, and probably some numbers were suppressed, or a license for them refused. In 1640, however, a change took place, which Butter cheerfully notifies after a silence of five weeks:

"The continuation of the forraine occurrents for 5 weekes last past, containing many remarkable passages of Germany, &c. Examined and licensed by a better and more impartiall hand than heretofore. London: printed January 11, 1640, for Nathaniel Butter, dwelling at St. Austin's-gate.

"The Printer to the Reader:

"Courteous reader! we had thought to have given over printing our foreign avisoes, for that the licenser (out of a partial affection) would oftentimes let pass appassent truth, and in other things (oftentimes) so grosse, and alter, which made us weary of printing, but he being vanished (and that office fallen upon another more understanding in these forraine affaires, and as you will find more candid), we are againe (by the favour of his Maiestie and the state) resolved to go on printing if we shall find the world to give a better acceptation of them (than of late), by their weekly buying them. It is well known these novels are well esteemed in all parts of the world (but heere) by the more judicious, which we can impute to no other but the discontinuance of them and the uncertaine daies of publishing them, which, if the poste fail us not, we shall keep a constant day everie weeke therein, whersby everie man may constantly expect them, and so we take leave. January the 9th, 1640."

One thing is herein to be observed—the editorial "we" was already adopted by "the printer to the reader." The printer was then, and continued long afterwards to be, the ostensible director of the paper, all letters, in the newspapers of a century later, being addressed "to the

printer," until about 1740; when they were occasionally addressed "to the author."

But the licenser, the "failing of the poste," or worse than all, the indifference of the public, were too much for poor Butter, for the number containing his hopeful announcement was, if not the last published at all events the latest of his newspapers which have been preserved; the "Weekly Newes" could hardly have survived long afterwards without some copies having been handed down to us.

Butter appears to have been a collector of news before he conceived the idea of a printed periodical news sheet, and to have at one time followed the occupation of a correspondent. He then traded in the pamphlets of news, and the "Newes from Spain," published in 1611, was "imprinted at London for Nathaniel Butter," a small quarto of twelve pages. In one of his "Weekly Newes" he describes himself as a "transcriber," and makes allusion to two earlier numbers, which but seems to have thrown out as feelers:

"If any gentleman, or other accustomed to buy the *weekly* relations of newes, be desirous to continue the same, let them know that the writer, or transcriber rather, of this newes, hath published two former Newes, the one dated the second, the other the thirteenth of August, all which do carry a like title, with the arms of the King of Bohemia on the other side of the title-page, and have dependence one upon another; which manner of writing and printing he doth purpose to continue weekly, by God's assistance, from the best and most certain intelligence. Farewell, this twenty-three of August, 1622."

One of the "two former Newes" to which he alludes was most likely "The Courant, or Weekly Newes from Forain Partes," a half sheet, dated October 9th, 1621, and purporting to be "taken out of the high Dutch," and printed "by N. Butter."

The "Weekly Newes" was not Butter's only speculation, of the sort. In 1630 we find him publishing half-yearly volumes of intelligence, under the title of "The German Intelligencer," and in 1631 "The Swedish Intelligencer," both compiled from the "Weekly Currantoes" of the respective countries, by William Watts, of Caius College. Anthony à Wood gives a biographical notice of this early English editor, from which it appears that he was a native of Lynn, in Norfolk; that he possessed good influence, and was rising in the Church, when the civil wars destroyed all his prospects. He was a steady Royalist, and, as such, suffered sequestration, was left destitute with a wife and family, and finally died, in 1649, on board Prince Rupert's fleet, in Kinsale Harbour. He was a learned writer, but our business with him is as an editor of news books, of which Wood says he published, before the civil wars, "several numbers in the English tongue [more than forty], containing the occurrences done in the wars between the King of Sweden and the Germans." These were, no doubt, the publications of Butter.

The last connexion of Butter with the publication of news, as far as we can trace it, is in 1641, a year after we have lost sight of the "Weekly Newes." It is in a pamphlet of five quarto pages, entitled, "Warranted Tidings from Ireland," which issued from his press in that year; and there we must take our leave of him, as we have no further

particulars of his proceedings, except that his sign was "The Pyde Bull," and that his shop was situated in St. Austin's-gate, St. Paul's-churchyard.

Dodsley, in a note to May's comedy of "The Heir," asserts that the first newspaper published in England was called "Gallo-Belgicus," "as early as the reign of Queen Elizabeth," and quotes Carew's "Survey of Cornwall," published in 1602, which alludes to "Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus." Doctor Donne, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson, and Claphorne also mention this paper; but the fact is, as Mr. Chalmers shows, that "Gallo-Belgicus" was a foreign paper, printed, the first part at Cologne, in 1698, and the second at Frankfort, in 1605. It is singular that we now have to ignore Chalmers's own assertion that "the epoch of the Spanish Armada is also the epoch of a genuine [English] newspaper," and to transfer the credit to honest Butter and his unpretending "Weekly Newes."

Butter appears also to have called into existence the "mercurie women," of whom we hear so often in old plays, as the hawkers of newspapers; for one of the MSS. in the Harleian collection (Cod. 5910) says that towards the latter end of the reign of James I. news began to be in fashion, "and then, if I mistake not, began the use of mercurie women, and they it was that dispersed them to the hawker. These mercuries and hawkers, their business at first was to disperse proclamations, orders of council, acts of parliament," &c.

Here, then, beside a history of the first newspapers, we may enshrine a memento of the first news vendors. In the forty years that succeeded—forty years of troublous times of which few escaped the "boil and bubble" unscalded and unscathed—these poor people appear to have got into bad repute, for Sir Roger L'Estrange, in the Prospectus to his *Intelligencer*, in 1663, says of them:

"The way as to the sale that has been found most beneficial to the master of the book has been to cry and expose it about the streets by mercuries and hawkers; but whether they may be so advisable in some other respects, may be a question, for, under countenance of that employment is carried on the private trade of treasonous and seditious libels; nor, effectually, has anything been dispersed against either Church or State without the aid and privacy of this sort of people; wherefore, without ample assurance and security against this inconvenience, I shall adventure to steer another course."

Such was the class—here is a personal sketch:

"A hotte combat lately happened at the Salutation Taverne, in Holburne, where some of the Commonwealth vermin, called soldiers, had seized on an Amazonian virago, named Mrs. Strosse, upon suspicion of being a loyalist and selling the *Man in the Moon* [a print of the king's party]; but she, by applying beaten pepper to their eyes, disarmed them, and with their own swordes forced them to aske her forgiveness, and down on their marybones, and pledge a health to the king and confusion to their masters; and so honorable dismissed them. Oh! for twenty thousand such gallant spirits; when you see that one woman can beat two or three!"—*Man in the Moon*, July 4, 1649.

Thus does Mrs. Strosse help us on—we have the first martyr of news

—the first *printer* of newspapers—the first *editor*; and now comes forward our “Amazonian Virago,” with her beaten pepper, to claim her place as a type of the first *sellors* of newspapers.

The writers on newspaper history have copied each other in adopting Ben Jonson's characters of the early news writers as delineated in his “Staple of News,” with all the absurd exaggerations of the way in which the news book was compiled, which might serve, indeed, to illustrate the common opinion of the new introduction, but not the true character of it; for it is so palpable a caricature that we do not feel disposed to imitate our predecessors in quoting “Rare Ben's” facetious description, but refer those who seek the dark side of the news writer's portrait to what they have all overlooked—“The Character of a Diurnal Maker,” in the Harleian Manuscripts, Codex 5910, and the “New Year's Gift to Mercurius Politicus” (referring to a few years' later date), and “The Carman's Poem, or Advice to a Nest of Scribblers,” which follow it in the same volume, in the former of which the writer, after elaborately blackening the diurnal scribe, sums up a description of his works thus contemptuously: “A library of Diurnals is a wardrobe of Frillery!”

The titles which these publications assumed were certainly not calculated to elevate them in the public estimation. We select a few of the most eccentric from the British Museum collections:

“Newes, and Strange Newes from St. Christopher's of a Tempestuous Spirit which is called by the Indians a Hurrycano or Whirlwind; whereunto is added the True and Last Relations (in verse) of the Dreadful Accident which happened at Witticombe, in Devonshire, 21 October, 1638.” 12mo, with a woodcut, 1638.*

“Newes, true Newes, laudable Newes, Citie Newes, Countrie Newes, the World is Mad or it is a Mad World, my Masters, especially now when, in the Antipodes, these things are come to passa.” London: 1642. 4to.

“Newes from Hell and Rome, and the Innes of Court.” London: 1642. 4to.

“The Best Newes that ever was Printed.” London: 1643. 4to.

“No Newes, but a Letter to Everybody.” By R. W. 1648. 4to.

The most perfect set of newspapers of this date (which we have not ourselves seen) is mentioned in a note by Chalmers as being in the collection of Mr. Charles Tooker, and entitled “The Weekly Account,” from 1634 to 1655.

* A copy of this “Newes” sold at the Gordonstoun sale for 1*l.* 8*s.*

LIFE IN BRAZIL.*

FREE travel and free trade are not yet. To a thorough-bred Yankee, it appears like a remnant of the barbarism that in the Old World prevents man from traversing the earth and communing with his species at his pleasure, that he should have, ere he can visit Brazil, to pay for a passport, or, as he would designate it, an invoice or pen-and-ink sketch of himself. AH is not, however, evil that seems so, and the detention consequent upon passport and custom-house regulations enabled Mr. Ewbank to take a first and comprehensive glance at the Bay of Rio, a basin over a hundred miles in circumference, scooped in granite, and walled in by mountains, whose sides and crests are clothed in perpetual verdure—a bay of islands, being studded with seventy, large and little, of which some might well have been taken for “Islands of the Blessed”—those happy abodes of departed virtuous spirits, formerly located on the borders of the Western World.

In the outline of this magnificent bay, between the city and the sea, are many prominent landmarks. There is the Sugar-loaf, a bare mass of granite, nearly 1300 feet high; the fort of Santa Cruz; and opposite, the battery of San Joao; a mountain island, shaped like a haystack, with a small church on its summit; the white houses of Boto Fogo skirting the beach; a church on a hill, dedicated to “Our Lady of Glory,” and a glorious site for a dwelling they have given her; the town of Praya Grande, between which and Rio little steamers are perpetually plying; and lastly, Rio itself, old and new town—a swarm of houses, crowding and turning through a narrow passage between two hills, like troops rushing through a defile and treading on one another’s heels.

On landing, the traveller first meets with suburban villas, with white, red, blue, yellow, green, and gilded screens and trellis-work, vying in colours with the flowers; while the walks, bordered with shells, are also crowded with painted statues and statuettes. Beyond these again are low houses, faced with coloured stucco, and roofed with the old red tile; not a panelled front-door, knocker, or bell-pull, and many windows without glass. If he wants to move about, he finds livery-stables to be at Rio what their name imports. The proprietors furnish plain or showy equipages, with servants in various styles of livery.

The “Rio Almanack” is an indispensable handbook for strangers, for almost every day is a saint’s day. The first anniversaries our traveller stumbled upon were those of St. Bruz, celebrated for removing tracheal complaints, and St. Apollonia. “No pains are more excruciating than those she removes; *Advogada contra a tossé*—she cures toothache;” and jaw-bones of wax are in consequence offered to her. Rio is the very head and heart of Romanist superstitions and corruption.

“Walking out in the evening,” Mr. Ewbank puts on record, “with a friend, we met a bare-headed priest in a carro, accompanied by three

* Life in Brazil; or, the Land of the Cocoa and the Palm. With an Appendix, containing Illustrations of Ancient South American Arts in recently discovered Implements and Products of Domestic Industry, and Works in Stone, Pottery, Gold, Silver, Bronze, &c. By Thomas Ewbank.

half-naked negroes. One, with a large candle, went by each wheel, and the third trotted in advance, ringing a bell. This, I was told, was 'the host,' which the priest was going to administer to some sick or dying person. 'But where is the wafer?' I asked. 'In that little crimson bag, suspended from the padre's neck.'

On another "miscellaneous ramble" our traveller fell in with the matadoura, or public slaughter-house, which presented a fearful scene, half-naked men goading some twenty or thirty oxen, with spiked poles, to their doom. Forty-five thousand cattle are slaughtered in the year. No sooner arrived almost, than our author was summoned to attend the obsequies of the Condessa d'J——. The letter was bordered with symbols of death, and in the centre a shrouded urn, under which appeared the Lusitanian version of Horace's universal adage:

Entra com passo igual pelas ufanas
Casas dos reis, e miserás choupanas.

The funeral procession consisted of a long string of chaises, followed by twenty horsemen carrying lighted candles; an elegant coach-and-four came next, guided by a charioteer in light livery, and in it the coffin, whose ends projected through the doors. Carriages of every style followed, some with outriders and lacqueys behind; last of all, a coach-and-four, with attendants in white and scarlet costumes, the driver and footmen sweating under enormous triangular hats with red feathers. Except the coffin and candles, there was nothing, Mr. Ewbank says, to indicate a funeral.

When a person dies in Rio the front entrance of the house is closed—the only occasion when such a thing happens. The law requires the body to be buried in twenty-four hours. If the deceased was married, a festoon of black cloth and gold is hung over the street-door; for unmarried, lilac and black; for children, white, or blue, or gold. Coffins for the married are also black, but for young persons they are red, scarlet, or blue. Few persons are actually buried in the shallow coffins of the country, their principal use being to convey the corpse to the cemetery; and then, like the hearse, they are returned to the undertaker. Fond of dress while living, the Brazilians are buried in their best, and punctilious to the last degree, they enforce etiquette after death. Children under ten or eleven are set out as friars, nuns, saints, and angels. A boy as St. John has a pen in one hand and a book in the other. As St. Joseph, the pen is replaced by a staff crowned with flowers. Of higher types, Michael the Archangel is a fashionable one. Girls are made to represent Madonnas and other popular characters. Formerly it was the custom in Rio, and it still is so in the interior, to carry young corpses upright in procession through the streets, when, but for the closed eyes, a stranger could hardly believe the figure before him, with painted cheeks, hair blowing in the wind, in silk stockings and shoes, and his raiment sparkling with jewels, grasping a palm-branch in one hand, and resting the other quite naturally on some artificial support, could be a dead child. Large sums are occasionally expended in dresses and jewels for the dead. Mourning is a long affair, and widows never lay aside their weeds unless they marry; yet clusters of a small purple flower are known as "widows' tears." They bloom but once a year, and soon dry up.

"A lady," Mr. Ewbank relates, "living near us, recently became a widow, and, at the instigation of a fresh applicant for her hand, induced her only child, a lad of eighteen, to enter a monastery; under the pretence that she had in his infancy dedicated him in that way to God, and that he would be the means of delivering his father's soul out of purgatory. He consented, and she and her legal paramour now riot on his father's wealth and his own. But widowers are not much better. Mention was made of a neighbour who lost his wife, and cried himself almost to death in four days. His friends, alarmed, got him to a ball, where he met a lady, and married her in two months."

In merchants' city establishments, and many others, not a female, black or white, is employed. They and their clerks do all the honours of morning, noon, and evening meals, while in private dwellings it is customary with gentlemen visitors to relieve ladies of the teapot. Repasts wind up with passing round the *paliteiro*, a fancy piece of silver holding tooth-picks of orange-wood.

Mr. Ewbank's sympathies are with "a people free from the evils of hereditary rulers, primogeniture, tithes, and a state priesthood;" but he is not an upholder of slavery. He rather admired than otherwise schools where whites, blacks, mulattoes, and Indians were as thoroughly mingled on their seats as the ingredients of mottled granite. Free negroes taking their seat in public conveyances took him a little aback, but "the constitution," he remarks, "recognises no distinction based on colour;" and he did not like seeing slaves going past his window for water, wearing iron collars with upright prongs under their ears to keep them to their work, and put it out of their power of being aught but two-legged machines.

Ladies neither go out walking nor shopping in Rio. Formerly their seclusion was indeed almost Moorish. When visiting, they are generally conveyed in a *cadeira*, or sedan-chair, borne on the shoulders of slaves. The "cries" of London are said to be *bagatelles* to those of the Brazilian capital. Slaves of both sexes cry wares through every street. Vegetables, flowers, fruit, fowls, eggs, and every rural product; cakes, pies, *doces*, confectionery, bacon, hardware, crockery, drapery, haberdashery, shoes, bonnets, even books are hawked in the streets. Proprietors accompany silver-ware, silks, and bread, for blacks are not allowed to touch the latter. The signal of dry-good vendors is made by snapping the two ends of a yard-stick. Young Minas and Mozambiques are the most numerous, and are reputed to be the smartest of *marchandes*. These street-vendors are called in by a sound something between "a hiss and the exclamation used to chase away fowls." Among other things sold in the streets are *lagartos*, a large lizard, considered a table delicacy, and Mr. Ewbank says much preferable to any flying game! The almost uniform dress of itinerant salesmen is a brown shirt and trousers, ending at the knees and elbows. A dealer in fancy wares had also pictures of saints—coarse woodcuts in penny frames. Taking up Dominic, Mr. Ewbank asked the price. The sable merchant shook his head. "It had been blessed; it could not be sold; only exchanged; it cost two patacas." It is in this way that value is put upon holy things. You are told they cost so much, and will be exchanged for an equal sum.

During the festival of the *Intrudo*, which resembles the *Hindhu Kohlee*,

starch is cast over people's heads and shoulders, shells of coloured wax filled with water are thrown at one another, and in the streets the unfortunate wayfarer is greeted with the contents of huge tin syringes, called *funileros*. All sorts of foolish practical jokes are also put in force; persons are sent on fools' errands, bedclothes and habiliments are sewn up; the materials of a dinner or a dozen of wine are even sent for, and the victims invited to partake of the fare. "Intrudo lies are no sin," is a proverb with the Brazilian ladies, who indulge in the sports of the festival with all the glee and zeal of children.

The negroes are as musical in Brazil as they are in the United States. Their chief instrument is the marimba—a calabash with thin steel rods fixed inside on a board; but every nation has his own, so that a Congo, Angola, Minas, Ashantee, or Mozambique instrument is recognisable. "The city," Mr. Ewbank says, "is an Ethiopian theatre, and this the favourite instrument of the orchestra." Mr. Ewbank admired some of the sable *lavadeiras*, or washing-girls. They are very slightly draped; and figures, he says, graceful as any seen at the walls of the East, occur among them. Dogs are destroyed in the streets with little balls made of flour, fat, and nux vomica. Mr. Ewbank passed in one day five of these sacrifices made to Sirius.

Slaves are the beasts of draught as well as of burden. Few contrivances on wheels being in use, they mostly drag their loads, sometimes on a plank greased or wetted! Trucks are, however, getting more common. Sometimes the slaves are chained to the trucks. Neither age nor sex is free from iron shackles. Mr. Ewbank describes having seen a very handsome Mozambique girl with a double-pronged collar on; she could not have been over sixteen. While standing on a balcony of a house in Custom-house-street, a little old negress, four-fifths naked, toddled past, in the middle of the street, with an enormous sloop-tub on her head (there are no conveniences nor sewers in Rio; everything is daily carried away by the negroes), and secured by a lock and chain to her neck. "'Explain that, Mr. C——,' I said. 'Oh, she is going to empty slops on the beach, and being probably in the habit of visiting *vendas*, she is thus prevented, as the offensive vessel would not be admitted. Some slaves have been known to sell their "barils" for rum, and such are sent to the fountains and to the Praya, accounted as that old woman is.'" The coffee-carriers do their work at a trot, or half-run, with a load weighing 160lbs. resting on the head and shoulders. The average life of a coffee-carrier does not exceed ten years. In that time the work ruptures and kills them! Negro-life is not much regarded in Rio. Yet the poor fellows go to their doomed task with a chant. Negroes are also made to carry coals, building-stones, and other heavy weights—loads almost fit for a cart and horse. No wonder, Mr. Ewbank remarks, that slaves shockingly crippled in their lower limbs are so numerous. "There waddled before me, in a manner distressing to behold, a man whose thighs and legs curved so far outward that his trunk was not over fifteen inches from the ground." In others the knees cross each other, with the feet preternaturally apart, as if superincumbent loads had pushed his knees in instead of out. In others, again, the body has settled low down, and the feet are drawn both on one side, so that the legs are parallel at an angle of thirty degrees.

A propos of Brazilian tobacco and snuff—the last, the real original and the best in the world. Mr. Ewbank argues that tobacco has avenged, to some extent, the New World for the blood of her children slain by those of the Old, in its Circean effects, physical and moral. “All the conquerors,” he says, “have become tainted with the poison; the most ruthless are the most deeply polluted. Formerly, the first powers of the earth, now contemptible for their weakness, dissensions, and crimes, slaves to blighting superstitions, to ignorance, poverty, pride, and a poisonous weed!”

What punishment may Providence also have in store for those who traffic in human flesh, and sell a fellow-creature to a servitude which allows of only ten years' life? Well might a stranger remark, on passing a castle-like structure in Rio, “The blood of negroes built that.” Even in Brazil it is remarked that the great slave-merchants do not flourish long, and never prosper to the last. “They die early, or their wealth leaves them; they live unhappy, and seldom leave children. With them the smell of gain is good, but like ice it melts away.”

In Brazil, from the admixture of blood that takes place, the greatest variety of colour is to be seen in the same family. Mr. Ewbank noticed one family of seven children, in which the youngest was very fair, while the colour of the rest veered between cinnamon and olive. Besides crosses, crucifixes, crowns, palms, glories, and other sacerdotal *bijouterie*, charms and amulets also abound. Even children are protected by these preservatives. Fashion in ornament also takes at times curious turns; one lady will wear a necklace of miniature culinary utensils, another wears a lock at one ear and a key at the other. The sentiment embodied in the device is apparent: Lock up what you hear. Even hour-glasses, as auricular pendants, are not out of fashion in Brazil.

There are only three or four eating-houses in Rio. The charges are low and the viands uninviting. Everything that has life and substance is said to be caught and cooked in Brazil, so the stranger cannot be always quite sure of what he is eating in a *ragoût* at Rio. The prominent feature, curiously enough for so hot a climate, is the enormous consumption of pork. “And then what pork! It is all fat; at least, what lean appears is but a film—a slip of pink blotting-paper lost in a ledger.” Pork is used by the highest and lowest every day, and is considered by long experience to be as wholesome in Brazil as in any part of the earth. The great Spanish dish is the *olla*, composed of fowls, mutton, beef, and other matters, but never without bacon; hence, “an olla without bacon is no olla.” And so with the Portuguese and Brazilians; a dinner without *toucinho* is next to no dinner at all. *Feijao com toucinho* is the national dish of Brazil. Next to this in estimation comes *toucinho do ceo*, “heavenly bacon,” with almond paste, eggs, sugar, butter, and a spoonful or two of flour. The glorification of bacon is of very ancient date, and as the most popular and esteemed of carneous aliments, it was given as rewards for rural, and particularly for connubial virtues. *El tocino del Paraiso el casado no anepiso*. Bacon of Paradise, for the married who repent not, is a medieval proverb. The lusty priests and sleek monks of Brazil indulge largely in *toucinho*, without much regard to the virtues. The first are notorious free-livers. Nearly all, Mr. Ewbank tells us, have families, and when seen leaving the dwellings of

their wives—or females who ought to be—they invariably speak of them as their nieces or sisters.*

Some of the popular articles of native pastry and confectionery awaken curiosity: *celestial slices*, for example, described as fine bread soaked in milk, and steeped in a hot compound fluid of sugar, cinnamon, and yolk of eggs; *Mother Benta's cakes*—an angelic dainty, invented by an ancient nun of the Adjuda convent—the ingredients, rice-flour, butter, sugar, grated meat of the cocoa-nut, and orange-water; *widows*—sweet paste, thin as tissue-paper, piled an inch thick on each other, and baked. Then there are *sighs*, *lies*, *angel's hair*, *egg-threads*, *weaning-pills*, and *negro's feet*. *Rosaries* are eight and ten-inch rings or strings of praying beads, by which the Credo may be acquired with incrustrated almonds, and Ave Marias counted with pellets of jujube paste.

In Equatorial Brazil the amounts of dowries and other settlements are generally fixed in cocoa-trees, whose current value is as well understood as coin itself; in the south, as at Rio, coffee-trees take the place of cocoa. A planter promises to a son or daughter a certain number of *cruzados*, and they take them out in plants; the current value of each being a cruzado, or twenty cents. The Rio people are nicknamed "*cariocas*" and "*ducks*," from their fondness for ablutions, and "*bananas*," because they are soft and indolent. The stem of the banana never hardens into wood. The hale and active Rio Grandees—"enascas," as they are called, from the thongs with which they make their lassos and whips, despise the people of Rio as "women." The Rio Grande belles are real Amazons, ride like men, and dress like men, with boots and spurs, and sometimes military caps and epaulets. These ladies have no hesitation in sending a disagreeable person to what the Portuguese call the Englishman's heaven—a place antipodal to the abode of the righteous.

A visit to the palace was as good as an anti-splenetic draught to Mr. Ewbank. It must have benefited him for a month afterwards. After rattling away at the thick heads of "incarnations of royalty," "Jezebel queens," and "anointed carnivora of ancient and modern times," he adds that Brazilians "are tenacious of the solemn fooleries of the Portuguese and other European court ceremonies, which it is hardly possible to witness without feelings of contempt for the actors." He actually groaned with emotion "on beholding American ministers paying a humiliating homage to monarchy, which the republics of Greece would not allow their *ambassadors*, even at the court of Persia, to offer."† To his infinite horror he also saw a viscount nursing an infant prince; "and is it for employments

* The evils consequent on the celibacy of the priesthood, Mr. Ewbank points out at length, are in Brazil of the most revolting character. If a priest is ordered from Rio to a country station, he will take with him some young girl or newly-married woman from her parents or husband. The police having once interfered to rescue a female from a monastery, she was found in one of the cells in a dying condition! In a proverbially licentious and profligate community, the priests exceed all in licentiousness and profligacy. They are so superlatively corrupt that it is impossible for men to be worse, or to imagine men worse.

† Elsewhere, Mr. Ewbank, criticising Mr. Wise's deportment before the emperor, says, "There are republicans without even the virtue of Ismenias, who pander to royalty to an extent that, in an Athenian or Spartan *ambassador*, would have been punished with death."

like *that*, I thought; for which such a man was made?" "But such," he adds, "is the philosophy of monarchy!" When at the extremity of the imperial pond, or lake, Mr. Ewbank saw two negro women knee-deep in it, washing, and within five feet of them two black men, perfectly nude, engaged in the same operation—did he think that such was also one of the elements of greatness in a free republic? Have not all human institutions their faults, and will the knowledge of this never teach forbearance? Not apparently with the Yankees; whatever is not of them and like them is corrupt, bad, false, and despicable.

If we find startling inconsistencies in democracy between faith and practice, so also we find, at the other extreme of Romanist bigotry and priestcraft, the most startling inconsistencies between the practice of piety and the principles of humanity. Imagine, for example, a man selling his own children by his slaves, to found a church! Yet such was the case in the instance of Antonio dos Pobres. Mr. Ewbank was so much amused with the *ex votos* offerings in the churches, that he gives us a sketch of a selection from the Paula church, consisting of hands with wens, breasts with excrescences, and feet distorted. He also favours us with a sketch of the Virgin's shoe-sole, as it fell from heaven near Padua in 1543, and is now preserved in the little fane of San Sebastian at Rio. Visiting the convent of Ajuda, he justly asks, "If, as is said, nuns are happy in their cells, for what purpose then, in lands where law prevails, are there massive walls, gratings, bolts, locks, and other devices? Even shackles, it is admitted, are not wanting in this place. No felon-prison can have a better system of securities. What alliance can there be between the gentle, willing spirit of the Gospel and so much iron? Penal statutes suffice to prevent people from breaking in; what need of such devices, if not designed to keep those confined from breaking out?" This is followed up by the details of instances publicly known in Rio, where imprisonment in convents has been used for the basest and most criminal purposes, and where the victims have fallen "under tortures known only to the fiends that inflicted them." The law cannot interfere,—no civil officer can enter a convent, no correspondence can go out.

Of the forty odd churches in Rio, one only, that of St. Francis de Paula, has a clock. Men, "Jacks of the Clock," are employed, like ancient sacristans, to grasp the clapper of church-bells and proclaim the hours, sometimes by a corresponding number of strokes, but not always so. Some of them, after striking the hour, indulge in a little fancy flourish.

Going to the botanical gardens with a small party, Mr. Ewbank dined at a low and mean-looking tavern, yet where they had soup; fish resembling large striped bass, brought ashore alive, and prepared in three different ways; boiled beef; roast beef; fried eggs and greens served together; boiled chickens; roast ditto; ditto fricaseed; curry sauce; salads; potatoes; mandioca, dry and made up like mush; rice; sweet puddings; sweetmeats (quince and citron); bananas; oranges; almonds; prunes; wine of two kinds; liqueurs for the ladies; and a dozen other things. Half an hour after, strong coffee was served. This repast for nine persons, another for the driver, the previous lunch of the party, and feed for four mules, cost only ten dollars. This is followed by a list of some five hundred and sixty plants growing in the botanical gardens of

Rio. It is more curious to read that round the boll of a sago-tree a brilliant band of scarlet and other variegated colours was observed coiled. It was a coral snake, the most beautiful, and reputed the most venomous of Brazilian serpents.

St. Luzia is the patroness of the blind, and her shrine is much frequented by slaves, among whom blindness is exceedingly prevalent. The saint stands at the farther end of the church, of natural size, holding two eyeballs on a plate or saucer. Her collectors carry with them a silver eye for contributors to kiss. One of the almost endless metamorphoses of the Virgin and Child is into "Nossa Senhora de Cabo da Boa Esperança." Mr. Ewbank serves up the metamorphosis in a woodcut. Formerly there was no threading a street or turning a corner without having to compliment some diminutive divinities—"to us," says Mr. Ewbank, "but eighteen-inch dolls"—but they are now rapidly disappearing. The blacks, who never do anything by halves except labour, so thronged round the street-images, and so annoyed the neighbours with their orisons, that instead of a city blessing, the little genii verged towards a municipal nuisance, and became gradually removed.

The unavoidable tendency of slavery everywhere is to render labour disreputable. Black slavery is rife in Brazil, and Brazilians shrink with something allied to horror from manual employments. Ask a native youth of a family in low circumstances why he does not learn a trade and earn an independent living, ten to one but he will tremble with indignation, and inquire if you mean to insult him! "Work! work!" screamed one; "we have blacks to do that." Hundreds and hundreds of families have one or two slaves, on whose earnings alone they live!

Hence in Rio, the master mechanics and tradesmen are, with the exception of a few French and other foreigners, Portuguese. The richest men in the country, the most industrious artisans, and assiduous of store-keepers are Lusitanians. Brazilians dislike them, perhaps as much for the competence their diligence in business realises as for anything else.

Gambling in Rio is universal. Lotteries are granted for all sorts of things, and fresh ones are perpetually announced. Most of them are granted to religious orders, for their benefices. Boys run about peddling tickets; they enter stores, visit the markets, and even stop you in the street; nay, women are sent out as agents by the dealers.

The consumption of *maté*, or Paraguay tea, in Brazil is very great, as it is considered an indispensable preservative against climatic influences. In the market, five-foot sharks are sold with bass and mackerel. The fountains of Rio are eminently picturesque. There is not one, Mr. Ewbank says, but presents, with the landscape of which it makes the foreground, the elements of a picture.

The circumstance of the senators opening the legislative session in official costume was naturally offensive to the eyes of a democrat. Brazilians, Mr. Ewbank remarked, do not lack the elements of greatness, but a patriot in homespun—a Franklin, Phocion, or Dentatus—would hardly be appreciated. An aerial-looking personage, powdered and uniquely draped, tripped in and out. "I took him," says Mr. Ewbank, "for master of ceremonies, but he was Speaker of the Chamber of Deputies." When the emperor came in he had nearly reached the throne, when a gentleman entered behind holding up with both hands the continuation of his train. The imperial throat was surrounded like a schoolboy's by a shirt-collar,

whose triple row of edging rested on an ermine tippet that reached to his elbows. From the tippet to the toes he was in white satin, "and the whole," Mr. Ewbank, in his national contempt for royalty, concludes his description by saying, "so closely fitted to the upper and nether limbs, that, divested of the train and tippet, he might have been taken anywhere else for a pantaloon, or, judging from the long pole he leaned on, for a rope-dancer about to turn a somersault." "Like other histrionic gentlemen, royal actors," he adds afterwards, "must submit to theatrical criticism."

Mr. Ewbank attended a sale where the goods were living beings. Among the men were carpenters, masons, sailors, tailors, cooks, and a barber-surgeon, who, like most of his profession, was a musician—"No. 19, 1 Rapaz, Barbeiro, bom sangrador e musico." Among the females were washers, sewers, cooks, two dressmakers "muito prendada," very accomplished. A couple were wet-nurses, with much good milk, and each with a colt or filly; thus: "No. 61, 1 Rapariga, com muito bom leite, com cria." *Cria* signifies the young of horses, and is applied to negro offspring.

"They were of every shade, from deep Angola jet to white, or nearly white, as one young woman facing me appeared. She was certainly superior in mental organisation to some of the buyers. The anguish with which she watched the proceedings, and waited her turn to be bought out, exposed, examined, and disposed of, was distressing. A little girl—I suppose her own—stood by her weeping, with one hand in her lap, obviously dreading to be torn away. This child did not cry out—that is not allowed—but tears chased each other down her cheeks, her little bosom panted violently, and such a look of alarm marked her face as she turned her large eyes on the proceedings, that I thought at one time she would have dropped.

"Purchasers of pots and pot-lids," said Diogenes, "ring them lest they should carry cracked ones home, but men they buy on sight." If such was the practice of old, it is not so now: the head, eyes, mouth, teeth, arms, hands, trunks, legs, feet—every limb and ligament without are scrutinised, while, to ascertain if aught within be ruptured, the breast and other parts are sounded."

Yet the people who practise these abominations are no more wanting in the spirit of national glorification than any other nation in the world—even than the stern and would-be classical Republican. Upon the occasion of the burial of the Friar Barboza, secretary of the Historical and Geographical Institute, orations were read in which, among other sentences, occur the following:

"Almost a quarter of a century after the consummation of the famed fact—the creation of a new empire on the earth—death has come and snatched away a chief actor in the great drama, of which the principal actor was the son of kings, the beloved Prince of Liberty in the Old World and the New.

"The New World was not shaped to be measured by the hands of a pigmy. The mouths of the Amazon, Madeira, Xingu, and Guayba, were designed by Providence for a people of giants; and for a prince who, from the summit of his throne, must one day have conference with the universe, and mark the track of his high destiny!"

THE LAST OF MOORE'S JOURNAL AND DIARY.*

REDOLENT with wit, taste, and imagination, the fact of bringing Thomas Moore's Journal and Diary to a conclusion, is almost like the poet's second departure. Happily the work is a literary apotheosis of the man—one by which his name will be handed down to posterity as assuredly as it will by his immortal "Melodies." His character stands portrayed by his own hand, and his Diary places on record, as Lord John Russell justly remarks, in his own words, his defects as well as his good qualities.

Those biographers who exalt every merit of their hero, and defend all his actions, either deceive themselves or wish to impose upon the world. That which is instructive in itself, is the study of men as they were, whether heroes, or statesmen, or poets, when they have been swept away by the storm, or have fallen in natural decay, and are scattered,

"Où va la feuille de rose,
Et la feuille de laurier."

It is a pleasant thing to reflect that the men of our age and of our nation whose characters have been unfolded to the world by the publication of their letters and their lives, have been proved generally to be men of honest hearts and pure intentions. A century has made a great change for the better.

If we compare Wellington to Marlborough, Romilly and Horner to Bolingbroke and Pulteney, Southey and Moore to Pope and Swift, we shall find that the standard of moral worth, though still far too low, has been vastly raised in the period which has elapsed since the commencement of the eighteenth century.

Moore was imbued throughout his life with an attachment to the principles of liberty; and he naturally adopted the principles of that party which contended for religious liberty and political reform. His taste for educated and refined society led him into the company of the aristocratic classes in London. Among these he was understood, appreciated, and admired. The more eminent of all political parties were charmed by his poetry, struck with his wit, and attached by the playful negligence of his conversation. A man who was courted and esteemed by Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Canning, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Sydney Smith, Sir Walter Scott, and Lord Byron, must have had social as well as literary merits of no common order. It was part of his nature to prize the tributes he received from such men, but likewise to doubt whether he was worthy of so much admiration. Hence his frequent recurrence in his Diary to little proofs of kindness and attention from those he himself admired for their genius, or esteemed for their integrity.

The course of politics led him into the composition of political squibs of various merit. The "Vision in the Court of Chancery," the "Slave," the "Breadfruit-tree," and many more, are replete with sense and feeling, as well as wit. Others, intended to satirise George IV., when Prince Regent, are neither pure in point of taste, nor laughable in point of humour; while they have too much of personal hostility for this kind of composition.

It is singular that Mr. Moore should have been one of the gloomy prophets who predicted revolution and calamity as the consequences of the Reform Act. Lord Grey, with a truer knowledge of the English people, was of opinion that the measure, to be safe, must be large; and those who acted with him and under him, framed the Reform Bill in that spirit.

* Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore. Edited by the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, M.P. Vols. VII., VIII. Longman and Co.

There is, perhaps, in men of letters, a tendency to be dissatisfied with the political system under which they live. Sir James Mackintosh used to observe that the greatest authors of Athens were evidently averse to the rule of the democracy. In France, before the Revolution, the most brilliant writers were as evidently hostile to the absolute monarchy under which they lived. In our own time Southey and Coleridge began with democracy, Scott as a Jacobite, Moore as a disaffected Irish Catholic. The freedom of literary pursuits leads men to question the excellence of the ruling power; and thus despotism and democracy alike find enemies among the most highly-gifted of those who live under their sway. Had Reform never been triumphant, Moore would, in all probability, have remained a warm Reformer.

Moore's domestic life gave scope to the best parts of his character. His beautiful wife, faultless in conduct, a fond mother, a lively companion, devoted in her attachment, always ready—perhaps too ready—to sacrifice her own domestic enjoyments that he might be admired and known, was a treasure of inestimable value to his happiness. I have said that perhaps she was too ready to sacrifice herself, because it would have been better for Mr. Moore if he had not yielded so much to the attractions of society, however dazzling, and however tempting. Yet those who imagine that he passed the greater part of his time in London are greatly in error. The London days are minutely recorded; the Sloperton months are passed over in a few lines. Except when he went to Bowood, or some other house in the neighbourhood, the words "read and wrote," comprise the events of week after week of literary labour and domestic affection.

Those days of intellectual society and patient labour have alike passed away. The breakfasts with Rogers, the dinners at Holland House, the evenings when beautiful women and grave judges listened in rapture to his song, have passed away. The days when a canto of "Childe Harold," the "Excursion" of Wordsworth, the "Curse of Kehama" of Southey, and the "Lalla Rookh" of Moore, burst in rapid succession upon the world, are gone. But the world will not forget that brilliant period; and while poetry has charms for mankind, the "Melodies" of Moore will survive.

His last days were peaceful and happy; his domestic sorrows, his literary triumphs, seem to have faded away alike into a calm repose. He retained to his last moments a pious submission to God,* and a grateful sense of the kindness of her whose tender office it was to watch over his decline. Those who have enjoyed the brilliancy of his wit, and heard the enchantments of his song, will never forget the charms of his society. The world, so long as it can be moved by sympathy, and exalted by fancy, will not willingly let die the tender strains, and the patriotic fires of a true poet.

J. R.

Lord John Russell has, in this tribute to the poet's memory, given to one of the poet's prominent defects the most kindly and amiable version which it is susceptible of. We allude to the manifest pleasure which he takes in placing upon record all such incidents and sayings as tend to his own glorification.

Moore says himself upon this point, on the occasion of receiving a note from Montalembert, which he describes as being full of kind and well-turned praise, but which he feared he had lost, "Should have been glad to transcribe it here, along with those many other tributes which I feel the more gratified by from an inward consciousness that I but little deserve them. Yet this is what, to the world, appears vanity. A most egregious though natural mistake. It is the really self-satisfied man that least minds or cares what others think of him."

* Mrs. Moore, as I have before mentioned, has recorded in her memory his earnest exhortation: "Lean upon God, Bessy; lean upon God."

We do not agree with the poet's philosophy. He confounds pride, which is self-love, with vanity, which is love of approbation. The really self-satisfied man has no love or care for approbation, because his pride exceeds his vanity, but to be gratified with the tributes of applause of others remains vanity all the same; and when tempered by the inward consciousness of little desert, vanity in its most amiable form. Vanity, however offensive the word may be, belongs to all alike, and it is in its uses—not its abuses—like all Providential arrangements, of most excellent purport. There could be no civilisation where none cared for the good opinion of his neighbours; and without the love of approbation we should have no heroes or heroines for the worship of those who would pander to the abuses of that which in itself is so good and so praise-worthy.

Sydney Smith and Luttrell were boon companions of the poet almost up to his last days, and the good things said or done by them continue, as in the early tomes of the Journal and Diary, to be among the most sprightly and laughable therein.

Going, for example, to dine at Longman's one day, to meet Kirby and Spence, the entomologists, we find Sydney Smith suggesting as proper fare for the great entomologists "flea-pâtés, earthworms on toast, caterpillars crawling in cream and removing themselves." The road up to Longman's being rather awkward, the coachman was desired to wait at the bottom. "It would never do" (said S.), "when your Memoirs come to be written, to have it said, 'He went out to dine at the house of the respectable publishers, Longman and Co., and being overturned in his way back, was crushed to death by a large clergyman.'"

Again, September 16,

Sydney at breakfast made me actually cry with laughing. I was obliged to start up from the table. In talking of the intelligence and concert which birds have among each other, cranes and crows, &c., showing that they must have some means of communicating their thoughts, he said, "I dare say they make the same remark of us. That old fat crow there (meaning himself), what a prodigious noise he is making! I have no doubt he has some power of communicating," &c. &c. After pursuing this idea comically for some time, he added, "But we have the advantage of them; they can't put us into pies as we do them; legs sticking up out of the crust," &c. &c. The acting of all this makes two-thirds of the fun of it; the quickness, the buoyancy, the self-enjoying laugh.

Upon one occasion Moore refers to what we would fain suppose to be a joke on Luttrell's part, but which he treats as a matter of positive ignorance.

By-the-by, in reference to Luttrell's scepticism on the subject of Irish antiquities (that sort of *scepticism* based on *ignorance*, which is but too common among your doubters), I remember a parallel case afforded by himself, in the course of a conversation which took place at Bowood last year. Sydney Smith and I were talking together of Asser, the author of *Alfred's Life*, and I had remarked how lucky Alfred was in having such a contemporary to record his actions; when Luttrell exclaimed, "Alfred! there surely never was any such man as Alfred." The conversation proceeded no further; but, to do him justice, I think he must, at the moment, have confounded Alfred with *Arthur*, concerning whose reality there is some well-founded doubt.

More worthy of its author, is the story of an Irish lady, who had been

travelling with her family, and on being asked whether they had been at Aix, answered, "Oh, yes, indeed! very much at our aise everywhere."

Talking of the bad effects of late hours, and saying of some distinguished diner-out that there would be on his tomb "He dined late"—"And died early," rejoined Luttrell.

Upon Lord Lansdowne volunteering to accompany Moore on a visit to Priory Park, the seat of the Romanist Bishop Baines, Sydney Smith charged the latter with a design upon Lord Lansdowne's orthodoxy, and recommended that there should be some sound Protestant tracts put up with the sandwiches in the carriage. This story appears elsewhere in a somewhat different garb.

On the 18th,

At breakfast Sydney enumerated and acted the different sorts of hand-shaking there are to be met with in society. The *digitary*, or one finger, exemplified in Brougham, who puts forth his forefinger, and says, with his strong northern accent, "How *arrr* you?" The *sepulchral* or *mortemain*, which was Mackintosh's manner, laying his open hand flat and coldly against yours. The *high official*, the Archbishop of York's, who carries your hand aloft on a level with his forehead. The *rural* or *vigorous* shake, &c. &c. In talking of the remarkable fact that women in general bear pain much better than men, I said that, allowing everything that could be claimed for the superior patience and self-command of women, still the main solution of their enduring pain better than men was their having less physical sensibility. This theory of mine was immediately exclaimed against (as it always is whenever I sport it) as disparaging, ungenerous, unfounded, &c. &c. I offered to put it to the test by bringing in a hot teapot, which I would answer for the ladies of the party being able to hold for a much longer time than the men. This set Sydney off most comically, upon my cruelty to the female part of creation, and the practice I had in such experiments. "He has been all his life (he said) trying the sex with hot teapots; the burning ploughshare was nothing to it. I think I hear his terrific tone in a *tête-à-tête*. 'Bring a teapot.'"

Moore does not sometimes spare himself in some of his prandial and post-prandial anecdotes. On quoting to Allen, he relates one day, at dinner, what a French cabriolet-man once said to him, that in England, " 'Les soldats ne sont jamais pour le peuple.' Allen said, 'On one great occasion they were.' 'Yes,' I replied; 'Lillibulero.' On which Allen said, not badly, 'What different associations people remember events by! Most men couple the memory of the Revolution with the rights then acquired; Moore remembers it by a tune.'"

Ever moving to and fro between London and Sloperton, Moore puts on record at the latter place, in March, 1835,

The day I met Wordsworth at dinner at Rogers's, the last time I was in town, he asked us all in the evening to write something in a little album of his daughter's, and Wilkie drew a slight sketch in it. One of the things Luttrell wrote was the following epitaph on a man who was run over by an omnibus:

"Killed by an omnibus—why not?
So quick a death a boon is.
Let not his friends lament his lot—
Mors omnibus communis."

Elsewhere we are told that Dedel related of the wife of some ambassador (the Editor says it was not the wife of an ambassador, but the Duchesse de Grammont), coming to dinner, and on her passing through the ante-

room where Talleyrand was standing, he looked up, and exclaimed significantly, "Ah!" In the course of the dinner, the lady having asked him across the table why he had uttered the exclamation of Oh! on her entrance, Talleyrand, with a grave, self-vindicating look, answered, "Madame, je n'ai pas dit oh! j'ai dit ah!" "Comical, very," adds Moore, "without one's being able to define *why* it is so." Comical, we should say, for the droll admixture of impertinence and absurdity. Comical, also, because there is something at the bottom which does not appear on the surface. Sir James Clark Ross can, it appears, tell a good after-dinner story as well as his namesake Sir John. "Ross," Moore relates, "gave us a few interesting particulars of the late expedition; the manner in which they saw the savages amputate a man's leg above the knee, seating him on the ice with the leg through a hole in it, and then knocking him down so as to snap off the limb."

Somebody mentioned Canning having said, on being asked what was German for astronomy (he knowing nothing about German), "Oh! *twinkle-craft*, to be sure." Erskine was as ignorant of French as Canning was of German. Being in Paris, he asked some French people to dine with him, and when the day came, which was Wednesday, no one arrived. "This is all some mistake of yours, Erskine, with your French," said Serjeant Jekyll, who told the story; but Erskine insisted that his notes were all right, and then, after a little pause, asked, "Isn't Vendredi French for Wednesday?" He had asked them all for Friday.

In 1834, Moore was finishing the tenth number of the "Irish Melodies," and was also engaged upon his "Irish History," so a good deal of his time was spent in quiet at Sloperston. Hume had with a rare liberality presented his son Tom with a legacy of 100*l*. Dudley Costello had also sent in a cup formed out of the calabash-nut, which he brought from Bermuda, taken from the tree which is there shown as one Moore used to sit under while writing his poems. "The cup very handsomely and tastefully mounted, and Bessy all delight with it."

Business and inclination, however, took him up to town ever and anon, and on the 11th of August we find him dining at Lady Blessington's.

Sat next to Fonblanque, and was glad of the opportunity of knowing him. A clever fellow certainly, and with great powers occasionally as a writer. Got on very well together. Broached to him my notions (long entertained by me) respecting the ruinous effects to literature likely to arise from the boasted diffusion of education; the lowering of the standard that must necessarily arise from the extending of the circle of judges; from letting the mob in to vote, particularly at a period when the *market* is such an object to authors. Those "who live to please must please to live," and most will write down to the lowered standard. All the great things in literature have been achieved when the readers were few; "fit audience find and few." In the best days of English genius, what a comparatively small circle sat in judgment! In the Italian republics, in old Greece, the dispensers of fame were a select body, and the consequence was a high standard of taste. Touched upon some of these points to Fonblanque, and he seemed not indisposed to agree with me; observing that certainly the present appearances in the world of literature looked very like a confirmation of my views.

Again, on the 12th,

Breakfasted at home; made some calls; at Shee's. Showed me a new work "Naval Recollections," in which there is mention of me, and such as pleases me

not a little. The author, it appears, was midshipman on board the *Phaeton* frigate, in which I went to America, and describes the regret of the officers of the gun-room when I quitted the ship, adding some kind things about their feelings towards me, which I had great pleasure in reading. To have left such an impression upon honest, hearty, unaffected fellows like those of the gun-room of the *Phaeton*, is not a little flattering to me. I remember the first lieutenant saying to me, after we had become intimate, "I thought you, the first day you came aboard, the damnedst conceited little fellow I ever saw, with your glass cocked up to your eye;" and then he mimicked the manner in which I made my first appearance.

Lord John Russell, with his kind consideration for Moore's necessities (and which had just led him to part with a dozen songs to Cramer and Co. for 100*l.*—a sum which was afterwards altered to the rate of 15*l.* per song, by the business-like intervention of Mr. Rees, of Longman and Co.'s), suggested at or about this time engaging Lord Melbourne to pension his sons. The minister's reflections upon the project are well worthy of being extracted.

"My dear John,—I return you Moore's letter. I shall be ready to do what you like about it, when we have the means. I think whatever is done should be done for Moore himself. This is more distinct, direct, and intelligible. Making a small provision for young men is hardly justifiable; and is of all things the most prejudicial to themselves. They think what they have much larger than it really is, and make no exertion. The young should never hear any language but this,—You have your own way to make, and it depends upon your own exertions whether you starve or not.

"Believe, &c.,
"MELBOURNE."

A good story is told of H. B., on the occasion of going per coach to Bath.

Found Corry, as I half expected, in the coach, and who should be on the top but H. B.—(the famous caricaturist). Invited him inside with myself and Corry, to whom I introduced him. A good deal of talk; Corry full of all he had seen in town. Corry and I called at Crawford's; saw Mrs. Crawford, who flew off on the subject of her brother's (Lord Heytesbury's) late *estoppel*; very indignant, and no wonder. Rejoined H. B.—, whom we found gazing very intently at one of his own last productions (The Merry-go-round) at the window of a print-shop. Corry, who thought it was the first time he had seen it, very amusingly undertook to explain it to him. "This, you see, is Lord John Russell," &c. Not knowing what might be the present state of H. B.—'s secret, I took him aside, and asked him whether it still continued to be as well kept as when I was last in town. He answered that it *was*, most marvellously so: that the *name* had got about a little, but nothing more. I then said that I would myself of course continue to respect the secret, as I hitherto had done, but that otherwise it would have given me great pleasure to let Corry into so amusing a mystery.

In August of the same year Moore went over to Dublin to attend the meeting of the British Association. The main events recorded are, as usual, of a personal character. The poet's promotion to the platform among the *savans*; dinner at the provost's—the late Dr. Lloyd's: a visit to the Vale of Avoca; and an enthusiastic reception at the theatre. But the incident which will be most interesting to many, is the poet's visit to the house in which he was born.

Drove about a little in Mrs. Meara's car, accompanied by Hume, and put in

practice what I had long been contemplating—a visit to No. 12, Anngier-street, the house in which I was born. On accosting the man who stood at the door, and asking whether he was the owner of the house, he looked rather gruffly and suspiciously at me, and answered "Yea;" but the moment I mentioned who I was, adding that it was the house I was born in, and that I wished to be permitted to look through the rooms, his countenance brightened up with the most cordial feeling, and seizing me by the hand he pulled me along to the small room behind the shop (where we used to breakfast in old times), exclaiming to his wife (who was sitting there), with a voice tremulous with feeling, "Here's Sir Thomas Moore, who was born in this house, come to ask us to let him see the rooms; and it's proud I am to have him under the old roof." He then without delay, and entering at once into my feelings, led me through every part of the house, beginning with the small old yard and its appurtenances; then the little dark kitchen, where I used to have my bread and milk in the morning before I went to school; from thence to the front and back drawing-rooms, the former looking more large and respectable than I could have expected, and the latter, with its little closet, where I remember such gay supper-parties, both room and closet fuller than they could well hold, and Joe Kelly and Wesley Doyle singing away together so sweetly. The bedrooms and garrets were next visited, and the only material alteration I observed in them was the removal of the wooden partition by which a little corner was separated off from the back bedroom (in which the two apprentices slept) to form a bedroom for me. The many thoughts that came rushing upon me in thus visiting, for the first time since our family left it, the house in which I passed the first nineteen or twenty years of my life, may be more easily conceived than told; and I must say, that if a man had been got up specially to conduct me through such a scene, it could not have been done with more tact, sympathy, and intelligent feeling than it was by this plain, honest grocer; for, as I remarked to Hume, as we entered the shop, "Only think, a grocer's still." When we returned to the drawing-room, there was the wife with a decanter of port, and glasses on the table, begging us to take some refreshment, and I with great pleasure drank her and her good husband's health. When I say that the shop is still a grocer's, I must add, for the honour of old times, that it has a good deal gone down in the world since then, and is of a much inferior grade of grocery to that of my poor father, who, by the way, was himself one of nature's gentlemen, having all the repose and good breeding of manner by which the true gentleman in all classes is distinguished.

Went, with all my recollections of the old shop about me, to the grand dinner at the Park: company, forty in number, and the whole force of the kitchen put in requisition. Sat at the head of the table, next to the carving aide-de-camp (Lady Emily Henry's son), and amused myself with reading over the *menus*, and tasting all the things with the most learned names. Had Hamilton, our great astronomer, at the other side of me, and, ignorant as I am, got on very tolerably with him.

It was while he was in Dublin that Moore received the welcome intelligence from Lord Lansdowne that a grant of 300*l.* a year had been obtained for him by the new administration. His "sweet Bessy's" letters upon the occasion are replete with a touching simplicity.

A charming letter from my sweet admirable Bessy about the new accession to our means, which made me by turns laugh and weep, being, as I told her in my answer, almost the counterpart of Dr. Pangloss's

"I often wished that I had clear
For life three hundred pounds a year."

I cannot refrain from copying a passage or two, here and there, from her letter, which she wrote before mine, conveying the intelligence of the grant, reached her.

"Sloperton, Tuesday Night.

"My dearest Tom,—Can it *really* be true that you have a pension of 300*l.* a year? Mrs., Mr., two Misses, and young Longman were here to-day, and tell me it is really the case, and that they have seen it in two papers. Should it turn out true, I know not how we can be thankful enough to those who gave it, or to a Higher Power. The Longmans were very kind and nice, and so was I, and I invited them *all five* to come at some future time. At present I can think of nothing but 300*l.* a year, and dear Russell jumps and claps his hands with joy. Tom is at Devizes. * * * The Pugets did not come to tea yesterday, Louisa being ill. To-day they sent me some beautiful flowers. If the story is true of the 300*l.*, pray give dear Ellen twenty pounds, and *insist* on her drinking five pounds worth of wine *yearly*, to be paid out of the 300*l.* a year. I have been obliged, by-the-by, to get five pounds to send to ——. * * * Three hundred a year, how delightful! But I have my fears that it is only a castle in the air. I am sure I shall dream of it; and so I will get to bed, that I may have this pleasure *at least*; for I expect the morning will throw down my castle."

"Wednesday Morning.

"Is it true? I am in a fever of hope and anxiety, and feel very oddly. No one to talk to but sweet Buss, who says, 'Now, papa will not have to work so hard and will be able to go out a little.' * * *

"You say I am so 'nice and comical' about the money. Now you are much more so (leaving out the 'nice'), for you have forgotten to send the cheque you promised. But I can wait with patience, for no one teases me. Only I want to have a few little things ready to welcome you home, which I like to pay for. How you will ever enjoy this quiet every-day sort of stillness, after your late reception, I hardly know. I begin to want you very much; for though the boys are darlings, there is still * * * How I wish I had wings, for then I would be at Wexford as soon as you, and surprise your new friends. I am so glad you have seen the Gones; I know they are quite delighted at your attention. Mr. Bennett called the other day on my sons.

"N.B. If this good news be true, it will make a great difference in my *eating*. I shall then indulge in butter to potatoes. *Mind* you do not tell this piece of gluttony to *any* one."

Moore always entertained, as he himself expresses it, a warm and deep admiration of O'Connell's talents and energy; but he at the same time deemed that, in his example of exempting the practice of personal abuse from the responsibility to which the code of gentlemen had hitherto subjected it, in his annual stipend from the begging-box, and in other features of his patriotism, O'Connell had done more to lower the once high tone of feeling in Ireland, both public and private, than a whole life of political service could repair. The publication of the verses which began,

The dream of those days when first I sung thee is o'er,

gave rise to the strongest feelings of irritation on the part of O'Connell, and the estrangement lasted for some time, till a reconciliation was brought about by the simple circumstance of O'Connell's franking a letter to the poet. The results are thus narrated by Moore:

Being anxious to settle as soon as I could my affair with O'Connell, and being convinced, on a little consideration, that to employ any intermediate person would do much more harm than good (such persons being in general more likely to make difficulties than to remove them), I resolved, now that the advance had been so far made by O'Connell, to do the rest without further machinery myself. Knowing that he, in general, passed a good part of the day at Brookes's,

on a Sunday, I proceeded thither after returning from Shee's, and there found him at a table reading a newspaper! Walking direct up to him with my hand held out, I said, smiling, "That frank proceeding of yours has settled everything." He instantly rose, looking rather embarrassed and nervous; when I said in the same cheerful tone, "You remember the frank?" "Yes," he answered (having now recovered his self-possession, and shaking my hand cordially), "I *do* remember, and you have answered it exactly as I expected you would." This is *verbatim* what passed.

The late Count Krasinski, whom Moore met at Rogers's, argued that there was a strong similarity between the Poles and the Irish, and the manner in which he substantiated this view of the case is rather curious. He mentioned as an instance a countryman of his, who having, on some occasion, knocked a man down for being, as he thought, insolent to him, was expostulated with for having done so by some friend, who remarked that, after all, what the man had said to him was not very offensive. "No, it was not," answered the other; "but still it was safer to knock him down."

In the spring of 1840 Moore began to indulge in retrospect. He expresses himself as much struck, too, by the falling off there had been, from various causes, of many of his former friendships and intimacies; people with whom he once lived familiarly and daily being then seldom seen by him, and that but passingly and coldly. "This," he adds, was "partly owing to the estrangements produced by politics, and to the greater rarity of my own visits to town, of late years; but, altogether, it is saddening."

The fact that many men who have made themselves great reputations with the pen have not possessed facility for speaking in public, is amusingly portrayed by Moore, in his account of the preparations made for a Literary Fund dinner.

Went to the Literary Fund chambers, to see what were the arrangements and where I was to be seated; having in a note to Blewitt, the secretary, begged of him to place me near some of my own personal friends. Found that I was to be seated between Hallam and Washington Irving. All right. By-the-by, Irving had yesterday come to Murray's with the determination, as I found, not to go to the dinner, and all begged of me to use my influence with him to change this resolution. But he told me his mind was made up on the point, that the drinking his health, and the speech he would have to make in return, were more than he durst encounter; that he had broken down at the Dickens's Dinner (of which he was chairman) in America, and obliged to stop short in the middle of his oration, which made him resolve not to encounter another such accident. In vain did I represent to him that a few words would be quite sufficient in returning thanks. "That *Dickens's* Dinner," which he always pronounced with a strong emphasis, hammering away all the time with his right arm *more suo*, "that *Dickens's* Dinner," still haunted his imagination, and I almost gave up all hope of persuading him. At last I said to him, "Well, now, listen to me a moment. If you really wish to distinguish yourself, it is by saying the fewest possible words that you will effect it. The great fault with all the speakers, *myself* among the number, will be our saying too much. But if you content yourself with merely saying that you feel most deeply the cordial reception you have met with, and have great pleasure in drinking their healths in return, the very simplicity of the address will be more effective from such a man, than all the stammered out rigmoroles that the rest of the speechifiers will vent." This suggestion seemed to touch him; and so there I left him, feeling pretty sure that I had carried my point. It is very odd that while some of the shallowest fellows go on so glib and ready with the tongue, men whose minds are abounding with matter should find such difficulty in bring-

ing it out. I found that Lockhart also had declined attending this dinner under a similar apprehension, and only consented on condition that his health should not be given.

This also gives an opportunity for the introduction of an incident not a little characteristic of the various forms which Moore's vanity was led to assume upon occasions.

The best thing of the evening (as far as *I* was concerned) occurred after the whole grand show was over. Irving and I came away together, and we had hardly got into the street, when a most pelting shower came on, and cabs and umbrellas were in requisition in all directions. As we were provided with neither, our plight was becoming serious, when a common cad ran up to me, and said, "Shall I get you a cab, Mr. Moore? Sure, ain't *I* the man that patronises your Melodies?" He then ran off in search of a vehicle, while Irving and I stood close up, like a pair of male caryatides, under the very narrow projection of a hall-door ledge, and thought at last that we were quite forgotten by my patron. But he came faithfully back, and while putting me into the cab (without minding at all the trifle I gave him for his trouble) he said confidentially in my ear, "Now, mind, whenever you want a cab, Misthur Moore, just call for Tim Flaherty, and I'm your man." Now, this I call *fame*, and of somewhat a more agreeable kind than that of Dante, when the women in the street found him out by the marks of hell-fire on his beard. (See Ginguenè.)

Moore was, however, a true poet—one whose name will last as long as the language in which he wrote remains pure and undefiled. "The days when a canto of 'Childe Harold,' the 'Excursion' of Wordsworth, the 'Curse of Kehama' of Southey, and the 'Lalla Rookh' of Moore, burst in rapid succession upon the world," Lord John Russell has justly remarked, "are gone. But the world will not forget that brilliant period; and while poetry has charms for mankind, the 'Melodies' of Moore will survive."

Ballads from English History.

BY JAMES PAYN.

IV.—EARL SIWARD.

SIWARD, Earl of Northumbria, was one of the great lords whom Edward the Confessor applied to for protection against the turbulent Earl Godwin and his ambitious son Harold.

Upon the murder of his brother-in-law, King Duncan, Siward marched with a great army into Scotland to seat Prince Malcolm on the throne usurped by Macbeth, and his two stripling sons, Osberne and Waltheof, accompanied him. His favourite, Osberne, fell in the first battle, and the brave old father's grief was stanch'd when he saw his wounds had been all received in front. Soon after his return home he was himself attacked by a fatal disorder: as he felt his end approaching, he said to his attendants, "Dress me in my coat of mail, cover my head with my helmet, put my shield on my left arm, and my spear in my right hand, and let me die in harness."

He was called Siward the Strong, and many of his feats were related long afterwards. On pretence of the youth of Waltheof, the "Dukedom of the North Shires" was conferred upon Harold's brother Tostig.

Earl Siward ruled Northumberland : Throughout the hilly North There was no peer that durst lift spear When Siward's train rode forth ;	In midmost Mercia, Leofric, Young Harold in the South, King Edward on all England's throne Spake not with surer mouth ;
---	--

And Duncan, King beyond the Tweed,
 His daughter took to wife ;
 In all the land, old Siward's hand
 Most heavy was for strife :
 Now Macbeth slew his sovereign
 (Howe'er dies others' crime,
 Athwart *his* name that scarlet shame
 Must burn till close of time),
 And Malcolm Kenmore, Duncan's son,
 To Siward came with prayer ;
 The great earl pressed his lance in rest
 And helm'd his snow-white hair ;
 And Osberne, eldest of his sons,
 And Waltheof with light load,
 Too young to bear the mail and spear,
 On either side they rode ;
 In front the banner of their house
 Bare up against the wind,
 The English standard and the Scotch
 Flung out their folds behind ;
 With princes midst their company,
 And nobles for their squires,
 A lofty place had that great race,
 "The Dukes of the North Shires!"

The host rode on to Dunsinane :
 Each in his hand did hold
 A green bough pluck'd from Birnam
 wood,
 As the Great Bard hath told ;
 And 'neath that verdant canopy,
 On either side the oak,
 Those saplings lithe, so young and
 blithe,
 Unready for the stroke ;
 Of whom fair Osberne, fighting, fell,
 Slain by no vulgar hand—
 Steep'd in the blood of great and good
 Had long been Macbeth's brand—
 And falling on the foughten field
 Which his good sire had won,

He bore in front the battle's brunt ;
 His look was to the sun.
 So grand old Siward raised him up
 And kissed him on the brow :
 "Thy beauty, boy, was aye my joy,
 Not less it likes me now ;
 Nor ever in thy cradle, Sweet,
 Nor ever at thy prayer,
 My heart beat side with higher pride
 Nor thought thy face more fair."
 * * * *

Now when the earl's own time was
 come,
 The day no earl desires,
 When spite of greed like thrall is freed,
 And cease the dukes of shires ;
 And while he felt the Thing creep on
 That casts its shadow far,
 To palsy strength and lay at length
 The mighty limbs of war,
 And knew that it would not be his
 To lead the charge again,
 Nor breathe out life in thickest strife
 Upon the hills of slain,
 'Midst groans and cries, with closing
 eyes
 Blinded by bloody rain ;
 He bade them hasp his armour on,
 And buckle on his brand,
 And set him straight to meet his fate
 With his good spear in hand :
 They drew the iron o'er his face,
 They drew his gauntlets on ;
 They watch'd until the spear down fell,
 Then knew their lord was gone.
 So Siward of Northumberland
 Met death as knight desires,
 All clad in steel from helm to heel,
 As died in fight his sires ;
 And none of his race after him
 Were Dukes of the North Shires.

FERNS AND THEIR ALLIES.*

ALL who can appreciate elegance of form and delicacy of colouring by the side of more brilliant and gorgeous flowering plants, admire the Ferns and their Allies. It would seem as if the very modesty of their tone suited them for the spots where they luxuriate—in the mossy dell, on the shady bank, the damp rock, or cool grot. In such places glaring colours would be offensive to the eye. Their forms are also, by the customary exquisite provisions of Nature, suited to the localities in which they grow. The most florid decoration with which the sculptor can surround the capital of his column, cannot compare with the graceful drapery of the fern tribe on rocky bank, or arch or vault of cave or grotto. Take, for example, the maiden-hair, unquestionably a wanderer here from warmer lands; it delights in shade and moisture, growing almost exclusively in the damp and dark crevices of rocks, among trickling streams, and in the depths of tropical forests, where the atmosphere is constantly loaded with moisture. The mouths of old wells and the deserted shafts of mines are also to be seen occasionally tapestried with its beautiful foliage; or, as a contrast, what more tasteful decoration to the shaded margins of rivers, lakes, and swamps, than the flowering fern, or *Osmund Royal*?

Although the general habit of the fern tribe leads it to develop itself most freely under the joint influence of shelter from the sun or wind, and an atmosphere replete with moisture, still the variety of localities affected by particular ferns are much more considerable than might at first be imagined.

Some are essentially Alpine in their character, being only met with on the summits of our higher mountains; such is the holly fern, confined in England and Wales to the mountains of Yorkshire and the Snowdon district. Such also is the mountain bladder fern, sparingly distributed in the Scotch mountains. Still more rare are the oblong and the alpine woodsirs, most sparingly distributed in Snowdonia and the Grampians. Some ferns are exclusively confined to limestone districts; such are the *Polypodium calcareum* and *Lastrea rigida*.

Certain of the fern tribe appear to be very indifferent to soil and exposure, among which we may enumerate the common brake and the *Lastrea foenicicii*, supposed to have been wafted here from the Azores. Others, while they have a very wide and general distribution, still luxuriate most only under certain circumstances. Thus, for example, the male fern delights in woods and thickets, the lady fern in hedge-banks and borders of woods. The common hart's-tongue, although met with in different places, still delights most in marsh and shady hedge-banks.

The mountain polypody particularly affects mountain lakes, rills, and waterfalls. *Asplenium viride* also takes delight in waterfalls, where Poly-

* The Ferns of Great Britain: illustrated by John E. Sowerby, Proprietor of Sowerby's English Botany. The Descriptions, Synonyms, &c., by Charles Johnson, Esq., Botanical Lecturer at Guy's Hospital. John E. Sowerby.

The Fern Allies: a Supplement to the Ferns of Great Britain. Illustrated by John E. Sowerby, Proprietor of Sowerby's English Botany. The Descriptions, Synonyms, &c., by Charles Johnson, Esq., Botanical Lecturer at Guy's Hospital. John E. Sowerby.

podium dryopteris attains its greatest luxuriance. The marsh fern (*Lastrea thelypteris*), again, prospers only in marshes and bogs, while *Lastrea creopteris*—a beautiful fern—selects for its home mountainous and upland heaths and woods. Some ferns grow alike on rocks and walls, as *Cystopteris fragilis*, and *Asplenium trichomanes*; but others are almost limited to old walls and ruins, as wall rue and black spleenwort, or extend their travels to old thatched roofs, as in the instance of the common polypody.

Heaths have their peculiar ferns, as *Blechnum boreale* and *Botrychium lunaria*, and even meadows and pastures have a fern—the common adder's-tongue. Some delight in inland caverns; others, as *Asplenium marinum*, are met with only in caves that open upon the sea. Some ferns are so rare as to appear as if confined to particular localities. Such is the *Cystopteris Dickiena*, found in 1846, by Dr. Dickie, growing in a cave by the sea near Aberdeen, and which has not hitherto been met with elsewhere. Such also is the *Trichomanes radicans*, which is limited to Cork and Kerry.

It would scarcely be believed that some of the rarer and more beautiful of the British ferns are, since amateur cultivation of ferns has come into vogue, actually disappearing before the rapacity of collectors. Such, however, we are assured is the case in the instance of the *Asplenium septentrionale*, and that elegant little fern, *Allosorus crispus*, or curled rock brakes, which is said to be rapidly disappearing. The Rev. Mr. Hawkes, it also appears, keeps, and perhaps wisely, the knowledge of the only English habitat of the lesser adder's-tongue to himself.

Certain small families of flowerless plants, that are neither ferns, nor yet mosses or lichens, have been occasionally classed together under the collective name of "Fern allies."

The first group of these strange forms of vegetable life—the Equisetaceæ, or horse-tails—derive their main interest from the facility with which they may be cultivated about the roots of trees or in other neglected spots, when the rich green hue of the young sterile shoots, and the singular parasitic aspect of the earlier fertile ones, render them more worthy of a place in our home collections than many of those exotics that are cherished with great inconvenience and far inferior claims to notice.

The species of this remarkable and most isolated of all the vegetable forms at present extant are few—probably not more than from ten to fifteen—but they are widely distributed, growing chiefly in moist ground and on the borders of lakes. The most common species, the corn, or field horse-tail, is an exception, being frequent in corn-fields and pastures, as well as on roadsides; but when this is the case, their presence generally indicates the existence of spots where water accumulates during the winter.

The highly ornamental character of the great horse-tail renders it one of the most desirable of its tribe in cultivation, especially among ferns, when the contrast between its graceful feathery outline and their breadth of foliage produces a most pleasing effect. The wood horse-tail is, however, the most elegant species of the genus. Its surpassing beauty of form, and the lively green hue of its long feathery branches, render it worthy of an introduction into every shaded garden and shrubbery, while in the fernery its presence should never be dispensed with, where space can be spared for its reception.

The quill-worts (*Isoëtaceæ*) have no practical application. They grow submerged at the bottom of lakes and other still waters. In many of the clear rocky lakes of the north of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, the *Isoëtes lacustris* is to be seen clothing the bottom so densely with its grassy-looking foliage as to give them the appearance of submerged meadows. It is the same with regard to the Pill-wort, which often forms, by its abundant branching and entanglement, a dense covering about the margins of lakes and pools, and on sandy and gravelly heaths, to the complete exclusion of other plants. These plants are real colonisers, preparing the bottom of shallow waters and moist lands for more perfect forms of vegetation.

The *Lycopodiaceæ* (wolves'-feet, or club-mosses) take, from the manner of their growth, an intermediate position between ferns and the pine or fir tribe on the one hand, and ferns and mosses on the other. Evergreen plants, of a rigid habit, they have very much the appearance of gigantic mosses, and they sometimes cover, as in Lapland, extensive tracts of country, to the exclusion of other vegetation. They are, however, extremely difficult of cultivation, but some of the species are used as mordants for dyes, and others possess medicinal properties.

The *Characeæ*, small and pretty aquatic plants—nitellas, or charas—always submerged, and preferring stagnant to running water, have obtained a new importance from the introduction of the Aquarium. There are many species, some of the more common of which, as the flaccid nitella, are very weak and slender, while the more common charas (*C. vulgaris* and *C. hispida*) are liable to become fœtid.

The *Equisetaceæ* are remarkable for secreting siliceous, and the *Characeæ* calcareous matter. There is something in this process very suggestive. It may be compared to the action of the earthworm, which prepares clay and bad soils to become productive humus; so these little plants may take up silex and lime, and convert it into a useful soil, but with the loss of their own widely-multiplied existence. In calling attention, then, to hitherto much neglected and almost despised forms of vegetable life, it is truly gratifying to be able to point out not only how much beauty there is in them, and to what various ornamental and useful purposes they can be applied, but also to add one more to the many proofs teeming around us, that Nature made nothing in vain. The quill-worts prepare the bottom of lakes for the reception of plants of a higher organisation, that gradually invade the domain of water, and convert it into land; the *Equisetaceæ* advancing at the same time with their congeners on the margins, and co-operating in the great object in view. The *Characeæ* do the same thing for stagnant ponds and ditches, and even for gently-flowing waters—which, with some of the *Ranunculaceæ*, they seem as if sometimes bent on arresting in their course. Lastly, the wolves'-feet, or club-mosses, follow up the first hold taken upon the naked rock by the persistent lichen, and cover whole tracts of mountain-land with their slender and creeping yet solid and wiry stems, colonising them, and gradually preparing them for the heath, the meadow grass, or the forest tree.

PILGRIMAGES TO THE FRENCH PALACES.

BY FLORENTIA.

VII.

The Château of St. Germain—Present and Past—The Forest—La Vallière.

I WAS so unfortunate as to visit Paris in the winter, which, although the fashionable season, is not the time of year best calculated to display its beauties. The environs, too, so picturesque and pretty in themselves, and adorned with such a profusion of palaces, gardens, and parks, lose half their attraction at this ungenial season. The keenness of the air renders the severity of the winter much more trying than in England, where the atmosphere is tempered by the softening influence of the surrounding ocean. But delighted with the novelty of all around me, I was determined to see everything I could, and neither the snow nor the cold north wind cooled my ardour. I determined first to visit St. Germain, as being one of the oldest and most interesting of the royal residences that skirt the capital. And to perform this expedition in winter requires courage, unless one is made of brass; for I verily believe, Siberia excepted, it is the very coldest place to be found in Europe!

St. Germain is reached from Paris by railway, the trains leaving every hour, passing through a broad plain, watered by the Seine, which meanders to and fro, amid the rich and highly-cultivated tract, as if it longed to dwell among those sunny and gently-rising hills, dotted with gay-looking towns and villages, standing out white and fair in the sunshine. It is impossible not to gaze with pleasure on this happy landscape. The interminable windings of the river, spanned by bridge after bridge, which we rapidly crossed, gives the country the appearance of a series of islands, the background being closed by a range of hills, covered with vineyards, villages, and country houses, presenting a series of most pleasing views.

The town of St. Germain stands on the highest elevation, and on approaching presents a striking appearance, backed by the dark masses of its forest. The railway penetrates the hill by a tunnel, and on this ascent the atmospheric engines are in full and successful operation. I cannot, therefore, account for their failure in our country, where such vast sums have been uselessly expended in the trial.

One cannot travel anywhere in France without being assailed, in the civilest manner, with questions by thousands:—"Has madame been long abroad?" "Is madame going to remain?" "When madame leaves Paris, is she going to travel, and where?" "Does she like Paris?" "Ah, madame! it is so charming to praise France; yes, it is a country such as is not seen elsewhere. England is so *triste*, but madame is quite Française, and speaks our language like an angel." "Is madame married?" "Where is le monsieur who has the honour to belong to madame?" Such, and a thousand others, are questions perpetually repeated; and as they are addressed to you without an idea of impertinence, should always be replied to with politeness. Arrived at the station, one finds oneself close to the old château, round which the town nestles, with a degree of feudal proximity very detrimental to the picturesque. Nothing

can be more disappointing than this building, now desecrated by being converted into a prison! It is a huge, hideous, dirty-red brick pile of the most clumsy, heavy proportions, and must at all times have been a dull and gloomy abode. I do not wonder that the *fête*-loving Jupiter of the seventeenth century could not abide so melancholy a residence, even if St. Denis, the royal cemetery of the French monarchs, had *not* been visible from the terrace. The dirty colour of the walls show all the effects of time without any picturesqueness to relieve it, and the heavy balustrade round the principal windows looks as if it must fall from its own excessive weight. The empty window-frames, the ruinous appearance of the roof, and a certain indescribable prison-look about the building, make one turn away with a feeling of loathing.

Oh! could the shades of those gay cavaliers—the De Vardes, the Guiches, the Lauzuns, the Richelieus that inhabited it in the days of le Grand Monarque—see it *now*, what would be the disgust of those scented exquisites of the seventeenth century? Could poor La Vallière come to life and see her favourite residence, the scene of her early love, in its present plight, what would be her dismay! The apartments she occupied, once invaded, positively escalated, by the enamoured king, now inhabited by criminals!

I must console myself by giving a look into the past, and recalling what St. Germain once was, to make amends for its present want of interest. Let us take a peep back some two hundred years and see what was passing then, and endeavour to shut out this ghost of a palace standing before us.

Poor La Vallière, she might have remained unsullied in her life, as she was ever pure and good in her inmost soul, had she not unconsciously betrayed to Louis the mingled admiration and love with which he had inspired her; a knowledge no sooner obtained by him than but too surely taken full advantage of. It chanced at Fontainebleau, where the court was then residing, Mademoiselle de la Vallière being one of the maids of honour of Madame Henriette d'Orléans, that lovely daughter of our own lovely queen Henrietta, whom we have already spoken of as connected with the Palais Royal.

It was a cool, delicious evening, after a day of unusual heat, when a merry party, consisting of four of the maids of honour, had ensconced themselves in a thick arbour covered with honeysuckles and roses, among the thickets of flowering shrubs that skirted the gay pastures of flowers before the château. It was already dark, but their gay, laughing voices attracted the attention of the king, then quite a young man, who had also stolen out on the terrace to enjoy the delightful evening, unattended by all except the handsome mischief-loving Lauzun, fated hereafter to exercise such all-conquering power over the heart of the unfortunate Mademoiselle de Montpensier.

The king, hearing the voices, was seized with a sudden curiosity to know what was the subject of the conversation, and signing to Lauzun to follow him, he softly approached the arbour. The tongues of the pretty maids of honour were going like so many cherry clappers, the subject of conversation being a ball given the night before by Madame Henriette, and particularly about a ballet, in which the king had danced in company with some other gentlemen of his court. The king and

Lauzun, favoured by the increasing darkness of the night, and well entrenched behind the shrubs, did not lose a syllable.

The question was, which dancer was the handsomest and the most graceful, and each pretty lady had, of course, her own predilection. One declared for the Marquis d'Alençon, another would not hear of any comparison with M. de Vardes, and a third stoutly maintained that the Comte de Guiche was by far the handsomest man there and everywhere else (an opinion which, *par parenthèse*, Madame herself took every opportunity of showing she quite acquiesced in—a taste, moreover, displayed somewhat too openly by her, notwithstanding her designs on the heart of the king himself, whom she fancied, and others declared, was, or had been, her devoted admirer). But to our story. The fourth damsel was silent. Upon being called upon to give her opinion, she spoke, and in the sweetest and gentlest of tones—or rather in “a voice soft and low, an excellent thing in woman”—she thus expressed herself:

“I cannot imagine how any one else could have been even noticed when the king was present. He is quite fascinating.”

“Ah, then you, mademoiselle, declare for the king. What will Madame say to you?”

“No, it is not the king nor the crown he wears that I admire: it is not his rank that makes him so charming. On the contrary, to me it ought rather to diminish his attractions, for if he were not the king I should positively dread him. His position is my best safeguard. However——” And La Vallière dropped her head on her bosom and fell into a deep reverie.

On hearing her words the king was strangely affected, and, forbidding Lauzun to mention their adventure, they retired silently as they came, and re-entered the château. The king was in a sad dilemma. If he could only discover who the fair damsel was who preferred him to all others with such *naïveté* and such sincerity—who admired him for himself alone, and not for his rank—a preference as flattering as it was rarely the lot of a monarch to discover. All he knew was that it must be one of the maids of honour attached to the service of Madame Henriette, his sister-in-law, and he could not sleep all night, so haunted was he with the melting tones of that sweet voice, and so anxious did he become to discover to whom it belonged. In the morning, as soon as etiquette allowed of his appearing, Louis hurried off to the toilette of Madame, whom he found seated before her mirror of the rarest Dresden china, lopped up with lace and ribbons, her face and shoulders covered with her beautifully long hair, about to undergo the frightful process of powdering.

“Your majesty honours me with an early visit,” said she, colouring with pleasure as he entered. “What plans have you arranged for the hunt to-day? When are we to start?”

Louis, with his usual politeness—shown, be it recorded to his credit, towards any woman, whatever might be her degree—gallantly replied that it was for her to command and for him to obey. But there the conversation dropped, and the duchess soon observed that he appeared absent and preoccupied, which at once chagrined and disappointed her. Piqued at his want of *empressement*, she turned from him abruptly and began conversing with one of her attendants.

Louis was now at liberty to use his eyes as he chose, and he hastily proceeded to survey the group of lovely girls that, like a garden of bright tulips, stood behind the princess's chair. One standing a little apart from the rest riveted his attention. Her pale and somewhat melancholy countenance imparted an indescribable air of interest to her appearance, and the graceful *tournure* of her head and neck completed as lovely a creature as could be conceived.

"Could this be she?" He hoped—he feared (he was young then, Louis, and not the *débauché blasé* he afterwards became)—he actually trembled with emotion, suspense, and impatience. But determined to ascertain the truth, and regardless of the furious glances cast at him by Madame, who evidently neither liked nor understood his wandering looks, directed evidently to her ladies, and his total want of attention towards herself, he approached the fair group and began conversing with them, certain that if that same soft voice was heard that had never ceased to echo in his ears, he should at once recognise it. He addressed Madame du Pons, but his eyes were fixed on the pale face of La Vallière, for it was, indeed, she he so much admired. She cast down her eyes and blushed.

The king advanced towards her and addressed her, awaiting her reply with indescribable anxiety. She trembled, grew still more pale, then blushed crimson, and finally replied to him in a voice tremulous with timidity; but it was *the* voice! He had found her. This, then, was the unknown, and she loved him; her own lips confessed it. Delightful! He left the apartments of Madame abruptly in speechless delight.

From that day he saw, but La Vallière. Ever in the apartments of his sister-in-law, it was evident to her that he did not come to seek her society, and her rage and jealousy knew no bounds; for she had indeed previously had ample reason to believe that the attachment the king felt for her exceeded that of a brother. With all the spite of a jealous woman, she soon discovered how often the eyes of Louis were fixed with admiration on the timid and downcast face of La Vallière. She was not, therefore, long in guessing the object of his preference and in discovering the cause of his frequent visits to her apartments. From this moment she hated poor Louise, and determined, if possible, to ruin her on the first favourable opportunity that chance might afford.

Louis on his part, unconscious of the storm he was raising about La Vallière, was delighted with all he saw, and with all he heard of her character. She was beloved by all; her goodness, her sweetness, her sincerity were universally acknowledged, and the account of her various good qualities naturally tended to enhance her merit in the eyes of the king.

When the court returned to St. Germain (now, can one fancy a brilliant court within those dingy walls?—but so it was), Louis was desperately, head and ears over in love. A party of pleasure was arranged to take place in the forest under a tent formed of boughs and flowers. The ladies resorted to this sylvan retreat habited as shepherdesses and peasants forming charming groups, very like Sèvres china. On their arrival, the most delicious music was heard proceeding from the recesses of the leafy groves, which as it played at intervals, now here, now there, among the trees, was the signal for the appearance of various groups of satyrs, fauns,

and nymphs, who after dancing certain grotesque figures, and singing verses in honour of the king and the court, disappeared, to be quickly replaced by another detachment, who presented flowers, and also sang and danced as no nymphs or fauns had ever dreamed of in classic bowers, but in a style quite peculiar to the age and taste of le Grand Monarque, who liked even nature itself to appear as artificial and formal as he became himself. This agreeable *fête* had lasted all day, and the company was about to return on foot to the château, when—conceive the alarm—a violent storm came on, thunder began to roll, the sky was suddenly obscured, and a heavy rain descended with remorseless violence to drench the whole court. How every one scudded hither and thither like a flock of terrified sheep! The thickest trees were eagerly seized on as a slight protection against the storm; and, spite of the rain, the ladies at last began to vote it rather an agreeable incident on the whole, when they found their favourite cavaliers beside them, placed, perchance, somewhat nearer than would have been *comme il faut* in the court circle. For although the ladies might really at first have been a little terrified, the gentlemen, certainly, were not likely to be attacked with any nervousness on account of a thunderstorm, and had preserved *sang-froid* sufficient to select each his fair lady-love to protect from the tempest. Thus it chanced that Madame Henriette found herself under the care of the Comte de Guiche; the fair Mancini, once so beloved by the king, now Comtesse de Soissons, was under the protection of her dear De Vardes; and Mademoiselle d'Orléans—la grande Mademoiselle—was completely happy, and forgot the thunder, rain, and, more wonderful still, her own dignity, at finding herself *tête-à-tête* with Lauzun!

The king, nowise behind his courtiers in gallantry, had at once offered his escort and his arm to support poor La Vallière, who, naturally timid; was really terrified at the noise, the bustle, the surprise, and accepted his assistance, and clung to his arm with a confidence that enchanted him. All the world knows she was a little lame, a defect which was said in her to become quite a grace. On the present occasion she did not perhaps regret that this infirmity prevented her walking as quickly as the rest, prolonging the precious moments with the king. Louis placed her under a tree, where they were both protected from the rain and shrouded by the thick boughs which fringed the grass beneath and entirely concealed them from all impertinent observers.

The king seized on this happy opportunity to declare his passion, and acquaint La Vallière with the love she had inspired ever since that evening at Fontainebleau, when he had overheard her conversation. Poor Louise! who had never dared to imagine that her love was returned, had well-nigh fainted as the king proceeded. Her heart beat so tremendously it was quite audible, and she was actually on the point of rushing from under the tree, when the king, laying hold of her hand, retained her.

"What!" said he, "do you fear me more than the storm? What have I done to terrify you? you whom I love, whom I adore! What is the cause of your hatred, of me? Speak, I implore you, Louise."

"Oh, sire! say not hatred. I revere you—I love you—as my king, but——"

"Sweet girl, I breathe again. But why only love me as your save

reign—I, who cherish your every look, and seek only to be your servant—your slave?”

Saying which he fell on his knees before her, and swore he would never rise until she had promised to love him, and to pardon the terror his declaration had caused her.

At this sight Mademoiselle de la Vallière could not control her emotion. She implored him to rise.

“You are my king,” said she. “I am your faithful subject. Can I say more?”

“But promise me your love. Give me your heart; that is the possession I desire,” cried Louis.

Pressed by the king to grant him some mark of her favour, La Vallière became so confused she could scarcely articulate. Louis became more and more pressing, interpreting her emotion as favourable to his suit, when in the midst of the tenderest entreaties the thunder again burst forth, and poor Louise, overcome at once by fear, love, and remorse, fainted away. The king naturally received this precious burden in his arms, and began hastily to rejoin the other fugitives and his attendants, in order to obtain assistance. Ever and anon he stopped in the openings of the forest to admire her face, calm and lovely in repose, the long eyelashes sweeping the delicate cheek, the lips half closed, revealing the prettiest little white teeth. I leave my readers to imagine if Louis did not imprint a few kisses on the fainting beauty he bore so carefully in his arms, and if now and then he did not press that beloved form closer to his breast. If in this he *did* take advantage of the situation chance had afforded him, he must be forgiven; he was young, and he was deeply in love; he was, moreover, a king, and she was his subject.

Imagine the surprise felt by La Vallière on recovering to find herself borne along in the king's arms! alone, in the midst of a vast solitary forest. History does not, however, record that she died of terror, or that she even screamed; but, perhaps, and indeed doubtless, she would have been more frightened had not the respectful behaviour of the king reassured her.

The moment she opened her sweet blue eyes he stopped, placed her on the ground, and supporting her in the tenderest manner, assured her that being then near the edge of the forest, and not far distant from the château, they were sure soon to encounter some of his attendants. Louise blushed, then grew pale, then blushed again, as the recollection of all the king had said to her while under the shade of the tree gradually returned to her mind. She read the confirmation of it all in his countenance, and in his eyes, turned towards her with a passionate gaze. In a faltering voice she thanked him for his care a thousand times—for his condescension. She was so sorry. It was so foolish to faint; but the thunder—his majesty's goodness to her— And here she paused abruptly; her conscience told her she ought at once to reject his suit for ever: her lips could not articulate the words.

While she was yet speaking a group of horsemen appeared in the distance, at the end of one of the long verdant glades in which the forest abounds, who, on hearing the voice of the king, galloped rapidly towards them. They reached the château shortly after the other ladies, who had,

none of them, as it appeared, been in haste to arrive, and who, as well as their cavaliers, regretted extremely the termination of so highly agreeable an adventure.

From this moment La Vallière's fate was sealed. Long had she loved and admired the king in her own secret heart; but until she learnt how warmly he returned this attachment she was scarcely aware how completely he possessed her heart. The ecstasy this certainty gave her first fully revealed to herself the real danger of her situation. Poor Louise! Is it wonderful that as the scene of this first and passionate declaration she should love the old château of St. Germain more than any other spot in the world?—that when suffering, the air restored her? when unhappy (and she lived to be so utterly miserable), the sight of the forest, of the terrace, revived her for a time by the tender reminiscences they recalled?

It is well no vision of the present scene arose to trouble the pleasure she felt in this residence; for who could ever have imagined that this stately château would ever have been converted into the dreary prison one now beholds, with a screaming, whistling, vulgar railway station close under the very walls! with omnibuses and flies, and all the *et cætera* of modern barbarism invading the dignified old palace, intended for royal retirement and enjoyment.

When the secret of Louis's attachment to La Vallière transpired (which after the scene of the forest was very soon the case), nothing could exceed the rage, the indignation of the whole royal circle, who each conceived that they had some especial cause of complaint. The poor quiet queen, who certainly was the really injured party, could only weep and mourn in silence over a scandal that affected her personally nearly; but she was far too much afraid of the handsome Jupiter Tonans, her husband, to venture on many personal reproaches to himself. She consoled herself with most soundly abusing the unhappy La Vallière, and vented her spleen in loading her with a variety of epithets much more expressive than elegant. In this labour of love she was joined by Anne of Austria, the queen-mother, who in her actual state of mind, and given up as she was to the rigid observances of the austerities of her religion (for these were the days of serge gowns, chaplets, confessors, and oratories with her majesty), was the last person to spare the favourite, and actively assisted her daughter-in-law in these attacks.

But Madame Henriette, who had nothing in the world to do with the affair, was the noisiest and most abusive of all. Her vanity was offended, was outraged in the highest degree, at the notion that the king, whom she believed her ardent admirer, should forsake her openly, publicly, for one of her women. It was too insulting.

"What," exclaimed she, "does he prefer a little ugly, miserable, limping bourgeoisie to *me*, the daughter of a king, and, moreover, as superior in attractions to that little minx as I am in birth? Dieu! qu'il manque de goût et de délicatesse!"

Without even taking leave of the king, she rushed from court and retired to St. Cloud, where she made the very walls ring with her lamentations and her complaints. The end of all this disturbance was, that La Vallière, humiliated, overcome, reproached from without by all around her, and from within by the stings of a conscience that no circumstances could ever

either corrupt or silence, escaped from St. Germain, and placed herself in the convent of Chaillot, determining to sacrifice her love to the higher calls of duty, and by taking the veil remove all chances of a relapse into former temptations. To recount how the king discovered her retreat, and flying after her with all the ardour of a new passion, prevailed on her to alter her resolution and return to the court, would lead me into a digression which would not be excused by any reference to the old château we are considering. Happy had it been for the too yielding but amiable favourite had she never left the peaceful cloister, or consented to recommence a life of sin that ended in the misery of seeing herself supplanted by her friend, the arrogant, artful De Montespan !

In the gallery of St. Germain, Louis first met with Madame de Maintenon, then the humble widow Scarron. It was his habit, after leaving the chapel, as he passed through the gallery, to receive the petitions of those who had sufficient interest to gain admittance. A beautiful woman, of somewhat full and voluptuous proportions, with a neck whiter than driven snow—quite a style to suit the royal taste—dressed in a morning costume, which displayed the delicacy of her complexion to the best advantage, presented herself before him. Louis could not but admire her appearance and receive the paper she presented to him. However, it appears that the fair widow, not receiving the attention she expected, and finding her petition unnoticed, presented herself so constantly before the king in this very gallery, that at length he grew quite weary of her solicitations, and on one occasion abruptly turned his back on her, saying to one of his attendants, “I am tired of seeing that woman. *Il pleut en vérité des mémoires de Madame Scarron.*” Little did he imagine the influence that intriguing widow was destined to exercise over his latter years. Finding all legitimate means fail of commanding the attention she desired, the widow Scarron, by dint of low flattery and mean compliances, contrived to gain the friendship of the abandoned Montespan, then in the zenith of her power. She was appointed by her governess to her illegitimate offspring, a position that secured to the crafty widow a firm footing at court, and the certainty of being constantly thrown into the society of the king, advantages of which she amply availed herself, ending at length by acquiring so absolute an influence over him as soon to cause the expulsion of all rivals, and exercising an absolute tyranny.

VIII.

Mary of Modena—James II.—Francis I.—Henri Quatre—Gabrielle d’Estrées—
The Forest of St. Germain as it is now.

It was at St. Germain that Mary of Modena and her infant took refuge after her hurried flight from England, escorted by the gallant Lauzun, who had been despatched by Louis to aid in her perilous escape. On landing at Boulogne, she refused to proceed until she was assured that her husband, the weak devotee James II., was in safety ; “resolved,” as she said, “if he had been imprisoned, to have returned and suffered martyrdom with him.” But, as he was not destined to the stake, on being informed of his safety she continued her journey to St. Germain.

Louis met her at Chatou, a pretty village on the banks of the Seine,

near the château, now one of the stations on the railway from hence to Paris. As soon as the poor fugitive perceived the king, she dismounted from her coach and advanced towards him.

"Sire," said she, "you see before you a most unhappy princess, whose only consolation is the goodness of your majesty."

"Madame," replied the king, "it is now only in my power to render you a most melancholy service, but I trust ere long to prove to you, as also to my brother the king, your husband, that I have every inclination to serve you both in a manner more worthy his dignity and my own."

On arriving at the château, the king, dismounting first from his carriage, offered his arm to the queen, and conducted her into the magnificent apartments occupied formerly by his wife.

"If," said he, "my late consort, Marie Thérèse of Austria, can observe us from that heaven where her soul undoubtedly reposes in endless bliss, she will be flattered, I am sure, by seeing her place occupied by another Mary as beautiful and as virtuous as she was herself!"

After having delivered himself of this Grandisonian compliment, so entirely *à la Louis Quatorze*, making the very heavens open, as it were, to do honour to kings and queens, and actually sanctify etiquette, he commanded that the infant Prince of Wales should be carried into the rooms used by the Duc de Bourgogne, and retired himself with the queen into an inner boudoir, where they held a long and secret conference. When they returned into the *grands appartements*, Louis, with his usual majestic courtesy, reconducted the queen to her son, and then took leave of her.

A repetition of the same ceremonies took place on the arrival of James II. shortly afterwards, excepting only that when the two monarchs met in the court-yard of the château a series of *embrassements* took place between them that must have been most strangely ludicrous to the bystanders. It is said that the two kings folded each other *ten times* in their arms. So violent an effusion of tenderness must have marvellously discomposed the wig and powder of le Grand Monarque, who, when they became calmer, observed to James, "Let us lose no more time—the queen will be all impatience to see your majesty." Upon which hint they proceeded to the apartments of the queen, whom they found awaiting their arrival in bed, Louis insisting on giving the place of honour to his royal visitor, who as pertinaciously endeavoured to decline it. Upon sight of the queen a fresh series of more violent *embrassements* than ever commenced, but this time Louis was only a spectator. How often James thought it necessary to clasp his consort in his arms is not recorded, but doubtless the number of times exceeded the accolades he had previously bestowed on his host. After these lively demonstrations had a little subsided, Louis addressed the English king in these words :

"Your majesty must remain here, and not return with me; come and see me to-morrow at Versailles; I will then receive *you* as my guest; after that I shall again pay you a visit at St. Germain, where I shall look on you as *my* host; afterwards we will meet as often as possible *sans façons*."

Before he departed, Louis deposited ten thousand pistoles in the room destined for the king, an action as generous as it was delicately contrived not to wound the feelings of the royal fugitives. Indeed his whole conduct to these exiled princes is one of the most pleasing episodes in the whole life of Louis XIV.

Not was St. Germain only a favourite retreat during Louis XIV.'s reign; other monarchs had equally appreciated the beauty of its situation;

Francis I., that impersonation of chivalry, the gallant prince who would fain have left crown, throne, and people, to fare for themselves, constituting himself knight-errant after the fashion of Don Quixote, also loved these verdant shades. Here he was married to the gentle Claude, daughter of Louis XII., who, deformed in person, and of a timid, retiring disposition, could offer no attractions likely to ensure the affection of this beauty-loving monarch. After a few years passed in neglect and obscurity, she expired, leaving Francis to the undisputed possession of the Duchesse d'Etampes. Here he delighted to resort with this fair favourite—*la plus belle des savantes, et la plus savante des belles*—to hunt, to ride, to dance, to love; or, when weary of pleasure, to read those legends of chivalry he so much admired; or perhaps to pen some couplets himself in honour of the fair—for he himself was no mean poet.

Henri Quatre has also left many a recollection connected with this château, where he resorted, in the small intervals of *délassement* from those incessant wars that occupied his reign, to enjoy a few merry hours with la belle Gabrielle d'Estrées.

Before her acquaintance with Henri Quatre, she was engaged to marry a gentleman of the court, named Bellegarde. They seldom met, as he, being a great favourite with the king, followed all his gyrations, and on the occasion I am about to relate, the lovers had been separated for some time. Gabrielle was then living with her sisters at her father's château; fondly attached to Bellegarde, her thoughts incessantly dwelt on him, and she anticipated the approaching period of her marriage with all the happiness imaginable.

One evening, while she was indulging in those agreeable musings proper to the state called "being in love," Bellegarde was abruptly announced, and entered, accompanied by two gentlemen; one, short in stature, with a droll expression of countenance, was introduced as Monsieur Chicot; the other, by name "Don Juan," tall and thin, with greyish hair, high-coloured, and remarkable for a very prominent nose and exceedingly audacious eyes.

Gabrielle rose in haste to embrace Bellegarde, but, on seeing his two companions, drew back, welcoming them all with a more formal courtesy. She was surprised and vexed to find Bellegarde cold and reserved, but any short-comings on his part were amply made up by the cordial accolade of the Spanish Don.

"Pray, madame, excuse our friend," said Chicot, seeing the confusion of Gabrielle at such unexpected familiarity; "he is only newly arrived in France, and is quite unacquainted with the usages of the country."

"By the mass!" cried Bellegarde, pale with annoyance, "I, for my part, know no country in the world where gentlemen are permitted thus to salute the ladies—at least in civilised latitudes."

These remarks were, however, quite lost on the Don, who, with his eyes fixed in bold admiration on Gabrielle, scarcely heard them.

"Bellegarde," said Gabrielle, seeing his deeply offended look, "excuse this stranger, I entreat, for my sake; I am sure he meant no offence. Let not the joy I feel at again seeing you be overcast by this little occurrence." And she advanced to where he stood, and affectionately took his hand.

This appeal was enough; Bellegarde, though anxious, looked no longer angry, and the party seated themselves.

"This gentleman, madame," said Chicot, turning towards Gabrielle, "is our prisoner; he surrendered to us yesterday in the *mêlée* at Marly, and, his ransom paid, to-morrow morning he will start to join the army of the Duke of Parma."

"At least, gentlemen, now you are here," replied Gabrielle, "by whatever chance—and the chance must be good that brings you to me—and she glanced at Bellegarde)—you will all partake of some refreshment. I beg you to do so in the name of Monsieur de Bellegarde."

"Fair lady," said the Spaniard, breaking silence for the first time, "I never before rejoiced so much in being able to understand the French tongue as spoken by your sweet voice; this is the happiest moment of my life, for it has introduced me to you, the fairest of your sex. Readily I accept your invitation, for were I fortunate enough to be your prisoner my ransom should never be paid, I warrant."

"Cap de Dieu!" exclaimed Chicot, laughing; "the Spanish Dons well merit their reputation for gallantry, but our friend here, Don Juan, outdoes all, and indeed every one of his nation."

"Madame," continued the Spaniard, not appearing to hear this remark, and still addressing Gabrielle, "if any one, be he noble or villain, knight or king, dare to say that any woman under God's sun surpasses you in beauty or grace, I declare him to be a liar, false and disloyal, and with fitting opportunity I will prove it in more than words that he lies to the teeth."

"Come, come, my good friend," interrupted Bellegarde, much discomposed, "do not go into these heresies, I beseech you. If you heat yourself in this way, the night air will give you cold. Besides, remember, sir, this lady, Mademoiselle d'Estrées, is my affianced bride, and that certain conditions were made between us before I introduced you, which conditions you swore to observe."

Don Juan felt the implied reproof, and for the first time moved his eyes to some other object than the smiling face of Gabrielle.

Her sisters now entered and were saluted with nearly equal warmth by the Spanish Don, who evidently would not reform his manners in this particular.

"Let me tell you, ladies," said Chicot, "if you were to see our friend Don Juan in a justaucorps of satin, and glittering with gold and precious stones, you would not think he looked amiss. But are you going to give us something to eat? What has the Don done that he is to be starved? Though he be a Spaniard, and serves against Henry of Navarre, he is a Christian, and has a stomach like any other."

On this hint the whole party adjourned to the eating-room, Bellegarde looking the picture of misery, Chicot bursting with ill-suppressed laughter, and the Don fully occupied by Gabrielle, on whom his naughty eyes were again fixed. At table, spite of Bellegarde's manœuvres, he placed himself beside her, eating and drinking voraciously; perpetually proposing toasts in her honour, and confusing her to such a degree that she heartily repented having invited him to remain, particularly as the annoyance of Bellegarde at his familiarity did not escape her. In this general *malentendu* the merry Chicot again came to the rescue.

"Let us drink to the health of the King of France and Navarre!" cried he. "Come, Don Juan, forget your politics and join us: here's prosperity and success to our gallant Henri!"

"That is a toast we must drink in chorus," said Bellegarde.

"But why," observed Gabrielle, "does Don Juan bear arms against the King of France if he is his partisan?"

"Fair lady, your remark is just," replied he, "but the fortune of war drives a soldier to many things; however, I only wish all France was as much his friend as I am."

"Long live the king!"—"Vive Henri Quatre!" was drunk with all the honours and in a chorus of hurrahs. The Spaniard wiped a tear from his eye.

"Cap de Dieu!" cried Chicot, "the right cause will triumph at last."

"Yes," replied Bellegarde, "sooner or later we shall see our brave king enter his noble palace of the Louvre in state; but meanwhile he must not fool away his time in follies and amours while the League is in strength."

"There you speak truth," said Chicot; "he is too much given to such games—he's a very Sardanapalus—and," continued he, squinting at the Don with a most comical expression, "if report speaks true, at this very moment his majesty is off on some adventure touching the rival beauty of certain ladies, to the manifest neglect of his crown and the ruin of his affairs."

"Ah!" said Gabrielle, "if some second Agnès Sorel would but appear, and making, like her, a noble use of the king's love and her influence, incite him to noble deeds—to conquer himself, and forsaking all else, entirely devote his great talents in fighting heart and soul against the rebels and exterminating the League!"

"Alas!" sighed Don Juan, "those were the early ages; such love is not to be found now—it is a dream, a fantasy—Henri will find no Agnès Sorel in these later days."

"Say not so, noble Don," replied Gabrielle; "love is of all times and of all seasons. True love is immortal, but I allow that it is rare though not impossible, to excite such a passion."

"If it is a science to be learnt, will you teach me, fair lady?" said the Spaniard.

At this turn in the conversation Bellegarde again became agitated, and the subject dropped. The Don addressed his conversation to the sisters of Gabrielle, and at their request took up a lute and sang a song with considerable taste, in a fine manly voice, which gained for him loud applauses all round.

Gabrielle looked, perhaps, a trifle too pleased, and, spite of Bellegarde, approached the Don after he had finished.

"Lady, did my song please you?" said he; "if I have any merit you inspired me."

"Yes," replied she, musingly; "if you had been my prisoner, I should long ago have liberated you, I am sure."

"And why?" asked he.

"Because you have something in your voice I should have feared to hear too often," said she, in a low voice.

"Then in that case I would always have remained your voluntary captive."

How long this conversation might have continued my authorities do not state; but Bellegarde, now really displeased, approached the whispering pair, giving an angry glance at Gabrielle, of whom he took no further heed.

"Come, come, Don Juan!" said he, "it is time to go. Where are our horses? The night wears on, and we shall now scarce reach the camp ere morning."

"Ventre saint gris!" said the Spaniard, starting up, "there is surely no need for such haste."

"Your promise," muttered Bellegarde.

"Confound you, Bellegarde! You have introduced me into paradise, and now you drag me away just when the breath of love is animating me," murmured Don Juan, who looked broken-hearted at being obliged to leave, and cast the most tender glances towards the downcast Gabrielle.

"I opine we ought never to have come at all," said Chicot, winking violently, and looking at Gabrielle, who evidently regretted the necessity of the Don's departure.

"Mère de Dieu!" cried the latter to Bellegarde, "you are too hard thus to bind me to my cursed promise."

"Gabrielle," said Bellegarde, in a low voice, "you are my beloved, my soul. Adieu. You have grieved me to-night, but perhaps it is my fault; I ought to have come alone; but I will soon return. In the mean time, a caution in your ear: if this Don Juan comes again during my absence to pay you a second visit, send him off, I charge you, by the love I think you bear me. Give him his *congé* without ceremony; hold no parley, I entreat you; he is a sad *vaurien*, and would come with no good intentions. I could tell you more. He is—— But next time you shall hear all."

"I will obey you," replied Gabrielle, somewhat coldly.

The whole party advanced to the court-yard, where the three horses were waiting.

"Adieu, most adorable Gabrielle!" exclaimed the Spaniard, vaulting into the saddle. "Would to Heaven I had never set eyes on you, or that I might gaze to eternity on that heavenly face."

"Well," said Bellegarde, "you need only wait until peace is made, and then you can go to court, where Madame de Bellegarde, otherwise la Belle Gabrielle, will shine fairest of the fair."

"You are not married yet, monsieur, however, and remember, you must first have his majesty's leave and license—not always to be got. Ha, ha, my friend! I have you there," laughed the Don. "Adieu, then, once more, most beautiful lady!—Adieu to you all! Bellegarde, you have gained your bet," continued the Spaniard, as they galloped off.

I need scarcely add that the false hidalgo was no other than Henri Quatre himself, who was thus imprudently presented by Bellegarde to his love, in consequence of a dispute between them as to the beauty of some other lady admired by the king, who he insisted possessed superior charms, which, Bellegarde denying, the king would only be satisfied by verifying with his own eyes Gabrielle's attractions. That this was not the last time they met, we are well aware; and I shall have to relate some further passages between them which took place at St. Germain. Gabrielle, intoxicated with the passion her beauty had inspired, failed

to repulse the pretended Spaniard with the prudent rigour recommended by her lover, who lived deeply to repent having introduced so fatal a rival as Don Juan to his fair mistress.

While recalling the many associations connected with the palace, I insensibly turned from the melancholy old pile chagrined and disappointed, and bent my steps to the fine terrace close at hand, extending for two miles along the brow of the high hill on which the château stands, the work of the celebrated Le Nôtre. Of great width, it is fringed on one side by the branching trees of the dense forest, in the pleasant summer-time casting around a deep umbrageous shade. On the other side it terminates in a low balustrade, from which the steep hill, covered with vineyards, descends rapidly to the Seine, meandering beneath through verdant fields, skirting smiling villages and undulating hills, whose swelling sides are covered with groves, vines, and gardens;—a view at once vast and pleasing. On the right is Mount Valerian, crowned with ugly barracks—a sad nuisance, by the way, this hill, for, by its situation, Paris is entirely concealed, which would otherwise appear spread like a map in all its length and breadth. Nearer St. Germain, embosomed in the undulations of the hill, stands the village of Marly, where once stood that superb palace, the *almost* rival of Versailles. Below this point, the eye just catches a so-called château peeping out from surrounding trees, belonging to Monsieur Alexandre Dumas, and dignified by him with the high-sounding title of Château de Monte Christo—a trumpery gimcrack villa, of which a word by-and-by.

Immediately in front, looking from the terrace, and on the very verge of the horizon, is the cathedral of St. Denis, the sight of which royal mausoleum being the cause alleged for Louis XIV., as he advanced in life, forsaking St. Germain as a residence. Distant hills fill in the landscape, their undulating lines extending to meet the masses of forest that crown the eminences in the vicinity of the terrace. A lovely prospect on a bright summer's day this same terrace as heart could wish.

But the forest, that universe of trees, was beautiful even in winter—what a paradise in summer! We have no notion of such a vast interminable wood in England—a place where one might live and die, and no mortal be ever the wiser. Thirty miles in extent, divided near the outskirts by walks and drives of great regularity, yet all marked by some peculiar beauty, penetrating on every side into masses of overarching foliage, lengthening aisles, and interminable galleries of verdure, all clothed in sylvan green—above, below, around—an architecture of nature's own design! It is beautiful! How enchanting are these diverging openings on every side, infinite in number, endless in length, uncertain, dreamy, romantic, every turn so like the last, and yet so different! A few wrong steps, and one may wander all the livelong day in vain; and then to be lost in such infinite space, to hunt for one's way in a forest thirty miles long, and live perchance for days on roots and herbs! Why one wants the skein of Ariadne to thread the mazes of such a wilderness!

It was such a forest that Shakspeare dreamed when he described the Ardennes; and here, in good sooth, I would gladly lose myself if I might hope to fall in with such pleasant company as Rosalind, and Celia, and the honest Jacques. At intervals, the walks are collected into a star, from which again they diverge in every direction, sometimes to the number of eleven;

and as I gazed down these glades—the solitude every now and then broken by a bounding stag leaping across the path, or by a timid hare rushing terrified along at the sight of aught in human form—I peopled the solitude with all I love best in romance. But, alas! could I call visions from the vasty deep? Where were the Angelicas, the Bradamantes, mounted on goodly steeds, that should emerge from the shade? Where were the gay knights—Orlandos, Rinaldos, and other paladins of old—that erst bore them company? or that, lance in rest, would scour the woods to destroy some horrible enchanter, secluded in his lonely moated castle, or perchance to spear a malevolent dragon whose partiality to human flesh had depopulated the whole country, or to rescue distressed beauty from horrible caverns, or from the tyranny of some fell giant?

Such are the phantoms that haunt the imagination in such a forest, making one live o'er again the dreams of childhood, when romance, fairyland, and chivalry were realities devoutly to be believed in, not legends only to amuse; such scenes as these are their home, and revive every vision of the wonderful, the strange, the supernatural, for what may not be done, seen, imagined, dreamt, under this immeasurable shade? This canopy of ancient trees makes all possible.

Anon the scene changes, and images of the royal hunts, the brilliant assemblies, which age after age had seen gathered under these trees, appeared before me: the gaily caparisoned steeds and their still gayer riders, the feathers, the lace, the embroidery fluttering in the wind; the ladies habited in many-coloured riding apparel, following on their palfreys, or perhaps drawn in heavy cumbrous coaches that threatened each moment to overturn them on the moss-covered ground, knotted with the gnarled roots of oak and beech; dogs, the horses, the king himself eager in the chase, rushing furiously along in pursuit of the rapid stag; Louis XIV. perhaps, in his younger days, displaying his agility to the terrified La Vallière or the imperious Montespan, who, both packed, maybe, into one carriage with the poor timid queen, watch his every action with eager gaze, one melting with love and trembling for his safety, the other gratified at what her pride suggests is a prowess displayed to gain her applause. Oh! the images, the scenes that this wonderful wood conjures up!

I think I must have had a regular day-dream, I was so absorbed, so buried in thoughts of bygone years. But, all at once, I was effectually recalled to reality and the nineteenth century by a most horrible noise caused by the sudden rolling and rumbling of drums in a kind of chorus. What could this abominable clatter portend? The soldiers practising! France is full of soldiers rejoicing in the multiplicity of their drums, and the drummers must practise—all this is plain—but why not go elsewhere? Why desecrate this solemn wood? It really seems that at St. Germain I am nowhere to find a corner to recal scenes associated with every inch of ground I traverse. Excluded from the castle by criminals, I am next driven out of the forest by drums—vulgar modern drums. It is really too bad.

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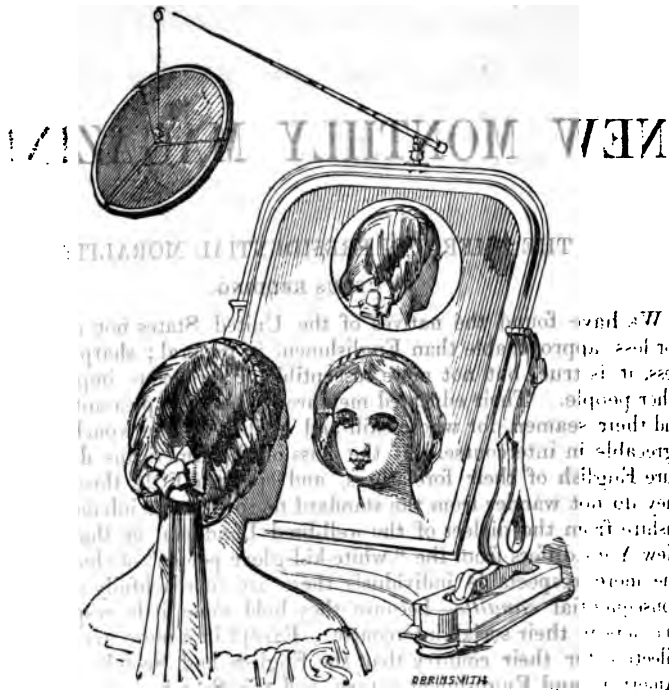
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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENTIAL MORALITY.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

WE have found the natives of the United States not more irascible nor less approachable than Englishmen, in general; sharp men of business, it is true, but not more susceptible of erroneous impressions than other people. Their educated men are exceedingly pleasant companions, and their seamen, for whose skill and civility we can vouch, manly, and agreeable in intercourse. If the mass of the Americans do not use the pure English of their forefathers, and speak a little through the nose, they do not wander from the standard more than an inhabitant of Lancashire from the dialect of the well-bred Londoner, or than the mob in New York differs from the "white-kid-glove people" of that city—for so the more respectable individuals there are reproachfully dubbed by its consequential *canaille*—because they hold some little respect for good manners in their social intercourse. Except in a more overweening predilection for their country than the English and Scotch—to which the American and Englishman return, and the Scotch do not, if they can help it—we do not perceive that a travelled American differs so much from an Englishman after all. Race engrafts its peculiarities on succession for a long time, especially where climate and habit do not essentially alter the bodily constitution. Differences, therefore, between England and the United States assume the appearance of a fraternal quarrel, and how much more unnatural do they appear when such quarrels compromise the essential interests of both! Still more painful is this consideration when no ground of moment exists for any difference between the two countries which can be called national.

The ambition of holding place in President Pierce made him have recourse to all kinds of expedients to recommend himself. To the slave-owner he held out the extension of that curse and degradation of humanity. He largely patronised the renegade Irish, who hate England and create disturbances in America, so much indeed as to have given origin to the native American or Know-Nothing party, which cannot submit to see situations bestowed upon individuals often able to hold them only under a furtive naturalisation. If anything ludicrous could be mixed up with so serious a question as that between England and America, it would be found in the excessive affectation of seeing an offence offered to the national delicacy in the affair of Mr. Crampton. How exquisite is the sensibility, how shrinking the delicacy, affected only by implication, that makes substances of shadows, and, like the renowned Thomas Thumb, champions ghosts to exhibit a spurious energy in defence of a courage which nobody doubts. This shrinking delicacy about nothing is copied, perhaps, from the fair sex in the States, who blush to hear the word "shirt" mentioned in male presence, and if working upon that indelicate article, and asked what they are making, reply, "a pinafore," to preserve that modesty unsullied which such a harmless

word is considered capable of violating. The President, equally sensitive though not equally modest, substitutes "Crampton" for "shirt," and with the affectation of a dignity that can belong alone to individuals generous and heroic in the advocacy of honest principle, proceeds to carry out his vindication of the baseless insult. Shrinking, modest, susceptible, delicate in the matter of honour as he would have the world think, and canting about an insult to American sovereignty, never knowingly offered, or if offered amply atoned, while demanding the immolation of a British minister, President Pierce sets about terminating the Clayton-Bulwer dispute in a short way. A pretended defect of vision, as in the case of Cuba, permits a new bandit expedition to sail from the United States to occupy Nicaragua and a territory with which he is at peace. The same unfortunate lapse in his vision prevents the President from observing that his exquisite sensitiveness upon the Crampton question, to which the vibration of a spider's thread seemed to "grate harsh thunder," would be dissipated by his *ruse* at Nicaragua and Costa Rica. What if the Clayton-Bulwer treaty were arguing at the same time, if the expedition proved successful he should be certain of the support of many of the slave states, of the Irish, and of a goodly number of those who had something to gain and nothing to lose by giving him their countenance,—in all events, a tolerable foundation for hopes built on motives so worthy of their nature.

The foregoing conduct is an outrage upon the common understanding of mankind. It is true that, as Swift says, "a nice man is a nasty man." Thus, an exquisite in honour may really imply an adept in the opposite quality. Complaints of injured honour in those rulers who are at the same time violating the first principles of justice, are among the worst examples of political profligacy with which our nature is degraded.

The *animus* borne towards England by the party of President Pierce was the subject of remark at the outbreak of our war with Russia. We had given America no offence; we were carrying on a vast commerce to our mutual advantage. The free American, it would be imagined, would hardly have enlisted himself on the side of the despot when the cause of quarrel was so obviously against the latter. Without the shadow of a cause, the Russian was the hero of the Pierce party. Gradually, as the war was protracted, that party more strongly indicated its jealous feeling towards England. "Now is the time to embarrass her—now is the time to push our objects, to bully her, to humiliate her. She will not like to have two wars on her hands." Such was the concentrated sense of the language and the actions of the anti-English party in the West. Peace with Russia came upon that party like a thunderbolt. The pro-Russian sympathisers ceased to console the Czar, and then became the sympathisers of the buccaneers of Central America. The outwitting the English in the Central American affair was thenceforth the object of the anti-English party in the States, no matter that it stamps with an indelible stain the character of the first magistrate of the republic: what is that in the way of a petty ambition?

Equally reckless and much more injurious to the internal government of his country have been the efforts of the President to bind the slave states to his interest. The blood of a civil contest has already flowed in the south-west, and there is every reason to fear it will extend itself. Limited in controlling the internal economy of the States, even in securing

justice in the common law-courts, when the mob chooses to be judge, jury, and Ketch themselves, or in enforcing the restoration of property violently appropriated from their fellow-citizens, the ruler is still powerful for much foreign and domestic mischief. He can insult foreign nations, and can set rival states at home at variance in order to promote his own private interests. It is, therefore, to the reflective part of the American people alone that other countries have to look for security from that aggression or insult, to preserve themselves from which no anxiety to avoid offence will suffice. We confess we have great trust here. The plain feeling of right and wrong, the advantages of peace, and the interests of commerce, so strongly felt in the eastern cities, must have weight. We firmly believe that the influential people in America desire peace,—in other words, the merchants and traders, and most assuredly the cotton-growers in the slave states, who can have no wish to see England exchange with India in place of themselves. That the people of England have no desire for war, nor jealousy of the Americans, is undoubted. But this does not—it is a fatal mistake to suppose otherwise—this does not sanction a line of conduct that may justly move England as one man to champion unmerited ill-treatment, and even gross insult, from any people upon earth. The tendencies of all Europe are towards peace and more candid dealing than in times gone by, as being less likely to occasion mistakes and outbreaks. Wars will not be entered upon again by the more powerful kingdoms as they were formerly, from trivial causes.

The foregoing considerations, and an abandonment of morality in politics on the other side of the Atlantic, must naturally alarm the people of England, France, and Spain. It is possible, if Pierce continue President, we may hear of a thousand banditti from New Orleans being landed in Jamaica, or Barbadoes, in Martinique, or in Cuba. No colony is safe, no peace a security, no usages among civilised nations guarantee against such piratical outbreaks. A feeble garrison, in a period of national tranquillity all over the world, may excite the desire of President Pierce for a new annexation. Another piratical expedition may sail (in pretended ignorance of the President) to a colony belonging to some European power, and, devastating it with more adventurers, get a sufficient hold to send an emissary to Washington, and obtain the customary acknowledgment of independence. An American alliance follows, of course. We do not say the American people will all openly sanction such a system, but a president and his friends may do again what they have done before. It is part of the avowed system on which certain statesmen declare they will act—as Russia declared she would act after Peter I. Such actions bespeak a bold defiance of the law of conscience and opinion in political dealing, where rule is only limited by brute force. The President cannot see piratical expeditions in an American port, but he can see them when their operations are successful in ruining a friendly neighbour. He sanctions them as soon as they have gained the object. Seldom has the world exhibited a more self-accommodating policy, however disingenuous it may be deemed by old-fashioned people, who cannot subscribe to the President's interpretation either of the law of conscience or of nations.

It is evident, therefore, that the avowal that no Europeans shall have colonies in America is not to be taken prospectively alone. Wherever it is possible by cunning or fraud, as in the case of Walker's expedition, or as in the attack on Cuba some time ago—not sanctioned, perhaps, only

because it was unsuccessful—the same rule may be acted upon if the same man rule. Retrospectively or prospectively, opportunity will justify both means and end. The first—and we trust the last—American Presidency is the present where the censure of all that is just and honourable will be outrageously braved. The American people will not give a future president the opportunity of degrading the name of an intelligent, free, and great nation; nor will they support him in endeavouring to try to the utmost the patience of other nations that seek no quarrel. Never was there less cause for difference between this country and America: both nations rich in a commerce mutually advantageous, both on amicable terms as respects the population—except, perhaps, the President's Irish friends, who will be at peace nowhere—and both certain of tremendous losses, and no gain to either, in a war destitute of the consolation of a worthy motive. We can perceive no reason for hostilities—we can admit none in the arguments of the President; but we discover enough for well-grounded indignation at the unjustifiable and litigious line of conduct, which is a reflection of the unscrupulous action, limited talent, and utter disregard of honesty in the man. President Pierce wants to be re-elected, and, in his extraordinary conduct, is said to be prompted by an itch for power: no one accuses him of patriotism. He courts a certain degree of popularity—as much, at least, as will secure his return from classes least meriting courtship. He has marvellous great notions, with an heroic character of Fielding's—as remarkable as President Pierce for patronising filibustering expeditions, with a loftiness in ambition equally defensible: “Permit me to say, though the idea may be somewhat coarse, I had rather stand on the summit of a dunghill than at the bottom of a hill in Paradise. I have always thought it signifies little into what rank of life I am thrown, provided I make a great figure therein.” The whole dialogue between Wild and his friend Bagshot, substituting territory for purse, very nicely squares with President Pierce's code of political morality.

A limit to the number of slave states would have enabled the free, in time, to extinguish slavery by gradual redemption. The very idea of such a thing was too much for the south-western slave states more especially. Slavery must be perpetuated and extended, and President Pierce saw how he might obtain additional supporters merely by the violation of good policy and humanity. The consideration was nothing to him, that in case of a foreign war an active enemy might put arms into the hands of the slaves, and bid them do that which God and reason fully justify them in doing. It was no consideration of this President that, as said before, he was preparing and strengthening the elements of civil war between the free and slave states. He served himself, that was enough. Elevated by party alone from obscurity, he has done everything but justify the honour he received. His friends are not so much the slaveholders of the old eastern states as those of the west, where mob-will is the law, and slavery is rendered doubly hideous by practices which would make the older slaveholders of Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia blush for their western countrymen. With these Westerns, President Pierce is a hero. It is there that lawlessness prevails, that the law courts are set aside; that the baser passions rule over the statutes, and the most atrocious crimes are committed with impunity. Even the Senate is tainted with exhibitions of lawlessness. Mr. Brooks, of South Carolina, in a savage manner attacked a member the other day within the walls of the Senate.

Another member coolly murdered a waiter at an inn for a constructive affront, not worthy of notice, and was bailed in two or three thousand dollars. No assassination was ever more wicked. The American newspapers universally cried out "shame." We extract from a Boston paper a part of a letter from St. Louis, Missouri, some little time ago. It will show how in the western slave states the laws and executive are set at nought by the friends of slavery. It is in these states that blood has been already shed in civil war, of which states President Pierce is the favourite. A "yellow fellow," so denominated because, we presume, he was a slave, had thrown some trifling impediment in the way of the arrest of one of his own caste. The "yellow fellow" thus aided escape. The friend was seized for the assistance he had rendered the refugee, and dragged to prison, no doubt with treatment sufficiently brutal on the way. A scuffle ensued, and the "yellow fellow," probably anticipating a cruel fate, stabbed one of those who were coercing him, and, being seized by a second, he struck him a mortal blow, declaring he would resist to the last. He fled, but was hounded down, taken, and secured. The mob insisted he should be delivered over to their vengeance.—What is the meaning of law in a slave state?—They forced the door, and dragged out the man, determined to gratify their revenge. They conducted the "yellow fellow"—what a pity he had not a pallid skin to get bail for his offence, like the assassin of the waiter, in two or three thousand dollars—they conducted him, amid the brutal yells of his tormentors, to the outskirts of the town, amid cries of "Hang him, hang him up!" This mode of execution, however, did not suit the taste of the miscreants with whom he was a captive. Human agonies refresh the spirits of western state mobs. The following is a *verbatim* description of the man-degrading scene, too common in the slave states on the Mississippi. They ultimately agreed to burn the "yellow fellow" alive. "The moon had now risen bright and clear, the evening was calm and beautiful, too fair a night for the appalling spectacle that was about to be witnessed by at least five hundred of our *most respectable citizens*. They chained the murderer to a tree, and the cry arose (how slavery induces refinement in barbarity!), 'Let the fire be slow!' They piled shavings and rails around him until they reached the height of about two feet and a half; a match was applied to the shavings, and the sufferer commenced singing a hymn, which he continued until the heat became intense, and then these few half-smothered words escaped him, 'God, take my life!' I had pressed forward, and stood in front of the sufferer. I could not move; it seemed as though some horrid fascination chained me to the spot, and I witnessed all his agony. Never martyr suffered more courageously. Not a single scream escaped him. His chest heaved with intense agony, yet all he said was, 'God, take my soul!' 'God, take my life!' in accents so low, that none except those immediately around him could catch the sound. He had been burning fifteen minutes, when some one said, 'He feels no pain; he is too far gone.' He immediately answered, 'Y-e-s—I d-o f-e-e-l i-t.' Never, never can I forget his looks, when with the utmost difficulty he uttered those few words. The fire was so slow that his legs and feet were burned almost to a cinder before his other parts were to any degree affected. The tree to which he was chained, was in full blossom, and seemed to smile upon the horrid deed. The horror of that scene can never be effaced from my memory. Imagine a human being chained to a tree, a slow fire

burning around him, the boiling blood gushing in torrents from his mouth, his legs burnt to a crisp, yet his head moving from side to side, and occasionally a half-uttered groan. But I will not, I cannot further enlarge upon a sight so horrible. I feel a sickness at my heart, a dizziness in my head, occasioned by witnessing that terrific sight; but I was rooted to the spot. I could not withdraw my eyes from the sight before me."

Such is one of similar scenes among the more particular supporters of President Pierce. These are among the number whom he pets, to receive their support in exchange. Can the political morality of such a personage be matter of laudation with any but those who are of a similar stamp? Glory to the descendants of the New England Puritans and the people of the anti-slavery states! They are making a bold stand in favour of humanity, and the sustenance of the character of the United States among other nations. The eastern cities are with them, where the laws are respected, and President Pierce meets no enthusiastic support from them. It is impossible that the stern and consistent principles, the love of order, and industry of the northern states should not prevail in the end. If it does not, a severance with the southern must take place. In case of an open rupture, the northerners will have an increasing slave population ready to join them, and however painful the consequences, to retaliate the wrongs which are put upon them by a lustration which shall banish slavery from the republic for ever. We admit the difficulty of the question as it stood before the extension of the territory of slavery. We admit the kindness of the majority of the slaveholders in the old states; but now slavery is to be perpetuated, all compromise seems at an end—so we are assured by intelligent Americans themselves.

We have shown that passion, not law, rules in certain of the slave states, just as the private interest of the President rules in the government. To please a demoralised body of his supporters, he has sanctioned piracy, and committed every citizen of integrity—all who are governed by the sacred rule, "Do as you would be done unto." He has disgraced his country, and has filled with apprehension nations which may give him much more trouble than his unscrupulous course of action and mediocre ability will permit him to discover or overcome. By thrusting foreigners into place to the exclusion of native Americans, particularly the Irish, who are numerous, he has lost the support of true men, who have that feeling for their country's welfare to which the foreigner is indifferent. The President is one who is making to himself great reverses, while he has done more to injure the moral character of his country in the sight of other nations, than the faults of all those who have occupied the presidential chair before him added together.

England has well kept her temper under the grossest provocation. We trust she will continue to do so. A war with a European power would naturally unite the citizens of the States in one common bond of a defensive character. Left to themselves, it cannot be long before the clearer-headed men of the republic—some from good policy, and some from integrity and a love of justice—will settle the present disreputable state of things in a common-sense manner, vindicating their country's character, and marking the efforts of President Pierce with the character of that innate selfishness, which small minds constituted like his cannot conceal through the clumsy veil of chicanery with which they seek to cover it. The President was no doubt a party to Walker's expedition from its com-

mencement, and hoped to claim credit of his countrymen for a trick by which he cleverly, as he imagines, dupes England, and extends his hold upon the support of the American people. This was the act of a vulgar mind, a fitting parallel for a piece of our low Newmarket jockeyship. It is probable that these sheets will go to press before any intelligence of the state of the President's prospects from his recent manœuvring reaches England. We shall augur ill indeed of the political morality of the people of America if they do not read President Pierce a salutary lesson. We cannot forget that Washington and Adams were once Presidents of the States, and how dignified and honourable was their intercourse with other nations; so much so, indeed, that America, as the home of freedom and just legislation, was continually placed in contrast with the despotisms of Europe, and extolled as the land in which the hopes of those who loved rational liberty might be realised. A change has come over the aspect of things since that day. It is better to live under Russian or German despotism than in some of the slaveholding states of America. In European despotisms, it is only to refrain from interference in politics, and things will be pleasant enough; in America, to live peaceably, not only must the politics of the predominant faction be adopted in many of the states, but we must not express just views of humanity. We must abandon the expression of the feelings that do most honour to human nature, or prepare for expulsion from any property we may acquire, with insult and perhaps a challenge to a rifle duel. Opinions counter to those of the predominant faction are not tolerated; even the pulpit must temporise where it does not openly justify man-stealing and slavery. It may be thought that there is some tendency to exacerbation in thus placing strong truths before the reader, but in a country where there is more real freedom than any other on the face of the earth, where justice, cool, patient, and rational, prevails, truth cannot be deemed an intruder, plain-speaking never out of place. The notion that any irritation is caused by stating the real aspect of political affairs is the refuge of the timid, or of those alone who are unacquainted with the benefit flowing from the truthful exposition of what concerns the general weal.

Our Premier, thank Heaven, has had lessons of the patience required in dealing with governments as much inclined to try the temper as that of President Pierce, but none, we fairly presume, so uncourteous, or capable of acting with so much disingenuousness, or exhibiting so ill-natured and quarrelsome a disposition. We trust the same temper will be preserved until we see what the American people will do in the matter. We do not believe they desire war. Their press shows no indication of such a feeling. They have seen that in reasonable things we have been ever ready to compromise or give way, but we must be treated with candour, and not be duped by tricksters. We will not be bullied; we may be duped from too great a confidence in the honour of those unworthy of it. The pretence of the American government, that it has great difficulty in preventing the vagabonds among its population from embarking in unlawful enterprises, is best answered by the question, "Have they custom-houses, have they revenue-vessels or not?" But the true reply to this alleged difficulty is to be found in the freebooting expedition of Walker, and the President's consecration of it. Lord Clarendon's replies were unanswerable on the questions in dispute, and those of Mr. Marcy shuffling and untenable. Mr. Crampton's departure only operates to

prevent our keeping a minister in America. Much more important is the recognition of the freebooter Walker in the face of the minister of the country he has invaded, in the teeth of every honest and honourable usage among civilised nations, justified by no one argument but that might shall be right, and that if things just and honourable be opposed to him, he (President Pierce) will alone champion the universe against them. Jonathan Wild played the same game for a time, but he met his deserts at last.

We had written thus far before the Marcy correspondence was published—a document drawn up with indefatigable care, much affected moderation, and inveterate wariness. It envelops Lord Clarendon's admirable correspondence in perfumed velvet. It resembles, in relation to England, the silken cord with which the Spanish grandee was complimented when he was hanged. It insinuates that Mr. Crampton must retire on the weighty ground in the adage, "I do not like you, Dr. Fell," merely, we believe, to crow at an imaginary victory over the "Britishers." They accuse our ambassador of speaking what was not true; but this failing is as likely to be on their side as on his. This point cannot be settled. Mr. Crampton must leave. It is better he should write himself down a martyr for England's wrong and America's right, in order that the President may have another feather in his cap at the approaching election! Wisely have our ministers determined not to resent the conduct of the American government, nor to diminish its self-exultation by any hasty step that might lead to war, and to incalculable miseries on both sides the Atlantic, let their enemies at home taunt them if they please with pusillanimity. Mr. Crampton had better be his country's martyr, a scapegoat for the preservation of thousands of lives and millions of treasure. Unhappily, this point settled, there is one equally important in the Central American question, complicated by a buccaneer. Under this head the Americans say they are ready to negotiate. What is to become of Walker the pirate, and his banditti—said to be acknowledged by the President—Yankee ingenuity can only explain. Still Mr. Marcy says in effect, "As we have shown you wrong in the recruiting affair, we take on vantage-ground, and will condescend to negotiate about the Clayton-Bulwer treaty." Are Walker and his crimes to be thrown overboard, or how? Are we to waste oceans of ink in a further correspondence, to no purpose, until once more the serpent's head and tail meet, as they met before?

Here, then, we rest for a new revelation from the other side of the Atlantic. We have rightly augmented our forces abroad; an expense which, we fear, is rendered necessary, if only to secure our own colonies against those filibustering expeditions which, if caught upon the high seas, should be treated as pirates. All governments are to be held responsible for the acts of their people. Whether these expeditions sail or not under a pirate flag or the stars and stripes, the American government is responsible for them to other nations; and it will puzzle even Mr. Marcy to justify his playing fast and loose in this matter, as the wind happens to blow for or against the American interests. The proposed negotiations will most likely terminate, as before, in some pertinacious charge that shall represent England in the wrong. The pertinacity of our American brother in such cases, is no better than persecution newly christened.

ASHLEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WISH."

The red light of the sun, nearing its setting, shone brilliantly on the fair domains of Ashley. The house, a fine mansion, stood on an eminence in its own park, and commanded an extensive view of the near and distant scenery. Several of the windows opened to the lawn, and there leisurely stepped out of one of them a gentleman of middle age, followed by a young lady in the bloom of youth. He, Sir Henry Ashley, held a telescope in his hand, and, setting it to the right focus, turned it in the direction of the high road, which they could see winding along beneath them into the distance.

"Anna!" called out a peremptory voice from inside the room, "you have not put on your sun-bonnet."

"I have my parasol, mamma."

"Come in and put on your sun-bonnet instantly. Your face will be a fright to be seen. The sun this month tans worse than the midsummer."

Lady Pope's mandates were not to be disobeyed, and Anna Rivers retreated to the house.

"Look here, Anna," said Sir Henry Ashley, when she reappeared, "yours is a farther sight than mine. Is that the carriage, near Prout's farm? There's something moving."

Miss Rivers looked towards the spot indicated by the baronet: first by aid of the glass, then steadily with her naked eye. "I think it is a post-chaise, Sir Harry," was her answer.

"Then there has been some bungle at the station, and she has missed my carriage?"

"There always is a bungle when things are left to servants," interposed Lady Pope's voice again. "You should have gone yourself, as I advised, Sir Harry."

"So I would, had I been sure of her coming. But I went yesterday, and I went the day before, and nothing came of it. I can't pass my days dancing between here and Stopton. She's staying, no doubt, at that old Indian's at Liverpool. They who were to receive her and start her off here."

"I wish she was not coming at all," cried Lady Pope. "The idea of a gay man—as you may be called—being left resident guardian to a girl of twenty! Steps must be taken to provide her with another home—and a never-ending trouble I foresee we shall have about it. You might have taken my advice and declined to receive her here at all. Under the circumstances you would have been justified, without any breach of politeness!"

"It would have been more a breach of kindness," said Sir Harry, drily. "As you happen to be with me, this house is as suitable for her, at present, as any other. But I cannot make out how it was the general never received the news of my wife's death."

"Very likely you forgot to write," observed Lady Pope. "Carelessness was always the besetting sin of Henry Ashley."

A conscious smile curled Sir Henry's lip. Carelessness his besetting sin! then what might be said of many others that beset him? He made his sister no reply. She was given by nature to fits of grumbling, and Sir Harry had long ago found that the best plan was to let her grumble the fit out. He took up a newspaper, stretched himself on one of the benches, and read away at ease. Lady Pope raised her voice now and then, but Sir Harry took refuge in the journal, as an excuse for silence. Presently Anna Rivers, who had walked to the brow of the slope, came back again.

"The chaise is coming on quickly, Sir Harry. It is a chaise. It has taken the Ashley turning."

"Then she *has* missed the carriage!" protested Lady Pope. "Those two men will be sticking themselves with it, at Stopton, till the last train's in to-night: and that will be eleven o'clock. Getting tipsy of course. Bad management, Sir Harry."

An interval of expectation, and the chaise spoken of rattled on the gravel drive of the lawn. A tall, distinguished-looking young man sprang from it before it had well stopped. Lady Pope wheeled her chair to the glass door, and pushed her head out, hoping to bring the arrival within view; her ears also at work, as they generally were.

"That's not Miss Carnagie! Why, I do believe it is——! Anna," she sharply called out, breaking off her sentence, "Anna, come here. That's never Arthur Ashley?"

"Yes, mamma."

"What brings him here now? He——"

"How are you, dear Lady Pope?" cried the stranger, coming up with Sir Harry, and holding out his hand.

"None the better for seeing you, Mr. Ashley," was the civil rejoinder. "Pray how is it that you come wasting your time here now, shirking your studies?"

"I went up for honours, dear aunt, and gained them. So I can afford myself a holiday." At which satisfactory information, Lady Pope vouchsafed nothing but an unsatisfactory grunt.

The two gentlemen were speedily immersed in college politics, reminiscences to Sir Henry, realities to Arthur Ashley. Sir Henry had never gained university honours, had never tried for them, but he was delighted that Arthur should, his presumptive heir. Sir Henry had been always childless, and this young man, his brother's eldest son, was the present heir to Ashley. Sir Henry had taken to him years ago, and brought him up as such.

A short period, and another arrival aroused them. They went out to meet it, Sir Harry hurriedly, Arthur Ashley and Miss Rivers lingeringly, for he seized the opportunity of speaking to her in a whisper. Sir Henry's carriage was drawn up before the entrance. A lady, dark as a gipsy, with flashing eyes and features of great beauty, sat in it, whilst a copper-coloured woman was awkwardly descending from the seat behind. Sir Harry soon had Miss Carnagie on his arm, and led her in.

She seemed to take in everything with those keen flashing eyes, the extensive grounds, the in-door arrangements of the house; and now she was addressing Lady Pope. It struck some of them that she was more self-possessed in manner than is common to a girl of twenty.

"I hope I have the pleasure of meeting Lady Ashley in good health."

"This is my sister, Lady Pope," interrupted Sir Harry. "I wrote to General Carnagie of the loss I had experienced in my wife: the letter must have miscarried. Lady Pope and Miss Rivers will welcome you, dear Miss Carnagie, as warmly as Lady Ashley would have done."

"I am an invalid," broke in Lady Pope: "a chronic affection of the hip joint: and cannot walk without difficulty. So I am chiefly confined, in the day, to this chair. Anna Rivers will be my substitute in showing you to your rooms."

At the foot of the stairs, when Anna Rivers was conducting Miss Carnagie towards them, they came upon young Ashley. "As no one has thought me worthy of an introduction to Miss Carnagie, I suppose I must introduce myself," he said. "Miss Carnagie, I am Arthur Ashley."

His voice was so pleasant, his manner so easy, himself altogether so much the gentleman, that it would have been sufficient passport to her favour, even without his good looks, and Miss Carnagie thought so. But she hurried on. If ever there was a vain girl on earth, it was Lauretta Carnagie, and she had no mind to linger with strangers until the dust and the travelling attire were taken off her. She had a favourite theory—that first impressions were everything. Some trunks were in her room, and the copper maid was seated on them; her head wrapped round with folds of pink merino, and her shoulders with a covering of white linen.

"You good-for-nothing, vicious creature!" broke out Miss Carnagie. "How dare you sit idling there, instead of putting out my things to dress?"

"How can Nana get out missie's things if missie got the keys?" responded the woman, her broad mouth breaking into a respectful, pleasant smile.

"She is the most idle thing alive," said Miss Carnagie to Anna, as she threw a ring of keys to the attendant. "Indian servants always are. If I were not to rate her continually, I should get nothing done. Papa was often obliged to have her flogged."

"Flogged!" uttered Anna, who had stood by, quite distressed at witnessing such discourtesy to a servant.

"And as you don't allow flogging in England, and she knows it, she has made up her mind to be as vicious and troublesome as possible," proceeded Miss Carnagie. "My mother was the daughter of a West Indian planter, and Nana was a slave born on the estate, so she is our own property, just the same as our horses or dogs. They had her taught hair-dressing and millinery, that she might be a finished maid for me; and when mamma died, she specially bequeathed her to me."

"But Nana not idle, Nana not vicious; Nana love missie, and try, try, try always to please her with all her heart," interrupted the woman, whilst tears ran down her cheeks.

"Can I assist you in any way?" inquired Anna Rivers of Miss Carnagie. "If not, I will no longer intrude."

"You don't intrude. I hate to be alone. Sit down while she does my hair. I want to know all about everything here. You are aware I am a stranger. Do you live here?"

"Not live. I am visiting here with mamma, Lady Pope."

"Was that really Sir Harry Ashley? I pictured him as old as my father: and he had white whiskers and a bald head. Your uncle is a young man. At least, we should call him so in India: men age so rapidly there."

"Sir Harry is more than forty; near fifty, I believe. But he is not my uncle."

"No! He introduced Lady Pope as his sister."

"But Lady Pope is not my own mother. In point of fact, she is not related to me. My father, Captain Rivers, was a widower, and she—who was Miss Ashley then—married him. I was only two years old, and have never known any other mother. My father did not live long, and then she married an elderly man, Colonel Sir Ralph Pope."

"Is he here?"

"Oh! he is dead too: has been dead a long while."

"Who was that we met in the hall? 'Arthur Ashley,' he said: Some one also attached to the house?"

"Sir Harry's nephew. He lives here. He is the heir to Ashley. His father, Sir Harry's brother, was the heir, but he is recently dead."

"He will be Sir Arthur Ashley?"

"Of course. In time."

"Which dress missie wear?" inquired Nana, displaying two or three, all of them much alike: black silk with crape trimmings.

Miss Carnegie pointed to one. "It is so annoying to be in mourning!" she pettishly exclaimed. "One can never appear to advantage."

"I like black silk," remarked Anna. "It always looks well."

"For you, who are fair, but I look like a great black crow in it." And Anna Rivers laughed.

Not like a black crow, but like a handsome girl. Sir Harry thought so when she descended to the drawing-room, and so did Arthur Ashley. The latter was extremely fond of handsome girls, and ready to flirt with all he had the good fortune to meet.

It was no doubt very wrong of Lady Pope, but she was given to building castles in the air. She might have raised as many for herself as she pleased, but an inconvenience sometimes arose when she so favoured her friends. Several years older than her brother, she had exercised an influence over himself and his actions in early life, which she strove still to retain. She it was who had helped him to his wife, and now she had it in her head to help him to another—and that other Anna Rivers. Anna was so completely under her finger and thumb, that she felt sure if she could only see her my Lady Ashley, she should be the real ruler of her brother's house. A suspicion had certainly arisen in her mind that Anna cared rather too much for Arthur Ashley, but it gave her little concern. She held the young lady in perfect subjection, and she entered on a course of snubbing towards the gentleman, which she hoped would not fail to drive him away from Ashley. Cold, cautious, and positive, Lady Pope rarely failed to carry out any scheme on which she had set her mind.

The time went on, and Lauretta Carnagie grew in favour with some of the inmates of Ashley. Notwithstanding Lady Pope took a dislike to her, and the same may be said of Anna Rivers. Miss Carnagie combated Lady Pope's wishes, she was indifferent to her complaints and ailments, she shocked her prejudices. It was next to open warfare between them; their tastes and pursuits were so completely antagonistic. Breakfast over, Lady Pope would call for her work-basket, and begin her morning's employment. Sometimes it would be clothes for charity children, sometimes ornamental fancy work. Miss Carnagie held both in equal contempt.

"If you would undertake some amusement of this nature, you would soon find pleasure in it," began Lady Pope to her one day. "Suppose you were to work a pair of slippers, for instance, for your friend at Liverpool, Nabob Call?"

"Pleasure in anything so horrid! Thank you, I never learnt needle-work, and hope I never shall. It is only fit for old maids and ugly women."

"As I cannot be included with either of those classes, I will not reply to your words," was Lady Pope's retort, smothering her ire.

"I did not say others never did any. I said it was only fit for that sort of people," was the careless apology of Miss Carnagie.

"If you were to amuse yourself with a little music this morning?"

"I never play when there's no one to play for."

"We have plenty of books. Anna, reach——"

"Don't trouble yourself. I don't care for reading."

"What do you care for, I wonder?" thought Lady Pope. "I fear, Miss Carnagie, this wet morning is rendering you very dull."

"Dreadfully so. I wish I had lain in bed."

"Lying late in bed is pernicious to the health. Even I, with my lame leg, am out of bed every morning at seven. How did you contrive to amuse yourself in India?"

"Oh, I like an Indian life!" was the animated reply: "no one, there, reproaches you with being idle. I rode, and dressed, and flirted, and lay to be fanned, and——"

"Flirted!" interrupted Lady Pope. "Surely I did not hear aright."

"What's the harm of flirting?"

"A young lady reared in European society would shrink from such an avowal."

"Why, it is what everybody does," returned Miss Carnagie. "Those who say they don't, when they do, are hypocrites, that's all. Old ones are more addicted to it than young. I saw you flirting the other evening, when that man dined here, Lord——what's his name? the new member."

Lady Pope turned green: she had never been so insulted in her life. "Miss Carnagie!" she uttered, in an awful tone. "Your remark upon myself I pass over with the contempt it deserves," she added, after a pause, during which no apology came from Miss Carnagie, "but I cannot allow such pernicious sentiments to be avowed in the hearing of Miss Rivers."

"They will do her no harm. Not half so much as poking her chest over that humdrum chenille stitch. I should throw it in the fire, if anybody forced me to do it. So would she, if she dared."

Anna Rivers looked up, a hot flush upon her face. She did *not* like the work, but she liked still less to fall under Lady Pope's displeasure.

"I declare it is clearing up!" called out Miss Carnagie, springing to the window, before Lady Pope could find fit words to retort. "Anna, get your habit on."

"I cannot permit Miss Rivers to go out now," said Lady Pope.

Miss Carnagie turned her back to Lady Pope. "Anna, I say, will you go with me or not? You heard Mr. Ashley say he would ride with us if the rain cleared up."

Anna shook her head, and whispered, "I dare do nothing that mamma opposes."

"You ought to have been born a slave, like old Nana," scornfully exclaimed Miss Carnagie; "the blacks on grandpapa's estate are under no worse thralldom than you." And Lady Pope was tempted to wish that she had been born a slave-driver, if she might have applied the whip to the young lady's shoulders.

Was such a girl likely to find favour with the precise Lady Pope? She sat on, in deep indignation, scolding Anna, who was not in fault, and believing that Miss Carnagie had retired to her own room, to indulge her idle habit of lying down, or to browbeat Nana. All at once, the clatter of horses' feet was heard on the gravel. Lady Pope raised her ear, touched her chair, and went whirling away to the window. Riding off, followed by a groom, was Miss Carnagie, in the company of Arthur Ashley.

Every nerve of propriety possessed by Lady Pope was tingling. Her chair reeled off to the fireplace, and the bell was rung violently. It was to summon the baronet: but Sir Harry was gone to the sessions at Stopton. For two mortal hours her ladyship sat, feeding her indignation, and then the runagates entered. Only to increase it. For Miss Carnagie coolly said they had had a delightful ride, and she should go again whenever she pleased. If Lady Pope forbid Anna Rivers to make one of the party, that the three might play propriety, her ladyship had nobody to thank but herself if they went without her.

"How in the world can you have been brought up?" demanded the astonished Lady Pope.

"Brought up!" echoed Miss Carnagie, who was determined not to "give in," "I was with mamma in England for seven years, from four years old till eleven, and then she took me back to Madras with a governess."

But if Miss Carnagie was in disgrace with Lady Pope, she found favour with her guardian. In her wilful ways, Sir Harry saw but charming grace; with her ready speech and her great beauty, he was more than fascinated. Miss Carnagie certainly possessed the art of attracting men to her side: no doubt her manners, to them, were more courteous than those she exhibited to Lady Pope. She privately told Sir Harry that Lady Pope was an ugly old tyrant, and Sir Harry enjoyed the confidence. His attention to her was growing more pointed than is usual from guardian to ward, and visitors to Ashley whispered, among them-

selves, that the place would soon have a second mistress. If Lady Pope had suspected that!

But it appeared that visitors were reckoning without their host. For Sir Harry's manner suddenly changed. He grew cool in his intercourse with Miss Carnagie, and, indeed, took to hold himself very much aloof altogether from home society, spending his time abroad, or in his own rooms. So much the more pleasing to Miss Carnagie. For Sir Harry Ashley she cared not, but a passion, strong and ardent as her own nature, had taken root within her for his nephew and heir. From the first moment she saw Arthur Ashley, he had made a deep impression on her. More fascinating, both in looks and manner, than any man whom she had hitherto known, it scarcely needed the opportunities, which were undoubtedly afforded in abundance, for this impression to grow into love. She already indulged visions of the future, when he should be her husband, hers only and for all time; when he should parade her to the world, his chosen and envied wife: she indulged in visions of her future sway as mistress of Ashley; for Laretta Carnagie hankered after position, and possessed a love of money and social power. Her life in Madras had been one of pomp and luxury: but this same pomp and luxury had made considerable inroads on the fortune of General and Mrs. Carnagie, and when they died, the former but three months subsequent to the latter, it was found that their impoverished estate would afford but a few hundreds per annum for their daughter. Double its whole amount had hitherto been expended on her dress alone. So she sought Arthur Ashley's society, or he hers, or perhaps the seeking was mutual; at any rate, they were much together. Which was scarcely justifiable on Mr. Ashley's part, for an attachment, a real attachment, known to none, subsisted between himself and Anna Rivers. Almost from the first, Anna had detected the pleasure Miss Carnagie took in Mr. Ashley's society, and the bitter pains of jealousy were aroused in her heart. Was this wild Indian girl come to supplant her? It seemed like it. And Anna had no means of showing her resentment, save by absenting herself from Mr. Ashley's presence.

But it happened, one warm summer evening, that Anna met him in the shrubbery. He stopped and drew her arm within his, and greeted her familiarly and tenderly, as was formerly his wont.

"Let me alone, Mr. Ashley," she angrily replied. "Your right to treat me so has passed."

"Not passed yet, Anna," he rejoined, retaining her arm; "not till an explanation has had place between us. Tell me the reason of your recent coldness. Why is it you have lately shunned me?"

Anna Rivers was superior to coquetry; moreover, she loved Arthur Ashley too well to indulge it; and she looked at him in surprise.

"My conduct has only been regulated by yours," she said. "Ask yourself what that has been."

"Anna, let us clear up this bugbear between us. I suspect where the offence lies—in my being so much with Miss Carnagie. If this has given you uneasiness, I sincerely beg your pardon. We have been together a great deal: I acknowledge it: but the fault has not been wholly mine."

"Mine, perhaps?" resentfully spoke Anna.

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"Yes," he laughed, "for leaving me so much to myself; and also—if I may whisper it to you—Miss Carnagie's. She might have sought me less. Oh, Anna, you are a regular goose! These flighty damsels are worth their weight in gold to flirt with, but for anything else—excuse me. Why, I would not marry Laretta Carnagie if the East India Company dowered her with all their possessions."

Now if the intelligent reader can imagine him—or her—self in Miss Carnagie's shoes, they may perhaps picture what might be that young lady's sensations when she heard this candid avowal of Ashley's heir: and hear it she did, for she was on the other side the shrubbery hedge. All her wild blood, inherited from her half-caste West Indian mother, rose to boiling-water heat; nay, more like to bubbles of liquid fire. Never had she suspected that there was aught but common friendship between him and Miss Rivers.

Forgetful of all maidenly reserve, casting aside all delicacy of feeling, her veins tingling, her face glowing, and her splendid eyes flashing, as with a tiger's fury, Laretta Carnagie passed through an opening of the shrubbery, and stood before her rival and Mr. Ashley. Upon which Miss Rivers drew away from the latter, and stood proud and defiant, and the gentleman would have given all his pockets were worth, if some kind gust of wind, stronger than ordinary, had just then soared him aloft, and deposited him in any other spot of this wide earth. Serve you right, Mr. Arthur, for you have been unpardonably sweet upon that impulsive girl. Your conscience is telling you so: and it is of no use to mutter over the advice of the old song *now*, and register a vow to yourself that you will practically remember it, for evermore henceforth, if your good stars will only get you out of this one scrape—"It is well to be off with the old love, before we are on with the new."

"You have been professing to love me; you have been professing to love *her*," was the address of Miss Carnagie, while her frame trembled with passion, and the glow on her cheeks was fading to the hue of the grave. "Which of those pretensions was false, which genuine?"

For perhaps the first time in his life, before a woman, Arthur Ashley quailed, and his tongue forgot its honeyed readiness. Enough to make him. She stood, hot and fiery as her own elime, on one side, bending towards him to devour his answer; whilst on the other, she whom he really loved, and had chosen for his bride, was drawn up like a repellent piece of marble.

His senses partially came to him. He took Anna's hand. "Allow me to conduct you to the house," he said, "while I explain to Miss Carnagie. One moment," he deprecatingly added to the latter; "I will not keep you waiting longer."

Anna had no resource but to go, though she would have preferred to hear my gentleman "explain." "A sharp breeze," he whispered to her: "it will be the sooner over. On my soul it is her fault, more than mine; her foolish vanity has brought it on herself. Still, Anna, I humbly beg you to forgive me."

She did not answer. She only snatched away her hand, and sailed on by his side, in sullen silence. He saw her in-doors, went back again, and Laretta Carnagie met him.

"One word, Mr. Ashley," she vehemently uttered. "Do you love that girl, Anna Rivers?"

"Miss Rivers and I are old friends," he evasively answered.

"Tamper with me if you dare," she retorted. "I ask if Anna Rivers is anything to you?"

"What the deuce—let it come out—she can't shoot me," disjointly muttered Mr. Arthur. "It is probable that Anna Rivers may sometime be my wife," he said aloud, but in a low tone. "Not yet; perhaps not for years to come. But, Lauretta——"

"If you had behaved to me so in my father's house, in our own country; talked to me as you have done, you, nearly a married man, I would have had you scourged by the slaves. Scourged, sir, till you should have borne the marks for life."

Every manly feeling within him was stung to the quick, and he coloured to the roots of his fair hair. "Do not let us quarrel, Lauretta," he said. "Nothing has happened that need interrupt our friendship. If you, or I, ever caught ourselves dreaming that a warmer tie might hereafter unite us, why I suppose we must forget it."

"There is one thing I will never forget," she hissed in his ear—"what you have said this evening. It was well done of you, Arthur Ashley, to speak insultingly of me to *her*. I will wear those words in my heart until I am revenged."

She stalked away towards the house in her wild anger, and Mr. Ashley, breathing a blessing upon women in general and himself in particular, strode in another direction. "I'll go away for a day or two," thought he, "and give the thing time to blow over."

Revenge, Miss Carnagie had spoken of, and revenge she meant to have; how, she did not see or know as yet. Perhaps it was nearer than she could have hoped. By way of a beginning, she went straight to Lady Pope in the drawing-room.

"Are you aware that there is a love affair afloat between Mr. Ashley and your daughter?" she said, abruptly.

Lady Pope would have screamed, but for compromising her dignity. For Mrs. Wainwright, a visitor at Ashley, stood at her chair-elbow, and heard the bold assertion. She waved Miss Carnagie away.

"Did you know that there was a clandestine affair going on between them?" persisted Miss Carnagie, who was not one to be waved away by Lady Pope.

"Where can you have learnt all these shocking words?" demanded Lady Pope at length. "'Clandestine affair!' Really, Miss Carnagie——"

"Did you know it? I ask," she pertinaciously interrupted.

"Madam," was the stiff response of Lady Pope, "the word clandestine can never be coupled with my daughter's name. She would enter into no such engagement: I will answer for it. And I know not by what law of politeness you, a young stranger, come into my brother's house, and thus presume to comment upon family matters." Saying which, her ladyship, calling hastily for the help of her maid, ascended to her dressing-room.

"You have committed high treason," laughed Mrs. Wainwright. "It

is suspected that Lady Pope's heart is set upon her daughter's becoming Lady Ashley. Arthur won't do for her, now that his hopes of succeeding to Ashley are fading."

Miss Carnegie raised her head quickly. "I thought Arthur was the heir to Ashley."

"Pooh, my dear! I would not give two pins for his chance now. Sir Harry is safe to marry again."

"And if he did—who would succeed?" breathlessly asked Miss Carnegie.

"Why his own children, of course; his eldest son. Don't you understand these things? Arthur Ashley will be ready to cut the bride's throat, whoever she may be, for cutting out himself."

Miss Carnegie drew a long breath, and left Mrs. Wainwright without answer. She went to her own room, sent out Nana, with an imperious gesture, who happened to be there, sat down, and closed her eyes to think. She was capable of earnest self-communing, possessing the faculty of concentration in an unusual degree. Rapid and vehement in all her ways, her decision was taken ere she had sat there many minutes. "It will keep him out of Ashley," she muttered as she rose: "to do that, I would sacrifice myself to—a worse sacrifice than this will be. Wealth and position will at least be mine. And better be an old man's darling than a young man's slave!" Away she went down stairs towards the dining-room.

"Is Sir Harry in there still?" she inquired of a servant, whom she met near the door. "Mr. Ashley is not with him?"

"Mr. Ashley has just rode off to Brooklands, miss. He thinks of stopping a day or two, and I am now going to put up his carpet-bag and send it after him. Sir Harry is alone."

Lauretta Carnegie opened the dining-room door softly, and closed it after her. It was nearly dusk then, and Sir Harry had left the table, and was sitting in his easy-chair near the large window. He rose up in surprise at sight of Miss Carnegie, as she advanced close to him, and took up her position against the window-frame. She looked at him, but did not at first speak. Was she considering his personal attractions? They were such that many a woman might have admired. It was true he was no longer to be called young, but not a shade of silver mixed with his glossy hair; not a wrinkle, as yet, defaced his broad forehead. Time had been considerate to Sir Henry Ashley. In that dim, uncertain light, he might have been taken for but a few years past thirty. Miss Carnegie spoke at last, dropping her eyes to the ground.

"I have been thinking how ungrateful I was, so positively to refuse—what you asked me. And I——"

"My dear child," he interrupted, "say no more. I ought not to have laid myself open to a certain refusal. The pain that inflicted, brought me to my senses; and if I have since secluded myself, scarcely meeting you but at meals, it has not been from any resentful feeling towards you, but that I would get over the too warm interest I had felt for you."

Miss Carnegie did not answer: perhaps the purport of Sir Harry's speech was different from what she expected. He continued:

"My wife I married in early life. To say I loved her, would be wrong; I never did. My sister wished the match between us; I mistook

friendship for love, and fell into it. She was a good wife to me, and our life was calm: I can say no more for it. But when you came, Laretta, when we had mixed together in habits of intimacy, when I had protected you as my ward, then indeed I found what it was to love. I gave way to it without consideration. I forgot that my years had passed their meridian, and that yours were yet in their dawn, and, like a fool, I hazarded my fate—and met with a refusal. I am speaking now more calmly, you see, than I could at the time.”

“But,” she resumed, in a low tone, “I came this evening to tell you that—I—think I was mistaken, as well as hasty.”

A silence ensued. When Sir Harry broke it, his voice was hoarse with emotion.

“I am not sure that I understand—that I dare understand. Laretta, that one repulsion cost me dear: I will not hazard another. Give me fully to understand what you really mean.”

“Would you be pleased if I say I retract my refusal, and ask you to pardon it?”

“Pleased! Laretta!”

“That if you will take me with my faults and my wilfulness, I am ready to say you may have me?”

“You are not deceiving me?” he murmured.

“I *never* deceive,” she answered, with so passionate a touch of scorn in her tone, that one in the secret might know she was thinking of how she had been deceived by Arthur Ashley.

He flung his arms round her, and gave utterance to the deep love she had excited in his heart: all the stronger for its recent suppression. That a passion so powerful should have arisen in Sir Henry Ashley, with his nearly fifty years! But so it was.

“I trust I am guilty of no dishonour in thus winning you for myself—of no breach of the confidence imposed in me by your father,” he said, in a musing manner, half to himself, half to her. “My position is one to which even he could not object, and the contrast in our years is, it seems to me, a consideration for you alone.”

“For no one else,” she answered.

“Laretta! how we may deceive ourselves!” he went on. “Shall I tell you a notion that has recently possessed me?—that you and Arthur were becoming attached to each other. You were so much together. Poor fellow! this will be a blow to his prospects. Had I foreseen Lady Ashley’s premature death, I never would have adopted him, or encouraged the notion of his inheritance.”

A curious expression passed over her face. But at this moment, after a sharp knocking, as with a stick, the door was flung open, and who should enter but Lady Pope, her crutch on one side of her, her maid on the other, the latter bearing a flaring candle. Setting that on the table, and her mistress on a chair, she retired from the room. Sir Harry came forward, his brow darkening: “To what accident was he to attribute Lady Pope’s intrusion?”

Lady Pope did not tell him. We can. She was sitting with her dressing-room door open, partly for air, partly that she might see all the passing and repassing in the passages, when a servant came by with a packed carpet-bag, which she recognised as Arthur’s, and she demanded

where that was going to. To Brooklands, the man answered. Mr. Arthur was gone over there.

Up went her ladyship's curiosity. What was he gone there for, all on a sudden? Did Sir Harry know? Where was Sir Harry?

Sir Harry was still in the dining-room. Miss Carnagie was with him.

Miss Carnagie! echoed Lady Pope. The servant must be mistaken.

Oh no. He had seen her go in with his own eyes, and close the door.

This was a climax for Lady Pope. Why, what possessed this girl, that she was turning the whole house topsy-turvy? Go and shut herself in with Sir Harry, before he left the dining-room! She would tell her, this moment, what she thought of such conduct. "Send my maid here instantly!" she exclaimed to the servant.

So the maid and the crutch and Lady Pope, and a candle to guide her ladyship's steps, for the staircase lamps were not yet alight, sailed into the dining-room, and Sir Harry inquired to what cause he was to attribute the intrusion.

"I came to ascertain to what cause may be attributed *hers*," was Lady Pope's sarcastic rejoinder. "Really, Sir Harry—and I am glad to have the opportunity of saying this to you in her presence—unless Miss Carnagie can conform to the usages of decent society, I would recommend you to resign your guardianship, and suffer her to depart."

"In what way has Miss Carnagie transgressed them?" demanded Sir Harry.

"In what way does she not? A most unpardonable transgression is her coming here, at this hour, in this room, and stopping in it with you."

"I shall not eat her," said Sir Harry.

"Sir Harry Ashley," resumed Lady Pope, in a crushing voice, "if you deem my visit here an *intrusion*, to be noticed in words, by what name can you designate hers? You may be forgetful of forms and propriety—men generally are—but it is my place to see that they are observed by, and towards, Miss Carnagie. Miss Carnagie, you will oblige me by quitting this room with me. Sir Harry, call in my maid. I told her to wait outside."

"Miss Carnagie remains here with me," returned Sir Harry. "We will join you when tea is ready. You seem to overlook the fact, that, as guardian and ward, we may have business to transact together."

"Not at unseasonable hours," persisted the exasperated Lady Pope. "If Miss Carnagie remains here, I shall. It is really quite—quite improper, Sir Harry. I'll thank you to order the chandelier lighted, if we are to stay. That candle hurts my eyes."

Sir Harry was provoked—as he could be, very much so, on occasions. "Lady Pope," he said, "you are assuming rather too much. I, as Miss Carnagie's guardian, am a competent judge for her of what is proper. That I shall guard her from what is improper, you may well believe, when I inform you that in her you see my future wife."

Had poor Lady Pope received a dose of chloroform she could not have been more completely overcome. Her mouth opened, her chin fell, down dropped her arms, and down went her crutch with a rattle. Sir Harry had drawn Miss Carnagie's arm within his, and they both stood facing her.

"The future wife—*yours*?" were the first words she gasped.

"My own dear future wife. Lady Ashley."

"Are you bereft of your senses, Henry Ashley, or am I?" she inquired. "If I am not, I would ask if you have reflected on the miserable consequences that this will entail? The cruelty, the injustice to Arthur Ashley?"

"Enough," peremptorily interrupted Sir Henry, as he flung open the door and summoned the maid, who stood very close to it, to take away her mistress. "Order tea," he said to her ladyship: "we will soon be with you."

Lady Pope meekly obeyed, and prepared to leave with the servant. Her spirit was completely stricken down, and lay (as may be said) in dust and ashes. But first of all she beckoned Sir Harry to her, and, drawing him down, whispered in his ear:

"Henry, my brother, one word—for your own sake. Is this inevitable?"

He nodded.

"Oh, think better of it! If it be possible, break it off. She is not a woman to make any husband happy. She will make *you* miserable."

"No more," he coldly said. But she held him still.

"Henry, do you hear me? *miserable*."

"I hear," was the indifferent, almost contemptuous reply. "I will chance it."

The neighbourhood was electrified when it heard that Sir Harry Ashley was to marry his ward; not only electrified, but shocked. Sir Harry, for the last twelve or fifteen months, had been looked upon as a high prize in the matrimonial lottery, and everybody was ready to devour Miss Carnegie alive. She came in for the usual share of abuse: some ventured to speak against her to Sir Harry. She was too young, and too wilful, and too poor, and too proud, and too—a great many other things; but Sir Harry was too much for them all, and held to his bargain.

The wedding took place in Liverpool in the month of October, Miss Carnegie being married from the house of her late father's friends there, Nabob and Mrs. Call. Anna Rivers was bridesmaid, and perhaps she was the only one, save the parties themselves, who rejoiced in the union. But she could not overget the miserable jealousy Miss Carnegie had caused to her heart, or the general discomfort she had brought to Ashley.

Arthur Ashley was joked, rallied, and consoled with. It was certainly a grievous disappointment, but he behaved magnanimously, and would not show it. Sir Harry handed over to him the writings of Thorncliff, a small estate, worth a few hundreds a year, and promised something about a government appointment. "Don't thank me for Thorncliff," he said; "I'll listen to nothing in the shape of thanks. I feel as if I had injured you, and this is a sop in the pan. But cheer up, my boy, who knows? you may be Sir Arthur yet."

Arthur answered good-humouredly that the chances were against it. He knew they were. And he knew also—his conscience was telling it to him at that very moment—that the fading away of his inheritance had been partly brought about by his own folly—that he had himself to thank for having lost Ashley.

SCISSORS-AND-PASTE-WORK

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

III.—MERIVALE'S ROMANS UNDER THE EMPIRE.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

To Tiberius succeeded his grand-nephew, Caius, the "first despot, or sovereign prince of Rome." Considerable stress is laid by Mr. Merivale on the influence exercised by Herod Agrippa on the youthful mind of Caligula. Agrippa was educated at Rome, and was one of those members of the Herodian family who were admitted to intimacy with the princes of the Cæsarean house. His early associate had been the "stupid and neglected Claudius;" but when it became manifest, towards the close of the reign of Tiberius, how much brighter were the prospects of young Caius than those of Claudius, and how much more profitable an ally might be expected in the grand-nephew than in the grandson of the declining Princes, the wily Judæan attached himself to Caligula, and speedily cast a spell over him which Rome was one day to rue.

At the time this intimacy began, Agrippa was twice the age of the son of Germanicus. The young prince's fortunes were as yet vague and flickering—now radiant with promise, and now, at a darker scowl than usual from Tiberius, clouded with gloom. The "stripling Caius" naturally hugged himself on securing the bosom friendship, as bosom friends on that footing go, of a sage adviser so conversant with life and mankind, as the royal foreigner. With Agrippa, we are told, he passed the hours he could steal from the exacting jealousy of his uncle; from him he learnt the customs of the East and the simple machinery of Asiatic despotism, and imbibed a contemptuous disgust at the empty forms of the Republic, which served only, as he might in his blind inexperience imagine, to impede the march of government, while they contributed nothing to its security. He saw, it is added, the loathed and abject Tiberius cowering in terror before a senate more abject than himself, hiding his person from the sight of his subjects, feeling his way before every step, and effecting every end by intrigue and circumvention; while the petty lord of a Syrian plain or watercourse was every inch a king; while in the little town of Samaria, as he heard, the tetrarch had only to speak the word, and be obeyed without hindrance or remonstrance.

Very rightly is importance attributed to this agent in the orientalisising of Caligula's tastes and impressions. In the spell cast over the young man by his accomplished familiar, we see largely explained the autocratic style and system afterwards adopted by the too willing catechumen. Mr. Merivale admirably tells how Agrippa succeeded in inflaming the lad's imagination with descriptions of the splendour of Jerusalem, and the magnificence of its sovereigns. For it was not, he says, in the simplicity of their despotic authority alone, that Herod assured young Caius of the far superiority of Eastern kings to the princes and imperators of the West. Their wealth was more abundant—all the possessions of their subjects being held only in dependence upon them; their splendour was more

dazzling, for thirty generations of autocrats had striven to excel one another in the arts of display. The capitals of the Oriental monarchs far exceeded in beauty and convenience the mass of dark and smoky cabins, in which the conquerors of the world were still doomed to burrow. But of all the cities of the East—thus Agrippa is supposed to have indoctrinated his rapt listener—none equalled Jerusalem in splendour.* The great Herod had adorned it with buildings, the magnificence of which outshone anything that could yet be seen at Rome. His theatres and gymnasiums, his forums and colonnades, were of the costliest materials and the noblest proportions. If the kings of Judæa had abstained as yet from claiming the title of divinity, from regard to the fantastic scruples of their people, such at least was the honour to which the Eastern potentates might generally pretend, and such, should he ever be restored to authority in his native land, Agrippa himself already meditated to assume. The slaves of Asia acknowledged their sovereigns as the sole fountains of life and property; they regarded them as above the law or beside the law; no privileged ranks and classes of men, no traditions and prescriptions of accustomed usage stood between them and their arbitrary caprices; uncles and nieces, brothers and sisters, sons and mothers might marry at their will; to the multitude they held, in fact, the place of gods upon earth; to deny them the title might seem mere senseless prudery.

“Such was the sovereignty of which Agrippa talked, and such, when the associates conversed together on the future succession to the principate of Tiberius, was the sovereignty to which the young aspirant was encouraged to look. We shall trace throughout the brief career of Caius, the first despot or sovereign prince of Rome. We are arrived at a period when the personal character of their ruler has come to exercise a decisive influence on the sentiments no less than on the welfare of the Roman people, and through them of the world at large. It becomes the more important, therefore, to note the conditions under which that character was formed. Since the overthrow of the renegade Antonius, Rome had enjoyed a respite from the invasion of Asiatic principles and notions. Augustus had set up bulwarks against them which Tiberius had not failed to respect: it remained for the puerile selfishness of Caius, under tuition of the wily foreigner, to introduce into the city an element of disunion more fatal to her polity and manners than the arms of a triumvir or the edicts of an emperor. The prostitution of personal dignity by self-display in the theatre and circus; the assumption of the divine character, to the utter destruction of all remaining sense of religion; excessive extravagance in shows and buildings; indulgence of self and indulgence of the populace, together with savage oppression of the nobler classes; unstinted gratification of brutal ferocity;—all these are attributes of Oriental sovereignty, which Caius was first of the Roman emperors to exercise, but in which some of his successors rioted, if possible, even more furiously than himself.”

* Pliny (*Hist. Nat.* V. 14) calls Jerusalem, *longe clarissima urbium Orientis, non Judææ modo*; referring, it may be supposed, to its external splendour rather than to its historic fame. Although this writer may be suspected of a wish to flatter his patrons Vespasian and Titus, its conquerors, his glowing language is sufficiently borne out by Josephus, Strabo, and Tacitus. (Merivale, V. 359.)

Whether Tiberius was properly amenable to a commission of lunacy may be an open question. But there can be no mistake about Caligula. His was a clear case of *mens insana in corpore insano*. Mad as a March hare he was, before ever the ides of March were come, and long after they were gone; hare-brained at all times, and at some stark staring mad.

Ubi prava

Stultitia, hic summa est insania,

says Horace; and adds—

Qui sceleratus,

Et furiosus erit.

The *furiosus* in Caligula's case was a *very* paullo-post future on the *sceleratus*, if indeed it was a sequent at all, and not a concomitant, or rather a cause. The *lèse-majesté* with which he is chargeable against the sovereignty of the skies,—for, as Edmund Waller puts it,

Not the brave Macedonian youth alone,
But base Caligula, when on the throne,
Boundless in power, would make himself a god,
As if the world depended on his nod,—

this in its extravagance goes to mitigate judgment against him, by the evidence its hyperbolism involves of a mind distraught. "Que Caligula," says M. Villemain, in his essay on the Corruption of Roman Literature, "fit abattre les statues des hommes illustres placées par Auguste dans le champ de Mars, qu'il proscrivit les ouvrages d'Homère, qu'il voulût exclure des bibliothèques Tite Live comme un infidèle et mauvais historien, cela ne paraît qu'un absurde caprice." Dr. Arnold, by the way, and other moderns of mark, are as liable as Caligula to the charge of "absurd caprice," in the last count of the indictment—viz., the repudiation of *Tite Live* as by all means a thoroughly *infidèle et mauvais historien*: so far, *his saltem iudicibus*, Caligula might be brought in sane enough, and a critic of rarely discriminative taste, and uncommon good sense. But *absurde caprice* is a faint intimation of the depth of the mischief. Caligula knew, it has been observed, his own defect; and purposed going through a course of hellebore: sleeplessness, one of the commonest indications of lunacy, haunted him in an excess rarely recorded. De Quincey can see in no fiction of romance so awful a picture of the ideal tyrant as that of Caligula by Suetonius: his palace—radiant with purple and gold, but murder everywhere lurking beneath flowers;—his smiles and echoing laughter—masking (yet hardly meant to mask) his foul treachery of heart;—his hideous and tumultuous dreams—his baffled sleep; for he enjoyed not more than three hours of nocturnal repose; nor these even in pure untroubled rest, but agitated by phantasms of portentous augury; as, for example, upon one occasion he fancied that he saw the sea, under some definite impersonation, conversing with himself. "Hence it was, and from this incapacity of sleeping, and from weariness of lying awake, that he had fallen into habits of ranging all the night long through the palace, sometimes throwing himself on a couch, sometimes wandering along the vast corridors—watching for the earliest dawn, and anxiously invoking its approach."* A constitution naturally

* De Quincey: "The Cæsars."

weak, had been recklessly tampered with; mind and body both may be said to have broken down before the impressionable profligate came to the throne.

He was in his twenty-fifth year at his accession. Mr. Merivale refers to the poetical and rhetorical exercises to which he had been directed, without the compensating influence of severer training, which had been unkindly withheld from him,—as having imparted perhaps a certain flaccidity to his character, confirmed by the enervating voluptuousness in which he had been steeped from his cradle. “His constitution was weakly. In childhood he had been subject to fits, and though he outgrew this tendency, and learnt to bear fatigue of body, he was not unfrequently seized with sudden faintings. Early indulgence in every caprice, and premature dissipation, had strained his nerves and brain, till at last a temperament naturally excitable, and harassed by constant fever, seemed almost to tremble on the verge of delirium.”

The commencement of his reign was auspicious enough. From the son of the good Germanicus, Rome looked for good things to come, and his behaviour at the outset seemed to warrant the expectation. But more than one popular prince has outlived his title to be the *delicia*, the *bien-aimé*, the *désiré* of his people :

Toujours la tyrannie a d'heureuses prémices :
De Rome, pour un temps, Caius fut les délices ;
Mais, sa feinte bonté se tournant en fureur,
Les délices de Rome en devinrent l'horreur.*

Rome was ignorant, at his accession, of his cunning and selfishness; of the ferocity which found pleasure, we are told, in the sight of torments and executions; of his unworthy taste for the company of dancers and gladiators and for vulgar shows; of the defects in his education, and his moral inaptitude for all elevating objects of thought. His antecedents had been veiled from the public eye. “For five years his residence had been mostly confined to Capreae. At a later period it was reported that, in spite of all his dissimulation, he had not been able to conceal the villainess of his nature from Tiberius himself, and the monster was supposed more than once to have remarked, not without a grim satisfaction, that Caius lived for his own and all men's perdition, and that he was rearing a serpent for the Romans, and a Phaethon for the universe. But if any vague rumours of this prince's faults reached the ears of the multitude, they were easily excused in a son of Germanicus, on the plea of inexperience and evil example. The Romans had yet to learn the horror of being subject to a master who had never been trained to mastery over himself.” He pledged himself to good government on taking office; and the first few months went, so far as they could go, to redeem the pledge. He devoted himself to business with a too characteristic thoroughness—of which the duration would inevitably be in an inverse ratio to its impetuosity. He appears, in fact, to have overworked himself. He at least thought so, or said so. To repair the error he rushed into the opposite extreme of idleness and dissipation—inaugurating the change by a grand public festival, which included banquets, concerts, horse and chariot races,

* Racine: “Britannicus.”

the slaughter in the amphitheatre of four hundred bears, and as many lions and panthers, and the representation by patrician youths of the tale of Troy divine.

In this festive display, Caius professed to restore the celebration of public shows, which had declined under the gloomy principate of Tiberius. And such an inauguration of popular amusements long disused might, as the historian says, be excused on the first celebration of an imperial birthday, at the outset of a young prince's reign, and at the close of a weary session of public business. But with Caius it was only the beginning of the end—a rebound which was to have no reaction—the initiation of a system which was destined to grow worse and worse, and which, by the nature of it, must grow worse before it could grow better. Caligula's enthusiasm for the public fêtes was "the frenzy of one just escaped from the dreary confinement of a hermitage. Soon sated with every fresh object, he sought renewed excitement in variety and strangeness. He introduced the novelty of nocturnal spectacles, at which the whole city was illuminated with lamps and torches. Money and viands, at his command, were thrown liberally to the populace. He indulged, too, in a giddy humour which was not always dignified." Thus it is related of him that, on one occasion, when he feasted the citizens at a gorgeous banquet, he was so pleased with the justice a certain knight did to the luxuries set before him, that he ordered his own plate to be offered to the surprising, and in his turn surprised, gourmand; while a senator, who similarly gratified him, was inscribed at once upon the list of Prætors. But if follies of this kind abounded, the time soon came for vices and sensualities to much more abound. "If Caius desired that his people should riot without stint in the pleasures which had so long been grudged them, not less was he resolved to indulge himself to the utmost in the gratification of every sense. He let fall the mask, hitherto but loosely worn, of discretion and modesty, and revelled with furious appetite in the grossest voluptuousness of every kind." The result of course was a dangerous illness. Like Louis Quinze under the same circumstances, he was the object, at this crisis, of warm and general sympathy. The old Romans, like the modern French, were *au désespoir*: multitudes thronged the palace by day and night, to hear how it fared with the royal sufferer, and extravagant vows were made, and fantastic sentimentalities uttered, by certain of the noisier sort. This wholesale flattery reached and tickled the ears of the patient. He got better of his illness, but he never got better of this adulation. Herod had glozed and fawned upon him; but flattery such as this far out-Heroded Herod.

It, in effect, turned the brain of the flighty convalescent. He began in his wild hallucinations, as Mr. Merivale says, to regard the life which had been saved by so many prayers as something sacred and divine, and to justify to himself any means that might seem conducive to its protection. Accordingly he put to death his youthful cousin, Tiberius, as guilty of being too near the throne. It sufficed to say that the lad was concerned in a plot against him; a centurion was despatched to the "poor relation," and, putting a sword into his hand, "invited" him to use it to suicidal effect; but so untrained, it is said, was the young victim in the use of weapons, that he was obliged to ask instruction how to make the sword answer its purpose upon himself.

It was manifestly the contrast presented by Caligula to that "sullen recluse," his predecessor, which at first bewitched the capital. His manners were charming, after the repulsive sternness of his grand-uncle. As for personal attractions, he had nothing whatever to boast of. "His features, if not altogether devoid of beauty, were deformed by a harsh and scowling expression, and seem even in the rigid marble to writhe with muscular contortion. His head was bald; his complexion sallow and livid; his body was long, and his neck and legs slender; his gait was shambling, and his voice hoarse and dissonant." Suetonius and Seneca paint him in colours the darkest they can employ—and the result is what Mr. Merivale calls mere "sign-painting." Ugly as he may have been, however, Caligula was a favourite with the mob, whom he courted to the prejudice of senators and knights. He was popular with the rabble, because he became as one of them—sitting in their midst the livelong day in the circus—singing and dancing before them—playing the charioteer before them—playing the gladiator before them. The bloody shows of the amphitheatre increased in horror; appetite grew there by what it fed on, and the sanguine dye became deeper and deeper. A rapid succession of executions and confiscations kept pace with these spectacular atrocities. Ere long the frenetic, murderous, incestuous emperor claimed divine worship, and the claim was admitted generally with nerveless apathy.

The government of Tiberius, which Caligula had gained his early popularity by denouncing *in toto*, he now proceeded to laud and magnify, in its worst features of delation and persecution. He made himself notorious for a certain habit of ghastly bantering which, grotesquely caricatured as it may seem to be by the historians, is reported with a significant consistency in the pages equally of Dion and Suetonius, of Josephus and Philo. He made himself odious to his last remaining friends, the populace, by sweeping schemes of taxation; and ridiculous to all men, and for all time, by such vagaries as the "British expedition"—if indeed we are to believe the vulgate version of that "monstrous farce," when, as Butler tells the story,

The Emperor Caligula,
That triumphed o'er the British sea,
Took crabs and oysters prisoners,
And lobsters, 'stead of cuirassiers;
Engaged his legions in fierce bustles,
With periwinkles, prawns, and muscles,
And led his troops with furious gallops,
To charge whole regiments of scallops;
Not like their ancient way of war,
To wait on his triumphal car;
But when he went to dine or sup,
More bravely ate his captives up,
And left all war, by his example,
Reduced to vict'ling of a camp well.*

Mr. Merivale is no unconditional subscriber to the allegations against Caligula, any more than to those against Tiberius. In the case of the "British expedition," he suggests that possibly Caius was diverted from

* "Hudibras." Part III., Canto III.

a real intention of attacking Britain by some act of submission, from which he anticipated the opening of freer and more regular communication with the natives. Even the picking of shells, it is added, may be a grotesque representation of receiving a tribute of Rutupian pearls.

So again with the story of the emperor's march against the Gauls. To our author it seems impossible to mistake the spirit of caricature in which the accounts of that progress, by Dion and Suetonius, are written; and even had we no clue to a better understanding of the circumstances, he would be little disposed to place implicit confidence in them. Such a clue, however, is hinted at, in the probable determination of Caius to put down in person the rising spirit of rebellion among the legions on the Rhine, who seem to have taken advantage of the age and timidity of Tiberius, and of the relaxation of discipline by that emperor's legate. Mr. Merivale is of opinion that Caligula left Rome for Gaul to put down this growing disaffection in person, and, under pretence of defending the frontiers, to defend himself and his imperial authority. "In daring Caius was not deficient; perhaps he had not sense enough fairly to estimate the dangers which beset him. But at such a crisis daring was the best wisdom, and the apparition of the redoubted emperor in the midst of a disaffected camp, together with some examples of sternness, which showed that he was not to be trifled with, may have actually saved the state from a bloody and bootless revolution."

Every allowance that can be made for this crazy *Bombastes Furioso*, is readily, and, some may think in some cases, gratuitously made for him, in the present history. Having repeatedly observed reasons for distrusting the annalists and anecdotists, to whom we owe all we know of the early Cæsars, Mr. Merivale is wary of accepting without reserve their revelations of the mystery of iniquity. The most cursory examination of our existing authorities will show, he affirms, that while they seem to vie with one another in reciting the worst atrocities of the reign of Caligula, there is much in which their accounts contradict each other, and more about which a thoughtful reader will feel constrained to suspend his credence.

There are critics, indeed, who, throwing over as incredible the bulk of this hostile testimony, have tried to make out a case in favour of Caligula, as the victim of a malignant aristocracy, by whose hirelings and partisans his fair fame has come down to us blackened so foully. Mr. Merivale is not one of these reactionists. He sees that the verdict of antiquity has gone against Caligula, and that the question, with our imperfect lights, will not bear to be reopened: we have no other course, he owns, but to join in the general condemnation pronounced upon the miserable strippling, of whom the best that can be said is that the wildness of a brain, stricken in the cradle with hereditary insanity, was aggravated by the horrors of his unnatural position.

For the men who had preceded him in empire, had all, we are reminded, been trained to rule by long exercise, and had tested their powers in the best of schools, in wholesome and manly obedience to the circumstances which controlled them. Whereas this young man had been jealously precluded from the moral and intellectual efforts which might have helped to fit him for the arduous post before him. Augustus and Tiberius, moreover, had carefully avoided whatever might dispel the

ignorance of the people as to the actual supremacy, and the positive prerogative, of their rulers. Both these emperors had learnt in the school of experience one momentous practical lesson—not to strip those who had irretrievably lost the substance of freedom, of the shadow which they still mistook for it. No such practical lesson had Caligula learnt. In no such school had he ever been entered as a scholar. Accordingly, when he found himself the master of a legion of slaves, he felt neither shame nor scruple in proclaiming his own power, and exacting their devotion. Caligula was as destitute of the wisdom of the serpent as of the innocence of the dove.

He despised as ignoble, we read, the caution of his predecessors in disclaiming the full acknowledgment of their undoubted prerogatives. "He regarded himself, not as a Princeps or Imperator, but as a King; and if he did not extort from his subjects the odious title, he allowed the idea to become impressed upon them by jurists and moralists; so that we may now begin to trace the dawning in the Roman mind of the theory of royal prerogative. The complete and irresponsible power he claimed over the persons and property of his people, and even the soil on which they stood, was derived neither from hereditary nor elective right: it was the prey of the strongest, which Fate had placed in his hands, and which Force only could secure to him. His wild untutored intellect could grasp, perhaps, no higher or subtler principle of authority than this: it was ever present to his mind and harassed it with perpetual anxiety: he lived in constant oscillation between the exultation of unrestrained enjoyment and the depressing consciousness of danger: he strained his imagination to realise by the most wanton excesses the substance of unlimited power, at one moment as an excitement, at another as a relief and consolation."

And certainly Caius appears to have striven earnestly enough to realise to himself, as well as to impress on others, the *jus divinum* of his Cæsarean majesty. Taking into account the strange perverted state of religious conceptions at this period, Mr. Merivale sees no reason to doubt that he was really possessed with a vague notion of his own divinity. The German historian Hoeck* cannot comprehend the fact of this belief. Mr. Merivale professes himself sensible how imperfect is his account of the phenomenon, but feels no difficulty in crediting it:

* Who only wants, says our author, the faculty of imagination, to be an historian of a high class. Hoeck is but one of the many modern continental scholars with whose writings Mr. Merivale shows himself notably conversant. A glance at the foot-notes of the present volumes will show the nature of these researches. Thus, among French authorities consulted by the historian, we observe the names, mentioned from time to time, of Walckenaer (*Histoire d'Horace*), Dezobry (*Rome au Siècle d'Auguste*), Troplong (*Influence du Christianisme sur le droit Romain*), Moreau de Jonnés (*Statistique des Peuples anciens*), Thierry (*Gaulois*), Wallon (*Histoire de l'Esclavage dans l'Antiquité*), Leclerc (*Journaux des Romains*), Legris (*Etudes sur Lucrece, Catulle, &c.*), and Bergier (*Grands Chemins*). While of German authors we observe frequent allusions to such as Rudorff, Lachmann (*Römische Feldmesser*), Bekker (*Röm. Alterth.*), Zumpt (*Relig. der Römer*), Boecking, Gothofred, Schulting (and kindred jurisprudentiasimi), Fischer (*Zeitafeln*), Ukert the geographer, Frandsen (*Agrippa*), Bunsen (*Rom.*), Gruter (*Inscr.*), Von Hoff (*Geschichte der Erd oberfläche*), Zeuss (*die Deutschen*), Grimm (*Rechtsalterthüm*), Tzschirner (*Fall des Heidenthums*), Zumpt (*Comment Epigr.*), Rein (*Criminal-Recht der Römer*), &c.

Nihil est quod credere de se
Non possit cum laudatur Dīs. æqua potestas.

The gods of those days, he remarks, if they did not actually touch the earth, fitted, at least, very near to its surface. To partake in some sense or other of the godhead was the dream of philosophers as well as the boast of tyrants. As for Caius, "the divinity which he affected was something very different from the moral inspiration claimed by his predecessors. It was all outward and sensuous. In his passion for scenic representation, he delighted to array himself in the garb of Hercules or Bacchus, or even of Juno and Venus, to brandish the club or the thyrsus, or disguise himself in a female head-dress, and enact the part of the deity in his temples or in his private apartments. Whatever god he affected to be, the senate and people shouted vehemently around him, with the admiration of spectators in a theatre rather than the reverence of worshippers."

If, however, the people witnessed his assumption of divinity with a smile, and were excited to no other feeling, perhaps, but one of languid amusement, at the rivalry he affected with the Jupiter of the Capitol, whose thunders he pretended to imitate, and with the tale of whose parricide and incest he had met the imputation of similar crimes against himself, it was otherwise when he finally blazed before Rome as a Pisistratus or a Tarquin, making the Forum his camp, and the palace his prætorium, and subjecting the citizens to military law. "From this time the die was cast, and he finally abandoned all the decorous fictions of the republic. He avowed himself a tyrant, and continued from henceforth to wear the outward ensigns of autocracy without scruple." Aurelius Victor asserts that Caius actually wore the diadem; though Suetonius only says that he was very near assuming it, and merely desisted on the assurance that already he had risen above the highest eminence of kings and sovereigns. All his previous atrocities were regarded as venial, when compared with his overt usurpation of the "tyrant's" part. Nevertheless the senate paid abject court to him and to his wretched satellites, reassuring him in the midst of the perils of which, in such a position as he had now deliberately taken, he could not be unconscious. The conspiracy of Cassius Chærea delivered Rome from a yoke that was fast becoming too heavy to bear, in the first month of A.D. 41.

Claudius, the "long despised and neglected uncle of the murdered emperor," was declared his successor by the prætorians, and duly accepted by the senate. When the soldiers, on the first news of Caligula's death, flung themselves furiously into the palace, and began to plunder its glittering chambers,—none daring to offer them any opposition, slaves and freedmen alike betaking themselves to flight or concealment,—one of the palace-inmates, we are told, half-hidden behind a curtain in an obscure corner, was dragged forth with brutal violence. It was Claudius. He sank almost dead with terror at the feet of the soldiers. "But the soldiers in their wildest mood still respected the blood of the Cæsars, and instead of slaying or maltreating the suppliant, the brother of Germanicus, they hailed him, more in jest perhaps than earnest, with the title of Imperator, and carried him off almost unconscious to their camp." Hither the consuls forwarded a deputation to him, to invite him to attend the senate. The frightened Cæsar sent back word that he was

detained in the camp by force. Things seemed at a stand-still. But the difficulty was got over by an access of courage in the poor man, which enabled him to suffer the prætorians to swear allegiance to him, while he set that fatal example which was construed at once into a precedent of prescriptive right, the promise of a large donative to the soldiers (fifteen thousand sesterces apiece). The prætorians led their hero to the palace, where he commanded the senate to wait upon him, and the senate obeyed.

It is Mr. Macaulay, we think, who has drawn an ingenious parallel between Claudius Cæsar and our James the First, as having, both of them, the same feeble, vacillating temper, the same childishness, the same coarseness, the same poltroonery; as being, both of them, men of learning, who wrote and spoke, not indeed well, but still in a manner in which it seems almost incredible that men so foolish should have written or spoken. In the case of Claudius, to the neglect, as Mr. Merivale observes, with which his education was treated in his early years, and the instructions of a coarse and senseless pedagogue, who exasperated his infirmities by ill-usage, was owing probably to the crime which a Roman parent seldom forgave, the weakness of his constitution and the distortion of his frame. "His childhood and youth were one long sickness, uncheered by parental affection; and he seems to have been deemed from the first unfit for any bodily exercises. His mother [Antonia] was not ashamed to call him a monster of a man, an abortion of nature: the greatest expression of contempt she could apply to any one was to call him more a fool than her son Claudius." Alike to her and to his father, Drusus, he appears to have been from his birth an object of disgust, only not "exposed" because he was the son of Drusus and Antonia. His grandmother Livia too, we are told, held him in high disdain, and seldom even spoke to him; her admonitions being always given in short and sharp letters, gruff old-lady-like *billets*, by no means *billets-doux*,—or conveyed to him by the mouth of others. His sister Livilla, it is said, on once hearing that he might possibly be called hereafter to power, exclaimed loudly at the wretched and unworthy fate of the Roman people to be subjected to such a governor. And Augustus himself, who as the historian remarks, should have known human nature better, and who might have felt a kinder sympathy with bodily infirmity, could not endure that any of his race should lack the personal qualities which befitted the highest station, and slighted the poor youth both in public and in his own family. "I wish," says Augustus, in his correspondence, "that the poor creature would take pains to imitate some respectable personage in bearing, gait, and gesture." The parallel with our James will here recur to the mind. Still more forcibly when Augustus adds: "You may imagine how surprised I was to find something to like in his declaiming, for you know that he cannot ordinarily even speak so as to be understood." To the Claudian characteristics (equally Jacobite) *risus indecens, ira turpior*, Suetonius adds, *spumante rictu, præterea lingue titubantia*. Withheld from active life, Claudius devoted himself, like James, to books and literary labours. Mr. Merivale holds the scandalous charges of drunkenness, gambling, and addiction to women, heaped upon Claudius, to be virtually disapproved by the mere extent of his literary doings, in which he rivalled the most industrious students of antiquity—

a fact that seems to preclude of itself the possibility of habitual irregularities in his conduct; while it also proves his possession of a power of application quite inconsistent with the weakness of intellect which his maligners so freely imputed to him.

The "poor creature's" good nature in putting up with personal affronts and rough jokes, told against him at Rome. He had suffered from paralysis; he halted on one leg; he trembled in head and hand; and his utterance was thick and imperfect. Caligula and his boon-companions loved to make sport of the unfortunate man. If he came late to the imperial supper-table, the guests would spread themselves upon the couches and keep him standing. If he fell asleep after eating, they would put rough gloves upon his hands, to enjoy his confusion when he rubbed his eyes on waking. He took it all in good part, and this was held confirmatory proof of his imbecility. Mr. Merivale adopts an unusually favourable view of the man's capacity on the whole; and, while allowing, as a most natural thing, that his judgment (untrained by practical knowledge of life) was not equal to his learning, and that the infirmities of his body affected his powers of decision, his presence of mind, and his steadfastness of purpose,—is yet of opinion that anywhere but at Rome, Claudius would have passed muster as a respectable, and not, perhaps, a useless member of society. This opinion, it is owned, may have been influenced in some degree by the study of the emperor's countenance in the numerous busts still existing of him, which represent it as one of the most interesting of the whole imperial series. Claudius was of a tall figure, which in a sitting posture was not ungraceful; his face, at least in repose, was eminently handsome. But it is impossible, says Mr. Merivale, not to remark in it an expression of pain and anxiety, which forcibly arrests our sympathy; for the face is that of an honest and well-meaning man, who feels himself unequal to the task imposed upon him. In that face the historian sees—with an imaginative power of insight not common to common historians—the look of perplexity with which Claudius may have pored over the mysteries of Etruscan lore, carried to the throne of the world, and engaged in the deepest problems of finance and citizenship. He sees there the expression of fatigue both of the mind and body, which speaks of midnight watches over books, varied with midnight carouses at the imperial table, and the fierce caresses of rival mistresses. He sees there the glance of fear, not of open enemies, but of pretended friends; the reminiscence of wanton blows, and the anticipation of the deadly poison. Above all, he sees there the anxious glance of dependence, which seems to cast about for a model to imitate, for ministers to shape a policy, and for satellites to execute it. "The model Claudius found was the policy of the venerated Augustus; but his ministers were the most profligate of women, and the most selfish of emancipated slaves." Again one recurs to the parallel between Claudius and James the First.

In discussing the life and character of Messalina, the same charitable caution is exercised by Mr. Merivale, in dealing with the evidence against her, as that already evidenced in the cases of Tiberius and Caligula. He sees reason to question the vicious characteristics, at least to their full extent, for which she has been so signally notorious, her name

having been used from her own time to the present as the greatest byword of reproach to her sex.

For her rival Agrippina, whose aim it was to poison the mind of Claudius against the woman he formerly loved, and to disgust both him and the citizens with the boy Britannicus, that the way before her own child Nero might be made plain,—Agrippina, by drawing up a memoir of the times, by becoming herself the narrator of the contest, contrived to turn the stream of history into her own channel, and thus succeeded, as Mr. Merivale views the matter, in representing Messalina to posterity in the same hideous colours in which she had before represented her to her contemporaries. “Historians, wearied with the vain task of seeking for truth in documents of state and imperial manifestoes, turned eagerly to revelations of the palace vouchsafed them by an inmate of its recesses, an actress in its private scenes; and the memoirs of Agrippina were no doubt accepted as an authority in transactions which she was most concerned in tricking with the falsest colours. It will easily be credited that an anecdotist such as Suetonius, or a professed satirist like Juvenal, was satisfied to embrace with insolent indifference to truth the piquant calumnies of a triumphant intriguer: if we have any doubts that Tacitus yielded to the same fascinations, his referring to these very memoirs as authentic documents on another nor less delicate subject must suffice to remove them. We have no choice, however, but to read the story in the light in which these brilliant declaimers have placed it, contenting ourselves with recollecting the foul source from which it has, in all probability, descended to us, and remarking such tokens of its distortion from the truth as an attentive perusal cannot fail to suggest to us.”

The first deadly rivalry of women at Rome broke out in this feud between Messalina and Agrippina. The court of Claudius, says the historian, was the first to present the hideous spectacle of two women of the highest birth and rank, and closely connected by ties of blood and marriage, engaged in a desperate encounter of intrigue and perfidy, ending in the violent overthrow of the one and the rise of the other, but equally in the eternal infamy of both. Nothing, perhaps, he adds, in the existing state of opinion and the contemptuous treatment of the sex generally at Rome, marks more strongly the feebleness of the reigning emperor, than the licence thus assumed by two rival princesses to convulse the world with a quarrel of the boudoir, and to stamp a character upon the history of their times.

The description in this history of the fall of Messalina, immediately occasioned by that daring marriage with her paramour Silius, which Narcissus and the conspirators turned to such account, is pictorial and striking. “The scene now changes to the suburban palace of the bridegroom, where Messalina was abandoning herself to a frenzy of voluptuous dissipation. The season was mid-autumn, the vintage was in full progress; the wine-press was groaning; the ruddy juice was streaming; women girt with scanty fawn-skins danced as drunken Bacchanals around her: while she herself, with her hair loose and disordered, brandished the thyrsus in the midst, and Silius by her side, buskined and crowned with ivy, tossed his head to the flaunting strains of Silenus and the Satyrs. Vettius, one, it seems, of the wanton’s less fortunate paramours,

attended the ceremony, and climbed, in a freak of merriment, a lofty tree in the garden. When asked what he saw, he replied, *An awful storm from Ostia*; and whether there was actually such an appearance, or whether the words were spoken at random, they were accepted afterwards as an omen of the catastrophe which quickly followed.

“For now in the midst of these wanton orgies the rumour swiftly spread, and swiftly messengers arrived to confirm it, that Claudius *knew all*, that Claudius was on his way to Rome, and was coming in anger and for vengeance. The lovers part: Silius for the Forum and the tribunals of public business; Messalina for the retirement of her gardens on the Pincian, the price of blood of the murdered Asiaticus. The jovial crew was scattered on every side: but meanwhile armed soldiers had surrounded the spot, and all that could be seized were thrown suddenly into chains. Messalina, sobered in a moment by the lightning flash which revealed her danger, had not lost her presence of mind. She resolved to confront the emperor. She summoned her son and daughter to accompany her to their father's presence; at the same time she entreated the chief of the Vestals to attend her, and intercede for her with the supreme Pontiff. Three only of her women ventured to remain by her side: with these she traversed the length of the city on foot; but her appearance in distress and mourning, on which she had counted for commiseration, attracted no voice or gesture of compassion, and ascending a common cart at the gates she proceeded sadly on the road to Ostia.”

But that “awful storm from Ostia,” which the witling descried from the tree-top, was to burst upon and destroy the miserable woman. Claudius vacillated, it is true; now exclaiming with fitful vehemence against the abominable crimes of his consort, and now melting into tears at the recollection of her children. Narcissus decided for him—boldly ordering a tribune and some centurions to go and slay Messalina, by the emperor's command—while Messalina, in the gardens of Lucullus, was composing addresses of supplication to her husband, to some of which the emperor, warmed that night with wine and good cheer, had responded, by sending a message to the “poor creature,” as he called her, bidding her come the next day and plead her cause before him. The next day? That same night a blow of the tribune's falchion laid Messalina low—the death of her victim Asiaticus was avenged on the very spot—“the hot blood of the wanton smoked on the pavement of his gardens, and stained with a deeper hue the variegated marbles of Lucullus.” Claudius was still at supper when the news came. He inquired not as to the manner of her death. He called for wine, pledged his guests anew, and listened to fresh relays of chamber choristers. Another day dawned, and he continued to show the same indifference. Narcissus, being uncondemned by the emperor, was rewarded by the senate. A few short months, and Claudius becomes the husband of Agrippina. A fewer short years, and Agrippina poisons Claudius—

Agrippinæ

Boletus præcordia pressit
Ille senis, tremulumque caput descendere jussit
In cælum, et longâ manantia labra salivâ.

THE HISTORY OF THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS,

AUTHOR OF THE "EIGHTEENTH CENTURY."

IV.

The "Mercuries"—The first publication of Parliamentary Proceedings—The First Mercury—Titles of "Mercuries"—Mercury Writers: Nedham, Birkenhead, Heylin, Ryves, Wither, Taylor the Water Poet, Booker, Wharton, and Hotham—Character of the Mercuries—The Travelling Press—The First Advertisement—The First Illustrated Paper—Dawn of the Political Influence of Newspapers—Specimens of the Political Articles, and of the News.

THE newspapers had now begun to assume that title which so closely identifies them with the memories of the civil wars—"Mercurius." But there were "Mercuries" of earlier date than those elicited by that hot and fierce struggle of opinion, for our friend Butter published, in 1636, "The principal Passages of Germany, Italy, France, and other places; all faithfully taken out of good originals by an English Mercury;" and, still earlier, in 1625, his *Weekly News* is stated to be "Printed for Mercurius Britannicus." But the title "Mercurius" belongs, *par excellence*, to the news sheets of the contending armies—the ribaldry of Birkenhead—the mercenary tirades of Nedham, or the furious onslaughts of men less conspicuous of their parties.

The collection presented to the British Museum by George III., and formed (at the cost, as was estimated, of 4000*l.*) by Thomasson during the Commonwealth, among a vast number of tracts, squibs, and pamphlets, is perhaps the most complete in "Mercuries;" and there are collections in the libraries of All Souls and of Corpus Christi Colleges, Oxford. They absolutely swarmed during the earlier part of the intestine struggle that gave them birth. Peter Heylin says, in the preface to his "Cosmography," "The affairs of each town, or war, were presented in the weekly news books," and the single year, 1643, begot no less than twenty of them. Mr. Nichols's list up to 1665 gives the title of 350 news books, diurnals, and Mercuries, of which the latter are by far the most numerous, especially from the years 1643 to 1654. Thomasson's collection comes down no further than 1657, the collector assigning as a reason for discontinuing his "great pains and labour," that the publications had, at that date, become less numerous and interesting.

The abolition of the Star-chamber in 1641 acted like a genial thaw upon the frozen energies of the Press, and, of course, the particular branch of its productions, of which we treat, was not the last to rise up, shake itself, look around, and start off into all sorts of gambols of a new-found liberty—hence the eccentric publications, which, taking the title of Mercuries, purported to bring their satires from heaven, from hell, from the moon, and from the antipodes—calling themselves doves, kites, vultures, and screech-owls, laughing mercuries, crying mercuries, merry diurnals, and smoking nocturnals.

But hence, also—and it is the first time, as far as we can find, that the people were entrusted with the secret—hence sprang the publication of

the proceedings of Parliament, and, in 1641, appeared "The Diurnal Occurrences, or Daily Proceedings of both Houses in this great and happy Parliament, from the 3rd of November, 1640, to the 3rd of November, 1641. London: Printed for William Cooke, and are to be sold at his shop at Furnivall's Inne Gate, in Holbourne, 1641."

This appears to have been a summary for a year, introducing the subject, and, after "The Speeches in Parliament from 3rd November, 1640, to June, 1641," in two volumes (534 pages), the "Diurnal Occurrences" began to be brought out weekly by William Cooke and John Thomas. In 1642 there came out "The Heads of all the Proceedings of both Houses of Parliament;" "A Perfect Diurnal of the Passages in Parliament, &c.;" which were weekly reports of the votes, or of intelligence communicated to the Parliament. Thus was the right of the people to know what was being done for them—or against them—by their senators first acknowledged; and thus did the Press first assume a function, which it has performed with but few intermissions ever since, with increasing honour to itself and security to the nation. These early diurnals, it must be remembered, were published by authority, so that their "Account of Proceedings" was very different to the elaborate, fearless, and word-for-word reports of the present day; but the first step of the bastion had been yielded to the storming party—and they were mounting.

Now was the ever-ready Butter again busy, and, in 1641, we find him turning his attention to this newly-developed branch of news:

"The Passages in Parliament from the 3 of Jan. to the 10, more fully and exactly taken then the ordinary one hath beene, as you will find upon comparing. And although the weeke past doth yeeld many remarkable passages (as hath beene any weeke before), yet you shall expect no more expression either now or hereafter in the title then the Passages in Parliament, &c. London: Printed for Nath. Butter, at St. Austin's Gate in Paul's Churchyard, at the signe of the Pyde Bull, 1641."

Every good has its attendant evil, and the same concession that gave the nation a glimpse into parliamentary affairs, encouraged the tribe of party writers to exhaust their energies in a shoal of licentious diurnals and Mercuries.

The title of *Mercurie* seems to have been imported from France—at least, the earliest use which we have been enabled to find of it is in that country, in the year 1613, when there appeared in Paris the *Mercure François*, which continued to be published until 1647. In 1634 there was also published in Paris the *Mercure Suisse*; and in Geneva, the *Mercure d'Etat*; whilst the word was not generally adopted by the English news writers until about 1643, and the purposes to which it was then devoted, and the epithets to which it was allied, must surely have somewhat astonished even our lively neighbours.

As specimens of the most ridiculous of this class, we may give three, which we have found in the British Museum collection:

"The Marine Mercurie; or, a true relation of the strange appearance of a Man-Fish, about three miles within the River Thames, having a Mosket in one hand and a Petition in the other. With a Relation of Sir Simon Hartley's Victory over the Rebels," 4to, 1642.

- “A Preter-pluperfect Spick-and-span new Nocturnal; or, Mercurie’s Weekly Night Newes,” 1645.
- “A Wonder! A Mercurie without a Lye in his Mouth,” 4to, 1648.
- The collection of “Mercuries” contained in the library of Corpus Christi College, bear the respective designations of “Academicus” (1645), “Anti-Britannicus” (1645)—the title of this, by the way, merely meant that it was opposed to “Mercurius Britannicus,”—“Aquaticus” (1653), “Aulicus” (1642), “Democritus” (1653), “Menipeus” (1682), “Politicus” (1659), and “Publicus” (1660).
- In the Bodleian Library we have found the following :
- “Mercurius Propheticus; or, a Collection of some old Predictions. O! may they only prove but empty fictions,” 1643.
- “Mercurius Psitacus; or, the Parotting Mercury,” 1648.
- “Mercurius non Vendicus nor yet Mutus, but Cambro, or Honest Britannus,” 1644.
- “Newes from Smith the Oxford Gaoler,” 1645.
- From Chalmers’s List we quote a few of the most remarkable titles :
- “The Parliament’s Scout’s Discovery,” 1643.
- “Wednesday’s Mercury; or, Special Passages. Collected for those who wish to be informed,” 1643.
- “The Spie; communicating Intelligence from Oxford,” 1643.
- “Mercurius Fumigosus; or, the Smoaking Nocturnal,” 1644.
- “The Kingdom’s Scout,” 1645.
- “Mercurius Medicus; or, a Sovereign Salve for these Sick Times,” 1647.
- “Mercurius Melancholicus; or, News from Westminster and other Parts,” 1647.
- “Mercurius Pragmaticus: Communicating Intelligence from all Partes, touching all Affaires, Designes, Humours, and Conditions, throughout the Kingdome, especially from Westminster and the Head Quarters,” 1647.
- “Mercurius Clericus; or, Newes from Syon,” 1647.
- “Mercurius Anti-Pragmaticus,” 1647.
- “Mercurius Bellicus; or, an Alarm to all Rebels,” 1647.
- “The Parliament’s Kite; or, the Tell-Tale Bird,” 1648.
- “The Parliament’s Vulture: Newes from all Parts of the Kingdom,” 1648.
- “The Parliament’s Screech-Owle; or, Intelligence from several Parts,” 1648.
- “The Parliament’s Porter; or, the Door-Keeper of the House of Commons,” 1648.
- “Mercurio Volpone; or, the Fox. For the better Information of His Majestie’s loyal Subjects; prying into every Junto, proclaiming their Designs, and reforming all Intelligence,” 1648.
- “A Trance; or, News from Hell brought fresh to Town, by Mercurius Acheronticus,” 1648.
- “The Man in the Moon, discovering a World of Knavery under the Sunne,” 1649.
- “Great Britain’s Paine full Messenger,” 1649.
- “The Faithful Scout,” 1650.
- “Mercurius Democritus; or, a Nocturnal. Communicating wonderful News from the World in the Moon,” 1652.

"Mercurius Heraclitus; or, the Weeping Philosopher," 1652.

"Mercurius Mastix; faithfully lashing all Scouts, Mercuries, Posts, Spyes, and others," 1652.

"The Laughing Mercury; or, True and Perfect News from the Antipodes," 1652.

"Mercurius Radamanthus, the Chief Judge of Hell; his Circuits through all the Courts of Law in England," 1653.

The extensive collection of Mr. Nichols affords us some remarkable specimens, a few of which we copy:

"Mercurius Vapulans; or, the Whipping of poor British Mercury. By Mercurius Urbanus, younger Brother to Aulicus," 1643.

"Mr. Peter's Report from the Army," 1645.

"Mercurius Diabolicus; or, Hall's Intelligencer," 1647.

"Mercurius Mercuriorum Stultissimus," 1647.

"Mercurius Britannicus Again Alive," 1648.

"Mercurius Anti-Mercurius," 1648.

"Martin Nonsense, his Collections," 1648.

"Mercurius Insanus Insanissimus," 1648.

"The Flying Eagle," 1652.

"Mercurius Nullus," 1653.*

It were useless to force upon the reader's notice more samples of these mad news sheets: we have given quite sufficient to enable him to appreciate the quality and style of them; but, worthless as they now appear, they had great weight in their day, and, instead of being the mere froth that rose to the surface, they in a great measure caused, and kept up the fermentation which was at work in the country. Some of them, it cannot be denied, were written with talent, withering with their sarcasm, stabbing with their irony, or pounding with their denunciations, the parties against whom they were levelled. Undoubtedly the most clever were those written by Marchmont Nedham, and especially the *Mercurius Britannicus*, and the *Mercurius Pragmaticus*, which Anthony à Wood assigns to him. Wood's account of this writer has been assailed as partial, and no doubt it is so—but there can be little respect felt for a partisan who thrice changed his principles during the great struggle in which he took part—for this fact, we believe, his apologists have not been able to contradict, but feebly excuse it on the pretence that he did it: "to save his neck." A poor plea, surely!

Marchmont Nedham, the great writer of "Mercuries," was born at Bedford, in 1620, and educated at Oxford. On coming to London he became first an usher at Merchant Tailors' School, and then an under-clerk of Gray's Inn. He afterwards studied physic and chemistry; but in the middle of August, 1643, he started the celebrated republican print *Mercurius Britannicus*, which he continued every Monday until the close of 1646; and gained much popularity by it, and became known as Captain Nedham of Gray's Inn. Anthony à Wood can, however, see no merit in it, but held Nedham in fierce scorn; possibly he was right too, for demagogues look much better at a distance of time, when some kind friend of an historian has washed their faces and patched their shreds. "Siding with the rout and scum of the

* The dates affixed to these titles are generally those borne by the first number.

people, he made them weekly sport by railing at all that was noble in his Intelligence called *Mercurius Britannicus*, wherein his endeavours were to sacrifice the fame of some lord, or any person of quality, and of the king himself, to the beast with many heads." He presently got imprisoned for a seditious libel, and, soliciting an audience of the king, is said to have made a most abject apology on his knees and procured his liberty. He now assumed the character of a furious Royalist, and, on September 14, 1647, started the *Mercurius Pragmaticus*, which he continued in the royal cause, with a short intermission, until 1649. President Bradshaw had sufficient influence over Nedham to win him back to the popular side, and on June 13, 1650, he commenced the *Mercurius Politicus*, which came out with some share of authority, "in defence of the Commonwealth and for information of the People," and continued for ten years. What was the exact amount of "authority" with which this publication was invested it is now difficult to determine: a Wood expressly says it "came out by authority," and an entry in the "Journals of the House of Commons" amply confirms him:—"1659, August 15th. Resolved: that Marchmont Nedham, gentleman, be, and is, hereby restored to be writer of the Publick Intelligence, as formerly." This would also seem to indicate that he had, for a time, forfeited the confidence of his republican employers.

The subsequent career of Nedham is a mere continuation of the old story. On the Restoration he was dismissed from the public service by the Council of State; and Giles Dury and Henry Muddiman appointed to his post. He succeeded in effecting his escape to Holland, "conscious," says a Wood, "that he might be in danger of the halter;" but subsequently he procured a pardon under the great seal by means of a bribe "given to a hungry courtier." After practising for some time as a physician in London, with indifferent success, he died obscurely in Devereux-court, in November, 1678.

Contemporary with and antagonistic to Nedham, was John Birkenhead, the writer of the *Mercurius Aulicus*. Born about the year 1615, at Northwich, in Cheshire, and educated at Oriel College, he fell under the notice of Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom he ultimately became secretary, and fulfilled his office so much to the archbishop's satisfaction, that he was, in 1639, created Master of Arts by diploma, and, in 1640, chosen probationer fellow of All Souls' College. During his residence at Oxford, Charles I. fixed his head-quarters in that city, and selected Birkenhead to write the *Mercurius Aulicus* in 1642 (11th January), which he continued weekly for three years. This publication gaining him further notice, as well for the wit and talent displayed in it as on account of its principles, he was made reader of moral philosophy—a post from which he was removed, in 1648, by the Parliament visitors. He, however, did not desist from issuing satirical papers, although frequently imprisoned for their publication, until the Restoration, when he transferred his talents to a different sphere—the Senate—and sat in the House of Commons as member for the borough of Wilton; also receiving the degree of doctor of laws from the university. In 1642, he received the honour of knighthood, and, in 1643, the more lucrative appointment of master of requests, with a salary of 3000*l.* a year, "in which station," says Anthony a Wood, "he showed the baseness of his spirit, by slighting those who had been his benefactors in his necessities." He died in

Westminster, December 4, 1679, and was buried at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

Birkenhead was assisted by a better man than either himself or Nedham—Peter Heylin. This "proud priest" was born at Burford, in Oxfordshire* (the birthplace of Nedham), on November 29, 1599, and educated at Hart Hall, Oxford, afterwards procuring a fellowship of Magdalen. In 1628, he was appointed chaplain in ordinary to the king, and, in 1631, obtained a prebend of Westminster. In 1633, he took his degree of doctor of divinity, and obtained several preferments; but the flood of the republican triumphs washed them all away: his goods were confiscated, his livings sequestrated, and himself voted a delinquent. In this strait he fled to Oxford, where he was prevailed upon by the king to take part with Birkenhead in the writing of the *Mercurius Aulicus*; but his talents were of a higher order than this style of writing required, and his coadjutor's papers were the most popular. At the Restoration, he seems to have been slighted, only getting back his subdeanery of Westminster, in which city he died, in 1662. Heylin was unquestionably a man of superior abilities to most of the "Mercury" writers, and left behind him works of a very different class, the "Cosmography," "History of the Reformation," "History of the Presbyterians," "Life of Archbishop Laud," &c.

Bruno Ryves, the author of the original *Mercurius Rusticus*, was born in Dorsetshire, made one of the clerks of New College in 1610, and, in 1616, one of the chaplains of Magdalen. Preferments crowded on him: he became vicar of Hanwell, Middlesex, rector of St. Martin's-de-la-Vintry, London, chaplain to the king; and, in 1639, doctor of divinity. But he lost his fat livings when the civil wars broke out, and entered the lists against the Presbyterians, a needy writer, on August 22, 1642, under the title of "Mercurius Rusticus; or, the COUNTRY'S COMPLAINT, recounting the Sad Events of this lamentable War." The Restoration again changed his fortunes, and he was made chaplain in ordinary to the king, dean of Windsor, rector of Acton, in Middlesex, and scribe of the most noble Order of the Garter, which he lived to enjoy for seventeen years, dying in 1677. His "Mercury" has gone through four editions, the latest of which was published in 1723.

Ryves had an antagonist in George Wither, who conducted his attack on the principle described by Dr. Johnson. Speaking of these "Mercuries," the doctor says, "When any title grew popular, it was stolen by the antagonist, who, by this stratagem, conveyed his notions to those who would not have received him had he not worn the appearance of a friend." Thus insidiously did Wither smuggle his republican rhymes into the rival camp, under the friendly guise of Ryves's title, and brought out, in 1643, a rhyming, half-jesting "Mercury," called *Mercurius Rusticus*. Wither was born at Bentworth, near Alton, in Hampshire, June 11, 1588, sent to Magdalen College in 1604, and afterwards entered at Lincoln's Inn; but he soon courted the satiric muse, and got into prison for his first dalliance, the "Abuses Whipt and Stript." On the breaking out of the civil wars he sold his estates, and raised a troop of horse for the Parlia-

* Mr. Knight Hunt says at Pentrie Heylin, in Monmouthshire, but this is a mistake. Anthony à Wood says that his family was of that place, but that he was born at Burford. See also his Life, prefixed to Miscellaneous Tracts.

ment, in whose cause he started the *Mercurius Rusticus*, and wrote numerous lampoons and satires, in some of which he is said to have displayed considerable talent. But at the Restoration he was arrested for the publication of a "scandalous and seditious libel," and imprisoned in Newgate and the Tower for three years, according to à Wood, and three-quarters of a year according to Aubrey. He died May 2, 1667, and was buried in the church of the Savoy, Strand.

John Taylor, the water poet, essayed his hand at Mercury writing, and produced the *Mercurius Aquaticus*. This eccentric genius was born at Gloucester, in 1580, and, on coming to London, was bound apprentice to a waterman, and while his sculls were resting, he wrote and rhymed a folio volume. He left London on the outbreak of the rebellion, and betook himself to Oxford, where he opened a loyal tavern and wrote loyal songs, but, on the surrender of the city, he came back to London, and opened a tavern in Westminster with the sign of the Mourning Crown.

A gentle hint was, however, conveyed to him that this sign was not very palatable to his parliamentary neighbours, and he substituted for it his own portrait, with the inscription beneath it,

There's many a head stands for a sign;
Then, gentle reader, why not mine?

Poor Taylor did not live to see the reaction that brought his party again into favour, nor to share in the rewards that were scattered among them at the Restoration, but died at Westminster in 1654, at the ripe old age of seventy-four.

John Booker was the author of *Mercurius Cælicus* and a fair proportion of the scampish element he appears to have had in his composition. He was born at Manchester, in 1601, and, coming to London, set up as a writing-master in Hadley, in Middlesex, and then practised as an astrologer, fortune-teller, and resolver of abstruse questions, till by dint of cunning and servility he procured the office of licenser of mathematical books, which, however, he did not keep long, and died in 1667.

Booker was opposed by George Wharton, a native of Westmoreland, also a professor of astrology, but a man of better character—who wrote the "Mercurio Cælico Mastix; or, an Anti-Caveat to all such as have had the misfortune to be cheated and deluded by that great and treacherous impostor, John Booker." This was a mere libel, but Wharton was also a writer of political "Mercuries" in the interest of the Royalists, in whose cause he embarked and lost his patrimony; for which, at the Restoration, he was, according to Granger, rewarded with a baronetcy and the post of treasurer of the ordnance. He died in 1681.

"The Spie communicating Intelligence from Oxford," which was commenced on January 30, 1643-4, was written by Durant Hotham, of whom we know no more than that he was a son of Sir John Hotham.

Such, then, were some of the worthies who wrote the "Mercuries." Those whose lives we have sketched were the most eminent, and, with all their faults and shortcomings, the most respectable. The lower class of Mercury writers were a shameless set of hireling scribblers; ignorant, unprincipled, and contemptible. They sold their pens or extorted bribes, according to the temper of the party they attacked, and lauded a man up to the skies for a meal, or flung him under the feet of the mob for refusing them one. Let Mrs. Hutchinson bear witness

against them. "Sir John Gell, of Derbyshire," says that lady, in her "Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson," "kept the diurnal makers in pension, so that, whatever was done in the neighbouring counties against the enemy was attributed to him, and thus he hath indirectly purchased himself a name in story which he never merited. Mr. Hutchinson, on the other side, that did well for virtue's sake, and not for the vaine glory of it, never would give anything to buy the flatteries of those scribblers; and, when one of them once, while he was in town, made mention of something done at Nottingham with falsehood, and had given Gell the glory of an action in which he was not concerned, Mr. Hutchinson rebuked him for it; whereupon the man begged his pardon, and told him he would write as much for him the next weeke; but Mr. Hutchinson told him he scorned his mercenary pen, and warned him not to dare to be in any of his concernements, whereupon the fellow was awed, and he had no more abuse of that kind."

Those "Mercuries" which emanated from authority were printed in the camps of the respective armies. The newspaper press had become peripatetic, and sent forth its intelligence from head-quarters, now at Oxford, and next week at Worcester. Thus King Charles carried Robert Barker, as his news printer, up as far as Newcastle, in 1639; and in 1652, Christopher Higgins accompanied Cromwell, in the same capacity, to Leith.

There appear to have been no "Mercuries" of more frequent appearance than thrice a week—certainly none of daily publication. At first, in fact, they only came out weekly; and in the most exciting part of the contest there were only a few which were circulated oftener—twice or thrice a week. The public had to wait a month even for some of them, as,

"An Exact and True Collection of Weekly Passages, to show the Error of the Weekly Pamphlets; by Authority. To be communicated from month to month, 1646."

"The True Informer; or, Monthly Mercury. Being the Certain Intelligence of 'Mercurius Militaris.' To be continued monthly, 1648."

"The Irish Monthly Mercury, 1650."

It was during all the confusion of this great intestine strife, when one would have thought that enterprise was paralysed, and the pages of the "Mercuries" fully occupied with controversy and recrimination, that the first advertisement appeared. The *Quarterly Review* (June, 1856) quotes an announcement of an heroic poem, called "Irenodia Gratulatoria," which appeared in the *Mercurius Politicus* of January, 1652, as the oldest of the great family of advertisements, and gives the credit to the booksellers of being the first to discover the use of the newspaper for this purpose. But the Quarterly Reviewer is in error. Mr. Nichols found in the first number of the *Impartial Intelligencer* (March 1 to 7, 1648) an advertisement from a gentleman at Candish, in Suffolk, offering a reward for two horses that had been stolen from him. For ten years this famous anonymous of "Candish, in Suffolk," found but few imitators, and those, without exception, only among booksellers and vendors of quack medicines; but, in 1657, Newcomb, of Thames-street, appears to have awakened to the possibility of these advertisements being made a source of income to a newspaper; and, on May 26, he made the experiment with the *Public Advertiser* which is almost entirely filled

with advertisements and shipping intelligence. But he had them all to himself, and the other newspapers jogged quietly on with their three or four advertisements, stuck in the middle of the sheet. We are tempted to draw one of these modest little notices from its hiding-place in the *Mercurius Politicus* of September 30, 1658 :

“That Excellent, and by all Physicians approved *China Drink*, called by the *Chineans*, *Tcha*, by other Nations *Tay*, alias *Tee*, is sold at the *Sultanesse* Head *Coffee House*, in *Sweeting’s* Rents, by the Royal Exchange, London.”

The other advertisements in the “*Mercuries*” are of books published; apprentices, servants, or black boys absconded; or of coaches setting out from London, on great and perilous journeys, into the provinces.

The first illustrated newspaper was also a “*Mercury*,” the *Mercurius Civicus* : *London’s Intelligence*, which appeared in 1643, and contained a variety of woodcuts. No. III., May 28, in reporting a vote of Parliament relating to the queen, favours the public with a portrait of her majesty.

We have, we think, now said all that has to be said—more, perhaps, than they deserved—about these remarkable hebdomadals, which took into their hands all the former functions of the newspaper, and assumed new ones, and yet were different from all that a newspaper had been—comets and blazing stars in the political firmament, shooting along their eccentric paths and setting the world on fire. And yet in them may be first recognised the rising of the newspaper press into a political power—the old “*newes bookes*” had not meddled with politics, but were content with monsters: the “*Mercuries*” despised gossip, and rode upon the whirlwind of party strife. Many of them did good service to their parties; and their parties, when in the ascendant, did good service to their authors; and thus were the writers of newspapers for the first time recognised and rewarded by governments.

The political articles of the most respectable of them were not always in the best taste; the acrimony of feeling which existed poisoned the pens of the authors, and natural deformities, domestic bereavements, private afflictions, were freely dragged forward and caught up as weapons of offence, when the passions were up and argument flung aside. Thus we find, in the *Mercurius Auticus* of Birkenhead, an exulting article on the probability of Hampden’s wounds proving mortal, and declaring, as its author had often before declared, that his home troubles—the loss of two or three daughters successively—were the judgments of Heaven upon his political sins.

While the political department shared in the fierce and angry passions of the times, the articles of intelligence partook of their superstitious and credulous character, and much of the news contained in the “*Mercuries*” was of the stamp of the following :

“A perfect Mermaid was, by the last great winde, driven ashore nere Greenwich, with her combe in one hande and her lookinge-glasse in the other. She seemed to be of the countenance of a most faire and beautiful woman, with her armes crossed, weeping out many pearly drops of salt tears; and afterwards, she, gently turning herself upon her back againe, swamme away without being seen any more.”

This choice piece of news we copy from “*Mercurius Democritus*; or, a True and Perfect Nocturnal,” No. LXXX., Nov. 2, 1653.

THE CONFESSIONAL.

FROM THE DANISH OF CHRISTIAN WINTHER.

By Mrs. BUSHBY.

IN the Magdalene church at Girgenti* preparations had been made for a grand festival. It was adorned, as usual on such occasions, with red tapestry and flowers. The hour of noon had struck, the workmen had left the church, and there reigned around that deep, solemn stillness which, in Catholic places of worship, is so appropriate and so imposing.

Two gentlemen, who conversed in a low tone of voice, were pacing up and down the long aisle that runs along the northern side of the building, and seemed to be enjoying the shade and coolness of the church, as if it had been a public promenade. The elder was a man of about thirty years of age, stout, broad-shouldered, and strongly built, with a grave countenance, in which no trace of passion was visible; this was Don Antonio Carracciolo, Marquis d'Arena. The other, who seemed a mere youth, had a slender, graceful figure, an animated, handsome face, and dark eyes, soft almost as those of a woman—which wandered from side to side with approving glances, as if he had some peculiar interest in the interior of the sacred edifice. And such he certainly had, for he was the architect who had planned the church and superintended its erection. He was called Giulio Balzetti, and had only lately returned from Rome. Suddenly they stopped.

"I shall entrust you with a secret, which I think will amuse you, Signor Marquis," said the younger man, in the easy intimate tones in which one speaks to a friend at whose house one is a daily visitor—"a secret with which, I believe, no one is acquainted but myself. You see the effects of acoustics sometimes play us builders strange tricks where we least expect or wish them. Chance, a mere accident, has revealed to me that when one stands here—here upon this white marble slab—one can distinctly overhear every syllable even of the lowest whisper uttered far from this, yonder, where you may observe the second last confessional; while, in a straight line between this point and that, you would not be sensible of any sound, were you even much nearer the place. If you will remain standing here, I will go yonder to the confessional in question, and you will be astonished at this miracle of nature."

He went accordingly, but scarcely had he moved the distance of a couple of steps, when the marquis distinctly heard a whisper, the subject of which seemed to make a strong impression upon him. He stood as rigid and marble-white as if suddenly turned to stone by some magician's wand; while the painfully anxious attention with which he listened, and which was expressed in his otherwise stony features, gave evidence that he was hearing something of excessive importance. He did not move a muscle—he scarcely breathed—he was like one who is standing on the extreme verge of an abyss, into which he is afraid of falling, and his rolling eyes and beating heart alone gave signs of his violent agitation.

In a very few minutes the young architect came back smiling, and

* A town of Sicily, in the Val di Mazzara, on the site of the ancient Agriguntum, the magnificent ruins of which are still to be seen.

called out from a little distance, "I could not manage to make the experiment, for some one was in the confessional—from the glimpse I got, a lady closely veiled—but, Heavens! what is the matter with you?"

The only answer which the marquis gave the Italian was to place his finger on his mouth, and he continued to stand motionless. After a minute or two he drew a deep sigh. The statue passed out of its speechless magic trance, and returned again to life.

"It is nothing, dear Giulio!" said he, in a friendly tone. "Do not think that I am superstitious; but I assure you this mysterious and wonderful natural phenomenon has taken me so much by surprise, that it has had a strange effect on me. Come, let us go! I shall recover myself in the fresh air," he added, as he took Balzetti's arm, and led him to the promenade on the outside of the town. The two gentlemen walked up and down there for about an hour, when the marquis bade the young man adieu, saying, at the same time, "To-morrow, after the festival is over, will you come out as usual to our villa?"

At a very early hour the next morning the marquis entered his wife's private suite of apartments. The waiting-maid, who just at that moment was coming into the ante-room by another door, started, and looked quite astounded.

"Did your lady ring?" asked the marquis.

"No, your excellency!" replied the woman, curtsying low and colouring violently.

"Then wait till you are called," said the marquis, as he opened the door of the dressing-room which separated the sleeping-room from the ante-chamber.

As he crossed the threshold he was met by his lovely young wife, attired in a morning gown so light and flowing, that it looked as if it must have been the one in which she had arisen from her couch. The marquis stopped and stood still, as if struck with his wife's extreme beauty. He did not appear to observe the uneasiness, the inward tempest of feelings that, chasing all the blood from her cheeks, had sent it to her heart, and caused its beating to be too plainly visible under the robe of slight fabric which was thrown around her.

"You are up early this morning, Antonio!" said the young marchioness, in a scarcely audible tone of voice, with a deepening blush and a forced smile. "What do you want here?"

"Could you be surprised, my Lauletta? Light of my eyes!" said the marquis, in the blandest and most insinuating of accents, "could you be surprised if I came both early and late? And yet, dearest, this morning my visit is not to you alone. You know to-day is the feast of the Holy Magdalene, and a great festival in the Church. I have taken it into my head to usher in this day by paying my tribute of admiration to the glorious Magdalene of Titian, which you had placed in your own sleeping-apartment. Will you permit me?" he asked, very politely, as with slow steps, but in a determined manner, he walked towards the door.

"Everything is really in such sad disorder there," said his young wife, with a rapid glance through the half-open door; "but . . . go, since you will. I shall begin making my toilette here in the mean time."

And he went in.

"How charming," he cried, in a peculiar tone of voice—"how charming is not all this disorder! This graceful robe thrown carelessly down

—these fairy slippers! There is something that awakens the fancy, something delicious in the very air of this room! All this is absolutely poetry!

His searching look fastened itself upon the snow-white couch, the silken coverlet of which was drawn up and spread out, but could not entirely conceal the outline of a human figure, lying as flat as possible, evidently in the endeavour to escape observation.

“I will sit down a while,” said the marquis, in the cheerful voice of a person who has no unpleasant thought in his mind, “and contemplate this masterwork.”

As he said this he took up a pillow, its white covering trimmed with wide lace, and laid it on the spot where he thought the face of the concealed person must be, and placed himself upon it with all the weight of his somewhat bulky figure, whilst he placed his right hand upon the chest of the reclining form, and pressed on it with all his force.

Without heeding the involuntary, frightful, and convulsive heavings—the death-throes of his wretched victim—the marquis exclaimed, in a calm, firm voice,

“How beautifully that picture is finished! How noble and chaste does not the lovely penitent look, all sinner as she was, with her rich golden locks waving over that neck and those shoulders whiter than alabaster, while these graceful hands are clasped, and these contrite, tearful eyes seem gazing up yonder, whence alone mercy and pardon can be obtained! One could almost become a poet in gazing on so splendid a work of art. But ah! I never had the happy talent of an improvisatore. In place, therefore, of poetising, I will tell you something that happened yesterday. Our little friend Giulio Balzetti took me round the Magdalene church, and whilst we were wandering about he pointed out a particular spot to me, and bid me stand quite still there, telling me that *there* might be overheard what was said at another spot at some distance in the church. And he was right. At that other place stood the confessional No. 6. I had hardly placed myself on the marble flag indicated to me, than I heard a charming voice—God knows who it was speaking—but she was confessing the sorrows of her heart and her little sins to the holy father. She had a husband, she said, whom she loved—yes, she loved him, and he loved her: he was very kind to her, and left her much at liberty; in short, she gave the husband credit for all sorts of good qualities, but, unfortunately, she had fallen in love with another man! She did not mention his name. I should like to have heard it. He must be one of our handsome young cavaliers about the town. And this other loved her too—she could not help it, poor thing—and so she found room for him in her heart as well as for the husband. This other one was so handsome, so pleasing, so fascinating! . . . Well . . . if her husband did not know what was going on he could not be vexed, and . . . it would do him no harm. So she had promised to admit the lover early this morning. Do you hear? This is what the French dames call ‘*passer ses caprices.*’ At last she begged the good priest to give her absolution beforehand. And he did so: he gave the absolution! What do you think of all this, my love?” said the marquis, as he rose from the couch, where all was now still as death. “Well,” he continued, in a jocular tone, “our worthy priests are almost too complaisant and indulgent—at least, most of them. Our old Father Gregorio, however, would have taken *you* to task after a different fashion, if you . . .” He broke off abruptly, while he quietly laid the pillow in its own place and deliberately

turned down the embroidered coverlet. It was the architect Giulio Balzetti whom the marquis beheld: he had ceased to breathe!

"Have you been to confession lately, my Laura?" asked the marquis. There was no answer.

"Is it long since you have been to confession?" he asked, in a louder and sterner voice.

"No!" replied the young woman, in the lowest possible tone.

"Apropos," said the marquis, as he covered the frightfully distorted and blue face of the corpse with the coverlet, "shall we not go to the grand festival at the church to-day? The procession begins exactly at twelve o'clock. I shall order the carriage—we really must not miss it."

He returned to the dressing-room. The marchioness was sitting in a large cushioned lounging-chair, the thick tresses of her dark hair hanging negligently down, her lips and cheeks as pale as death, and her hands resting listlessly on her lap.

"What is the matter, my dear child?" asked the marquis, inwardly triumphing at her distress, but with fair and friendly words upon his lips. "You have risen too early, my little Laura; and you have also fatigued yourself in trying to dress without assistance. Where is Pipetta? I shall ring for her now." He pulled the bell-rope—approached his wife—slightly kissed her brow—and then left her apartments.

At mid-day, when all the bells of the churches were pealing, the marquis's splendid state carriage, with four horses adorned with gilded trappings, stood before the gate of his palace, and a crowd of richly-dressed pages, footmen, and grooms, were in waiting there. Presently the marquis appeared in his brilliant court costume, with glittering stars on his breast, his hat in one hand, whilst with the other he led his young and beautiful but deadly pale wife. With the utmost attention he handed her down the marble steps, and while her countenance looked as cold and stony as that of a statue, his eyes flashed with a fire that was unusual to them. The servants hurried forwards, the carriage-door was opened, the noble pair entered it, and it drove off towards the town. In the crowded streets the foot passengers turned round to gaze at it, and exclaimed to each other, "There go a happy couple!"

The architect had disappeared. No one suspected that on the day of the grand festival he lay dead—a blue and terrible-looking corpse—amidst boots and shoes, at the bottom of a noble young dame's wardrobe; or that, the following night, without shroud or coffin, his body was secretly transported by the lady's faithful servants to a neighbouring mountain, and there thrown into a deep cave. But the lady paid a large sum to the convent of the Magdalenes for the sake of his soul's repose.

The monk Gregorio—the accommodating and favourite confessor of the fashionable world—was also soon after missing. But *he* was not dead—he lingered for some years in a subterranean prison belonging to a monastery of one of the strictest orders: a punishment to which he had been condemned through the influence of the Marquis d'Arena.

That the confessional No. 6 was removed, will be easily believed.

The marquis never alluded to these events before his wife. When they appeared in public together, as also in society at his own home, he treated her with respect, often with attention. But he never again spoke to her in private, nor did he ever again enter those apartments which had once been the scene of so dreadful a tragedy.

Ballads from English History.

BY JAMES PAYN.

V.—THE BLACK PRINCE.

WITH the exception of the almost mythic King Arthur, there is no name in the history of our country which seems more spotless and chivalrous than that of Edward the Black Prince. From the age of sixteen, at which he won his spurs at Crecy, until his long career of victory was closed, he seems to have had no rival in knightly achievements: his talents as a commander, displayed in almost every instance against superior numbers, were proved in a hundred fields; and his humanity after conquest, save for its single stain in the sack of Limoges, when the agony of disease scarce left him master of himself, had no example in the times he lived in.

His care for the common people, so unusual in a person of his character and condition, and foreign to that barbarous age, rendered him the idol of the nation; and the remembrance of him, when he had sunk in prime of manhood into the tomb, cast a halo round his unworthy son, which years of misgovernment could scarcely dim. So entirely, indeed, had all men looked to him, that a contemporary writer says, "the glory of his country seemed to wane as he languished, and expired at his death," and that "with him died the hopes of Englishmen."

His body was interred at Canterbury, the whole Court and Parliament attending, "and such a concourse of mourning people as was never before seen."

In the summer of his manhood,
 In the summer of the year,
 They buried great Prince Edward,
 Our Prince that knew not fear.
 Our Parliament and people,
 The King, the nobles,—all,
 From him who led his war-charger
 To him who bare his pall,—
 From the mitred priest in abbey
 To meanest serving knave,
 They knew that they were laying
 Their glory in its grave!
 The fastest friend to England,
 The fiercest foe to France,
 The kindest heart in Christendom,
 And the most gallant lance!

On the purple field of Crecy
 His father well foretold,—
 "My boy shall win his spurs to-
 day,
 His knightly spurs of gold:
 Nor will I send him succours,
 Unless perchance he bleed,
 Nor single knight, nor man-at-arms,
 To rob him of his meed."
 And well did he take his motto
 That day from the blind king,

Who rode with knitted bridle,
 And died in battle-ring:
 For he served while life was in him
 His fatherland alway,
 And earned that sceptre royally
 He was not doom'd to sway.

"Save, Cardinal! my honour,
 The honour of my men,
 And John shall hold for kingdom
 All France, save Aquitaine.
 But never shall my country
 Her ransom pay for me;
 Though, pardie, we are sharply set,
 And half a man to three!"
 On Poitiers' plain he spake it,
 And all that great array,—
 John's threescore thousand spear-
 points,—
 Bear down on him next day.
 As the silver-crested billows
 On the sea-surrounded rock,
 So surge their levelled lances,
 So break they ere the shock;
 And so on that plain of Poitiers
 Their shattered squadrons roam,
 As flies from the broken wave-top
 O'er ocean broad the foam:

For fair shoot the Lincoln bowmen,
 Through corslet and through helm;
 And their grey-goose shafts are hidden
 In the noblest of the realm:
 In the hearts' blood of the Marshalls
 Abides the bitter guest,
 And down goes the silken banner,
 And down the silver crest.
 So thick was the serried order,
 Nor turn nor yet advance,
 Along that death-choked causeway,
 Might the doom'd knights of France!
 And "St. George for merry England!"
 Is sounded on their rear,
 And He of the sable armour
 Is upon them with the spear!
 As in that Poitiers mêlée
 No knight could dare his course,
 But straightway turn'd his bridle,
 Or went down, man and horse.
 So when the strife was over,
 No victor of a field
 But unto fair Prince Edward
 In courtesy might yield.
 And when King John was taken,
 He waited by his chair,
 "For you," quoth he, "are monarch,
 And I am but the heir.
 And had all France but foughten
 As fought her king this day,
 'Tis you, Sire, had been host to me,
 Who now your will obey."
 When home he brought his foeman,
 The Prince did palfrey ride,
 As page about his master,
 The monarch's barb beside—
 He was our second captive king,
 Those were our days of pride!

Again the trumpet sounded—
 And sounding, far or near,
 Was found our Prince in harness,
 Was couched his ready spear.—
 And now doth the red-cross banner
 Wave to the mountain breeze,
 And the hoofs of his sable war-horse
 Print the white Pyrenees;
 And athwart that fatal valley,
 Where lay the heaps of slain
 In the good old times of Charlemagne,
 He swoops on fertile Spain;
 And the knights of fair Najara,
 And the slingers of Castile,
 Or flee the coal-black scabbard,
 Before the brand they feel,
 Or stand like the corn in autumn,
 And so give ghastly room
 Where whirls the shining sword-blade
 Above that raven plume!
 'Twas there he heard his death-doom,
 In Spain his strength was bow'd;
 And him whom Battle shrunk from,
 Disease bore down to shroud;
 Though ever was moved his litter
 From leaguer'd wall to wall,
 And sick unto death he gladdened
 Yet with a standard's fall:
 For unto the end he conquered,
 His people buried him,
 As one whose noontide glory
 No cloud was seen to dim;
 The Prince that was loved of all
 men,
 The Prince who knew not fear,—
 In the summer of his manhood,
 In the summer of the year!

REVELATIONS OF THE WAR.*

THE facts that have come to light, since the Allies have had free intercourse with the Russians in the Crimea, have tended to show that all the faults committed during the late war were not with the Commissariat; it appears also that grave military errors are to be laid at the doors of those in command. Nothing has been more clearly established—if a multitude of testimony is of any worth—than that Sebastopol and the Crimea were at the mercy of the conquerors of Alma had they known how to profit by that glorious victory. It is even said that had life been spared to Marshal St. Arnaud, the legitimate results of that hard-fought battle would have been obtained; but this is more than open to doubt, for St. Arnaud lived to concur in the once much-extolled flank movement. Military men are on the tiptoe of expectation for a recognised Russian account of the campaign. Meantime, revelations of a very interesting character have made their appearance in the French authenticated history of the campaign, edited by the Baron de Bazancourt, a non-combatant, who was present throughout as *chargé de mission*; in other words, as the French historian of the war.

The late war has this peculiarity, that, although the climax of a persistent system of aggression, its origin was involved in as much obscurity as its progress was in blundering and incompetency. M. de Bazancourt, like a true historian, goes back to the beginning of things, when for ages past, that is to say, ever since the schism between the Greek and the Roman Churches, the two have been disputing their privileges at the sanctuaries of Palestine. It is acknowledged, however, that the Latins never possessed any real rights till the treaty of 1740. Since then times have changed, and the Latins possess more real power in Palestine than the Greeks. General Aupick, and after him the Marquis de Lavalette, insisted upon the privileges of the latter being curtailed. Nicholas took up the part of his co-religionaries. England intervened solely in the cause of conciliation. Russia marched her troops into Bessarabia, and Prince Menchikoff was sent to Constantinople. The political then took the place of the religious question. "Lord Stratford de Redcliffe," M. de Bazancourt tells us, "had just arrived in Constantinople. The new French ambassador made his appearance a few days later. Lord Redcliffe made himself master of the position at once, and clearly determined its bearings: he made the Divan understand that the question of the Holy Places must be separated from the new and tacit proposals made by Russia."

Still England hesitated to believe in the threatening attitude of Russia, and it required the actual invasion of the Principalities, and the disaster of Sinope, to convince the government of the time. The convention between England and France, of the 10th of April, 1854, was followed up by the departure of French and English troops for the East, and the

* L'Expédition de Crimée jusqu'à la prise de Sebastopol. Chroniques de la Guerre d'Orient. Par le Baron de Bazancourt, Chargé de Mission en Crimée par S. E. le Ministre de l'Instruction Publique. Première et Deuxième Parties.

bombardment of Odessa on the 22nd of April. Whilst the English and French troops remained at Gallipoli and in the Bosphorus, a real campaign was being fought by the Turks and Russians on the banks of the Danube. The Allies arrived at Varna too late to be of any use. At the news of their advent the Russians judged it prudent to raise the siege of Silistria. "The Russians rob me by their retreat!" exclaimed Saint Arnaud, in a tone of the deepest vexation of spirit. The marshal, M. de Bazancourt assures us, was thunderstruck at the news, which upset all his plans of campaign.

The expedition to the Crimea was now resolved upon, in consequence, our historian says, of a despatch received by Lord Raglan, which recommended an attack to be made upon Sebastopol. Saint Arnaud, to judge by a letter written to the Minister of War, never contemplated taking Sebastopol by a *coup de main*. "To besiege Sebastopol," he writes, "is a whole campaign; it is not a *coup de main*; it requires enormous means, and a certainty of success."

Eupatoria surrendered to Colonels Trochu and Steel, and "la population Tartare accueillit les Français avec de grandes démonstrations de sympathie." The signal was given for a descent at Old Fort, by the *Ville de Paris*. "A long-boat" (no doubt ready for the signal) "started in all haste for the shore, having General Canrobert and Vice-Admiral Bonet Willaumez on board; the seamen laid to their oars, and the progress of the boat was like the flight of a bird. At thirty minutes past eight the French flag waved on the Crimean soil, planted by the hands of General Canrobert." The English and French navy disembarked a total of 61,200 men on the hostile shore. It is curious that De Bazancourt estimates the number of the French and of the English as being precisely the same, viz., 27,600 men; the Turks numbered 6000. The French, however, had 72 guns; the English only 65.

A detachment of Spahis, under St. Moleno, seized the first military post of the Russians. *The English only delayed the progress forward.* At length a movement was effected. The Buljanak was crossed, with only a slight demonstration on the part of the Russians. Menchikoff awaited the onslaught of the invaders in the strong position above the Alma, which he occupied with 42 battalions, 16 squadrons, and 84 guns. And now occurs the first stigma upon our military promptness and efficiency, which it is painful to see recorded in what professes to be an authentic history of the war:

In the evening the marshal (St. Arnaud) sent Colonel Trochu to the English camp, to communicate to the chief in command the plan of battle, and inform him as to the hour at which the troops would march, so as to come to an understanding, in case he should deem it necessary to suggest any modifications.

The colonel accordingly rode over to the head-quarters of Lord Raglan, accompanied by General Rose, an English field-officer attached to the person of the marshal. Lord Raglan accepted the details of the plan proposed to him in their entirety, as well as the time of departure; and it was agreed that Prince Napoleon and General Canrobert should come to an understanding with the English generals, so that they should operate simultaneously.

After some details concerning the strength of the Russian army, derived from the *Invalide Russe*, M. de Bazancourt goes on to say:

At half-past five the 2nd division left its bivouac, and commenced its march at about a kilometre (1000 French yards) from the shore, and parallel to it, advancing upon the heights of Alma. At half-past six it was seen massing itself in the plain; and yet no movement showed itself on the part of the English army. General Canrobert, astonished at this dilatoriness of the troops, so opposed to the instructions communicated the previous evening, hastened to Prince Napoleon, and both rode away in all haste to the division of Sir de Lacy Evans.

They found the English general in his tent. When Prince Napoleon and General Canrobert expressed their surprise at a delay which might seriously compromise the success of the day,

"I have received no orders," replied Sir de Lacy Evans.

There was, manifestly, some misunderstanding. Before the difficulty could be unravelled, the most pressing business was to arrest the march of Bosquet's division, who, operating his movement without support, might be crushed.

General Canrobert repaired, without losing a moment, to the marshal, who was already on horseback, and had left his bivouac placed in rear of the lines. As soon as he was informed of what was going on, he despatched a staff-officer, Commandant Renson, in all haste to General Bosquet, to tell him to stop and await the English troops, who were delayed.

At the same time Colonel Trochu galloped off to the English head-quarters. It was then seven o'clock. But however much the colonel pushed his horse, there were two leagues of difficult ground, covered with the bivouacs of the troops, to get over, and he could not effect it in less than half an hour. The English troops, among whom the marshal's aide-de-camp had to make his way, were still in their bivouacs, and in no way ready for the movement agreed upon.

Lord Raglan himself, however, was on horseback when Colonel Trochu reached head-quarters.

"My lord," said the latter, "the marshal thought after what you did me the honour to intimate last night, that your troops, forming the left wing of the line of battle, would have been on foot by six o'clock."

"I am giving the orders to march," replied Lord Raglan; "everything is in readiness, and we shall move forward. Part of the troops did not get into bivouac until late in the night."

"*En grace, milord,*" added the colonel; "make haste, every minute's delay deprives us of a chance of success."

"Go and tell the marshal," answered Lord Raglan, "that the orders to advance are given to the whole line."

It was half-past ten when Colonel Trochu announced that the English were ready to start. But all these unforeseen delays, and the indecision which necessarily resulted from them, no longer permitted the plan of battle, as it had been originally projected, being carried into execution.

The Russian army, instead of being surprised by a rapid manœuvre, as it should have been, had plenty of time to take all its dispositions, as it watched from the heights above the movements of our army, which advanced in perfect order in the midst of an immense plain. Seeing thus that the offensive movement of General Bosquet was only a secondary attack, and that the principal effort would be made by the centre and the left of the Allied army, where the whole English army was massed, General Menchikoff, confiding in the escarpments that protected his position, weakened his left wing in order to strengthen his centre and his right.

The account given by "a General Officer," in his pamphlet "On the Conduct of the War in the East," does not agree with the details communicated by M. de Bazancourt. "On the morning of the 20th, the health of the marshal," he relates, "became evidently worse. He experienced considerable difficulty in rising from his camp-bed, and it was

utterly impossible for him to superintend the dispositions for the attack, which were definitively settled between Lord Raglan and General de Martinprez, in the presence of the invalid, who gave his assent by signs."

Lord Raglan would have been no party to an agreement which he would afterwards have been the first to disregard. A commonly received version of Lord Raglan's dilatoriness is, that the English commander had pre-arranged that General Bosquet's diversion on the extreme right, backed by the steamers, should precede the general attack; as indeed, if it was meant as a feint, it seems proper that it should have done. Admitting, however, that a delay did occur, little in accordance with the "febrile irritation" of the French marshal, it is something to see it acknowledged that the main attack at Alma lay with the centre and extreme left, where the English were; for it has been the fashion with many to ascribe the glory of the day to the action of the right solely. The anonymous general officer, for example, before quoted, says: "The Russians, threatened in front by the Napoleon division and a brigade of the Forey division, in flank by the divisions of Bosquet and Canrobert, felt a hesitation, which decided the day."

There is nothing in De Bazancourt's account of the proceedings that followed upon the battle of Alma which intimates the intention subsequently lent to Marshal St. Arnaud, to have marched, had he lived, on Sebastopol. On the contrary, the marshal's published correspondence, and his journal, quoted by the historian, show that the preparations to prevent a landing, made at the mouth of the Katcha, and the closing of the port of Sebastopol, by the Russians sinking seven men-of-war, were the incidents which led to a change in the plan of attack.

The attack made upon Sebastopol by sea and by land on the 17th of October, satisfied every man in the army that they had to do with a resolute and intelligent enemy, and that it would not be without a long and sanguinary struggle, worthy of their military reputation, that France and England would succeed in planting their united flags on the walls of the Queen of the Euxine. Gigantic works were required to ensure success, and from that day a new phasis opened in the war.

It is not, however, with the journal of the siege that we have to do here. It is but justice to M. de Bazancourt to say, living as he did at Clocheton, the hut of the major commanding in the trenches, that he describes the progress of the works and the sanguinary scenes that almost daily took place, more especially in as far as the French were concerned, with most praiseworthy minuteness. Little new light is thrown upon the disastrous affair at Balaklava, or upon the hard-fought battle of Inkerman. The details regarding the part taken by the French in the last-mentioned gallant struggle are, however, given with more minuteness than heretofore. The English commander comes in, however, for as many and as sharp reproaches from Canrobert, for not having been ready to open fire in March, 1855, as he ever entailed upon himself from St. Arnaud for his want of activity in the march to Alma, and immediately subsequent to that event. Dissensions, at first of a trifling character, had indeed arisen between the two commanders, and these at length, with the arrival of the French Guard and of the army of reserve, as well as of the Sardinians, and by the misunderstandings that arose from the proposed expedition to Kertch, attained their climax.

The idea of an operation against the enemy outside the town continued to weigh on the various decisions, and prevented any decisive action being attempted against the fortress. The secret instructions to General Canrobert tied his hands, unless in a case of absolute necessity. They said: "If the assault of Sebastopol is impossible, or is likely to cost too much bloodshed, without leading to the total capture of the place, you must remain on the defensive, and make such arrangements as to enable you to take two divisions of infantry, the Imperial Guard, all the cavalry, four mounted batteries, and four others, so that all these troops, joined to a corps of 40,000 men assembled at Maslak, near Constantinople, may, at the first signal, operate against the enemy outside.

The fire of the batteries was restrained, so as to enable them to sustain themselves without interruption for a greater length of time, if necessary, upon the whole line of attack. Every night the vessels of the combined squadrons advanced two or three together, sufficiently close to the maritime forts to throw projectiles into the place; and one of our most powerful batteries had opened a large breach in the crenelated wall to the right of the bastion of the Quarantine.

A reconnoissance, effected in the direction of Tchorgun, on the 18th of the month (April), by Omar Pacha, had not found the enemy, and distinctly attested that Prince Gortschakoff had withdrawn the greater part of his troops, in order to concentrate them near Sebastopol, and to oppose them to our columns of assault.

The position was critical, difficult, pressing; for if the feelings of impatience were great, those of apprehension were no less so.

"Why not give the assault?" exclaimed those who were carried away by their impatience. "The assault is impossible," replied other voices, too serious and too influential not to weigh in the balance. General Neil especially declared the chances against success to be a hundred times more numerous than the chances in favour. He had written as much to the Emperor; he had impressed the same opinion upon the minister.

The position of the chief in command, who had to move amidst all these conflicting opinions, of all these febrile doubts, was terrible.

The commander-in-chief summoned, under these circumstances, a general council, to take all possible contingencies under consideration, and the result of the meeting was a resolution to attack—a resolution which the proximity of the approaches to the place rendered almost imperious. Lord Raglan spoke in favour of an assault, and opposed strongly all detached expeditions. Instructions were accordingly given to General Pelissier to prepare for the assault, when the news of the arrival at Constantinople of the army of reserve in May, caused the project to be abandoned. The Emperor was also expected in person; and, whether or not, the period of delay would be too brief not to wait for so important a reinforcement in the presence of contingencies which no one could foresee; for, in the words of De Bazancourt, "most formidable dangers connected themselves with the projected assault, and in the besieged city itself everything seemed to be changed into bronze."

It was in the midst of these complications that all of a sudden surged up the expedition to Kertch, the idea of which had for some time found great favour with the general-in-chief of the English army, and still more with the two admirals, Lyons and Bruat, who saw in it the means of enabling the fleet at last to get out of its inaction and take a prominent part in the war. The expedition was less pleasing to General Canrobert, in consequence of the new instructions which he had just before received; since it removed from the centre of operations not only the vessels the co-operation of which might be exceedingly useful for the

conveyance of the troops from Maslak to Kamiesch, but also a division whose presence was to be of use in the combined plan of the exterior attack.

Lord Raglan insisted, and so did the admirals, and at last General Canrobert yielded, and the expedition set sail on the evening of the 30th of April:

The next day a telegraphic despatch from the Emperor arrived from Paris, which said to the general-in-chief:—"On receipt of this despatch collect together all your forces, and prepare to attack the enemy outside. Concentrate, for the purpose, all your strength; even the troops at Maslak."

General Canrobert at once proceeded to Lord Raglan, and said that "he might certainly have availed himself of the latitude of time allowed him to send troops to Kertch; but in the face of positive orders which he had just received from the Emperor, and which commanded him to collect together without delay all his means of attack and to concentrate his forces, he could not permit a portion of his troops and means of conveyance to remain absent." Lord Raglan insisted energetically on the expedition being allowed to pursue its course; but General Canrobert considered it his duty, after instructions of so precise a character, to recal General d'Autemarre and Admiral Bruat.

It was from that moment, and in consequence of the decision thus taken in spite of the resistance of the English commander-in-chief, that a certain coolness succeeded in the relations, until then completely in accord, between the two commanders of the Allied armies.

The flotilla was not overtaken till it had reached the entrance of the Bosphorus, and to the great annoyance of all, and of none more than of Sir Edmund Lyons, it had to retrace its steps.

The situation, it will be perceived, was becoming more complicated, as a good understanding no longer existed in the plans. General Marmora had just arrived with 4000 Piedmontese, and others were daily expected. The English were also receiving reinforcements, and the army was once more, as the French historian expresses it, "brillante et superbe." "Superb" regiments of cavalry were also arriving from India to take their part in the expedition of the Crimea:

It was at this juncture that Commandant Favé arrived as a messenger from the Emperor.

The equivocal result of the conferences of Vienna, which were suspended on the 23rd of April, and the pressing solicitations of his cabinet, had prevented the intended visit of the Emperor, and he decided on not proceeding to the Crimea; but if his majesty did not go out to assume the command of the troops, his views were not the less to receive their execution. These views, matured in advance, and to which the events of April had added a fresh importance, were expressed in a plan of campaign emanating from the Emperor himself, and which Commandant Favé handed to the French commander-in-chief.

"We are happy," adds M. de Bazancourt, "in being able to give here the chief passages of this precious document:

"April 28, 1855.

"The fire which has been opened against Sebastopol will by this time have either succeeded or failed. In either case it is absolutely necessary to quit the defensive position in which the army has remained during the last six months. For this purpose, in accord with the English government, I would have the troops divided into three armies—one siege army and two of operation. The first is destined to protect Kamiesch and to blockade the garrison of Sebastopol; the second to operate at a short distance from Balaklava, and, in case of need, to take possession of the heights of Mackenzie; and the third is intended to effect

a diversion.* If, as I have reason to think, the Russians have 35,000 men in Sebastopol, 15,000 to the north of Eupatoria, and 70,000 between Simpheropol, the Belbek, and the Tchernaya, it will suffice to have 60,000 good troops to destroy all the Russian army, which might be taken in the rear before it could unite all its forces, and even should it be able to unite them the numbers would be almost equal; for that great principle of war must not be forgotten, that, if a diversion is made at a certain distance from the base of operations, it is necessary that the troops employed on such a diversion should be in sufficient number to be able of themselves to resist the army of the enemy, who might unite all its efforts against them. All this being well considered, I would have sent into the valley of the Baidar the 40,000 men taken from the army of Sebastopol; and, supported by Lord Raglan, I would have occupied, from Skelia as far as the bridge of Teulé and Tchorgun, the four roads which cross the Tchernaya; we should thus have had so many *têtes-de-pont*, threatening the left of the Russians established on the heights of Mackenzie. After this movement I would have left Lord Raglan master of all the positions on the left of the Tchernaya from Skelia as far as Tchorgun; I would have assembled in the rear of the lines occupied by the English the 40,000 men of the active army, with the cavalry, and the means of transport at my disposal, waiting in that position for the arrival of my *corps d'armée*, which, coming from Constantinople, would have received orders to reconnoitre Cape Phoros.† What would have been our position as regarded the Russians? The movement on Baidar, by giving up the passages over the Tchernaya, would have threatened their left and led them to suppose that it was our intention to dislodge them from the heights of Inkerman and Mackenzie. The Russians would have been thus kept in check, and their attention drawn on Inkerman and Perekop. Our positions would have been excellent, and my plans being unknown, if anything had deranged them, nothing would have been compromised. But supposing that nothing had opposed the general plan, it would have been carried out in the following manner. As soon as the fleet, bringing the 25,000 men of the reserve, had been seen approaching, orders would have been given for them to proceed to Alushta, the beach at which place, having been secretly examined, was found favourable for a landing. A first body of 3000 men would immediately on their landing establish themselves three leagues from Alushta, beyond the defile of Ayen. No others would be landed until information had been received of the occupation of that defile. After such information had been received the remainder of the 25,000 men would land, and the 40,000 assembled at Baidar would receive orders to march along the road which skirts the sea-coast by Yalta. In three days, that is to say, two days after the landing of the army at Alushta, the 40,000 men from Baidar would have joined under the walls of Simpheropol the 25,000 just landed; the town would have been taken possession of, and a sufficient garrison left in it, or a good position would have been taken up on the road we had just passed, to secure the rear of the army. Now, of two things, one—either the Russian army before Sebastopol would have abandoned that formidable position to meet the army which would advance from the side of Baktchi-Sarai, and then the first army of operation, under the orders of Lord Raglan, would push forward and take pos-

* 1st, the siege army, composed of 30,000 French and 30,000 Turks, without counting 10,000 men who cannot be disposed of; 2nd, the first army of operation under Lord Raglan, of 25,000 English, 15,000 Piedmontese, 5000 French, and 10,000 Turks; and, 3rd, the second army of operation, of 40,000 French of the army of Sebastopol, and 25,000 of the army of reserve at Constantinople.

† The active army would be thus organised:—General Canrobert, general-in-chief; first *corps d'armée*, General Bosquet, with four divisions of infantry, and one of light cavalry; second *corps d'armée*, General Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely, with two divisions of infantry, one division of the Guard, and one division of heavy cavalry. General Pelissier would have continued to command the besieging army.

session of the position of Inkerman; or the Russians would await in their lines the arrival of the army advancing from Simpheropol, and then the latter advancing from Baktchi-Saraï on Sebastopol, always supporting its left on the mountains, would form a junction with the army of Marshal Raglan, who had advanced from Baidar on Albat, repulse the Russian army, and drive it back into Sebastopol or into the sea. This plan appears to me to possess great advantages. In the first place, the army as far as Simpheropol, which is only nine leagues from Alushta, would be in communication with the sea; the country is very healthy, and better supplied with water than any other part of the Crimea; its rear would be always secure; it would occupy ground where our inferiority in cavalry would be less sensibly felt; and lastly, it would be all at once on the Russian line of operations, and cut off all the supplies, by probably taking possession of their parks of reserve. If the defile of Ayen—an indispensable element in the success of the plan—should be so fortified as not to be capable of being taken, the 3000 men who advanced for that purpose would have been re-embarked; the army of reserve would then have been landed at Balaklava, and the diversion which it was intended to make on Simpheropol would have been made by Baidar, but with fewer advantages. As to the march of the 40,000 men from Baidar to Alushta, it would have been without danger, as the ground is protected by almost inaccessible mountains, and is at a great distance from the Russian army. Our army might, during almost all the distance along the seashore, have been followed by steamers to receive the sick.* If, on the contrary, it had been wished to make a diversion by Eupatoria, my opinion is that nothing could have been more dangerous or more opposed to the rules of art and to the counsels of prudence. In order to operate from Eupatoria on Simpheropol, the army so engaged would be in an open and unhealthy country, and almost without water; it would be on ground where the Russian cavalry, which is very numerous, would have every chance of success, and it would have to make a march of sixteen leagues, in the face of an enemy which might come from the north as well as from the south, fall on the columns, and cut off all retreat. The wings of the army would have no support from the nature of the ground. In order to go from Eupatoria to Simpheropol, it should carry with it all its provisions and all its ammunition; for when once the army had left Eupatoria, the 15,000 Russians in that neighbourhood, and most of whom are cavalry, would harass their rear and prevent the arrival of any convoys. If it should meet with any resistance at Simpheropol, and the Russian army should, by a change of front, have taken a position on the road over which the army had passed, that army would be either annihilated or starved out. There is, besides, another absolute principle, and that is, that a flank march is not possible unless at a distance from the enemy, and when sheltered by the nature of the ground. The army which would operate from Eupatoria to Simpheropol would consequently have no line of operations, nor any defence assured for its flanks, nor any means of retreat, nor favourable field of battle, nor means of procuring food. Lastly, this army of operation, instead of being compact, composed of soldiers of the same nation, commanded by a single chief, would be formed in great part of Turks; and as some Allied divisions would be added to it, there would be neither unity, nor security, nor absolute confidence. If, instead of marching on Simpheropol, the army leaving Eupatoria should desire to proceed direct to Sebas-

* On the other hand, the Minister of War would have had collected at Constantinople rations of meat, gunpowder, and other objects occupying little space, in order that the soldiers, by leaving all their other baggage, might have each carried eight days' provisions, with a shirt and a great-coat. The corps d'armée of reserve would have had on board the steamers eight days' rations for 60,000 men. The carriages which would follow the army of Baidar would carry the same quantity, so that the 60,000 men in commencing the movement would have sixteen days' provisions assured to them. When once they had reached Simpheropol the carriages might revictual from Alushta.

topol, it must recommence under disadvantageous conditions the campaign which we made in disembarking in the Crimea. It should carry the formidable positions of the Alma, of the Katcha, and of the Belbek. This enterprise is impossible, for it would be disastrous. Hence follows the absolute necessity of only leaving at Eupatoria the number of Turks strictly indispensable to defend the place. Such is the plan which I wished to execute at the head of the brave troops which you have hitherto commanded, and it is with the most profound and acute sorrow that I find that graver interests force me to remain in Europe.

It is gratifying, even now that the war is a thing of the past, to find that there was at least one in authority who embraced the views which were all along advocated in our own pages, of exterior operations; one who felt that to prolong a sanguinary duel behind entrenchments and fortifications, in which the combatants were pitted on unequal terms, and the choice of ground permanently left to the defenders, was a false position for the assailants and a disgrace to military science.

The most singular circumstance remains, however, to be told. There was no one in the Crimea who would undertake to carry out the Emperor's plan. Let us first of all say a word with regard to the plan. We have described the proposed field of operations minutely on previous occasions. There is no doubt that troops could have been landed in safety at Alushta. The road from that point to Daftan-bazar, in the pass of the Tchatir Tagh, or Table Mountain, is a *chaussée*, or paved way, for an ascent of thirteen versts. The pass itself, formed by the Tchatir Tagh on the one side, and the Demirdji, or "Iron Rock," on the other, is one that could be defended by a handful of men against an army. One traveller says it reminded him of Killiecrankie, in Perthshire; but was even more charming than that. "Mountain upon mountain arose on either hand, while on the right the noble Tchatir Tagh displayed its giddy heights, its frightful precipices and toppling crags, separated and embraced by groups, or long lines of trees, in which the venerable oak and stately beech mingled their foliage, with a hundred kinds of arborei; producing a richness of colouring, a diversity of tints, and a play of light and shade which the bluff-projecting naked rocks only made more lovely, and in their combination created an admirable *mélange* of the sublime and beautiful." At the summit of the pass there stands an obelisk, which commemorates that the great work having been commenced in the reign of Alexander, was finished in the early part of that of Nicholas. A little further on is a tablet over a fountain, erected to the memory of a Russian general killed by the Turks.

This is the defile which the Emperor calls that of Ayan,* and which he supposes might have been occupied by 3000 men, aided by demonstrations at Cape Phoros and at Baidar. The number proposed is small, for the Russians would always have kept a certain force at the maritime gates of Simpheropol; but still, if the secret could have been kept, we think it might have succeeded. With 10,000 men it would have been a safer

* Aian, or Ayan, plural of Ain, a spring, is the name of a Tartar village at the sources of the Salghir, which rush at this point in a considerable body of water out of a cave in the Tchatir Tagh. De Montpéreux says Aian is a contraction of *Agios Joannes*, or St. John.

game. It is curious that the plan at that time entertained at the camp, and postponed on account of the Emperor's project—the expedition to Kerteh—would have materially co-operated in its success, and have effected a far more important diversion than an unmeaning demonstration off Phoros and Perekop, or a movement on Baidar, such as was, indeed, afterwards carried into effect, and to no purpose.

We now come to the reasons assigned by M. de Bazancourt for General Canrobert declining to carry out the plan of campaign proposed by the Emperor :

If the Emperor renounced with regret the idea of his visit to the Crimea, it was also with profound grief that the army, which, attended his arrival with impatience, learned that the hope was to be given up. When Commandant Favé brought the Emperor's instructions from Paris, events had hurried onwards; and already there appeared the germ of those differences which afterwards arose among the commanders of the Allied troops.

The plan of operations was, according to the orders of the Emperor, communicated to the generals-in-chief; but General Canrobert, by a presentiment which soon after was realised, did not shut his eyes to the difficulties which were about to arise; and in consequence he transmitted the following private despatch :

"The three generals-in-chief are about to be called on to assume the offensive against the exterior army, their point to proceed against being Simpheropol and Baktchi-Sarai; but, in these grave circumstances, I cannot help deploring here the absence of a generalissimo, some man of great authority, high position, and sufficiently old experience, to dominate everything."

That will always be in every army the essential point, as from the want of unity in the chief command must always result delays, hesitations, and differences. That, if cannot be denied, was the great stumbling-block in the way of the Crimean expedition; it existed always, at every moment creating obstacles and delays, and throwing insurmountable difficulties around the expedition.

Lord Raglan had a decided dislike to the plan of operating on the exterior. At first he desired, in concert with Omar Pacha, to operate by Eupatoria; but the disadvantages of that movement were so evident, so incontestable, and so clearly enumerated in the plan of campaign, that the Allied generals were constrained to yield to the just observations of the French general.

Then arose in the council a new difficulty—the road from Alushta to Simpheropol appeared to Lord Raglan too exposed, and he considered that from Baidar to Baktchi-Sarai preferable. But it was evident that Lord Raglan yielded from weariness of discussion, and not from conviction; and the consequence was, that at each instant, and in every question of detail, the tacit opposition of his mind made itself felt without his intending it.

In face of the terrible and doubtful chances of a general assault, and of the perpetual menace of the north side of the town, which our attacks could not attain, and which would always escape from us, General Canrobert, after so many disappointed hopes, and so many unexpected and unfavourable events, attached to the projected operation so great an importance for the success of the campaign that he did not hesitate to make the sacrifice of himself to what he regarded as the capital point of the situation.

In order to arrive promptly at a successful result, he proposed to Lord Raglan to give up to him (the English general) the supreme command, and he entreated Omar Pacha most earnestly to follow his example, and to act under the orders of Lord Raglan.

His lordship was for an instant astonished at this proposition, for there was in it a self-denial for the public good, often difficult for even the most elevated minds. It was, besides, a heavy responsibility, the sudden weight of which perhaps terrified the English general. He at first refused, then hesitated, then

accepted, and afterwards demanded that the French troops should undertake to occupy and defend the English trenches.

That strange proposition could not be accepted. The development of our lines already demanded for daily guard a large number of troops, and it was not possible, without serious inconvenience and an increase of the daily loss of life, to augment the number. The English trenches could alone be occupied by the English. The general refused. From that moment there were no means of coming to an understanding. Two conferences, the first of which lasted nearly seven hours, could not vanquish the repugnance of Lord Raglan. The first blow sustained by the good relations which until then had existed between the two generals-in-chief was the recal of the Kertch expedition; and the refusal of Lord Raglan to co-operate with the plan of attack proposed to him by General Canrobert was the last. In consequence of this refusal the position of the general-in-chief of the French army, with respect to the troops whom he commanded, and to the chief of the Allied army, became almost untenable.

The resolution of General Canrobert in this circumstance was speedily taken; he did not hesitate to sacrifice himself for the public welfare, and to descend, of his free will and in the interest of the common weal, from the elevated rank to which he had been raised by his sovereign.

The gist of this is that General Canrobert recoiled before the difficulties and dangers of the undertaking, as did also Lord Raglan; and when General Pelissier succeeded to the command-in-chief, he no more attempted to put the project into execution than his predecessors. The fact appears to have been, that those who were engaged hand-to-hand with the Russians found them to be a far too vigilant, gallant, and well-informed enemy to be treated upon any other terms than those of perfect equality, or to try hazardous experiments with. We cannot, however, understand that Lord Raglan should have considered the road from Alushta to Simpheropol as too exposed, and that from Baidar to Baktchi-Sarai preferable. Upon this point we should certainly have ventured to differ.

M. de Bazancourt would lead us to believe that General Canrobert resigned his command solely because Lord Raglan would not undertake the plan proposed by the Emperor; but this is not substantiated by the historian's own words, when he describes the general as so struck with the difficulties of the case as to wish to throw the whole responsibilities of its execution on the English general; nor is it substantiated by the general's letter to the Emperor, of which M. de Bazancourt says, "If General Canrobert kept the real cause of his sudden determination secret, by ascribing it to his ill health, he stated the truth to his sovereign." He thus writes to the Emperor on the 19th of May:

"The little relative effect produced by the numerous and excellent batteries of the Allies against Sebastopol; the non-attack of our external lines by the enemy; the reopening of the fire, an aggressive measure which had appeared very probable, and on which I had founded hopes of a success more decisive than that of Inkerman; the arduous difficulties which I have experienced in preparing the execution of the plan of campaign of your majesty, now become nearly impossible by the non-co-operation of the chief of the English army; the very false position towards the English in which the latter has placed me; the sudden recal of the Kertch expedition, to which I have since discovered they attached a great importance; the extraordinary moral and physical fatigues to which for nine months I have not ceased to be subjected—all these reasons, sire, have produced in my mind the conviction that I ought not to direct in

chief an immense army, the esteem, affection, and confidence of which I have been enabled to obtain. From that moment my duty towards your majesty and towards the country was to demand my being replaced by the general for whom, in his intelligent foresight, the Emperor had confided to me a letter of commander-in-chief, and who united the conditions of capacity, moral authority, habit of conducting great undertakings, with the energy necessary to bring to a fortunate and serious result the vast enterprise with which the death of my predecessor and the will of the Emperor had charged me. The soldiers and the officers are all well acquainted with the warlike qualities of General Pelissier; they will give him all their confidence, and the co-operation of us all is secured to him; and I know that your new general-in-chief has the strongest faith in his success. Your majesty will allow me to observe that my name is too well known to the troops, whose confident affection has never ceased to do me honour, for me, under existing circumstances, not to remain in the midst of them, in order, in their fatigues and dangers, to set them an example of devotedness to the service and glory of the Emperor and of France. I, therefore, request your majesty to allow me to command a simple division in this fine and heroic army, the conduct of which has conferred and will continue to confer so much honour on France."

There are, it will be seen, various causes for withdrawal assigned here, all as important as the difficulties experienced in preparing the execution of the plan of campaign proposed by the Emperor. The little relative effect produced by the reopening of the fire of the numerous and excellent batteries of the Allies against Sebastopol—an aggressive measure upon which the general acknowledges himself to have founded hopes of a success more decisive than that of Inkerman—would appear to be the key to the resignation. At all events, it is utterly unsatisfactory to state that the French general resigned his command because the English general would not put into execution a plan which he, the French general, shrank from carrying into effect, and which his successor, General Pelissier, equally declined.

It only remains to state that the affair of the Great Redan, on the day of the capture of the Malakhof, is passed over with as kindly a feeling to the gallant but unsuccessful men who were therein engaged as could well be expected. M. de Bazancourt professes, we believe, rather to write an account of what the French did in the Crimean war, than of what was also accomplished by the English, Sardinians, and Turks; naturally the facts of their co-operation are not passed over, but minuteness of detail lies with the operations of the French, which are indeed neatly and succinctly chronicled.

INFORMATION RELATIVE TO MR. JOSHUA TUBBS AND CERTAIN
MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY.

CAREFULLY COMPILED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

By E. P. ROWSELL.

III.

PAIN ALWAYS FOLLOWS PLEASURE—SO IT HAPPENED WITH THE FAMILY OF TUBBS.

MRS. TUBBS, Miss Tubbs, and Mr. Tubbs, junior, were seated at breakfast one bright morning the beginning of autumn, in an apartment at Ramsgate. When the good lady of the house let the apartment, she urged, besides its other eligible features, that it commanded a fine view of the sea. She had said this so many times, that perhaps she thought it was true. The real fact, however, was, that it was only by going out into the balcony, and then leaning over in a very dangerous way, that you could catch a glimpse even of the ocean, wherefore, to speak moderately, the landlady's statement was an exaggeration.

A slight difference had just taken place between Mrs. Tubbs and the servant of the house on the subject of a very perceptible diminution in the half-pound of fresh butter since it had done duty at tea last night. Mrs. Tubbs having drawn the maiden's attention to the undeniable fact that there could not be even a quarter of a pound now, proceeded to consider the matter under three heads. Firstly, had there been really half a pound of butter supplied by the buttermilk? Secondly, how much had been consumed at tea? and, thirdly, if there were any unexplained diminution, what were the remarks which naturally suggested themselves thereupon?

It is our painful duty to relate that the maiden (who bore the unwashed, up-all-night appearance which maidens at boarding-houses usually do) did not seem by any means to appreciate the exquisite reasoning by which Mrs. Tubbs sought to form a conclusion upon this grave and intricate subject. Mrs. Tubbs had barely even sketched her case, before the defendant abruptly left the room, thus closing the discussion.

"An exceedingly impudent person!" exclaimed Mrs. Tubbs, in great wrath. "I don't like Ramsgate at all. How glad I shall be when we hear from your papa that we are to come to him in London. I almost wish now that we had all gone together to find a house, instead of his bringing us here while he went to town to search by himself."

"I do so hope that papa will not go and choose some poor place which we shall none of us like," said Miss Jane. "I don't know much about London; but Berkeley-square, I should think, might suit us, or the City-road."

"Ah, my dear," remarked her parent, sighing, "we must trust your papa will do wisely—but, alas!"

Mrs. Tubbs shook her head dolefully as she thus spoke, as though she would intimate, the least said about wisdom in connexion with the proceedings of her beloved spouse, the better.

And here, we must observe, Mrs. Tubbs resembled some of those ladies who may be seen in low neighbourhoods, undergoing personal chastisement at the hands of their lords—and masters. When speaking of Mr. Tubbs to her children or any near relative, Mrs. Tubbs always disparaged him, and implied that anything he did which turned out well might certainly be traced to her, while such of his deeds as bore evil fruit had been devised by himself, without her sage counsel and masterly guidance. But to the world and the large mass of her acquaintance, Mrs. Tubbs extolled her husband to the highest point; and let the person beware who refused to credit his being a shining light and a miracle of intellectual strength. Thus one of the ladies of whom we have spoken: let but some commiserating bystander, agonised by her shrieks, step forward and hurl the tyrant from his victim, and he may be quite sure that the very next moment he will be—felled like an ox by the brutal vagabond the husband?—Oh dear no: but clawed, torn, cuffed, blinded, and stupified by blows inflicted upon him by the bruised and beaten wife whom he has been seeking to rescue.

“Your papa,” continued Mrs. Tubbs, “does many foolish things. It certainly is not for want of good advice; for you know, Jane, I am not accustomed to sit silent when I think good may be done by speaking. He is apt to be a little fretty sometimes, and wilful—thinks he knows best, and so on, which, of course, is very absurd—very absurd. But now we’ve finished breakfast we’ll go on to the sands. Oh dear! how weak my chest is, to be sure. I constantly feel pain after eating. I must speak to Dr. Bam about it directly we get to London.”

Now, to say the truth, it would have been a little odd if Mrs. Tubbs did *not* feel a pain after eating, especially after eating breakfast. That meal, with her, consisted of a rasher of bacon, two eggs, prawns, a hot roll, and four cups of tea. Everybody told her that she *must* keep up her strength. “Whatever you do, my dear madam,” said Dr. Bam to her, when he used to attend her at Dubberley (before he became possessed of some money left him by an old lady, one of his best patients, who died rather suddenly after making a will in his favour, and after which event he was seen in Dubberley no more), “you *must* keep up your strength. My dear madam, your system is very delicate. You require support. You *must* have it.” And of course Mrs. Tubbs, for the sake of her family, *did* keep up her strength; and if the permanent way which led to her stomach did get a little worn and out of order sometimes, she could not wonder, considering the immense traffic which passed over it.

It might have been that her offspring had too often heard the complaint before to regard it much, for they made no remark, and the party had soon emerged from the house, and were making their way for the sands. Of course they encountered every sort of annoyance on the road. As a prominent nuisance, divers rough-looking men rushed furiously at them, poking their heads under the bonnets of the ladies, and shouting the inexplicable word “Magget” as loud as they were able. What they meant to imply, apparently, was, that they were possessed of vehicles near at hand which were proceeding to Margate. Indeed, there they stood. And such vehicles—such horses! Omnibuses like unto those which ply between Ramsgate and Margate are seen nowhere else that we know of. And the horses!—melancholy shadows of former greatness!—

large, bony animals, which have made a figure and elicited remarks of commendation in days gone by, when they drew the rich squire's carriage, or caused some branch coach almost to fly along the road,—how woe-begone, how stricken with misfortune, how worn in body and depressed in mind do they appear now! It is touching in the extreme to see them look round as passenger after passenger mounts the roof, upon which as many may sit or hang as can contrive to avoid falling off: there is a meek melancholy in their faded eye, which seems to say, "What, another, and yet another!" And then mark the despair which appears in their whole aspect when the sounds strike upon their ears, "Plenty of room, ma'am, —lots of room; just starting, ma'am;" and an old lady of fourteen stone, at least, crawls into the vehicle, and the shake which she causes when she bumps down nearly closes the career of the fast-decaying machine. Oh, ye poor old creatures, my very heart has ached for you, and I have thought as I have watched knowing coachmen flick you skilfully in tender parts, how I should like to put you in some almshouses for aged horses which have seen better days, and which now deserve honourable ease and retirement!

The sands were reached and chairs procured—by-the-by, these chairs put one very much in mind of spiders' webs. The stranger to Ramsgate, wandering on the sands, beholds a multitude of chairs in the very last stage of decrepitude. He is not tired, but as the convenience for rest is there, he avails himself of it. It would seem ungrateful to the benevolent persons who have provided it, not to do so. No sooner, however, has he seated himself, than the looker-on may perceive sudden activity on the part of a venerable female in the far distance, who has been all the while watching with gloating eye the movements of the unwary stranger, and who, now that he is fairly imeshed and fallen into the snare, pounces down upon him and elicits from him, "What you please, sir!" (that most heartrending way of appealing to your feelings, your respectability, your every emotion connected with the giving money), with an air of ill-suppressed triumph.

The day passed with the Tubbs's party about as days usually do at Ramsgate with parties similarly circumstanced. The roving on the sands was followed by roving along the streets, and then followed sauntering to Pegwell Bay, that beautifully quiet and inexpressibly calm retreat, where we think sometimes, even in the prime of our days, we should like to retire and henceforth bathe our faculties (if we may use the expression), in the preparation of the far-famed concentrated essence of shrimps, for which the locality is famed.

In the evening the Tubbses attended a bazaar, and of course joined in a raffle. Who could resist the half-reproachful, half-imploing cry of the smart, good-looking young man who presided at the seductive green table. "One more—only one more. Only waiting for one. Got three—and want but one. Now then, ma'am, let me say one. Thank you. Now, sir, your turn. The highest has it—you've won, miss. Now again; let me say again. Got one, and only want three; only three." And so on. Out come the sixpences, or the shillings, as the case may be, and the coffers of the owner of the table fill wonderfully. The strange thing is, that they always seem the same things which are being raffled for. That magnificent work-box, to which, with just pride, the gay youth

draws your attention, you are almost certain you have seen it for months, still with its charms silently extracting the stakes, and yet never apparently won. However, we will not dwell upon this mystery. We leave the subject to be dealt with by those venerable ladies who figure so prominently at these tables, and who risk their silver coin with a calm energy and an evident determination to win or become insolvent, which strikes dismay into the casual visitor, whose hopes are thoroughly laid by the loss of a shilling, and who, for the life of him, cannot help the idea coming into his mind, notwithstanding his profound faith in the thorough honesty of free-born Britons generally, and the presiding spirits of raffling tables especially, that "no doubt it's all fair—quite fair; he don't say it is not; still it's odd; he don't altogether understand it; he hardly thinks he'll lose another shilling."

The Tubbs's party, having been relieved of all their silver coin in fruitless attempts to gain possession by the illegitimately short cut of gambling of the glittering but hard-hearted work-box, which never *would* be won, returned to their apartments to tea.

And now slowly flows the ink from our pen, and our hand shakes as doth the hand of man of fourscore years and ten. Moisture appears in our eye, as though the organ had been invaded by the wandering finger of infancy, and our head bows down after the fashion of a head oppressed with strong drink.

The tea having been made, Mrs. Tubbs drew from her pocket the last received letter from her spouse.

"It is very odd," she said, "not hearing from your papa this morning; I don't see anything in his last letter at all explaining his being silent for some days after. Ha! yes—hum—nonsense" (running down the contents), "'three wristbands without buttons, four collars without strings (how absurd, couldn't be), no razor-strop.' Your papa is full of grumbling, of course. And then follows this long account of the grand Thorough-Equality Meeting. Give me the newspaper, Jane; I haven't looked at it to-day. I suppose it contains a report."

Miss Tubbs handed her parent the paper as desired. Mrs. Tubbs examined it carefully. Suddenly her gaze was riveted—horror appeared in her countenance. Her alarmed children were smitten with terror; they sprang from their chairs; they seized the paper. Mrs. Tubbs clutched it with both hands, and read on. Presently she uttered a shriek—an unearthly shriek. The neighbourhood was alarmed; a donkey dragging a vegetable cart outside took fright, and ran at an incredible pace three miles and a quarter before he could be stopped; a coalheaver at the bar of the public-house opposite, just putting a pint of porter to his lips, heard the shriek, turned pale—determined that porter was sinful, and never touched it afterwards; two little boys went at once to the police-station and reported a dreadful murder; and the old lady next door, who lived in constant dread of fire, directly put on her bonnet and fetched the parish engine.

In the mean time, the family of Tubbs found themselves suddenly cast into an abyss of misery.

We will briefly state the cause of this dire commotion. It lay in a terrible report appearing under the head of "Police," of which the following is an abbreviation:

"A person, who gave his name as Joshua Tubbs, was brought before Mr. Settleum, charged with having been drunk and disorderly on the previous night in King-street. It appeared that the defendant (who stated that he had recently come from the country) had been boozing with some low characters to a late hour; and then, rolling along the streets in a state of intoxication, had amused himself by committing various excesses of a most disgraceful nature. Having at last abominably insulted a highly respectable married lady, he was forthwith taken into custody, after a violent resistance, and locked up."

"Inspector Smithereen said that the lady in question, when about coming to the court, had been taken very unwell, and could not possibly attend."

"Mr. Settleum, remarking that it was a scandalous outrage, adjourned the case until the day after to-morrow."

Here was an awful blow! How was the pride of the Ramsgate party laid in the dust! They must all go to London immediately. Late and it was, they must get to Margate at once, and take the railway thence to town. So they packed up, meekly paid the bill, and departed amid the indignant remarks and distrustful looks of sundry policemen, the porters of two fire-engines, and a large mob of spectators, such as some blage having been drawn to the house by the circumstances before mentioned.

In due time the party reached London, much to the relief of a gentleman, their companion in the railway-carriage, suffering from intense headache and severe toothache combined. This unhappy man, so afflicted with his miseries, had been blessed with sweet slumber soon after leaving Margate, when he was aroused by a terrific uproar, which proved to be occasioned by Mrs. Tubbs, who had fallen into violent hysterics. No sooner had the afflicted lady been recovered, than Miss Jane sank on to the floor of the carriage in a swoon. Then both the windows had to be opened, and the rather keen air whistling through took such a firm grip of the poor man's diseased tooth, that, to the terror of the Tubbs's family, he yelled like a lunatic. However, the welcome sound of the ticket-collector, asking blandly for the first-class tickets, was at length heard as the passengers alighted, and in a few minutes the Tubbses were rattling in a cab over London-bridge to an hotel in the Strand.

The cab had reached the steepest part of the bridge, and was proceeding at full pace, when a dreadful recollection crossed the mind of Mrs. Tubbs. The yellow parcel, which she had brought all the way from Margate in her lap—where was it? Horror! it had been left behind in the railway carriage. In an instant the cab was stopped, and the whole line of vehicles brought to a stand-still.

"What is it, mum? I can't stop here, you know," very gruffly remarked the cabman.

"My parcel—my parcel!" screamed Mrs. Tubbs, in tones of acute anguish, jumping from the cab on to the pavement.

"Can't have the thoroughfare blocked up, mum," interposed a policeman; "you must get in again" (gently assisting her). "Drive on, cabby."

"I won't go without my parcel, it's at the station. You must turn back, coachman. I will not——"

But here a perfect storm of angry exclamations from the drivers of the delayed vehicles behind interrupted Mrs. Tubbs. "Do you know what you're at, ma'am?" "Are you in liquor, ma'am?" "Are you in your right senses, ma'am?" "Do you want your nightcap, ma'am?" and such like.

"If you don't get in again, mum, directly," observed the policeman, following up the attack, "I shall lock you up, mum, and that's all about it."

Alarmed at this terrible threat, the offspring of Mrs. Tubbs drew their excited parent by main force into the cab, which again started, and ultimately deposited its burden safely at the Blue Flag Hotel, in the Strand.

Very early the following morning the afflicted family proceeded in a cab to the offices of Messrs. Butcher and Mangle, solicitors, in Gray's Inn-square. Mrs. Tubbs rightly conceived that the first thing her unhappy spouse would do, on finding himself in trouble, would be to send to his lawyers, the firm in question. They are admirable men of business are Messrs. Butcher and Mangle. Many a prime fellow have they brought low and slaughtered in their time, and a vast number of little stores of happiness have they been the willing instruments of emptying. We would not be shut up for a night in that dark back-room of Butcher's for any consideration. We should expect ghosts of all sorts and sizes to glare upon and terrify us (taking us for Butcher), and ultimately sacrifice us in their wrath. But we shall have to deal much with Messrs. Butcher and Mangle hereafter. They appear very prominently in papers before us connected with Mr. Tubbs's after-life, and, therefore, we will be satisfied with letting their amiabilities speak for themselves.

Mr. Butcher was all civility. He had recently been safely investing a portion of Aunt Matilda's money in a particularly good mortgage, and had heard the whole story of Mr. Tubbs's improved fortunes.

"Now, my dear lady, don't worry yourself at all. Mr. Tubbs is quite safe. He will appear this morning. He has suffered no inconvenience beyond the one night's confinement. To-day he will again be in attendance, and we shall get rid of the trumpery affair at once. I have retained Mr. Fence; and, bless you, what is Mr. Settleum in the hands of Mr. Fence?—an infant, ma'am, a chicken. Well, now, it's nearly time. We'll have a cab and go to the court."

A cab was procured, and Mr. Butcher having first given his clerk instructions to issue six executions against goods and four against persons, and to commence a suit in equity against the relict of Thomas Jones, deceased, in respect of a couple of acres of land which the said Thomas Jones (a small greengrocer) had held under a defective title, departed with his clients.

The court was reached, and its exterior looked none the brighter through its being thoroughly wetted (not washed) by the rain, which fell in torrents. A few dirty men were lounging about the entrance, and stared at the newly-arrived party as they alighted. Another cab drew up at the moment, and out of it stepped a gentleman who might have been mistaken for a prizefighter, so strong, and stout, and resolute was his appearance.

"There's Mr. Fence," cried Mr. Butcher, with great eagerness

making for the gentleman in question, and grasping him eagerly by the hand.

"Now, ma'am," he said, returning to Mrs. Tubbs; "this way, upstairs; don't be afraid. Mr. Fence will do it; Mr. Settleum's a chicken before Mr. Fence."

By dint of hard shoving they obtained entrance into the court, a small, square room of very undignified aspect. Everybody was in his place, however, and the utmost use practicable had been made of the space.

The night-charges were just being concluded, and there was a culprit in *his* place: there was a policeman in the witness-box in *his* place; there was a little side arrangement like a church pew, and there Mr. Fence now appeared in *his* place; there was a small table in the centre, and a seat beside it, and there sat the clerk in *his* place; there was a hearthrug, and thereon stood the magistrate in *his* place; and there was about a third of the room parted off, and there were huddled the public (and a very dirty public it was upon this occasion) in *its* place.

The offender at the bar was a boy about twelve years old, very shabby, very dirty, very thin and sallow, and very stunted. The policeman bearing testimony against him was a jolly-looking man, six feet high.

The magistrate, Mr. Settleum, was a small, spare man, rigid in aspect, and with a stern eye and voice.

"Let me understand you, policeman," said Mr. Settleum. "You say this boy was begging."

"I do, your wusship. I heard him say, 'Poor boy, poor boy,' to a many gents and ladies."

"Did you notice whether he received anything, policeman?"

"Yes, your wusship, one genelman hit him a crack o' the head, and bid him go work. A lady said she was sorry for him, and gave him this 'ere tract on 'Spiritual Food,' which she said would do him more good than penny loaves. And a genelman, after that, gave him an order for the workus. Then comes another genelman, and when he says, says he, to him, 'Poor boy, poor boy,' that genelman says, 'Hallo, hallo! Police, police!' and gives him in charge. But that wasn't all, your wusship. When I, in duty, takes him, he resists like a good-un, and kicks me on the shins."

"Has he hurt you, policeman?" inquired Mr. Settleum, commiseratingly.

"He has hurt me dreadful, your wusship," replied the witness, an expression of agony crossing his countenance. "I've been obliged to be kept up with stimulants ever since,—I've been so low."

"Shocking, shocking," murmured the magistrate, clasping his palms and looking upwards. A murmur of sympathy ran through the audience, and the lump of iniquity, four feet high, crouching at the bar and screwing his sharp dirty knuckles into the corners of his eyes, commenced sobbing, and evidently felt every inch of him an outcast and blot upon creation.

The magistrate gathered himself up for an exhibition of power.

"To what are we coming?—to what are we coming?" said the worthy man, with painful emotion. Then, sternly, "Boy—prisoner, what have you to say?"

"If—if—you please—your—wusship," sobbed the culprit, "I—I—only begged 'cos I was hungry. I'd had no wittles, your wusship, for a—a—whole day—your wusship."

"Why don't you apply to your relatives, boy?" asked the magistrate, with great asperity.

"I—I've—no relatives, your wusship; no—nobody—but a mother-in-law."

"It's no use asking you any questions, I see," said Mr. Settleum; "you're quite hardened. Now, here is a boy," continued the magistrate, addressing those around—"a desperate, ferocious ruffian, who has seriously hurt that brave man there" (policeman X was immediately covered with blushes), "whose shin has been nobly sacrificed in the great cause of order. I say here is this determined vagabond convicted on the clearest testimony of—begging! Now I have called upon this fellow for his defence, and I ask what has his defence been? Why, has he not had the audacity to urge as his reason for begging—that he was hungry!"

There were whispers of admiration in court; but some man in the corner (a carpenter, out of work) exclaimed, "And an uncommon good reason, too!" for which he was straightway taken out by the officer.

"I will waste no more words upon him," continued Mr. Settleum, wrathfully. "Fourteen days and hard labour."

"Now, my dear madam," said Mr. Butcher, in a low tone to Mrs. Tubbs, who so hated anything like a display of feeling, that he would do his utmost always to check it,—“Mr. Tubbs is coming; but don't say a word—don't cry a tear. You can't think what mischief it will do if you show any sign of recognition. Don't fear in the least. What is Mr. Settleum in the hands of Mr. Fence? Bless me, a chicken, ma'am—a new-born chicken."

Thus enjoined, Mrs. Tubbs said not a word when her beloved husband, in another minute, made his appearance at the bar. Mr. Tubbs presented rather a dismal aspect; but Mr. Butcher went to him, and he quickly brightened up, and regarded Mr. Settleum with a defiant air.

The victim of the alleged violence being in attendance, now stepped into the witness-box. She was a weak, nervous lady, and seemed inclined to faint. She was sworn, and proceeded to give her evidence in a sort of feeble croak, utterly inaudible beyond a quarter of a yard.

"Pray speak up, ma'am," said Mr. Settleum.

"This story of yours—at all events be good enough to let us hear it, ma'am," cried Mr. Fence.

"You really must speak louder, ma'am," cried the clerk.

Thus exhorted, the poor lady took refuge in tears, whereupon Mr. Settleum regarded her with an air as though he were about committing her to the treadmill. After considerable delay, however, something like a statement was got out of her, to the effect that Mr. Tubbs had insulted her, that she had fled from him, and he had pursued her, when he was taken into custody.

Mr. Fence, during this narrative, was running over in his mind whether there might not be raised some technical objection which, in the fairest and most orthodox manner, would upset the whole proceeding; but although he nearly rubbed away one of his eyebrows with his forefinger,

nothing occurred to him. He therefore took a long and steady stare at the shrinking witness through his eye-glass, and entered on an elaborate cross-examination.

First of all, would she say now—would she swear that she had not given some encouragement to the defendant? Was she sure, would she swear even—(there is astounding force in that word “swear.” “Now, take care, sir! I ask you whether you will solemnly swear,” seldom fails to startle a witness)—that the defendant was the man who had assaulted her? Now, had not she stated that that man had red whiskers? How did she know that the man running behind her was the man who had attacked her? Was she perfectly certain she knew what she was about at the time? Was she not exhilarated? Did she really know anything at all about the matter? Would it not be better for her at once to confess that she was sure of nothing, could say nothing; that she had been dreaming, had been in such a state of confusion that her evidence was not worth sixpence?

Under this cheering and encouraging treatment on the part of Mr. Fence, the poor lady did pretty well admit this at last, and was finally conveyed away in a wretched state of prostration, furnishing an awful warning to all nervous females of the punishment which invariably waits on the being insulted, and the attending subsequently at a police-court to bring justice to the culprit.

Mr. Fence having then assumed an air of great responsibility, rose to address the magistrate. “Even admitting there had been a little over-freedom on the part of his client, what did it amount to? A weak woman raises an outcry in the street; a man is seen running a short distance behind her; the police interfere, and the poor man is taken into custody. Mr. Tubbs had been dining, certainly. Was not a gentleman to dine? In this free country, he asked, was not a gentleman to dine? And if, after dining in such manner as a man of property had a right to dine, his client had been visited with a little harmless exuberance of spirits,—was it fair, or right, or just,—was it English, was it consistent with the broad principles of the constitution of this great nation, that he should suffer annoyance or injury? No, no, no; perish the thought! So long as there remained in the hearts of Britons those high and noble feelings which reflected on them such undying lustre, so long should he (Mr. Fence) feel perfect confidence that a man like his respected client, a man of ample means, would be——”

“I beg your pardon,” interposed Mr. Settleum, inclining his ear, “ample means?”

“Large property, sir,” said Mr. Fence, slowly and with solemn earnestness, “—would be allowed that freedom of thought and action for which his ancestors had fought and bled, and without which existence would be an unendurable curse.”

Mr. Fence resumed his seat, and Mr. Settleum at once gave his decision. In the mildest tones he said (addressing the reporters), that he felt it very shocking that a man in Mr. Tubbs's position should be so unpleasantly placed. He might say it was very disgraceful. The charge must be considered as proved, and it was the magistrate's duty to inflict a heavy penalty. He could not express the pain he suffered at that moment (here the worthy man's voice faltered); still, his course was

clear. A shameful outrage had been committed; it must be punished—
heavily punished; and, therefore, earnestly trusting that the sentence he
was about to pronounce would be a lasting warning to the defendant,
and produce in him that permanent salutary impression which was the
object of all punishment, he should call upon him to pay forthwith a fine
of—forty shillings.

Somehow or other Mr. Tubbs managed to liquidate this appalling
penalty (which, in fact, was not quite the value of one of the turbans
lately left him by Aunt Matilda), and left the court rejoicing with his
relatives and friends.

Depend upon it, reader, ill-doing always brings its punishment. Thus
it was that that unworthy female, who had been the cause of so much in-
convenience to Mr. Tubbs, was considered by her employer (the owner
of a millinery establishment) to have acted very wrongly in appear-
ing against such a highly respectable person as Mr. Fende had described
Mr. Tubbs to be. "In fact, Mrs. Jones," concluded the proprietor, "I
believe it to have been all your fault. We will terminate our con-
nexion, if you please, this day month."

SHAKSPEARE'S ENGLAND.*

To form an idea of Shakspeare's England—of the England of the
Sixteenth Century—we must go back with Mr. Thornbury to days of gilt
rapiers and roses on the shoe, of ruff and farthingale, of peaked beards
and slashed hose; to days when forks were a novelty, and tobacco-
smoking the last caprice of fashion. We must forget for a time black
coats and silk hats, and people the old streets with crowds of gallants in
mottley wavering silks, all fluttering with iris colours, matching so well
the gay bonnet-feathers and the ribbons, or jewels in the ear; mix in the
mob a sprinkling of leather-jerkined prentices, sober-clad, flat-capped
citizens, players in faded satin, sturdy water-carriers, and noisy shop-
keepers calling "What do you lack?" all day, under their penthouses
and at their doors.

It is difficult to realise Old London, with its narrow streets, full of
plumed and ponderous coaches; its tide, alive with innumerable boats;
the Thames, not yet a concrete of coal-dust and mud, but a crystal flood,
sheltered with palaces, shaded with trees, and perfumed with flowers:

Imagine the Tower, not deserted and forgotten, but busy and frequented,
and the citadel of the city; the Borough, side a broad tract of green fields and
thatched cottages. Whitehall is new and glittering; but one bridge only spans

* Shakspeare's England; or, Sketches of our Social History in the Reign of
Elizabeth. By G. W. Thornbury, author of the "History of the Buccaneers,"
&c. Two Vols. Longman and Co.

the river, with its lines of houses, its chapel, and its ghastly rows of shrivelled heads. Oxford-street is a muddy country road leading to Tyburn. Hyde Park is bare and open, Islington a village, and Marylebone a suburb. Noblemen are dwelling in Drury-lane and Aldersgate, yes, even in the oldest portions of the city, and the West End is unthought of. No distinctive grades of social position are yet known, and the tradesman lives at the very doors of the richest nobles in England. Everywhere there are fields and gardens in the neighbourhood of the most crowded streets. St. Paul's is the gentleman's fashionable promenade, and Moorfields the favourite walk of the citizens. The gable-ended shops are hung thick with signs; foreign armour and tapestries are in the open stalls, and a perpetual cry of "What do you lack?" resounds at every door and under every penthouse.

It is still more difficult to realise London as a walled city, having gates like Thebes, and able to stand a siege like Troy. There was a deep, fond feeling of home when Ludgate, Bishopsgate, Cripplegate, Moorgate, and Aldgate were shut at a certain hour, when Bow-bell rang, and citizens felt they were barred in for the night, guarded and watched over by men of their own appointing. London is too large now to love as a mother, and too dirty to honour as a father.

At Ludgate was a gaol, where the prisoners clamoured for alms at the barred grate; and it was here that Sir Thomas Wyatt had been repulsed. Pimlico was a country place, where citizens used to repair to eat "pudding-pies" on a Sunday, as they did to Islington or Hogsden, to take tobacco and drink new milk. Holloway was equally famous for its cheese-cakes; and it is these peculiarities that, after all, confer immortality upon a place:

Chelsea was the mere village of Chelsea, known from Sir Thomas More's house, where Henry VIII. had walked with his arm round that great statesman's doomed neck; as Holborn was then a country road leading to the pleasant village of St. Giles, and trending on to the way that led to Oxford, and to fatal Tyburn, so called from its *burn* or brook, then well known to patient city anglers. The triple tree or gallows stood at the corner of the present Edgware-road. The same Oxford-street led also, if you turned up one side of the Hampstead-road, to the Tottenham Court, which stood there alone far in the country, and Primrose Hill was an untrodden hillock, surrounded by wide paths and ditches, between this Court and Hampstead.

A cheerful little stream, known by the pleasant name of Fleet, rose near Hampstead Hill, and, joined by the Old Bourne and recruited by sparkling Clerken Well, emptied itself in the Thames. Though even then merely a sewer, it was open, and had four bridges of its own, while the Thames had but one; and these were known as Holborn Bridge, Fleet-lane Bridge, Fleet Bridge, and Bridewell Bridge.

Spitalfields was a grassy open space, with artillery grounds and a pulpit and cross, where fairs were held and sermons were preached. There were also Tothill Fields, and Finsbury Fields, and Moor Fields, just outside the city walls, laid out in walks, and planted, as far as Hoxton. Round these squares there were windmills and everything equally rural. As for Piccadilly, it was everywhere known as a road to Reading, and by many herbalists, as harbouring the small wild glove in its dry ditches.

Outside Temple Bar, before the wooden gatehouse was built, lay the Strand, the road leading from the City to the houses of Court. This river bank was the chosen residence of the nobility, whose gardens stretched to the edge of the undefiled river. The sky was then pure and bright, for our ancestors burnt wood fires, and the water was gay with thousands of boats. Each house had its terrace, its water stairs, and garden. The street houses were so scattered

that the river could be seen between, and there were three watercourses there traversed by bridges, besides two churches and a maypole. Here stood York House, where Bacon was born, and Durham Place, where Raleigh lived, with his study in a turret overlooking the river; there also was Arundel House and Essex House, where great men pined and plotted.

At Whitehall stood Wolsey's palace, enlarged by Henry VIII., and Elizabeth's favourite residence when not at Nonsuch, Windsor, Greenwich, or Richmond. The tilt-yard stood where the Horse Guards now stands; St. James's Palace was in existence, as was also the park; but as for the old palace of Richard III. (Baynard's Castle), it had been let to the Earl of Pembroke, and the same king's dwelling of Crosby Hall had fallen into the hands of an alderman.

While the real glory of the City was the Royal Exchange, built by Sir Thomas Gresham, with its quadrangle, arcades, and merchants' walks, with its armourers, goldsmiths, and haberdashers' shops, and its 'Change bell, ringing at twelve and six, the most characteristic erection in Old London was its pride—the bridge. It had a gatehouse and drawbridge at each end, and in the middle a chapel dedicated to that restless à Becket, in the crypt of which lay the body of the founder, Peter of Colechurch, who died in 1205. The bridge was lined with stately houses, with spaces here and there for travellers to rest, and look at the fair flowing river over the parapet; the houses had gable-ends, platform roofs, small gardens, and arbours. Near the drawbridge, and overhanging the water, was the famed Nonsuch House, a carved and gilt building, constructed in Holland, entirely of timber, and put together with wooden pegs. The sober citizens believed the bridge to be one of the wonders of the world, and rejoiced that on the gatehouse the heads of thirty priests and rebels might sometimes be counted at the same time.

At this time, we are further informed by our most agreeable cicerone, Mr. Thornbury, there was a feeling of social pleasure over the whole city; Grocers, Drapers, Ironmongers, Salters, and Merchant Tailors' Halls, had all their gardens and bowling-alleys. Sir Paul Pindar, Gresham's contemporary, had gardens in Bishopsgate-street. There were gardens in Aldersgate-street and Westminster; there were gardens round Cornhill-market, and gardens in Clerkenwell; Smithfield was planted with trees; trees waved in St. Giles's; and Ely-place was famous for flowers; Leicester Fields and Soho were open tracts, and near Leather-lane the queen's gardener lived, and lived to plant and sow:

The old streets must be imagined, with their gabled timber houses; swinging, ponderous signs to every shop; the streets badly paved; the shops with mere penthoused sheds, beneath which the 'prentices cried unceasingly, "What d'ye lack, gentles? what d'ye lack?" before the goods laid out on bulkheads, just as a fishmonger now lays out his fish. Fleet-street, then a suburb, with its conduit opposite Shoe-lane, was famous for shows, and boasted of the Devil's Tavern, where Ben Jonson and the wits met. The Three Cranes in the Vintry, the Bear at Bridge Foot, were the most noted inns. There still remain in London a few Elizabethan houses with their open courts and galleries, stuccoed roofs, carved chimney-pieces, rich porches, panelled wainscoted rooms, and leaded casements. Some of the old hostelrys also stand, with their open balconies and paved court-yards, where our earliest plays were acted—the audience crowding in the windows above.

There was a cross in Cheap, and a very old one at Charing. Conduits

were numerous in all parts of the city, and were generally surrounded by 'prentices carrying jugs, or water-bearers with their yokes and buckets. St. Paul's was the booksellers' quarter, and Houndsditch was the frippery for second-hand clothes. The difference between ancient and modern London may be conceived from the fact that eighty-nine churches were burnt down by the Great Fire, and only fifty-one rebuilt. Of these old churches, some bore the names of saints now almost forgotten, as St. Bennet Sherehog, St. Michael Quern, St. Vedast, St. Margaret Moses, St. Andrew Hubbard, and St. Anne in the Willows. One almost regrets that the age of superstition is gone by, and with it the memory of such homely saints.

Marylebone Park and Regent's Park, in Elizabeth's time, were a deer-park and a tilt-ground. Old London also boasted of many wells, now sullied or bricked up, but the names of which still remain attached to streets or neighbourhoods. The streets of London were always thronging with some procession or pageant. There is Alderman Gossia to be married, or the lord mayor to be inaugurated; an ambassador visiting Guildhall, or a rogue to be put in the pillory; a sermon at St. Paul's Cross, or a proclamation to be read at the cross in the Cheap:

The bright river we must imagine as when it supported 40,000 watermen, and floated 2000 small boats; when the idler, tired of bowls or dice, had nothing to do but to step down to Queenhithe or the Temple and have an afternoon's salmon fishing; when the water was gay with crowds going to the theatres, all silk and gold, and many colours; with ladies returning to the palace, or with the royal train rowing to the sound of flutes and trumpets past Richmond or Greenwich. The poet's Cleopatra on the Cydnus, is Elizabeth on the Thames, seen poetically, when silks trailed in the water and gathered no pollution,—when the river was neither a sewer, nor a dark, forgotten back street.

There was no noise then in London byways; no brain-shattering din; no roar of wheels; no selfish rush of avarice and fear. London was not too large to love; the local points were few and well marked; they could be retained in the mind like the scenes of youth,—like the Castle of Edinburgh, or the Acropolis of Athens. If the buildings were not impressive, they were picturesque; if not rich, they were quaint and individualised. There were no long miles of wearisome terraces and dull doors, that numb the senses and oppress the brain.

The aspect of the Elizabethan house, Mr. Thornbury remarks, is known to every Englishman. Who does not remember the gable end, the gilt vane, the stone-shafted oriel, the chimneys of moulded brick, with their rich ornaments, overgrown by the honeysuckle or the ivy? Outside is the old terrace, with its ivied statues and roses; inside, the old hall, with the lozenged floor, the stag's horns, and quaint pictures. What recollections linger in the faded tapestry, the tall Flemish flagon, the shovel-board, and the wormeaten cross-bows!

And then mark the chase,—still full of deer, and the gnarled elm where Elizabeth herself used to stand to wait for the stag of ten, with all her ladies round her, and the nobles, and the wits, and poets in the second ring,—Shakespeare calm and wise; Sidney gay and ardent; and Essex fiery and impatient; Leicester dark and smiling; Ben Jonson rugged and sullen; and Raleigh proud and cold;—such a band of great men as have never since met on earth, not with Johnson at his club, with Scott at his claret, nor with Coleridge at a Highgate tea-party.

The houses, built for leisure days of magnificence and display, have generally

their court-yards, where the bridal or the hunting train could wind and prance, the terrace where the ladies, with merlin in their fists, could pace in company with the mad lovers in the ruff and cloak, with roses in their shoes, and gift rapiers by their side; huge panelled rooms, stamped with heraldic devices, where grey-bearded men could entrance Shallows and Ague-cheeks with "excellent good conceited things," or perform ravishingly upon the viol or gambo. They have high clock-towers, bushed with ivy, where owls build among the bells, and from whence thundering volleys were discharged at the birth or marriage of heirs; quaint gardens, with clipped hedges, where lovers watched the fountain god who weeps perpetually for some deed done long since in the flesh; bowling-greens where the old knights and chaplains every day quarrelled and made friends; huge halls for Christmas feasts and mummings, or a chapel for secret masses or early prayers; long passages for voices at midnight and wind murmurings; and burial vaults for the dead to lie in quietly and be forgotten.

Nor were there wanting examples of the Tudor, or of the Cinque-cento which began to mingle with it, in Elizabeth's reign. There was Shene, Beaulieu, Haddon, Amptill, and a host of others, all built with abbey moneys. There were Manpton, York House, and Esher, completed by the *Red Man*. There were Haddon Hall, Cowdray, Hewer, and twenty other palaces of the nobility. In Elizabeth's time Leicester expended 60,000*l.* on Kenilworth alone.

The Mercutios of the time of Shakespeare had, it appears, many ways of killing time. There was the promenade at Paul's, a duty and a pleasure; the ordinary and news-agents at noon, by no means to be missed; the theatre at two, and the court revels in the evening.

For a lower class, there was archery and the quintain, the fencing-school, and sword and buckler play, the dancing-school, the bear-garden, and the cock-pit; dice to fill up the leisure hours, and the last new juggler, or the newest motion (puppet-show) to visit and criticise. The peculiar feature of Elizabethan life was its sociability.

Old St. Paul's, already fully described in Mr. Ainsworth's romance bearing that title, was usually full from eleven till twelve in the morning, and from three to six in the afternoon.

To this spot the fashionable men hurried like merchants to the Bourse. Here paced the actor conning his part, side by side with the penniless adventurer. Hither came the politician to talk news, and the intelligencer (spy) to listen at his back. The alchemist, still reeking with the fumes of his elixir, repaired to Paul's to get an appetite for his hasty meal, and the poor poet to muse over the dedication of his next poem. The Precisian and the young Seminary priest jostled in the crowd. Burleighs and Shallows, Varneys and Shenders, walked together, arm in arm. The beggarly projector and the poor soldier, the rich citizen and the master of fence, the courtier fresh perfumed from the levee, and the prodigal with the straws of his prison pallet still clinging to his sleeve, rambled about Paul's, staring at the advertisements, laughing at the epitaphs, or skipping up and down the steps that led into the choir.

To the keen observer of that age contrasts the trade or rank of every passer-by was at once known. There is the courtier, with his gold toothpick in his hat, his long caped cloak, enormous ruff and silk stockings, eyeing a ponderous watch or adjusting the jewel in his ear. The old citizen is mumbering over his sum total, the thumb of one hand under his girdle, as pompously in his furred gown he beckons to two smart little apprentices, who follow him swinging their bats. Behind them comes the young Templar and the Inn of Court man, trim in black silk stockings, beaver hat, and sad-coloured velvet cloak (he has a taffety one for summer); he is of rank, for his rapier is gilt and his collar is of

rich Italian lace. Holding his arm is an undoubted country gentleman, probably his father, pleased and good-humoured, surprised at everything, and looking round from each group of swaggers to his son with a smile of pride as if not discouraged by the comparison. His dress is of somewhat ancient cut; though it is winter his cloak is of taffety, his stockings are actually yellow, and he wears pumps, which he thinks fashionable, though every one else has boots; he carries no rapier, but an ill-hung, heavy, Henry VIII. sword, with a ton of rusty iron in the hilt. The sheriff of the country (a proud man, suspected of Papist opinions, one who quotes Bellarmine at the sessions meetings, and seldom comes to church) just passed him, and, scarcely bending at all, watched him to see if he would vail low enough. He is followed by half a dozen blue-coated serving-men, all wearing his arms in silver on their sleeves, and who elbow their way through the crowd and enter the choir, although the service is half over and the psalms already finished, while the choristers nod and whisper.

Round one pillar stand the serving-men who are waiting to be hired, very lean, hungry, out-at-elbow fellows, discussing Drake's capture of the *Cacafogo*, brimming with silver, or the last news from the Low Countries, while one Pistol amongst them vapours of the dozen Turks he slew at Buda with the "poor notched Toledo" he wants to sell. Amongst them are swindling Malvolios, and coney-catching Grumios, cheating trencher-scrapers, and sly, oily grooms tapping their legs with holly wands. Not far from them is the tomb of one of Edward III.'s paladins, now mistakenly called "Duke Humphrey's Tomb," and which is the very altar and central shrine of the whole walks. This is the Duke Humphrey with whom dinnerless men are jocosely said to dine. There's one yonder picking his teeth who we could bet a thousand angels has not touched bit to-day, but he takes care never to be seen in Paul's while the tavern dinners are toward, and if he can fix himself on a foolish or good-natured friend will revenge himself at supper for the want of breakfast. He walks affectedly on tip-toe, laughs as he looks at the tomb in pity of the poor guests of the dead duke, and struts by with his gloved hand on his dagger-side.

In the left alley are occasionally seen poor curates in threadbare cassocks, lingering in search of spiritual employment, their marriage with some beloved Abigail having apparently dragged them down into hopeless and learned poverty. Here, in groups retired for quieter conversation, are spectacled antiquarians, who use quaint words of Chaucer's time, and talk of "swinking" and "for the nones." Here assemble country justices who have come up to London to see the bear-baiting: they think the Spaniards all Jesuits and villains; captains out of service, who tell monstrous lies of Drake; and threadbare sly scholars, with Greek Testaments sticking out of their buttonless doublets, who din your ears with quotations from Seneca and Tacitus, Scaliger and Casaubon, Lipsius and Erasmus; and noisy controversialists, who get red in the face railing at the Pope and Arminius, and despise any books not in MS. And there is an alderman in his holiday satin doublet and gold chain, and a young city preacher, with a cloak with a narrow velvet cape and serge facings; his ruff as short as his hair, and he is a little sour and thin, as most Precisians are. And there is the quack physician watching for country patients, astonishing the russet wearers with quotations from Paracelsus and Alexis of Piemont, holding a phial of clear gold-coloured liquid up to the light. Against the wall leans a Low Country ensign with his arm in an orange-tawny scarf; and, gliding serpentine through the throng, goes a cut-purse, too quick for you to see his short crooked knife and the horn tip that guards his busy thumb.

Here come men from taverns, and tilt-yards, and bear-baitings, and theatres, and rows upon the river, from the Court at Hampton or Greenwich, up or down from the tobacco office and the news-shop, from the sempsters' stalls at Gresham's Exchange and the Rose theatre, from the fence-yard and the dancing-school, hot from the tavern and cold from the scornful presence. "It was a fashion of those times," says a gentle writer of the day, "for the principal gentry, lords, courtiers, and men of all professions, not merely merchants, to

meet in Saint Paul's Church by eleven and walk in the middle aisle till twelve, and after dinner from three to six. During this time some 'discoursed of business and others of news.' Few events of the day but were heard of here, sooner or later. The Armada, and the bull that was so daringly nailed up at the door of a bishop's house, the queen's new suitor, the rivalry of Essex and Raleigh, Kenilworth and Theobalds, were all whispered about here amid nodding heads, crossed fingers, mysterious gestures, and pale faces.

Paul's was the Exchange of news, for news is among idlers a rich and precious merchandise. The wits and poets called it the "Thieves' Sanctuary," "Little Britain," the "World's epitome," a "Babel of stones and men," a "Synod of politic pates," the "Busy parliament," the "Mint of lies." The newsmongers of Paul's were known as a peculiar race. Burleigh's and Walsingham's spies came here to thrust themselves into men's companies and worm out secret conspiracies. Malcontents rambled about, careless and sneering. Some strolled hither to "get a stomach," as the phrase went; and thrifty men to walk out their dinner, and purchase their board and meal cheap. Many made it their club, and only left the church to sleep. It was a lodging rent free, where society never failed, where the best company came, and where invitations to dinner could be got.

The Minster walk was the very centre of amusement. Several of the theatres were near; one in Shoreditch, one at Blackfriars, and one in Southwark. The Exchange and all its shops, Cheap and all its goldsmiths, Watling-street and its clothiers, were all near. Outside the church lay the booksellers' shops. Tarleton's and some of the best ordinaries were close by. At no great distance were the choicest taverns: the Bear at Bridge Foot; the Three Cranes in the Vintry; the Devil and Apollo in Fleet-street; the Mitre; and the Mermaid. There were the Motions, too, not far off, the Bear-garden, and the river. It was but a walk to take the air in Moor Fields; and hackney coaches were at hand to rumble one off to ruralise at Tottenham, or regale on cakes and ale at Pimlico.

It was to Paul's young scapegraces came to dazzle citizens with their new white satin suits, their gilt rapiers, Italian scented doublets, taffety lace cloaks, embossed girdles, silver jingling spurs, peach-coloured stockings, Spanish leather ruffled boots, and network collars. Just as English travellers drag their portmanteaus through a German cathedral, "doing it" on their way to the railway station, so porters used to carry their burdens through Paul's Walk, and courtiers lead their pet Iceland (Sky) dogs. Here the very lawyers had a pillar at which they received clients,—loud-voiced, violent farmers, and crazed, greasy, litigious citizens. In the summer the barristers stood on the steps outside; in the winter, round a particular pillar, their clients ringing down their unwilling rials upon the flat cover of the font. Solemn men were these aspirants for the coif, who quoted Plowden, and dated every event, like a statute, from the *3 Hen. Oc. & 4 Ed. Quin.* Here, too, came gallants, and brisk pages behind them, carrying their silver-trimmed cloaks, to look for servants, or to borrow money of rich citizens who had fattened on the Muscovy trade, and had ventured cargoes to Virginia. Tailors lurked here to observe the last fashion of court cloak, the blush-coloured satin, cut upon cloth of gold, and framed with pearl; while pimps came here to beg. Here, too, prowled desperadoes of the Black Will and Shakebag class, with ruffianly hair, who could relate, if they chose, many cases of sudden death at Gad's Hill and Hoekley-i'-the-Hole, Newmarket, or Salisbury Plain; and in Shakebag's pocket we can hear jingle four gold angels and fifteen shillings of white money, the produce of his last robbery, in which he was aided by a band of Abram men and swarth Egyptians.

Passing over the bear-baiting, cock-fighting, jugglers, gamblers, the *Duelle* affords matter for a pleasant chapter, for when Bobadil ventured his poor gentlemanlike carcase, by the help of his nineteen special rules,

his punto reverso, stoccata, imbrocato passada, and montanto, to spare the entire lives of the queen's subjects, he did but utter the ridiculous threats to be heard any day in the London fencing-school.

Serving-men, diet, and dress, constitute common-place themes, whereby the better to enter upon the more exciting topics of the desperate and daring thieves of Shakspeare's time—maunderers and clapper-dudgeons, dommerers and hookers, rogues, rufflers, tavern bullies, and bravos. The raciness and abundance of materials have made this the longest chapter in the book, and not the least interesting, from the singularly graphic way in which they paint the manners of every-day life.

Nor are hunting and hawking less picturesque topics; they remove us from the haunts of adventurers and sanctuaries of thieves into the purer atmosphere of the country, and more select company. It must, indeed, have been rare days at Enfield, when twelve ladies in white satin ambled out upon their palfreys, attended by twenty yeomen in green, to hunt the hart, and were met in the chase by eighty archers, in scarlet boots and yellow caps, and bearing gilt bows, who presented the Lady Elizabeth with a silver arrow, winged with a peacock's plume, and prayed her to cut a deer's throat with her own maidenly hand.

Perhaps, however, one of the most interesting pictures of the age in connexion with Shakspeare is Shakspeare's Stage. While smiling at the Elizabethan theatre, which he says must be viewed as little better than one of Richardson's shows, as far as appliances go, Mr. Thornbury gives the most lively and picturesque account of the actors of the day, the scenery and dress of strolling players, and of Shakspeare's contemporaries.

Our "Augustan age," as it has been termed, was, strange to say, still an era of superstition. It was the era of Dr. Dee and Kelly; alchemy had its thousands of votaries, and witches were still believed in by the multitude. Here are themes for two racy chapters, cleverly and pleasantly handled.

Equally characteristic of the day is a sketch of Wapping in 1588. The description is also particularly illustrative of Mr. Thornbury's style:

The Wapping of Elizabeth's day was a dense network of narrow, dirty streets, whose fronts nodded to, and almost touched, each other. Below were rope-walks, biscuit shops, old clothes stores, and dusty piles of Indian curiosities, much as are at present in such localities. In the parlour of the "Drake's Head," or "Gallant Howard," sat old sunburnt, scarred sailors, talking of Virginny, or of the chase of some Indian chief. Incredible lies are heard emerging, like the utterance of oracles, not from the incense of an altar, but from dense clouds of tobacco-smoke, lit here and there by stars of dull red flame. There are tales of the Inquisition Chambers, with baring of shrivelled arms and branded breasts, and much stripping of legs to show the red band where the fetters clasped, or the dark hole where the poisoned arrow entered; what cheers, too, from the balconies and the great chimney-corner when some great captain enters, and proposes a fresh cruise to the Golden City, the vexed Bermoothes, or the pearl fisheries. Lion hearts, every one in iron frames, ready for hot or cold death,—fire or steel,—so the dollars are won, and the Spaniards can be stripped. Away they go, flag flying, and men cheering, for the Horn Cape, Eldorado, or the Land of Fire.

Whoever has any love for the golden age must have read the three folios written by that excellent scholar and brave spirit, Richard Hakluyt, preacher, and sometime student of Christchurch, Oxford.

It is from those wonderful records alone that we can fully learn to appreciate

the ardour of commercial enterprise; that animated the voyagers of this reign, when a lion-hearted queen ruled over lion-hearted subjects; was it not then that Richard Chancellor reached Russia by the North Cape, and by a new route; then that Sir Hugh Willoughby coasted Nova Zembla, and Frobisher and Davis toiled for the North-West Passage? Raleigh, and Drake, and Hawkins, were all contemporaries in the reign in which Shakspeare and Jonson flourished, Burleigh governed, and Bacon thought.

There was not a ship that set out from Plymouth but had a crew of Argonauts, heroes who loved England, and were ready to die for her. Against the Papist, and the Spaniard, the greatest successes with the smallest means were the rules with these men. The *Sunshine*, a smack of 50 tons, leaves Davis to discover a passage between Greenland and Iceland; the *Centurion*, of London, a tall ship, weakly manned, beats off five Spanish galleys in the Straits of Gibraltar.

The *Primrose*, of London, 150 tons, escapes from under the very guns of Bilboa, and carries off the Corregidor himself.

The enterprise is in all regions: sober citizens of London travel to Moscow, are found in China, visit Barbary, embark for Guinea, colonise Virginia, trade with Goa, have consuls at Damascus, threaten the King of Algiers, and obtain privileges from the Grand Turk.

It is John Fox, a simple English sailor, who delivers 266 Christian slaves from captivity at Alexandria. There is Miles Phillips, one of Hawkins's sailors, who eats parrots with the cannibals, who is sold as a slave at Mexico, who is imprisoned by the Inquisition, who, hearing of Drake's arrival, escapes from Vera Cruz, and from Cavallos to Spain, and so to England.

Every day at Dartmouth voyagers were landing fresh from grapples with Indians and Spaniards, their necks strung with pearls of the Pacific, or jewels from Brazil, carrying strange birds on their wrists from the woods of the Bermudas, or leading in leashes the hunting leopards of Hindostan.

But there were also disasters, for every sea is bounded by a shore of death. Sir Hugh Willoughby and all his crew were frozen in Lapland; Drake and Cavendish died of broken hearts, and Raleigh's schemes proved futile; thousands of Englishmen fell victims to Indian arrows and Spanish bullets; thousands pined away in the galleys of Bilboa, the prisons of the Inquisition, the mines of Peru, and the dockyards of Algiers; quicksands, whirlpools, reefs, and shoals, had all their victims; and at this price we purchased our commercial greatness: deserts, mountains, rivers, and forests, were burying-places for our travellers; but the survivors returned to widen our empire and buttress it with colonies.

Our voyagers explored Muscovy and Persia, and the Great Khan and the Russian Emperor entered into an alliance with our nation. We rivalled Venice in energy, and Genoa in enterprise; our ships were in every sea, and our foot-prints on every shore. English flags waved over the ports of Candia and Cyprus, Tripoli, and Constantinople. English faces were to be seen among dusty images in the streets of Jerusalem and Alexandria, in Venice and Pegu, at Calicut and at Rhodes. Quicksilver and plate, pegos and ducats, ingots and jewels, rolled together on the quays of the ports of Devon, coin-stained with Spanish blood, and won by the sweat of Englishmen. The Emperor of Ethiopia, and the Lama of Thibet, had both heard of England, and seen the ambassadors of its queen. Simple merchants of Exeter commenced a trade with Senegal and Guinea, and private enterprisers captured Spanish caricks, and plundered Indian cities.

In the tavern of any seaport town you might hear swarthy men, with scarred faces and gold earrings, narrate stories of Drake's Portugal voyage, or of Essex's capture of Cadiz, of the Earl of Northumberland's voyage to the Azores, or of the noble death of Sir Richard Grenvil. The navigators were never tired of justifying their intrepid piracies, by narrations of Spanish cruelty and aggression. Had not the Spaniards wasted 30,000 Indians in Hispanioles alone, besides

many millions of a poor harmless people elsewhere; men, too, who might easily have been persuaded to have become Christians. Were the Spaniards not ravenous strangers, greedily thirsting for English blood, men who hated us more than any nation in Europe,—who detested us, as Hakluyt says, “for the many overthrows and dishonours they have received at our hands, whose weakness we have discovered to the world, and whose forces at home, abroad, in Europe, in India, by sea and land, we have, even with handfuls of men and ships, overthrown and discomfited.”

Progresses and revels were the great features of Elizabeth's reign; they contributed more than any one thing to the attachment with which she was regarded by the people. They impoverished the nobles, but they enriched the poor, and were eminently intended to please the commonalty. They enjoyed the pageants more than the queen relished the patriotic poems, rejoiced in the fireworks, and revelled in the tilting.

The poor poet had an opportunity of distinguishing himself; the country gentleman displayed his dress and person to her eyes; the burghers presented their petition; and all went away pleased. The queen admired the town, rewarded the actor, gave new privileges to the citizens, knighted the gentlemen, and bestowed presents on the ladies; never was queen so warmly beloved as the queen who was always in danger, and never safe from the Jesuit's dagger, or the Spaniard's poison. She who had saved Protestantism, trod out the Smithfield pyres, and herself narrowly escaped death, brought peace and plenty to a grateful country.

Elizabeth's progresses were matters of state policy; they were continued from her accession to her death. The ever-memorable expedition to Kenilworth presents an available theme for the author's descriptive powers. It has, however, been recorded elsewhere at greater length. Next come the progresses to Cambridge, to Oxford, and to Norwich—all alike curious and amusing. The revels were held mainly in London, and that on certain holy days, as Christmas or Twelfth-Night, or they were given as entertainments by certain corporate bodies, as by the gentlemen of Gray's Inn, in 1594, by the lord mayor, or on the arrival of an ambassador, and, indeed, upon almost every opportune occasion. London was then “merry London”—a kind of unit of humanity: not as it is now, a far-spread wilderness of houses and people.

And here (says Mr. Thornbury) we must conclude, and let the curtain fall on the great and golden age, amid whose scenes we have long led our reader. We have been to the theatre and the bear-garden, the tavern, and the court. We have stared into crystal phials with bleary-eyed alchemists; listened at trials to witches' confessions, and mixed with thieves and gipsies. We have seen bullies vapour and gallants talk Euphuism, seen the child at his horn book, and the scrivener at his parchments; the street tumbler of the day, the comedian, the tooth-drawer, and the juggler, have all passed before us. We have gaped at white satin revellers, and footed a measure at the mask; we have seen the mountebank selling his drugs, and the tobaccoist adulterating his medicines. In some places, for want of room, we have been brief; in other pages, perhaps, wrong from want of judgment. For being brief we may be pardoned, for being tedious we must claim forgiveness. To photograph an age, to fix on paper perfect images, not merely of its street crowds, but of the children at the hearth, and the guests at the alehouse, is, however, an undertaking so difficult, that one success may, we trust, compensate for a thousand failures.

PILGRIMAGES TO THE FRENCH PALACES.

BY FLORENTIA.

IX.

Gabrielle d'Estrées and Henri Quatre—Scenes at St. Germain.

I SHALL now return to Gabrielle d'Estrées. After the meeting I have described, Don Juan very soon contrived to return, and the lady, forgetful of her lover's advice, received him. This was sufficient encouragement for so audacious a cavalier, and an intimacy sprang up between them, ending in a confession, on his part, of being the king. Gabrielle was charmed. What formerly appeared bold and free in his manner was now ascribed to a proper sense of his own rank, born as he was to command and to be obeyed. Their romantic introduction, and the disguise he had condescended to assume on that occasion, captivated her imagination almost as much as his unbounded admiration of her person flattered her vanity. Henri, too, was so fit a subject for devoted loyalty at that time, when closely beset with the troops of the League, and unable to enter Paris, he only maintained his ground by prodigies of valour and the most intrepid perseverance. Should she, then, turn unkind and repulse him, when assured that his only happy moments were spent in her society? The vision of Bellegarde grew fainter and fainter; their meetings became colder and more unsatisfactory, he reproaching her for her unbecoming encouragement to a libertine monarch, the lady defending herself by declaring that her heart was her own, and that she might bestow it where she thought proper. As yet, however, there had been no formal rupture between them. Bellegarde loved the fascinating deceiver too fondly lightly to renounce her, and she herself, as yet undecided, hesitated before resigning a man whose devotion was honourable and legitimate, and whose birth and position were brilliant, to receive the dubious addresses of a married monarch. True, the shameful excesses of Marguerite de Valois, the queen, excused and almost exonerated the king, and also held out a reasonable prospect of the speedy dissolution of that ill-omened marriage, contracted in the bloody days of St. Bartholomew's Massacre as a lure to the Protestants to return to court. Henri urged this circumstance with passionate eloquence, promising Gabrielle, spite of state reasons, to marry her as soon as, settled on the throne, he could find leisure legally to prove the scandalous conduct of his wife. This to a vain, beautiful, ambitious woman like Gabrielle was a telling argument.

Already the king had obtained sufficient influence to persuade her to inhabit one of her father's *campagnes* near St. Germain, where he then was residing, in order to organise his intended attack on the capital. One of their meetings at this time, as related by the lady herself, is very characteristic.

The day after the king's arrival at St. Germain (says she in her *Memoirs*), I was sitting embroidering a scarf, and thinking over all the difficulties of my position—divided as I was between my regard for the

excellent Bellegarde and the passion I felt each day growing stronger for the king—when my maid Louison came to me and begged me, as I had passed all day in the house, to take a little fresh air.

“Come, madame, at least to the balcony that looks out over the terrace, where the breeze is so pleasant, and see the sun set over the dark blue hills behind St. Denis.”

“No, no,” said I, “leave me alone; I have enough to think about; and I want to finish my scarf, or it will not be done by the time I promised Bellegarde. Besides, I do not fancy open balconies in the month of November; it is too cold.”

“Oh, but,” replied Louison, “the day has been so splendid—like summer in the forest, where I went to see the royal hunt, though the king was not there. Pray come, madame.”

I was no sooner on the balcony watching the last streaks of golden light indicating the spot where the sun had set, than all at once I heard a noise, and on looking down I saw just under the balcony no other than the king himself. He had jumped off his horse, which stood beside him, and had flung himself on his knees, with his hands clasped as though he were going to say his prayers. Louison burst into a loud laugh at my surprise, and ran away. I knew now why she was so anxious I should go to the balcony to see the sun set, but I had not dreamt of seeing the king, who was not expected, I thought, for some days.

“Vrai Dieu, belle des belles!” exclaimed he, “look down on one who desires to live and die at your feet.”

“Sire,” cried I, “for Heaven’s sake remount your horse and return to the château. You know well your enemies are prowling about in this neighbourhood; besides, who knows? Bellegarde may come. Pray, I entreat you, go away directly.”

“Ma foi!” replied the king, “let them come—Leaguers or Spaniards, Bellegarde or the devil—what care I, if *la Belle Gabrielle* looks unkindly on me?”

“Unkind I will certainly be if your majesty does not at once remount your horse. Kneeling on the ground in that manner is too ridiculous, and I shall go away. I am no saint to be prayed to, Heaven knows. If your majesty won’t remount, I go away.”

The horse stood by cropping the grass. The king sprang on the saddle without even touching the stirrup, and began again talking to my great annoyance, as I was exceedingly terrified by the idea of being surprised by any one, especially Bellegarde, who would have been so angry he might have forgotten himself towards his majesty. For a moment I was quite overcome, and tears came into my eyes out of sheer vexation and terror of the consequences. As I lifted up my hands to wipe them away the scarf I was embroidering slipped out of my hand, and, borne by the wind, after fluttering for a few moments in the air, dropped on the king, who, catching hold of it, exclaimed:

“Ventre saint gris! what have we here?”

“Oh, sire!” cried I, “it is my work—it is all but finished, and now I have lost it.”

“By all the rules of war, fair lady,” said Henri, “what falls from the walls of a besieged city belongs to the soldier; so, by your leave, fair Gabrielle, the scarf is mine.”

"Oh!" replied I, "do give it me back; it is for Monsieur de Bellegarde, and he knows it; should he see your majesty with it, what will he say? He will never believe but that I gave it to you."

"By the mass, it is too good for him; and I will keep it without any remorse, and cover with a thousand kisses these stitches woven by your delicate fingers."

"But indeed, sire, it is promised—Monsieur de Bellegarde will ask me for it."

"He shall never have it then, I promise him. Tell him that, like Penelope, you undid in the night what you worked in the day. Come, come now, Gabrielle, confess you are not in reality so much attached to Bellegarde as you pretend, and that if I can prove to you he is unworthy your preference, and inconstant into the bargain, you will promise to give me his place in your heart. Besides, his position is unworthy of your beauty—there is but one ornament worthy of that snowy brow—Bellegarde cannot place it there; but I know one able and willing, when the cursed League is dispersed, to give that finishing stroke to your all-conquering charms."

"Sire," replied I, "I must not listen to what you say. I cannot believe aught against Bellegarde, or rather, nothing but the most glaring evidence shall convince me that he is false."

"Comment, ventre saint gris! you doubt my word—the word of a king? But, by the mass, fair lady, I can give you proofs, be assured."

"Oh, sire! it is not for me to talk of proofs, or to begin reproaches. Poor Bellegarde! my heart bleeds when I think of him."

I was much vexed at the king's prolonged stay, and yet feared to offend him. I knew not how to get rid of him.

"Sire," said I, at length, "it is dark; return, I implore you, to the château. You will be surely seen ere long, and my reputation be for ever compromised."

"Gabrielle, do you drive me away thus, when to leave you costs me such a pang? Heaven knows when this war will allow us again to meet! I never know from day to day but that some rebel villain of a Leaguer may not finish me at a shot, much less where or how I may be: the present is all I have."

"Ah, sire, only put down that atrocious League, and we will offer up no end of thanksgivings."

"Whatever comes out of those lovely lips will not fail of being heard, and as to your slave Henri, the very knowledge that such a divinity stoops to interest herself in his fate will serve as an invulnerable talisman amid every danger."

"Adieu, sire; I wish you a prosperous journey wherever you go; and when you see M. de Bellegarde assure him of my love."

"Ungrateful Gabrielle, thus to trifle with me. But I have proofs, vrai Dieu! I have proofs that shall cure you of this attachment."

"Sire, why should you seek to make me unhappy? You know that I have for years been engaged to marry Bellegarde, whom I love and respect sincerely, and that I look forward to my marriage with the utmost pleasure. Why, then, endeavour to separate us?"

"Par exemple, la belle! you give me credit for being vastly magnani-

mous, upon my word! What then, Gabrielle, would you have me resign you without a struggle? Nay, am I expected to bring about your marriage with a rival! Voilà qui'est un peu trop fort!"

"Nenni, sire; I only ask you not to prevent it. Such artifice would be unworthy so generous a monarch to a faithful servant like poor Bellegarde, to whom I am"—and I could not help sighing deeply—"bound in all honour. Then there is your majesty's wife—for, sire, you seem to forget that you have a wife."

"Yes, as I have a crown which I am never to wear. That infernal Marguerite is keeping her state with a vengeance, and forgetting, by the mass, *she has a husband*. The people of Usson, in Auvergne, call shame on her, and they know what she is about better than I."

"Sire, I beg of you *to speak* at least with respect of Madame Marguerite de France."

"Why should I not be frank with you, ma belle, at least?" returned he. "Ah, Margot—la reine Margot—à la bonne heure! I only wish she was along with her brothers, where they are duly installed, in the royal vaults at St. Denis; I should be quit of a wife altogether until I enter Paris, and then we should see—we should see who would be crowned with me; certainly not Bellegarde's wife, Gabrielle, but a lady very like her. But, mignonne, I must bid you adieu. Saints et saintes, they will think I am lost at the château. Adieu, until I can next come, or write, en attendant; remember to forget Bellegarde, as you value the favour of your sovereign." And, kissing the scarf he had stolen from me, the king put spurs to his horse and galloped away.

Gabrielle d'Estrées followed this pernicious counsel but too readily, as the sequel shows. Unable to resist the continued blandishments of the king, and silencing her conscience by a pretended belief in his promises of marriage, she sacrificed her lover, Monsieur de Bellegarde, sincerely and honourably attached to her for so many years, and whom she had once really loved, for the sake of the gallant but licentious Henri. From this time the old walls of St. Germain could reveal but too well, how in losing her lover she resigned her virtue. During the whole of his reign, and up to the very moment that Ravailac cut short his earthly career, Henri continued warmly attached to her, but never redeemed his pledge of marrying the fair Gabrielle; political reasons—specious arguments with royalty in all ages for every sort of crime and want of faith—were his excuse—and Gabrielle had fallen so low that she accepted it. Some excuse may be made for *his* conduct, irregular as it undoubtedly was, when we remember the loose code of morality of that age and country, the abandoned character of his first wife, Marguerite of Valois, and the highly problematical virtue of the second, Marie de Medicis, both ladies setting him an example of libertinism he was not slow to follow. Before leaving the subject, I must not omit another conversation with her lover, related by Gabrielle d'Estrées, which also took place within the old walls we are considering. It occurred some time after the former interview; and there is now little mention of Bellegarde: he had ceased to be a rival.

In the autumn (says the lady) the court had removed to the Château of St. Germain, where the king took great pleasure in hunting the stag

in that immense forest. He had been absent all day, and when he returned, he entered my apartment, which looked towards the terrace, and commanded a magnificent prospect; and, dismissing my attendants, sank into a great *fautail* without saying a word. I looked up at him, wondering at his silence, when I perceived he was weeping. Surprised at his emotion, I asked him if the sight of me had caused those tears, for if such were the case, I would go back to my father if it so pleased his majesty.

"Mignonne," replied he, taking my hand with much affection, "it is you who are partly the cause of my grief, but not because you are here. Seeing you makes me envy the happiness of the poorest peasant in my dominions, living on bread and garlic, who has his liberty, who is his own master. I am no king, I am nothing but a miserable slave to the Calvinists and the Catholics."

"Come, sire, dismiss these fancies, at least while you are with me," replied I.

"On the contrary, Gabrielle, it is the sight of you that recalls them. You are escaped from the tyranny of a father, while my chains press about me tighter than ever, and I cannot dare not break them. You gain and I lose—voilà tout."

"Sire," replied I, gravely, "women, perhaps, are best in the chains you allude to. I shall see if I have gained, for I am not so certain of it; all I know is, whatever has been or is to be, that I love you. Succeed only in putting down that odious League, as Hercules destroyed the hydra, and, the siege of Rouen once over, you will march to Paris, and I shall be happy in seeing you crowned and anointed at Rheims."

"Never fear, this will come about shortly, I am certain. There are, however, more difficulties in all this than you are aware of, *mon amie*. If I become a Catholic, as all my nobles wish me to do—at *la belle France vaut bien une messe*—then *Messieurs les Calvinistes* will at once reorganise this cursed League; and if I persist in my religion—that religion my poor mother reared me up to love sincerely—why then I shall be forsaken by all the Catholics—a fact they take care to remind me of every day of my life. *Vrai Dieu!* I only wish I were once again King of Navarre, without an acre of land, as I was formerly."

"Sire, this despondency afflicts me; be more sanguine, I entreat you. If my poor words have any power over you, dismiss such gloomy thoughts. Believe me, the future has much in store for you."

"Ah, dear Gabrielle, when I am far away over mountains and valleys, separated from those lovely eyes that beam now so brightly on me, I feel all the torments of absence—away from your presence all happiness is gone."

"Well, sire," said I, "if it is only my presence you desire to make you happy, I will follow you to the end of the world—I will go to the antipodes, the Arctic circle, anywhere."

"*Mon amie!* it is this love that alone enables me to bear all the anxieties and troubles that surround me on every side. I value it more than all the gold of Peru or the Indies; but this very love of yours, *entira* as I believe it to be, is one principal cause of my misery."

"How can that be?" said I; "I love you and will ever be constant, I swear it solemnly, Henri."

"Yes," replied he; "but do you not know that I have the honour of

being the husband of a queen, the sister of three defunct monarchs—the most abominable, the most disgraceful, the most odious——”

“Sire, you need not think about her; you are not obliged to be a witness of her conduct. Let her enjoy all her gallantries at the Castle of Usson, where her excesses have exiled her.”

“*Ventre saint gris!* cursed be the demon who dishonours me by calling herself my wife! that wretch who defiles my name and my bed, and prevents entirely all chance of my marrying the angel, the friend, whom I love so entirely—your own dear self, *mon cher cœur!*”

“Henri, my heart at least is yours.”

“Yes, dearest; but not more mine than I am yours eternally. However, are you sure, Gabrielle, that Bellegarde is entirely banished from your remembrance?”

“As much,” said I, “as if I had never known him.”

“I depend on your promise of never seeing him again; because, good-natured as I am—and I *am* good-natured—I am somewhat choleric and hot—Heaven pardon me—and if by chance I ever surprised you together, why, *vrai Dieu!* if I had my sword, I might be sorry for the consequences.”

“Sire, there is no danger; you may wear your sword for me. If such a thing ever occurred, it is I who would deserve to die.”

“Well, *ma mie*, in my absence remain at Mantes,” said he, rising; “I must advance upon Rouen; I expect a vigorous resistance, and God only knows how it will end. I leave all under your care, and invest you, fair Gabrielle, with the same power as if you were really queen—(would to Heaven you were! Ah, confound that devil of a Margot!). I will return to you as often as I can, and write frequently. Now I must say that sad word, *adieu—adieu, ma mie bienaimée.*”

I consoled the king as best I could, and after much ado he took his departure, always repeating, “*Adieu, ma mie!*” After I had heard him pass down the great gallery, I rushed to one of the windows overlooking the court-yard, and saw my gallant lover vault on horseback, accompanied by that excellent creature, Chicot, his jester, who never left him, and whom he had the misfortune soon after to lose, as the poor fellow died.

Here I must also take leave for the present of the frail but agreeable Gabrielle, and see what other attractions remain to be noticed about St Germain. The traditions of those old walls, scandalous as they be, ought to have been respected for the sake of the rank and greatness of the pleasure-loving royal sinners who had dwelt within them. But behold the melancholy wreck, the skeleton of this once *beauteous plaisance*, without a creature left within to remember that it was ever anything but a dungeon, or to point out any of those interesting local particulars so interesting to a lover of the past—no one to tell where Anne of Austria slept, or which rooms were inhabited by the Grand Monarque—where *Madamé Henriette* received her court, or where the naughty maids of honour lay their fair heads to rest—or in which apartment *Mary of Modena* and her lugubrious spouse passed so many years in an exile only terminated by death: all, all is gone!

X.

Château of Monte Cristo and Alexandre Dumas.

THERE is but little to see at Marly, but that little is very interesting to such a lover of the brocaded days of "Le Grand Monarque" as I am. On the road, not far from St. Germain, stands the same villa, belonging to Alexandre Dumas; which I have already noticed as seen from the terrace. Like any Cockney suburban habitation of Clapham Common or Blackheath, it stands close on the road—so close, indeed, that the stables are on the opposite side because there is no room for them near the house. Notwithstanding this proximity, a huge lodge flanks the gateway, out of which lodge issued a very aged dame and a dog with three legs, the latter making up by his bark what he had lost in his limbs. After having appeased the biped and the quadruped—the first with money, the last with bread—we were allowed to survey the domain of the author of "Monte Cristo."

Desolation reigned around; the walks were covered with weeds; the flower-beds a mass of decaying leaves; some of the windows of the half-finished house were closed, some blocked up by boards. The explanation being that the popular Dumas (like almost every man of talent in all ages) loves the "feast of reason and flow of soul;" or, in other words, lives beyond his means, and is immensely fond of company, but, like other celebrated authors gifted with fertile brains, he finds at last the supply can no longer meet the demand, and, therefore, rapidly tumbles into debt.

The Castle, as it is termed, is nothing but a good honest square dwelling, ornamented, or disfigured, according to different tastes, by small turrets at the corners; but castle, in good truth, it is none. However, that's not much—"what's in a name?" says Juliet—and so we will call it castle or cottage, whichever the witty proprietor chooses. It was begun on the strength of the immense success of the novel whose name it bears; and was to be kept up on the idea of a fertile brain filling Europe with similar romances; Dumas's head still reeking with the visions of Eastern splendour he had created for Dantès the Magnificent, he could not conceive anything less imposing than a castle for himself, mistaking as his own the everlasting purse with which he had supplied his marvellous hero, who could at a word create a palace like a second Aladdin, and furnish it with diamonds from Golconda or gold of Peru. So our author began to build, and to make gardens and vineyards, and to dream great things for himself in a paradise already completed in his imagination—swelling down in verdant beauty to the banks of the winding Seine.

There is a motto—but, like everything good, it is somewhat musty—"that fools build for wise men to live in;" and so found Monsieur Alexandre Dumas, for, alas! long before the castle was finished, he got into debt, and those odious brutes, his creditors—remorseless tailors and vendors of rich stuffs and gaudy hangings—neither caring nor thinking about his glorious dreams, nor of Monte Cristo, about to appear in flesh and blood, and with a palace *en suite*, in the person of the author, actually—confound the wretches!—seized on the half-finished abode to pay their disgusting bills, and dismantled the rooms which were already finished,

where Dumas had received *such réunions* from Paris, *such* loves from the Variétés, *such* tragedy-queens from the Ambigu, and actual *angels* from the Grand Opera, with hordes of authors and wits, all as poor as rats, who found the distance from Paris so mighty convenient; and the air of the château so delightful, that somehow or other they were always there. But there is a providence even for authors, unfortunately only to be observed; it is true, after they have generally laid mouldering in their graves for many a year, whither starvation or a broken heart has often sent them. But in M. Dumas's case this providence actually appeared: then and there just when he most wanted it. His admirers (and are not their name Legion?) hearing of the misadventure, and of those ruthless creditors who had besieged, and stormed, and taken possession of the castle—seizing on his Utopia while yet unfinished—actually, like good practical Christian souls, joined together and re-purchased for him the abode which was afterwards duly re-presented to him, with sundry dinings and speeches, and drinkings of wine of Champagne and Burgundy, minus only the elegant furniture he had placed in it. But, dismantled as it was, he became lord and master, and could again hope to indulge in dreams of becoming *de facto* Comte de Monte Cristo!

It was precisely in this state of semi-existence when I visited it and was conducted by the antiquated crone into the interior through a door in one of the small turrets. All around looked dismal enough; where there ought to have been hangings and drapery were only bare walls and large rusty nails, bearing fragments of tattered fringe and brocade. The fireplaces round which so many a merry riotous circle had congregated were empty and desolate, denuded even of grates, and all around bore irrefragable evidence of the cruel invaders who had sacked the castle. Enough, however, was left to show that the furniture had been magnificent, for could Monte Cristo live on aught save purple and fine linen? The distribution of the house was exceedingly good, the centre portion being divided into large saloons, fitted up with divans looking out on the beautiful plain beneath watered by the Seine, and the vine-terraced hills, with the town of St. Germain picturesquely covering the rising ground near at hand. Around these centre rooms were suites of smaller apartments which included the turrets, forming charming little cozy nooks and snuggeries.

Spite of my dislike of the exterior, I could not but admire this gracefully-contrived interior, at once so *bizarre* and so pretty, fitted up evidently with an idea of the East and all the repose and luxury required under a tropical sun and cloudless sky. One room particularly interested me—Dumas's own writing-room—containing his table and his inkstand, some papers he had left, and even the books he had read still turned down on the very page he had last perused. I looked at them with respect, and touched them with reverence, for, with all his faults and his bookmaking, no one can deny that he undoubtedly possesses the gift of genius. The very novel in memory of which the château was begun is evidence sufficient to prove that no book since the Waverley series ever spread over Europe more rapidly than did "Monte Cristo" and "Les Trois Mousquetaires." We passed to the upper story, where I found most luxurious bedrooms—rather more furniture remaining here than below—and one lovely suite of rooms, the walls carved in stone with deli-

cate and beautiful arabesque patterns, the ceilings cut also in stone, hanging in points and pendants elaborately worked. Nothing could be prettier, more thoroughly Eastern, than the effect of the dazzling white of the walls, covered as it were with a network of the finest lace—a fitting abode for beauty such as only is revealed in visions to the poet, who forthwith torments half mankind by ravishing descriptions of ideal hours. The old cicarone who accompanied me said that these carvings had been executed by Arabs, whom Dumas had brought from Africa for the purpose. There, again, was the author, imagining he possessed Fortunatus's purse, and could coin guineas as fast as he could write words. What a picture did this house present of the freaks of the imagination, and how the *creditors* must have stared when they beheld these fairy-like apartments belonging to a man that all the world knows lives, true to his craft, from hand to mouth. But, lost in pleasing delusions, he had indulged many a day-dream realising his own descriptions, and had doubtless experienced happiness untold even in the partial creation before us. In another room was his picture, dressed as the Comte—Alexandre Dumas personifying a species of honest Cagliostro! This was eminently ridiculous—the very apex of vanity—and *rich* in the highest degree. Poor Dumas! he must have been very far gone indeed! I did pity him.

But another exquisite display of vanity was yet reserved to me. On reaching the garden, I was conducted by a small path towards what the Cerberus in charge called “the Island of Monte Cristo.” I had seen many wonders, but this beat them all. The island—well, I should see—I looked round. I perceived neither water nor island, nor any probability of either, as we were walking up the side of a hill; but I had looked too far; I had miscalculated the extent of the territory, and taken too literally the creation of Dumas's brain. For the island was before me, separated from the ground on which we stood by a ditch about a foot broad, crossed by a plank!

It is a fine thing to have a brilliant imagination; it is, indeed, a real blessing, for with such a gift the Barmecides' feast would be greater than a Lord Mayor's banquet! Monsieur Dumas seems imbued with this qualification to no ordinary extent: he sees in this minute ditch a mighty, rushing, rolling ocean—the blue Mediterranean dashing on the beach of Marseilles, for instance; in this plank, magnificent arches of marble spanning the rising waves; and on the space enclosed by the mighty breakers (in reality about a dozen yards square), no other than the island on which stands the Château d'If, that rocky majestic mass rising from the Mediterranean, crowned with its antique castles within whose dungeons Dantès, *alias* Monte Cristo, sighed!

And there is a building also on the small plot of ground, to make the delusion perfect in good sooth; and it is castellated, and has small towers and arched windows, very like, in form and appearance, a castle made of chocolate. But the most wonderful part of the whole is that every brick forming this building is inscribed with a name, and each name is the title of some book written by Alexandre Dumas, by right of creation Comte de Monte Cristo! Having built the edifice and thus inscribed his works on the walls, they are immortalised, and will live, like some Roman remains, for ever—if the damp will allow the walls to stand.

This most singular display of literary vainglory struck me as one of the very drollest devices that had ever visited an author's brain, and, moreover, exceedingly *Gallic* in character. Only imagine Lord Brougham seated in a garden pavilion in his retreat at Cannes, with the names of all the trials in which he had pleaded inscribed on the bricks: why, when he returned to London, H. B. would annihilate him with caricatures! But Dumas indulges his eccentricity in all tranquillity, and I read the name of many an old favourite, such as "La Reine Margot," "Impressions de Voyage," &c., set forth in this strange catalogue. Within this building is a room, and this is the summer writing-room of Dumas, where, reposing amid his laurels, he sits enthroned, greater and prouder far than Marius amid the ruins of Carthage. When Dumas retires to the island of Monte Cristo (only hear how grand that sounds), he is not to be disturbed on any consideration. With much solemnity the small plank—*alias* majestic bridge—is pompously removed, and as no mortal can traverse alive the terrific torrent flowing between the mainland of flower-beds and the island of weeds, his solitude *must* be respected, and Dumas sits down peacefully to compose one of his most amusing books. He feels—he knows he is the Comte himself: there is his portrait, and his imagination is fired by the magnificent idea!

Duns may arrive cursing, bearing their bills—actresses in despair come from the Comédie Française to crave an audience—the last new ballet-dancer, about whom all Paris raves, may have journeyed all the way from the capital to ask a flourishing critique in the *Charivari*—publishers, great in pomp and circumstance, may fly it from the railroad in rapid haste (a publisher never was seen in any other state but that of extreme and palpitating heat and bustle)—the Emperor himself might be without—all would be vain. *Le Comte de Monte Cristo est chez lui*, and neither angel from heaven nor mortal from the world beneath can be admitted—his solitude must be respected.

But in all sober seriousness, the whole affair—the château, the island, and all—was most diverting; and whoever would study the full and free development of literary folly and vanity, should pay a visit to this place. If they do not return amused, I will never more take pen in hand. The visit was now concluded, and we returned to the gate, reconducted by the same animals who had greeted our arrival. The stables, on the opposite side of the narrow road, are of a size suitable to the stud of a prince, or Lord Chesterfield before he was ruined. Fortunately for the purse and credit of Dumas, they are not finished, for if they had been tenanted, as he intended, with dozens of Arab steeds fresh from the desert, *via* the last steamer from Algeria, perhaps his faithful friends and admirers would have found it impossible to re-purchase the domain, if horse-racing, steeple-chases, and betting had been added to the other extravagances of the imaginary Comte de Monte Cristo. I continued my way to Marly, deeply reflecting upon the state of delusion the brain of a man deemed to be sane can arrive at.

XI.

Marly—Madame de Maintenon—Death of the First Dauphin—Reception—Duchesse de Bourgogne—The Second Dauphin.

A PRETTY hilly road, passing through vineyards, and a smiling cultivated tract of country, conducts one in about an hour to the village that gave a name to the palace situated on the side of one of the hills bordering the Seine. Descending from this point, I found myself in a narrow valley, completely shut in by rising ground, and thickly planted with trees. This was once the park, or wood—a secluded, peaceful spot, where the first rays of the sun fall on warm sunny nooks, bluebells, thyme, and primroses carpet the mossy ground and thickly-wooded sloping banks, where the tender leaves of the beech and the hazel burst forth, dotted upon a background of deep green firs and evergreens, all sheltered from the wind. Avenues still extend in various directions, old fantastic-looking trees, that have lived to see the destruction of the palace they were planted to adorn, an open space in the centre of these woods, and some deep ditches, now overgrown with grass, indicate the spot that must once have been a garden, planted in the prim solemn taste of that day, ornamented with balustrades, statues, clipped hedges, terraces and fountains—a scene where even nature was subjected to etiquette, and the very trees and flowers arrayed for court, and forced into grotesque and unnatural shapes to meet the royal eye.

When Louis fixed on Marly as the spot where a new residence was to be erected, Le Nôtre and the courtiers were in despair. "To select a morass, a gorge, where all the springs and water from the surrounding hills collected, a spot without any view, encircled by hills, and in so unhealthy a situation!" But the monarch had spoken, and like the laws of the Medes and Persians, his word was not to be withdrawn. "He was tired," he replied, "of the splendour of Versailles" (barely then completed), "and he wanted a *bijou*—*un rien enfin*—wherein to retire from the crowd and formality of the other palaces—a place to sleep at three nights in the week, accompanied only by a few of his particular friends." Louis was in a melancholy mood, and this situation just suited the passing whim. But under the directions of Le Nôtre the idea of a royal hermitage was soon forgotten, and millions were squandered on what was to cost originally "absolutely nothing." Full-grown trees were brought from the forest of Compiègne with vast labour, and the expense of draining the marshy soil and elevating the waters of the Seine to a proper height to supply the numerous cascades and *jets d'eau* dispersed about the grounds was enormous. So a palace, magnificent and beautiful, at length appeared, built somewhat in the Italian, or villa style, to favour the royal fancy of a rural retirement, composed of various pavilions connected by colonnades and arches. I cannot but commend the good taste of Louis in selecting this retired valley for a summer retreat. Certainly, here is no view, no distance; but Louis was tired of prospects and sights of all kinds, and this verdant, sheltered spot, completely shut in by hills, must have been a charming nest during the summer heats.

Towards the end of the reign of Louis XIV., Marly became his favourite residence, when he became that artificial, pompous autocrat,

whose affectations have actually impregnated and characterised the age in which he lived. Let us view him and his court as they appeared here, and endeavour to repeople this solitude, to rebuild those fallen walls, and fill them with some of the most interesting characters that figured there.

Nothing could be a greater proof of royal favour than to be included in the *petits voyages de Marly*, as they were called—an honour more desired and sought after by the subservient *noblesse* than even a riband or an appointment. The lists of the invited—the favoured few—were made out in the king's own hand, and happy were those included among the number—including, of course, the name of the reigning *maitresse en titre*, be she the proud Montespan or the hypocritical Maintenon. This latter reigned here supreme, and no one could hope for admission who was not high in her favour—or at least of that of her waiting-woman, Mademoiselle Balbieu, or her especial cronies, the Jesuits. But to the princes and princesses, going to Marly was a fearful infliction. Etiquette forced them to go *bon gré mal gré*. Ill or well, there they must be, or the royal sun (Louis's proud device) withdrew its life-imparting beams, and they languished in hyperborean darkness, exposed to all the tremblings and the horrors felt by the ancients at a total eclipse. Unhappy royal family! One really pities their sufferings.

The Duchesse de Berry, that wanton daughter of the profligate regent, might plead her interesting situation, and the positive commands of Fagon, the Locock of that day, not to move. No matter—her name was on the list, and go she must. She hinted to the king, her grandfather, that she feared it would be impossible, and begged him to have her excused on this one occasion only. Her mother, the Duchesse d'Orléans, rose from her *chaise longue*, where her indolent habits generally kept her, and told him the same in still plainer language, with no better result. At length, as a last resource, Madame de Maintenon, then, as I have said, in all her glory, was applied to, and she seriously represented to him the danger of disobeying the commands of Fagon. But, incredible to believe, the selfish old monarch would listen to no one, and ended by becoming so seriously angry that every one was glad to drop the subject, and poor Madame la Duchesse was dragged there in a boat!

On another occasion the Comte de Toulouse, an illegitimate son of the king's, was suffering woefully, and enduring agonies of pain, but he was obliged to leave his bed and accompany his father, who, in this instance, risked his life rather than sacrifice a point of etiquette. Well might poor Marie Antoinette afterwards cry out, in the bitterness of her soul, "Oh, etiquette! etiquette! I shall die of etiquette!"

What a picture of a stiff, solemn old tyrant was Louis in his old age! dreaded by his own children and grandchildren to an extent almost incredible, and exercising over them the most absolute control! Hated in his kingdom, where his bigotry had lit up the most deadly religious warfare by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, deluging the south in blood and horrors only paralleled by the sufferings of the Albigenses, he himself, in his turn, was thoroughly victimised by that cunning Madame de Maintenon, now his wife, who, by alarming his conscience with religious fears, and calling up before him in dread array the remembrance of his youthful excesses, so terrified the aged voluptuary that he passively

acquiesced in the sway she and her allies, the Jesuits, exercised over the whole court, which became as gloomy and as puritanical—at least outwardly—as it had before been brilliant and dissipated. The sudden and unaccountable deaths that occurred in his family also threw a deep shade over the closing years of his reign, and it was to Marly the court retreated for a time after these melancholy events. For Madame de Maintenon, or *Maintenant*, as she was wittily called, was fond of Marly, which was built two years after her private marriage with the king. She herself superintended the erection of the palace and the adornment of the gardens, which she much preferred to those of Versailles, and often was the *ci-devant* widow Scarron to be seen seated in her sedan-chair, while the king, hat in hand, like a valet, stood beside her, or bent over the door in conversation with her.

But a solemn announcement was made of a certain day when the king would receive the royal family in mantles and mantelets, seated or not seated on *fauteuils* and *tabourets* as became their rank, and the disputes that this gave rise to are most diverting. The Duc du Maine, Louis's eldest son by De Montespan, already indulging in those dreams of future sovereignty which caused him to risk his life in an attempt to be appointed regent in place of the Duc d'Orléans, now insisted that as he and his sisters were also brethren of the deceased dauphin, they ought to appear in that character on this occasion of lugubrious gala. Louis, neither weak nor infirm enough at that time to contemplate his subsequent act of legitimising the progeny of an adulterous connexion, was astonished at the demand, but referred the question to Madame de Maintenon, who, ever ready to favour her old pupil and favourite the Duc du Maine, at once obliged him to consent to this scandalous proceeding. Great was the astonishment of the court, and many were the groups and knots of courtiers formed in the long avenues to discuss so extraordinary an infraction of precedence and etiquette.

But it was decreed. That king who conceived that "*l'Etat c'est moi*" had spoken, and the fiat was irrevocable. After dinner Louis retired to his apartments, and at two o'clock precisely the folding-doors were thrown open to admit the court. He was standing with his hat under his arm, with his right hand on the table nearest the door. How charmed the Grand Monarque must have been to possess so excellent a Boswell as is the Duc de St. Simon, who, as my readers see, omits not the slightest particular in portraying the king "in his very habit as he lived!"

The Duc and Duchesse de Bourgogne entered first, having now, by the death of his father, become Dauphin and Dauphiness; then came the Duc de Berry and his exceedingly disreputable wife; next advanced the Duc and Duchesse d'Orléans, seldom seen together except on grand occasions like the present, as he had rather a horror of "Madame Lucifer's" tongue—his conduct certainly tending to provoke most lively conjugal reproaches; they were followed by the aspirants to legitimation, the deformed Duc du Maine, with his brother, the Comte de Toulouse, now placed by the influence of Madame de Maintenon on a perfect level with the honestly-born members of the royal family. This great card once played, they already saw themselves legally disfranchised from the shame of their birth.

All the company, arrayed in black mantles and mantelets, arranged themselves in a semicircle round the king, who was also dressed in deep mourning, with one of the most ponderous of wigs, arranged in curls falling almost to his waist. The poor widows were very badly used on this occasion, for although allowed to form part of the circle, they were deprived of that much-to-be-desired vestment of honour, the mantle, and only allowed to wear small veils.

Such was the crowd of black garments, that Marly looked like a vast rookery. Other duchesses of renown, *but* not always of virtue, followed; then came ladies of rank; and the foreign ambassadors, who, arriving rather late, were very ill placed in consequence. Behind them followed Monsignor the Archbishop of Rheims, with his attendant myrmidons, in the shape of divers priests and deacons; and after him dozens of other dukes, and prelates, and grandees of all nations and languages, crowding into the room where the king received each in turn. On approaching the royal presence, all bowed profoundly; which salute the king was observed to return in a most marked manner to those who were happy enough to have handles to their names, hardly noticing those unfortunate individuals wanting that distinction. After the reception came the visits, and those who were obliged by etiquette to receive them hurried to their various apartments to appear in their turn with befitting dignity. Nothing could exceed the confusion; people rushed in at one door and out of the other, passing from Madame la Duchesse to Madame la Princesse, with a rapidity that scarcely allowed time for the *révérences de règle*. The next day a grand visit of ceremony was made to St. Germain to the unfortunate James and his queen, then residing there; and here the difficulties as to who should wear mantles and who should only have mantelets, and who should sit on *fauteuils*, and who were to be contented with *tabourets*, increased to such an alarming extent, that even the king himself despaired of coming to any satisfactory arrangement, and the matter ended by the whole party, including kings, queens, and princesses, standing on their feet, and, after exchanging a few formal phrases of condolence, separating, to the mutual relief of every one concerned.

What a life!—what a picture of court misery do these details present! As I paced up and down the avenues of Marly, how vain appeared all the pomp and vanity of courts and crowns with their intrigues and *tracasseries* before the calm, immovable face of nature. These painted beauties and powdered heads are all long since laid low in the dust, mouldering with the native soil; and all that remains to bear witness of the vain strife that occupied their frivolous lives, are these hills, these flowery banks, and umbrageous trees—nothing but the setting of the picture to which they formed the foreground!

THE VILLAGE PRIEST.

IN Upper Suabia, wherever the meadows are most flourishing, and the bright streams rustle through the valleys, or where a sunny acclivity rises, and fine woods and luxuriant crops are in the vicinity, there a monastic building generally stands. The white walls and lofty gables look from a distance stately enough; but when you draw nearer, you see that the court-yards are desolate, the spacious rooms serve only as haylofts, and the sparrows build their nests in the carved work of the palace of the prelates. Not unfrequently the hand of destruction has fallen still more heavily on these abodes of peace: the main building is in ruins, the cloister broken down and blocked up. It is true that the people have adhered to the Catholic faith, but the holy fathers and sisters are no longer to be seen; nothing is left them of their rich property save six feet of gravestone within the cloister: the rest belongs to the children of the world. The well-preserved church, with its slate-covered roof, alone shows that the new heirs will not give up the eternal treasures of the church although they have robbed her of the temporal.

Frequently an old fruit-tree, that is gradually dying, puts forth a young shoot that is strong and healthy; and if this young tree does not produce such fair and perfect fruit, still it is of the same species. Similarly from the old monastic buildings a new life has sprung up, less holy, but equally important. The art of cultivating gardens, of ingrafting noble fruit-trees, of housing abundant crops in proper succession, has been inherited by the free peasant, who once served as a dependent in the halls of the monastery; in the lofty rooms the brewer is busily engaged, who has robbed the monks of their richest fields and their noblest abode; in the cloister the cobbler raps and the smith hammers, and hence—probably because the prosperity in the village surrounding this monastery is greater than elsewhere—a solemn peace rests on the whole and consecrates their toil.

Such a convent, then, is Hochmünster.

The widely-extended buildings are built on a gently rising acclivity; the wall of the garden, surrounding the convent on three sides, is here and there demolished or broken down; but the front wing of the building that runs along the high road has been carefully preserved. There not a stone or a brick is absent; but in the lower story the little round window-panes have been removed, and the refectory has been rendered lighter. It is still a refectory, save that instead of tender nuns nibbling at their toothsome sweetmeats, or sipping wine of their own growth, the carrier now has the strongest beer standing before him, and the traveller praises the rough culinary skill of the brewer's wife. To the right of the main building a piece of the garden-wall has even been removed, and given place to a gracefully-formed iron gate, behind which a newly-built, small, though elegant cottage stands. On the frontage, a vine spreads over an espalier, and in the little garden tulips and hyacinths glisten. It can be easily seen that the proprietor of this cottage must have plenty of time on his hands, and from the grey-haired turnspit, that lies undisturbed before the door, the conclusion may be drawn that this is a nook wherein parents or a grandmother are spending their closing days

in peace, while the business in the convent opposite is left to younger hands.

It must be Easter time, for in the taproom and in the court-yard, as well as at the entrance to the cottage, fresh May is fastened up; here and there a maid hurries from one house to the other with a cake; in the "nook," an active woman of some forty years of age is tripping up and down stairs, and has so much to say and to order, that herself and her two maids scarcely know what to set about first. An important guest was evidently expected, for the little woman is at one moment down on the ground-floor with grandmamma, asking advice; then she stands in the centre of the best room on the first floor, and admires her own handiwork, how white her curtains are, and how cleverly she has arranged everything; or she walks again and again to the window, whence a long stretch of the road can be seen across the green crops and the yellow rape-fields, and each wanderer, each vehicle can be recognised. At length she even calls to Ernestine and Marie, and asks, "Is everything exactly as my Alois likes it?" To the maids' affirmative reply she then adds, "For my son returns to-day as priest, and all must therefore be doubly clean and proper. I should like to know why he has not arrived long ago." She stood against the window—"But there's nothing coming of any sort along the dusty road. I shall have time to go over to my sister's for a moment, to see if they are so far in their kitchen. Maria, you'll stop here and look out of window. Call me if you see anything even at a distance."

Said and done. The maid stood faithfully too at the window and watched most carefully, but nothing came along the road that would occasion her to call her mistress. But while she was looking out in front, a young man approached along the footpath through the beech forest that almost runs down to the garden wall, and is only separated by a narrow clover-field; he unfastened the back door gently, and then walked slowly, and looking round carefully, as if he would greet every bush and tree, up to the house—yes, he even allowed himself time to cast a glance into the cloister, were it as a reminiscence of this playground of his youth, were it to look for some one by whom he would have been gladly greeted first. It could be seen at first sight that the young man was an ecclesiastic; still he was not attractive either through a very handsome figure or by elegant features; he looked younger than he could be in accordance with his calling, and had the slow, placid action of a passionless man. It was not till he stood on the threshold of his home, and the old dog Belle made several fruitless attempts to leap up to him, and he bent down to pat the delighted animal, that his features beamed with good-nature and became really handsome. He first went into the ground-floor room, the grandmother's sanctum; she was seated at the window in the warm sunshine, had just laid her spectacles and prayer-book aside, and was now slumbering. Alois remained in the doorway and affectionately regarded the old lady's tranquil features. She was dressed in her Sunday gown, evidently in honour of her expected grandson. He did not move, but wiped a tear from his bright eyes, which he now kept wide open, though usually wont to let them fall; but the turnspit dog could not be restrained from announcing the visitor, and kept barking round the grandmother till she awoke. "Come nearer, my son!" she said, in a gentle voice, which, however, had not yet lost any of its metallic clang—

"come hither, for my limbs have refused me their service for many a month. Oh! how fervently have I already thanked God for suffering me to live to see this day!"

Alois had drawn nearer, knelt on the stool before his grandmother, and held her hand firmly, while she laid the other on his head, and said, affectionately, "The Lord bless you; you have been a joy to your parents, and will be here to close my eyes. Henceforth we shall be together in life and in death!"

Now the mother rushed into the room, quite red with haste and delight, and cried, "Alois, Alois! have you really come? It is really too bad: for three hours I never left the window, that I might be the first to see you, and when I went away for a moment, then you must come. Had an angel rendered you invisible? The stupid Marie!" she exclaimed, between the kisses with which she now welcomed her only child. She turned her son round and round in delight to see whether he was as handsome and healthy as she had always thought him. "But everything's out of order to-day," she said, quite lost in her examination; "the brother-in-law has driven as far as Erbrechtingen to meet you, and now you come on foot! and how hungry and tired you must be!"

She now drew him, despite his half repugnance, away from the grandmother, and conducted him into the drawing-room that was prepared for his reception. "For," she said, "you must feel again for once that there's nothing like a mother's care. See here, all is as you like it." Yes, she even wished to take his shoes off when he stretched himself at his ease on the newly-covered sofa, for he had in truth had a long walk. He, however, prevented her with a smile, and said, "No, dear mother, our Lord and master said, 'I have not come to be served, but to serve others.'" She did not let herself be thwarted, though, so easily. "Ah!" she replied, "our Lord only meant that spiritually; in actual life he was waited upon by Martha and her sisters." Alois raised his finger threateningly, and said, "Oh, mother, mother, what remarks are those for a lady whose son will be appointed priest and dispenser of the sacraments in this place next Sunday?" She only answered him with kisses, and he was forced to submit, and allow her at least to put on his slippers: "For," she said, "even if you now are our clergyman, and your mother must confess to you, still you are my child, my own flesh and blood, which God cannot take from me. Nor would He wish to do so, for our Saviour's last words were for His mother. He had still time to think of her, when He bore the burden of the world and the bitterness of death."

Alois shook his head. She would not suffer him to speak, however, but continued: "And now I am doubly jealous of my maternal rights, for even if I gladly give to the church the things that belong to it, little Luise will now come and want her share of your heart. And she will play the part of your bride at your installation, grandmother settled it so. But have you seen the child yet? she usually followed you about like a pet lamb."

"No!" the son replied. "I looked into the cloisters in passing, where the child usually played, but I saw no one."

"Well! that would be pretty!" the mother cried, "if the child were now to play about as she did four years ago. Luise is now twelve years old, and must help her mother; else it would be said that the children

and grandchildren of the brewers in Hockmünster were badly brought up—but the child has grown beautiful.” More beautiful than all the rest, she was about to add; but she checked the remark, because there was a gentle and modest tap at the door, and on her saying “Come in,” the little Luise walked into the room. The girl remained standing by the stove and grew red as fire, while she made a confused curtsey and murmured a few incoherent words—a species of address which her mother had taught her, because it was no longer proper that Luise should treat Alois in the same off-handed way as before. Alois regarded her with pleasure, but appeared to have no inclination to help her out of her embarrassment, nor did her aunt. The girl curtseyed several times; but then rushed suddenly to her cousin, and said, “To-morrow and the next day I may be as usual, mayn’t I, Alois? But I will kiss you, as the other really betrothed folks do.”

He caught her in his arms, kissed her forehead, and let her do all she pleased like the wild girl she was; for in spite of her good education and her constant amiable battle with her aunt, as the only child of the rich brewer and farmer, she was sadly spoiled. It is true her father always opposed it when mother and aunt dressed the child up so, and on this day she was obliged to wear a washed-out cotton frock, in spite of the festive occasion; but to make up for it, her mother had plaited her abundant black hair in the most graceful manner, and her collar and apron were the finest that could be procured, and her aunt, to oppose her brother-in-law’s obstinacy, had given the girl her own silver arrow, and fastened it in her hair. By the time the mother, who had retired a little while to attend to the dinner, returned, Alois and Luise were on the best possible terms, and greeted the brewer’s wife with shouts of joy, who had now finished her toilette and come in. Then they went down, as was usual on holidays, to the grandmother’s room, and seated themselves round the amply-covered board. On such a day the whole house, according to old custom, must live on the fat of the land; yes, even the grandmother’s canary, which always chirruped the louder the merrier people were round the table, was doubly fed by Luise this day. The mixture of education and great rustic simplicity which is here revealed among the inhabitants of Hochmünster, is usually manifested in such wise.

The wealth that has purchased church lands brings no peril to its possessor, for it is still closely connected with the honest daily labour, and brings in its train a multitude of traditional duties. The rich man must always exercise beneficence towards others, and possess wealth as if he had it not. Nor is it proper, according to old custom, which the farmer dare least of all infringe, to display wealth in any other fashion than for the church and the most important festivals of life—when a human being is born, marries, or dies. The same man on whom, probably, the whole parish is dependent, must be the first about in the house, and is not respected unless he can manage a plough better than any of his lad; the housewife, too, who has all her cupboards and chests full, would be considered badly brought up if she did not spin a new piece of linen every winter and put it to the rest, or if she tried to make herself conspicuous through a different style of dress; the most permitted would be a more elegant cap, and a necklace of real pearls bequeathed by her parents. This restriction, with which all feel happy, is handed down

from generation to generation almost like a tyrannical law. Even with reference to marriage, an old tradition prevails which cannot be easily deserted even when it is painful; for these healthy minds and nerves do not comprehend that a heart can be broken by unsatisfied love. They marry extremely rarely out of their rank, and whenever there are two daughters and no son in a family, the one must marry a well-to-do farmer for house and home, while the other, if she will not leave the place, they are glad to betroth to the schoolmaster, so that the whole spiritual and temporal authority may be in the hands of one family, which then regards it as the highest boast that a son of the schoolmaster may be consecrated to the church at an early age, and as soon as he has reached the canonical age be made the clergyman of their village, for then their position is rendered as firm as a rock. Even the government must hold these farmers in high esteem, for although they, as far as they are personally concerned, decline to be sent as representatives to the Chamber, still they decide the elections through their influence, and on the slightest show of unfair treatment they easily become very dangerous, through a purely conservative temper united to an obstinate resistance, while ever finding a support in the silent power of the church.

Such a family was that of the Lamparters of Hochmünster, in the old conventual times, farmers, and now independent proprietors of the finest fields and forests around. The family name had alone been altered since the death of the grandfather, as there were two daughters, of whom the younger had married a rich man, Luise's father, for house and home, while the elder, obeying her affections, had accepted the school-teacher Winkler. As the latter, however, died at an early age, the wife devoted herself entirely to nursing the grandmother, and awaited patiently and in cheerful activity the moment when Alois, her son, who had been educated in the convent, would satisfy the pride of the family by becoming the clergyman of Hochmünster. The village priest had died several years before, but the grandmother had maintained her connexion with the clergy with redoubled zeal, and the brewer, as member of the Chamber, had also done his share to keep the living open and have its duties discharged by proxy till Alois had received the third ordination. Now things had come thus far, and he would be solemnly presented as priest of Hochmünster on the next Sunday.

In the "nook" and the convent everything of course was in full activity: by the occasion of this festival the wealth of the family would be really displayed. The brother-in-law drove himself, with his handsome horses and silver-mounted appointments, all around in the vicinity to invite guests and clergymen; the wife opened her most precious stores, for the suffragan was going to be her most honoured guest; the mother, however, had enough to attend to in preparing Luise's dress, and not forgetting herself at the same time. Alois, too, possessed a disposition that fortunately ripened but slowly, which, so to say, awaited its proper seasons. He did not wish when a lad to be a youth, when a youth to be a man, when a man to be forced to be an old man. He could consequently oppose the equanimity of a quiet temper to everything that sought to thwart him or lead him astray; he was never embittered or insulted, and believed faithfully in the better angel that governed his fellow-men. This store of blessed love, and the active good humour in

which he resembled his mother, he had ever seen closely united with the prayers and actions of the church, and the habit of regarding himself from childhood dedicated to God did not allow him to regard as a heavy resignation what this church imposed on its servants. He had, probably, never reflected that marriage was a blessing, the portal to which would be ever closed against him, and his warm feelings were poured out over the whole family, with whom he had grown up in peace and union. He especially felt a devoted love for his grandmother, who confirmed him in return in his simple manners through her pious, sensible mind.

During the day he was not visible, and even his impatient mother did not dare disturb him; in the evening he wandered up and down under the fresh verduring trees in the garden; but then he even escaped from his fellow-beings, and paid little attention to the deep respect with which the maids and peasant wives saluted him: for to a woman's mind a young Catholic clergyman ever appears a martyr and a sacrifice, who renounces the world to keep the road to Heaven open for hearts less capable of making such sacrifices.

Thus the festal day approached.

As many remote farms and cottages are contained in such a parish as Hochmünster, the bell is rung a full hour before the commencement of the service. These sounds aroused Alois, who had prayed and fasted the whole night through, from his meditations. He opened the window towards the garden, and looked out on the prospect. The mists were still slowly gathering on the verge of the forest, but the sun had gained the victory, and shone through the quivering, gently moving fruit-trees in the garden. His eyes rested on his mother with a smile, who was already dressed in her holiday attire, and adorned with her heavy gold chain, seated on a bench in the garden and weaving a garland. This art is famously understood round Hochmünster, as every one adorns the church, the grave, and the merry-makers with flowers; this day, however, the mother had stripped her favourite tree, a cherry, planted and tended by herself, and which no one else was allowed to touch, and was twining the snow-white blossom into a wreath. Alois was perfectly aware that this ornament was intended for Luise, and that when the garland was finished he would have no time left to follow his meditations. He had, however, much too great a respect for every old tradition to think it any interference when, at last, his mother and aunt, both smiling through their tears, came in to him and conducted him solemnly down to the grandmother.

He here found a numerous company of colleagues and elders of his own parish in a half-circle round the grandmother's chair; to the left of them stood Luise, dressed in white, with the white wreath in her black hair. Alois was silently welcomed by the company, and then led to the right hand of the grandmother, who placed his hand in Luise's, and said: "It is a primitive custom in this village that the priest who comes fresh to us should on this day of honour be wedded to the merriest girl among us in a truly spiritual marriage. As this child is pure, so shall the priest devote himself to purity, for he must not separate from life, but unite himself in firm bonds with all that is blessed and divine in this life, that, while on earth, he may be in heaven. 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' He that is thrice holy commands, 'for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.' Thus shall a child lead you this day before the altar, and you shall watch your whole life through over this child like a faithful

guardian, and when God gives her a husband you shall speak the holy blessing over both. This is the meaning of my deed, these the duties you undertake, and I will bless you both, as was the custom of our fathers and forefathers."

She held her hands over Alois and Luise, who had knelt down, and no one dared to interrupt the silence which now ensued, till the bells began afresh, as a signal for the procession to church. The boys and girls and school-children of the village had in the mean while collected and arranged themselves in front of the house. With music, garlands, and swinging of flags, the procession started, with the brewer at the head, as soon as Alois and Luise had stationed themselves beneath the baldachin of flowers which four lads in white surplices and with gilt censers held over them. The grandmother smiled from the window at the mingled mass, which proceeded to church with a merry marriage-march, and looked after it until the church door was closed upon the last devotee. Then she sank back on her chair and prayed loudly, as the sounds of the organ reached her ear, for the welfare of her house. The day after this festival, which was commenced seriously and closed in merriment, Alois had already returned to his usual quiet course. He remained where he had formerly lived, in the "nook" with his mother and grandmother, that he might not drive the sister of the deceased clergyman from the vicarage, in which she had grown old, and then immediately commenced his regular duties. He did not require to gain the confidence of his parishioners, for they all had known him from childhood, and lightened his labour, as they willingly let him seek for and find them. The comfortable circumstances of his family supported him in his charitable actions, and his mother's practical sense ever found a way that led to the right end. But whenever Alois found anything the matter among his parishioners in which his own experience was deficient, it was always the grandmother who strengthened and guided him, so that he often exclaimed, "Oh, home, dear home, how much you can offer a man who is permitted to exercise his calling in you; how terrible it must be to be isolated!" The rest of his daily labour also soon fell into a regular course, and was fairly proportioned between working and recreation. When he had completed the duties of his vocation, he taught little Luise, who now lived with the grandmother below, for her father would no longer keep her in his house, where she heard and saw more than was proper. In the evening, however, if the fresh air did not induce him to a ramble, he could seat himself quietly, and without any one blaming him for it, in the little private room at the Brewery, where he conversed sensibly with the burgomaster, and thus by degrees felt his way to all the circumstances connected with the parish, or played his game at whist with some of his colleagues in the vicinity. These visits to the Brewery were also specially to Luise's taste, whom the quiet at her grandmother's did not particularly please, for then she was permitted to go over to her parents, and wait on the gentlemen in the little room, for which she was continually teased by them, and always called the "priest's wife,"—an expression which was soon common through the whole village.

Thus Alois's life flowed on regularly for nearly two years; and even if this stream glided on for a while more slowly and silently under the overhanging bushes because the grandmother had at last departed, still

this event made less alteration in the young clergyman's daily life than might have been expected. He kept up now, as before, his conversation with the departed, and cheered himself by the remembrance of her wise life, which had always remained happy, even when necessity and sorrow bowed her down the most; but he gave himself now redoubled trouble with Luise, because she had given up her wild humours and was a busy student: it is true she also became bashful and thoughtful, but with him she was open; her soul lay before him like a bright day, and she and the mother lived in constant rivalry to treat the priest with affectionate attention.

This calm relation, this equanimity of their minds, suffered no wishes to be felt which might not be satisfied. Alois's mind resembled a well-fitted engine, in which every wheel works upon the other with regular movement, and thence something healthy and enduring is formed. He did not require to suppress any human feelings, because they mutually supported each other; so that he was neither forced to taste the worm-wood of asceticism, nor sip the intoxicating cup of passion. Through a happy accident some further circumstances happened to furnish him with recreation. He had great talent for mathematics, and amused himself with them in many a disengaged hour, but he still wanted some introduction into deeper studies. The more pleasantly was he surprised, on going to the Brewery one evening, to meet there several strong *employés*, who were going to survey the whole of that part of the country, and had chosen Hochmünster as their head-quarters for several months, because it was a central spot. A more favourable opportunity to make up the deficiencies in his knowledge could not have been offered. Alois He therefore went daily, and often much earlier than usual, to the Brewery, and soon somewhat neglected Luise's education, who did not however deem it necessary to warn him on this subject. For she would sooner be in the Brewery and listen to the conversation of the strange gentlemen, whom her beauty pleased, so that they made many a remark to her which remained flatteringly in her ear, and on her mind. The elegant manners of the townspeople, which she now saw for the first time and felt delighted with, made a deep impression upon her—she could not have been one of Eve's daughters.

Alois devoted himself passionately to his studies, for the time of his teachers' stay appeared to him too short. Alois, who usually had done everything leisurely, now yielded for the first time to over-excessive zeal, and to the failing of all learned men, that, while calculating and measuring, he no longer saw so clearly all that took place in his immediate neighbourhood; else he must have perceived that one of the strangers, whom he himself liked best of all, a former artillery officer, but who had now entered the civil service, paid Luise more attention than mere politeness demanded: it must have surprised him, still more, that the girl, who usually spoke about everything with him, was silent when he mentioned the stranger, while at other times she would only too gladly make her witty remarks about every guest in the Brewery. The mother certainly had her eyes open: but the handsome man pleased her too; and as the attachment was still a secret, though the lieutenant was universally respected and in excellent circumstances, she kept her thoughts on the subject to herself, and left it to the future, without conversing with her son on the subject. Thus week after week passed, the

engineering commission was gradually preparing to leave, and Alois hence remained each evening the longer with his friends, so that he usually came home after midnight, and in a state of great excitement, when his family had long been asleep. The more was he surprised when he saw, a few days before that appointed for the strangers' departure, a light still burning in his kitchen, though the watchman had long called twelve o'clock. He consequently threw a glance through the half-open door. Luise was sitting on a bench, with a light almost burned out, and was crying. It was, however, no May rain of happiness, no overflow of delight and blessed feelings; these were the bitter tears of despair, shed by a young creature who considers everything lost because she does not yet know the power of time and of the will.

It is true that, at sight of the unexpected apparition, Luise sought to conceal her tears, and pretended to be engaged with some domestic duty; but when he walked in mildly and affectionately, and questioned her as to the cause of her sorrow, she could no longer keep it to herself, but threw herself passionately on his breast: "Oh! help me, Alois; you alone can aid me. He kissed me to-day, for the first time. Father saw it, and reprimanded me severely—I must not believe that he would let a man of higher rank than ourselves marry into his family. Oh! do not be so silent, Alois; say that I must not quite despair," she cried, as he frigidly let the hand fall which he had thrown round her neck. "See, the lieutenant is so good: you yourself preferred him to all the rest, else I should not have lifted my eyes to him." With difficulty Alois collected himself so far that he could utter the words, "And you love him too?"

"Ah, so dearly!" cried Luise, and regarded him imploringly, that he should answer her. He forced himself to a smile, and said: "Go sleep, my child. Such a weighty affair requires reflection and calmness. Remember that hope and love can conquer everything."

He kissed her, and clasped her tightly in his arms. Then he went up-stairs. They appeared to totter beneath him; and when he reached his room he threw himself on the ground and tried to pray. He could not, however. Luise's image rose like a kobold between him and the Eternal Spirit whose presence he sought. The desolateness, the drought and horror of isolation fell upon him. He had felt himself secure, and wished nothing which he ought not to wish. Now his desires grew to a gigantic size, and with every wish the crime grew deeper dyed. He endured it no longer: he must go out into the gloom of night: he dare not see any one before he had recovered himself, for he felt clearly, after wandering far through the forest, and the coolness of dawn struck his forehead and moistened his hair, that he was wandering like a lost sheep, in open rebellion against the Lord to whom he was devoted; against the decrees of the church to which he had sworn fealty. When he again walked homewards in the bright light of day, slowly and with hesitation, he was enabled to acquire an artificial calmness. Still it was no sacrifice of the mind offered in obedience—it was merely an external adherence to the laws of duty; in the background wishes and thoughts were banded to which he did not dare yield. He knew that the brewer would come to him at an early hour; and it was so. The anxious father was already awaiting him, and must have gone through a scene with his excited daughter, for when Alois entered, Luise was seated, tearless, with

burning eyes, opposite her father, and saying, angrily and undutifully, "Him, or none! If I cannot have him, I will remain for my whole life with Alois."

These words struck like a spark in the priest's mind; and destroyed his artificial calmness; passion raged unbridled in his heart, and as he had had practice enough in bridling his tongue, he fixed his burning glances on the beloved being. The helpless child of man cannot often curb a passion till he has first committed a sin, and then, through the suffering this entails, is driven back on the right hard road. This sin and this suffering Alois experienced in a few short minutes. It seemed to him as if he heard the thunder rolling about his head and the trumpets of the Last Day. His mouth was silent, but his heart shrieked aloud, and this shrieking his God heard, and drew to his assistance.

He was very pale when he at length raised his head, but his eye was again affectionate and kind. He said earnestly to the silent brewer, "It is good for every one to remain in his rank, but the lieutenant can enter into your business and quit the service. Then he will be the same as yourself, for what the man does, that is his rank. There is never a blessing without a sacrifice: if he love Luise he will make this sacrifice." The brewer hesitated; but the women had now come in, and he easily perceived that they were the priest's confederates, for his own wife kissed Alois's hand, while the mother gently passed her hand over his hair and looked anxiously in his pale face. Hence the father said at last, "So come here then, Luise; don't be so wild and angry; you did not get that from me. If you will be my loving child, and the lieutenant become the same as myself, why then I will not oppose it, and will say, Yes! in God's name; but no long courting—that I will not have."

But instead of first thanking her father, Luise rushed to Alois, and said, "You are my angel, and are always on the right path. Now will you speak with Otto?"

The priest could have sunk into the ground for very shame, when he remembered what his wishes had been just before, and how an unsuspecting being now saw in him an angel; still he collected himself and sought the officer. An hour later, bride and bridegroom were clasped in each other's arms. Only a short time was allowed them, for the lieutenant was obliged to set off in a few days, and their life went on externally as usual, save that Alois spent more solitary hours, for the women were obliged to work and toil, as the marriage was to take place in spring, just after the quiet time, and the brewer managed affairs for his future son-in-law. The priest summoned up all his strength to conquer himself, and tried every method which a naturally healthy nature, after suffering a blow, finds in its own resources; but he felt only too soon that he could not thoroughly cure himself, and that his body threatened to give way before his exertions and night watchings. His anxious mother perceived the silent sorrow which was gnawing at her child's heart, and might possibly conjecture the cause; but she did not dare speak with her son on the subject, but thought of a method to bring him to confession. She knew, from her own sad experience, the alleviation felt when a poor weak heart can pour out its sorrow before another human being, and was highly delighted when it at length occurred to her that Alois had long expressed a wish to visit the bishop in the Residence. She knew, too, through the

grandmother, that this reverend man in his youth, when he had been a priest in the neighbourhood of Hochmünster, had himself wrestled with many a painful feeling, and thence would be able to give Alois healthy advice. Hence she did not rest till she had induced her son to visit the bishop after Christmas ; and he willingly assented, for he felt more and more how much he wanted a staff and a support.

He must, too, have opened his heart to the bishop and received consolation, for when he returned in a few weeks his eye was brighter, and his health appeared to have returned. Still he said nothing further than that the bishop had ordered him, when the marriage was over, at which he must officiate according to his duty and in remembrance of his grandmother, to travel for a year, to fill up a gap in his theological education. As the place of his abode he named the château of a count, which had been given up to the Jesuits to guide the devotions of clergymen and others who feel the need of spiritual exercises. The bishop must, besides, have given him other commands, for he now lived entirely alone, and very seldom appeared in the Brewery.

Thus spring arrived gently and imperceptibly, and the day as well, when Alois blessed the union between Luise and the chosen of her heart. The wedding guests were sitting merrily, after the ceremony, at table, and were amusing themselves by expressing their joy and hopes in drinking toasts. Alois too, who sat between Luise and her husband, was cheerful and friendly, and at length rose, when evening drew on, to give a toast, by imploring the spirit of their grandmother to watch over the newly-married couple. He then retired unnoticed: the mother's eye alone missed him immediately. She hurried after him, and saw him in the garden, but ready to set out. He was leaning over a broken part of the wall, and looking down the cloister; then he was just preparing to go through the back gate, when his mother stopped him.

He said affectionately, for her glance was reproachful, "Do not be angry with me, mother, for I have endured much, and was selfish enough to spare myself at least the pain of parting from you. A year will soon be spent, and I shall be again with you."

He then bade good-by to her like an affectionate son, and she at length suffered him to depart. For a long while she looked after him, till he had disappeared in the forest without once looking back. Then she seated herself, weeping, beneath a pear-tree, and forgot the time. At length she was startled from her dreams by the voice of Luise, who was seeking Alois and her aunt in the garden. A bitter pang passed through her heart when Luise embraced her and kissed away her tears. "You are to blame for all," she was about to say: but she suppressed it, and said, "You cannot help it—he is gone!"

The year passed almost without any news from Alois. He was quite lost in the wondrous art of Loyola, to break and strengthen the soul at the same time. When he returned, he was calm, but his face was impassible and fixed. The last human tear he shed fell on Luise's first-born, when he baptised it with the holy water. From that time his life was passed in a stern course of duty. The home, which had once refreshed his heart, the love for his relatives, the natural feelings which connect us all to life, were tones that had lost their harmony to him. The church was all in all. His calmness was the calmness of duty: we children of the world call it impassibility and ambition.

OUR SCREW;

OR, ROUGH NOTES OF THE LONG SEA-VOYAGE FROM INDIA IN ONE OF THE GENERAL SCREW STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S VESSELS.

THE voyage from Calcutta to Ceylon having been so often described by travellers of the "Overland Route," I shall commence my narrative at the "Spicy Isle," where I was detained for some time, and had thus an opportunity of becoming acquainted with some of the more remarkable objects of interest in that lovely island.

Point de Galle, the coaling depôt of the steamers, is a peninsula to the south-west of Ceylon, on which was built, in the Dutch time, a fort, consisting of narrow streets, with a Dutch Presbyterian church, a government-house, and commandant's quarter, in the most elevated part of the town. Some of the wider streets are planted with trees, which look cool and green after the intense heat of the steamer; and the ramparts surrounding the town, with their soft, smooth turf, form a delightful walk, especially in contrast to the close, dusty streets. The harbour is well sheltered, and large enough to accommodate a considerable number of vessels, but the sunken rocks at its entrance leave only a narrow channel for ships to come in; none are allowed to attempt it after sunset, although they go out at night by the guidance of lights attached to floating buoys moored on each side the channel. A handsome lighthouse was erected about six years ago, at the extremity of the point, to warn unwary mariners of the coral reefs which surround the island. The drives around Galle are extremely pretty; the verdure and luxuriant foliage everywhere present, forcibly impress a stranger to the tropics. From the hills in the neighbourhood the eye rests upon a mass of the richest vegetation, here and there broken by rice-fields, which, when covered with the young paddy, or rice, are of the most vivid green, but when the harvest is over are frequently covered with water. There are few "lions" worthy of notice. Some Buddhist temples, one of which contains a gigantic recumbent image; the cinnamon gardens, now neglected, the drive to which along the sea-coast is, however, very picturesque. The hotels are bad, provisions wretched, and charges high. I am told, however, that an improvement has taken place, and that the "steamer passenger" is no longer considered as fair game.

Directly a steamer arrives the hotels are surrounded by a tribe of hawkers of precious stones, tortoiseshell, lace, elephants' teeth, ebony boxes, and a variety of other articles, and fortunate is the stranger who escapes scathless out of the hands of these Philistines. The "gems" are generally manufactured from broken finger-glasses or decanters. Although sapphires, rubies, topaz, &c., are found in Ceylon, yet no one should venture to purchase without consulting some judge of their value,—indeed, in dealing with the vendors of curiosities, the buyer is almost sure to be imposed upon, even in a "hard bargain." The natives are great pilferers, and it behoves those who are detained at the hotels or lodging-houses to look well after money or valuables. I must not omit

to mention an important personage to those who have children on board—I mean the dhoby, or washerman. These are good, and moderate in their charges, about eight shillings per hundred pieces being considered a fair charge. Carriages are to be hired, but not very good ones; the steeds drawing them are of the most wretched description. About six shillings is the charge for two or three hours' drive.

We found Point de Galle extremely warm, but were told that it is the most salubrious station in the island, as is shown by the superior health of the troops quartered here. Some curious tropical plants were procured us by the kindness of a friend; the pitcher plant is one of the most remarkable, the long tubes of which are filled with clear cold water on the hottest morning. The heavy night-dew is drawn up through the stem, and conveyed by a cellular tube passing through the centre of the leaf into the pendant stalk of the pitcher; it then rises into the upright green cup, somewhat on the principle of a siphon. The varieties of hibiscus, or "shoe-flower," as it is called, are most gorgeous. The "Alamanna poinsettia," and many others, familiar to the dwellers in the East, are looked on with wonder and admiration by those fresh from England. That most useful of all trees, the cocoa-nut, is the very staff of life to the natives. Almost every article of daily use is made from some part of it. The hut which is their dwelling is composed of the trunk, thatched with the leaves, platted and called *cadjans*; the oil for their lamps is expressed from the kernel by boiling; the coil rope, used instead of nails in the construction of their dwelling, is made from the fibrous part of the husk; spoons are made of the shell, the milk and pulp form the chief ingredient in their curry. The juice which exudes from the flower is called toddy in its unfermented state, and has a sweetish, insipid taste, but when fermented becomes a highly intoxicating spirit called arrack. The water contained in the young or unripe cocoa-nut (*corombia*) is much esteemed by the Singalese, and is a cool, refreshing drink. Even when old age has sapped its strength, and rendered it unable to resist the violence of a monsoon gale, it still ministers to the wants of man, though the good tree is laid prostrate on the ground; the heart or inner part of the crown is cut out, and boiled or pickled, and is called cocoa-nut cabbage; it is extremely delicate, rather resembling sea-kale than its English namesake. Of course procuring it must cost the tree its life, so that it is not very commonly met with.

I have made a long digression; but I was much struck with the wonderful adaptations of the supplies of nature to the wants of their recipients in tropical climes. Here, the damp heat of the climate unfits for prolonged bodily exertion, consequently fruits, grain, and vegetables spring up almost without culture, beyond putting the seed into the ground; nothing but severe illness can cause poverty among the Singalese, so much is given without their care, so little is required by their necessities. I was reminded of Byron's lines:

—each flower

That tasks not one laborious hour,
But springs, as to preclude his care,
And sweetly woos him, but to spare.

We heard many stories of the indolence of the Singalese, which quality

they appear to possess fully as much as their neighbours on the continent of India. One anecdote told me by a resident is an instance. A lady had been induced to engage, as second ayah, a very poor widow, with seven or eight starving children, who was literally (as she was told) without the means of supplying them with food. Some pains were taken to ascertain what the woman could do, which was found to be very little; but one morning she was desired to sweep or pick up some leaves of an almond-tree which had fallen near her mistress's dressing-room. She refused, saying, "Not my caste," and persisting, either from laziness or a fear she should "demean herself," lost her situation.

The dress of the Singhalese is very ugly and unbecoming; a cloth, called a *comboy*, fastened tight round the waist and reaching to the heels, and a jacket, worn open in front by the men, closed by the women. Both wear long hair strained off the face, and twisted into a knot at the back of the head, called a *condy*. On state occasions the men wear immense combs, and the women silver or gold hair-pins, richly worked, and very large. Amidst the thick tops of cocoa-nut trees, with which the coast is lined, lie the native villages, teeming with their black population; it is commonly supposed that the cocoa-nut will not flourish beyond the sound of the human voice. Here, every night, may be heard the noise of the tom-tom, indicative of those heathen rites which appear bound up with the Singhalese character—I mean devil-worship. Weak, superstitious, and credulous to a degree, these poor people imagine they may propitiate evil spirits by offerings and dances, and induce them to restore their friends whose health has failed, as they suppose, through demoniacal agency. When a "devil-dance" is to be held, the patient is propped up in a chair, surrounded by his friends and relations, and the devil-priest and his assistants are summoned. The principal performer is fantastically dressed, and covered from head to foot with long white hair made from the cocoa-nut fibre. This waves around him as he dances, and adds to the wildness of the scene. He places himself before the patient and begins twirling round to the sound of the tom-tom, rapidly increasing his gyrations until he appears in a sort of frenzy. This continues for many hours, and the excitement of the spectacle, combined with absolute faith on the part of the sick person and his friends, sometimes works a cure, which is directly ascribed to the good-nature of the particular demon for whose honour and glory the dance was performed. Hideous pictures are also introduced, representing a huge head in the act of swallowing a woman or child, as the case may be. This faith, although theoretically opposed to the Buddhist religion, is tolerated by the priests, or at least, no efforts are made by them for its suppression. It is against *this* superstition that a crusade should be preached. Atheistic as are the tenets of Buddha, his doctrines present a system of morality, which, if followed out, would produce a national character differing very materially from that of the enslaved race who bow down at the shrine of a degrading and revolting superstition. I would not be understood as for an instant supposing *any* system of idolatry to be supported, but that I do think the efforts of missionaries, and, indeed, of government, should be directed to the suppression and extinction of these diabolical rites.

We were sorry to leave the fabled "Serendib," and would gladly, had time permitted, have paid a visit to the interior, the scenery having been

described to us as very beautiful. But the relentless screw, which "waits for no man," though dilatory enough on its own account, sent us a summons to be on board on the afternoon of Monday, the 2nd of M——. Our sensations on again descending to the close, ill-ventilated cabin, which truth compels me to say ours certainly was, were by no means enviable, and as we did not sail until next morning, we were not best pleased at being hurried on board. "Our Screw" was a noble vessel, some 1800 tons burden; the saloon, the width of the poop, very handsomely fitted up, and affording accommodation for at least a hundred passengers. Many of the cabins were spacious and well arranged, others very much the reverse, and woe to those unfortunates who had the bad luck to be stowed away in the latter, as neither complaint nor entreaty were likely to meet with attention or redress. A finer ship worse arranged it would be difficult to find. We were, it is true, rather overcrowded, but much might have been done for our comfort had there been the inclination, which was overlooked. The next morning, about seven o'clock, we sailed, or I should rather say steamed, out of the harbour, for it was a rule on entering or leaving a port that we should do it in the best style, thus "keeping the trot for the avenue," like the sagacious Irishman.

The receding shores of Point de Galle looked very lovely, the fort, with the lighthouse at its extreme end, forming one side of the harbour, "Mrs. Gibson's Hill," as the headland is called, the other. The sea was rough for some days after leaving Ceylon—all the lady-passengers invisible; the noises on board exceeded all I ever heard, but pre-eminent among them was the thump, thump of the screw—I cannot say by "merit raised to that bad eminence"—for not many days elapsed before there was a general exclamation of "What can have happened? the screw has stopped;" but we soon arrived at a happy state of resignation, from the frequency of the event, and the utter impossibility of gaining any information of the cause of delay.

The vibratory motion of these vessels is very disagreeable, but their immense size lessens the usual pitching considerably, consequently the liability to sea-sickness is diminished.

Feeding, of course, formed the business of the day—commencing by tea or coffee at seven o'clock, A.M., brought by the "cabin steward" to our respective dormitories; then came the children's breakfast at eight, ours at nine; children's dinner at one, ours at half-past three; children's tea at five, ours at seven; lights out at ten. It is miraculous that there were no sufferers from apoplexy! In this ship wines were not included in the passage-money, but purchased as required, and every week a "wine bill" sent in. The black bottles were expected to be kept in the passengers' own cabins, as the stewards were not responsible for their contents, if left in the saloon. People were seen trotting up and down the passages armed with their "Cardigans"—an amusing spectacle, suggestive rather of economy than elegance. The passengers were so numerous that, unless at the same table, we did not know even the names of many of our fellow-travellers. Here were civilians overwhelmed with the sense of their own importance (perhaps the only sense bestowed on them), willing to allow their neighbours to feel some of its burden. Here were invalids of all descriptions; the martyr to long-protracted

disease, whose cheerful patience under the most acute suffering, fully realised Longfellow's pervading idea of the refining and purifying effect of sorrow. Here were also the victims of their own follies or excesses, to whom no lesson could teach moderation. Here was the pale cheek, the bright eye, the wasted form of the consumptive, but too surely destined never to rejoin him whose love had sent her to her native land, in the hope of preserving so valued a life. Here was the man of the world, polite to all, and even kind and obliging where his own convenience was not involved. Ensigns and lieutenants were not wanting, talented in the vocal art, as practised by the lower ranks of creation—the morning song of chanticleer, the petulant cry of the lap-dog, the plaintive bleat of the motherless lamb, and similar performances. The "fast" man and the "slow," the coquette and the prude, all found their places in this miniature world, all striving after the one end, self, and the box that could never be got at. Ship-board is, of all places, the one to bring forward the least amiable side of human nature, especially in an ill-arranged and overcrowded steamer. Friday was the day appointed for overhauling luggage, but it frequently happened that wind or weather prevented our boxes from making their appearance.

A good servant is especially necessary in these vessels: a strong active woman, not what is generally styled a "superior" person, is best suited for ship-board. Those of our passengers who required milk for their children brought goats and kept them on board, milk being an almost unknown luxury. We were all exceedingly glad when, on Sunday, the 15th, Round Island came in sight, then a few small islands, one of which is used for grazing cattle, and shortly afterwards Mauritius itself.

On the morning of the 16th we anchored in the harbour of Port Louis. The appearance of the town and surrounding hills from the sea is most picturesque. The houses lie thickly clustered together at the foot of a ridge of hills, whose rocky and jagged summits, generally terminating in a cone, tell of volcanic origin. Peter-botte is the most remarkable, the highest point being a rounded projection looking at a distance like a stunted tree. The Pouce is another of these hills, the apex resembling a thumb, whence its name. The deep shadows projected by these almost perpendicular hills, contrasted with the cloudless sky and the bright blue sea, formed one of the most lovely landscapes I ever beheld. The houses are interspersed with trees, and a long line of the casuarina, or whip-tree, stretches along the shore to the right, concealing the cemetery, and presenting a park-like appearance. The mournful sound produced when the wind stirs the leaves of this tree is very peculiar, and has been compared to the breaking of the waves on a pebbly shore. We were not a little delighted to find ourselves once more on *terra firma*; indeed, it is almost worth while to endure some of the miseries of steamer life to appreciate the delight of stepping on shore. Port Louis covers a great extent of ground, the streets are straggling, and the houses irregularly built—of all shapes and sizes, generally detached, and standing in small gardens. House rent is enormously high, consequently the shops, although numerous, are small and inconvenient. We found that our arrival had caused an instant rise in prices, double and treble the real value of an article being asked on the third day of our stay. All the shops are French, and apparently not very well supplied. The hotels are exceedingly dear, and

far from good. Washing about 3s. per dozen. Hired carriages are handsome-looking vehicles with a pair of horses; the charge per diem from 24s. to 28s. The inhabitants of Mauritius are a lively race, fond of music, dancing, dress, and amusements; their language is a patois of French, called Créole. There is not much intercourse between the French and English, and, as in most places, the residents in the country keep rather aloof from the townsfolk. There are two European regiments stationed at Port Louis, and some artillery. The governor resides principally at Reduit, about seven miles from the town.

We drove on the evening of our arrival to the Champ de Mars, a level ground enclosed by an amphitheatre of hills, one of which is crowned by the citadel. This is the fashionable lounge of Port Louis; the regimental band plays here nearly every evening, and on this occasion there was an inspection of a newly-arrived regiment. The races are held on this ground, and the fashionables of the town turn out to ride, drive, or walk in the evening. We passed the church, a neat building, capable of containing 600 persons. The next day we drove out to Moka, one of the residents having kindly invited us to his house. The drive is exceedingly picturesque, an ascent the whole way, at the base of a chain of hills. When we arrived at our destination, we were astonished and delighted at the magnificent view that the house commands. From a smoothly-mown lawn, planted with flowering shrubs, the eye rests upon Plains Wilhelms, lying far below, a deep ravine occupying the middle distance, the blue sea forming the background, and the bright sky canopying the whole. We found the air at this elevation quite chilly towards evening, and at night were glad of a blanket.

Next day we returned to Port Louis, taking Moka church in our way, a very ugly edifice, much resembling a powder magazine with a Doric portico, on a beautiful site. The ground surrounding it is prettily laid out, and planted with shrubs and flowers. This church is attended by the governor and a few families resident in the neighbourhood, and served by a Swiss chaplain. There are several objects of interest in the island worth visiting. Pamplémousses, where are two urns erected to the memory of Paul and Virginia, standing in a beautiful garden. Some waterfalls, about twelve miles distant, are also well worth a visit. We were shown the coco de mer, or double cocoa-nut, which resembles two giant cocoa-nuts joined together in the middle and elongated. This fruit only grows on one of the Seychelle Islands, a group a day's sail from Mauritius. As usual we were hurried on board the steamer long before she sailed, and thus lost the opportunity of seeing much we might otherwise have done. As we were ordered to be on board at five o'clock, we reluctantly bade adieu to the fair Isle of France, and once more embarked in "Our Screw." It was not until the evening of Thursday, the 19th, that the thump of the screw was heard, and we were progressing on our homeward voyage.

On the night of the 22nd, being off Madagascar, a gale came on; the sea dashed with great violence over the ship, and our cabins began to leak from the ceiling and sides. The wind being in our teeth, the pitching and rolling of the vessel was fearful; but we sustained no damage beyond the loss of a spar. The wind moderated by noon on the 23rd, but the sea was still high. Every one was sick and grumbling; great havoc was made amongst the crockery, and it was with difficulty our dinner could be induced to remain on the table. Another stoppage of

the screw did not add to the general contentment. On the 27th, to our consternation, we were informed that the "eccentric" was broken, and (being an important part of the machinery) we must stay where we were until it was mended.

We had been looking forward to our arrival at the Cape on the 2nd of next month, so this was a terrible damper to us; but I felt most for our poor invalid, whom I before mentioned. His sufferings had been most intense, and he was longing to reach his destination, which was the Cape. His patience never forsook him, and, in the intervals of suffering, chess beguiled his attention and diverted his thoughts. There was a pretty good piano on board, but no great performers. Cards, chess, and music were the staple amusements of the evening. Our average rate of steaming up to this time had been from 150 to 200 miles per diem. Had this continued throughout the voyage we should have reached England in the contract time.

On the 1st, the welcome noise of the screw gave us notice that the "eccentric" was repaired, and we were again progressing homewards.

On the 5th we came in sight of land, and at four P.M. anchored in Table Bay. The sea was smooth as a lake, and the sky unclouded. The approach to Cape Town is rather striking, the summits of the hills being rocks of fanciful shapes, rising abruptly towards their apex, and named after the parts of a lion's body, to which they are supposed to bear a resemblance. Green Point forms one side of the bay, and being cultivated and dotted with houses, makes a pleasing contrast to the naked and barren coast we passed in approaching it. Table Bay is considered very fine, though unsheltered towards the north, and by no means a safe anchorage. The town is not picturesque; immense sandy flats surround it for many miles, and not a tree is to be seen. The harbour is commanded by batteries, so placed as to rake its approach. Several church spires are visible, one of which is the cathedral, a building of no great pretension.

The mountains rise abruptly behind the town. Table Mountain, with its long flat top, is the most conspicuous, a cloud generally resting on its brow: it is then said to have its tablecloth on. The Kloof is a rugged conical hill to the right; and a lower one is called "Signal Hill," and bears a flag-staff. We landed next day, and a friend's carriage conveyed us about five miles into the country, to Rondebosch. Towards Wynberg the scenery assumes a European character, oak and fir-trees abound, and fields and gardens take the place of the sandy plains we had left. At this season (winter) the climate is delicious; the clearness and buoyancy of the air exceed anything I ever felt, and the extraordinary rarefaction of the atmosphere is shown by the apparent nearness of distant objects. Table Mountain appears to be within a stone's throw, although really some miles distant. The flowers, of whose beauty I had heard so much, did not disappoint me. Although winter, hedges of roses were in full bloom, whilst camellias, heliotrope, fuchsias, and innumerable other dwellers in our English greenhouses, were in perfection. The next day we drove to Constantia. The road lies through sandy plains, covered with the lovely heaths, &c., so prized at home; the mountains bounding the prospect to the right, the sea on the left. We passed through several villages, but saw little cultivation, the soil apparently not admitting of it. We first drove to Little Constantia, tasted the wine, and inspected a

famous oak, in the trunk of which a table is placed, surrounded by a seat, about half-way up the tree. We ascended into this "leafy bower" by a ladder, and found it not redolent of "balmy odours," but bearing powerful witness to a previous smoking party. We then proceeded to Great Constantia, walked over the vineyards, bare and leafless as they were, resembling a collection of stunted gooseberry-bushes, inspected the vast cellars and their contents, on which the gentlemen of our party passed their opinion, and after seeing all we could, returned home by a different and much prettier route than the former one. Our road lay through lanes bordered with oak, which here does not grow into the magnificent forest-tree it is with us, but is far more rapid in its growth, consequently less massive, admitting of being cut into hedges. The beautiful flowers on every side tempted us to stop frequently to examine them. To the lover of nature the Cape is an interesting locality, and months might be pleasantly and profitably spent there. The hotels and boarding-houses in Cape Town are pretty good and moderate, from seven to ten shillings per day, exclusive of wine, being the usual charge. Washing from two to three shillings the dozen. Carriages about thirty shillings for the whole day, but if four horses are required (and "steamer passengers" appear to delight in a "drag and four"), of course the charge is increased. There are some botanic gardens in the town worth visiting. Living at the Cape is exorbitantly expensive, at this time unusually so, on account of the great emigration to Australia. Labour is very scarce, and servants' wages enormous. I was assured that the coolies employed in coaling our vessel were paid eight shillings per diem. Food of every kind is good and plentiful, so that it is from absolute scarcity of hands that wages are so high. On the 11th we again took leave of land, having been, as usual, ordered on board the preceding day, and, with much regret, parted from our kind friends, hoping to revisit the Cape at some future day. Nothing of any note occurred to vary our steamer life until reaching St. Helena, which we sighted early on Monday morning, the 20th. On first sight it appears nothing more than a barren rock, almost perpendicular, but on rounding the island, James Town came in sight, nestled in a ravine, with its church spire towering above the clustering houses. The heights on each side rise perpendicularly, and to the right a flight of steps forms the only access to the summit, where is a battery and officers' quarter: a fatiguing journey it must be. The rocky hills, as seen from the sea, appear perfectly barren and inaccessible, to be trodden only by the wild goat, but on a nearer approach roads may be discerned winding round them, though exceedingly narrow and primitive in their construction. We formed a party, and went on shore as soon as the vessel anchored; all the carriages in the town were engaged directly, and we were compelled to pay four pounds for a vehicle containing four persons, to take us to Longwood. We slowly ascended the mountain path, just wide enough for a carriage, and only protected by a low wall from the precipice on the right, at the bottom of which, in a deep ravine, lay James Town, with its church, hospital, and barracks, interspersed with a few gardens and low trees. Farther on, situated on a small grassy eminence, is "The Briars," the house to which the Emperor Napoleon was taken on his landing at St. Helena. It is a pretty cottage, surrounded by a lawn and garden.

After proceeding about two miles farther in our ascent, and passing through a plantation of firs, we dismounted and walked down a grassy slope to the tomb of the illustrious captive, now an empty sepulchre. It is in a small enclosure planted with a few cypress-trees, and overhung by the willow, all bearing marks of neglect and decay, merely kept up as a means of extorting money from visitors, a charge of eighteenpence being made for its exhibition by a garrulous old woman, who also traffics in pieces of willow. A shower of rain unfortunately came on, and we had to walk through wet grass to the summit of the hill—a steep and slippery ascent. Here we found our carriage awaiting us. We then drove to Longwood, passing through the wildest and most picturesque scenery, far more striking than we had supposed, the rocks, apparently torn asunder by some convulsion of nature, some clothed with vegetation, and bright with the scarlet geranium, prickly pear, and Mesembry anthemum; others bleak and barren, totally destitute of verdure. Here and there, on the sheltered side of a hill, a house meets the view, surrounded by its garden, the blue smoke curling through the clear air above a few scattered pines, the only tree that appears to flourish in this “lonely isle.” We soon arrived at Longwood, where the Great Napoleon lived and died. The old house is almost a ruin; the room in which he slept and dreamt of past and perhaps future greatness—is now a stable! “*Sic transit gloria mundi.*” So small and inconvenient is the house, that it could not even have been fitted as a prison-house for so great a man; the walls will crumble into dust, the visible mementoes of a great nation’s treatment of a fallen enemy will decay, but the blot on the page of history can never be effaced. Longwood is built on a promontory, and is only accessible on one side—a safer cage could hardly have been found. The new house, which was never occupied, is an English-looking, comfortable residence, surrounded by a garden, where heliotrope, fuchsias, camelias, and myrtle grow almost wild, so luxuriant are they. The camelia becomes a tree, and appears to require no cultivation. After going over the house, we started on our return, and soon reached the town, the exceeding steepness of the descent making the road frightful to a nervous person; such should never attempt an excursion at St. Helena. We greatly enjoyed the fine views opening on us at every turn of the road; the sea lay before us, calm as a lake, lighted up by the rays of the setting sun with a flood of golden light, our immense ship riding at anchor as quietly as if moored in her native dock, the vessels around appearing tiny craft in comparison. We returned to our floating home about six o’clock, and found dinner awaiting us, and so ended a very pleasant day. There are hotels at St. Helena, but they are very expensive. The main street is wide, and the houses tolerably regular; the church rather a handsome edifice. Vessels anchor very near the shore, and there is less difficulty in getting boats than either at the Cape or Mauritius, where boat-hire is expensive.

Since my last entry we have been appalled by the sudden death of one of our fellow-passengers. He was on the poop, apparently as well as usual, at noon; at four o’clock he was a lifeless corpse! We have lost several of our fellow-passengers, but none in so sudden and awful a manner. Little thought or feeling, however, seems to be elicited by the startling fact that “one of us” is departed to his long account. A god

deal of sickness has prevailed on board, which is scarcely surprising, considering how many of the passengers were invalids when they embarked. The "eccentric" broke again four or five days ago, and we have been sailing with a light trade wind. This afternoon (the 27th) we came in sight of Ascension, and towards evening approached very near, but did not anchor—a disappointment to some of us. The mail boat was the only one that came off, and no one left the ship. Ascension is a volcanic island, the shores and sides of the hills covered with lava, now crimsoned by the rays of the setting sun, and presenting a singular and picturesque appearance. The summits of some of these hills are craters of extinct volcanoes; others terminate in sharp cones. As we rounded the island we came in view of the town, which appeared to be tolerably well built; some ships were lying at anchor, and the scene made it tantalising to us to quit it without a nearer view; the highest point is more than 2000 feet above the level of the sea, and bears less trace of subterranean fire than the other hills.

On the 4th of J—— we sighted St. Jago, a long barren island of the Cape Verd group; the next day anchored at St. Vincent. This is the most wretched-looking spot it was ever my fortune to visit—perfectly barren, with a few miserable houses on the beach, the only access to which is through sand ankle deep. The bay is completely land-locked, and no doubt affords a safe anchorage; it is only surprising that some attempt has not been made to render existence more tolerable to the unhappy officials who are obliged to reside here.

It is the coal-depôt for the West India mail-packets, as well as for the Screw Company's vessels, so that it is a station of some importance—yet the epithet "squalid" is the only one that fitly describes the aspect of the place. It belongs to the Portuguese, and a governor and some officials exist here. As we always went on shore when an opportunity offered at the various ports, we accepted an invitation from the superintendent of the company to land on the following evening. We took a walk of a mile or two on the sea-shore, the children of our party being delighted with picking up shells, not heeding the discomfort of wading through soft sand the whole way. The beach is strewn with human bones bleached by exposure to the elements; they are those of the victims to a pestilence, who were interred in the sand. Our walk terminated at a monument over the remains of a lady who died on board some ship, and was buried in this barren waste about two years since. I scarcely know why this lonely pillar should excite painful emotions, still the utter desolation of the spot made one shrink from the thought of a similar resting-place. Perhaps the contrast between this busy, restless, ever-anxious existence, and the silence of the grave, made itself more really felt in this solitude, than among the busy haunts of men. There is also a species of consolation in feeling that our graves may be visited by those nearest and dearest to us, and we thus recalled to their memory; for who would wish the dark waters of oblivion to close over the remembrance of past love, past friendship, and past faith, though the body may be mingling with its parent dust?

The natives of St. Vincent are a dirty, ragged, half-caste race—their patois, like themselves, a mixture of Portuguese and Créole. We were detained here some days, and again went on shore and visited the citadel!—a wall round the face of a projecting rock commanding the har-

bour, and mounting five guns. The hill on which it is placed is perfectly barren ; in fact, as far as the eye can reach, there is no vestige of cultivation, nor any green thing ; a few brown weeds are the ghosts of vegetable life.

On Saturday, the 9th, we again set sail—this time without regret. The only supply procured was an abundance of delicious grapes ; water was not to be had—at least what was taken in was brackish—and we were soon placed on short allowance. The *screw* being in delicate health was given a holiday, and we crept along with a foul wind until the 20th, when a strong westerly wind caught us, and fairly blew us into the Channel. We had passed several of the Azores a few days before, Pico being the most prominent, from its great height.

Welcome, indeed, were the white cliffs of our own England after our long and trying voyage, and never did traveller's eye rest on a more lovely spot than Plymouth, with its wood-crowned hills, its green meadows, and its English homes. Here letters awaited us, and the arrival of our long-expected ship was telegraphed to London.

On the 26th we anchored at Southampton, and our party broke up, never to be reunited until the sea shall give up her dead, and all those who embarked on the same voyage in "Our Screw" shall have passed the stormy seas of life, some to anchor in the fair havens of eternal rest, others, having made shipwreck of their faith, evermore to be overwhelmed by the dark waters of destruction.

VOICE OF THE SUMMER WIND.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

Voice of the summer wind, whispering low,
 Say whither comest thou—whither wouldst go ?
 Whence the rich perfume you scatter around ?
 Where are the groves where such odours abound ?
 Teach us the source of such sweetness to know,
 Voice of the summer wind whispering low.

Far from a southern clime, thither I come,
 Over the earth like a pilgrim to roam ;
 Where gleams the harvest-field, thither I go—
 Seeking the spots where the streams gently flow ;
 Mingling my breath with the hum of the bee,
 Blending my songs with the corn-reaper's glee.

Voice of the summer wind, leave us not yet,
 Soon will the flowers all their fragrance regret ;
 Steal not the perfume too soon from the rose,
 Stay while the beam may its beauty disclose :
 Spare us a while, still, the nightingale's song,
 Voice of the summer wind, silent too long ;
 Bless still the flowers and the streams as they flow,
 Voice of the summer wind whispering low.

MRS. BROWNING'S POEMS.

"Nous avons bien de la peine à permettre aux femmes un habit de muse," said Ginguéné: "comment pourrions-nous leur souffrir un bonnet de docteur?" Insufferable as the thing may be, experience shows the possibility of the junction of these two anomalies in one "soul feminine," thus o'er-informing its tenement of clay. Mrs. Browning wears not only the singing-robos of the poetess, *un habit de muse*, with a grace and glory of the rarest, but dons withal *un bonnet de docteur*, dealing, to the delectation of Oxford doctors, and the dazed bewilderment of London ladies, in stores of much Latin and more Greek—wincing not at the caution that a little learning is a dangerous thing, herself a deep-drinker and no mere taster of the Fierian spring.

The Lady Scholar is an old grievance, both in prose and poetry. Juvenal is severe against the lettered wife, who discusses Virgil at meal-times, compares him with Homer, and awes into silence not only unlettered wives, widows, and maidens, but grammarians of the utmost gravity, rhetoricians of the first magnitude, glib-tongued lawyers (*causidici*) and leather-lunged criers (*præcones*):

Illa tamen gravior, quæ, cum discumbere cœpit,
Laudat Virgilium, perituræ ignoscit Elisæ:
Committit vates, et comparat inde Maronem,
Atque aliâ parte in trutinâ suspendit Homerum.
Cedunt Grammatici, vincuntur Rhetores, omnis
Turba tacet, nec causidicus, nec præco loquatur,
Altera nec mulier: verborum tanta cadit vis.*

A strong-minded woman, strong in Latin and Greek, in voice and self-assurance, is, in any company, *de trop*. But a poetess so steeped in Attic lore that she can worthily translate Æschylus, so versed in ecclesiastical Greek that she can worthily translate Gregory and Basil,—and at the same time so tender of soul, so sensitively alive to "the cry of the human," so kindly an expositor of the heart's dearest, fondest hopes,—can too much be made of a gift of the gods like this? Had Mrs. Browning only given us the "Prometheus Bound," and the Hellenistic hymnology, we might admire, many of us with a foolish face of praise: but she has had her own "Vision of Poets," has sung her own "Romaunt of Margret," has taken us to "Cowper's Grave," has shown us "Bertha in the Lane," has curdled our blood with the "Lay of the Brown Rosary," has stirred it by her "Rhyme of the Duchess May,"—and with our admiration is now mingled a softening, subduing, and gently refining influence, which profoundly intensifies while it gives another direction to, that original feeling.

The more ambitious, in form and scope, of her early poems, remarkable as they are for occasional glimpses of the "sublime and beautiful," have a tendency, it must be owned, to confirm by their character and fate the argument of Archdeacon Hare, that of the three main branches of poetry (epic, dramatic, lyric), the only feminine one is the lyrical;—

* Juvenalis Satira. VI.

meaning thereby, not objective lyrical poetry, like that of Pindar and Simonides, and the choric odes of the Greek tragedians,—but that which is the expression of individual, personal feelings, like Sappho's. The "Drama of Exile" is owned, on all sides, to be a failure, its design considered; but the readiest to give it up cannot help asking, what true lover of poetry would wish this drama unwritten? On the one hand, there are those who maintain that the "Drama of Exile," as a poetic utterance, and disregarding its technical defects of form, stands well between the *Paradise Lost* and the *Paradise Regained*; that Mrs. Browning has filled up the interval worthily and movingly: that if there be a difference in the notes of her Drama and those of the great Epic (as of course there is), it is such a difference only as should subsist between Milton and his Daughter, and that if her Poem has not the strong majesty of the *Lost*, or the serene beauty of the *Regained*, it has the appropriate character of an exile's lament, who hangs his harp upon the willow, and weeps when he remembers Zion. On the other hand, there are those who object, that in the special subject of this Drama, namely, the conception of Eve's grief as distinguished from Adam's, and as coloured by the circumstances of her situation—by the consciousness that she had been the first to fall, and the proximate cause of Adam's transgression—there is certainly no sufficient foundation to sustain the weight of a dramatic poem; that the whole is an attempt to make bricks not only without straw, but almost without clay; that although the poetess, with sincere modesty, disclaims all intention of entering into competition with Milton, the comparison must, of course, force itself upon the reader—who, while he had no right to expect her to rise as soaringly as Milton does above the level of her theme, at any rate might presume that her *dramatis personæ* should not stand in absolute contrast to his. Yet the Satan of Milton, and the Lucifer of Mrs. Browning are, says a distinguished Professor,* the very antipodes of each other. "Milton's Satan is a thoroughly practical character, and, if he had been human, he would have made a first-rate man of business in any department of life;"—while the lady's Lucifer, on the contrary, is "the poorest prater that ever made a point of saying nothing to the purpose, and we feel assured that he could have put his hand to nothing in heaven, on earth, or in hell. He has nothing to do, he does nothing, and he could do nothing." The Adam of the "Drama," too, has been described by another critic, as not the large-fronted man in whose full clear nature all manlike qualities meet unconsciously but "a German metaphysician;" and Eve, as "an amiable and gifted blue-stocking," not the mere meek motherly woman, with what Ainslie beautifully calls the "broad, ripe, serene, and gracious composure of love" about her;" while the spirits employed in the poem are said to be neither cherubim nor seraphim, neither of those that know nor of those that burn; but fairies; not indeed of the Puck or Ariel species, but of a new metaphysical breed; for "they do not ride on, but split, hairs; they do not dance, but reason; or if they dance, it is on the point of a needle, in cycles and epicycles of mystic and mazy motion."

So again of the "Seraphim"—an attempt to write of the Great Tragedy of Golgotha, as Æschylus would have done, had he lived after

* Aut Aytoun, aut—Lucifer ipse.

that decease that was accomplished at Jerusalem, of which the agonies and vicarious sufferings of Prometheus, some affirm, were type and shadow—of this aspiring effort the most will think, after perusal, with Professor Wilson,* that there is poetry and piety—genius and devotion; but that the awful Idea of the Poem, the Crucifixion, is not sustained; and this, if not the “Drama of Exile,” they too will almost wish unwritten.

It has been said that Mrs. Browning's affinities connect her with Milton, Goethe, and John Keats, more closely than with any other of her poet-predecessors:—the religious element in her character bringing her into alliance with the first, while her intimacy with the spirit-world is eminently Goethean, and the Greek classic model on which much of her imagery of life is formed recalls the manner of Keats.† Her relationship to Tennyson is still more obvious. “Even Miss Barrett, whom we take,” says Mr. Leigh Hunt, “to be the most imaginative poetess that has appeared in England, perhaps in Europe, and who will attain to great eminence if the fineness of her vein can but outgrow a certain morbidity, reminds her readers of the peculiarities of contemporary genius. She is like an ultra-sensitive sister of Alfred Tennyson.”‡ In which likeness, moreover, Leontius celebrates her in verse as well as prose; for he thus introduces her at the Feast of the Violets:

A young lady then, whom to miss were a *care*
 In any verse-history, named, I think, Barrett,
 (I took her at first for a sister of Tennyson)
 Knelt and received the god's kindest benison.
 —“Truly,” said he, “dost thou share the blest power
 Poetic, the fragrance as well as the flower;
 The gift of conveying impressions unseen,
 And making the vaguest thoughts know what they mean.”§

If she is chargeable with being too often diffuse—with not always journeying on without pause or retrogression, so that occasionally her garments are seen floating or dragging, and she has sometimes “given out the idea, before she has given up her verse,”—it is a charge made most hesitatingly by her admirers, for, say they, what a loss it were, if in getting rid of what we may fancy to be her defects, she were to lose any of what we know to be her beauties. “And perhaps what we think we see amiss in her is only that dross which forms part of every ore in which lies the true metal, and she may in this respect only resemble, after all, Milton, and Shakspeare, and—Nature.” Even her mannerisms are precious to some of her disciples—partly from their being so easily caught, copied, and exaggerated by sentimental mimics. The failures of these personages, as a writer on Shelley has remarked, furnish in the end tests of criticism which are perhaps among the truest that can be applied; for they are certain to caricature and over-do peculiarities, until the very style of their model palls on the public appetite, and, out of all patience with the affectation, mannerism, and false taste of these sectaries, the world

* Christopher in his Cave. 1838.

† “We have called it Keats-like, because it throws the common material of modern life into that Grecian marble-halled type, which we see in Keats, and almost in him only.”—*Prospective Review*, 1845.

‡ Men, Women, and Books, vol. ii.

§ Blue-Stocking Revels, canto ii.

associates the merits of the original with the faults to which they have given birth: whereupon ensues the critical moment for the eventual fame of that original—who, if endowed with sound and genuine qualities, will shake off these importunate encumbrances and float again—if not, will by them be dragged to the bottom. Meanwhile, for a good deal of bad grammar and bad poetry, perpetrated by imitators who take her word (or words) for law, Mrs. Browning is virtually responsible, by such lyrics and lines of hers as tell how Bertha “fell flooded with a *Dark*,” or of “the heavenly Infinite falling off from our *Created*,” or how “the full sense of your *mortal* rushed upon you loud and deep,” or of “chanting down *the Golden*,” or of “the whole bush in a *tremble green*,” &c. Her rhymes are very often defective or culpable—negatively or positively bad. “Eden” is not a suitable match for “treading.” “Aceldama” does not rhyme kindly with “tamer”—to say nothing of the cockney character of such an untrue yokefellow. “Calmly” might deny itself, and wax wroth exceedingly, at being braced with “palm-tree.” It makes one uneasy to hear of

Self-styled George Sand—whose soul among *the lions*
Of her tumultuous senses moans *defiance*.

Or of “elemental” and “prevent all” with “ungentle,” and similar deeds of partnership which it were better to cancel, the partnership being sufficiently dissolute to warrant dissolution.

But a truce to the sorry occupation of fault-finding, or finding out faults. What, after all, “are they among so many” beauties that make up the staple of Mrs. Browning’s delicate white handiwork?

Exquisite in feeling and expression—allowing in the latter case, as usual, for frequent mannerism—is many a contribution of hers to the Poetry of the Affections. The picture, for example, in “Isabel’s Child,” of the young mother sitting motionless, a wistful lonely watcher, by the side of her dying baby—“pale as baby carved in stone, and seen by glimpses of the moon in a dark cathedral aisle.” She has watched the hours depart, hour after hour for eight long agonising days, days of suspense and the sickness of hope deferred—hours whose coming and going have seen her on bended knees, “with pale-wrung hands and prayings low and broken”—hours shadowed with awful forebodings of the fated, fast-speeding *last* hours of the baby-sufferer—an advent against which so young a mother, so tender and true, strives beseechingly and piteously in prayers that may not be heard, with groanings that cannot be uttered:

Oh, take not, Lord, my babe away:
Oh, take not to thy songful heaven,
The pretty baby Thou hast given:
Or ere that I have seen him play
Around his father’s knees, and known
That *he* knew how my love hath gone
From all the world to him!
And how that I shall shiver, dim
In the sunshine, thinking e’er
The grave-grass keeps it from his fair
Still cheeks! and feel at every tread
His little body which is dead
And hidden in the turfy fold
Doth make the whole warm earth a’cold!

O God! I am so young, so young—
 I am not used to tears at nights
 Instead of slumber—nor to prayer
 With shaken lips and hands out-wrung!
 Thou knowest all my prayings were
 "I bless Thee, God, for past delights—
 Thank God!" I am not used to bear
 Hard thoughts of death! The earth doth cover
 No face from me of friend or lover!
 And must the first who teacheth me
 The form of shrouds and funerals, be
 Mine own first-born beloved? he
 Who taught me first this mother-love?
 Dear Lord,* who spreadest out above
 Thy loving pierced hands to meet
 All lifted hearts with blessing sweet,—
 Pierce not my heart, my tender heart,
 Thou madest tender! Thou who art
 So happy in Thy heaven away,
 Take not mine only bliss away!

The picture, again, however fainter in hue and lighter in effect, of the happy child in "The Deserted Garden"—as seen, in pensive retrospect, by that child's sobered, saddened self, *altera et eadem*, in after-years. And that, in a still lighter vein, of Little Ellie sitting alone among the beeches of the meadow, on the stream-side's grassy covering—now dipping her feet in the shallow water's flow, and now holding them "nakedly in her hands, all sleek and dripping, while she rocketh to and fro"—her thoughts shaping out, at the impulse of plastic fancy, the lover who shall woo and win her, a lover noble of form, mounted on red-roan steed,—and to whom, and whom alone, she will discover

That swan's nest among the reeds.

And that of Bertha's sister, recalling, on her meek death-bed, the scene she had beheld, the words she had heard, under "boughs of May-bloom" in the lane—striving as she dies of a broken-heart to comfort the bruised heart of others;—altogether, indeed, as it has noway carelessly been called, "the purest picture of a broken heart that ever drew tears from the eyes of woman or of man." And that of her who being dead yet speaketh in the "Poet's Vow." And that of the stately Lady Geraldine, approaching low-born Bertram "slowly, slowly, in a gliding measured pace,

With her two white hands extended, as if praying one offended,
 And a look of supplication, gazing earnest in his face"—

while he gazes, rapt in ecstasy as fond as ever thrilled Leontes gazing on

* This, and cognate forms of expression, we cannot view with the same favour as Mrs. Browning. Especially objectionable is the form "Dear God!"—which, to some minds, has the unhappy effect of coming in once and again to mar an otherwise beautiful passage—as in the most moving "Lay of the Brown Rosary,"

"Then breaking into tears—'Dear God,' she cried, 'and must we see
 All blissful things depart from us, or ere we go to THEE,'" &c.

Mr. Kingsley's fictions and reviews are similarly chargeable with the repetition of the phrase "God's earth," &c. Nothing more easily degenerates into jargon than this sort of diction.

Hermione marbled in living flesh, and is ready to "swoon to death in the too utter life" brought by this apparition of his love—

Ever, evermore the while in a slow silence she kept smiling—
But the tears ran over lightly from her eyes, and tenderly ;
"Dost thou, Bertram, truly love me ? Is no woman far above me
Found more worthy of thy poet-heart, than such a one as I ?"

But perhaps superior to all in pathetic earnestness and depth, is the farewell of Catarina to Camöens.

There are frequent touches in Mrs. Browning's poems, not so commonly noticed as they deserve, significant of peculiar skill in producing a kind of weird and eerie impression, by certain interjectional details, or thrilling asides, or subdued terrors, pertaining to the ghostly element in the consciousness or the imagination of man. The Lay of the Brown Rosary shows a master-hand in this class of composition. Detached fragments might be instanced from various other lays or legends. As exemplifying, however, in its least direct but not least stirring expression, the art to which we refer, take some lines from "Bertha in the Lane"—where the dying girl's simple narrative of a too painful past is interrupted now and then by surmises, startings, startled questionings, that wonderfully deepen and determine the interest of the scene :

Had he seen thee, when he swore
He would love but me alone ?
Thou wert absent,—sent before
To our kin in Sidmouth town.
When he saw thee who art best
Past compare, and loveliest,
He but judged thee as the rest.

Could we blame him with grave words,
Thou and I, Dear, if we might ?
Thy brown eyes have looks like birds
Flying straightway to the light :
Mine are older.—*Hush!*—*Look out!*
Up the street! Is none without ?
How the poplar swings about !

We are so unlike each other,
Thou and I; that none could guess
We were children of one mother,
But for mutual tenderness.
Thou art rose-lined from the cold,
And meant, verily, to hold
Life's pure pleasures manifold.

I am pale as crocus grows
Close beside a rose-tree's root !
Whosoe'er would reach the rose,
Treads the crocus underfoot—
I, like May-bloom on thorn-tree—
Thou, like merry summer-bee !
Fit, that I be pluck'd for thee.

Yet who plucks me ?—no one mourns—
I have lived my season out,—
And now die of my own thorns
Which I could not live without.

Sweet, be merry! *How the light
Comes and goes! If it be night,
Keep the candles in my sight.*

Are there footsteps at the door?
Look out quickly. Yea, or nay?
Some one might be *waiting for
Some last word that I might say.*
Nay? So best!—So angels would
Stand off clear from deathly road—
Not to cross the sight of God.

Of the poetess's moving lyrics, meant in one form or other to express, echo, and reverberate what she calls the "cry of the human," it boots not to speak at any length: they are commonly the best known and understood of all her poems. The "Cry of the Children" witnesses to the earnestness of her sympathies, and the power with which she can give them broken voice. Moir calls the truth of these stanzas an "important and heavy load," that weighs on the heart like a nightmare on the imagination, like a torture-scene by Spagnoletto. It is as real, and goes as straight to the heart, as the "Song of the Shirt." Her "Runaway Slave at Pilgrim's Point" is another outburst of passionate remonstrance, vented as it were in gasps and sobs of song. Thorough earnestness, indeed, marks all the verses she writes "with a purpose," from stanzas few and simple to the longer and more laboured "Casa Guidi Windows"—the "very incoherent and fragmentary form" of which, however, is in itself, by the sentence of Charles Kingsley, a true and natural expression of her natural bewilderment, uncertainty, alternate hope and disappointment, vague yet sure expectation of a darker and a brighter future, "a red sunrise of retribution, from whose glory and whose horror her eyes, as they should have done, turned away, while all things quivered before them, indistinctly amid the mist of tears"—what time she heard a little child go singing.

'Neath Casa Guidi windows, by the church,
"O bella libertà, O bella!"—

a little child, too, who "not long had been by mother's finger steadied on his feet," though still O bella libertà! he sang. The war-utterances of "Maud" had been anticipated for years by the laureate's greatest living rival in song, who denounces a hollow peace, where fellowship is not, nor mercy, nor any true fruit of *bella libertà*,—and who prefers to it the horrors of war, the "raking of the guns across the world," "the struggle in the slippery fosse, of dying men and horses, and the wave-blood bubbling"—such things she swears "by Christ's own Cross," and by the "faint heart of her womanhood," are better than a despot's selfish Peace, for that

Is gagged despair, and inarticulate wrong,
Annihilated Poland, stifled Rome,
Dazed Naples, Hungary fainting 'neath the throng,
And Austria wearing a smooth olive-leaf
On her brute forehead, while her hoofs outpress
The life from these Italian souls.

Mary Russell Mitford, lately taken from us in a green old age, has

told the world more than any one else, or than all other gentle gossips put together, of the life-history and painful past of the poetess. Miss Barrett that was (and under another title still is) once cordially addressed in a sonnet Miss Mitford that then was (and now, alas! is not) :

Dear friend, in whose dear writings drops the dew
And blow the natural airs; thou, who art next
To nature's self in cheering the world's view,
To preach a sermon on so known a text, &c.

In the cheeriest of Old Maids' "Recollections of a Literary Life," that pleasant kindly gossip about Books, Places, and People, is given, with characteristic unreserve and delicate sympathy combined, a record* of

* The reader will be glad to read, if for the first time, and not unwilling, if for a second, Miss Mitford's narrative:

"My first acquaintance with Elizabeth Barrett commenced about fifteen years ago. [This was written in 1851.] She was certainly one of the most interesting persons that I had ever seen. Everybody who then saw her, said the same; so that it is not merely the impression of my partiality, or my enthusiasm. Of a slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face, large tender eyes richly fringed with dark eyelashes, a smile like a sunbeam, and such a look of youthfulness, that I had some difficulty in persuading a friend, in whose carriage we went together to Chiswick, that the maistris of the 'Prometheus' of Æschylus, the authoress of the 'Essay on Mind,' was old enough to be introduced into company, in technical language was out. Through the kindness of another invaluable friend, to whom I owe many obligations, but none so great as this, I saw much of her during my stay in town. We met so constantly and so familiarly, that in spite of the difference of age intimacy ripened into friendship, and after my return into the country, we corresponded freely and frequently, her letters being just what letters ought to be—her own talk put upon paper. The next year was a painful one to herself, and to all who loved her. She broke a blood-vessel upon the lungs, which did not heal. If there had been consumption in the family that disease would have intervened. There were no seeds of the fatal English malady in her constitution, and she escaped. Still, however, the vessel did not heal, and after attending her for above a twelvemonth at her father's house in Wimpole-street, Dr. Chambers, on the approach of winter, ordered her to a milder climate. Her eldest brother, a brother in heart and talent worthy of such a sister, together with other devoted relatives, accompanied her to Torquay, and there occurred the fatal event which saddened her bloom of youth, and gave a deeper hue of thought and feeling, especially of devotional feeling, to her poetry. I have so often been asked what could be the shadow that had passed over that young heart, that now that time has softened the first agony it seems to me right that the world should hear the story of an accident in which there was much sorrow, but no blame. Nearly a twelvemonth had passed, and the invalid, still attended by her affectionate companions, had derived much benefit from the mild sea-breezes of Devonshire. One fine summer morning, her favourite brother, together with two other fine young men, his friends, embarked on board a small sailing-vessel for a trip of a few hours. Excellent sailors all, and familiar with the coast, they sent back the boatmen, and undertook themselves the management of the little craft. Danger was not dreamt of by any one; after the catastrophe, no one could divine the cause, but in a few minutes after their embarkation, and in sight of their very windows, just as they were crossing the bar, the boat went down, and all who were in her perished. Even the bodies were never found. I was told by a party who were travelling that year in Devonshire and Cornwall, that it was most affecting to see on the corner houses of every village street, on every church-door, and almost on every cliff for miles and miles along the coast, handbills, offering large rewards for linen cast ashore marked with the initials of the beloved dead; for it so chanced that all the three were of the dearest and the best. One, I believe, an only son, the other the son of a widow. This tragedy nearly killed Elizabeth Barrett. She was utterly prostrated by the horror and the grief, and by a natural but a most unjust feeling that she had been

certain tragic passages that have deeply tinged the life and works of her gifted friend. Acquaintance with it casts a mournful light on some dark places in the poems, where the darkness may be felt. Without knowing an atom of the story of her life, it is yet impossible not to infer from Mrs. Browning's poetry, that hers is no mere luxury of woe; that she is noway liable to the suspicion of wilful gloom for very wantonness; that she is no fantastic or professional threnodist, making a special wonder and grief of the o'erpassing of a summer-cloud; but one who has learned, as only storm-laden sorrow can teach, the possible anguish that human life can entail and human heart endure. By one overmastering affliction,

God's shadow on her face is laid
In sanctity for aye.

Jean Paul has beautifully said: "Der Schmerz liegt auf den weiblichen Herzen, die geduldig unter ihm sich drücken lassen, mit grösserer Last als auf den männlichen auf, die sich durch Schlagen und Pochen unter ihm wegarbeiten; wie den unbeweglichen Tannengipfel aller Schnee belastet, indess auf den tiefern Zweigen, die sich immer regen, keiner bleibt."* But sighs of heart-weariness escape ever and anon from the o'er-fraught heart, that else would break. In no modern poet are these *aspiriosa cogitationes* more pregnant with meaning. In none are retrospective reveries shadowed forth in greater depth of solemn sadness. We have never seen the recognition their pathos claims awarded to those self-communings in "Night and the Merry Man," for instance, where memory evokes from the past souvenirs of fancy's golden treasures, and of poems delightfully conned in childhood, ere the chilling discovery was made that Life is not a poem too:

in some sort the cause of this great misery. It was not until the following year that she could be removed in an invalid carriage, and by journeys of twenty miles a day, to her afflicted family and her London home. The house that she occupied at Torquay had been chosen as one of the most sheltered in the place. It stood at the bottom of the cliffs almost close to the sea, and she told me herself that during that whole winter the sound of the waves rang in her ears like the moans of one dying. Still she clung to literature and to Greek; in all probability she would have died without that wholesome diversion to her thoughts. Her medical attendant did not always understand this. To prevent the remonstrances of her friendly physician, Dr. Barry, she caused a small edition of Plato to be so bound as to resemble a novel. He did not know, skilful and kind though he were, that to her such books were not an arduous and painful study, but a consolation and a delight. Returned to London, she began the life which she continued for so many years, confined to one large and commodious but darkened chamber, admitting only her own affectionate family and a few devoted friends (I myself have often joyfully travelled five-and-forty miles to see her, and returned the same evening without entering another house); reading almost every book worth reading in almost every language, and giving herself heart and soul to that poetry of which she seemed born to be the priestess. Gradually her health improved. About four years ago she married Mr. Browning, and immediately accompanied him to Pisa. They then settled at Florence; and this summer I have had the exquisite pleasure of seeing her once more in London with a lovely boy at her knee, almost as well as ever, and telling tales of Italian rambles, of losing herself in chestnut forests, and scrambling on mule-back up the sources of extinct volcanoes. May Heaven continue to her such health and such happiness.*

Though the concluding prayer was uttered half a decade since, it is not too late—whole decades hence may it not be too late—to renew it with a deep Amen.

* Die unsichtbare Loge.

What are these? more, more than these!
 Throw in dearer memories!—
 Of voices—whereof but to speak,
 Maketh mine all sunk and weak;
 Of smiles, the thought of which is sweeping
 All my soul to floods of weeping;
 Of looks, whose absence fain would weigh
 My looks to the ground for aye;
 Of clasping hands—ah me! I wring
 Mine, and in a tremble fling,
 Downward, downward, all this paining!

A yet more moving example, to the same effect, is found in "The Fourfold Aspect"—beginning with a time when "the worst recorded change was of apple dropt from bough, when love's sorrow seem'd more strange than love's treason can seem now"—

Then, the Living took you up
 Soft upon their elder knees,—
 Telling why the statues droop
 Underneath the church and trees—

and thence, tracing the shades of the prison-house as they close in upon, and well-nigh darken to despair, well-nigh stife and slay, the mortal that had yet to learn its mortality:

Ay, but soon ye woke up shrieking,—
 As a child that wakes at night
 From a dream of sisters speaking
 In a garden's summer light,—
 That wakes, starting up and bounding,
 In a lonely, lonely bed,
 With a wall of darkness round him,
 Stifing black about his head!—
 And the full sense of your mortal*
 Rushed upon you deep and loud,
 And ye heard the thunder hurtle
 From the silence of the cloud—
 Funeral torches at your gateway
 Threw a dreadful light within:
 All things changed, you rose up straightway,
 And saluted Death and Sin.
Since—your outward man has rallied,
 And your eye and voice grown bold—
 Yet the Sphinx of Life stands pallid,
 With her saddest secret told.

These are but scant glimpses of one or two phases of the Fourfold Aspect. Let the reader survey all four aspects, in the original, with the care and feeling they demand, nay command,—and then ask himself if the poem does not merit a higher rank and wider acceptance than is its lot.

* "Mortal," a Barrettism for *mortality*. Syncope is a very summary way of turning an adjective into a substantive, *pro ré natâ*.

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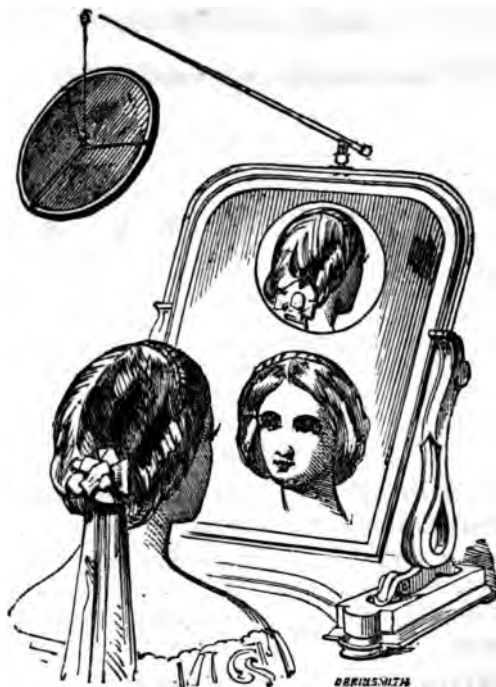
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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE SESSION AND THE PREMIER.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

ANOTHER session is about to be added to our parliamentary annals, characterised by results on several divisions which it was not easy to predicate, but on the whole of a more negative character than usual. Little was done, and much of moment left undone. Divisions took place, so extraordinary and so opposed to reason and probability, that some motions might as well have been terminated in the mode by which the facetious Rabelais proposed to terminate lawsuits, and save the waste of language, time, and money; or, in other words, by the dice-box. On some questions, the plain common-sense of one house was arrayed against the supernumerary sense of the other; thus the intolerant oath which Jews must take before they can sit in the Lower House of Parliament was once more cancelled in the Commons, but upheld in the Lords, while those who were the strenuous supporters of the persecuting oath, had no hesitation in partaking of the salt of the race they scorned and persecuted. Some new Lord Bacon, notwithstanding his offensive name and abhorrence of Judaism, may tender his hand to a fair daughter of Israel, and, condescending to marry Miss Esther's fortune, take the lady into the bargain; but he cannot think of voting for a measure which shall seat Miss Esther's father or brother alongside his own in the Lower House of Parliament. Only think how it would "un-Christianise" the nation—how dreadful it would be to such consistent magnates that a member of the oldest existing faith should contaminate such exemplary idolaters of wealth as we are, with a dislike to swine's flesh, and a remote respect for a believer in the great legislator of Sinai. An anti-Mosaic limb of the "House of Incurables," as the Earl of Chesterfield denominated a certain place a century ago, may visit and dine with a descendant of the line of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, praise his turtle, compliment his liberality, and, with no sense of his own duplicity while he partakes of the good fare, read a lecture on the disinterested patriotism of individuals who exhibit a remnant of the same spirit that at Norwich, York, Northampton, and London, once crucified, hung, or dragged to death at the tails of horses those who were of the more ancient creed, and were too conscientious to deny it. It may be replied there is no analogy in the cases; the exclusion of an individual from the rights of citizenship because he chooses to eat unleavened bread occasionally, and cannot admit of an apostolic succession through Cæsar Borgia and Leo X., is not persecution. True it is, a difference exists between hanging and scourging a man; both are punishments; the difference is only in degree, as a felonious abstraction

to the extent of forty pence is as much a felony as one of forty pounds. There is another point through which the people are deeply concerned in this question: What constitutional right can the Lords have to dictate to a constituency of freemen who shall be its representative? Such a power ought only to be vested in that branch of the legislature which is more immediately affected by the return. The ancient marriage law, so unjust to females, who are too often married to be plundered, it has been proposed shall be amended. The returns of the revenue have continued to be satisfactory, and the sum of the intelligence laid before parliament from America very much the reverse, exhibiting under the mask of smooth words the besetting sin of the Yankee—a taint of insincerity, or what some of its citizens call “’cuteness,” not to be amended by the expected return to the presidential chair of a candidate the double in everything of the pre-existing functionary. Guided by no recognised principle among European nations, the uncertainty of what may occur under annexation principles, filibustering expeditions, and incomprehensible doctrines generated by presidential volition, destroys confidence, embarrasses trade, and keeps the people restless, both here and in America, who feel an interest in the question. And who does not feel an interest in the question, situated as the two countries are in relation to each other? We have had our ambassador sent away in a very unfriendly manner, through his alleged want of delicacy in regard to an interference with the American enlistment law; while sensitive America allows adventurers to raise men for piratical purposes, and their expeditions to sail from her ports in violation of the law of nations. It is not a satisfactory answer to say the government of the United States cannot help it, unless it be willing to confess that it is domestically powerless, and can only be energetic when dealing with foreign states. It might be imagined that the lawlessness displayed in the West would be found a sufficient burden for the government; but the rule seems to be that each state is a petty kingdom, and may make peace or war with its brother state, provided it does not interfere with the acts to which, by the constitution, the powers of the Congress are limited. How such a system of liberty must end it is not difficult to guess.

An attempt made to destroy the proved efficiency of the Irish schools, which have worked so well amidst conflicting religious opinions, placed the government in a minority. It was one of those accidents which, in a house composed of more than six hundred and fifty members rarely mustering half the number, unless on questions of less importance than this, is inevitable at times. It was only a sudden effort of party to injure an establishment which has worked well. The great feature of the season has been the happy termination of a state of war, and the return of the Allied armies, we trust for a long term of disuse, as far as active hostilities are concerned. Lord Palmerston has brought the English part of the war to a successful conclusion, of course in conjunction with our allies. The success of the war which ended in the downfall of Napoleon was in no degree owing to the abilities or successes of any minister or army. The snows of Russia destroyed his veteran force of 300,000 men, which had before mastered Europe. The battles afterwards were fought with raw levies—cavalry mounted on post-horses, and conscripts new to the field. The lion was in the toils before the Allies struck him down,

after half a dozen coalitions of all Europe against him, successively baffled and defeated. In no other war from the time of Lord Chatham did we begin alone, or in conjunction with allies, and come off with such success as in this Russian contest, our enemy vigorous and ready with his boasted million of men. If we lost 20,000 men, and the French 60,000 or 70,000—one account says 83,000, including the deaths in Algiers—the enemy lost 500,000. It is clear that our loss, as it was, was greatly increased by the want of ability, foresight, and activity in the commanding officers. The war so gloriously carried on by Lord Chatham, terminated in a disgraceful peace made by George III. and Lord Bute. No one will contend that we were successful in the war with our own flesh and blood, which George III. waged to punish “rebels,” and in which Hessians were hired of their prince at 30*l.* a head, to be paid him for each subject killed. By the account paid, it appears that 13,700 men’s lives went into his purse, and yet the whole present contingent of the state of Hesse is but 10,000 men! It was this horrible proceeding of head-money that made Lord Chatham exclaim against our hiring men at “the shambles of every German despot”—not the taking foreign troops into pay. To continue: the treaty of Amiens was surely no triumph. We are therefore right in asserting that the success which has attended the late war, taken as a whole, and as the punishment for an outrage upon the peace of Europe, has been pre-eminently successful, and there is great merit, and no small praise, attaching to the Premier for having closed it so triumphantly and so wisely, upon terms as advantageous as either of the Allies could desire. Those terms being unexceptionable, it is desirable that diplomatic chicanery in carrying them out should not interfere to put aside the advantages which the honest interpretation of the articles at present offers. In a couple of years the labours of half a century of diligent flagitiousness have been destroyed, and an ancient and important territory received as a member of the great European family. We do not deny that there are subordinate difficulties yet to be encountered, but these can be overcome by care and firmness. Russia, on the other hand, in place of looking longer for power through a system of plunder and annexation of the territory of her neighbours, will resort to those mighty instruments which she possesses for rendering herself legitimately powerful by the improvement of a region that may be almost denominated a quarter of the world. If this be indeed the result, she will have profited by the late war much more than she has lost. She will not at another time be so soon exhausted, nor will her resources be exhibited so palpably in their weakness, as became inevitable towards the close of the late contest.

Certain parties, either interested in the continuance of the war from personal objects, or through the wild notion of making our enemy repay our expenses, or perhaps through the want of due consideration that war is a dreadful calamity, and a stigma upon the name of a Christian people, if entered upon unjustifiably, or prolonged a moment beyond the bare necessity—there were parties who condemned the peace so happily accomplished. Yet we should willingly have made peace upon terms much more advantageous to Russia a little time before. She saw that we should straiten her by new stipulations the longer she delayed to terminate hostilities. In the prolongation of the war we could not do more

than distress the Russian trade to the injury of our own. To trench seriously upon the integrity of the Russian territories was far beyond our power. We therefore accept this peace as the great and triumphant event of the part of the year already passed, and praise in place of censure the wisdom that dictated an advantage such as we can scarcely be said to have achieved before, and not by any natural aid from the elements, but our own strength in conjunction with that of our allies. Let it be remembered, that the track in war always lies through a labyrinth without a clue for a guide; none who are wise will rely upon a march in the dark, war being a chapter of accidents. The Premier acted, therefore, on grounds of wisdom as well as good feeling. The more scholars learn beyond the hornbook the wiser they become; it is the same with statesmen, when they are capable of applying what they acquire to sound purposes. This is no small glory to the head of the ministry. We hold that the Premier is a much more remarkable personage out of the exalted position he holds in the government than he has credit for being. Let the political tenets of any unprejudiced individual be what they may, they cannot honourably deny the possession of talent to an opponent when it really exists. It has been our lot to see men wielding the destinies of a great empire who would by nature have done better at the plough-tail, or at blurring sheepskins in the lower regions of the Court of Chancery—proofs how easy it is merely to govern mankind, especially as the reputation is taken so often by the mass for the ability. To govern wisely and well is a different affair from the rule once confided by intrigue to the micro-cosmic mind of a Perceval, or the well-intentioned imbecility of a Robinson, to go no further in exemplification. Some may govern, but only under systems maintained by audacious violations of the primary principles of the constitution. It has become a different thing “to carry on the Queen’s business”—to borrow a phrase of Wellington—since the Reform Act than it was before. Peel thought it impossible; but he no doubt judged from the past, for he was himself an evidence that a statesman of talent could not only work with a reformed House of Commons, but achieve at its head the most important of his political successes. It is, therefore, clear that this statesman had past experience and bygone examples in his mind of the working of nihility in office, before the Reform Bill passed, and therefore had apprehensions about results afterwards. Lord Palmerston cannot be said to have fairly taken his ground until the time of the Reform Bill, and he has been able to work with a house the least inclined towards labour this session of any we recollect, little aspiring in legislation, delighted with small topics and measures which require decimal arithmetic to calculate their importance, full of downward tendencies like the literature and art of the day. Yet with all this, though we imagine not without some trials of patience, the Premier is able to transact the necessary public business, if he cannot push important matters throughout. “Great genius is great patience,” said Buffon; and his lordship must have been sorely tried during his later experiences. A Reformer from the time William IV. mounted the throne, the measure of the benefit expected from the Reform Bill is not forthcoming. The beneficial changes expected under the bill have not yet been fully realised. Electoral corruption has, in too many instances, only taken another form. Lord Palmerston pauses about a larger concession

until what has been already conceded is productive of benefit proportioned to its magnitude; so we take it. He desires to see the mortar harden, and a portion of the edifice well consolidated before more material is laid on. We cannot admit that his lordship has ever pronounced the bill "a finality," so as to be under the necessity of explaining away the inference drawn from too candid an avowal of an airy thought mistaken for a resolution. The Premier, who has had no small experience among that part of mankind most careful in the use of language, rather says, "Wait: I do not deny that things must move forward, but we must consider the pace." If the pace expected were calculated at nine miles an hour, and we can only yet do seven,—or but a couple of miles more than the old jog-trot of five and six in the "good old times" of George III., when patent bits were so much in use to check the horses in the chariot of Freedom, while we promised ourselves the full nine,—we must attain the object expected in the first move before we make another. "Ay," cry those who support the universal principle, "it is because you do not go fast enough." There, we presume, issue is joined. Of course this is but matter of surmise. Nor is such a surmise wonderful, when many cry out, "Go on, dash forward, as they do in America." But we have to consider it our duty, situated between the despotisms of Europe and the licentiousness of American freedom, to take care of our own saddle-seat. We neither want despotism nor republicanism.

Lord Palmerston then, we take it, is a more able individual than people in general think, exclusive of connexion with the exalted situation he holds in the public service. Political foes are the least scrupulous, after religious ones, in misrepresentation. Few equal him in active business habits. These, indeed, are a part of his nature, and he follows them with an easy precision, which nothing but long experience and method could have enabled him to do at a period when few similarly endowed, and with as excellent and vigorous a constitution, but would begin to feel the cares of public business grow irksome. He is remarkable for his universality of knowledge, and readiness on more subjects than any other member of the house. His memory is exceedingly retentive, rarely failing to call up whatever is required in aid of argument or illustration, at the precise moment it is wanted. On any unforeseen emergency he is a most effective ally. His intellect, acute and active, is not forward; on the contrary, he is somewhat idle without a stimulus to force his eloquence into action; and what can be more natural, when often having no antagonist worthy of him, he is compelled to answer dulness with reason, and with sober aspect refute, when the refutation is not worth the breath bestowed in its delivery. This universality of intelligence, or power of speaking upon a variety of topics, is exceedingly useful in a minister, affording him great advantages. It is not in the Houses of Parliament that a profound knowledge of the subject before the chair or throne is most valuable, it is the power of making an effective hit on one or two obvious prominences. While cautious of committing himself when the subject is strange, he is quick to the point, and knows where to strike, and strike hard too, upon fitting occasions. Mr. Cobden, so perfect a master of the Free-trade question, though second to Mr. Charles Villiers in fathering it, has uniformly broken down in attempting to lead on topics which he imagined he had mastered. He

made, for example, a bad display of his views in regard to the foreign politics of Europe, which it would seem as if the honourable gentleman thought he could have mastered by a flying visit. Prophecies falsified are damaging things. Lord Palmerston's foreign policy has been admirable. His public documents are some of the most influential and ingenious that have been put forth by any statesman in this or any other country. He is so much master of his subject upon almost all occasions, that he has no need to "read for it," as collegians say, no necessity to do as Lord Melbourne was accused of doing by the facetious Sidney Smith, the day before he expected to receive a deputation from the tallow-chandlers, namely, sitting up half the night discoursing with Thomas Young about skimming and melting, till he had acquired knowledge enough "to work off a whole vat of prime Leicester tallow." The present Premier would not regard the handicraft part of the matter a moment—the method of pouring into the moulds the oleaginous liquefaction. He would look on the subject as to whether the exports and imports were likely to be affected, together with what bore upon the public interest, and see if that interest and the request of the deputation could be reconciled. He judges by the essentials, and gives a speedy reply accordingly. The energy of the noble lord is not less surprising than his strength and readiness. Who at his age could have stood and spoken so many hours as he did when he defended himself a short time ago against the attacks of his enemies in the affair of Pacifico? He has been continually undervalued by the false colouring put upon the individual apart from the politician. Lord Lyndhurst, the most remarkable speaker both as to clearness and argument in the Upper House, always logical, betrays the advocate in his matter and manner. After all, he is chiefly remarkable for the preservation of his faculties so long in a great age. There is much of the statesman and little of the advocate in Lord Palmerston. If there be any subject upon which he has no information, it is easy to be judged from his taciturnity. Whatever knowledge he possesses he never fails to make a judicious use of. This is exactly suitable to the occasion, for a profound mastership of the topic when propounded, would be of no virtue in the ears of the House of Commons for the purpose of supporting or rejecting it, compared to a little general knowledge of avowed merits well thrown forward. The Premier judiciously glances at the salient points, knowing just what the House will take, and suits the humour of parliament much better than the most elaborate eloquence. There are obstacles genius cannot overcome, and the stolidity of some dozens of country gentlemen and speculation-company traders is only to be met by tact, and the art acquired through long practice. His lordship's experience has been long, and every one must admit not unprofitable in that which the wise man most esteemed. How many, with similar advantages, live still destitute of information upon what they have seen pass every day before their eyes. Half a century of experiences, therefore, even when the power of observation is not as great as that the minister possesses, and the advantage of an excellent memory, which can recal suitable things and turn them to advantageous account, are the most valuable of the possessions of a public minister: when to the foregoing advantages are added health, spirits, and sufficient equanimity to regulate them duly in the use, the success must

needs be commensurate. It is a long while ago, when in the full strength of manhood, during the administration of Perceval, we recal his tall handsome figure and dark complexion in the House of Commons, always well dressed, and, we should take it, in those days full of vivacious feeling. In punishing an adversary, particularly one whose self-conceit is only second to his ignorance, his lordship takes him to pieces as an artist might be supposed to do his lay figure, before sending it packing by "Pickford's Van," extracting the pins one by one which serve to impart flexibility, and reducing it to a limbless trunk, a sort of King Log, serving only as a monument of its own lifeless blunder. There he leaves the intruder, and resumes that tranquillity which marked him before he unlimbed the idol of a clique, perhaps the Ajax of some petty parliamentary circle, with the down yet upon his chin, or in his ignorance grown hoary.

In the present condition of our representatives in the House of Commons, we are at a loss to find a successor for such a post as the Premier holds. His foreign policy we have always thought superior to that of our other ministers, because he seemed to understand better the state of both the rulers and people of other countries. Lord Aberdeen looked alone to the ruling power, and we suspect took his tone from the heads of our embassies, some of whom bungle, and others knowing nothing but what they glean from the inferiors in their diplomatic establishment. We take it that Lord Palmerston gathered his knowledge directly from every source available—from the courts and the people—and his measures originated in duly weighing the whole, and acting upon that which was the preponderating good policy. This was remarkable in his treaty of 1840. Thus, those in opposition to his policy insisted at that time that England had no interest in the preservation of the Turkish Empire, that her conduct was a breach of the system of non-intervention, and that war was made upon an unoffending power in Mehemet Ali. This was party spirit acting against truthful conviction, as it too often does. We may now ask those who cavilled at this policy, whether to have weakened the Turkish Empire at that time yet more, would have been any aid in our late contest with Russia? This last power, by the treaty of Adrianople, had gained a great advantage. The Premier's policy in 1840 arrested any attempt at further encroachment for some time—say at least a dozen years, or to the commencement of the war just concluded. M. Thiers was as erroneous in his calculations at that time as his motive—"a jealousy of Russia"—was unworthy. By inducing Russia to join in the treaty, she became bound to refrain from further aggression on Turkey, and the treaty of Hunkiar-Skellesi was neutralised. Nicholas violated that treaty when he attacked Turkey the other day, thinking the "pear was ripe." Lord Aberdeen and his friends denounced the treaty of 1840. We have now a proof which policy was correct.

We cannot help quoting ourselves, just sixteen years ago,* not because we have faith in prophecies, but because of the views attempted to be lately carried out by the Northern ruler:—"Russia made herself the protector of Turkey as Hastings in India made himself the protector of

* *The Plain Sense Reasons of the Treaty of July, 1840, for maintaining the Integrity of Turkey.* 1841. 8vo, p. 16.

native princes, that he might plunder and ruin them with more facility. Once in Constantinople, Russia becomes secure; while the Turks are there, she is vulnerable; and very naturally seeing this, she determines to watch and secure the minutest advantage towards her end, until her ports on the shores of the Euxine shall no more be assailable, and the Mediterranean acknowledge a Scythian master. These and others were reasons for concluding a treaty which places obstacles in the way of her ambition. Even as it is, Russia will not long remain idle under the treaty. She takes credit for her signature to it, but she will, some way or another, before long make up her account. She will intrigue to sow dissension between the other European powers, or make dupes of some of them to her own interests. She will omit no opportunity of recovering her lost ground by perseverance unflagging and unrevealed, except in its effects. She will trust to time for ultimate success, nor dream of resigning her project. Her junction with the other powers can only be regarded as the result of a policy which knows how to conceal disappointed hope under a graceful address. Can it be no step gained, then, to retard her ambitious objects, and preserve the peace of Europe for some time to come? The success of the treaty is a triumph for peace and humanity, and can be viewed in no other light by plain sense people. The right to march Russian troops, under pretence of an alliance, into the dominions of the Porte, showed that for several years a hazardous state of things had been existing; that a long, expensive, and bloody war hung upon a leaf should but a breeze blow, since England and France had discussed forcing the Dardanelles, for the crisis had come. The policy, some still assert, was for England to remain passive while the seeds of a war were sowing which she might prevent, and in which she might be ultimately involved. Lord Palmerston knew his duties better, and with a display of ability rarely witnessed in a British cabinet, succeeded by negotiation in forming an alliance sufficiently powerful to avert all danger to the integrity of the Turkish Empire from the aggression of a foreign power. The treaty was defensive in its nature. It trespassed upon the authority of no sovereign, upon the right of no people."

Europe thus gained above a dozen years of peace. Russia exhibited her dishonesty by violating the treaty of 1840. She persevered secretly, as it was shown she would do. The vast preparations of stores and the strong forts of Sebastopol show how she laboured to consummate her purpose, so that her friends could not openly support her. She had no idea before of any people transporting by sea armies of 150,000 men, or she had fortified Sebastopol. She intrigued with that imbecile, that selfish Prussia, if not to support her openly, to be neutral in her behalf. She imagined that Austria—although its enormous frontier, already exposed, endangered it, and the extension of that frontier would be inevitable—out of sheer gratitude for enabling the Emperor of Austria to extinguish Hungarian independence, would generously wink at the subjugation of Turkey. So true was it that Russia hoped to "make dupes" of some of the other European powers to serve her own interests. Yet though Austria would and would not join France and England, she played a serviceable game towards both. The foreign policy of the Premier, therefore, has been well tested and not found wanting; while Lord Aberdeen, from being too forgetful of the sacred oracle, "Put not thy

trust in princes," was very nearly betrayed by the deceased descendant of Soltikof, who has paid the penalty with his life of his unprincipled attempt to rob the unoffending "sick man." So may it be with all such scourges of humanity *in secula seculorum!*

If it be true that the Premier, while supporting progress, resists the go-ahead system so much advocated by certain parties in this country, who desire to see the tumultuous race run towards the political felicity so rapturously enjoyed in the New World, it is not owing to him that no more progress is made on questions of importance in social advance. The House of Commons is divided into parties, strong in attachment to petty legislation, and ever playing at cross-purposes. Who could imagine that the enormous concerns of an empire of a hundred and fifty millions of people were really discoverable in the Tom Thumb questions which the newspapers continually record? Important subjects and enlarged views of public measures seem utterly foreign to a proportion of our representatives. The *Infiniment Petit* song of Béranger might be applicably "said or sung"—perhaps we should say, in compliment to certain Roman religionists, "chanted"—by the chaplain every time he prepares the House for its labours by the prayers too little regarded, though we believe Leslie Foster formerly "improved the occasion," as old John Wesley would phrase it, by conning over his forthcoming speech on his knees in place of cultivating his devotions. A greater variety of subject is obtained in the present mode, it is true. One member's legislative happiness dwells in the sewers, another in night coffee-shops, a third in Crimean photographs, or at Maynooth, or in cab-driving, or shop-closing,—the insignificance of the subject being in an inverse ratio to the important style with which it is introduced to legislative notice. How the Premier manages such materials is not the least wonderful of his political achievements. The public, thanks to the abridgment of the speeches in the morning papers, may escape the infliction of reading them from end to end, but the minister must endure as well as answer. Formerly parliamentary eloquence repaid the perusal of the speeches by its graces and wit; now it is but common conversation. We well remember when Canning answered Lord Lyndhurst, who made a speech on the Catholic question, taken out of a pamphlet by the present Bishop of Exeter, with the quotation,

Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale,
Was once Toby Philpotts!

and the cachinnation and applause to which the happy allusion gave birth. We have no such reliefs now from our invariable mediocrity.

But we are travelling out of the record, having already trespassed at so great a length upon the printer's space that we cannot notice more of the little business which has been transacted.

TRAVELS IN THE CENTRAL PARTS OF SOUTH AMERICA.*

M. FRANCIS DE CASTELNAU, chief of an expedition sent by the late Louis Philippe to explore the interior of South America, is known as the author of a work on the United States and upon the Silurian system of North America. So highly were his talents as a naturalist and geographer esteemed by the enterprising but turbulent republic, that he was offered a diplomatic appointment at Lima; but having, as a preliminary step, to solicit the permission of his own government, the king, who always manifested great interest in geographical discoveries, reproached the young naturalist with what he called his desertion, and offered him the charge, which he enthusiastically accepted, of a scientific expedition into the most central and the least known parts of Central America. The events of February, 1848, prevented the immediate publication of the results of these explorations, which were carried on from the year 1843 to 1844; but what is designated as the "Histoire du Voyage," communicated by the author from Bahia, where he is now acting as French consul, and corrected by Dr. Weddell, who, with M. de Castelnau, M. d'Osery, mining engineer, and M. Emile Deville, a naturalist, constituted the leading members of the expedition, has at length made its appearance in the goodly shape of six octavo volumes.

From these lengthy but interesting details we gather that the expedition left Brest on the 30th of April, 1843, and, after touching at Teneriffe and Gorea, landed at Rio on the 18th of June. We have so recently sketched the social condition of the metropolis of Brazil from the pages of a clever-observing American tourist, that we need not return to the subject on the present occasion—the more especially as such of the pages of M. de Castelnau's voluminous work as are taken up with an account of Rio Janeiro bear reference mainly to botanical excursions made in the environs, to zoological and geological facts, and to agriculture and the state and progress of the public establishments.

A severe illness, contracted during these preliminary excursions, accelerated the departure of the expedition, M. de Castelnau having been recommended to exchange the heated and unwholesome atmosphere of the city for the cooler air of the mountains of Estrella, where he took up his quarters for a short time in a rickety hut, without windows to the frames, yet belonging to the emperor, who has since converted the site into the so-called city of Petropolis. Our naturalist was delighted with the change, his health improving rapidly. Vegetation was also vigorous and various, presenting more than one-half different species from what are met with in the environs of Rio. Palms were less abundant, but arborescent ferns more so; and here they met, for the first time, with the Brazilian pine. Birds and insects were also much more numerous than on the shores of the bay. At this elevation they were also not so much annoyed by musquitoes, but, in exchange, they were attacked by the

* Expédition dans les Parties Centrales de l'Amérique du Sud, de Rio de Janeiro à Lima et de Lima au Para; exécutée par Ordre du Gouvernement Français pendant les années 1843 à 1844, sous la Direction de Francis de Castelnau. Histoire du Voyage.

carapato, or tick, a kind of spider (*Ixodes*), which burrows itself into the skin.

After a short delay at Sambambaya they got on to the fazenda, or farm, of Magé, where they first heard the ferrador, a gigantic toad that made night dismal, notwithstanding the innumerable fire-flies and glow-worms. These Brazilian fazendas, farms or villages, present all pretty nearly the same appearance: one or two private residences, a chapel, a venda or public-house, a rancho, the caravanserai of South America, and half a dozen huts. Our traveller's route lay beyond this, through mountain forests, interrupted here and there by running streams, which formed charming cascades. The road itself was execrable. A descent of five leagues led them to the banks of Parahyba, which they crossed in a bark to the town of same name. This little town barely consisted of a hundred one-storied houses; nor would it have scarcely any commerce but that it lay on the way to the mines. There are, however, plantations of cocoas, coffee, sugar, and maize around. The Parahyba is a tributary to the Parahybuna, which divides the province of Rio Janeiro from that of Minas Geraes. Both rivers flowed amid dark rocks of granite and gneiss. The bridges had been destroyed in the insurrection of 1842, but were at that time being rebuilt, and a tax equal to about five shillings was levied for permission to cross, government placing obstacles upon intercourse in new regions where such ought in every way possible to be facilitated.

The province of Minas Geraes is celebrated throughout the world for its mineral riches. Unfortunately, absorbed in the acquisition of these, the inhabitants have left the land in a sad state of neglect. Advancing into the province, our travellers exchanged the splendid forest-scenery of Rio for the campos of the great upland of Minas Geraes. These so-called campos were in reality hilly, and covered with an herbaceous vegetation, diversified by the lilac flowers of a dwarf *Melastoma*, the roseate hues of a *Pavonia*, and the yellow or scarlet blossoms of several pretty leguminous plants. There were also here and there oases of forests, chiefly of *Araucarias*, the splendid pines of South America.

At the commencement of these uplands is the town of Barbacena, the chief place of a district, which contains 18,000 souls, including the negroes of the fazendas. The town itself contains 4000 souls, has two or three streets, as many churches, and a detestable hostelry. From this region, about 1180 yards above the level of the sea, the Parahybuna, the La Plata, and the Rio San Francisco, all flowing in different directions, take their origin. Our travellers added many beautiful birds to their collections here, and several snakes; among others, a pretty coral serpent and two kinds of jararac—a triganocephalous snake, the most dangerous in Brazil. Amphisbenes, or two-headed serpents, were met with even in the houses. An exceedingly pretty frog was also captured, green, with a yellow belly, orange and blue spots on its flanks, and feet veined like marble. The main resources of the expedition in regard to diet were black haricots, manioc flour, the tubercles of a *Dioscorea*, called in the country *cara*, and which take the place of potatoes; and preserves, which it is the local custom to eat with salt cheese.

Beyond Barbacena they had the same undulating campos, with what our naturalist appropriately designates as *bouquets de forêts*. The high road to Ouro Preto was at times only to be distinguished by the traces of

mules' footsteps. The little town of Queluz lay on the way to the metropolis of the mining district, and before reaching the latter place a dangerous and difficult ascent of the mountains had to be effected. At the summit, vegetation was so magnificent that Dr. Weddell, the botanist of the expedition, remained behind to collect. Topazes and other precious stones are met with in these mountains.

Ouro Preto, formerly called *Villa Rica*, and still so designated in the latest maps in our possession, is built upon the most irregular ground that can possibly be imagined. The president of Minas Geraes resided in a palace which resembled a feudal castle, and was defended by three guns of small calibre. The mining population is given to frequent insurrections against the existing authorities. The province was at that very time divided into two factions, the *Caramurus*, or Imperialists, and the *Chimangos*, or Liberals, who carried on a furious warfare against one another. The temperature in the city, at an elevation of some 1600 feet above the level of the sea, was quite European, and the society very agreeable. The only drawbacks to the agreeableness of the place were, that the inhabitants were always letting off crackers, or howling in little knots before a *Madonna* at the corner of the streets. We have seen that at Rio they were obliged to get rid of these pious excesses by summary proceedings. The population of Ouro Preto amounts to from 11,000 to 12,000 souls, among whom 600 slaves. There were formerly 30,000, among whom 6000 negroes. At that time the pay of the slaves engaged in mining operations was only 80 reis, it is now 400 reis per day.

After sundry excursions to the mining towns around Ouro Preto, our travellers quitted that city on the 17th of December. While there, one of the party, who was very zealous in ornithological pursuits, brought in two birds in triumph. They turned out to be domestic pea-hens. On the 19th, after a very fatiguing mountain ascent, the expedition arrived at the English mines of *Catta Branca*, at the foot of the peak of *Itabiri*—among the richest in Brazil. The establishment is described as having a thorough English aspect. Houses remarkable for their exceeding cleanliness, with little flower-gardens in front; 450 slaves are employed, and they were remarkable for their healthy and robust appearance. They are, indeed, well cared for, and kept in airy and cleanly homes.

On the 22nd, they started for the mines of *Morro Velho*, through a difficult country. Some misunderstanding caused their reception here to be less hospitable than at *Catta Branca*, but the arrival of the superintendent—a Mr. Herring—set matters right, and they were at length received "like old friends by a charming family, of whom," says M. de *Castelnau*, "I shall always preserve a pleasant remembrance." The mines of *Morro Velho* are the only ones in Brazil that return an interest to the shareholders.

From *Morro Velho* to *Sabara* was one continuous descent. Here they were received with a feudal hospitality by the *Baron de Sabara*. Pushing his adherence of old customs to an extreme, the veteran grandee insisted upon M. de *Castelnau* being waited upon by his three sons. The town of *Sabara* is nearly a league in length, and contains a population of 4500 souls. Here they witnessed a negro masquerade, annually performed, of an election of a *King of Congo*; among the masqueraders was one who was dressed in an English soldier's red coat. He was the chief musician.

Some insubordination having manifested itself at this place among the followers of the expedition, M. de Castelnau was obliged to have two of its members imprisoned. Some of the gold ore they examined here was of incredible richness. It came from the mine of Taquaral, lately ceded to an English company for 20,000*l.* sterling and 5 per cent. of the produce. At the baron's table they first tasted some new fruits, among which *fruto do conde*, with the flavour of perfumed cream.

On the 8th of January, 1844, the expedition left Sabara for Curral del Rey, a pretty village in the midst of woods, and having a beautiful mountain prospect. Here they added several very pretty humming-birds to their collection. They were detained for a few days by some of their mules going astray; and it speaks well for the inhabitants that they purchased one, although it could not be found. On the 11th, the expedition was on its way again, only to be detained again at Capella Nova by the animals running away. At Bicas, where they arrived on the 14th, it was the turn of the inhabitants to run away. They mistook the expedition for a recruiting party. At this village goitre was endemic: not an inhabitant was exempt from this frightful affliction. They began to be afflicted at the age of two or three years. Luckily, the inhabitants of the mountains are so accustomed to it, that a girl who had not a goitre would find it difficult to obtain a husband. As to the cause, it is as unknown here as in the Alps or Pyrenees; luckily it is not accompanied in Brazil by cretinism.

Morro de Matheus Lemé, a large village with a pretty church, led the way to Palatina, where they arrived on the 16th, after an arduous journey in the rain, one of the mules breaking its back. At As Guardas they fell in with a Frenchman, who declared that he had travelled from New York to Peru on a railway 1700 leagues in extent! On the 20th, they arrived at the small town of Pitangui, the inhabitants of which were busy celebrating the feast of San Sebastian. On the 21st, they passed the Rio Para by a bridge, raised upon natural piles of dark-coloured rock, and on the 28th they crossed the Rio San Francisco by boats. Although not yet the bad season of the year, all the people at the ferry were suffering from intermittent fever.

Hastening away from the banks of this pernicious stream, the expedition advanced across extensive campos, where they first fell in with the nandu—the ostrich of the country. They were now getting into regions where strangers were rare; and when they came to a farm or village, the jaundiced peasants pointed at them and laughed, just as M. de Castelnau says the French peasants do at the monkeys in the Jardin des Plantes. At one of these villages a child brought them a giant crane that he had caught with the lasso. On the 8th of February they arrived at the small town of Patrocinio, where they rested themselves a few days: their average rate of travelling at this time does not appear to have exceeded three leagues, or eight or nine miles per day.

On the 14th they quitted Patrocinio for the Aldea of Santa Anna, where it was said they would find a colony of Indians, but it had nothing Indian in it but its name, and very little copper blood flowed in the veins of its actual inhabitants. Beyond this they came to the picturesque banks of the Rio das Velhas, the principal affluent of the Paranahyba, where they obtained a rich harvest of curious birds, insects, and plants.

Here they also visited the magnificent waterfall of the Rio das Furnas, but vegetation was so dense that they could not succeed in reaching the foot of the fall after two hours' ineffectual attempts. The fall was about sixty-three yards in depth by sixteen in width, and was situated in the midst of a virgin forest, the waters tumbling into a vast basin formed by gigantic masses of rock.

On the 22nd, by dint of making longer journeys, they reached the banks of the Rio Paranahyba, which divides the province of Minas Geraes from that of Goyaz. Here they spent a day obtaining specimens of parrots, herons, and other beautiful birds. Butterflies were so numerous that they gave to the little muddy spots on the banks of the river the appearance of a coloured carpet. After crossing the stream, their way lay through a dense forest, the road obstructed, as had been frequently the case previously, by frightful pitfalls. At Catalão, a little town of two thousand inhabitants, and the first they reached in the province of Goyaz, they were received by the governor of the district—one Colonel Roque—a tall, thin personage, all in blue, and with a blue straw hat, nearly a yard in diameter. This governor held a court every evening of negroes and mulattoes, who compared their chief to *Camar* and Napoleon. The great man acknowledged each extravagance of the kind by a graceful bow of the head. The inhabitants, seeing that our travellers collected owls and bats, as well as other ornithological curiosities, had a battue in their church, where, for a quarter of an hour, nothing was heard but the firing of guns.

Having heard that the president of the province of Goyaz was about to take his departure for Rio Janeiro, M. de Castelnau started in advance of the caravan to the city of the same name. Situated in the midst of wooded mountains, Goyaz is one of the prettiest towns in Brazil. The houses, generally of one story, are well built and very white; the streets are wide and clean, although badly paved, and the squares are spacious. The cathedral and churches would not disgrace a European city. The population amounts to from seven to eight thousand inhabitants, among whom but few negroes. Close by flows the Rio Vermelho, a tributary to the Araguay, renowned for its auriferous sands. At this place women are regarded with almost as much jealousy as in the East, being kept as much as possible within doors, and when they go out they are obliged to cover their faces in part with a white kerchief. Some of the ladies, however, wore black hats adorned with feathers. Men and women alike pass their time in religious festivities and processions, to which, like most other Brazilians, they are passionately addicted, and in this remote town, some fifteen hundred miles from the capital, to an excess that even astonished their co-religionaries of the Gallican Church.

After a false start on the 28th of April, discomfited by the breaking loose of the animals, a real one was effected on the 3rd of May. As the expedition had now to travel through countries inhabited by Indians, it was accompanied by a party of soldiery, sent for its protection by the Governor of Goyaz, and these licentious men-at-arms gave themselves up to many excesses on the way. On the 6th they arrived at the Aldea of Carretao, inhabited by Christian Indians of the tribe of Chavantes; among them, also, were some wild Indians, upon whose breasts were as many incisions as they had killed and eaten enemies. The expedition

here increased its numbers by the addition of four Indian warriors. Horses, cattle, and human beings alike suffered at this Indian village from the bite of a small bat, that kept close to the ground in flying, and attacked all living things it met with asleep. The expedition also suffered much from the carrapatos, and a still more disagreeable insect, called the borrachudo, which covered the body in myriads, filling the eyes, ears, and nostrils. At the next station, called Crixas, they saw a negro pulling away with all his might at a large bell in front of the church. Upon asking wherefore he was indulging in this violent exercise, he said it was in honour of the arrival of illustrious strangers. They were now in the country of jaguars, and Dr. Weddell had had a mantle manufactured at Goyaz from their skins, which so terrified his mule, M. de Castelnau relates, that he ran away whenever the doctor attempted to mount him, and would be running yet, if he had not been exhausted by sheer fatigue. A splendid owl was shot in the interior of the cathedral of Crixas. Beyond this place their way lay through gloomy forests, tenanted by splendid parrots, or aras, as the French call them, little monkeys called ouistitis, and numerous other living things. On the 11th they caught a young mulatto in the woods, who had run away from his parents, and who, being in great dread of the Indians, begged to be allowed to join the expedition, to which he acted as a valuable guide at a time of great need. Some of the party partook of the flesh of the great vulture, called urubu, on this part of the journey, but they never returned to it, not even in periods of the greatest suffering from hunger. On the 13th the road became almost utterly impassable from pitfalls and young bamboos. When there was water, the mud was covered with the impressions of the feet of tigers and tapirs. At length, on the 14th, they arrived at Salinas, a village on the Araguay, at which they were to exchange mules for boats, in order to descend the course of that great river. The expedition had so increased in numbers by this time, that the tail is described as still lost in the forest whilst its head was defiling into the chief square of the village. The garrison was in arms; and the commandant in his uniform, and the priest in his surplice, were at the head of the population, while the sound of guns and crackers, mingled with the peals of bells and the shouts of Indians, heralded the arrival of the Naturalists and of their motley crew. The population of Salinas was, with the exception of the commandant, a lieutenant, and the curé, composed entirely of Christian Indians. There was also here a party of wild Carajas Indians, who had lately arrived from the forests of the Araguay.

Preparations for the descent of the river, the number of boats requisite, and the provisioning of so large a party, detained the expedition for some time at this village, which derives its name from some saline clays that effloresce in the autumnal season. On the 2nd of June a general review was held of the men forming the expedition: they amounted to forty-five. The names recalled the bright days of Portuguese chivalry. There were among them Mascarenhas, Magalhaës, Sas, Gamas, and Albuquerque, with a dozen Christian and family adjuncts; but as to the persons, alas! how was the chivalry of Portugal misrepresented! On the 9th, the boats being ready, they were duly christened, and the expedition started amidst the discharge of musketry, the shouts of men

and women, and the blessings of the primitive old curé. No sooner out in the stream, than, what was far more curious and interesting, they saw that its surface was ever and anon disturbed by the dorsal fin of some enormous fish; that a fresh-water dolphin, called *bote* in the country, threw out jets of water, and that on the muddy banks lay slumbering many a monstrous cayman. The start was on the Crixas, but they debouched into the noble Araguay the same evening. This fine river, with its tranquil mass of waters, had a truly magnificent aspect. It was not less than five hundred yards in width, but in parts much obstructed by islands. They encamped upon one of these for the night, the adjacent shores being covered with birds of varied and beautiful plumage. It was a delightful thing next morning not to have to wait till the mules were brought in and loaded. There was nothing but to embark a few utensils and float down with the stream, not some three or four leagues, but ten or twelve at a stretch, and that through the most varied and magnificent forest, rock, and water scenery that can be imagined, alive also with all the strangest forms of tropical life. The effect of these great interior rivers of South America, as De Humboldt long ago remarked, is that of the shores of the sea. "The mass of waters which surrounded us," says M. de Castelnau, on arriving at the great island of Bananal, or Santa Anna, "and the sandy beach upon which we were reposing, would have led me to suppose that we were upon the shores of the sea, and the animals that crowded round us rendered the illusion still more perfect; most of them, indeed, belonged to genera that were exclusively marine; such were the dolphins, already noticed; such also were the gulls, the cormorants, and other wading and swimming birds, that never ceased flying in circles over our heads." There were three kinds of caymans, or crocodiles, in the Araguay; the largest and most ferocious was distinguished by its yellow throat; another, the jacaré preto, had a white belly and yellowish white spots on the sides of the body, and was from four to five yards in length; the third, the jacaré tinga, was veined black and yellow on the back, and only two yards in length. The principal fish were the pirarucu, the pirara, and other ill-looking but good-tasted Silurians, among which was also the gymnotus electricus. The pirarucu, or giant vatres, is one of the principal fish in the tributaries of the Amazon, where he delights most in the bottom of lakes that communicate with the river, but comes up to the surface at times, when he is harpooned. The second day of the navigation of the Araguay, the fishermen of the expedition caught five of these fish, each of them nearly three yards in length, and weighing upwards of three hundred pounds: no contemptible resource to our travellers. Their dinners used, indeed, soon to partake of what M. de Castelnau terms "a local colour." As usual with a bill of fare, it must be given in French: "Une grillade de pirarucu, trois pirangas un kamichi et un héron rôtis, une fricassée de lézards, avec de la farine de manioc." The lizards alluded to here were frightful-looking guanas or chameleons. The cavia capivara was also met with, but difficult to get at in woods infested by pumas, black tigers, or jaguars, and large-spotted and small-spotted jaguars. By the 17th, pirangas, noticed in the bill of fare—a small fish of the salmon tribe—began, to their gratification, to become more abundant. These fish are so voracious, although of small size, that they attack a man bathing in such crowds as

to destroy him in a very short time. When the attendants were washing a bit of fish over the sides of the boats, five or six pirangas would attack it at once, and allow themselves to be drawn into the boats with it, so that there was no great skill requisite to catch as many as could be consumed. They even eat off the tails of the caymans, and aquatic fowl were constantly seen whose feet had been devoured by them. The same day the dogs put up a stag, which, to avoid them, took to the water, where he was devoured by the pirangas in a moment! The 18th, while they were sitting at breakfast, a cayman came by their side and attacked a dog. He was, however, killed with blows from the butt-ends of muskets. These animals, formidable as they are to the rest of the animal kingdom, are themselves subjected to frightful torture by an enormous parasite belonging to the crab family, and whose body is often as long as the tenth part of his victim.

If the river and its banks were thus peopled, still more so were the lakes which communicated with the river. Next to a night assemblage of animals at a pond in Central Africa, a forest lake connected with one of the great rivers of South America presents one of the most striking spectacles in the world. The enormous muzzles of caymans protrude by the side of almost every flowering lily, the pointed snouts of the freshwater cetaceæ, the dolphin of the Amazon, move about on the surface, alternating with the dorsal fins of gigantic Silurians. The marshy shores are ploughed by tapirs, for which numerous tigers lay in wait at the threshold of the forest, while birds of varied and gorgeous plumage clamour with monkeys in the trees, sweep in circlets past the intruder, or drop from submerged trees and disappear in the waters, amid turtles and snakes, and other amphibious animals that group together in the muddy channels that connect the lake with the river.

One of the men seeing M. de Castelnau touching a trem-trem, as they call the gymnotus electricus, with impunity with a stick, thought he would do the same with his sword, when he got a shock, which caused him to be laughed at by his companions for some time afterwards. M. de Castelnau himself got a sharp shock once by merely standing on the ground that had been moistened in connexion with the Silurian as it had been drawn out of the water. On the 20th they caught four otters. On the 24th they came to the first rocks they had met with on their descent, and beyond this they reached the end of the island of Bananal, supposed to be the greatest river-island in the world. They stopped a short time at this point to determine its position geographically, killing three stags during their detention. The two rivers united now presented a width of some fifteen hundred yards, and extensive banks of sand showed that they were still much wider and deeper at certain seasons of the year. Fish were now much less abundant. Beyond this point ridges of stone, called *entaipava*, were occasionally met with, crossing the bed of the river, and giving rise to rapids. On the 1st of July they passed the first of these rapids, called *Santa Maria*. On the 2nd they also saw the first canoe, with Indians of the tribe of Chambioas. It was with great difficulty that they managed to overtake it—a point of great importance, as the security of their further progress depended a good deal upon their establishing amicable relations with the native Indians. These poor people, shot down by the Portuguese soldiery like wild beasts, made

ineffectual efforts to escape; but when at length they were run down, they exchanged bananas, caras, manioc, and other fruits and grains for the presents that were made to them. There were from four to five hundred arrows in the canoe. The same evening the expedition was visited at its bivouac by a considerable party of Indians, painted to the eyelids, and armed with lances, clubs, and bows and arrows. The tribe of Chambioas belonged to the Carajas nation, which is divided into the Carajahis, who had been seen already at the Salinas, and who dwell on the left arm of the Araguay, the Javahais, who, in opposition to the aquatic habits of these people, live in the interior, and the Chambioas, whose country they had now reached. An old Indian, in order to reassure our travellers, who appear to have been in great dread of the Indians, remained with them in their boats and bivouacs, and probably saved the lives of most of the party, by conveying them in safety through formidable rapids that present themselves below the Caxoeira, Santa Maria. It is evident that this splendid river of Central Brazil is not navigable in that part of its course to steamers, although so wide.

Beyond these rapids the expedition came to a large Indian village, where they were hospitably received. These Indians had great numbers of magnificent parrots on the roofs of their huts. They also decorate their arms with the scarlet feathers of the same bird. They cultivated tobacco and cotton, made good pottery, and lived on fruits and the produce of fisheries and the chase. The dead they buried vertically, with their heads out of the ground, surrounded by bananas and other comestibles. At two other aldeas, or villages, which they visited, they received the same unbounded hospitality, and were even carried in triumph upon the shoulders of the men. Still, kindly disposed as the Indians showed themselves to be, a few petty larcenies were effected; among others, of a pot of arsenical paste, used in preparing objects of natural history; and as the robber would undoubtedly devour it, the anticipated consequences led M. de Castelnau to hurry away as fast as he could.

On the 10th of July they successfully navigated the Caxoeira Grande, the last and the most difficult of all the rapids of the Araguay, and on the 14th, to their great delight, they passed from that river into the Tocantins. At the point of junction was the little Brazilian fort of San Joao, whose garrison of some thirty men and a dozen women and children, under an hypochondriacal old lieutenant, lived upon turtles, oranges, and Brazil nuts. The river called the Tocantins was about 1800 yards in width at the point of junction, and had a rocky bed and tolerably sharp current, which it gave no small labour to overcome. The right bank was occupied by the Gaviões, Indians of extremely bad repute; the left by the Apinagés, a well-disposed tribe. Higher up, on the right bank, are the Caracatis, another bad tribe; and, finally, the ferocious Chavantes, who occupy both banks of the upper Tocantins.

The progress of the expedition averaged from five to six leagues per day up this river; but, although they caught a turtle or two, and shot a few birds, they suffered greatly from hunger—so much so, that at the Caxoeira, or rapids of San Antonio, where they were most hospitably received by a morador (a squatter in the interior), the crews rose in insurrection, and were with difficulty brought back to a sense of discipline.

At length, on the 30th, they arrived at the mission of Boa Vista, where they were actually inundated with bottles of wine and excellent roast meat. The good old priest himself was so delighted at the visit that he went out to meet the expedition in a canoe, and leaning forward to give a fraternal embrace to the doctor, both tumbled over and disappeared in the river, from which they were with some difficulty fished out. The Indians dwelling at this mission were particularly remarkable for the enormous development which they gave to the lobes of the ear. The river at the same point was only from two to three hundred yards in width. On the 12th of August the expedition reached a small European settlement, called Carolina, where, under the government of a young military debauchee, the nights were habitually passed in organised orgies, and the day devoted to the sleep of drunkenness. At these orgies the dark girls of the tropics were excited by dance and music almost to a state of frenzy. The commandant Rufino, sword in hand and pistol in his girdle, did not allow them a moment's repose; a whip was ready for the soldier who refused to take part in the orchestra; squibs, crackers, and guns announced the drinking of a toast. Yet this young man, who had corrupted a whole population, was barely twenty-four years of age; and his beautiful features were rendered, if possible, more interesting by the sickly palidity of debauchery. There were 117 houses in the place, with a population of 800, among whom only two married women. They were, in consequence of their bad and careless habits, hemmed in by the Indians, who were constantly diminishing their numbers. The females could not even go to wash their linen without a military escort.

At the Fazenda dos Patos, the next station the expedition arrived at, they laid in provisions to cross the desert country that lay between that point and Porto Imperial. At this station, as at Carolina, the inhabitants were at open war with the Indians. Government never troubles itself with either the progress or welfare of these remote settlements. The troops are occupied in following processions in the capital and larger cities; whilst in the frontier towns they are obliged to organise *bandeiras*, or expeditions, against the Indians, unless they prefer being resistlessly exterminated by the natives. The Chavantes have a great number of Brazilians, prisoners, of whom they make slaves, treating them with the utmost severity, and killing them for the slightest fault or attempt at escape. They are declared to be anthropophagists, and to devour not only their enemies, but their aged parents and relatives. In eating a Christian, they are said to prefer the hands and feet, the other parts being reputed to have a very bitter flavour!

The expedition started from these advance-posts of civilisation (?) in good spirits. The men had been well fed, and were full of vigour, and the resources of the country, especially in tapirs and peccaris, increased as they advanced into the wilderness. Some large capivaras were also met with occasionally, and troops of howling monkeys made the woods resound here and there with their discordant notes. Large boas were also seen swinging themselves from branches of great trees, bellowing like cows, and dropping into the river when disturbed. The fishermen of the Araguay and its tributaries declare that a snake, which they compare in shape to an earthworm, but which attains from thirty to forty yards in length, roars so as to be heard many leagues off. They call it *Minhocao*, and are so much in dread of it as to have abandoned several lakes that

abounded in fish, merely because they were frequented by this dreaded ophidian. A case of a real, not an imaginary nightmare, occurred on the banks of the Tocantins: one of the party having gone to sleep near an old tree, he awoke from a sense of oppression on his chest, and found it to be occasioned by the presence of a gigantic toad that had taken up his quarters there.

Higher up, the river opened into so many successive basins, the lower parts bounded by mountain rocks, through which the waters forced their way by narrow passages, called *funils*. These were sometimes barely from fifty to sixty yards wide, and so shallow that the boats had to be lightened of everything and then dragged by ropes. In this part of the country bees abounded, but precautions had to be taken in eating the honey, for much of it was poisonous, producing a kind of tetanus, or spasm of the muscles, which lasted for a long time, inducing sometimes death.

On the 31st of August, the expedition arrived at Porto Imperial, formerly called Porto Real, a village of seventy-five houses, built upon a hill which protected it from the floods. Here they were received by the governor, Major Ferreira, an old chocolate-coloured mulatto, with a gold-laced three-cornered hat, a great sky-blue coat, which must have belonged to his grandfather, nankeen trousers, blue stockings, and shoes with gigantic buckles. There were formerly one hundred and forty houses in this place, but M. de Castelnau says that the European population of the interior diminishes daily; the inhabitants of the villages cannot follow agricultural pursuits, owing to the incessant hostility of the Indians; the people perish of hunger and sickness, and if some remedy is not found for this state of things the whole country must inevitably fall into a state of complete barbarism.

Above this point, however, fazendas, or farms, appear to have been more numerous, for we find the expedition arriving at one at pretty nearly the conclusion of each day's journey. At the bivouac of the 16th, one of the mules having been bitten by a snake, the poor creature galloped up to where the muleteers lay, and actually threw itself down among them, groaning with pain, its belly swollen, its limbs convulsed, and foaming at the mouth, till death relieved it from its sufferings. On the 19th, they reached the village of Peixe, which has no communication with the civilised world except through the rare visits of boats ascending the Tocantins on their way to Villa da Palma.

At this point the expedition quitted the river to return to Goyaz by the so-called "Deserts of the Chavantes." The country at starting was level, and interspersed with marshy savannahs. On the 21st they reached the fazenda of Santa Cruz dos Itans, the property of an Englishman, whom De Castelnau calls Colonel Jubé. There were about twenty people in this little colony in the desert, and they scarcely dared to go beyond the threshold of their doors, for fear of the Canoeiros Indians. Only the day before the expedition arrived, a young girl had been killed by them when going to draw water at a neighbouring spring. Colonel Jubé had been the first to make a commercial expedition up the waters of the Araguay. It took him fourteen months to ascend the river. On the 24th, they crossed the range of San Miguel, difficult from the want of roads, but picturesque, and abounding in game, more especially peacocks

and deer. In these so-called deserts, groves of orange-trees were met with, the remains of olden civilisation, and bearing delicious fruit. In the same neighbourhood the ruins of houses were often met with, destroyed by the Indians, the skeletons of the victims still lying about.

On the 7th of September the expedition reached the small town of Pilar, where are gold-washings. This was once a leading provincial town, but it has fallen off from a population of 14,000 to only 1500 souls. The position of the town, in the midst of beautiful hills clad with virgin forests, is remarkably pleasing and picturesque. On the 17th they arrived at Goyaz, where they were received by the president with his customary hospitality, and where, although a bad epidemic had broken out during their absence, they were soon surrounded by friends, who congratulated them warmly upon the success of their exploratory journey.

The expedition remained at Goyaz from the 18th to the 29th of October, 1844. The interval was occupied in packing up objects of natural history for France, and in preparations for a journey to the Rio Grande. The night before their departure they lost a good horse, having been bitten by a snake, although shut up in the court-yard of the treasury, in the heart of the town. The next day two mules ran away—one with the treasury—and as it was only caught after a three hours' hunt, it was the 31st before they really got off, and then they were destined to further misadventure, for the same day one of the muleteers strangled a mule by mistake, and another had its back broken. On the 1st of November, the very best of the camarados, or muleteers, also ran away, taking with him a quantity of arms and provisions. The road led them across the valley of the Piloos and the Claro rivers, in which, and in the country around, the people were engaged in the precarious search for gold and diamonds. As in their previous travels in mining districts, they were constantly meeting with tapers—houses abandoned by their tenants. In one they found some rice and no end of lizards, indicating that the inhabitants had gone away not long since to seek their fortunes elsewhere. The roads, which were frightful, were carried, in the most devious manner possible, through virgin forests, alternating with rocky chains. Frequently-recurring rains, beasts of burden going constantly astray, and discontent among the muleteers, threw the caravan for a time into a state of complete disorganisation. It was often two in the afternoon before they could effect a start. On the 10th two more muleteers deserted. The 13th they crossed the Araguay. In this, its upper portion, it was not frequented by the voracious pirangas, so that dwellers on the banks could bathe in its waters with impunity. A very pretty cactus was found here, which grew upon the habitations of the termites.

On the 15th they crossed the Rio Grande, travelling over burning sands, succeeded by campos. This was followed by the Pass of the Lages, through which the mule-path was carried along frightful precipices. Throughout the provinces of Goyaz and Matto Grosso there are no roads, strictly speaking; nothing but the tracks of animals going to and fro. On the 19th, when about to arise from his bivouac, M. de Castelnau found that his clothes and even his boots had all been eaten up by the ants. He does not say how he supplied the

deficiency, but the natives, observing his surprise, took good care to insist afterwards, when anything was missing—no matter even if it was an earthenware or metal utensil—that it had been eaten up by the ants. The same evening they celebrated their arrival at the half-way station across the continent by a European dinner, composed of preserved meats, which they had reserved for this great occasion. The difficulties of travel had at this time increased very much. The mules, weakened by want of food, and distressed by sand and rock, at times refused to move forwards, or threw themselves down on their sides; it rained almost incessantly, food was exceedingly scarce, and there was momentary danger of being attacked by the Indians. At Sangradouro, a post-station, where they arrived on the 25th, there was a guard of six men, but they scarcely dared to venture beyond the threshold of their mud-huts.

On the 28th the expedition reached the limits of the plateau or table-land they had now been long travelling over, and a boundless plain was seen stretching away at their feet as far as the eye could reach. It was some time before they could find a passage by which to descend into the gulf below, and at length, when they did discover an opening, it was so steep as to seem at first impracticable. As they advanced through this low country, sickness was superadded to their pre-existing sufferings, which were also in no slight degree augmented by swarms of little *melipones*, that got into the eyes and nose, causing acute pain, and by the great *atta-ants*, which penetrated everywhere. In return, the latter are themselves eagerly eaten by the natives, who especially relish a dish of ant abdomens. On the 3rd of December, the little Indian, Catama, who had been previously much reduced by sickness, was still further weakened by a bat sucking his blood during the night. On the 5th they arrived at a permanent station, the sugar plantation called Engenho do Buriti. At a distance, M. de Castelnau says, the establishment, with its street of slave-huts and two great buildings—the factory and the master's residence—presented an imposing aspect, but proximity destroyed the illusion; the buildings were all tumbling to pieces, and presented, like everything else in this unfortunate country, the indications of misery and of utter ruin.

After traversing a considerable extent of grassy plain, followed by a rapid and difficult descent, amid wood-clad hills, and a little detention from marsh and river, the expedition arrived at Cuyaba, the capital of the province of Matto Grosso. Cuyaba surpasses Goyaz in size, as also in its appearance. With a population of six or seven thousand souls, it contains a cathedral and five churches, a palace, treasury, arsenal, and hospital. Its streets are straight, wide, well paved, and lighted. Most of the houses are of two stages, and all are whitewashed. Some of them have balconies of cast-iron. The city has also a suburb or port, with arsenals and dockyards, for the construction of boats for the defence of this fluvial frontier. The river Cuyaba is at this point as wide as the Seine at Rouen.

The women are all as secluded at Cuyaba as in any Oriental city, yet the manners are as bad as in any part of Brazil; the ecclesiastics, M. de Castelnau tells us, taking the lead in the practice of vice. It is not surprising that, with such an example before them, the population *se livre avec frénésie à la batuca, et aux plus sales orgies*. While the expedition

was making preparations to descend the Rio Cuyaba and the San Lourenço to the Paraguay, M. de Castelnau made an excursion to the Cidade de Diamantino, or diamond mines, in the upper valley of the Paraguay. The town itself consisted of about two hundred houses. Upon this occasion they also visited the sources of the above-mentioned river.

The expedition left Cuyaba on the 27th of January, by the river of same name. Mosquitoes abounded in this stream, and detracted in no small degree from the otherwise pleasurable mode of travelling presented in the great streams of Central America. They are so bad here that people will not venture upon the river at certain seasons of the year; and, strange to say, the Indians dread their attacks, if possible, even more than the Europeans. As it was, sleep was almost out of the question, and it was with difficulty that the members of the expedition could take their ordinary repasts. Day and night were often one prolonged torture. On the 2nd of February they reached the junction of the San Lourenço. The dogs suffered so much from the mosquitoes that they screamed with pain, and it was with the greatest difficulty that they were prevented throwing themselves into the river, where they would have been instantaneously devoured by the pirangas. When they landed, the dogs buried themselves in the sands, and the men got up into the trees.

The Paraguay was navigable by day and by night, partly by rowing and partly by fastening the boats together, and allowing them to float down with the current. At times a strange noise was heard. It was produced by a number of fish called cascudos, that abounded on the shallows. A thunderstorm on the 6th relieved them a little of the mosquitoes; no conception can be formed, except by those who have suffered from the torments of these terrible insects, how much even this temporary relief was enjoyed. A dozen vultures were seen the same day upon the shore tearing to pieces a magnificent fish, called Dourada, whose brilliant scales, still moist, scintillated like sparks of fire. On the 9th they arrived at Albuquerque, a village of seventy houses, built of red earth, some of them tiled and whitewashed, and occupying a charming position in the centre of a plain, interspersed with the villages of Indians, and groves of bananas and palms. There was a garrison here of forty men, with two field-pieces, which were picturesquely disposed at the foot of a colossal crucifix in front of the church, typical, it is to be supposed, of a religion enforced by very potent arguments. Most of the Indians in the surrounding villages had accordingly been converted, although they still painted their nude bodies, some of them, the two sides of different colours, often one half red, the other white, which, M. de Castelnau says, gave them "a very infernal appearance." The wife of one of the chiefs, called "The Little Needle," was covered over with regular designs, and spotted like a panther. She wore a singular ornament on her head—the skull of a horse. One of the tribes had bridles made of women's hair.

On the 11th the expedition arrived at Nova Coimbra, the frontier fort between the Portuguese of Brazil and the Spaniards of Paraguay. At this place they explored a very large and beautiful grotto. Beyond this point were extensive plains, covered with forests of only one description of tree—a palm, called the caranda (*Copernicia cerifera*). This region is called the Gran Chaco, and it is haunted by savage horsemen, who have vowed a mortal hatred to the Spanish race. On the 14th they

arrived at Bourbon, or Olympo, the frontier fortress of Paraguay, and no small interest, combined with apprehension, was entertained by the expedition in entering into a territory from whence no intruder had hitherto been allowed to return. Here they were informed that they could go no further without an express order from the president of the republic; but as a messenger would be despatched at once to the capital, an answer might be expected in a couple of months! Time passed slowly enough during this tedious detention. The soldiers, although Spaniards, could only speak the *lingua geral*, or Indian language of the Guaranis; they had never heard of the French, except that M. Bonpland (Humboldt's companion, who was detained by the late Dictator Francia) was a Frenchman; but they had heard of the English, "who were not Christians, and exhaled a sulphurous odour." At length, on the 5th of March, a government messenger arrived, with an absolute refusal to permit the expedition to advance to the capital, and orders to grant it an escort back again across the Gran Chaco to Albuquerque.

Thus defeated in their objects, the expedition retraced its steps, observing on the way the method pursued to fish piguiris and lambari, two very small descriptions of fish that are caught solely for the sake of their oil. The fishermen go out by night in a canoe, the borders of which are nearly level with the water, and with a light in the prow. They remain quiet for a time, till myriads of fish have assembled round the light; they then suddenly make a noise, and the affrighted fish jump into the canoes, which are often nearly filled with them. The natives also obtain oil from snakes. Beyond Albuquerque the expedition passed into the Rio Mondego, or Miranda, in which they found some large skate. The Brazilians do not, however, eat this fish, as they dread the prick of its spines. They were enveloped here in a dense cloud of mosquitoes; the woods were dark and silent; even birds were rare. Their chief resource was a kind of fish called pacu. On the 22nd one of the men was stung in the foot, and the effect was so instantaneous, that although only some twelve yards from the bivouac he was unable to call for assistance. When discovered, he was leaning against a tree in horrible agony; all he could do was to point to his foot, which Dr. Weddell cauterised with a red-hot bayonet, and the man ultimately recovered. On the 23rd animal life became more abundant—birds more especially: kingfishers and black ibises began to abound, and howling and other monkeys brought some change in the monotony of this tedious river navigation. But soon there was no sleeping from the discordant sounds produced by the number and variety of living things. Insects buzzed, toads and frogs croaked, birds shrieked, crocodiles roared, or dropped, with the noise of a musket-shot, from the trees into the river; tigers responded in the distance; even the fish joined in the nocturnal concert, a species called the wacara being the one gifted with the greatest vocal powers. Legions of phosphorescent insects also illuminated the atmosphere during the darkness. On the 28th they arrived at Miranda, a village and stockade of two hundred inhabitants, among whom were a commandant, a priest, and forty soldiers. There were also about fifteen convicts. From four to five thousand Indians had also settled in the neighbourhood. The houses were much infested by a gigantic spider, a species of mygale, whose bite was very painful.

On the 12th of April the expedition left Miranda, and descending the Mondego river for five days, arrived on the 17th at Albuquerque. They quitted this place the ensuing day for the Upper Paraguay and the great marshes marked in olden maps as the Xarayas. On the 24th they bivouacked at the entrance of a little bay, which was guarded by two enormous caymans, that opened their capacious jaws on the approach of the boats. A cloud of vultures arose from the bloody remains left by the jaguars at their repasts; the jaguars themselves kept howling all night. Animal life abounded at this spot; a great snake crossed the cowhide which served them for a table. On the 29th they arrived at a point where the Paraguay expanded to an exceeding width, its course being obstructed by submerged islands, in which the tops of the trees alone appeared above the water. The effect was very beautiful, but the facilities of navigation by no means improved, nor was the expedition long before it lost itself in the labyrinth, and after many ineffectual efforts to extricate itself, was obliged to retrace its steps to the point from whence it started. The next day they procured some Guatos Indians to act as guides; with the aid of these men they reached, on the 1st of May, the entrance to Lake Gaiva. The Guatos were very numerous; every moment new canoes kept coming from out of some of the innumerable channels that intersected this strange district. They were, however, of exceedingly mild, peaceable habits, as childish in their curiosity, and as simple in their manners, as were the Caraihs when first encountered by European travellers. The lake was bordered by magnificent forests, beyond which the country gradually rose up in wooded hills and mountain ranges.

Passing by a channel, which M. de Castelnau unluckily bethought himself of christening after Pedro Segundo, and which act drew upon him the envious criticisms of the stay-at-home geographers of Rio Janeiro, they gained the entrance of Lake Uberava, which stretched out before them like a Mediterranean sea, its waters extending beyond the reach of vision. Myriads of white egrets covered the branches of a splendid forest of magnolias. The waters abounded with pirangas. On the 4th of May they re-entered the river Paraguay, still flowing amidst inundated forests. At night-time the branches of some of the trees were found to be luminous, without their being able to determine the immediate cause of the phenomenon. Howling monkeys abounded in the trees, and the waters were infested with caymans, that roared like bulls all the night. Little fish jumping out of the waters when pursued by the dorados also added to the noise, and made it impossible to get any sleep.

At length, on the 13th of May, they got out of these mysterious marshes, and great cactuses began to show themselves upon the dry and stony lands. On the 14th they came to a pyramid of white marble, upon which were inscriptions declaring it to mark the limits of the Spanish and Portuguese dominions, and on the 18th they arrived at Villa Maria, a limitrophal town of from 500 to 600 European inhabitants and as many Indians. They had now reached more civilised regions; one farm led on to another, and the Indians had been collected together into a village where they were allowed to die of hunger. Dr. Weddell, the physician of the expedition, gives a most fearful account of the scene presented by a whole

village perishing of famine. It is positively distressing to read. On the 6th, they entered upon a magnificent virgin forest which they had to travel through till within eight leagues of Matto Grosso. It is this forest that gives its name to the province. A road was cut through it to the village of Lavrinhas, but it was much obstructed by fallen trees. There are gold-washings at this latter place, which have been abandoned for want of slaves, for gold still abounds in the neighbourhood.

Proceeding the next day through the same forest, they fell in with a troop of Coatis. The forest was also full of reptiles, snakes crossing the road every moment; one of them bit M. de Castelnau's horse, but luckily in the foot, and no bad consequences ensued. At night-time the cries of monkeys and parrots were quite deafening. Tigers were also heard in the distance. Enormous bats struck the travellers every now and then with their wings, while the whole scene was partially lit up by innumerable fire and lantern flies. "It is in the midst of such scenes," M. de Castelnau remarks, "that man is penetrated with the sense of his own utter insignificance in the presence of the wondrous marvels of nature. We were alone in the midst of this savage region, and the sounds that surrounded us became so wild and strange, that the very horses neighed with terror, while the Indian child clung to me and wept in very horror." On the 7th they crossed the Guapore—a tributary to the Amazon—on a bridge. Beyond this river they again entered the forest, then crossed a chain of rocky hills, and on the 10th arrived at Matto Grosso, or Villa Bella. This was formerly a very prosperous and rich city, but it is no longer so; there are no slaves to carry on the gold-washings, the place has been devastated by epidemics, and is otherwise remarkably unhealthy, and the president has removed his residence to Cuyaba. There are, however, still 800 to 1000 inhabitants, a palace, cathedral, several churches, a barrack and hospital; the houses are of only one story, and the streets are neither paved nor lighted. Women are treated here precisely as among the Muhammadans. What most annoyed our travellers, who were very anxious to get out of this most unwholesome city, and were in momentary dread of the *corrupção*, a very fatal malady peculiar to this region, and which shows itself by an extraordinary internal relaxation, was that they were detained to take part in a religious ceremony—a procession in honour of Saint Anthony. They had upon this occasion to carry a canopy so heavy that they actually sank under the load, and that without covering to their heads, in a sun which was fatal under such circumstances to Europeans. The assurance that Saint Anthony would protect them had little weight with our enlightened Gallians, and no wonder that they disclaimed against the whole affair as a mummery, and compared the chants of the negresses to the noises made by cats during their *transports amoureux*. They succeeded, however, in getting away on the 17th, the mules proceeding by land, the members of the expedition by water, first up the Guapore, and then by the Rio Allegre to Casalbasco, the limitrophal town between Brazil and Bolivia, and where they met with the splendid Victoria Regia, but probably a different species from that brought from British Guiana by Sir R. Schomburgh. The expedition having at length reached the Spanish frontier, we must defer following it in this very remarkable journey across the whole continent of South America until our next.

THE BUTTERFLY CHASE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WISH."

I.

NEW YEAR'S-DAY, frosty, bright, and cold : just the day for a sharp walk on the hard country roads, giving a healthy glow to the blood and to the face, very agreeable in midwinter. A gentleman, who was winding up a slight ascent in a picturesque part of England, appeared to find it so. He marched along with a hearty step, aided by a right good will and a stout stick. His face was browned, as by foreign travel, he was no longer young, and he stopped, almost incessantly, to note various points in the landscape, with a curiosity which seemed to say the locality was strange to him.

Not entirely strange, but it was thirty years since he had witnessed it. Presently, as he came to two roads, he halted in indecision : and no wonder, for one of them had been made recently. "Can you tell me, sir," he inquired of another passenger, who now overtook him, "which of these two roads will take me to Ashley?"

"To the house or to the village?"

"The house. Sir Harry's."

"This one to the left. I am going there myself." He was a little, spare man, rising forty, with a red, good-humoured face. An ample blue cloak covered his person, nearly to the feet, which were clad in dress-boots, black and shining. As they walked on together, a carriage came bowling along behind them. Its inmates appeared to be richly attired.

"That makes the fourth carriage which has passed me this afternoon," cried the brown stranger. "Are they bound for Ashley, do you know?"

"To be sure," returned the little man. "To-day is a grand day with Sir Harry Ashley. The christening of his son and heir."

"Why, what do you mean?" uttered the other. "I thought Sir Harry and his wife were childless."

"They were until—let me see—just three months ago. On the 1st of last October, I introduced their son into the world."

"You!" exclaimed the stranger, halting and gazing at his companion. "You cannot be Josiah Gay?"

"I am Josiah Gay's son. My father has been dead these twelve years. And I stand in his place, the village Esculapius."

"Then you must be young Jos!"

"No, poor Jos is gone also. I am Ned. But you have the advantage of me."

"I suppose so. A residence in a hot climate plays old Harry with one's looks. And, otherwise, you would not remember me, for you were an urchin in pinafores when I left. Your brother might, were he alive. He and I and Harry Ashley—reckless Hal!—have had many a spree together; robbed more orchards, and done more midnight damage, than I should care to tell of, now. To think of Hal Ashley, the third son, coming into the title before he was 'six-and-twenty.'"

"Perhaps you are Philip Hayne? Mr. Hayne."

"Major Hayne, at your service," returned the other, raising his hat, and disclosing a head nearly bald. "Thirty years have I served the East India Company, and only got my majority to retire upon. Well, well; we should be thankful for small mercies in this life; and I have neither chick nor child."

"Wish I could say the same," cried Mr. Gay, drawing his good-humoured face into a comical expression. "I count ten, and there may be ten more behind 'em, for aught I know."

"All of us to our tastes," returned the major. "If I had half the number I should run away the first wet morning. Another carriage! two! They are coming thick and threefold. By the way, though, what has Lady Ashley been about, to keep Sir Harry out of an heir twenty or thirty years, and then give him one at last?"

"Twenty or thirty years! Oh, I see: you are thinking of the late Lady Ashley. Sir Harry lost his first wife four or five years ago. This is his second."

"Whew!"

"Last autumn three years he married this one. She was a girl of twenty, his ward, too young for him. And he may thank luck, more than anything else, that he has got an heir at all."

"Ah?"

"She is of wilful temper, violent to a degree. Three several times have there been hopes of a child, and the expectations have always been destroyed from some imprudent conduct on my lady's part. Once, it was through a fit of raging passion. When she ought to sit still, she will go galloping out on horseback, for a day at a stretch; and when told that exercise is necessary to her, she will not take it, but lounge on a sofa from week's end to week's end. However, the child is born."

"Whose nose does it put out of joint? Somebody's, of course."

"Have you forgotten Ryle Ashley? Sir Harry's next brother."

"Not I. I never forget anybody, or thing: man, child, horse, or dog."

"Ryle Ashley's gone: died the same year as poor Jos. His eldest son, Arthur, was then the heir. Sir Harry brought him up at Ashley to all the expectation."

"And this young shaver cuts him out! Very annoying to him, no doubt, but there are worse misfortunes at sea. Had I a score of boys, I would rather see them carve out their own fortunes, than inherit one, ready made. What sort of a genus is Arthur? Got his wits about him?"

"Clever and keen as was Ryle, his father. And he had the brains of the family. Arthur Ashley will rise in the political world, if he minds what he is about. There is a talk of his going into the House for some close borough. He has been secretary to one of the ministers these three years."

"Better for him than waiting for Ashley. I should like to see him."

"He arrived here to-day at mid-day: I saw him as he passed through the village. He is come to stand to the new heir. Lady Pope is outrageous, I hear, that they have not asked her to be godmother. But she and Lady Ashley do not hit it off together. She has been but once at

Ashley since Sir Henry's second marriage, and left in a rage at the end of the third day: some breeze between her and the new lady."

"Who is Lady Pope?"

"Sir Harry's sister. Formerly Bessy Ashley. A widow now."

"What! did she marry? Why, she was nearly an old maid when I left."

"She married twice. A Captain Rivers the first time, Sir Ralph Pope the second. Here we are! The house is not changed. By-the-way, though, Major Hayne, how came you here on foot? Where from?"

"The railway terminus. Stopton. I hate your close flies and your omnibuses, and I have not learned idleness abroad—as too many do. I purpose going over the Continent on foot, when I have said How d'ye do to what old friends I can muster in England. Rather an unseasonable moment to break in upon Sir Henry: but he will not mind that, if he is what plain Hal Ashley used to be."

Not a whit altered in heart and hospitality, only in years. He grasped Major Hayne's hands with a delight he did not attempt to hide; and when the latter put forth his travelling attire, as a plea for not attending the august ceremonies of the day, Sir Harry laughed at the idea of so frivolous an excuse. He linked his friend's arm within his, and proudly paraded him before his assembled guests in the saloon. "The old friend of my early years," he said to them; "the closest friend I ever could boast of. Lauretta," Sir Harry continued, as they halted before a young, dark, handsome lady, "this is Major Hayne, the companion of my youth."

"A fine woman," whispered the major. "Who is she?"

The baronet smiled. "Your coming has turned my head," he replied; "it was an introduction all on one side. I should have said my wife, Lady Ashley."

And now, the circuit of the room passed, the major drew aside. Sir Harry went forward to receive other guests, and the stranger made good use of his eyes. It was his custom. He was regarding a gentleman who had just come in, and whose appearance particularly attracted his attention. A young, elegant-looking man, with a large proportion of intellect stamped on his well-shaped head and expansive brow. But, as Major Hayne looked, he suddenly, in the fair complexion, the grey eye, and the handsome features, detected a resemblance to the Ashley family.

"Ryle's son! It must be! the disappointed heir! I'll go and speak to the lad."

He did so, laying his hand upon the young man's shoulder. "Unless I am much mistaken, you are your father's son."

Arthur Ashley wheeled round. But there was a quaintness in the stranger's smile, an affectionate regard in his eye, which won his favour. Where could he have sprung from, this brown, travelled-soiled man, with his unsuitable attire?

"I am the son of Ryle Ashley," Arthur said.

"And Ryle Ashley was the partner in my boyish scrapes. Not so entirely as your uncle Hal: but we have had many a wild frolic together. I was ringleader, for Ryle was a year or two my junior. So he, poor fellow, is gone, I find, and I am left, well and hearty. Should it ever be your fate, Ryle, to try your luck under a smoking sun, adhere strictly

to temperance and simplicity of living. That is the secret which has scared away ailments from me."

"I am not Ryle, sir, I am Arthur Ashley."

"Ay, yes. I knew it. But your face is what your father's was, when I went away, and I dreamt I was talking to Ryle again."

"I think you must be Captain Hayne," said Arthur, who had been ransacking his memory.

"With another step in rank tacked on to it. The captain has subsided into major. But, as we are on the subject of rank, how do you bear the loss of yours?"

"I have lost none."

"The anticipation. You were Sir Harry's heir."

"Why, do you know," returned Arthur, becoming animated and speaking in a confidential tone, "I am glad of it now. With Ashley in prospective, there is too much fear that I should have frittered away my days; have led a life of indolence, as Sir Harry does. With the necessity of exertion, came the exertion; and the love of it. I would not exchange my present life—and I can assure you it is no sinecure—for the renewed heirship of Ashley."

"You'll do—Ryle the Second," cried Major Hayne.

The christening was over, and they sat around the banquet-table. A goodly group. Lady Ashley, in her young beauty, at its head, Sir Henry, with his fifty years, at its foot. Nabob Call and Arthur Ashley, the child's godfathers, sat on Lady Ashley's either hand; the Nabob a surly old East Indian, peppery in his temper as his favourite diet; capsicums and cayenne. It had been a marvel to the gossips that Arthur Ashley, a younger branch of the family, and a man without county influence, should have been fixed upon to stand to the child, when so many, far above him in position, would have been proud to render the service to their old friend Sir Henry Ashley. Lady Ashley chose the sponsors. How little did they think, who sat around her that day, and marked the ready smiles on her face, the courteous attention to her guests, the witty repartee which ever and anon rose to her lips—how little did they think, that hatred and revenge towards one of those sponsors was the ruling thought of her life! She had once loved Arthur Ashley, Sir Harry's presumptive heir, with all the passion of a warm and ill-regulated heart. When she arrived from India, the self-willed Laretta Carnagie, they had been thrown much together: Mr. Ashley paid her more attention than he ought to have done—perhaps strove to gain her love, who knows?—and when he had gained it, whether intentionally or not, she discovered that he was playing with her, for he was the promised husband of another. Not from *love* did she then hasten to become Sir Harry Ashley's wife, but that Arthur might be bowled out of the succession. Three years, and her hopes had come to naught—three years of feverish impatience: but now her revenge was gratified, *her* child was the heir to Ashley. And when Sir Harry had thanked her for naming his nephew (whom he had not thought of) as one of the heir's sponsors, she broke into a harsh, wild laugh: but she did not tell her husband that it was with the view of giving pain and mortification to Mr. Ashley that she had brought him to be present at the christening of the child who was his supplanter.

With the dessert, the infant was brought in. The nurse made the

circuit of the table with him. He lay in her arms, asleep, a bundle of embroidery, whose face might have been composed of lace and white ribbon, for all else that could be seen of it.

The gentlemen charged the glasses to the brim, and the company rose. "Long life to Carnagie Call, the heir to Ashley!" Not one drank it more heartily than he who stood at Lady Ashley's left hand, the supplanted inheritor. There lingered, in truth, no regret on his mind, and that revengeful lady little knew Arthur Ashley.

"What did they name the child?" whispered Major Hayne to his next-door neighbour, a lively young lady of thirty, when the shouting was over.

"Carnagie Call."

"Carnagie Call! Is that English or Dutch?"

Lady Maria laughed. "Perhaps it is Hindustanee. She was a Miss Carnagie of Madras, and Nabob Call has passed his life there. The child is named after them."

Somewhat later, the nurse was sitting before the nursery fire, undressing the infant, when the door softly opened, and Lady Maria Kerrison came in. "How d'ye do, Eliza?" she said. "I have come to see this prodigy of a child." It may be explained that the nurse had been children's-maid to Lady Maria's young half-sisters, and the Countess of Kerrison (the earl's second wife), wishing to part with her, had strongly recommended her to Lady Ashley. The servant rose, and placed a chair for Lady Maria, if she chose to sit, but she stood looking at the child.

A miserable little infant, as brown as a berry, long, half-starved arms and legs, a scowl on its dark brow, and a whining cry, that was rarely still. It was whining piteously now.

"My goodness, Eliza!" uttered the young lady, in the surprise of the moment, "what a frightful child! It is a perfect scarecrow."

"I call it quite an object," replied the nurse. "What with its lanky limbs and thin body, it looks all legs and wings."

"It is like its mother, though," said Lady Maria, attentively regarding the face.

"An ugly likeness, my lady. It will never have her good looks. But there's one thing it is like her in," added the servant, dropping her voice, as if fearful the walls should hear, "and that's in temper."

"Will it live, do you think, Eliza?"

"I should say not. Though sometimes these skeletons of children fill out, and——"

Eliza ceased speaking, for who should sail into the room but Lady Ashley, Mrs. Call, and the Countess of Kerrison, the child's god-mother.

"A beautiful infant!" rapturously cried Mrs. Call, who had a great aversion to children, and had never yet been able to distinguish one from another. "You ought to be proud of your charge, nurse."

"I am, ma'am. It is a perfect love, as I often tell my lady. And got its mamma's eyes."

"Nana says I was like it when I was a child," broke in Lady Ashley to Mrs. Call. "Do you think I was?"

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"Very much so," promptly replied Mrs. Call, not, however, having the slightest recollection on the subject.

The whole of this while the child was moaning its piteous moan, and the visitors turned to leave the room. The Countess of Kerrison lingered for a moment.

"Does it get enough to eat, Eliza? I never saw such a thin child!"

"It eats enough for two, my lady."

"And the more it eats, the thinner it becomes," interposed Lady Maria. "Eliza says it's all bones and feathers."

"Bones and feathers!" echoed Lady Kerrison. "*Feathers!*"

"Oh, Lady Maria!" uttered the servant, "I never said so. I said all legs and wings."

"Legs and wings, that was it!" laughed Lady Maria. "I knew it was something that made me think of birds. Good night, Eliza. I wish you more luck with the young gentleman."

Arthur Ashley stood in the drawing-room, his cup of coffee in his hand, talking to Lady Maria Kerrison. His uncle came up and drew him apart.

"I have had no time to ask you anything, Arthur. You should have managed to get here before to-day."

"I could not. Lady Pope——"

"I know, I know," hastily interrupted Sir Harry, as if there were something in the subject he wished to avoid. "Has anything been decided about your marriage? Anna will be tired of waiting."

Arthur Ashley was about to answer, when he perceived that Lady Ashley was standing close to him on the other side, listening. "I have other things to think of," he shortly said; and moved forward to take Lady Maria Kerrison's cup.

But the following morning, when they were alone, he himself introduced the subject to his uncle. "I have been thinking—and Anna—that if all goes well till the end of summer, we shall try our luck together. What with one source and another, I make out seven or eight hundred a year, and it is of no use waiting. Anna is willing to risk it."

"Enough to begin upon," said Sir Harry; "more than I and my wife had, before Ashley unexpectedly dropped in. But why could you not have told me of this, last night, when I asked you about it?"

"One does not like to speak of such things in a crowded drawing-room," was Arthur Ashley's evasive reply. How could he tell his uncle that a feeling of delicacy towards *her*, who, he had reason to believe, had once passionately loved him, prevented his speaking of his own marriage in her presence—although she had long been the wife of another?

II.

SIR HENRY ASHLEY sat one morning alone. It was nearly mid-day, but his wife, adhering to the idle habits of her Eastern childhood, rarely rose till late. Four years had passed since the christening of the heir—and he was the heir still. A sickly, unhappy-looking little wight, as brown and thin as ever, but possessing a most precocious mind. As the clock struck twelve, Lady Ashley entered with her two children,

Carnegie, and his fair and lovely little sister Blanche. The little ones were dressed to go out.

"This is quite a spring day, so warm for March," observed Lady Ashley. "I am going to send the children down to Linden, and let them dine there."

"Oh," screamed out young Carnegie, "I like Linden. I can make as much noise as I like there."

"Make the most of it to-day, then, my boy," cried Sir Henry. "It will be about your last chance. They must take their farewell of Linden," he added to his wife; "I have received a letter from Arthur this morning."

"What have Arthur Ashley's letters to do with our children?" demanded Lady Ashley, in no pleasant tone.

"A great deal, so far as Linden goes. Arthur and his wife are coming to live at it themselves."

Lady Ashley's eyes flashed fire. "Coming to live at Linden!" she exclaimed. "And will you permit it?"

"I have no authority in the matter," returned Sir Harry Ashley. "Linden belongs to Arthur."

"I don't care who it belongs to," was the intemperate rejoinder of his lady. "Linden has always been ours, to use for the benefit of our children, and it shall remain so still."

Sir Harry began to whistle: rather a favourite amusement of his. He never would quarrel with his wife, and it was his great resource when she spoke in terms of provocation—as she frequently did.

"How dare Arthur Ashley interfere with our arrangements?" she began again.

"My dear, do be reasonable," urged Sir Harry: "you know the circumstances as well as I do. Linden was a pretty, unpretending little place in my father's time, as it is now, jutting upon the edge of the park, and when its proprietor offered it for sale, my father was too glad to buy it. Of course we all thought he intended it to go with the estate, but he left it to Lady Pope, who was not married then. I believe Sir Arthur made her give a sort of promise that it should not eventually be separated from Ashley. However, she has willed it to Arthur, and there's an end of it."

"Linden was ours," fiercely retorted Lady Ashley. "Who says it was your sister's?"

"Why, Lauretta, you knew it was hers! you must have heard so fifty times. I only rented it from her."

"I did not hear it, I did not know it. What have I had to do with the details of the estate?"

"Well," coldly returned Sir Harry, "when Lady Pope died, last November, I informed you of the contents of her will, upon my return from the funeral, and that Linden was bequeathed to Arthur. I am sure I thought you would be delighted to hear that Arthur and Mrs. Ashley were coming to Linden. I went there this morning, after breakfast, to see about some alterations he wants made, and it was running in my head, all the way there and back, what an agreeable companion Anna would be for you. I cannot say, though, but I am surprised at Arthur's fixing on Linden as a residence. In the first place, the house is small;

in the second, I don't well see how he will get on with his parliamentary matters, so far away from town."

Lady Ashley did not immediately answer. This place, Linden, had been used by Sir Henry, for many years, as the dairy-farm, and Lady Ashley had been in the frequent habit of sending her two children, with their attendants, to the house for the whole day. She imagined that the change and the exercise were of benefit to Carnagie; and, besides, the noise of children at home waged perpetual war with her nerves.

"If you do not stop Arthur Ashley's coming, you have no love for your own children," she resumed, in a voice of concentrated passion. Her husband laughed.

"Lauretta, don't be childish. Arthur has announced his determination to reside at Linden, and it is not possible for me to interfere, even by a hint. Our children will do as well without Linden as with it. And they can go there sometimes: Arthur's young ones will be rare playmates for them."

"My children shall never mix with Arthur Ashley's," she retorted, with a pale, determined lip.

"Never mix with Arthur Ashley's!" repeated Sir Henry, in astonishment. "What do you mean, Lauretta?"

"Never. For I hate him, and all who belong to him."

Sir Henry clapped on his hat, with a sigh, and went out: he saw she was going into one of her unmanageable humours. Poor Sir Harry Ashley! He had found his sister's temper, when she ruled at Ashley, inimical to his comfort, but he had scarcely changed for the better, in that respect, when he made Lauretta Carnagie his wife.

Not until July did Mr. and Mrs. Ashley arrive at Linden. It took some months to put the place in order for them, and Arthur could not leave town sooner. He wrote M.P. to his name now, and was the right hand, under the rose, of Lord Swaytherealm, the greatest man in the Lower House. Sir Harry was there to welcome them, but not Lady Ashley. On the following Sunday afternoon, however, the two families met together, near the secluded cottage of Watson the gamekeeper. Watson's mother, an old woman of five-and-seventy, was sunning herself outside, on the bench, when Mr. and Mrs. Ashley and their eldest child came up. Mrs. Ashley, a very affable young woman, but just now in delicate health, sat down by her side, glad of the rest. Almost at the same moment, Sir Henry Ashley, his wife, and Master Carnagie also appeared in view.

"Do you remember me, Hannah?" inquired Mrs. Ashley.

Of course not, at first, for old Hannah was getting dim of sight, and had not seen her for several years.

"You remember me?" interposed Arthur.

"Remember you, Master Arthur!" reiterated old Hannah; "I must forget myself before I forget you."

"Well—this lady is my wife. And you know I married Anna Rivers. She was a favourite of yours, in days gone by."

The old woman's face lighted up with intelligence, and, when the bustle occasioned by the greeting of Sir Henry and Lady Ashley had subsided, she beckoned forward the little boy by Mrs. Ashley's side.

"What do they ca' ye, my bonny bairn?" she inquired.

He was a gentle child of three years, with the fair curls and bright Saxon features of the Ashley race. When he was made to comprehend the question—for though it was fifty years since old Hannah came to Ashley, she had never entirely abandoned her Scotch tongue—he answered timidly,

“Ryle Ashley.”

“Then tak’ care o’ yoursel’, my bairn: tak’ gude care o’ him, Miss Anna,” she added, looking at Mrs. Ashley, “for as sure as ye all stan’ round me, he’ll be one day the Chief o’ Ashley.”

“You are mistaking the children,” interrupted Lady Ashley, in a cold, proud tone, as she pushed forward Carnagie towards Hannah. “This is Sir Harry’s son, the heir to Ashley.”

“Nae, nae, my leddy,” she answered, laying her hand with a fond, pitying gesture upon little Carnagie’s straight black hair, “he’s no born to be the inheritor of Ashley. Have ye nae heard the tradition, that there’s only three names that can inherit Ashley? Arthur, Henry, and Ryle; each name in its ain proper turn, and nae to supersede the other: have ye nae heard it? Sir Harry kens well that it has always been so. Sir Harry, why did ye nae name your son Ryle?”

Shades of anger, perplexity, and deep, deep paleness, passed over Lady Ashley’s dark face. Sir Harry had proposed that name for his son; urged it; but she, in her strong self-will, had insisted on calling the child Carnagie. “Ryle was the name of my favourite brother, Arthur’s father,” he had said. The more reason, had persisted Lady Ashley, for its not being given to *her* child.

Sir Harry laughed now, jokingly, at old Hannah. “We have come to days of enlightenment, Hannah,” he said, “and have done with ghosts and traditions. Sir Carnagie Ashley will do for the nineteenth century.”

Hannah shook her head. “Ye ken weel, Sir Harry, that once, when ye were a random lad o’ nineteen, ye fell into an unlucky scrape. Nothing but money would get ye out of it, and that ye had nae got, and ye did nae dare to tell your father, Sir Arthur. I could nae help ye, but I told ye to keep a good heart, for that you would surely come some time to be the laird o’ Ashley. I told ye that Henry came next to Arthur in the succession, and Ryle after that, and then it went back to Arthur again. You laughed at me; for ye had two brothers older than you were, fine, healthy youths, and likely to live. But in a few years ye found that I had told ye truth. You should ha’ named your boy Ryle.”

“We will name the next so,” was the baronet’s good-humoured reply.

“Ye may never have another. But I think ye are mocking at me, Sir Harry, as ye did in your young days. What did I tell you, Mr. Arthur, amaisht half a score year ago?” she continued, turning to Mr. Ashley. “It was the day ye sheltered in here from the thunderstorm; ye mind, when ye were wearing the mourning fresh for your father. Ye were saying ye would do this to the estate, and ye would do that, when it was yours. Do ye mind, now, what I said to ye?”

“To be sure!” cried Arthur, humouring the old lady. “You told me not to count upon Ashley, for that to succeed Sir Harry I should have been named Ryle, and that if no Ryle arose to succeed him, the title would lapse.”

"I thought it would lapse," she went on. "When Mr. Ryle, your father, died in Sir Harry's lifetime, I thought nothing else but that it would lapse with Sir Harry. But now there's another Ryle arisen in your son. Is that why ye named him so, Mr. Arthur?"

"No!" almost fiercely interrupted Arthur. "I named him Ryle in remembrance of my father. I truly hope that Sir Harry's own children may succeed him."

"My bairn," said the old woman, taking little Ryle's hand in hers, who had stood quietly at her knee, looking into her wrinkled face with his clear blue eyes, "when ye are a great man and are called Sir Ryle, perhaps ye may have a little boy of your ain. Mind what I say to ye, name him *Arthur*, and dinna forget it. If ye are alive still, Miss Anna—and it is to be hoped ye will be for many a year after that—see that it is done."

"I think you are fanciful," said Mrs. Ashley to the old lady, in a good-natured, but disbelieving tone, as if she would not combat too rudely her curious prejudices. "What difference can a name make in the succession to Ashley? The thing is not possible."

"We don't see why such things should be and such not, Miss Anna: these matters are beyond our ken. I could tell ye stranger things that run in families than this, but I could nae tell ye why they run, no, nor their ain selves, nor their kith nor kin: and we may plan and we may talk, but they can nae be turned aside. Sir Harry kens, and Sir Arthur kenned it afore him, that none but those three names, each in its turn, have ever been the lairds o' Ashley—nae matter how improbable, at one time, their succession may have seemed."

"If you intend to remain here, Sir Harry, I shall take my leave," interposed Lady Ashley, in a suppressed tempest of passion.

They all walked away, Sir Harry and his nephew making merry over old Hannah's solemn belief in the infallibility of a name. To give an instant's serious thought to such "trash"—Sir Harry's expression—would have been injurious to the dignity of all the Ashleys. Yet what the old woman had stated was an incontrovertible fact—that since the creation of the baronetcy, two hundred years before, the holders of it had been Arthur, Henry, Ryle, Arthur, Henry, Ryle, in succession, down to the present date. The two children walked together on the grass. They presented a complete contrast: the one, lowering and sullen in countenance, dark as his own nature, the other all smiles and good humour. Lady Ashley repeatedly called Carnagie, as if she would detach him from little Ryle, but Carnagie had inherited his mother's self-will, and declined to listen.

"What are you going to do with yourself to-morrow?" demanded Sir Harry of his nephew.

"I intend to have a day's fishing. There used to be capital trout in the stream. Do you ever trouble them?"

"Not I. I see no fun in the sport. If——"

A sharp cry, as of pain, interrupted them, and they looked round for the children. Carnagie Ashley, whose ire had been raised by something which he could not himself explain, was beating Ryle unmercifully.

"Hallo!" cried Mr. Ashley. "Carnagie! What beat a boy less than yourself!"

"Carnegie!" shouted Sir Harry, "have done, sir! Carnegie!"

It was of no use to call. Carnegie, in his fury, could not hear. The little child was screaming, as much from terror as from pain, for the blood was falling from his nose on his handsome dress, but Carnegie still hit on. Mr. Ashley, who was up with them quicker than his uncle, seized Carnegie by the waist, and deposited him a few yards off, where he stamped and screamed. Sir Harry stormed at him, but Lady Ashley stood as immovable as a statue, looking at her son with intense satisfaction. Politeness kept Mr. and Mrs. Ashley from saying what they thought of Master Carnegie, and the parties separated for their different homes.

"Don't you allow that old creature a pension?" inquired Lady Ashley of her husband, as they walked towards Ashley. "Hannah Watson."

"Yes."

"Then discontinue it."

"Out of my power, Lady Ashley. My father commenced it before his death, and left the charge to me. It is a sacred trust."

"She ought to be turned off the estate. How dared she insult us to our faces? saying that Carnegie would never succeed you!"

"For pity's sake don't let that trouble you," returned Sir Harry, laughing heartily. "Old Hannah was always full of her Scotch superstitions: she would make you believe in second sight, if you would listen to her. As worthy a woman she is as ever lived, and was of quite a superior family, though she lowered herself by marrying my father's gamekeeper. I wish, Lauretta," he added more seriously, "you would go occasionally amongst the people on the estate: I think you might find it of advantage."

"The specimen I have met to-day has not been an inviting one," was the repellent reply of Lady Ashley.

III.

MR. ASHLEY sat broiling himself upon the edge of the trout stream, and, by his side, quiet as a mouse, sat little Ryle. Ere long, Sir Henry Ashley, holding Carnegie by the hand, came behind them. Ryle, who could not forget yesterday, shrank close to his father.

"What sport, Arthur?"

"Not any, yet. I had letters to write to-day, and did not come as soon as I thought of doing. There's a bite! hush! stop!"

There really was, the first bite. It was a poor little trout, not worth the landing, but Mr. Ashley secured him, almost with the delight of a schoolboy. It was nearly two years since he had enjoyed a day's fishing, and then not for trout. Carnegie and Ryle watched the process with interest. When Mr. Ashley threw his line into the water again, Sir Harry prepared to leave.

"I want to stay," said Master Carnegie.

"You cannot, Carnegie. I must take you home."

"Let him stay if you like," interposed Arthur. "I'll take care of him. Provided," he added, turning to young Carnegie, "he promises to sit still, and does not quarrel."

"No, I believe I must take him," rejoined Sir Harry. "His mother will find fault with me if I do not."

He walked away, dragging by the hand the unwilling boy, who kept his head turned round in direction of the stream. When they came to the park, where the trees would shut out all view of it, Carnegie's feet became glued to the ground, and he sobbed out that he *would* go back to see the fish caught.

"The fish are ugly," said Sir Harry.

Carnegie's sobs increased to a roar; and Sir Harry, never famed for his resolution, yielded. "Well, run back," he said, "and sit down close to little Ryle. I will send Patience to fetch you presently. And harkye, Carnegie—if you are troublesome to Mr. Ashley, or ill-natured to Ryle, I will never let you stay anywhere again."

Not waiting for a second permission, the boy darted straight back towards Mr. Ashley. Sir Harry watched him half way across the plain, then turned, entered the park, and was lost to view. At the same moment, Carnegie was attracted by the sight of a butterfly, and, postponing the fish-catching, child-like, for this new attraction, he changed his course, and went after it. It drew him away to the right, bearing rather towards the stream. A curve in the banks soon took him beyond view of Arthur Ashley, even supposing the latter had known he was there, and looked after him, which he did not.

It was a famous chase. Now the butterfly would descend with fluttering wings, and Carnegie, raising his hands, would deem it in his clasp. Once he thought it was his, and took off his hat to throw over it; but away it soared, high and far, as if attracted by the scent of the distant beau-field, which went stretching down to the stream, and away and away flew the child after it, drawing nearer and nearer towards the water.

Mr. Ashley sat on, at his sport, trying to hook the fish, his head running upon hooks of another sort, in the political world. Ryle began to show symptoms of weariness. His legs had never been still so long before. "Here's some one coming," he said to his papa.

It was a young woman, Carnegie's nurse. "If you please, sir," she said, advancing close to them, "where is Master Ashley?"

"Master Ashley!" returned Arthur, who did not know the girl. "Do you mean Master Carnegie Ashley?"

"Yes, sir. Sir Harry has just come home, and sent me here for him. He said he was fishing along with you, sir."

Arthur opened his eyes in wonder. "There is some mistake," he returned. "I think you must have misunderstood Sir Harry. He did not leave the child here."

"I am sure, sir, I did not misunderstand what Sir Harry said," was the reply of Patience. "My lady was not pleased, and Sir Harry said Master Ashley had made such a hullabaloo—as he called it—to stop and watch the fish caught, that he was forced to let him. And he ordered me to bring him home now, whether he cried or not."

"It is very extraordinary," exclaimed Mr. Ashley. "The child did want to remain, and I offered to take care of him, but Sir Harry said Lady Ashley would prefer his going home, and he took him away. Carnegie!" shouted Mr. Ashley, at the top of his voice, as he retreated from the bank and looked around. "Carnegie!"

No answer. The hum of the summer's afternoon, of the buzzing

insects, of the gleeful birds, was in the air; but there was no other answer.

"You had better go back and inquire of Sir Harry where he left him," he said to the maid. "It was not here."

Accordingly she did so, making good speed, and Mr. Ashley resumed his seat and his rod. He was not in the least uneasy, and the matter faded from his mind, for he believed the mistake to be the servant's: that she had misunderstood her master. But, ere long, Lady Ashley was seen flying towards him.

"What have you done with my child?" she panted, as she approached; and her eyes glared, as he had never seen them glare but once, and that was several years before, in Ashley shrubbery, when she was Miss Carnagie.

Mr. Ashley rose, and raised his hat. He thought her strong emotion was but the effect of her exertion in running.

"I have sent the servant to the house to inquire of Sir Harry where he left him, Lady Ashley. It was not with me."

"It is false! False as you are, Arthur Ashley. Sir Harry did leave him with you. Give me my child! Where have you hidden him? Have you put him in the water?"

Before Mr. Ashley, surprised and confounded, could find words for reply, Sir Harry neared them. He was not so swift of foot as his lady. Patience also was advancing behind. "Arthur," called out Sir Harry, "where's Carnagie?"

"I have not seen him since you took him away. You remember you refused to leave him with me."

"I know I did. But he cried to come back, and I sent him. I watched him come."

"I assure you that he did not come," replied Mr. Ashley. "I have not stirred from this spot. Do you say you *watched* him come here?"

"I watched him half way across the field. He was making fast for you, straight as an arrow."

Arthur looked terribly confounded. And the more so because Lady Ashley still glared steadfastly upon him, with her white teeth set, and her accusing expression.

The servant, Patience, had turned aside, but was again seen advancing now. Her face was pale as with affright, and she laboured for utterance. "Oh, sir! oh, my lady!" was her confused exclamation, before she had well reached them, "Grimes's boy has just met me, and he says they think there's a child drowned, for a hat is floating on the water."

"Where? A hat—where?" demanded Mr. Ashley.

"Round there. Beyond the bend."

He rushed away, the rest following him. No one paid attention to little Ryle, so the servant picked him up in her arms, and ran after them.

Lower down the stream, much lower, they came upon a group of idlers who had collected there, labourers and others. One of them held on a stick a child's straw hat dripping with water, which he had just fished ashore. It was Carnagie Ashley's. There was no body to be seen, they said, but it might be lower down: have gone down with the current.

"Is anything the matter?" demanded the voice of Surgeon Gay, hastening up to the people, whom he had discerned as he came along the by-path from the village.

Matter enough, a countryman replied, Sir Harry's heir was in the water. At least his hat was, and the boy was missing.

"I accuse him of the murder," impetuously broke forth Lady Ashley, pointing her finger at Arthur. "The child was left under his charge, and he pretends to know nothing of him. He put him in the water."

"Be quiet, be quiet, I entreat of you," cried Sir Harry, in agitation. "You cannot know what you are saying."

"The child stood between him and the inheritance," persisted Lady Ashley, who was excited almost to madness, far beyond all control. "Only yesterday we caught him plotting with one who assured him his son should succeed to Ashley, and not Sir Harry's. It is he who has made away with the child."

Every vestige of colour—the bright colour of the Ashleys—had forsaken Mr. Ashley's cheeks, and the words, as he spoke, literally trembled from his agitated lips. "My friends," he said, standing bare-headed, "you have, most of you, known me from childhood, and can judge whether I am capable of committing so revolting a crime. Here"—he suddenly snatched at the hand of Ryle, and pulled him forward—"stands my own child: had the lives of the children been in my power, had I been compelled to sacrifice one of them, I swear to you that it should have been this one, rather than the other. Sir Harry," he added, clasping in his agitation the baronet's arm, "I never saw or heard your child from the moment you walked away with him: had I witnessed him in any danger, I would have saved his life at the expense of my own. Surely you believe me!"

"Yes, yes," groaned Sir Harry, wringing his nephew's hand. "I see how it is. I should have watched him into your charge. Something must have attracted the boy aside. It is my carelessness which has caused this."

"Oh, take heart, all of you! take heart, my lady!" said cheerful Surgeon Gay, who was sure to look on the best side of things: "you don't know yet that anything is really amiss with the boy. He may have strolled away. The hat's nothing," he continued, in answer to a man who raised it as if to confute his argument. "Last autumn, when my fourth boy's cap was discovered in Prout's Pond, and brought home, wet, to his mother, she wouldn't hear a word but what he was drowned, went into a succession of fits, and wanted me to put the shutters up. Two hours afterwards, the young Turk walked himself home, with his pinafore full of blackberries. He won't forget the tanning I gave him, though, if he lives to be a hundred."

The miller, James Heath, whose cottage was on the opposite shore, some way removed from it, was now seen crossing the foot-bridge. His face was whiter than usual, which it had little need to be, for it was always under a layer of flour. He stepped into the midst of the group, taking off his hat when he saw the Ashleys.

"Whose child is it?" he inquired. "My wife witnessed the accident from her bedroom window."

Lady Ashley grasped his arm, the white dust from the man's clothes

soiling her rich gauze dress. "Speak, speak!" was echoed around, and "Speak!" reiterated that passionate lady, "tell me who threw him in."

"The little fellow was coming across the plain, my wife said, running hard, and throwing his hat up, as if trying to catch something. She thinks it might be one of the summer cockchafers, or maybe a butterfly. She could not see him distinctly so far off, but she believed it was one of the young ones from the parsonage. He was spinning along with all his might, his hat raised for another throw, and he came, without knowing it, on to the edge of the water, and tumbled right in, head over heels."

"Why did she not save him—why did she not give the alarm?" uttered Mr. Ashley.

"Because she could not, sir, unfortunately, as Mr. Gay can tell you; she can't stir a peg."

Mr. Gay nodded. "She has not recovered the use of her limbs since her attack," he said, "and as they place her on a chair, so she must remain. I am on my way to see her now."

"She called and shouted," proceeded the miller, "till she was a'most hoarse, she says. But I was in my mill, and when that's a going there's no chance of my hearing anything else, and the girl was gone to the village. So the house-door was shut, and, more than that, all the windows were. Whose child was it?"

"It was the young heir."

The miller started, and looked at his landlord. "Oh, Sir Harry! I did not know——"

What he would have said was interrupted by Lady Ashley. "Who pushed him in?" she uttered—"who threw him into the stream? Was it not *he*, Arthur Ashley?"

"*He!*" repeated the miller, his countenance expressing every degree of astonishment. "Lord love ye, my lady! Mr. Arthur ain't one to hurt a hair of a child's head. The poor little innocent was a running about, in his sport, and fell in of his own accord. There was not a soul near him—more's the pity but what there had been."

The body was not found till late at night, by torchlight. Sir Harry and Mr. Ashley were both amongst the crowd on the bank, and it was the latter who received the unlucky child from the men. A momentary weakness overcame him. When it had passed, he turned to his uncle. "He was my little godson," he whispered. "I would give all I am worth to recal him to life. I would have given more than I am worth to save him."

But not so said the crowd. "It is a mercy for him that he is taken in his infancy," they murmured to each other, "before the responsibility of right and wrong can lie upon him. With his crafty disposition and violent passions, there's no telling what evil he might have done, had he lived; or what might not have been his end."

"And not less a mercy for the place," muttered Surgeon Gay to himself. "It would have fared but badly, had he lived to become Sir Carnegie Ashley."

A SWEDISH VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD IN THE YEARS
1851, 1852, 1853.*

TRANSLATED BY MRS. BUSHBY.

Madeira, November, 1851.

HAVING been selected from among the members of the Academy of Sciences to proceed in the frigate *Eugénie* on a voyage round the world, I left Stockholm on the 24th of September, and I address my first letter to you from this magnificent island, for I have not forgotten your last words at the moment of our separation, "Write as often as you can." I will endeavour, as much as possible, by my communications, to make you and my other friends the companions of my voyages; but you must not expect those witty remarks, those philosophical reflections, and those poetical inspirations which bestow so much value on the works of many other travellers. I only promise a simple and truthful description of what I may behold.

As I had been long aware of the proposed voyage around the world, I had had time to reflect upon it, and to accustom my thoughts to take a new direction; but it was only at the moment of saying farewell, only when the last spire of the towers of Stockholm was fading on my view, that I fully felt how much I was leaving behind.

There is little to relate of our passage to Carlskrona, where the frigate *Eugénie* and the corvette *Lagerbielke* lay about a cable's length from each other, ready to spread out their wings for a flight over the ocean. We embarked in the frigate on the 30th of September, and our departure was witnessed by a multitude of people who had assembled to greet us on the commencement of our distant voyage, and to waft to us the last words of adieu from our fatherland. A light, favourable breeze assisted our progress to the roadstead of Copenhagen. We remained there only one day, and on the next, as there was a dead calm in the Sound, a steamer towed us to Helsingborg. Have you ever passed the Sound? Have you ever seen the beech-woods of Scania and Zealand reflected in the silver waters which flow between Sweden and Denmark? Have you seen the white houses of either land smiling at each other amidst the luxurious meadows and fields that surround them? Have you seen these thousands of ships under full sail that, speeding swiftly from sea to sea, bear the productions of remote countries to a much loved home, and unite the wide-spread races of the earth, now hushed and quiet like sleeping sea-birds, lying tranquilly with their graceful proportions pictured in the clear waves beneath? If you have seen all this, you have beheld one of

* In the autumn of the year 1851, the frigate *Eugénie* was despatched by the Swedish government on a voyage round the world, accompanied part of the way by the corvette *Lagerbielke*. The commander of this expedition was Captain Virgin, so well known in the Swedish navy; and among the scientific gentlemen engaged in it was Professor N. J. Andersson, the writer of this series of letters, which was first published in the *Afton Blad*, a political and literary journal of Stockholm. These letters were so popular in the North that they were translated into Danish, and published at Christiania, in one volume, in 1854.—TRANS.

the most interesting sights the world can afford. For nowhere else do two kingdoms lie so close as to gaze on each other, rivalling each other in beauty and abundance; in no other spot is one so strongly led to reflect on the importance of commerce in the history of the world.

On the outside of Helsingborg the wind freshened, and we made our way briskly over the Kattogat. Off Kulleberg we were favoured with one of those marine pageants that are the delight of every crew. A figure suddenly made its appearance from the ship's head, decked out in scarlet pantaloons and a large flaxen wig: he was attended by his two sons, who were as gaily attired, and were also furnished with humps on their backs. Amidst the shouts and laughter of the sailors these worthies strode up to the captain, and proffered their good wish for, and benedictions upon, the approaching voyage. They then commanded every officer and passenger on board, who had not already passed Kullen, to pay his tribute to "*the old man of Kulle,*" and the donations were gathered together by one of his children. A great deal of fun and roars of laughter closed the ceremony. The good luck "*the old man of Kulle*" had wished us, followed us as far as the North Sea. But there the south-west wind began to blow right in our teeth; and at length it veered round to the south, and increased to one of those furious tempests which are sometimes met with in the North Sea.

Doubtless on our prolonged voyage we shall encounter greater dangers, but I scarcely think that anything will make so deep an impression upon me as this storm, which was the first I had ever witnessed on board ship. Never shall I forget those mountain-waves, rising in their might towards the heavens—the howling of the wild wind amidst the cordage and the rigging—the fearful rolling of the ship—the horror of the crashing around—the drenching rain from the ocean's foam—and the black skies which lowered above us.

As there seemed to be little chance of our reaching England with such strong contrary winds, the captain ordered the course of our ship to be directed towards Norway; and on the 8th of October we entered a harbour in the neighbourhood of Farsund at Lindesnæs. Nature here was truly Norwegian; that is to say, wherever the eye turned it beheld only naked gigantic rocks, which, in the most fantastic forms, with precipitous sides, were piled ridge upon ridge, above which, again, sharp, pointed pinnacles towered aloft. Here lay a small island, in the midst of which arose a hill like a sugar-loaf, but cleft asunder in the wildest disorder. There stretched a heavy mass of granite, with its enormous perpendicular walls frowning, as it were, defiance around. Here and there might be observed a clump of birch-trees, which had lost the green of their summer foliage, and near these trees a lonely house. Fiords of all shapes twined themselves amidst the stony fields, and at the distance of about half a mile from the frigate lay the neat little town of Farsund. It is situated at the foot of a high, steep, craggy hill, with an extensive view over romantic fiords and rocks, among which are scattered some pretty white cottages; the whole presenting a very picturesque scene.

While we remained at Farsund I made some excursions into the surrounding country, but its botanical riches were very limited indeed, and all the plants were out of blossom, though I found there some that one hardly expects to meet with farther to the north than Berlin or the German Alps.

The climate of Lindsnæs is mild; its winter temperature being the same as that of the east of Germany, Pekin, and the central portion of the United States. But its summer is cool and foggy. Consequently both northern and southern plants are to be found there at once, a peculiarity, however, principally confined to this part of Norway.

We were anxious, before our departure, to become better acquainted with the inhabitants of Farsund. After having given a little dance on board, which was well attended, we were all invited to a ball at Farsund, which was a very animated affair. The dancers kept it up merrily, conversation with the ladies flowed on gaily, healths were drunk in the most friendly manner, and when we left the harbour we felt grateful, not only for the shelter which we had there found from the storms of the North Sea, but also for the pleasant hours we had spent in such hospitable and agreeable society.

Our voyage to Portsmouth occupied eight days; the sea was less agitated, but still far from calm, so that we had by no means a smooth passage. The nearer we approached the Channel the greater number of sails we saw; we also met with the usual fogs. We were, however, at length favoured with a fresh breeze, and then we descried Calais to our left, with its church-spires and well-known lighthouse-tower; while to our right, stretching out into the sea, arose the chalky cliffs of Old England. A northerly wind carried us speedily through the Channel; and on the 25th of October we cast anchor at Spithead, the roadstead of Portsmouth. Before us was the pretty town with its harbour, and hundreds of ships; behind us lay the charming Isle of Wight, with its numerous villas and verdant groves. The weather while we were at Portsmouth was unusually mild and delightful, therefore we enjoyed our stay there very much, and more especially as it formed such a pleasing contrast to the stormy seas we had just left.

Portsmouth may be said to include three towns, Portsea, Gosport, and Portsmouth, the two latter separated by the entrance to the cove, where English ships of war are stationed. Portsmouth is strongly fortified, and beyond its powerful forts, its granite walls bristling with cannon, the town is situated. It consists of a single line of wide, tolerably regular streets, with good shops, and several smaller and narrower ones, which are not nearly so much frequented as the High-street.

What principally occupies the attention of strangers at Portsmouth is, undeniably, the number of ships there. We obtained permission to visit the dockyard, accompanied by two officers, and had thus an opportunity of making ourselves acquainted with the remarkable and important establishments which England possesses here. Two three-deckers, to carry 120 guns each, in process of building, and very nearly finished. A multitude of houses are there occupied by the various workshops, or factories for the manufacture of everything connected with ships. Steam-engines and turning-lathes to infinity; long rows of anchors of the most gigantic dimensions; masts of enormous size, &c. &c. To me, who had never before beheld such stores, this sight was as grand as it was novel. If one adds to all this the immense harbour, crowded with three-deckers, frigates, war-steamers, and every description of ships, the whole scene is calculated in truth to show what England is, and what part she plays in the world.

In the harbour lies the *Victory*. I ascended the sides of this ship with a sort of holy respect; for with that of the *Victory* is another reverence-awakening name associated. Upon the upper deck, near the stern, is a spot where, engraved on a plate, one reads, "HERE NELSON FELL;" and beneath, under the second deck, is a little nook where, on another plate, there stands, "HERE NELSON DIED." When one has gazed on these spots, when one looks back to those times when that man fought in the full vigour of his manhood, when one reflects on England's boundless reverence for that illustrious hero's name and memory, and perceiving how cherished the *Victory* is only for Nelson's sake, one cannot find one's self on board that honoured ship, which had so often withstood the shocks of war, without a very peculiar feeling. The *Victory* is now the guardship in Portsmouth harbour; it lies half-rigged, has a short complement of men, and is a receiving-ship for naval cadets, where appropriate instruction is given to them. It is a little world within itself, where all is shining white, smoothly polished, and nicely clean.

Whilst many of our party hastened to London to visit the Crystal Palace, I made an excursion to the Isle of Wight, which, as is well known, is not only interesting from being the resort of the Queen and many of the English aristocracy after the expiration of the season in London, but possesses still greater attractions in the many geological curiosities in which it abounds. My expectations had been much raised, but the reality even exceeded them.

The island, about five Swedish miles in length, is in form almost an oblong square; but notwithstanding its limited space, it contains five populous towns, an incredible number of villages, and a profusion of country-seats, churches, and castles. The towns, which owe their prosperity to their being the summer resort of English families who do not possess villas of their own, and which, therefore, for the greatest part of the year are deprived of the largest portion of their inhabitants, are all extremely pretty, especially Ryde, just opposite to Portsmouth, the head-quarters of the English Yacht Club, so celebrated all over Europe. This town is situated upon sloping ground, under the green hills of the island. Its white and tastefully-built houses, standing on rising ranks one above the other, the streets adorned with gay shops, the church-spires towering above the mass of houses, all combine, when viewed from the roadstead, to look like a white amphitheatre amidst verdant woods. The principal town, Newport, on the contrary, lies in a valley about the middle of the island, and at first sight offers nothing remarkable to the eye; but when seen from the surrounding heights, its aspect is—what I cannot better describe than to call it—*peculiarly English*. That is to say, it is bright, clean, solid, respectable, and comfortable. The other towns are of less repute; but Ventnor, which lies in one of the loveliest of spots, I will take another occasion of mentioning.

The island itself is very different on its different sides. To the east the scenery has nothing of sameness, being varied by hills and wooded valleys; the south and south-west are more flat and fertile, whilst the north is the most cultivated, but is poor in trees of fine foliage. In some parts of the island one sees those charming cottages, which lie with indescribable grace within an enclosure of laurels and myrtles, and green English banks, richly enamelled with fuschias, hydrangias, and all those

flowers which we, at home, must protect in hot-houses during the inclemency of winter. Here one meets with these brick-and-timber buildings, erected in a style which I should call Norman, with their numerous tall chimneys and pointed bow-windows, and the whole mass of wall covered with ivy, mingling with the gay hues of the flowers of several creeping-plants. Ah! the world can afford nothing more enchanting, according to my ideas, than such cottages. In them one could fancy the realisation of the idyls from the pastoral and poetic ages long since fled; one could dream of rural felicity, meditate *à la* Rousseau, and revel in the charms of a mild climate, a lovely home, and all manner of earthly happiness.

To describe the Isle of Wight is impossible, for all description would fall short of the reality. With the exception perhaps of Heidelberg, I have seen nothing in northern Europe to compare with it. But let me now take you to Bonchurch, near Ventnor. Here is a stratum of limestone, which stretches horizontally round the whole of the southern coast of the island; it is called "the Undercliff," and seems to have been undermined by the waves, which formerly dashed as high, and must have sundered or worn these crevices, which are now overgrown with luxuriant vegetation—a vegetation which covers the small strip of earth that occurs between the cliff and the beach below. Close to Bonchurch is a valley, at the bottom of which is a little pond, where swans are seen swimming about; around the margin of this water grow various flowering shrubs, and the mass of limestone, with its strange picturesque forms, hangs, as it were, balancing in the air above it. It was at the warm hour of noon that, weary and exhausted, I arrived at this spot, after a long ramble among the rocks in search of natural curiosities, and cast myself on the grass to cool myself in the mild breeze: never shall I forget the delight I experienced in permitting my eyes to roam over this blending of villas, gardens, flowers, and rocks.

In regard to the natural productions of the island, there is a great deal to be said, but I shall reserve all that until I can display to you my specimens of mineral and botanical wealth, which, as on the morning after the Creation, lay embedded among the strata of stones and in the sand; and all the geological treasures I took with me from this rich Isle of Wight. My visit to this island was as a foretaste of the enjoyment awaiting me when I shall wander under a tropical sun, shaded by palms and banana-trees. After the Swedish flag had received all honour at Portsmouth, we hoisted our anchor on the 4th of November, and by the 12th of that month we had reached Madeira. The voyage was delightful, for everything concurred to make it so. We had a bright, warm sun—gentle breezes—summer nights in the month of November, gladdened by a moon which shed upon us her clear rays; thus we were wafted on as if by magic, and here we now lie, tranquil and happy.

The little window of my cabin is open, and through it I behold the skies and the soil of Madeira. I see many brilliant colours in strange but harmonious admixture, the air is delicious, and I feel that I am approaching the heavenly climate of the tropics.

It was on the afternoon of the 11th of November that we first sighted Madeira. It appeared on the horizon in the form of a dense cloud; we soon discerned Porto Santo, and on the morning of the 12th, when we

came on deck, the last-named island lay behind us, with its peak-topped hills, while to the left we had some naked, rocky islets, which have hitherto been occupied only by a few poor fishermen, and on which have rightly been bestowed the name of "ILHAS DESERTAS." Beyond these hilly masses we thought we perceived a sail, but on a nearer view we found it to be one among several separate rocks of some hundred feet high, but at a considerable distance from the island. By the side of it stood another solitary rock, horizontal in shape, and with very steep sides. In a word, all around evinced the agency of volcanic power. To the right stood Madeira, like the ridge of some rounded hill, from whence projected into the sea a long row of rocks riven asunder from each other; some crowned with pointed peaks, some forming heavy masses, some hollow, exhibiting arched vaults, and other extraordinary appearances. At length we descried, on the sloping side of a green hill, some white specks, like oyster-shells, on the shore, and we were told that was the principal town—FUNCHAL. As we approached nearer, the town began to assume the aspect of one, and at length it gradually rose on our view like an amphitheatre of white dwellings amidst a profusion of verdant bowers.

The anchor was dropped, our voyage was suspended for a while, and we had time and opportunity to take a minute survey of Madeira. From this point of view—the harbour—it looks like a gigantic rock, not particularly graceful in shape. Rising high towards the clouds, one observes the summits of a mountain-ridge 6287 feet in elevation, which crosses the centre of the island. From this central mass descend, straight down to the shore, mighty arms, some in close connexion with each other, some with distinct pinnacles by degrees diminishing, from which perpendicular crags appear to have toppled over and fallen into the roaring billows beneath.

Various epithets expressive of admiration have been applied to this island: "The beautiful Madeira," "The Pearl of the Atlantic Ocean," &c.; but I must confess that Madeira did not make quite such a favourable impression on me. The size of the masses of rock is certainly imposing; the play of colours among the groups of hills, the varieties of soil, the groves of every shade of foliage, the country-houses surrounded by green plantations—all this is pretty, but the *tout ensemble* has a scorched, dingy look, and this appearance becomes still more striking after one has landed and examined the scenery more closely. All the smiling *freshness* of Nature amidst its leafy kingdom and its babbling streams is wanting; and, according to my ideas, where *that* is wanting there can be no surpassing beauty. Madeira may be admired for its climate, its pure atmosphere, its genial warmth—it may suit those who would wish to enjoy an eternal summer, which is sufficiently tempered by the hills never to become insufferably hot; all this truly deserves commendation, but the word *beauty* is not altogether so applicable.

Madeira is fifty-five English miles in length and ten in breadth. It was discovered in 1419 by Gonzalos Zargo, though its discovery is now attributed to the chance adventures of another.

In the time of Edward III. there lived in England a poor nobleman, named Robert Macham, who was so imprudent as to fall in love with the beautiful and distinguished Anna d'Arfet; her kindred resented his pre-

sumption so much that they had him cast into prison. Macham, however, escaped from his dungeon, carried off the fair lady, and set sail with her for France. But a tempest drove them into the open sea, and, after sailing about for twelve days, they cast anchor in a bay, which at the present day, along with a little town lying close to it, bears the name of *Machico*. The ship drifted out to sea, and the crew were made slaves of. Anna died a few days after, and her lover soon followed her to the other world, and, by his own desire, was buried in the same grave with her, under a cedar-tree, where, on arriving, they had erected a cross in honour of their happy escape. The remains of this cross is still to be seen above the high altar of the church at Machico.

This tale may be accepted or rejected at pleasure. It is known, however, as a fact, that the Portuguese took possession of the island, and that the magnificent woods found at that time on it gave rise to its name; for Madeira, in Portuguese, signifies tree. These splendid woods were cleared away by the Portuguese, who imported negroes from the coast of Guinea to work for them. After that the island was plundered by the Moors, and, after they left it, by the French Huguenots in 1566; and it is only latterly that the island has been cultivated as it is now. Madeira is under the control of a governor from Lisbon, subordinate to whom are the military commandant and the sub-governor of Porto Santo. The population is estimated at 120,000 souls. Almost all the commerce of the island is in the hands of the English houses established there. The average amount of the annual exports of the productions of Madeira is not less than 500,000*l.* sterling. Wine is the principal article of export.

After we had anchored, and the harbour-master had come on board to examine our papers and health certificates, the frigate was surrounded with swarms of little boats peculiar to Madeira, resembling light gondolas; these were rowed by the dark, sunburnt, scantily-clothed inhabitants, and were laden with the fruits of the island, and we bought oranges, walnuts, &c., at prices that amazed us, they were so low. On landing we divided ourselves into two parties: those who were making researches in zoology, and my followers. We landed close to Loo Rock, a quadrilateral isolated mass of lava, of considerable dimensions, upon which a fort has been constructed, which overlooks the harbour, the town, and its environs, and which would appear to be impregnable. At no great distance from this lies a similar rock of lava, upon which likewise is built a fort—*SAN JAO DO PICO*—that stretches over the strand like a protecting or threatening angel, according to the deserts or imagination of the inhabitants.

Madeira is quite a southern town. The houses are low, seldom exceeding two stories in height, with flat roofs, which project far beyond the walls of the house, to afford a shade from the burning sun. The windows are small; indeed in the lower stories there are often no windows at all, their place being supplied by wooden jalousies, generally kept closed, and which give a gloomy air to the whole building. In the upper story, where there are often balconies, one sees large spaces instead of windows, partly filled with wooden shutters, and only a portion of each fitted up with panes of glass. This description, however, does not apply to the houses of the English and other foreign families resident here, and who are looked upon as the aristocracy of Funchal; in *their* establishments all possible comforts and luxuries are to be found.

The streets are for the most part extremely steep, quite up and down hill; they are narrow, with a gutter running in the midst of each, but they are provided with a channel underground, by means of which all the filth is carried off; they are also extremely clean—a great contrast to the streets of Stockholm. They are paved with those small, sharp stones, which, according to Gosselman, characterise Madeira; these are found everywhere in the island, and afford an excellent "*hold for the feet*" of the horses and mules, which, along with men's own feet, are the only modes of conveyance one finds here. Carriages are not used in the island; one must either ride or walk, or be transported in palanquins. The casks of wine, which contain the most precious wealth of the island, enjoy the honour of being conveyed from the storehouses to the wharfs, or elsewhere, on a sort of low sledge, which is drawn by small, weak-looking oxen, with long horns.

When one lands under the auspices of the seafaring people at the proper place, one enters immediately an alley of trees which leads to a pretty looking market. On the right are a couple of hotels, arranged for the reception of those unfortunate Europeans who are fleeced of their money there, while seeking to recover their health; and on the left the capacious government-house, with its long *façade* stretching towards the sea. This alley is the place of recreation for the fashionable world. The graceful figures of ladies are seen galloping round on ponies, with their attendants riding behind them, and elegant young gentlemen display themselves on foot. The same scene is enacted in the market-place, which is surrounded by neat gardens and tolerable houses, and at the eastern extremity of which stands the cathedral. Like all the other public buildings in Funchal, this one is without any exterior architectural embellishments; in the interior, on the contrary, it is very tasteful, rich in silver and gold, with pictures, carved wood, and draperies, and looks, in the dim light admitted, mystical enough to be suited to the Portuguese Roman Catholic enmity to enlightenment.

There is a great variety in the population of the town. As there are here Europeans of all nations, one sees countenances of every sort of physiognomy; but the native inhabitants of the place are a miserable race. The men, indeed, may pass, for they possess at least eyes full of fire, erect forms, and smartness and activity in all their movements, though their clothing is very poor, and their appearance denotes scantiness of nourishment. But the women cannot be said to belong to "*the fair sex*;" it would be a usurped title if they laid claim to it. I was told that their undersized figures, slouching carriage, projecting cheek-bones, and hollow eyes, were the consequence of the hard labour to which they are subjected. The dark stamp one finds upon them all, the crisp woolly hair so often seen among them, would lead one to suppose that they are descendants of the negroes, who, as before related, had been imported by the early settlers among the Portuguese to cultivate the island. There is nothing characteristic in their dress; it is in the European style, and exhibits that mixture of finery and uncleanness so often seen in our cities. It is different from that of the peasantry in the country, of whom I shall speak by-and-by.

During the three days that we stopped here I made excursions to the two opposite sides of the island. The first, which was to the south-west,

took me through an uncommonly well cultivated country. Wheresoever a spot of earth was to be found, and sufficient moisture, a vineyard was planted. These are surrounded by stone walls, the vines are trained by means of a horizontal trellis-work of reeds, which keeps the earth beneath fresh. The grapes ripen here in the shade, and that appears to be the cause of the superiority of the Madeira wine. At one end of the vineyard there is always a place for the growth of these reeds, of which the trellis-work is composed, and in another corner stands a small dwelling, which scarcely deserves the name of a hut even. The walls are constructed of blocks of stone, but the roof is thatched, and gathered up into a point in the centre; there is but one opening—the door. The furniture is of the most wretched description, and the entire habitation does not appear in the slightest degree to offer anything of the comfort of a home.

Probably the inhabitants of these desolate abodes look upon them merely as sleeping-places, about which it is not necessary to be very particular. They are almost always occupied in cultivating their gardens, in which, over and above the vines, are generally to be found some banana-trees, some guava bushes, and a palm-tree occasionally. The ground is of smouldered lava, very red and porous; besides the vine, potatoes and a small quantity of maize grow in it.

The numerous aqueducts which are to be found in Madeira are in the highest degree advantageous to agriculture. Built in the form of small stone conduits, these issue from the hills, from whose sides they throw themselves, as it were, over hill and dale, creating coolness, freshness, and fertility. Thus irrigation saves the productions of the island; but no amount of skill has been able to engraft a green sward upon the red soil, and consequently the landscape, especially upon the higher ground, presents that naked, barren appearance which characterises Madeira on a close view.

No other agricultural instruments than a spade, and occasionally a very simply constructed plough, is necessary; the loose earth can be turned up with the fingers, and to this circumstance—that the work is by no means laborious, and does not require toil the whole year round—may be attributed the indolence and want of energy which have evidently become habitual to the country people. The peasantry generally have their cottages on leases from the proprietors who reside in Funchal; of the profits the lessees retain one-fourth, a similar proportion goes to the owners, a fourth part to the King of Portugal, and a fourth to the worthy fathers in the monasteries. Consequently, as the peasantry possess nothing exclusively their own, but must work principally for other people, they too often sink into that state of apathy which has a cheerless aspect, and is so peculiarly Portuguese. Both the men and the women have an extremely upright carriage, which perhaps may be ascribed to their habit of carrying all burdens, even the heaviest, on their heads. There is nothing peculiar in their figures, unless it be their large feet, which are generally naked and dark brown. Of their clothing, the pantaloons and hats are the most remarkable; the former, which are called *culcas*, reach from the waist to about the middle of the thigh, leaving the rest of the leg uncovered; the hat is a little leather cap, which scarcely covers the crown of the head, and which is finished by a peak about two inches in height. This cap-point is dipped in holy water

to secure the wearer the powerful protection of the Virgin Mary and all the saints.

Round their huts are generally to be seen troops of children, all more or less dirty and noisy, and who often annoy those passing by begging in a greedy and pertinacious manner. The peasantry are extremely temperate and frugal in their living; they eat little else than onions and bread. One always meets them humming some air or other, and in the evening they often assemble near one of their huts, and dance to the music of the guitar. Their intellectual resources are at a very low ebb, but this deficiency may be ascribed to the indolence of their priests. The Jesuits, now banished, had the merit of having established several schools, but these have since fallen into decay. There is great emigration from the island; it is said that thousands remove every year to the Brazils or the English West India colonies.

I pursued my way, as I have already mentioned, first through the more cultivated tracts, full of life and movement, though not of corresponding prosperity. I ascended several hills, and obtained from their summits a delightful view over the country which lay beneath, over the city, and the sea. In the evening our two parties joined each other, and we betook ourselves to a *posada*, a privileged royal country inn, where the sign was a painting of the Portuguese arms. Here we found two miserable rooms, filled with low people, and the entertainment afforded was of the poorest description. When we asked to be accommodated with lodgings for the night, we were told that none were to be had there, but they promised to obtain some excellent ones for us. Thereupon they conducted us to a house situated in a vineyard, which consisted of one single room, the only furniture of which was an old bedstead and a table! In this primitive abode we made the best arrangements we could; we had some straw brought in, on which the whole party were glad to seek repose.

We took our departure next morning; my intention was to set out for the mountain ridges on the right, where I hoped to find richer vegetation; but when my guide, a Portuguese boy, saw that I turned my steps towards the hills, he refused to accompany me, for he had entered into no engagement to go everywhere with me. I could not help admiring his prudence afterwards; I think I never attempted a more toilsome journey. My way lay through cultivated fields until I reached the hills, where the narrow footpath which led to the more elevated regions brought me now to the highest summit, now down again into the deepest valleys. But if this marching up and down hill was very fatiguing, I was rewarded by the most charming views which everywhere presented themselves to my eye. *Here* I looked down on a lovely vale, through which passed a tolerably wide road, thronged with men and mules picturesquely grouped; the small white houses, surrounded by rose-bushes and other flowering plants, the fields of sugar-cane, the dark background of rocks, forming a characteristic and pleasing scene, in harmony with the clear skies and the brilliant rays of the golden sun; *there* I would see from the depths of a rocky defile, hemmed in between hills that seemed rising to the heavens, the sides of those eminences actually laden with a vegetation the equal of which, in splendour and luxuriance, I had never beheld. Little huts were perched here and there, giving signs of the proximity of human beings even amidst these stilly mountain solitudes, and winding paths and

aqueducts evinced that they were not altogether without industry. In one of these valleys I fell in with a fine cataract, whose waters rushed amidst and over large masses of rock, forming an agreeable variety in the scenery. I intended to have returned over the hills, but I found it was impossible, I was so overcome with fatigue, and glad I was to take the shortest route to Funchal, which I reached in a state of utter weariness and exhaustion.

The next morning I hired a horse for the journey to the east side of the island, where are situated the highest mountain regions. The road, which was steep, overhung the sea and the beach beneath, and passed the beds of many dried-up mountain streams. On the declivity of the hill were several villas, doubtless constructed with immense trouble and expense, adorned with terraces, gardens, and vineyards. Nothing can be more charming than these small houses, around which, in the open air, bloom all those flowers we are glad to have in flower-pots in our hot-houses, mingling with pomegranates, myrtles, and apricot-trees. This little paradise seems, as it were, to hover over the yawning gulf below, whose hollow waves are heard faintly murmuring as if from afar. High above all these villas, enthroned on a lofty rock, stands the beautiful convent of NOSTRA SENHORA DEL MONTE, with its two shining white towers, which are perceived from a great distance at sea. In order to form a correct idea of the wonderful mountain formations and picturesque views in Madeira, one assuredly ought to visit the east side of the island. The highest peak in Madeira is not less than 6238 English feet above the level of the sea, and its head is generally veiled by clouds.

In regard to the natural history of Madeira, it has already been mentioned that the soil consists of lava mingled with lime of a reddish-yellow tint. All these volcanic masses rest upon a deep substratum of transition rock, whence it has been inferred that the island is not the result of any sudden eruption of a volcano, but that it was the work of a succession of eruptions from a central crater. In the very centre of the hills there exists a valley, or rather a natural hollow, which has long been looked upon as that primary crater.

Madeira exhibits in its vegetation an extraordinary combination of the productions peculiar both to Europe and to Africa; yet it is a well-known fact that the Flora of the island is poorer than that of the neighbouring continents; for at Madeira there have hitherto not been found more than five hundred indigenous plants, a number less than the quantity which may be observed in the royal park at Stockholm. Amidst the highest hills are to be found forests of walnut-trees, and the *Erica arborea*, so peculiar to Madeira—an arboreous vine, which grows to thirty feet in height, its stem being four feet in thickness. Wheat and barley are imported from North America, not nearly enough being raised in the island for its own consumption. The animals are almost the same as those found in Europe. Poultry are rare; fresh-water fish scarcely ever found; swallows remain there the whole year round, with the exception of a few days during the lowest winter temperature.

Madeira exists by its wine. The island is said to produce annually 30,000 pipes of wine, the finer kinds of which go to England, the West Indies, and North America; Russia, and the countries on the Baltic, consume also a large quantity. There are three kinds of Madeira wine—Tinto, Sercial, and Malvasia. The grapes are imported from Sicily and

the banks of the Rhine; they grow at the height of 2700 feet, and on all kinds of soil. Nevertheless, the culture of the vine is not carried to great perfection in Madeira.

Madeira is a spot that, under a good government, and with active, industrious inhabitants, might, with its fine climate, its fertile soil, and its situation, become a blessing to the world and to itself. But Portugal is not a country to encourage its colonies or promote their success. There reigns over the whole island a dull, melancholy torpor, which, as the Creator has been so bountiful to it, is the more remarkable and the more to be regretted. One seems to read this inscription on the shores of Madeira: "What God made good man has spoiled." One has a very peculiar feeling on taking leave of these magnificent islands; one longs for the free ocean, where the grandeur of creation is not dragged down by the littleness of mankind, and where the dark power of superstition is unknown.

THE LAST LETTER.

BY MARY C. F. MONCK.

ABOVE the dark and rugged street
Of one poor squalid town,
With biting winds and driving sleet
The Christmas-eye came down.
Through many a window glowed the light
From hearths which brightly burned;
And many a welcome hailed, that night,
Some wanderer returned.

But through the darkness and the cold,
With eager footsteps sped
A feeble woman, bowed and old,
A toiler for her bread;
The worn-out rags her form which cloaked
Could give but scanty heat,
The freezing mud-pools splashed and soaked
Around her hurrying feet.

Day after day her years were past
In toil and penury,
Yet hope's glad radiance was cast
On even such as she.
She had one brave and loving boy,
A soldier, far away;
Her all of earthly pride and joy
In that one darling lay.

Her trembling hand a letter held
('Twas soiled, and creased, and worn),
For two long months had seen it spelled
Full oft, from night to morn;
She murmured to herself the words
Which had lent strength and life
To the spent soul's relaxing chords
Through weeks of weary strife.

Light shadows fitted o'er the blinds,
And voices glad and sweet
Were sounding on the howling winds
That swept the lonely street.
She smiled, and said, "You must not grieve,
But, mother, hopeful be,
For on the coming Christmas-eve
You shall have news from me.

"Not long shall you be left alone—
The hardest times are o'er—
This cruel war will soon be done,
And I be free once more.
I have been safe where shot and shell
Dealt death on every side—
Where many a brave man wounded fell,
And many a soldier died."

She climbs the bleak and rugged hill,
The destined goal is near—
Poor throbbing heart! be still, be still,
Thou hast no doubt nor fear.
The eager question's asked: O joy!
A letter! Well she knew
The promise of her own dear boy,
Once pledged, was ever true.

With tears of gladness low she knelt
Upon the empty street;
And then, her long day's toil unfelt,
She homeward turned her feet.
A cheerless home, you would have said—
Nor food, nor fire, nor light—
The glimmering cinders almost dead—
Her joy made all seem bright.

She fanned the embers to a blaze,
Her slender rushlight sought,
And close beside its feeble rays
The precious letter brought.
A curl of soft bright cheamut hair
Falls shining on her hand,
Sent by some pious comrade's care
From that far foreign land.

For *he* is dead—ay, dead and cold!
Her lips sent forth no cry—
No sound of lamentation told
Her inward agony.
The long night waned, the Christmas morn
Broke coldly in the sky;
But ere the festal day was born,
Life had with hope passed by.

THE CYRENAICA.*

THE Cyrenaica, or, as it was called under the Ptolemys, Pentapolis—the region of the five cities—is a little district of hills and table-lands, insulated amidst sands and water, yet itself so well watered with frequent rains and perennial springs, that, although in the present day, like many other beautiful spots in Africa and in Asia, it presents little more than the ruins of its former opulence and splendour, still does it ever, as far as nature is concerned, seem to be a fit place for an earthly Paradise—the chosen site of the Garden of the Hesperides.

With some exceptions, arising from inconveniences almost inseparable from travel, and from the isolated position of the Arabs, upholding barbarism and fanaticism to a degree rarely met with in other places, Mr. Hamilton's impressions of the exceeding beauty of this favoured spot appear to have been the same as those of the few other travellers who have ventured into the same little-frequented regions, and such as no doubt influenced the Theraeans, when they quitted their native island in the Aegean Sea to plant a colony between Carthage and Egypt.

Benghazi, now the principal town in the district, and the seat of government, is but a poor place, a collection of one-storied houses or huts, with two insignificant whitewashed marabouts, or sheikhs' tombs, and a square castle, flanked with round towers, standing on the sea-shore, but unrelieved by a single minaret, or even by the dovecots which render many of the mud villages on the Nile so picturesque. The great drawback to comfort at Benghazi is to be found in innumerable flies. Swarms cluster round the inflamed eyes of the children, and no one takes the trouble to drive them away :

The flies form a remarkable feature, which must not be omitted in describing Benghazi. None of the plagues of Egypt could exceed them, and they often during the day render writing, or any occupation which does not leave one hand free for the fan, utterly impossible. They exist in myriads; hence, the Turks call Benghazi the fly kingdom; and the flies by their pertinacity and voracity evidently show that this is their own opinion. Nothing but continual fanning can keep them off; even the mosquito-net being unavailing against plagues which creep as well as fly. When very thirsty they draw blood, even through one's stockings, their bite resembling the sharp pricking of a leech; and wafers left upon a table entirely disappear under their attacks in a very short time. In the evening, if disturbed on the curtains, they rise in hundreds, making a rushing noise like pheasants when a well-stocked cover is beaten. In addition to the plague of flies, the shrill trumpet of mosquitoes keeps one constantly on the *qui vive*, but their bite is not venomous like that of the mosquitoes of Syria, Egypt, or even Italy; and it is rather the association of ideas which renders them harassing, than any actual injury they inflict. Other insects, though not unknown, are seldom seen, or with a little care may be entirely avoided. The first day I was in Benghazi my servant killed a tarantula, a hideous, rough-backed, flat-headed lizard, in the room I was put up in; but I have not seen a second. Nor have I met with any scorpions, though they are sometimes found; their bite is hardly to be called venomous. So insensible is the Arab epidermis

* Wandering in North Africa. By James Hamilton. London: John Murray. 1856.

to pain, that a native hardly takes the trouble to apply even a little butter or honey to the wound.

From Benghazi, Mr. Hamilton took the coast-line to ancient Cyrene, now called Grennah. The ride on the approach to the old Greek city is described as worth a journey from Europe. After passing through a valley containing many splendid old junipers, under which goats flocked together were enjoying the shade, they came to a spring of living water, called Menezzah Wad Fairyeh. The rest of the journey was over a range of low, undulating hills, offering, perhaps, the most lovely sylvan scenery in the world :

The country is like a most beautifully arranged *Jardin Anglais*, covered with pyramidal clumps of evergreens, variously disposed, as if by the hand of the most refined taste; while *bosquets* of junipers and cedars, relieved by the pale olive and the bright green of the tall arbutus-tree, afford a most grateful shade from the mid-day sun. In one of these bowers I had my carpet spread for luncheon; some singing-birds joined their voices to the lively chirping of the grasshoppers, and around fluttered many a gaily-painted butterfly. The old capital of the Pentapolis was before me, yet I was strongly tempted to pitch my tent for a time in this fairy scene.

“Nunc viridi membra sub arbuto
Stratus, nunc ad aquæ lene caput sacræ.”

Whoever has traversed these fresh groves in the parching heat of an African July can understand the enthusiastic praises of the older writers, and why the Arabs, coming from the Desert, called the country the Green Mountain. As we approached Cyrene, this exuberant vegetation disappeared, and in its place we passed through long avenues of tombs, hewn in the rock, or out of it; next we came in sight of the ruined towers of the old city walls; and then, through a long line of ruins, we reached the street of Battus, where a narrow gorge opens upon a magnificent view over plains and hills to the blue Mediterranean. I rode on to the cave whence gushes the perennial spring of Cyre, took a draught of its bright, cool water, and fixed my temporary home beneath the world-famed fountain, amidst the countless ruins of temples and public buildings.

Having established his camp in a delightful position, Mr. Hamilton soon found that, to obtain any true notion of the details of the ruins, he must adopt a plan for visiting, in some kind of order, the vast labyrinth which lay before him. There were many miles of Necropolis, extending all round the city, and in some places the monuments and sarcophagi rose in terraces of ten and even twelve rows, one above the other. The ruins of the town itself, however, are in such a state of dilapidation, that it required a great deal of study to obtain a satisfactory idea of their nature; there were few remains of private dwellings aboveground, and extensive excavations were necessary to uncover them. The chief object that attracts the traveller's attention is the fountain of Cyre—the cause which led to the choice of this site for building the city, and, in the days of its prosperity, the spot round which most of the public buildings were grouped. Though the volume of water which it pours out has much diminished, even in the memory of man, it is still the most abundant spring in the neighbourhood; and flocks of sheep and goats, and herds of cattle, daily cover the ground where once the sacred rites of Apollo, or the affairs of their prosperous commerce, assembled the citizens of Cyrene.

As the traveller stands in front of the fountain looking to the sea, a broad terrace or platform, 700 feet in length, and supported by a lofty and very massive wall, which is still in great part entire and covered with ruins, lies at his feet; while beyond, the long lines of the Eastern Necropolis wind round the curves of the hills, and the plain beneath is seen dotted with ruins, or intersected by old roads. To the left, immediately beneath the fountain, are the remains of a very large building, whose massive fragments of marble cornices and columns indicate its importance, and point out the remains of the Temple of Apollo. Mr. Hamilton believes that he also found traces of the monument of Battus, mentioned by Pindar, as standing at the end of the market-place. One of the best-preserved monuments in Cyrene is the old Greek theatre. Its form, nearly three-fourths of a circle, occupied by seats, is almost perfect, but the proscenium has disappeared. The ruins, indeed, of a city, concerning whose vicissitudes history is unusually silent, are very extensive; but Mr. Hamilton justly sums up concerning them:

To sum up in a few words, the traveller finds enough to convey the general impression of the past splendour of a luxurious city, but little to satisfy a refined taste, and nothing of which it can be said, if we except the great reservoir, "This is, indeed, magnificent!" In a commercial community, containing philosophers and physicians, the theatre and the turf may be cultivated as relaxations from the money-getting toils of the desk, but, as far as I remember, excepting aristocratic Venice, history furnishes no example of such a people having attained more than an initiative excellence in the fine arts.

From Cyrene, Mr. Hamilton went to Caicab, a place about four hours distant, to pay his respects to Bekir Bey, the governor of the Arabs in the district, after which he continued his explorations of the mountain Necropolis and other remains around Cyrene. Among the spots which particularly struck him in this wilderness of ruins, was the Wady Bil Ghadir, or the Valley of Verdure, which introduces a characteristic description of the whole scenery of the neighbourhood:

The Wady Bil Ghadir, the Valley of Verdure, was one of the many beautiful ravines in this country which particularly attracted my admiration; it was one of my favourite haunts; and often did I climb its sides—occasionally at the risk of my neck—or saunter more safely in the perpetual shade of its stream-course. In the neighbourhood of Grennah, the hills abound with beautiful scenes, and these I gradually discovered in my rides; some of them exceeded in richness of vegetation, and equalled in grandeur, anything that is to be found in the Apennines. About a mile from the town on the south, one comes upon extensive remains of a fortress situated on the edge of one of these ravines, the Wady Leboaita, which runs nearly due east; the valley is filled with tombs, and frequented by countless flights of wood-pigeons. Following the ravine, and turning to the left, we enter the Wady Shelaleh, which presents a scene beyond my powers of description. The olive is here contrasted with the fig, the tall cypress and the dark juniper with the arbutus and myrtle, and the pleasant breeze, which always blows through the valley, is laden with balmy perfumes. In the midst of this wonderful richness of nature appear the grey rocks, hollowed into large and inaccessible caverns, or gently receding in wooded slopes, and sometimes rising perpendicularly, and meeting so as to leave but a narrow passage between them.

Cyrene appears altogether to be a charming retreat; and Mr. Hamilton's descriptions lead the reader at once to understand and to appreciate the selection of a spot apparently so repulsively situated and circumstanced as the site for a colony of Greeks.

I cannot (he says, upon reluctantly striking his tent after a six weeks' exploration of these ruins) quit my pleasant quarters near the fountain without a few words in praise of a country where I have found both recreation and health. I have already told what abundant materials of interest it offers to the antiquarian. The sportsman will find ample employment among the red-legged partridges, quails, and *kata'ah*, a sort of yellow grouse, and a little further south, he will meet with the gazelle and the *houbāra*, or bustard; while the lover of a luxurious climate, decked with all the beauties of nature, will sympathise in the story of the *Odyssey*, and easily picture to himself the difficulty with which the *Ithacan* tore away his companions from the land of the *Lotophagi*. A more delightful residence for the summer months cannot be imagined. The nights and mornings are always cool. In the daytime the thermometer ranges from 75 degrees to 98 degrees, the highest I have seen it; but there blows all day a cool breeze from the sea, which renders the heat insensible in the tent, and quite endurable on horseback. The means of comfortable existence are by no means wanting. A sheep costs from 4s. 6d. to 6s., and will keep good for four days; vegetables and fruit can be obtained from *Derna*, where the grape, the banana, the pear, and the water-melon, are abundant; potatoes, *bamias*, tomatoes, cucumbers, and many other vegetables, may also be had there. Vegetables are likewise cultivated in this neighbourhood, in the little gardens of the *Bedawin*; and the milk of their cows affords the richest cream I ever tasted, though the pale butter which is made from it is not very good. A man must, therefore, be very hard to please, as far as the substantial necessaries of life are concerned, if he be not satisfied with such fare as this country affords; of course, wine, beer, biscuits, cheese, and such other superfluities, must be obtained from *Malta*.

It ought not to be omitted, however, to mention, that there is a nuisance in *Cyrene* of a rather serious character. A small community of *Dervishes*, or *Marabuts*, as they are called there, have established themselves in one of the largest tombs, not far from the fountain, and their fanaticism is so extravagant that they threatened to shoot our traveller if he even passed by their door!

From *Cyrene*, *Mr. Hamilton* proceeded along the coast, by the *Okbah Pass*, to *Derna*—a town composed in reality of four villages, amid gardens, groves of palms, and pleasant vineyards, and with an air of prosperity far surpassing that of *Benghazi*. Thence he returned by *Cyrene* to *Barca*, daughter and rival of *Cyrene*, and where were also many ruins of interest, but more broken up, as the Greek colony was there succeeded by a *Saracenic* town. After a visit to two other sites of antiquity, *Tolmeita* and *Tancra*, he returned to *Benghazi*. Our traveller started hence on a more extended journey, by *Angila* and *Jalo*, to the renowned *Siwah*, or *Ammon*, and thence by the lesser oasis to *Cairo*. The Arabs of the interior proved to be far more troublesome than those of the west. At *Siwah*, *Mr. Hamilton* pitched his tent on a wide plain to the south of the town; to the right was an extensive palm-grove, with a few clumps in front of the principal plantation, the nearest about a hundred yards off; behind and to the left rose some limestone rocks, and near them a square building, the castle in which a garrison was formerly lodged. In front, the town rose like a lofty fortress, built on a conical rock, entirely concealed by the houses, which, joining one another, seemed to form a single many-storied edifice. To the west of this another rock, quarried with numerous caverns, rose to a considerable height; on one side of the rock, and in the space between it and the town proper, houses, in the ordinary style of mud architecture, were built, the largest among them being tenanted by *Sheikh Yusuf*.

After dinner, I was smoking my chibouque and marking in my note-book the little I had observed or heard during the day, when three shots were fired, the balls passing with a loud whistling through my tent just over my head. At first I thought little of the incident, believing it was a rough joke meant to frighten me; so I merely looked at my watch and noted the circumstance in my note-book. It was perfectly dark, and from the door of my tent nothing was visible, nor should I have thought more of it but for the violent barking of my dog, which showed that it heard people, who were invisible to me. I sent a servant, therefore, to Yusuf's, to acquaint him with what had passed, and soon after he was gone, the firing recommenced. I now began to think the affair more serious than I had supposed; I heard one gun hang fire close to my tent, and, turning, saw its muzzle pressed against the wall of the tent on the shadow of my head; I therefore had all the lights put out, and went cautiously out to get a view of my assailants. The night was so black that this was impossible, but it also favoured my evasion; after counting eleven volleys, which gave me grounds to suspect that there was a numerous body of men in the date-trees to the right, I, with my servant, went up to the Sheikh Yusuf's house, abandoning the tents to their fate. Moving cautiously across the plain, which separated us from the town, and climbing the steep street which led to his house, we could still see the fire of the enemy's guns, and the more frequent flashes in the pan, to which we probably owed our escape.

The servant whom I had sent there had returned, saying that he could not make himself heard at Yusuf's, but when we reached the door a vigorous application of the butt-end of my rifle roused him; having admitted me, I told him what had happened, adding, that I should stay with him till morning. He immediately sent some of his people to protect the tents, which they found had not been entered, though there were seven shots in the one in which I had passed the day, and one shot had passed immediately over the place where I was reclining when the attack commenced; had I been sitting up instead of lounging, it could not have missed me. By one of those strange chances which one feels to be providential, I had just after sunset ordered a larger tent to be pitched, in which to dine and sleep; I had been all the morning in a small umbrella one, at which the shots were principally aimed, and to this circumstance must my escape be ascribed.

The Siwy, or Arabs of Siwah, are among the most fanatical and intractable of their race. They kept Mr. Hamilton in durance vile, heaping all kinds of annoyances and insults upon him, till, in consequence of a letter he had got forwarded to Cairo, a party of Bashi-Buzuks arrived to effect his liberation. This was after six weeks' detention, and our traveller was enabled by the arrival of this opportune escort not only to obtain his liberty, but also to make some explorations of the interior of Siwah, of the antiquities of Agharmy, the ruins of Beled er Nom, the Necropolis of the Ammonians, and of other remnants of olden time in the neighbourhood. While detained at Siwah, Mr. Hamilton was visited by a Moghrabi, or Moor, from Tangiers, El Gibely by name, who professed to be versed in the black arts.

He was a perfect specimen of this class of adventurers; pretending to have a familiar spirit, a djin who waits upon him, and tells him the secrets of futurity. He wrote charms to discover treasures, and to cure all manner of diseases, and I almost think had ended by believing in them himself. The day after I was shut up in Yusuf's house he took an opportunity of vaunting to me highly the virtues of his amulets, particularly of one which renders its possessor ball-proof. He fancied, probably, that this was the moment to effect a profitable sale, and I asked questions, and listened to him with a grave attention which must have given him great hopes. In this he overrated my credulity; but I

repaid his communicativeness in kind, by describing to him the wonders of the electric telegraph, which I thought would astonish him; but in this I was in turn disappointed, as he listened to my accounts of instantaneous messages sent over land and sea, without expressing a doubt, or even asking how such wonders were performed. In fact, he already knew all about it—"It was the djin."

I one day sent for him to perform the often-talked-of miracle, or trick of the ink-spot in a child's hand. A young negro, about nine years old, was introduced, and the inscription on his forehead was written with all due ceremony, the seal was drawn in his hand, the coriander seed was burned under his nose, until the poor child's eyes ran with tears, and the fear he was in covered his forehead with big drops of sweat. After some time he saw a person in the ink-spot; he was then told to order him to bring another, whom he was not long in fancying he saw; but he then became quite wild, and neither the muttered surah, nor the repeated orders of the Moghrabi had any further effect. The child could see nothing more. I regarded the experiment with the most incredulous caution; and, though it certainly failed, I was not convinced that so-called animal magnetism would not give an explanation of the phenomena, such as trustworthy Arabs have assured me they had themselves seen. Leo Africanus speaks of these conjurers with the utmost contempt; and, I believe, all later Europeans who have written on the subject regard the proceeding as a gross trick; but in these countries it is universally believed, even by men who laugh at the usual apparatus of charms and amulets. One of my friends brought me a manuscript, which he had found among the effects of a Moghrabi who died here many years ago, in which the whole process is explained; it was essentially the same as that used by El Gibely, who, probably to enhance the mystery of the proceeding in my eyes, added, besides the two lines which are written on the forehead, a sort of star over the nose, and inscriptions on each eyebrow.

Two thousand female dromedaries, belonging to the Viceroy, were pasturing on what was once Lake Mareotis, but is now an extensive plain, covered with dark shrubs, and dotted with low, yellow mounds—the best camel-browsing ground in Egypt.

Here ended Mr. Hamilton's desert journey. Nor was it, he adds, without feelings of pleasure that he found himself once more within the circuit of Eastern civilisation. "But," he also continues, in the same strain as other travellers, "it must not be supposed that I left the desert without some feelings of regret." Desert travel has, indeed, strange to say, its pleasures as well as its tribulations—its charms as well as its horrors—but probably it is better to contemplate the former as retrospective than as prospective. Annoyances become insignificant in the retrospect, but they are not the less proportionably great when one is actually suffering from them.

INFORMATION RELATIVE TO MR. JOSHUA TUBBS AND CERTAIN
MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY.

CAREFULLY COMPILED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

By E. P. ROWSELL.

IV.

THE COUSIN WHO DID NOT GET THE FORTUNE.

It was Christmas-day, about two o'clock. We are apt to associate with Christmas-day, clearness, brightness, cheerfulness; but on this day it was gloomy and wretched enough, cold, dark, and raining fast. And certainly, in the coffee-room of Spriggs's Hotel, situated in one of the streets leading from Fleet-street to the river, the utter want of comfort without seemed to find its portrait within. The idea of dining in a London coffee-room on Christmas-day is absolutely shocking. A shudder runs through the frame at the notion of any one being so very forlorn as to be compelled to take his mid-day meal on this high day under such depressing circumstances. The repast of bacon and greens in a country hovel is, on that day, shared with friends and relatives; and in what house is there not something of the nature of a plum-pudding? The very workhouse tables, as we know, on Christmas-day present sights which must be somewhat dangerous to intellects whose common range of contemplation is gruel, and the equilibrium of which, therefore, might be destroyed by the too sudden exhibition of astounding novelty. The nation grows wonderfully benevolent about the 20th of December. There is an amount of pathos contained in the advertising columns of the *Times* which fairly overwhelms the Christian giver. And the appeals are magnificently responded to. There seems always a desperate determination to prevent any one going without a good dinner on that day for lack of means. One would suppose that the eating roast beef and plum-pudding were a sort of charm against ill-fortune during the year about to be born. Well, may Christmas-day never lose its brightness! When we find people beginning to be careless about the roast beef and plum-pudding we shall fancy there are safer places to live in than our Old England. We shall be sure there is something going wrong, that English hearts are dangerously changing, that English strength is seriously diminishing, that English happiness is ominously waning. Brighter and brighter may each Christmas-day be to us! As a test of our onward progress, we will accept our increasing affection and reverence for that high and holy festival.

Spriggs's Hotel is not a very superb establishment, and its coffee-room is not a very lively or striking apartment. When its solitary occupant (a rather stout, fair man, of about three-and-twenty) had looked about him, stared at the little tables, ordinarily crowded—at the benches and chairs, carefully hidden from view, most days, by human frames—surveyed the miserable little bit of fire, which seemed to be almost eloquent, in a melancholy way, concerning the nourishment which it so much needed,

but which was so barbarously withheld—taken a glance at himself in the old-fashioned, begrimed glass, and finally, had sat himself down before one of the windows to watch the heavily descending rain, he could not help saying (although in a light-hearted, cheerful way), “Well, upon my honour, this, certainly, is about as dreary as any man to whom good spirits are prejudicial could possibly wish.”

In a quarter of an hour a waiter appeared with dinner, and, as he put it on the table, he scrutinised curiously the customer, but with a deeply commiserating air withal, as much as to say, “Now, really, I do pity you, poor wretch, that there’s not a human being will give you your dinner this day, but you must come and dine here, at Spriggs’s.”

The young man, however, did not seem altogether to care about pity. He began his dinner with very good appetite, and when the waiter had disappeared and shut the door, he appeared to enter into conversation with certain invisible companions.

“Now, my dear friend,” he muttered, “this is a little different from last Christmas-day, is it not? *Then*, one of a party of sixteen: *now*, number present—one, namely myself. *Then*, a dinner for an alderman: *now*, something which is called soup, but which may be green tea flavoured with porter, and a steak to follow: the which I dread to look upon. *Then*, champagne, claret, port, sherry, Madeira—*now*, pale ale and weak sherry, strengthened with toast-and-water. Never mind, my friend. No use being miserable over it. Better here than in many places. Rather be here than with you, Jones, at Spraw’s dinner-party. Sooner eat my own steak, cousin Tubbs, than your turkey. I’ll take wine with you, Thorneley; yours is about the only physiognomy I care to see. Good fortune to both of us, and confusion to our enemies! Three cheers, if you please.”

The steak here made its appearance. The waiter removed the cover, and the customer regarded with some lengthening of visage a little red mass which lay revealed.

“Now that by the waiter is designated a steak,” he murmured (the functionary having retired); “its appearance is not inviting. My Christmas dinner will be small. Try a morsel, my friend—it may be better than it looks.”

And it *was* better than it looked, and the forlorn gentleman made a very tolerable meal, after all.

Dinner was concluded, and the table cleared, and a pint bottle of port supplied.

“Now, on my honour, Jones, this is not so bad, really, as it would seem. I don’t want your sympathy. Get out! The port is pretty good, and the company (namely, myself) is excellent. I want no change. I believe I’m better off than any of you. Captain Stately, here is to you. I wish you the fate you deserve, you pompous old hypocrite!

“There are a great many dinner-parties on this day, and many of them are very pleasant, I have no doubt. But I’ll be bound to say there are as many gatherings which are felt by all present to be almost intolerable burdens. Why should I grumble? I have no bores here, no smiling faces and black hearts, no full purses and empty heads, no pompous idiots, no chattering fools. Henry Marsden, you have your own company;

and while you have a light, cheerful spirit within you, you can be happy sitting alone, even in this dingy coffee-room, on Christmas-day."

Marsden's eyes glistened as he thus soliloquised, and he rose and took a turn round the room.

"The rain's left off, I see. I may as well breathe a little purer air than resides within these walls."

He finished his pint of port, paid his moderate bill, and departed.

Wandering down the Strand, he suddenly encountered a young man, with whom he shook hands warmly.

"Where to, Thorneley?"

"To dine with my uncle in Russell-square."

"I'll walk part of the way with you."

There was a marked contrast in the exterior of the two young men. Thorneley was about the same age, but much the taller. Marsden was fair, and Thorneley was very dark; and his thin, pointed features gave him a consumptive appearance.

"Well, Thorneley, how goes on the new project?"

"My newspaper? Oh, admirably. I have made all my arrangements. It will come out next month. The title's a fortune: *The News of All Nations*. Capital, isn't it?"

"It's very good, I've no doubt; but I'm scarcely competent to judge."

"I tell you, Marsden," said Thorneley, with eagerness, and his black eyes gleaming, "my fortune's made. This paper will bring me in thousands a year."

"On my honour, I hope it may; but equally on my honour, I fear it will not pay its expenses."

"What a man you are! How you do love to damp one. But you can't damage what is certain. I am sure I am right now."

"Why sure, my friend? There have been sundry other little matters before, you know, wherein you were sure."

"Everybody must have some failures, Marsden, and I have had a few, of course; but the plan of this newspaper cannot fail."

"Well, so be it. I say again, I heartily hope you may be right."

"Where are you going to dine, Marsden?"

"I? Oh, I've dined at Spriggs's. A nice, cheerful place for a Christmas-day dinner."

"At Spriggs's! Why, what in the world took you there? I thought you would have dined with your cousin, Mr. Tubbs."

"Ah, I haven't seen you since I and my cousin quarrelled."

"What! Quarrelled with your only relative—that's unlucky."

"Well, you see, it cannot be very surprising that I have not, since I have known him, regarded my cousin with any great complacency. You know that when I lived with my aunt Matilda, there was something like an understanding that she was to leave me her property, and though, to please her, I accepted a situation in a railway-office at a small salary, I confess I meant to give it up directly after her death. But there came between us those little differences and bickerings which gradually led to bitter quarrels, and finally to a complete estrangement. Upon this stepped in my worthy cousin and his family, who, before that time, she had utterly despised. Of course they widened the breach as much as they could: it was their interest to do so. Grand finale. My aunt dies—

every morsel of property goes to Tubbs. All my expectations are placed in their grave; and I become a poor, seedy clerk, living on 120*l.* a year."

"But about the quarrel with Tubbs?"

"Oh, it came about in this way. You remember, when he came to London, he invited me civilly enough to call upon him, and I (who have not a fraction of what people call 'high spirit' about me) called accordingly. Why should we be enemies? Well, they were civil enough on that occasion; but I paid several visits afterwards, and I found that as the circle of their friends enlarged, and Tubbs picked up one day Mr. Moneyman, the bill-broker; the next day, Mr. Highandmighty, a director in the Kamschatkan Bank; afterwards, Mr. Branchline, the railway director and contractor—without referring to his intimate friends Mr. Butcher, the solicitor, and Mr. Speck, the stockbroker—that by degrees I was warned off the premises. At last Tubbs treated me in such fashion one evening, when he wanted to show off before the Kamschatkan banker, that I forthwith marched out of the house."

"And will never enter it again, I suppose, Marsden?"

"Oh, I don't say that. I am sorry that Tubbs insulted me, and wish that he may make amends. If he were to come up now and hold out his hand, I should shake it warmly."

"You would make a bad hero for a novel, Marsden."

"I don't desire to be a hero in any way, Thorneley. I have no faith in heroes. A plain, straightforward course for me. Plenty of the substantial, none of the sparkling. I hate humbug from the bottom of my soul."

"Your course looks rather uphill just now. You will find it slow work at the railway."

"I *do* find it slow work—horrid, petty, drivelling, disgusting work—made a thousand times worse by the people who have the management of it."

"You don't seem so quickly on the road to fortune as I could wish, Marsden. Now, if you had a share in the *News of All Nations*——"

"I shouldn't be journeying a step faster, my friend; though, I repeat, I wish most sincerely your scheme may answer. No, I grant, as I look up to the dark clouds which are now rolling over us on this Christmas-day, I murmur a hope that next Christmas-day, if I live, the sky above me may be brighter, and things around me more cheerful than they are now."

"Ah, by that time the *News of All Nations*," remarked Thorneley, musing, "will have established itself, and we can't tell what changes it will have led to."

A painful feeling seemed to occur to Marsden as Thorneley spoke thus, and he furtively glanced at his companion. The dark, bright eye appeared to grow darker and brighter, and the thin features thinner and more pointed.

"We talk of next Christmas," he remarked, sadly; "it is a long twelve months hence—a long twelve months."

"You see," resumed Thorneley, "I do not seek large wealth. I shall retire early."

"Ah! retire early," slowly repeated Marsden.

They walked some minutes together, and neither spoke.

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"You're not quite in spirits to-day, my friend," said Thorneley, cheerily.

"Somewhat melancholy thoughts were within me, I confess," replied Marsden; "but I never allow myself their questionable luxury long. 'Hope on,' is my motto,—and I strive to obey it."

"'Conquer or die' is mine," said Thorneley. "I am ambitious, you know."

"Good; but I'd rather hear you say, 'Fail, yet live,' and then add my motto, 'Hope on.'"

"Ah, that won't suit me. But wait till you see the *News of All Nations*. We won't spend another Christmas-day thus. Must you go back?"

"Yes; I must return now. Good-by.—Another Christmas-day," repeated Marsden, as he turned slowly away. "Ah! twelve long months before then, poor friend."

V.

BRUNSWICK-SQUARE RECEIVES AN HONOUR.

THERE was not much said about it. Mrs. Tubbs was in many things a shrewd woman, and she saw that her true policy was by no means to dwell unceasingly to her repentant husband on the subject of his late *escapade*, but to keep that matter as a sort of mighty reserve, only to be brought up on very great occasions, when victory in some sharp domestic contest might be exceedingly important, and needed to be achieved at any cost. There is, indeed, much mystery hanging over the entire circumstance. Of course, it has been our earnest wish, irrespective of its having become our imperative duty in the performance of the great task which we have set ourselves in this compilation, to endeavour to the utmost to discover whether Mr. Tubbs really did commit the enormity for which he was so grievously punished. Now let the reader look at the following extract from Mr. Tubbs's diary, referring to the affair:

"Dined with Snokes and Pokes at the Grill Tavern. Thought S. and P. drank rather freely; took very little myself." (Then follows an account of his incarceration, &c.) "All this very unjust. Don't think I assaulted any one after leaving the Grill. Might not have been—in fact was not—quite well; but am certain I was not intoxicated. Am quite clear what it was upset me—it was NOT the wine. It was my taking coffee instead of tea after dinner, which I am not used to. Was very well before the coffee, but directly I had taken it I felt uncomfortable, and the air seemed to make me worse. *Mem.* Shall be careful not to repeat this error.

"I have satisfied Jane's mind that it could not have been the wine; but she is rather inclined to think that the buttered toast I had with the coffee may have been the cause.

"Took an opportunity to ask Dr. Bam what he thought of it, and he said he felt convinced there was something in Jane's suggestion about the buttered toast. He had seen a great many cases among young men where total insensibility sometimes, and *delirium tremens* occasionally, had resulted from their foolishly indulging in coffee and buttered toast, after taking a very small quantity of wine. The doctor says he has

suffered himself in the same way, once or twice. Indeed, I remember once, when he dined with a party at the Anchor and Cartwheel, before he left Dubberley, he would insist on trying to stand on his head on the table. He had had coffee then, I recollect, and buttered toast. How very singular it is, all this, and to what terrible misinterpretation it may give rise."

Now, reader, in the face of this extract, can you believe that Mr. Tubbs was guilty of the charge preferred against him? No, no, no; you cannot believe it. If you feel inclined to believe it, pray burk the inclination at once. But you cannot believe it—you must not believe it. There will not be a red-nosed man in the country who will stand (or stagger) by you, if you believe it. It is not consistent with your character as a champagne and port-loving Englishman, to give to it credit. Remembering the white-bait enjoyment at Blackwall, the public dinner at the London Tavern, the snug affair for a dozen at the London Coffee House, you cannot believe it. Be firm, then, and nobly stemming the torrent of petty prejudice, declare Mr. Tubbs not guilty of the delinquency laid to his charge.

The first matter to be attended to was, of course, the procuring a house. A large number of localities were minutely inspected, and the rents of numerous domiciles inquired. The answers in this latter respect were seldom satisfactory. Our party had imagined they might find something to suit them in the neighbourhood of the parks, and were vastly dismayed on learning that houses which they guessed at about 80*l.* a year, were letting for 400*l.* By degrees their views contracted, and at last, thoroughly worn out, they engaged one of the smaller houses in Brunswick-square.

Then came the furnishing, and this also was an undertaking; but, as with all other tasks, the end arrived in time. Mr. Tubbs had a great liking for valuable curiosities, and his (unassisted) purchases in this way very much lightened his purse, without materially ornamenting his house. He used to depart in the morning, and after an absence of many hours return laden with a most remarkable collection of cracked coffee-cups, portions of china bowls, and such like valuable matters.

"Now what do you think of that, Mrs. Tubbs?" he used to say, displaying to her (while his own eyes glistened with admiration) a small teapot (wanting a lid), which looked uncommonly like the little ones sold to children at sixpence apiece.

Mrs. Tubbs seemed doubtful.

"Isn't that wonderful!" (pointing to a figure in blue, startlingly resembling a portion of the elegant willow-pattern, so long known and much admired). "Baggs, of Bond-street, of whom I bought that, Jane, assured me that it was impossible to produce anything like it now. It's many hundred years old, and very expensive."

Then Mr. Tubbs proceeded to buy pictures. He would have none but old masters, and he would buy them himself. The magnificent works he purchased used to come pouring in in a style that alarmed Mrs. Tubbs. "A Cock Fight, by Michael Angelo;" and "Schoolboys playing at Peg-in-the-Ring, by Claude," he gave large sums for, and they were placed most conspicuously in his dining-room. "The Winner of the Last Derby, by Landseer," was brought home one day in

triumph, and such a sum paid for it that Mr. Tubbs did not spend another unnecessary penny for a month.

Mr. Tubbs must have a library, too : so to all sales of old books Mr. Tubbs did go. Great purchases did he make—an immense number of volumes—so much for the large, so much for the small ; so much for the smart bindings, and something less for the soiled. The contents were various. There were a large number of treatises touching the whole art of cookery ; several on the breeding of pigs ; one on a new and greatly improved method of pickling gherkins. There were sermons by the Rev. Ephraim Effins, a pulpit orator of the sixteenth century ; and poems by Thomas Smith, a gifted butcher's boy, who, having had the misfortune to break his leg, took to writing poetry, and published a small volume by subscription. When they had been nicely arranged on shelves, they looked exceedingly well, those valuable works ; and every one remarked on the well-stocked appearance presented by Mr. Tubbs's library. Probably Mr. Tubbs reaped quite as much benefit from his somewhat curious collection as many far wealthier gentlemen do from libraries much more costly.

Well, when it was all done there was great rejoicing. The Tubbses now really felt that a great change had passed over them. Here was the evidence of money, here was tangible testimony as to fortune. The general dealer's shop seemed gradually to recede from view ; it floated away in the dim distance ; it became like a dream ; a doubt began to surround it. Had there ever been such a place as Dubberley ?—had there ever been such a shop within its bounds ?—had that shop been kept by any one bearing the honoured name of Tubbs ? The whole party of the Tubbses began to grow doubtful on these points, in proportion as the fact settled and impressed itself on their minds that a family of the name of Tubbs—a very genteel, respectable family, possessed of nearly twenty thousand pounds—was now residing in Brunswick-square.

The same strange, mysterious doubt, and the same beautiful conviction, pursued the same peculiar course in the mind of a fourth party. Dr. Bam, who, after leaving Dubberley, had been sadly forgetful of his old friends, and had not even answered a communication from Mrs. Tubbs relative to her old enemy—indigestion—for which in times of yore he had so successfully prescribed, now hearing recent events, did favour the Tubbses with a call ; did shake all their hands with both his hands ; did apologise earnestly for his negligence as above, on the score that “ as they knew, he was not a man of business ” (under which excuse the Doctor cloaked every action of his life of which he had need to be ashamed) ; did prescribe, without fee, for Mrs. Tubbs's dyspepsia ; and did declare, with hyæna laugh, that he would see them constantly “ as a friend—as a friend.”

And what makes Mr. Butcher, the lawyer, so friendly and so kind ? Wherefore comes he in of an evening so pleasantly to chat ? Upon what account, save that on those smiles and that chat six-and-eightpence do grow ; save that they are the toasted cheese whereat the mouse doth nibble to his destruction ; save that they are the straw which hideth the deep pit into which the unwary listener presently will fall.

And Mr. Speck, why, worthy man, is he so well disposed, always mindful of his friend Tubbs, when good things do come ? Why, but on account that brokerage is sweet, and Tubbs's means will allow losses,

which the good things in question, sooner or later, will most surely bring.

And Mr. Tubbs himself. Is it Tubbs?—can it be Tubbs? Remember him serving the sanded sugar in the village shop;—behold him in Brunswick-square, standing with his back to the fire in his dining-room, chinking the sovereigns in his pocket. What a change in his aspect! Mark now the fine, free, open demeanour. Is it possible that only a few months back this man packed up a pound of candles behind a counter, and said, “Thank’ee, ma’am,” to the baker’s wife who paid for them? Oh yes, dear reader, it is quite possible. Gold marvellously opens the countenance, stiffens the back, straightens the shoulders, expands the chest; gold makes a weak eye powerful, a feeble voice strong; gold enlarges the intellect, gives it clearness and vigour. Oh, fall we down and worship gold, if we would be great in this nether world! It is a mighty exalter, a mighty refiner, a mighty purifier. There was not a man who did not feel that Tubbs had become an excellent man, an admirable man, a true friend. Tubbs was a pattern. Oh, worship Tubbs with twenty thousand pounds!

And sweetly smiling little man, wert thou not conscious that the world to thee had altered? As they crowded round thee and pressed thy palms, with looks of glee and words of honey, didst thou not feel the sun upon thee brightly shining, and know that thou wert worthy of esteem? Oh, certainly. If bashfulness threatened, a thought of the banker’s-book checked it; if the tongue hesitated, a chink of the sovereigns made it move glibly. Weakness would assail sometimes, but Tubbs, feeling there was no excuse for it, met it, fought with it, and overcame it.

As thou walkedst along the broad highway, who could fail to perceive the change which the possession of twenty thousand pounds had wrought in thee? What beggar but felt that it were but wasting breath to ask of thee alms, for that thou hadst twenty thousand pounds? As thou didst march up the middle aisle in the parish church on Sundays, was not twenty thousand pounds written on thy forehead and in thy self-satisfied smirk, and muttered in thy singing and responding? Did it ever escape thy recollection, that twenty thousand pounds?

Shine gently, sun! scorch not the man with money; blow gently, wind chill not the man with money. In this great land, remember, we worship the man with money; and if we ourselves be men with money we call for worship. And the worshippers are ready; they cling to us, they hang upon us, they share our loves and hatreds, our tastes and dislikes; they are ever with us; our little weaknesses are pleasant virtues, our pride is a consciousness of “position,” our idleness is modesty, our wrath is righteous indignation. All this they say—this mighty mass of followers—*until we lose the money, or we die*. But who thinks of poverty whilst he is rich, or of death when so smileth life upon him? Who dreads darkness while the sun shines, or cold while the summer heat prevails? Let not these thoughts intrude. Tubbs is alive, and strong, and well; Tubbs is full of vigour; Tubbs is clever and careful, and Tubbs hath twenty thousand pounds. Wherefore, ye poor friends of Tubbs, seeking to grow rich; wherefore, ye rich friends of Tubbs, seeking to grow richer; wherefore, all ye who need this world’s goods, obey ye this my call so full of this world’s wisdom, “Oh, worship Tubbs, with twenty thousand pounds!”

SCISSORS-AND-PASTE-WORK

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

IV.—FROUDE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

THE author of *Shadows of the Clouds*, and the *Nemesis of Faith*, has taken to History-writing, on a severe method and a large scale; and here are the first fruits—of a flavour to set *some* teeth on edge, and of a quality to trouble the digestion of other besides confirmed dyspeptics. From the author of those fictions, something original and independent in the way of History might naturally be looked for. And as the result shows, not in vain. His adventurous rôle in the present volumes is, in effect, to disperse the *Shadows of the Clouds* that darken the fair name and fame of our eighth Harry; and to play the *Nemesis* of our traditional Faith in the fair name and fame of Anne Boleyn. He seeks to rehabilitate Blue Beard; and, as one means to that end, to disenchant us of all respectful sympathy for No. 2 in that marrying man's select series of wives.

Henry VIII. has left a name that by no means smells sweet and blossoms in the dust. Bluff and burly Englishman though he was, in certain fundamental points of character and disposition, Englishmen in general, and Englishwomen very particularly, hold him in no sort of liking. Foreigners use his name as a by-word for royal infamy; he is their *bête noire* in the black annals of *perfidè Albion's* monarchy.

L'ours Henri Huit, pour qui Morus en vain pria,

was bracketed, only the other day, by Victor Hugo with

Le sanglier Sélim et le porc Borgia,

in a certain mystical metempsychosistic poem, of Jersey genesis. Now to Mr. Froude, this Great Bear *Henri Huit* is a constellation of *Ursa Major* power. Faults he is allowed to have had, and such as seriously damage his reputation in the latter stage of his career. But on the promise of Henry's youth, and the excellency of Henry's prime, his apologist fondly and not unforcibly dilates. If Henry, he remarks, had died previous to the first agitation of the divorce, his loss would have been deplored as one of the heaviest misfortunes which had ever befallen the country; and he would have left a name which would have taken its place in history by the side of that of the Black Prince, or of the conqueror of Agincourt.

“Left at the most trying age, with his character unformed, with the means at his disposal of gratifying every inclination, and married by his ministers when a boy to an unattractive woman far his senior, he had lived for thirty-six years almost without blame, and bore through England the reputation of an upright and virtuous king. Nature had been prodigal to him of her rarest gifts. In person he is said to have resembled his grandfather, Edward IV., who was the handsomest man in Europe. His form and bearing were princely; and amidst the easy freedom of his

* History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By James Anthony Froude, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Vols. I., II. John W. Parker and Son. 1856.

address, his manner remained majestic. No knight in England could match him in the tournament except the Duke of Suffolk; he drew with ease as strong a bow as was borne by any yeoman of his guard; and these powers were sustained in unflinching vigour by a temperate habit and by constant exercise. Of his intellectual ability we are not left to judge from the suspicious panegyrics of his contemporaries. His state papers and letters may be placed by the side of those of Wolsey or of Cromwell, and they lose nothing in the comparison. Though they are broadly different, the perception is equally clear, the expression equally powerful, and they breathe throughout an irresistible vigour of purpose." To which it is added, that Henry had a fine musical taste, carefully cultivated; that he spoke and wrote in four languages—"good French, Latin, and Spanish," says Giustiniani, who elsewhere mentions Italian also); that he was conversant with a multitude of other subjects, his knowledge of which alone would have formed the reputation of any ordinary man; that he was among the best physicians of his age; that he was his own engineer, inventing improvements in artillery, and new constructions in ship-building—and this not with the condescending incapacity of a royal amateur, but with thorough workmanlike understanding; and that his reading was vast, especially in theology, which he must have studied with the full maturity of his powers, and under the influence of a fixed and perhaps unfortunate interest in the subject itself.

Hear him but reason in divinity

(as the primate in Shakspeare says of an earlier Henry),

And, all-admiring, with an inward wish

You would desire the king were made a prelate—

which indeed he was very near being made, according to the original intent of his father, who designed for him the archi-episcopate of Canterbury—a design baffled by the young archbishop *in posse* becoming Prince of Wales *in esse* in the twelfth year of his age.

In fact, in all directions of human activity, Henry displayed, according to Mr. Froude, natural powers of the highest order, at the highest stretch of industrious culture. Then again he was "attentive," as it is called, "to his religious duties," being present at the services in chapel two or three times a day with unflinching regularity, and showing to outward appearance a real sense of religious observation in the energy and purity of his life. "In private he was good-humoured and good-natured. His letters to his secretaries, though never undignified, are simple, easy, and unrestrained; and the letters written by them to him are similarly plain and business-like, as if the writers knew that the person whom they were addressing disliked compliments, and chose to be treated as a man. Again, from their correspondence with one another, when they describe interviews with him, we gather the same pleasant impression. He seems to have been always kind, always considerate; inquiring into their private concerns with genuine interest, and winning, as a consequence, their warm and unaffected attachment." Altogether, therefore, the historian holds it for certain that if Henry VIII., up to the time of the divorce eminently popular as a ruler, and successful in all his wars, had but died before the divorce was mooted, he, like the Roman emperor said by Tacitus to have been *consensu omnium dignus imperii nisi imperasset*, would have been

considered by posterity the elect agent of Providence for the conduct of the Reformation, and that his loss would have been deplored as a perpetual calamity. We must allow him, then, it is pleaded, the benefit of his past career, and be careful to remember it, when interpreting his later actions. "Not many men would have borne themselves through the same trials with the same integrity; but the circumstances of those trials had not tested the true defects in his moral constitution. Like all princes of the Plantagenet blood, he was a person of a most intense and imperious will. His impulses, in general nobly directed, had never known contradiction; and late in life, when his character was formed, he was forced into collision with difficulties with which the experience of discipline had not fitted him to contend. Education had done much for him, but his nature required more correction than his position had permitted, whilst unbroken prosperity and early independence of control had been his most serious misfortune. He had capacity, if his training had been equal to it, to be one of the greatest of men. With all his faults about him, he was still perhaps the greatest of his contemporaries; and the man best able of all living Englishmen to govern England, had been set to do it by the conditions of his birth."

Such is Mr. Froude's reading of the man and the monarch—a reading Carlylish in tone, though not in style; for in style he is his own master, and an accomplished one—reminding us now and then, however, of Newman and Maurice, with an occasional smack of Carlyle too. In discussing the breach between Henry and Catherine, he plays the advocate for the former with ingenious and seemingly earnest endeavour, without running down the cause or character of the unhappy queen. Though the marriage, he says, was dictated by political convenience, Henry was a faithful husband, with but one exception—"no slight honour to him, if he is measured by the average royal standard in such matters;" nor can our King's Counsel see any reason to believe that the peace of his majesty's wedded life would have been interrupted, or that, whatever might have been his private feelings, he would have appeared in the world's eye other than acquiescent in his condition, if only the sons Catherine bare him had lived to grow up around his throne.

But these sons had died out one by one. A prince born on the New Year's-day of 1511, died before the end of February following. Another prince was born late in 1513, and died immediately. In December, 1514, there was a male child still-born. In both 1515 and 1518 there seem to have been miscarriages. Henry traced, or professed to trace, the sign of divine punishment in all this—retributory upon unlawful wedlock. "All such issue male," he says, "as I have received of the queen died incontinent after they were born, so that I doubt the punishment of God in that behalf." Where so much depended on a recognised right of succession, the disappointment of the king was naturally deepened and embittered. He found himself, as the historian says, growing to middle life and his queen passing beyond it with his prayers unheard, and no hope any longer that they might be heard: the disparity of age also was more perceptible as time went by, while Catherine's constitution was affected by her misfortunes, and differences arose sufficient to extinguish between two infirm human beings an affection that had rested only upon mutual esteem, but had not assumed the character of real love.

“The circumstances in which Catherine was placed were of a kind which no sensitive woman could have endured without impatience and mortification; but her conduct, however natural, only widened the breach which personal repugnance and radical opposition of character had already made too wide. So far Henry and she were alike that both had imperious tempers, and both were indomitably obstinate; but Henry was hot and impetuous, she was cold and self-contained—Henry saw his duty through his wishes, she, in her strong Castilian austerity, measured her steps by the letter of the law; the more he withdrew from her, the more she insisted upon her relation to him as his wife; and continued with fixed purpose and immovable countenance to share his table and his bed long after she was aware of his dislike for her.” Great nevertheless as was Henry’s personal dissatisfaction, Mr. Froude is persuaded that if this had been all, it would have been extinguished or endured; but the interests of the nation, it is contended, imperilled as they were by the maintenance of the marriage, entitled him to regard his position under another aspect.

The divorce is thus described as presenting itself to Henry as a moral obligation, when national advantage combined with superstition to encourage what he secretly desired—the superstition, namely, of regarding, as we have seen, the loss of his children as a judicial sentence on a violation of the Divine law. If he “persuaded himself that those public reasons, without which, in truth and fact, he would not have stirred, were those that alone were influencing him, the self-deceit was of a kind with which the experience of most men will probably have made them too familiar. In those rare cases where inclination sides with right, we cannot be surprised if mankind should deceive themselves with the belief that the disinterested motives weigh more with them than the personal.”

The historian accordingly maintains that if Henry VIII. had been contented to rest his demand for a divorce merely on the interests of the kingdom, and had forborne, while his request was pending, to affront the princess who had for many years been his companion and his queen,—showing her, meanwhile, that respect which her high character gave her a right to demand, and which her situation as a stranger ought to have made it impossible to him to refuse,—his conduct would in that case have been liable to no imputation, and would have secured our sympathies without reserve. He could not, says Mr. Froude, have been expected to love a person to whom he had been married as a boy for political convenience, merely because she was his wife; especially when she was many years his senior in age, disagreeable in her person, and by the consciousness of it embittered in her temper. His kingdom, it is added, demanded the security of a stable succession; his conscience was seriously agitated by the loss of his children; and looking upon it as the sentence of Heaven upon a connexion, the legality of which had from the first been violently disputed, he believed that he had been living in incest, and that his misfortunes were the consequence of it. Under these circumstances he had, it is contended, a full right to apply for a divorce.

But his special pleader admits the evidence of personal feeling, traceable from the first, in Henry’s conduct; and freely allows that exactly so far as he was influenced by it, his course was wrong, as the consequence miserably proved. “The position which, in his wife’s presence,

he assigned to another woman, however he may have persuaded himself that Catherine had no claim to be considered his wife, admits neither of excuse nor of palliation; and he ought never to have shared his throne with a person who consented to occupy that position. He was blind to the want of delicacy in Anne Boleyn, because, in spite of his chivalry, his genius, his accomplishments, in his relations with women he was without delicacy himself. He directed, or attempted to direct, his conduct by the broad rules of what he thought to be just. In the wide margin of uncertain ground where rules of action cannot be prescribed, and where men must guide themselves by consideration for the feelings of others, he—so far as women were concerned—was unfortunately a stranger." A mild censure of one who, by vulgar estimate, might warrant the strictures of one of Chaucer's complainants in the House of Fame:

"Allas!" quod she, "what me ys wo!
 Allas! is every man thus trewe,
 That every yere wolde have a newe,
 Yf hit so longe tyme dure?
 Or elles three, paraventure?
 As thus:—of one he wolde have fame
 In magnyfying of hys name;
 Another for frendshippe, seyth he;
 And yett ther shal the thridde be,
 That shal be take for delyte,
 Loo, or for singular profite."*

M. Cuvillier Fleury, who defines that "libertin insatiable," *Henri Huit*, as "n'étant plus qu'un Sganarelle sanguinaire," in his essay intitled "Les Six Femmes de Henri VIII." takes occasion to remark, that "il y a un moment dans *Britannicus* où le poète nous jette soudain ces trois mots, d'un effet si saisissant et si terrible: '*Néron est amoureux!*' et cela seul explique le drame. Ce moment," continues the critic, "n'arrive jamais dans l'histoire de Henri VIII. Il est plein de désirs et vide d'amour: il respire le libertinage et la luxure, jamais la passion." As *Aminta* says to *Clarinda* in Beaumont and Fletcher,

You'll find him dangerous, madam,
 As fickle as the flying air, proud, jealous,
 Soon glutted in your sweets, and soon forgetful.†

* *Henri Huit* looked beyond a poor pitiful "thridde"—knowing a trick worth (literally) two of that—witness his twice three wives. The "octogamye" mooted by another of Chaucer's folk, was nearer Henry's mark. The Wife of Bath, appealing to holy writ, argues with more unction than disinterestedness,

"Eke wel I wot, he sayd, myn housebonde
 Schuld lete fader and moder, and folwe me;
 But of no noumber mencioan made he,
 Of bygamye or of octogamye;
 Why schuld men speken of that vilonye?
 Lo hier the wise kyng daun Solomon,
 I trow he hadde wifes mo than oon," &c.

A sensible woman that, Henry must have thought; and worthy to wear the breeks. Which, by-the-by, she *did*—as all the Canterbury Pilgrims must have perceived, as well as her husbands five.

† "The Sea Voyage." Act IV. sc. 1.

Or, to apply the query of another personage, in another of their plays—

Had he loved you, or you,
Or I, or all on's (as indeed the more
The merrier still with him), must we therefor
Have our heads pared with a hatchet?*

It would have been well for Henry, says Mr. Froude, if he had lived in a world in which women could have been dispensed with; so ill he succeeded in all his relations with them. "With men he could speak the right word, he could do the right thing; with women he seemed to be under a fatal necessity of mistake." If it would have been well for Henry, it would have been still better for the women. The mistake was a good deal more fatal for them than for himself; at least some of them may be pardoned if they thought so.

Elsewhere, however, Mr. Froude gives his majesty credit for a growing refinement in his estimate of the sex. He catches at the fact of the court being ordered into mourning on the death of Catherine (1536), and the burial of that poor queen at Peterborough, with the estate of Princess Royal, and the *paulo-post* foundation of the see of Peterborough in her memory, as welcome acts of respect which, tardy though they be, go to show that Henry, in the few last years, had grown wiser in the ways of women, and had learnt to prize more deeply the austerity of virtue, even in its unloveliest aspect.

In the same tone are the remarks on Henry's hurried marriage with Jane Seymour, close as close can be upon the decapitation of Anne Boleyn. Mr. Froude sees nothing but sincere anxiety and honest faith in the appeal of council and peers to the king to marry again without delay, without an hour's delay: true, his majesty's experience of matrimony had been so discouraging, that they feared he might be reluctant to venture upon it again; nevertheless, for his country's sake, they trusted that he would not refuse—there being now fresh perplexity in the succession, and wily intrigues at work in various quarters to make confusion worse confounded. So, as soon as the blood that spouted from Anne Boleyn's "little neck" began to dry in the sawdust of the scaffold, Henry entered anew into the holy estate with the daughter of Sir John Seymour. "This indecent haste," Mr. Froude remarks, "is usually considered a proof entirely conclusive of the cause of Anne Boleyn's ruin. To myself, the haste is an evidence of something very different. Henry, who waited seven years for Anne Boleyn, was not without some control over his passions; and if appetite had been the moving influence with him, he would scarcely, with the eyes of all the world fixed upon his conduct, have passed so gross an insult upon the nation of which he was the sovereign. The precipitancy with which he acted is to me a proof that he looked on matrimony as an indifferent official act which his duty required at the moment; and if this be thought a novel interpretation of his motives, I have merely to say that I find it in the statute book." The deliberate sanction of parliament to every step taken by Henry at this juncture,—their affirmation of Anne's criminality, and of the justice of her doom—their ascription of thanks to the

* "Cupid's Revenge." Act II. sc. 1.

king, in the name of the nation, for having made haste with the marriage which has been regarded as the temptation to his crime,—these, Mr. Froude relies upon, as facts which it is impossible to dismiss with a few contemptuous phrases, and on them he is content to rest his case for the Crown.

We incline to think him more successful in his strictures on Anne Boleyn, than in his exaltation of her lord and master. He may allege, to some extent with reason, that the case against the one is only to be made out by involving a verdict for the other—that if we accept the statute against Anne, we debar ourselves of the right to reject it as in favour of Henry. All does not depend, however, in her instance, upon the assent of parliament. Anne Boleyn is one, the tragedy of whose fate, as Mr. Froude observes, has served to blot the remembrance of her sins—if her sins were, indeed, and in reality, more than imaginary. Forgetting all else in shame and sorrow, posterity, he submits, has made piteous reparation for her death in the tenderness with which it has touched her reputation; and with the general instincts of justice, we have refused to qualify our indignation at the wrong which she experienced, by admitting either stain or shadow on her fame. “It has been with Anne Boleyn as it has been with Catherine of Arragon—both are regarded as the victims of a tyranny which Catholics and Protestants unite to remember with horror; and each has taken the place of a martyred saint in the hagiology of the respective creeds. Catholic writers have, indeed, ill repaid, in their treatment of Anne, the admiration with which the mother of Queen Mary has been remembered in the Church of England; but the invectives which they have heaped upon her have defeated their object by their extravagance. It has been believed that matter failed them to sustain a just accusation, when they condescended to outrageous slander. Inasmuch, however, as some natural explanation can usually be given of the actions of human beings in the world without supposing them to have been possessed by extraordinary wickedness, and if we are to hold Anne Boleyn entirely free from fault, we place not the king only, but the privy council, the judges, the lords and commons, and the two houses of convocation, in a position fatal to their honour and degrading to ordinary humanity; we cannot without injury acquiesce in so painful a conclusion. The English nation also, as well as she, deserves justice at our hands; and it must not be thought uncharitable if we look with some scrutiny at the career of a person who, except for the catastrophe with which it was closed, would not so readily have obtained forgiveness for having admitted the addresses of the king; or for having received the homage of the court as its future sovereign, while the king’s wife, her mistress, as yet resided under the same roof, with the title and the position of queen, and while the question was still undecided of the validity of the first marriage. If in that alone she was to blame, her fault was, indeed, revenged a thousandfold,—and yet no lady of true delicacy would have accepted such a position. Feeling for Queen Catherine ought to have forbidden it, if she was careless of respect for herself.”—Mr. Froude, it is to be remarked, when engaged in sifting the story of Queen Anne’s decline and fall, while he repudiates the character assigned to her by Fox, and Wyatt, and other champions of Protestantism, who saw in her, as he says, the counterpart of her child, Elizabeth, and whose late memorials

of her saintliness he rejects because unsupported by the evidence of those who knew her,—equally rejects, or, in his own words, refuses so much as to entertain the stories of Sanders, according to whom Queen Anne was steeped in profligacy from her childhood. "If Protestant legends are admitted as of authority, the Catholic legends must enter with them, and we shall only deepen the confusion." The "miserable subject," as he justly calls it, is one on which rhetoric and rumour are alike unprofitable; and credit is due to him for confining himself, as he professes to do, to accounts written at the time by persons to whom not the outline of the facts only was known, but the circumstances which surrounded them; by persons who had seen the evidence upon the alleged offences, which, though now lost irrecoverably, can be proved to have once existed. The ground on which he is here treading is, as he avows, so critical, and the issues at stake affect so deeply the honour of many of our most eminent English statesmen, that he very properly declines to step boldly out with a flowing narrative, as a thing beside his mark, and indeed beyond his power, but proceeds to "pick his way slowly as he can." The importance of arriving at a fair judgment is his excuse for the details on which he enters; and these details he presents with as much delicacy and restraint as are compatible with his object in presenting them at all.

The interest of this book, it should be mentioned, is considerably marred, for general readers, by the large use the author makes of documents, state letters, acts of parliament, &c., in their original form. Undoubtedly there is great value in the collection of papers thus employed, for which he has to thank Sir Francis Palgrave,—consisting of official and confidential epistles, minutes of council, theological tracts, depositions upon trials, and miscellaneous communications upon the state of the country, furnished by agents of the government—many of the papers being, as is said in the Preface, highly illustrative and curious, while some contain matters hitherto unknown, of great historical importance. But they are too largely drawn upon, in a work of this kind; however excellent as materials towards composition, they cannot be so liberally introduced in the room and stead of composition, without proportionably impairing the artistic character of the history, and assimilating it to a compilation—quite a gratuitous result, when Mr. Froude's ability in the art of composition is considered. It may be well to retain matter of so much value; but at any rate some other place might be found for it, than in the text and otherwise symmetrical body of the work.

The more so, since, judging by the progress thus far made, Mr. Froude's undertaking is likely to be of somewhat undue length. Beginning from the Fall of Wolsey, and proposing to carry us on to the Death of Elizabeth, his second volume takes us no further than the death of Elizabeth's ill-starred mother. Stirring times!—which, to record ably and aright,

We need a man,

as Ben Jonson puts it,

— that knows the several graces,
Of history, and how to apt their places;
Where brevity, where splendour, and where height,
Where sweetness is required, and where weight
We need a man can speak of the intents,
The councils, actions, orders, and events

Of states, and censure them; we need his pen
 Can write the things, the causes, and the men;
 But most we need——

adds Ben, addressing with rare-Ben-like flattery a distinguished contemporary,

But most we need his faith (and all have you)
 That dares not write things false, nor hide things true.

If we cannot apply Ben's panegyric parenthesis to Mr. Froude, it is much that we can claim for him a signal share in the catalogue of acquirements.

Among the more graphic portions of the History, the reader will be struck with an introductory sketch of the age in question as one of transition. Here is a scanty example of the historian's manner of regarding this subject. "For, indeed, a change was coming upon the world, the meaning and direction of which even still is hidden from us, a change from era to era. The paths trodden by the footsteps of ages were broken up, old things were passing away, and the faith and the life of ten centuries were dissolving like a dream. Chivalry was dying; the abbey and the castle were soon together to crumble into ruins; and all the forms, desires, beliefs, convictions of the old world were passing away, never to return. A new continent had risen up beyond the western sea. The floor of heaven, inlaid with stars, had sunk back into an infinite abyss of immeasurable space; and the firm earth itself, unfixed from its foundations, was seen to be but a small atom in the awful vastness of the universe. In the fabric of habit in which they had so laboriously built for themselves, mankind were to remain no longer. And now it is all gone—like an unsubstantial pageant, faded; and between us and the old English there lies a gulf of mystery which the prose of the historian will never adequately bridge. They cannot come to us, and our imagination can but feebly penetrate to them. Only among the aisles of the cathedrals, only as we gaze upon their silent figures sleeping on their tombs, some faint conceptions float before us of what these men were when they were alive; and perhaps in the sound of church bells, that peculiar creation of mediæval age, which falls upon the ear like the echo of a vanished world." We would refer, too, as examples of the historian's descriptive and narrative skill, to his account of the Protestants, who "railed at authorities, and dared to read the New Testament with their own eyes,"—the story of the Nun of Kent, who seems to have held in her hand for a time the balance of the fortunes of England, and whose "inspiration" was believed in not only by the bishops, and by Queen Catherine, but by Wolsey, and even by Sir Thomas More;—the report of the riotous meeting at the chapter-house of St. Paul's, on occasion of the fine for the *præmunire*, in 1531—which is related with a seasonable spice of quiet humour;—the description of Queen Anne's progress from Greenwich to the Tower, previous to her coronation, conducted in *state* by the lord mayor and the City companies—"one of those splendid exhibitions upon the water which in the days when the silver Thames deserved its name, and the sun could shine down upon it out of the blue summer sky, were spectacles scarcely rivalled in gorgeousness by the world-famous wedding of the Adriatic;"—or again, the touching history of the Charter-house monks—how they fell, splintered to pieces by the iron

sceptre and the iron hand which held it; and the tale of More's last sayings and doings—an old tale, indeed, and often told, but not often enough yet to grow dull to the ear of Englishmen of another age and another creed than his.

We had marked for quotation various noticeable passages which laud and magnify, in quite a new strain, the parliament and the publicists of Henry's time; but space fails us, and time presses. The same excuse must serve for our not calling attention, by present and pregnant instances, to those frequent intervals of philosophic meditation and reflective suggestion which bespeak the man of serious and independent thought.

Occasional notices of celebrated men of course occur, generally sketchy and slight, but not without evidence of an eye and hand for portraiture, and shrewdness in the reading of character. Perhaps the happiest is that of Pope Clement VII., whom to believe sincere and whom to believe false seems equally impossible; "and it is, perhaps, idle to waste conjectures on the motives of a weak, much-agitated man," who was, probably, in his double-dealing with Francis and Henry, "but giving a fresh example of his disposition to say at each moment whatever would be most agreeable to his hearers. This was his unhappy habit, by which he earned for himself a character for dishonesty, I labour to think, but half deserved." Clement was, as the historian elsewhere depicts him, one of those men who waited upon fortune, and waited always without success; who gave his word as the interest of the moment suggested, trusting that it might be convenient to observe it; and who was too long accustomed to break his promises to look with any particular alarm on that contingency. "In him, infinite insincerity was accompanied with a grace of manner which regained confidence as rapidly as it was forfeited. Desiring sincerely, so far as he could be sincere in anything, to please every one by turns, and reckless of truth to a degree in which he was without a rival in the world, he sought only to escape his difficulties by inactivity, and he trusted to provide himself with a refuge against all contingencies by waiting upon time. Even when at length he was compelled to act, and to act in a distinct direction, his plausibility long enabled him to explain away his conduct; and, honest in the excess of his dishonesty, he wore his falsehood with so easy a grace that it assumed the character of truth. He was false, deceitful, treacherous; yet he had the virtue of not pretending to be virtuous. He was a real man, though but an indifferent one; and we can refuse to no one, however grave his faults, a certain ambiguous sympathy, when in his perplexities he shows us features so truly human in their weakness as those of Clement VII." We have glimpses, also, of the Emperor Charles, and of Francis I.—a nearly full-length presentment of Latimer—and side-views of Gardiner, Fisher, Cranmer, and Cardinal Pole. Of other notabilities, Wolsey does not here occupy so prominent a place as might be expected; Sir Thomas More is none too admirably dealt with; Cromwell, on the other hand, is made the very most of—as one whose "truly noble nature" did not seek greatness, but was rather sought by greatness as the man in all England most fit to bear it—as the one man who during the seven years of the divorce agitation saw his way distinctly—to whom belonged the rare prerogative of genius, to see what other men could not see; "and therefore he was condemned to rule a generation which hated him, to do the will of God, and to perish in his success."

THE HISTORY OF THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS,

AUTHOR OF THE "EIGHTEENTH CENTURY."

V.

The Licensing System—Restrictions on Newspapers—Letter from Fairfax to the Parliament—The Parliament persecuting the Press—The Licensers: Browne, Mabbot, Birkenhead, L'Estrange, Frost, and Thurlow—Dawn of the Restoration—The First Newspaper-office—Character of the Newspapers—Dispute with the Irish Parliament—L'Estrange the sole Printer of News—The *Public Intelligencer* and the *News* established—Their Opening Address, and Contents—The first "Own Correspondents"—Coffee-houses and Newspapers—The *Oxford Gazette* established—Foundation of the *London Gazette*—The First Gazetteer—Charles Perrot—Translation of the *Gazette* into French.

IN traversing the almost untravelled waste of newspaper history, we must be guided by the landmarks which here and there stand out, and have been set up by previous adventurers upon some point which is defined and settled, picking up as we go the stray facts which we may find scattered upon the way. The landmarks we have thus gained and passed are Butter's *Weekly News* and the "Mercuries," and we are now pushing on for the *London Gazette*, which we discern in the distance; but some unconsidered trifles still lie at our feet, of which we must clear our path. The first we stumble upon is a stumbling-block that many a news-printer tripped over—the arbitrary power of the licensers.

The licensing of newspapers gave rise in due course to authorised, privileged, and, at last, official journals; so that, in tracing that system from its commencement, we are tracing to its earliest source, and the causes out of which it grew, the *London Gazette*, to the foundation of which we propose to carry up our history in the present chapter.

Finding that the people would have news, and that all their efforts were useless in thwarting them, and seeing what trash was issued to appease this new craving of the people—trash, too, which was likely to cause the ruling powers great embarrassment—the government thought it best to set before the public a dish of its own concoction, not so highly seasoned, but composed of just such ingredients as it suited its purpose to give them; but before this could be effectually done, the news-sheets of more attractive, because more spicy matter, had to be got out of the way—and they were got out of the way by the licensing system.

As might be expected, the first attempt at suppressing these papers—many of them, it must be confessed, ribald and licentious—emanated from the Church, which did not yet clearly comprehend that it was right or safe that the people should be informed. On July 11th, 1637, Archbishop Laud procured a decree limiting the number of master printers to twenty, and visiting with the pillory and whipping any who should print without a license. This seems to have placed Butter, for a time, in eclipse, for we miss his name from the list of the twenty privileged printers.

This was not the earliest notice we find of a censorship of the press, for Henry VIII. and Elizabeth were particularly jealous of its power; but it

was the first which interfered with the newspaper press, and the *Weekly News* was, as we have seen, sorely troubled by it. In 1642 we find the clerk of the parliament vested with the power of licensing, and the *True Diurnal of Parliamentary Intelligence* bears the signature, "Jo. Browne, Cler. Parliamentor." In October, 1645, the *Kingdom's Weekly Post* appears "according to order," and in January, 1646, we have "An Exact and True Collection of Weekly Passages to show the Errors of the Weekly Pamphlets:" "by Authority." Still the number of unlicensed news-sheets increased, and on September the 21st, 1647, Sir Thomas Fairfax addressed a letter of remonstrance to the House of Lords, requesting that steps should be taken for suppressing them; "and yet" (the days of a government *Gazette* are dawning) "that the kingdom's expectation may be satisfied, in relation to intelligence, till a firm peace be settled, considering the mischiefs that will happen by the poisonous writings of evil men, sent abroad daily to abuse and deceive the people, that, if the House shall see it fit, some two or three sheets may be permitted to come forth weekly, which may be licensed, and have some stamp of authority with them; and, in respect of the former licenser, Mr. Mabbot hath approved himself faithful in that service of licensing, and likewise in the service of the Houses and of this army, I humbly desire that he may be restored and continued in the same place of licenser."

It was clearly time some steps were taken to restrain the press within moderate bounds, and it was but wise, when the nation was torn and distracted by internal convulsions, to do that which, under other circumstances, would be treason to the constitution of the country. The parliament *did* interfere, and on the 30th of September, 1647, an ordinance passed the House of Lords prohibiting any person from "making, writing, printing, selling, publishing, or uttering, or causing to be made, &c., any book, &c., &c., sheet or sheets of news whatsoever, except the same be licensed by both or either House of Parliament, with the name of the author, printer, and licenser affixed," under pain of a penalty on the writer of forty shillings, or forty days' imprisonment; twenty shillings on the printer, or twenty days' imprisonment, and the breaking up of his press and printing materials; and on the hawkers a whipping as a rogue, and the seizure of his papers. In Whitelocke's "Memorials" we find a committee appointed, November 27th, 1647, "to find out the authors of *Mercurius Pragmaticus* and *Mercurius Melancholicus*, to punish them, and the printers and sellers of them, and to seize the impressions of them" (vol. ii. p. 281).

Fairfax's suggestion was further adopted, and Gilbert Mabbot* appointed licenser.

We have in vain searched the pages of Anthony à Wood, Granger, Kippis, Chalmers, Watkins, Rose, and all the other biographical authorities extant, for any particulars of Mabbot; all we know is that he resigned his post in May, 1649, for reasons which do him credit. It is plain that he considered the stern necessity for a licenser of the press had passed over, and was for again letting it go unshackled. He considered the common law sufficient to avenge any literary outrage of which the papers might be guilty, and suggests that the authors and printers should

* Whitelocke, in his "Memorials," spells the name Mabbol and Mabbold.
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therefore simply subscribe their names. He boldly proclaimed that a system of licensing (the urgent need of it having ceased) was unjust, arbitrary, and impolitic. It is equally plain that the working of it had been unsuccessful, for he asserts that "many thousands of scandalous and malignant pamphlets have been published with his name thereunto, as if he had licensed the same (though he never saw them), on purpose (as he conceives) to prejudice him in his reputation amongst the honest party of the nation."

The sincerity of his views he conscientiously proved by soliciting his discharge. "Mabbot," says Dr. Birch, in his "Life of Milton" (page 28), "continued in office till May 22nd, 1649, when, as Mr. Whitelocke observes, 'upon his desire and reasons against licensing of books to be printed, he was discharged of that employment.'"

We do not find any successor immediately appointed. His resignation is thus accepted:

"Mr. Mabbot hath long desired several members of the House, and lately the Council of State, to move the House that he might be discharged of licensing books for the future, upon the reasons following" (here follow the reasons, the substance of which we have given): "A committee of the Council of State being satisfied with these and other reasons of Mr. Mabbot concerning licensing, the Council of State reports to the House: upon which the House ordered this day that the said Mr. Mabbot should be discharged of licensing books for the future."—From "A Perfect Diurnal of some Passages in Parliament, and the Daily Proceedings of the Army under his Excellency the Lord Fairfax. From Monday, May 21, to Monday, May 28, 1649. Collected for the Satisfaction of Such as Desire to be truly Informed." No. 304, page 2531.

The licensing now seems to have grown lax and desultory. "A Brief Relation of some Affairs and Transactions, Civil and Military" (No. 4, October 23rd, 1649), was "Licensed by Gualtor Frost, Esquire, Secretary to the Council of State, according to the direction of the late Act." The "Perfect Diurnal of some Passages of the Armies in England and Ireland" (No. 1, December 20 to 27, 1649-50) was "Licensed by the Secretary of the Army;" and then it becomes obscure, and a few papers come out "by order," "by authority," "*cum privilegio*," "with license," or "with allowance." In 1656 we meet with papers licensed by Thurlow, secretary to Cromwell, and who had himself commenced life as a political writer.

The pressure of the licensing system was, however, not yet very tight upon the newspaper press; it strangled political pamphlets, and squeezed the venom out of political satires, but the periodical press continued to evade or to defy its power. Indeed, the government, finding the "Mercuries" and newspapers swarming, without license or authority, seems to have adopted no vigorous measures to restrain them, but to trust rather, in the latter years of the Protectorate, to having a sort of semi-official organ to counteract their influence. This organ was the *Mercurius Politicus* and the *Public Intelligencer* of Marchmont Nedham, which were, in fact, two editions of one paper,—the former appearing on the Thursday, the latter on the Monday of each week. In 1656, they are entered in the books of the Stationers' Company as the property of Thomas Newcombe, with the license of Secretary Thurlow; but on the 9th of April, 1660,

they appeared as the property of Dury and Muddiman, with the license of the Council of State. This change is significantly accounted for in the following announcement in the *Parliamentary Intelligencer* of April 16, 1660. The reaction had taken place; the Commonwealth was no more; and poor Marchmont Nedham had worn every one of his disguises thread-bare:

"Whereas Marchmont Nedham, the author of the weekly news books, called *Mercurius Politicus* and the *Publique Intelligencer*, is, by order of the Council of State, discharged from writing or publishing any publique intelligence, the reader is desired to take notice, that, by order of the said council, Giles Dury and Henry Muddiman are authorised henceforth to write and publish the said intelligence, the one upon the Thursday, and the other upon the Monday, which they do intend to set out under the titles of *The Parliamentary Intelligencer* and *Mercurius Publicus*."

Nedham was off to Holland to save his neck, and Charles II. was on his way from Holland to receive a crown. In the next year, the last memory of the republican prints was effaced, and, the House being dissolved, the *Parliamentary Intelligencer* changed its name for the *Kingdom's Intelligencer*:

"The Kingdom's Intelligencer of the Affairs now in agitation in England, Scotland, and Ireland, together with Foreign Intelligence; to prevent false News. By Authority. No. I., January 7, 1661."

It is about this time that we first hear of a newspaper having an office of its own. Up till now, the paper had simply borne the name of the printer, as "Printed for A. B. by R. Wood." But on June 30, 1659, we have No. I. of—

"A Particular Advice from the Office of Intelligence near the Old Exchange, printed for J. Maccock." This paper was soon entitled "Occurrences from Foreign Parts, &c." And published by Authority.

With the Restoration, the censorship of the newspapers became more rigorous, and the distracted nation was so eager for rest, that it accepted with resignation a monarch who gave himself up to his licentious passions and put its own in fetters. The act of 1662, "for preventing the frequent abuses in printing seditious, treasonable, and unlicensed books and pamphlets, and for regulating of printing and printing-presses," placed the different departments of literature under different licensing powers, and the newspapers fell under that of the secretary of state. Had not the system of legislation throughout this "merry" reign been a continuous warfare against the liberties of the press, and indicated a lasting desire to destroy it, we should not, advocates though we are for its freedom, have found much fault with this early act of Charles's parliament. The people were as anxious for repose from party strife as the king was—we have shown what manner of men wrote the "Mercuries" and many of the newspapers—and, to give time for angry passions to subside, and while the fallen party yet had a prospect through their writers of disturbing the public peace, it might have been a wholesome restriction. We must, as nearly as may be, regard it in the same view as we should have done at the time, and bear in mind that the press and its conductors at that period were very different to the press and its conductors of which we are now so justly proud. Intestine strife and fraternal bloodshed had so long

been the order of the day, that a patriotic government even would not have been backward in providing against the country being again disturbed by a set of reckless incendiaries and needy adventurers, who, moreover, opposed everything, but proposed nothing. But unfortunately, this feeling of prince and parliament was not satisfied with measures of repression; instead of simply checking the licentiousness of the press, they endeavoured to extinguish the press altogether—to prevent fire, they would have put out the light and left the people in darkness.

A more pliant character than Mabbot was found in Sir John Birkenhead, who appears to have been invested for a time with the power of licensing; but another favourite of the court was aspiring to the office, and, on June 3, 1663, a pamphlet appeared with the title of "Considerations and Proposals in order to the Regulation of the Press; together with diverse Instances of Treasonous and Seditious Pamphlets, proving the Necessity thereof. By Roger L'Estrange. London: printed by A. C."

We have gone carefully through this pamphlet, and find no particular mention made of newspapers, although, no doubt, they were included under the general designation of "libels." Milton, in his noble plea for the liberty of unlicensed printing, makes no special allusion to newspapers, neither, indeed, do any other of the principal writers of the time upon that subject. This would lead us to the conclusion that they were not looked upon with much respect at present—in fact, we have evidence of the amount of esteem which they had won for themselves, in a pamphlet published in 1679,* entitled "A just Vindication of Learning and the Liberty of the Press" (page 12), in which they are placed in sorry company:—"Why must no writing, either in the behalf of such great matters as Liberty, Property, and Religion, or in the behalf of such small trifles as Funeral Tickets, Play House Bills, City Mercuries, Hackney Coach Bills, Quack Doctors' Bills, and the like, be printed without a license?" This was at the time when Mr. Nichols considers the character of the newspaper press had been so much improved by L'Estrange.

The pamphlet of Sir Roger had what was no doubt its intended effect, and, in 1663, he was appointed licenser, a patent also being passed in August of that year giving him "all the sole privilege of writing, printing, and publishing all Narratives, Advertisements, Mercuries, Intelligencers, Diurnals, and other books of public intelligence."†

Although this patent was conferred in August, 1663, L'Estrange's first appearance on the books of the Stationers' Company in the character of licenser is on October 30.

The personal history of L'Estrange, the licenser and journalist, is rather favourable, for he was a man of learning and erudition, and whilst a licenser he suppressed the corrupt papers, which had run up as thick as weeds and as rank as thistles; as journalist, he planted in their place tolerably fair specimens of newspapers, of a better and healthier stock than England had yet seen. Still all this is no justification of the line

* A passage from this pamphlet is quoted in the "Fourth Estate," vol. i. p. 146, but by a typographical transposition the date is given as "1769."

† Bagford's Collections in Harleian MSS., 5910, vol. ii.

of policy which put into the hands of one man the privilege of writing one, and suppressing all other public journals.

Roger L'Estrange was the youngest son of Sir Hammond L'Estrange, of Hunstanton Hall, Norfolk. He was born in 1616, and in 1644 was commissioned by the king to get Lynn, in Norfolk, out of the hands of the parliamentary troops. His secret mission was, however, discovered, and he fell into the hands of the enemy, by whom he was tried at Guildhall as a spy, and sentenced to death, but was reprieved, and lay unexecuted but unpardoned for four years, when he effected his escape to the Continent, after a vain attempt to raise the Royalists in Kent. On the passing of the Act of Indemnity in 1653, he ventured back, but had great difficulty in procuring his pardon, and lived in obscurity, if not poverty, until the return of Charles II. His connexion with the newspaper press we shall have to mention in its place; in 1687, we find him member of parliament and a knight, a translator of several classical works (among which were Cicero's Offices, Seneca's Morals, Æsop's Fables, &c.), and altogether a successful writer and politician; but in the reign of William and Mary he fell under the suspicion of the court, and was but coldly treated; and he died in the shade, on September 11, 1704, and was buried in St. Giles's-in-the-Fields.

We have already said that the *Parliamentary Intelligencer* of 1659 had, in 1661, become the *Kingdom's Intelligencer*, and was a semi-official organ of the government. This, however, did not, in the opinion of the Irish parliament, justify it in publishing the debates of that body, and a singular dispute arose out of it between the Speaker and Sir Edward Nicholas, the secretary of state, which commenced in a warm remonstrance from the former, dated July 9, 1662, but the result of which we cannot trace further. The *Kingdom's Intelligencer*, in its turn, gave place to the *Public Intelligencer*, "published for the satisfaction and information of the people; with privilege; by Roger L'Estrange, Esq.," which first appeared on Monday, the 31st of August, 1663; and the *News*, a kind of Thursday edition of the same paper, as the *Mercurius Politicus* had been of its predecessor.

The prospectus of the *Intelligencer* furnishes us with some strange views of L'Estrange the licenser, who speaks apart from L'Estrange the journalist:

"As to the point of printed intelligence, I do declare myself (as I hope I may in a matter left so absolutely indifferent, whether any or none), that, supposing the press in order, the people in their right wits, and news or no news to be the question, a public *Mercury* should never have my vote; because I think it makes the multitude too familiar with the actions and counsels of their superiors, too pragmatistical and censorious, and gives them not only an itch, but a kind of colourable right and license to be meddling with the government. All which (supposing as before supposed), does not yet hinder but that, in this juncture, a paper of that quality may be both safe and expedient; truly if I should say necessary, perhaps the case would bear it; for certainly there is not anything which at this instant more imports his majesty's service and the publick than to redeem the vulgar from their former mistakes and delusions, and to preserve them from the like for the time to come; to both which purposes,

the prudent management of a *Gazette** may contribute in a very high degree ; for, besides that it is everybody's money, and, in truth, a great part of most men's study and business, it is none of the worst ways of address to the genius and humour of the common people, whose affections are much more capable of being tuned and wrought upon by convenient hints and touches in the shape and air of a pamphlet, than by the strongest reason and best notions imaginable under any other and more sober form whatsoever. To which advantages of being popular and grateful, must be added as none of the least, that it is likewise seasonable, and worth the while, were there no other use of it than only to detect and disapprove the malice of those scandalous and false reports which are daily contrived and bruited against the government. So that, upon the main, I perceive the thing requisite ; (for aught I can see yet) once a week may do the business, for I intend to utter my news by weight, and not by measure. Yet, if I shall find, when my hand is in, and after the planting and securing of my correspondents, that the matter will fairly furnish more, without either uncertainty, repetition, or impertinence, I shall keep myself free to double at pleasure. One book a week may be expected, however, to be published every Thursday, and finished upon the Tuesday night, leaving Wednesday entire for the printing of it off."

He had not long "got his hand in," and "planted" his correspondents, than he "doubled," and the *News* was the result, according to the arrangement previously described. By the way, this is the first time we hear of newspaper correspondents, in our present understanding of the term—the regular newspapers before the Commonwealth only purported to be translations, or extracts from private letters.

And so we are indebted for a government organ to the necessity of "tuning" and playing upon the affections, "genius, and humour of the common people." Very candid, upon my word, Mr. L'Estrange!

The *Public Intelligencer* contained a sort of obituary, some account of the proceedings in parliament, and in the court of claims, a list of the circuits of the judges, of sheriffs, Lent preachers, &c. The newspaper was at last in process of fledging!

Coffee-houses were fast springing up, and they at once adopted the policy of adding newspapers to their attractions; and to this day coffee and news have always gone together ; not so much at the domestic board, but at the public rooms, where people rush in and swallow a cup of one and a slice of the other. An old poem of 1663, deprecating the use of coffee, says,

These less than coffee's self, these coffee men,
 These sons of nothing, that can hardly make
 Their broth, for laughing how the jest doth take,
 Yet grin, and give ye, for the vine's pure blood ;
 A loathsome potion not yet understood—
 Syrop of soot, or essence of old shoes,
 Dasht with diurnals or the book of news.

L'Estrange continued his *Intelligencer* till the 19th of January, 1665,

* The choice of this term must have been accidental, and suggested by the Venetian papers, or the Paris official papers. There had been no papers in England using the title, it being first imported for the use of the *Oxford Gazette*.

when an organ more closely connected with and emanating from the court was suggested, and on Saturday, November the 13th, appeared No. 1 of the *Oxford Gazette*. The panic of the plague had driven the court from London, and itself so pure, in its flight from corruption it sought safety in its "ancient and loyal city" of Oxford. Hence then issued the first number of the new government *Gazette*, being a folio half-sheet, "printed at Oxon by Leonard Litchfield," and published twice a week "by authority." An edition in two small folio pages was reprinted in London by Thomas Newcombe, "for the use of some merchants and gentlemen who desire the same." This *Oxford Gazette* is believed to have been written by Henry Muddiman. On the return of the court to London, the *Gazette* was transferred to the capital, and on the 5th of February, 1666, came out as the *London Gazette*. The government organ was at once placed under the control of Sir Joseph Williamson, the under-secretary of state, who "procured for himself the writing of it," although he fulfilled his office by deputy, the paper being written by Charles Perrot, A.M., of Oriel College,* for the first five years of its existence. This first of gazetteers was the second son of Edward Perrot, Esq., of North Leigh, near Oxford, and was born at Radley, Berkshire, about the year 1632. He was a travelled and accomplished gentleman, but no doubt owed his appointment to his being the author of two pamphlets in defence of the prerogative. His progress in university honours was rapid. He was entered a Commoner of Oriel in 1645, became a Bachelor of Arts in 1649, a Fellow in 1652, Master of Arts in 1653, Dean in 1659, and was licensed to study the Civil Law in 1661. He must not be confounded with the Dr. Charles Perrott, who represented the University in parliament in the year 1679, as our gazetteer was then in another place, having died on the 23rd of April, 1677, and found a grave in the chancel of North Leigh Church.

And thus and then was the *London Gazette* established.

Newcombe, the registered proprietor (as we should now call it) of the *Public Intelligencer*, and who had printed under the protection of Secretary Thurlow, seems to have kept in favour; and the *London Gazette*, up till July 19th, 1788, is entered in the Stationers' Register as the property of "Thomas Newcomb, of the Savoy."

As we may not have occasion to allude to the *Gazette* again at present, we must take leave to anticipate a little, by alluding to a curious episode which occurs in its early history. From the following entries in the Journals of the House of Commons, it would appear that there was an edition of the government organ issued in French, but whether this was a regular or only occasional publication, seems doubtful, although the entries would lead us to infer that it was regular :

"1678, *Nov. 6th*.—A complaint having been made to the House of a material mistake in that part of the translation of the *Gazette* into French which has reference to his Majesty's proclamation for removing the Papists: Ordered, that Mons. Moranville, who translated the *Gazette* into French, and Mr. Newcombe, the printer, be summoned to attend the House on to-morrow morning."

* Wood's *Athenæ Oxoniensis* and *Fasti*.

“*Nov. 7th.*—Mr. Newcombe being called in to give an account of the translation of the *Gazette* into French, informed the House that he was only concerned in the setting the press, and that he understood not the French tongue! And that Mons. Moranville *had been employed in that affair for many years*, and was the only corrector of it. Mons. Moranville being called in, acknowledged himself guilty of the mistake, but he endeavoured to excuse it, alleging it was through inadvertency. Ordered, that Mons. Moranville be committed to the custody of the serjeant-at-arms, and that he be searched, and his house and lodgings. And several papers written in French being found about him, Ordered, that the said papers be referred to the committee appointed to examine Mr. Colman's papers, to translate the same, and report to the House. Ordered, that it be referred to a committee, further *to examine the matter concerning the translating, printing, and publishing the French Gazette.*”—*Journals of the House of Commons*, vol. ix.

“*Whitehall, Nov. 10th.*—A great and malicious abuse being found to have been committed by the person entrusted to translate the *Gazette* into French, in the translation of his Majesty's late proclamation, commanding all persons being Popish recusants, or so reputed, to depart from the cities of London and Westminster, and all other places within ten miles of the same: for which he is in custody, and the matter under examination in order to his just punishment, it is thought fit for the rectifying of the said abuse, that a new and true translation of his Majesty's said proclamation be given to the world *in the French Gazette of this day.*”—*London Gazette*, Nov. 7-11, 1678.

“*Nov. 18th.*—Serjeant Seis reports from the committee appointed to examine concerning the translating, printing, and publishing the *Gazette* in French, that the committee had taken the particulars thereof, and put the same into writing, which he delivered in at the clerk's table.”—*Journals of the House of Commons*, vol. ix.

The early numbers of the *Gazette* consist of two pages, of two columns each, principally occupied by shipping news and short foreign advices. Occasionally an advertisement is admitted, and one of the earliest was called into existence by the Great Fire:

“Such as have settled in new habitations since the late fire, and desire for the convenience of their correspondence to publish the place of their present abode, or to give notice of goods lost or found, may repair to the corner house in Bloomsbury, or on the east side of the great square, before the house of the Right Honorable the Lord Treasurer, where there is care taken for the receipt and publication of such advertisements.”—*London Gazette*, No. 95, Oct. 11 to 15, 1666.

THE OLD "KING'S ARMS."

A FEW days since, as I was going to visit a patient who resides at a distance of a few miles from C——, the little country place where I practise as a surgeon, I passed, at a turn of the road not far from the town, a woman whose appearance greatly struck and interested me. She was sitting on a bank, with her feet almost in the water of a large dirty pool, which here lies between the road and the hedge. Her dress, though torn and draggled, appeared to be of good make and quality—at least, it seemed very different from what is usually worn by peasants or vagrants: I think it was of black silk. Her bonnet, which was also black, was much battered and out of shape. Around her was tightly wrapped a coarse plaid shawl. She was leaning forward, her elbows resting on her knees, and her chin on the hollow of her hands. Her eyes were fixed on the dirty pool before her. As she heard my horse's step, she looked up for a moment, but immediately resumed her former position. During that moment, however, I saw that she was a woman apparently about forty years of age, and that her face, though thin, pale, and haggard, preserved some traces of former beauty. Fearing that she must be ill, and thinking the seat she had chosen anything but beneficial for a person who was so—for there had been showers during the night and morning, and the grass was damp—indeed there was a light rain then falling—I pulled up my horse and addressed her:

"Are you not afraid," I said, "that you will take cold by sitting here?"

"Oh no, I thank you," she replied, with a smile, "I am not at all afraid of that. I shall not take cold."

"Have you come from the town?"

"Oh no. I have not been in the town."

"Are you on your way to it?"

"Oh no. I cannot go into the town."

"What, then, are you waiting for some one?"

"Yes, that is it. I am waiting for some one."

"Good morning to you, then," I said, moving on, with a slight bow, for there was something in her voice and manner which seemed to call for that courtesy.

"Good morning to you, sir!" she replied, rising, and gracefully bending her head—"good morning!"

I rode on, visited my patient, and in about an hour again approached the same place, on my way home. As I turned the corner of the road, I perceived that the woman was still there, and in precisely the same position.

"What! not gone yet?" I said to her. "The person, whoever it may be, keeps you waiting a long while."

"Oh, I can wait."

"But I am sure you will take cold, and you are looking ill now. Do let me prevail on you to go into the town."

"Oh no, sir. I *cannot* go into the town!"

This was said with such emphasis that I began to think the woman must be deranged, and I rode on slowly, meditating whether I had better report the affair in the proper quarter, and get her taken care of, when

I heard my name called, and a woman, whom I knew as the wife of a labourer living in a cottage near by, came running to me across a field.

"Did'ee see anybody, sir," she said, "back there by the pool?"

"Yes," I replied, "a woman sitting on the bank. Who can she be?"

"I can't think, sir. She've a been there all the blessed night!"

"Good Heavens!" I cried, "is it possible! How do you know?"

"Why, sir, I saw her there last evening about eight o'clock, and I saw her again about nine. I begged of her to go into the town, but she said she couldn't. I couldn't go to bed and rest, like, with the thoughts of her sitting there so cold and wearisome, and about ten me and my man went to her, and axed her if she wouldn't go into town, to come into our house; but she wouldn't. And she've a been about there all night, sir. I think there ought to be some notice took of it."

"Certainly, certainly," I said; "I will see about it immediately." And riding on briskly, I lost no time in having proper steps taken for bringing her into the town. We had almost to use force to get her along; and the only condition on which she at last refrained from struggling, was our getting a thick veil for her to wear. She was lodged in the union workhouse, and ever since I have been in constant attendance on her; for she has been most dangerously ill, and almost constantly delirious. Last night, however, she appeared in her right senses; and, while so, told me, in broken fragments, some things which vividly recalled to my mind circumstances that took place when I first came to C—.

It is an old saying that "murder will out:" that, however carefully it may be concealed—however ingeniously suspicion may be at first turned away—there will always, first or last, be some token to betray it. Earth, it is said, will not hide the mangled body; the waters will not hold it; the fire will not destroy it; and the winds of heaven have been known to carry mysteriously to strange distances the dying shriek or the death groan.

But though there are a hundred instances to bear out this belief, it may occur to the recollection of the reader that many a case has been known where a strange and violent death has been involved always in mystery—where suspicion has pointed its finger at a supposed murderer, who has been as unable to make clear his own innocence as others have been to establish his guilt. Unhappy lot for such! To pass through life, if guilty, with the weight, fear, and remorse of that deepest crime on his mind! and, even if innocent, to know that, in the eyes of the world, he nevertheless bears on his brow, to be inherited also by his children's children, the fearful brand of Cain!

About twenty years ago, when I, a young man, fresh from the hospital and the "Hall," first came to practise at C—, there stood, where now stands the new market-house—the pride of the place—a detached, rambling, half-dilapidated old house, which, under the name of the "King's Arms," took the rank of the second inn. Here lived a man called Michael Lucas—a surly, beetle-browed fellow of about fifty-five or six. His wife, a thin, ill-tempered woman, of a very avaricious disposition, was perhaps five years his junior. With them lived a nephew, called "Frank Atherley," a young fellow of six-or-seven-and-twenty, who looked after a little farm which Lucas rented. Frank did not seem at all to blend with his uncle and aunt, and was often on the point of leaving

them to push his fortunes elsewhere: emigration to America was, I believe, the favourite project. But he did not go, and the opposing cause was believed to be pretty Mary Willoughby, a young orphan girl of eighteen, who combined the offices of barmaid and waiter in the house. The remainder of the establishment—for the position of "second inn," in a little country place like C——, is not a very dignified one—consisted only of a cook and a young girl of fourteen, who did the hard work and the drudgery of the kitchen and bedrooms. The ostler, who acted also as boots, lived out of the house. Neither the host nor the hostess were at all pleasant people, and I don't know that the liquors were particularly good; but somehow the bar-parlour and the kitchen were generally pretty well filled of an evening, and a good sprinkling of "grogs" and "pints" were there consumed. The fact is, that the "second house" in a country place seems generally to suit the taste of droppers-in better than the more stiff and pretending "head hotel." Go where you will, it is at the second inn that the club meets; where the cricketers have their annual dinner; where is the best attended ordinary on fair days; where the farmers, on market afternoons, drink their brandy-and-water, and stow away in great, greasy canvas bags the rolls of bank-notes which they receive from the "jobbers;" and where the tradesmen and others of the town drop in of an evening, after shop and office are closed, to smoke their pipes, discuss the news, and debate on the conduct of persons in authority, from the prime minister to the parish overseer.

No doubt some of the popularity of the "King's Arms" was due to the pretty barmaid; but as she was as good and modest as she was pretty, the partiality felt for her among the frequenters of the bar did not manifest itself in the way it too often does to those in her position in "second inns." There was something about her which effectually prevented any undue familiarity of speech or manner: and I have heard, at least a hundred times, from an old proser who frequents the bar of the present second house, how a burly bully of a farmer, who once made an indecent jest in her presence, was laid hands on by a young surgeon—the one, in fact, to whose practice I succeeded—and ignominiously kicked out of the room.

At the time, however, when first I came to C—— to reside, the little town was not like itself. So much, in fact, was the equilibrium of every thing and person in it disturbed, that it was full six months after I came there before I saw it in the real, natural aspect which, with few interruptions, it has preserved ever since. The exciting cause was, in the first place, a riot among the labourers of the neighbourhood, and the arrival of a troop of dragoons who came to repel it. Corn was dear, and the farmers wouldn't sell it until it was dearer; and the people seeing they couldn't buy it for a fair price, thought they had a right to take it for nothing; and they threatened and blustered; and, having at their head a great fellow, who carried a pole with a red cotton pocket-handkerchief tied to the top of it—a sure sign, as it was thought by the affrighted inhabitants, that blood would soon be pouring through the streets like water—they marched into the town, and then got drunk and straggled home again. This was repeated once or twice; and a squireen of the neighbourhood, endeavouring to persuade the people that he was undertaking a most perilous and desperate service, but doing it, in reality, to get out of harm's way, rushed off to the nearest garrison-

town, represented the affair as a most serious riot, and brought back with him the aforesaid troop of dragoons, who arrived soon after the riot had been effectually quelled, and the ringleaders lodged in gaol by an energetic magistrate, two policemen, and a dozen of the most spirited of the inhabitants, who had been enrolled as special constables. The dragoons had been about a fortnight in C—— when I arrived there; and their blazing uniforms, their bright helmets, waving plumes, and fierce moustaches, had this good effect, as far as I was concerned, that they threw entirely into the shade the young surgeon with closely-shaven lip, spotless shirt-collar, and coat and hat of irreproachable respectability; and I sank quietly into my duties, without being exposed to much of that unpleasant and determined curiosity which is the usual pest of a new settler in a small country-town. But I am talking too much of myself. Personally, I have nothing whatever to do with the story.

The little town of C—— does not contain many inns; and the "King's Arms," being a large house, had rather more than its share of soldiers billeted there. The accommodation, however, was not at all in proportion to the size of the house, for many of the rooms were much dilapidated, and uninhabitable: so the troopers slept in a large loft over the stable, partly that they might be near their horses, but principally because it was more comfortable than any room in the house of the same size, except those used for the general business of the inn. To make way for them there, the hay and straw—a large quantity of which was in stock—were removed to a large, almost ruinous room on the first floor of the house, fronting the stable-yard, which had been hitherto used as a sort of lumber-room. I remember hearing this incidentally one morning, when I called in at the bar to have a glass of ale. I have a vivid recollection of this morning, for it was the first time I ever saw pretty Mary Willoughby. She was chatting with the Honourable Captain Walmer; and as I entered she turned away with a blush and, I thought, an indignant look, from something he was saying. I remember thinking how very pretty and modest she looked, and feeling the blood mantle in my cheek also at the very idea of that fellow saying anything to insult her. Although I had never exchanged a word with the honourable captain, I had felt an instinctive dislike to him at the first moment I saw him; for there was an air of supercilious superiority in his manner which I could ill brook. He was a devilish handsome fellow too, that I must confess: I mean literally *devilish* handsome, for his countenance had a great deal of the Evil One in its character, especially about the eye and the mouth. On this particular morning he was standing in my way as I entered; and on my politely requesting him to move, he stepped on one side with a sort of burlesque courtesy, which made me long to knock him down. But here I am, talking of myself again!

Well, the dragoons had come, and the dragoons had gone, without finding as much as a single half-starved labourer to contend with. The Hon. Captain Walmer, and Lieutenant Smyth, and Lieutenant Fitz-Maurice, and Cornet Stubbs, and the rest, all had gone—but not to be forgotten. No; the event of their sojourn in the town here left a history with which every stranger in C—— is almost bored to death. And, worse than this, six young ladies of four-or-five-and-twenty, who were just silly and weak-minded enough to be before very pleasant young

women, and to stand a fair chance of being some day married, are now six young ladies of four-or-five-and-forty, much too silly and weak-minded to allow the slightest chance of such a thing; who wear white bonnets of the very smallest dimensions and stays of the utmost tightness; who give themselves the most absurd airs, talk about the "officers," and are altogether perfectly unbearable.

I have said that the pretty barmaid was called Mary Willoughby: but I should say something more about her. She was not a native of the town or neighbourhood, nor did she come there with Lucas—who was a native of a distant county—at the time when he took the house: but, shortly after his arrival, he sent for her, and she came, dressed then in the deepest mourning. Nothing was ever got out of Lucas or his wife on any family subject; and on the point of Mary's parentage both she herself and Frank Atherley were unusually reserved. Nobody exactly knew who she was, but she was understood to be the orphan and only child of some relative of Lucas or his wife. I don't know that this matters much to my story, but it is as well that it should be mentioned. Mr. and Mrs. Lucas were sometimes harsh to her; but on the whole their conduct was marked by more urbanity and courtesy towards her than to any one else; and their adoption of her was often spoken of as a redeeming trait in their characters.

It was about a week after the dragoons had gone, when Mrs. Lucas was one day in a very bad temper indeed. Nothing, according to her, was done right. The poor drudge was cuffed and beaten cruelly; and the servant was scolded and abused to such an extent that she got angry in her turn, and threatened to leave immediately after her month was up. No persons were staying in the inn; and so great was the commotion that nearly all the men who were drinking in the kitchen left the house, for even they came in for a considerable share of ill-humour. Mary Willoughby, however, when she attempted to mediate, was listened to quietly, and addressed almost blandly. This was particularly remarked by a man who, having a scolding wife, was used to storms, and remained in the kitchen: and he thought that Mrs. Lucas was not so bad, after all, as she seemed; for Mary Willoughby was not very well, and the woman's forbearance towards her seemed to show consideration and kindness. At length Mrs. Lucas's passion reached a climax. Having gone into the pantry, she returned with a large dish broken in her hand.

"Who has done this?" she said. "This is your work, cook! Speak! Is not this your work?"

"Yes, mum," replied the cook, rather pertly; "that's my work."

"Then leave the house instantly!" cried Mrs. Lucas, stamping her foot. "You threatened just now to leave when your month was up. Now you'll pick up your things and start. I will pay your month's wages, and you will be off at once. Do you hear?"

The man who was in the kitchen expostulated, and endeavoured to reason with her, but he was stopped very sharply, and even he was obliged to leave the house. In half an hour, the cook, with the boots bearing her box, was on her way to the van, which would take her near to her parents' home. This was in the afternoon, about three o'clock.

Now Mary Willoughby, being rather unwell, had asked, as there were no persons staying at the house, to go and spend the night and next day, for a little change, with a friend, whose father was a tenant-farmer in the

neighbourhood: and at the time when the cook left the house, she was up-stairs, packing a few things for her visit.

As soon as the cook was gone, Mrs. Lucas called her down and said:

"Mary, you can't go to Mr. B——'s to-night. You must stay home."

"Not go?" cried Mary, starting, and clasping her hands. "Oh, do let me go!"

"No. Cook is gone, and you will be wanted. You are to stay home."

"But there is no one staying in the house; and Miss B—— will expect me."

"I will send a message to her. Now, it's no use talking. Once and for all, you are not to go."

Lucas himself was passing as this conversation was going on, and stopped to listen to it. As his wife finished, he held up his finger in a menacing way, and said, with a frown:

"Come, let us have no words about it! You can't be spared. Recollect you are to sleep in your own room to-night."

Mary, sadly disappointed, returned to her chamber, and Lucas and his wife passed on to the kitchen. Near the stairs where they had been talking, they found the poor drudge, evidently listening. Lucas swore out upon her roughly, and was about to give her a blow, but his wife held his hand, and whispered in his ear. She then addressed the drudge:

"Come here, my poor girl," she said, gently. "You have been crying! What is the matter?"

The girl, unused to be so addressed by her mistress, stared with astonishment, and then, overcome by the unexpected kindness, burst into tears.

"Are you unwell?" asked her mistress.

"I've got a hea—hea—headache!" blubbered the poor child.

"Then I'll tell you what you shall do. Make haste and finish your work, and you shall go home and stay until to-morrow with your mother. Now make haste," as the girl looked up joyously through her tears. "But stay, you needn't say to any one that you are going. And now get on with your work, like a good girl."

The girl, overjoyed at the thought of such an unexpected pleasure, went about her work with alacrity. Mr. and Mrs. Lucas whispered together for some time in low tones; and Lucas then went out through the back-kitchen into the stable-yard.

He called the ostler, and told him to stow away in the back-kitchen a large quantity of furze which he had that day purchased; and after he had done that, to go to the farm-house, where Mary Willoughby was to have paid her visit, and say she was too unwell to come. "And you need not come back here again to-night," said Lucas to the man; "you will not be wanted."

With regard to the first part of the order, the putting away the furze in the back-kitchen, the ostler expressed some surprise.

"Why the place will be choke full!" he said. "There will hardly be room to pass through or to turn! And, besides, if anything were to happen, what with furze down stairs and hay and straw up-stairs, what a precious bonfire you'd have!"

"Silence, sir," said Lucas, sternly, "and do as I order you. There will be a flood of rain to-night, and I don't want the furze wetted. Now, be quick about it."

Lucas then walked to his farm, about half a mile from the town, and called Frank Atherley to him.

"Frank," he said, "I want you to take the horse I sold to Mr. Simpson, and ride him to R——. I promised that he should have him to-morrow. You had better ride him down gently; stop at T—— to-night"—(this was a place about fifteen miles away, and rather more than half-way to R——)—"and go on to-morrow morning. You can come back by the coach."

"I wish," said Frank, "that you had told me of it a little sooner. It's getting latish."

"Why, yes," replied Lucas, "I might as well have done so; but it quite slipped from my memory. And I promised Mr. Simpson positively that he should have the horse to-morrow."

"Well," said Frank, cheerfully, "I'll just step home, put myself to rights a bit, and be off directly. Is Mary gone yet?"

"No," replied Lucas. "She is not going."

"Not going!" cried Frank. "Why how is that?"

"Why," said Lucas, "we don't think she is well enough to go; but we didn't like to frighten her by saying so, and so told her she would be wanted home."

"Indeed!" said Frank, turning pale, for he was very much in love with Mary Willoughby, and the very notion of her being ill frightened him—"indeed! I had no idea that she was so ill as that."

"Oh, it's nothing," said Lucas. "It only requires a little care. She will be all right again in a day or two."

I am rather particular in giving these conversations *verbatim*, for every word was afterwards nicely weighed and commented on.

Frank walked quickly back to the house and asked for Mary. She was up-stairs, he was informed, in her bedroom: she had been there for the last hour or more. Somewhat alarmed, Frank ran up-stairs, tapped at her door, and called her by name. Mary replied, saying that she was dressing, but would open the door and speak to him in a minute or two. She kept him waiting, however, quite a quarter of an hour, then unlocked and unbarred the door, and came out, pale and trembling.

"My dear, dear Mary!" said Frank, "you are ill!"

"I am not feeling very well," replied Mary, "but it will soon pass, I hope."

"Uncle wants me to go to R——," said Frank, "but I cannot go now."

"Oh yes!" said Mary, earnestly, "do, do go!"

Frank was somewhat surprised and a little mortified. "Why should you be so anxious for me to go?" he inquired.

"Because," replied Mary, "I should be so frightened if you stayed home on my account. I should believe then that I was indeed ill, and the very thought would make me really so. Promise me that you will go!"

"I will go, then," said Frank, "since you wish it so much; but, recollect, you must be well when I come back to-morrow. Good-by, Mary!"

He put his arm around her and attempted to kiss her; but, for the first time since their engagement, she repulsed him. A burning blush suffused cheek and brow, she hid her face in her hands, and struggled herself free of his embrace, saying, "Oh no, no! I cannot! I must not!"

"Then, good-by!" said Frank—"good-by until to-morrow." And he walked sadly away. Mary remained in a thoughtful attitude where he had left her. As he began to descend the stairs, she timidly called him back. He turned joyously, and quickly retraced his steps.

"Forgive me," said Mary, holding out her hand, which was trembling a good deal; "I did not mean to pain you. Forgive me this and all other——" And she stopped abruptly, as if choking.

"My dear, dear girl," said Frank, "I have nothing to forgive. You have ever been good and kind to me. Tell me, do tell me what is the matter! Are you angry with me? Have I offended you in any way?"

"Oh no!" she cried. "No, believe me, you have not."

"Then tell me what is the matter?"

"I scarcely know myself," said Mary. "A sort of gloom, like a foreboding of evil, seems to oppress my heart. Tell me," she continued, attempting to smile, "did you never feel that yourself—and without a cause?"

"Never," replied Frank—"never without a cause: never at all until now." And he spoke truly, for he was a light-hearted, cheerful young fellow, to whom gloomy fancies had been hitherto unknown. "Shall I stay home to-night, Mary?" he asked again.

"No, no," replied she; "you have already promised to go. These are only foolish fancies."

"My own dear girl!" cried Frank, again putting his arm around her, "you do not know how dearly I love you. All my hope, all my life seems wrapped up in you!"

The offered kiss was not this time resisted; but again the burning blood mantled in her cheek and tingled in her ears.

"You must not love too well, Frank!" she said; "you must not indeed. Believe me, it is dangerous!"

After a pause she timidly took from her bosom a purse, and, putting it into his hand, but without looking in his face, said,

"I wish you would keep this for me, Frank. I don't like having so much money about me."

Frank knew that Mary, as well as himself, had been for some time saving what money she could, in order that they might be able to get little comforts around them when they were married; but he was not prepared to see so much as the purse contained, and he could not refrain from expressing his astonishment.

"I have never had occasion to spend much, you know," said Mary. "Do take care of it for me: I really *wish* it!" And her eyes met his, though but for a moment. "And if anything should happen to me——" And again she stopped abruptly, as if choking.

Frank now spoke to her cheerfully, though, poor fellow, his own heart was aching grievously, and tried to laugh away her gloomy fancies. He would not at first take charge of her purse, but ultimately, as she seemed so earnestly to wish it, he did so, and after a short time they parted. Mary returned to her bedroom, and Frank, after changing his dress, mounted the horse which he was to take to R——, and rode away.

It was well on in the evening—about eight o'clock—when Frank reached T——, and had seen the horse taken care of in the inn stable. T—— was a large town—at least, as compared with C——. The streets were wide, the shops brilliant, and gay crowds of people thronged the streets. At other times Frank had always enjoyed a trip to T—— amazingly, but now his heart was heavy, and he would have given anything to be back again in his own dull little town. He would have gone to bed at once, but, for the first time in his life, was afraid of a restless night, or bad dreams. As a relief to his feelings, he went into a jeweller's shop and purchased a pretty little brooch, as a present for Mary. They had intended being married about this time, and Frank thought how, in that case, he might have been going to purchase the ring; but the wedding had been put off for a few months at the strongly expressed desire of Lucas and his wife, who had said they considered Mary as yet too young.

After buying the brooch, Frank was standing at the inn-door, watching the passers-by, when, to his surprise, the purchaser of the horse, Mr. Simpson, who was known to Frank by sight, came down the street and entered the house. Frank of course accosted him, and told his errand; and, to his great joy, Mr. Simpson replied that he was going home in the morning, and would ride the horse himself. This of course precluded the necessity of Frank's going on to R——; and it now became a question whether he should wait until the next day, and ride home on the morning coach, or walk back at once. At any other time he would of course have preferred the former alternative, but now, so anxious was he about Mary, that, without hesitation, he determined on setting off directly; and within half an hour, he was stepping briskly out on his way home.

It was rather before ten o'clock when he started. He had a fifteen miles' walk before him, and the night was very dark, but Frank knew the road well, and his pleasure at being enabled unexpectedly to return so soon made his spirits lighter than they had been for many hours. The miles seemed quickly to pass by, and he was not very far from home when he heard, through the stillness of night, the well-known deep tone of the church-clock boom out one.

Notwithstanding his comparative cheerfulness, a pang of anxiety about Mary occasionally struck to his heart; and as he drew near to C——, this anxiety increased. This is generally the case. Are you suddenly called to the sick-bed of a deeply-loved friend or relative, you rush away with the utmost speed at your command—no means of locomotion are rapid enough for you. But as you approach the house your heart sinks; you moderate, if possible, your pace; you pause for a moment before turning the corner where the house will be visible to you; you shrink from the fear of seeing the drawn blinds, the closed shutters, and the undertaker's men coming out at the door. From the same kind of feeling, Frank, as he approached the town, experienced a stronger presentiment of evil than before. "But why should I dread anything for dear Mary?" he thought, as he looked up at a bright star which was shining between the dark clouds, with its calm, holy light. "Were she even to die to-night, her soul would be in heaven. May there not be even now heavenly beings looking down upon her from that bright world, waiting to be joined by a sister as pure and gentle as themselves? But there—

there," he said impatiently, "she would be not the less lost to me; and I hope she may yet live many years to cheer and comfort me in this struggling world. I am worse than a child to torment myself with these fancies." And again he tried to tear away the vague dread; but still the monster clung with its sharp talons to his heart.

When within about a mile of the town, he turned off from the road to take a short cut across some fields. The waning moon was just rising beyond the hills behind him, and its sickly, distorted disk cast through the clouds an unearthly shadowy light. As Frank walked across the fields, something seemed to seize upon him different from the foreboding weight which he had before experienced. Some strange, unseen influence appeared to pervade the air. He felt a sudden shiver. His limbs trembled, and he knew that his face was pale. He tried to account for it by supposing that, by walking too fast, he had overheated his blood and had taken a chill. In one place a deep, dark lane was between two of the fields which he was traversing, and a stile led into it on each side. Frank was usually bold and resolute, but now so strangely were his nerves influenced that he hesitated before crossing it, passed it as quickly as he could, without looking on either side, and shuddered as he left it behind.

He had advanced but a short distance into the next field, when, happening to turn his head for a moment, he saw, with a thrill of terror, there, on the stile, in the very place which he had but a moment before passed, the dim outline of a female form, its hands clasped, and its face upturned towards the bright star on which he had lately been gazing. He made two or three steps back towards it, and a dark cloud at that moment passed from before the moon. What was his surprise, his horror, when he saw that the form, the dress, and the deadly-pale up-turned face were those of Mary Willoughby! What could she be doing there? Whither could she be going? For a moment, astonishment kept him speechless and motionless; and even as he looked the figure vanished from his sight. He ran to the place, crossed the lane, and ascended the opposite stile. Mary was not there.

"Mary! Mary Willoughby!" he shouted. "Where are you? It is I, Frank Atherley!"

No one replied. He ran wildly up and down the dark lane; he crossed and recrossed from field to field;—no one was visible.

Surprised and terrified beyond measure, yet endeavouring to hope that he had been the victim of an optical delusion, and that Mary was in reality safe at home, he hastened to the town. The distance was not great; and he soon reached it, passed through the silent and deserted streets, and stood before the inn. The house was shut up, the blinds drawn, and everything seemed to show that its inmates, as well as all the other inhabitants of the town, were buried in repose. He knocked loudly at the door, but no one opened it. He knocked again and again, but still without result. "They sleep soundly," thought Frank. "God grant that dear Mary may be safely slumbering with the rest!" He picked up a handful of gravel, and stepped back a few paces to throw it at the window. As he looked up in throwing it, something arrested his attention. He strained his eyes to the utmost; and a groan of despair burst from his lips as he became convinced that smoke was pouring out through every crevice in the roof and upper windows. At the same

moment, as if it had suddenly found a vent, a bright, glittering tongue of flame shot up through the roof, showed for an instant the canopy of smoke which was hanging over it, and then again subsided. "Fire! fire!" shouted poor Frank, in that piercing, penetrating cry which terror gives. "The house is on fire!" He rushed to the door, and tried to break it open; but in vain. He ran wildly to the back of the house, and tried to burst open a door there; but this also resisted his utmost efforts; and he saw with increased alarm, that here the fire had made much more progress than in the front; and ruddy gleams of flame could be seen in many of the rooms. Frank had never ceased to shout "Fire!"—that cry so terrible in the silent night—and very few minutes had passed before he was joined by several of the nearest neighbours. As no one had yet appeared in the house, they were about to effect an entrance through one of the lower windows, when the door was opened by Lucas himself, his wife standing behind him with a candle. Both were very pale. The wife was agitated in her manner, but Lucas seemed calm; and both were *completely dressed!* "Where is Mary?" cried Frank. "Where is Mary?" And he was about to rush up-stairs to try to save her; but Lucas's grasp was on his throat, and he was rudely hurled back into the street. "Fool!" shouted Lucas, "the house is in one blaze from cellar to attic!"

The fire-bell soon clashed forth its startling summons, and in a very short space of time a large crowd had collected about the burning house, all horror-stricken at the thought that a fellow-creature had perished in the flames, and all eager to render any possible assistance. But no assistance was of avail. The fire-engine, as is generally the case in small towns, was out of order, and the supply of water was utterly inadequate. The furze, the straw, and the spirit caused the fire to burn with great rapidity, and in less than an hour from Frank's first discovery of the calamity, the roof had fallen in, and all inside the bare walls was one glowing mass of flame.

At length the blaze died away, and by daylight nothing was left of the "King's Arms" but a heap of smouldering ruins. The people, though seeing that they could be of no use, still remained lingering about the spot, and many were the strange whisperings and mysterious hints that were exchanged. Frank, poor fellow, was like one distracted. He told of the figure he had seen in the fields, and the strange tale soon spread, and was believed, with a pleasing horror, by many, but the majority rejected it, and said that poor Frank was raving from the effects of terror and over-excitement.

Shortly after the fire Lucas applied to the — Insurance Office for a large sum of money. It then became generally known that he had been for some time in very bad circumstances; that the *house and furniture had been insured to more than their full value; and that Mary Willoughby's life had been recently insured in the sum of one thousand pounds!*

The insurance company were naturally startled at the strange nature of the affair, and refused to pay the money. They refused to pay for the house, on the ground that proper precaution had not been used; and on Mary's life, because there was not sufficient positive evidence of her death, the remains of the body never having been found.

This proved a fortunate thing for Lucas, as it perhaps saved his neck. As soon as the facts of the case became known to the authorities, both he and his wife were committed on the double charge of murder and of wilfully setting fire to the house. The grand jury ignored the bills on both points, from the want of sufficient positive evidence, the non-discovery of the body being one of the principal links wanting on the former charge. Morally, however, they stood convicted in the minds of all men: no one who knew the facts of the case for a moment doubted their guilt of both crimes. The non-appearance of the body was accounted for in many ways; some supposing that Mary had been murdered, and her body disposed of by Lucas before setting fire to the house; others that it had been utterly consumed by the intensity of the flames, or that what little was left of it had been effectually concealed by the heaps of stone and rubbish, for the walls had in many places entirely fallen in. Lucas himself attempted to account for the fact of his having been up and completely dressed, by saying that he and his wife had been startled during the evening, by seeing a strange man prowling about the house in a suspicious manner, and that they had been afraid to go to bed. Afterwards he said that he and Mrs. Lucas had been together posting their books, until the late hour at which the fire broke out, in a room of that part of the house last reached by the flames, and that on their discovery of the calamity they had first attempted to save Mary, and that then, finding this attempt useless, they had, before giving the alarm, saved what money, plate, and other valuables they could, fearing that any delay might have caused the loss of all. Altogether, he made rather a lame story of it, which, instead of dissipating, only strengthened the feeling against him.

At first, attempting in a sulky, dogged kind of way, to brave the opinion of the world, Lucas and his wife remained in the neighbourhood of C—, cultivating the little farm which they had before held. But nothing ever prospered with him more. He got no money from the insurance office; the horror and detestation in which he was held were too much for even his iron nerves, and, at length, a broken and utterly ruined man, he suddenly left the place. He was away, however, but a short time, being sent back to C—, by a magistrate's order of removal, from a distant parish to which he had become chargeable as a pauper. His wife had in the mean time died. Afterwards, receiving scanty relief from the parish, he dragged on a miserable existence in a wretched hut, situated in a retired little willow glen near the town, where he partly supported himself by making wicker-work, an art which he had acquired during his absence. So dread was the influence of his presence, that few people afterwards cared to pass through the little glen; and as for the children of the town, nothing on earth would induce them to go near "Lucas's House." The very sight of him from a distance, cutting his willows, was quite enough to throw them into convulsions. At length he died, and was buried. I speak from no feeling of professional jealousy, but I fear that the gentleman who then held the office of parish-surgeon was not too attentive to his case. However that may be, he died: and I don't know what the disease was, unless it was want of the common necessaries of life. True to his reserved, dogged temper, he expired without saying a word with reference to the fearful night of the fire.

As for Frank Atherley, the dreadful occurrences of that night produced

a brain fever, and his life was long despaired of. At length, however, he got better; and on his recovery, set sail for America. No one in C—— has ever heard of him since.

Had I written this story a few days ago, I should have had no more to say: but now the strangest part of all is to come. The woman whom I found sitting so strangely by the side of the road was no other than Mary Willoughby herself! She told me of it last night, on what, I fear, will prove her death-bed. Poor wretched creature! Hers has, indeed, been a sad fate! That pure, innocent girl, as she was believed to be, and as no doubt she was before the visit of the dragoons to C——, fell before the arts of the Hon. Captain Walmer, one of the most accomplished villains who ever disgraced the British army. Before he left the town, he arranged to return on a certain night—that on which the fire broke out. Mary was to escape at midnight, and join him at a certain rendezvous, not very far from the town, where he had means at hand of conveying her away. It was to aid this plan that she had so set her heart on visiting her friends in the country on the night in question—an intention which was frustrated by Lucas's anxiety to keep her at home. Lest she should be detected in bringing any things down stairs in the night, she, in the course of the evening, concealed what packets she wished to take with her in the back kitchen, beneath the furze which had been that day placed there. Whilst getting them out, in the middle of the night, she was disturbed by hearing Lucas coming down stairs; and in her hurry to escape, she quickly blew out the candle, threw it down, and in great haste left the house. It is very probable that this candle may have ignited the furze, and caused the conflagration, of which she solemnly avers that she never heard until very lately. No doubt, she really was seen by Frank in the field, as she passed that way, paused for a moment on the stile, and then ran hurriedly down the lane, on her way to the place of meeting, which was by the pool where I discovered her.

I cannot exactly make out what her history has been since. Of course, the honourable captain soon abandoned her; and I really believe she has since been struggling hard to live a virtuous life. But she would not speak much of this. At length, hearing, by some chance, of the events which I have related, she became struck by the deepest remorse, and felt, she says, impelled by some irresistible power to revisit the scene of her innocence and her first guilt. When I found her by the road, she was in the first stage of a violent disorder, from which, I fear, she will never rally.

The events which I have narrated are still, and probably ever will be, involved in mystery. Whether Lucas was guilty of the intention of murdering Mary Willoughby, though her escape prevented his accomplishing it; whether he really was guilty of setting fire to the house, or it was done by Mary herself, or by other accident; whether the strange proceedings of Lucas and his wife had their origin in evil intentions, or were owing merely to an extraordinary combination of circumstances, can now never be known. Whether guilty or innocent, the fate of Lucas was indeed a wretched one.

Whilst writing the last line or two of the above, I was called away in haste to the workhouse to attend my patient, who had been taken suddenly much worse. I found her dead!

PILGRIMAGES TO THE FRENCH PALACES.

BY FLORENTIA.

XII.

Adelaide de Bourgogne, Second Dauphiness.

OF all the visions that passed before me of the former inhabitants of Marly during the morning I wandered amid its woods, none rose so vividly in my mind as that fascinating, playful little Duchesse de Bourgogne, the Seconde Dauphine, as she was called, whose presence threw a last gleam of youth and gaiety around the gloomy court of the aged king and his puritanical partner. What a merry creature it was, and how they loved her and indulged her tricks and fancies, allowing her unheard-of liberties without a word of reprimand. She danced, she talked, she jumped about, now seating herself on the arm of one awful arm-chair, then of another; sometimes perched on the king's knee, sometimes with her pretty arms entwined round his neck;—now rumpling Madame de Maintenon's stiff brocaded dresses without any mercy, then covering her with kisses, caresses, and excuses;—now teasing the king, pulling his wig, stroking his chin, stealing his papers, and reading and unsealing his letters in spite of all he could say, then laughing with all her might at the confusion she had made;—always admitted at all hours, even when the council was sitting, she played off her pretty tricks even before this august assembly. She was so sweetly obliging, so graceful, so kind, and possessed moreover such infinite tact, that she was universally loved. The king and Madame de Maintenon, whom she called her aunt (by way of a compromise between friendship and etiquette), absolutely doted on her, and listened to all her sallies with delight.

“Ma chère tante!” said she, one evening, to the latter, as they were both sitting with the king, “I think you must allow that in England queens govern better than kings.” And then, jumping on the arm of the king's chair, and giving him a sly pinch, she paused.

“Why do you think so?” inquired Madame de Maintenon.

“Because,” continued the little duchess, now at the other end of the room, dancing round and round a stool,—“because, you see, under kings *women* govern, and under queens, why then, *men* do: that is the reason.”

Bold as was this sally, they both laughed, and the king, delighted with her wit, called her to him and kissed her again and again. Thoughtless and giddy when with those whom she knew loved her so well, she could assume all the dignity of her rank when occasion required, and be as stately as any princess that ever wore a mantle and sat in a fauteuil.

Respectful to the king in public, and even timid in her deportment to Madame de Maintenon, she took care never to indulge her spirit *mal à propos*, or when she saw that it might annoy them. But towards any of the ladies of the court whom she considered wanting in proper respect, the charming little dauphine could be as bitter as she was gracious towards those whose conduct she approved. Addressing herself one

day to the Duchesse de St. Simon, and pointing to the Duchesse de Berry and the Princesse de Conti, who were neither of them her friends, she said, "Do you see them there? Do you see them? Now, I know very well what a regular romp I am—une vraie petite étourdie—I talk the greatest nonsense and do the maddest pranks; but for all that, his majesty likes it, and it amuses him." Then dancing and singing, as she leant on the arm of Madame de St. Simon, she continued: "But what is that to them? They are not answerable for my conduct—what do I care for what they say? I laugh at them—elles m'amusent. Shall I not one day be their queen?—ah, je m'en moque!—shall I not be their queen?" And she laughed louder and louder. Madame de St. Simon fearing the princesses might overhear her, entreated her to be quiet, which only made her dance, sing, and laugh all the louder, always repeating the words, "Shall I not be their queen?"

Such was Adelaide of Savoy, who first made her appearance in the intriguing court of France at eleven years of age, and although a mere child, had the admirable sense and dexterity to endear herself to all around, and to manage the king in a manner that would have before been deemed incredible. He had always been partial to her from the very moment he first saw her. "I would not," said he, at their first meeting, "change her for any one in the world!" He placed the little princess by him at supper, expressing the most lively admiration of her grace, beauty, and wit. On her retiring, the monarch followed, and in presence of her ladies, completed more particularly the examination of her make and person,—an examination so satisfactory, that he sent off an express to Madame de Maintenon, then at Fontainebleau, to inform her how delighted he was with the little princess.

From the first time of her introduction to Madame de Maintenon she treated her with the utmost deference, and won her heart so entirely, that from that hour to the day of her death Madame de Maintenon behaved to her with unvarying affection. Neither she nor the king were happy without her, and, ill or well, the dauphine must accompany them wherever they went. In person she was tall and graceful, but her face, though *piquante* and pretty, wanted that regularity of features that alone can constitute real beauty.

The state ceremonial of her marriage with the dauphin is a comical specimen of the etiquette of the day. They were both of the same age—eleven years old—when this betrothal, rather than marriage, took place. After supper the whole court assembled in the bedroom of the princess; but, on the entrance of the king, the gentlemen were desired to retire. Adelaide was undressed by our beautiful queen, Mary of Modena; her boy-husband undergoing the same ceremonial in the ante-room, assisted by James II., whose services were often called into requisition as *valet* in the numerous ceremonials of the French court. The children were then placed in bed, surrounded by all the ladies of the court, who could scarcely refrain from laughter at the comical expressions of the little faces—half frightened, half ashamed—lying on the lace-pillows beside each other. After a quarter of an hour's duration, the farce ended by the Duc de Bourgogne being reconducted by his tutor to his apartments, where he was re-dressed. This ceremony over, the children were allowed to play

together for a few hours daily in the presence of the ladies in waiting of the princess, and were extremely happy and contented in each other's company.

When the boy-duke became a man, he loved his wife with a passion and a fidelity rare indeed in that profligate age. No other *liaison* ever interfered to lessen the empire that his fascinating little wife exercised over him, and he admired her childish gambols and graceful gaiety with all the pride of a devoted husband. But he well knew that, woman as she was, he could not trust her with a secret. On one occasion, when closeted with a minister, and conversing on matters of the highest importance, he left the door of the room unfastened, believing her to be in a distant part of the palace, all at once she suddenly broke into the room. Seeing by her husband's looks that her appearance at that moment was anything but agreeable, she stopped, and said, with a trembling voice and one of her sweetest smiles, "that she had come to him being ignorant he was in such good company." Then she stood half abashed and uncertain, looking from him to the minister, and awaiting his reply.

"Well then, madame," replied he, "since you find me in such good company, have the goodness to let me enjoy it without interruption."

Upon hearing which, laughing with unabated good-humour, she made a little *pirouette*, and left the room.

I have already said, that this bewitching creature was not beautiful—far from it—but she was grace itself, and threw around her an indescribable charm of good-nature and ease that triumphed over even the icy stiffness of the dreary court she inhabited. Her speaking eyes, her sweet smile, her graceful carriage, "as of a goddess on the clouds," joined to a quick and ready wit and a cultivated mind, charmed far more than mere beauty, and her extreme affability and amiability, shown to the humblest of those around, gained over all hearts and made her universally beloved. There was such a freshness about her, and she enjoyed everything so thoroughly, her happy spirit leading her to find pleasure even in the dull routine in which she was condemned to live, that the sight of her unaffected happiness and enjoyment absolutely inspired the worn-out *blasé* old courtiers, and infused into them a portion of her own genuine hilarity.

Her early and melancholy death deepened the gloom that settled around the weary old monarch, whom Madame de Maintenon pronounced from that time "as no longer amusable." When she was gone, the last ray of light disappeared from that once radiant sun now setting amid black and ominous clouds charged with coming storms.

The dauphine had a superstition that she should die before she was thirty, from some prediction, or horoscope, made when a child at Turin, by an astrologer, who foretold that her death would occur before that period. She often alluded to this circumstance with her natural light-heartedness, and affected to turn the prediction into ridicule. Frequently, when indulging in those bursts of hoidenish glee in which she so delighted, she said, "Come, I must make the most of the present time—no one shall hinder me—for I shall not live long to enjoy myself. This is the year in which I am to die."

Indulged by Madame de Maintenon to an almost incredible extent,

she really sometimes conducted herself like a perfect harlequin. Whatever she liked she did, and whatever she did was allowed. She ran hither and thither, into the churches, or in the village of Marly, unattended by valets or pages, amusing herself in the gardens until three or four o'clock in the morning with companions as giddy as herself. Far from restraining this excessive wildness, her husband joined Madame de Maintenon in indulging all her caprices, for he loved her with a fondness that made him her slave. A look from her enchanted him, and if his better judgment led him to counsel and to advise her, when *she* appeared all was forgotten.

One day they were walking together under the shady avenues of Marly. "The time is now approaching," said she to the dauphin, "when the astrologer told me I should die. Now you will never be happy without a wife; you are too good not to be married; so do pray tell me honestly whom you will choose."

For a moment she was grave: she neither sang nor jumped, but awaited his reply in silence and anxiety.

"Adelaïde," replied he, with great emotion, "if it should please the Almighty to rob me of what I most prize and love—yourself—rest assured I should never marry again; in eight days I should be beside you, and one grave would cover us both."

Strange to say, such was the case; on the seventh day from her death he was a corpse!

Subject like all the rest of the court to the selfish desire of the king that she should form one of the number in the *petits voyages* to Marly, she had started very much indisposed, but had contrived to make her appearance in the grand circle in the evening, although obliged to return to her bed. Whether or not this exertion was the primary cause of her illness, it is impossible to decide; but on returning to Versailles, apparently better, she was presented, by the Duc de Noailles, with a box of fine snuff, with which she was much pleased. After having used it, she laid the box down on her table and descended to dinner. That very evening she was seized with a violent fever, and rapidly became so alarmingly ill that the king and the dauphin were in the utmost alarm. The box of snuff was remembered, but although diligent search was made, it could never be discovered. This circumstance caused a dark suspicion of poison to embitter the sufferings of the sweet young princess. Her agonies were intense; despite all remedies she became worse. Madame de Maintenon scarcely left her side; the king was constantly with her, and the poor dauphin stood nailed to the side of the wife he adored. So passed many days amid delirium and increasing illness.

At length, in an interval of reason, she desired to have a confessor, and named one whom she preferred, on whose arrival she confessed at great length, and received the sacrament. She earnestly desired to have the prayers for the dying offered up, but being assured that her state by no means justified this, was entreated to try and compose herself and endeavour to sleep. The following night she grew rapidly worse; the next day she was no more, having died, as she predicted, before her thirtieth birthday.

The grief of the king was sincere, for it was selfish; he had lost his

last enjoyment, the old man's darling; and the suspicion of poison tended to increase his sorrow. After her death the gardens of Marly were desolate, and the palace no longer echoed to the pleasant sound of merry-ringing laughter.

During the reign of Louis XVI. it was the favourite abode of Marie Antoinette. It was here that, after years of coldness and neglect, she first received unequivocal proofs of the affection of her husband. Up to that time his conduct towards his beautiful and attractive wife was so extraordinary that no circumstances can in any way account for it. Louis XVI., sleepy and phlegmatic in no ordinary degree up to this time, seemed utterly unaware that he was united to the most lovely woman in existence. Not all her devotion, her attention, and her evident unhappiness had as yet roused him to a consciousness of this fact, and although living ostensibly as husband and wife, they were in fact entirely estranged from each other. Marie Antoinette saw, with the utmost chagrin, that the charms she heard lavishly and universally extolled by those whose admiration was indifferent to her, had entirely failed in captivating the affection of the one person whom she desired to please; and this consciousness drew many bitter tears from her eyes in those moments when she dared indulge the grief that oppressed her.

It was at Marly that the scales first fell from the eyes of Louis, and that he discovered what a treasure of beauty and goodness he possessed. The poor queen was so delighted she could not conceal her joy; she spoke of her happiness to every one, and was in the most charming state of excitement and glee.

Now Louis even forgot his hunting, that diurnal amusement in which he indulged almost to the very conclusion of his unhappy career; he could not leave the queen; arm-in-arm they wandered about over the gardens and amid the mossy woods that extended around, like a pair of lovers, long and cruelly parted, at length restored to love and to each other! It was a wonderful sight to the court, little used to these demonstrations, and conjugal attention became at once the fashion; husbands and wives who had not spoken for years, and were known reciprocally to hate each other with undisguised and well-founded virulence, were immediately seen, in imitation of the royal pair, wandering among the flowers and the statues of the gay parterres. A smile of approbation from the royal couple was, however, deemed a sufficient reward for the *ennui* and annoyance they experienced in these weary *tête-à-tête*.

After the queen's first confinement, she soon returned to her favourite residence at Marly, and Madame Campan describes her mode of life in her "Memoirs." "After dinner, and before cards, the queen, the princesses, and their ladies, stroll out among the beautiful groves, where the trees planted by Louis XIV. had attained great height; *jets d'eau* of the most limpid freshness shot up in bright gushing pillars higher even than the lofty trees, while cascades of white marble burst forth among the branches, and, illuminated by the rays of the sun piercing the deep shade of the woods, looked like masses of liquid silver amid the green recesses.

In the evening every one known to the attendants was present in the queen's bedroom, of immense size and octagonal shape, profusely

adorned with pillars and statues, and surmounted with a cupola ornamented with gilt balustrades, and painted in the Italian style."

It was there that Marie Antoinette first gave rise to the cruel calumnies that afterwards assailed her, by the indulgence of a caprice as innocent as it was natural. Never having seen the sun rise, she fancied she should like to view so fine a sight from the heights above the palace, and, accompanied by a numerous suite, she actually executed this little project. Unfortunately she was unaccompanied by the king, who, overcome by sleep, had declined so matinal an excursion. A few days after, the most infamous libels were circulated in Paris on what was called "le lever de l'aurore" of the queen, whose sorrows and tribulations were then just commencing. The happy days of poor Marie Antoinette were but brief indeed, and Marly, as well as Trianon, were to be but too soon exchanged for the horrible prison of the Temple and the steps of the bloody guillotine.

All trace of the joys, the sorrows, and the dissipation of the royal inhabitants of Marly have now utterly passed away, the ruthless hand of the Revolution has laid all its glories in the dust, and scarcely a stone remains to assist one in defining the form or extent of the building. All has vanished except a large marble trough, where the cows and horses of the neighbourhood now congregate during the heat of the day. I left this scene of fallen grandeur with regret. There is so much prettiness about the sloping banks fringed with hazel and holly, and the overhanging woods crowned with lofty trees, all glistening under a bright sun, that I could have wandered about for hours in the woods. But there was the railroad at St. Germain to be caught in time to insure a visit to Malmaison before my return to Paris, so I departed, rapidly retracing my steps.

XIII.

Malmaison—Pauline Borghese—Funeral of Josephine—Queen Hortense—Napoleon and Josephine—Visit of Napoleon to her Tomb—Destruction of La Malmaison.

MALMAISON, another melancholy relic of fallen grandeur, has ever been to me a place of peculiar interest. Unlike Marly, where every association is of courts, kings, and etiquette, this was the domestic hearth, the beloved home of that great conqueror, who here forgot glory and victory only to remember that he was a man—the ardently attached husband—the affectionate friend. It is a place connected with all that is most interesting and attractive in the career of Napoleon.

Who does not remember the lively account given by the Duchesse d'Abrantes, in her amusing Memoirs, of the happy days passed at Malmaison by the First Consul and his friends—the merry games of hide-and-seek, when he chased her and Hortense Beauharnais (the present Emperor's mother), and many another happy young spirit, through the trees, becoming so excited in his endeavours to catch them (for he must be successful everywhere) that he quite terrified them?

Then the evenings passed in those rooms which it had been the mutual

delight of himself and Josephine to adorn with every curiosity and luxury, where all the party played at cards, and Josephine, dressed in an elegant costume of white muslin (Napoleon said women should always dress in white), moved about among her guests in her own quiet, graceful way, or joined in the round game at his desire, and was so egregiously cheated by him, that even she, who never thought about money, complained; when, laughing at her indignation, with a pinch and a fond kiss, he pounced all his gains into her lap and made his peace. Ah! Napoleon was happy then, and there is in these scenes a domestic charm that endears his memory to every heart, for all have at some period of their lives experienced the exquisite delight of household love.

Sometimes things did not go on quite so smoothly, however, at Malmaison, when any of the Bonaparte family visited Josephine, for a most cordial hatred seems to have existed between her and the ladies of the imperial family, partaking somewhat of female rivalry and jealousy.

One evening in particular—when the beautiful Pauline was to be formally presented to Josephine, on her marriage with the Prince Borghese—must be noted in the annals of Malmaison. Pauline, clever, witty, and most lovely, had accepted the hand of the Borghese, almost a fool in intellect, solely on account of his money and his title. Sacrificing her heart to her ambition, she determined to make the first use of her new honours by endeavouring to humiliate poor Josephine; and in order to carry out this amiable resolution, announced her intention of visiting her on a certain evening shortly after her marriage. Days were passed in preparing the splendid toilette which was to crush her sister-in-law. At length the memorable evening arrived. Josephine, fully aware of the intentions of Pauline, took her own measures accordingly. She arranged herself for this trying ordeal, of a graceful against a beautiful woman, with consummate tact and a perfect knowledge of that peculiar style of dress well calculated to display her faultless shape, which she has almost immortalised. She wore a white muslin dress edged and trimmed with a narrow border of gold; the short sleeves, which displayed a finely-turned arm, were looped up at the shoulder by large cameos, an enamelled serpent encircled her throat, on her head was a kind of diadem formed of cameos and enamel, confining her hair somewhat in the style of the antique busts of the Roman empresses. She looked so extremely graceful and classical in this attire, that when Napoleon entered the salon he was delighted, and saluted her with a kiss on the shoulder—a somewhat *bourgeois* caress, by the way. On his expressing his surprise at the care with which she was dressed, she reminded him of the expected visit of Pauline. The evening wore on, and yet the princess did not arrive. Napoleon, having remained beyond his usual time, retired at last to his cabinet. Shortly afterwards the princess made her appearance, looking transcendently lovely. But on this occasion she had not trusted to the charms of unadorned beauty, as she literally was resplendent with jewels. Her dress, composed of green velvet, was embroidered in the front with masses of diamonds, her arms, her neck, her head were also encircled with splendid jewels. As she advanced across the room towards Josephine, who, as the wife of the First Consul, did not rise until she approached, Pauline gazed around full of pride and

gratified vanity, conscious of the effect created by her beauty, her youth, and her dazzling splendour.

The salutations were cold between the rival ladies. Pauline seated herself, and to break the stiffness of the reception, began conversing in a low voice with Madame Junot, who was placed near her.

"Well, Louise, how do I look to-night? What do you think of the Borghese jewels?"

"Think? why they are wonderful—actually *éblouissants*," returned Madame Junot.

"But do you really, now—flattery apart—think this dress becomes me?"

"Vain Pauline! why you knew perfectly before asking me that question you never looked better in your whole life."

"Well, it is not exactly vanity that makes me ask you so particularly," replied Pauline; "but it is because I want to astonish Madame Bonaparte, and you know I have spared no pains to mortify her by this display of my new jewels. Yet how elegant she looks in that simple India muslin dress, with those cameos, too, like a Grecian statue; she certainly does understand to perfection the style that suits her. That white dress contrasts so well, too, with the blue satin of the furniture—it is perfect. Good Heavens! what shall I do?" she suddenly exclaimed in an agonised whisper, and turned quite pale.

"What is it?—what can be the matter?" asked Madame Junot, quite alarmed.

"Oh, Louise, why did you not tell me? How cruel not to remind me! To let me come here in this room dressed in *green velvet*, when the *furniture is blue satin*! Oh! this is too much. I shall never forgive you! How dreadful I must look by the side of Josephine! This is more than I can bear. I must go away at once."

Pauline was conquered! Elegance had won the day even against beauty. She took a hasty farewell of Josephine, and hurried out of the room, consoling herself a little in her retreat by displaying her jewels before the whole establishment assembled to do her honour. She passed down the alley formed by the household, preceded by lighted torches, and followed by her husband, whom she early taught to aspire no higher than to the honour of being her chamberlain; and thus ended in absolute failure this notable wedding visit of the Princess Pauline Borghese.

It would be easy to fill a volume with similar anecdotes of which Malmaison was the scene, but as I do not propose to write a memoir of this interesting habitation, I must proceed. Malmaison is situated near Rueil, one of the stations on the St. Germain Railway. Nothing can be uglier than the situation of Rueil, a small town in a dead plain, the house of Malmaison being situated about half a mile out of the town at the foot of rising hills. There is no kind of picturesqueness either in the situation or the house, and it is really wonderful such a spot should have been preferred as a residence by Napoleon, when there is scarcely a single natural beauty to recommend it. The environs of Paris are generally so very pretty, that one would have imagined it almost impossible to expend vast sums on the embellishment of a position so wanting in every charm.

A long, straight, paved road leads to the gates. How often had Napoleon traversed that road with lightning speed when, freed from the toils and anxieties of state, he sought the retirement and the cheerful domestic enjoyment he prized so much at that period of his life. The house stands almost close to the gates, shrouded only by a small tuft of shrubs; it is of moderate size, and really anything but imposing in appearance, composed of a *corps de logis* flanked by two heavy pavilions, or towers, crushed by the weight of a deeply-sloping slated roof. The effect of the whole is little better indeed than a farm-house. With all my enthusiasm I could not find a single thing to admire, and left Malmaison quite disappointed. The name was originally Mala-casa, so named from the place having been formerly inhabited by banditti, whose depredations gave this *sobriquet* to their abode. It is, I believe, a place of considerable antiquity.

One other object of interest remained to be seen—the tombs of Josephine and her daughter the Queen Hortense, in the parish church of Rueil. The monument erected to Josephine is large and heavy, surmounted with cumbrous arches and pillars. The figure of the empress in a kneeling attitude appears intended as a likeness, for the features are strongly marked, and the face no longer young. The funeral of Josephine was magnificent, and the attachment she inspired was evidenced by the sincere grief caused by her sudden death. Her daughter, Queen Hortense, who was fondly devoted to her, escaped from her attendants, who sought to retain her at Malmaison during the ceremony, and rushing to the church at Rueil, threw herself on the coffin of her mother in an agony of grief and despair. Every one present was deeply affected—her beauty, her youth increased the interest—and the affecting prayer she offered up, recommending the soul of her beloved mother to the mercy of the Almighty, was never forgotten by those who heard it.

On the other side of the altar lies this attached daughter, Hortense Queen of Holland, and this monument is one of the sweetest and most interesting I ever beheld. She is also kneeling, with her hands clasped. The face is of faultless beauty, with the most enchanting expression of calmness and repose. On the head is a garland of flowers, from which falls a drapery covering the neck and shoulders. Nothing can be conceived more touching than the sepulchral beauty of this figure. Hortense was at least forty when she died, but this monument represents her as younger. Her son, the present Emperor, is very exact in his devotions at the tombs of his mother and grandmother.

Here, then, lived, and here died, the gentle, devoted Josephine. All her heart was given to that hero whom she married when as yet the world knew him not, and she and a few intimate friends alone presaged his future greatness. Deprived of his love and his presence, the joy, the aim of her life was gone; she had lost a second, a dearer self; her heart pined and her body wasted in the retreat she had chosen at Malmaison, now sad and melancholy. The rooms Napoleon had inhabited were sacred to his memory: nothing was touched, but all remained, even to the book he last read, precisely as he had left it. Her imagination sought to deceive her reason by cherishing these recollections; she loved to imagine that he was near, and would return again. Touching evidences

of her great love so ill requited! Her sufferings during the time that the divorce was as yet undecided are related in the Memoirs written by her attendants.

On one occasion in particular Josephine was in so distracted a state after an interview with Fouché on the subject of the divorce, that Madame de Rémusat, her lady in waiting, becoming really alarmed at the frantic expression of her grief, determined, without saying anything to her, to acquaint Napoleon with her condition. He had already retired to bed, and, not over-pleased at being disturbed, desired her, through his attendant, to return early in the morning. "But," replied Madame de Rémusat, "I *must* see the Emperor this very night; tell him it is not for myself, it is for one who is most dear—for his own, for her sake."

At last she was admitted. Napoleon was in bed, with a silk handkerchief tied round his head; he motioned to Madame de Rémusat to approach the little couch on which he lay. She was so much agitated that she could scarcely speak, but at last found words to describe the agitation in which she had left the empress. As she spoke, he raised himself in the bed, and regarded her with one of those glances which, like his smile, were quite peculiar to himself.

"But why," said he, "has she resolved to anticipate my wishes, and propose a divorce herself?"

"Because, sire," replied Madame de Rémusat, "she lives but for you, and hopes by this means to give you a last and extreme proof of her devotion. No other reason can exist. It is because I have witnessed the frightful struggle this resolution has cost her that I have presumed to inform you of her situation."

"Poor Josephine!" said Napoleon, "she must indeed have suffered agonies before she could form such a resolution."

"Your majesty can never know what she has undergone these last few days, and the silence of the empress proves how much she desired to spare you any annoyance."

"How is she now?" inquired he, with every appearance of anxiety.

"Quite in despair. When I left her, she was on the point of going to rest, and I desired her women not to leave her for fear of accident, but she would not hear of any one remaining. She will have a night of cruel suffering."

The Emperor made a sign for Madame de Rémusat to withdraw.

"Go to bed," said he to her as she left the room. "Good night. Tomorrow I shall see you again; and, in the mean time, be sure I shall not forget the service you have done me this night."

When she was gone he rang the bell, and desired to have his dressing-gown brought. In great haste, taking a light in his hand, he descended a small staircase leading down stairs into his own rooms. As he descended, he was conscious of a degree of emotion he seldom felt, but Josephine's conduct had quite touched him. Such devotion and resignation in one crowned by his own hand, and who might fully expect to die on that throne where he had placed her—a woman he had once so idolised, and whose soul he well knew breathed but for him—spite of all his neglect and coolness, voluntarily to offer him a divorce in order to further and accelerate his own projects—projects, too, whose realisation ensured her

eternal misery—all this passed rapidly through his mind, and he felt that only one recompense ought to reward such attachment. For a moment all his plans, all the reasons of state, all the ambitious views he had long indulged, vanished from his mind: Josephine, as he had loved her—graceful, fascinating as in her youth—alone stood before him. A sudden idea rushed through his mind, and he almost determined—But it was only for a moment: before he had turned the lock of the door the vision had vanished, and he approached only to *console*, and not to *heal* her sufferings.

As he approached her room he distinctly heard the sound of sobs and groans: the voice was that of Josephine. Her voice exercised a peculiar power over him—a sort of gentle charm—the effect of which he had often experienced. Like the sound of gentle music, it impressed him so strongly, that one day, while he was First Consul, after a review at the Tuileries, on hearing the general acclamations around him, he exclaimed to Bourrienne, “How happy I am to be thus loved! This applause sounds almost as sweet as the voice of Josephine.” Alas, what a change since those happy days of love and unity!

But at that time he always heard her speaking words of happiness and pleasure—now her voice was drowned in groans of misery. Perhaps even now it might have exercised more power over him had it not been raised to express sorrow and reproach; but where is to be found that man, however great, who can tolerate the idea of being blamed—of being in the wrong?

However, the sounds of sorrow really afflicted the Emperor; he was truly grieved. Gently opening the door, he stood within Josephine’s room, who lay sobbing on her bed, little imagining who was approaching.

“What is the matter, Josephine?” said he, taking her hand. She screamed with surprise. “Why this excessive surprise? Did you not expect me? Did you not think I should come when I heard how you were suffering? You know I love you truly, and that in all my life I never willingly caused you pain.”

At the sound of Napoleon’s voice Josephine sat up in her bed, and listened, scarcely certain that what she heard and saw was real; the pale light of an alabaster lamp cast a dim shadow around. There stood Napoleon, his calm, majestic countenance bent towards her, his glistening eye fixed on her with an indescribable expression of fondness and pity. The Emperor clasped her in his arms, and she lay folded in his embrace, lost in a sort of trance, trembling with surprise and love at the sound of words of tenderness such as she had not heard for so long a time. Overcome by contending emotions, her head dropped on his breast, and she again burst into tears, forgetting, in her agitation, that the Emperor detested to see her weep. “But why,” said he, “do you still sob, dear Josephine? I came to console you, and now you are as wretched as if I had given you some new cause for sorrow. Why will you not listen to me?”

“Ah! I feel—I know too well—my heart tells me—all forebodes that the happiness I now feel is only for a moment—that misery, despair, await me, and that, sooner or later——” She could not finish the sentence—she could resolve to solicit the divorce, but she could not speak of it to the man she adored, and from whom it would part her for ever.

“Listen to me,” said Napoleon, pressing her in his arms—“listen to me, Josephine. I love you sincerely; but France is still dearer to me—she is my wife, my mistress, my best-beloved. I cannot disregard her voice—the voice of the nation—that demands a pledge from me—a son—an heir from him whose life has been devoted to her glory. I can answer for nothing; but remember, Josephine, whatever happens”—and he sighed deeply—“you will never cease to be dear to me. On this you may rely. Weep therefore no more. I beseech you end these sufferings, that afflict me and are killing you. Away with this despair. Be the friend of that man on whom the eyes of all Europe are fixed; be the sharer in his glory, as you ever will be the partner of his heart; and above all, depend, reckon on me.”

This explanation was little calculated to comfort Josephine, as, under all these gentle words, she read but too plainly the determination he had adopted—the certainty that she was to be divorced, and that he himself wished and desired it.

Deep as was her grief, exquisite as were her sufferings in still loving him whom she had ceased to please, she was amply avenged, for, in parting with Josephine, Napoleon for ever lost his good angel. He himself felt and acknowledged this when (during one of his visits to her at Malmaison, after the divorce) while wandering together in the gardens they had planted, he exclaimed, in alluding to their separation, “Ah! Josephine, I have never been happy since!” Defeat and disgrace from that hour dogged his footsteps, and all announced that, having reached the culminating point of prosperity, the future had only reverses and misfortunes in store for him, and that his career was from that time to descend as low in misery as it had risen in power and glory.

Once before Josephine’s death the walls of Malmaison beheld a gorgeous and imperial assembly grouped around her, when the allied sovereigns paid that graceful compliment to the virtues of the fallen empress, by visiting her in her retirement during their occupation of Paris. This was the last time her name appeared connected with any public event. Her death occurred soon after, and she was mercifully spared all knowledge of the sufferings and humiliations of the man she had never ceased to adore, and whose cruel desertion of her may be considered as the blackest stain on his great name.

By a strange fatality, Josephine was laid in the grave and Napoleon lost his throne within a short space of time. Malmaison again received the exiled Emperor after his defeat at Waterloo and before his unfortunate surrender to the English. Hortense, the daughter of her he had repudiated, was there to welcome and to console him during the brief period that he endeavoured to make head against the thousand intrigues that surrounded him. It was during this interval between his defeat and his embarkation at Rochefort that Napoleon visited one night alone the tomb of his once-beloved Josephine. Silently meditating in the dark recesses in which her monument is placed, what visions must have passed before his soul, of youth, love, and happiness! How, on this solemn occasion, must his heart have reproached him for his base desertion of this exalted, affectionate woman! contrasted as she must have been in his mind with the callous Marie Louise, who had at that very time forsaken him with the coldest indifference.

There is something inexpressibly touching in this last sad adieu of Napoleon to the ashes of his former wife. The image of that fine chiselled countenance emerging from the dark shadows of the gloomy arches around him, barely revealed by the light of a single torch, standing in the dead of night meditating over her tomb, would form an inimitable subject for a picture. Napoleon had scarcely left Malmaison when the soldiers of Blucher arrived, and, finding he had fled, sacked the house and destroyed the whole of the paintings, statues, and furniture, devastating the gardens and the park with a fury worthy of the ancient Goths—this savage proceeding being a specimen of the treatment they intended for its master had he fallen into their hands.

Malmaison remained in a state of the utmost neglect until it passed into the possession of Christina, Queen Dowager of Spain, who, during her residence there, restored and left it as it now appears. Since the exile of the Orleans family it has reverted back to the Bonapartes, and is now the property of the Emperor.

LEWIS ON THE EARLY ROMAN HISTORY.*

THE results arrived at by Niebuhr, in his researches into early Roman history, seemed to many, probably to most of his readers, the *ne plus ultra* of the sceptical spirit. The conclusions of Sir G. C. Lewis—to say nothing of intermediate investigators, home or foreign—exhibit nevertheless a clear case of *plus ultra*. Niebuhr, moderate folks were of opinion, went far enough; and at the hands of moderate folks, fared badly. According to Sir George's view, he should have gone further, even at the risk of faring worse. Niebuhr, in effect, was by comparison a conservative, and stickled for numbers of things he ought to have given up as untenable. Sir George is a destructive, whose work pretty well begins where the learned Dane's ended, and whose main object it seems to show how hopeless, how hollow, how inconsistent was that illustrious scholar's endeavour to retain certain interval spaces of history, amid recognised wildernesses of myth.

Sir G. C. Lewis maintains that no reasonable certainty is attainable, with respect to the accounts preserved of early Roman history by the ancient writers, and which have descended to us in their extant works. Professors of speculative history, he says, can make this period the subject of hypotheses more or less ingenious and attractive; but their theories must be all equally unsusceptible of proof; and our knowledge of the first five centuries of the city will receive no increase. He criticises the desire which seems to arise, in proportion as the uncertainty of the history, in-

* An Inquiry into the Credibility of the Early Roman History. By the Right Hon. Sir George Cornwall Lewis. John W. Parker and Son.

creasing as it recedes from the age of contemporary authors, is perceived and acknowledged,—the desire of supplying the want of sound and credible evidence by conjecture, and of framing hypotheses, which shall remove inconsistencies, diminish improbabilities, and introduce coherence in the traditionary accounts. To some inquirers indeed, as he remarks, this uncertain period of history presents greater attractions than a period of comparative certainty, lying within the observation of contemporary historical writers. “Such a preference of the uncertain to the certain period; of the period of conjecture to the period of proof; of the period of imagination to that of the reason, is founded on a misconception of the ends of history. If the past is to furnish instruction, and to serve as a beacon for the future, history must be a well-authenticated narrative of facts; it must not be a vague and indistinct sketch, formed by doubtful conjectures.” Sir George continues his strictures upon such a preference for the dim and indefinite portions of history, as generally implying a sacrifice of the interests of the reader to the reputation of the writer. The reader asking for bread, is put off with a stone—highly polished, perhaps, and rounded, and a precious stone in its way, but not the staff of life, not the applicant’s desideratum. He wants the sober verities which have been, and he is shown the brilliant possibilities which might have been; some dazzling contingency which could have been; some conceivable event which, the speculator thinks, should have been; some plausible fiction which, had the said speculator been master of the situation, certainly *would* have been. “In proportion as the materials are confused, obscure, and imperfect, there is scope for the ingenuity of the historian; for bold theories, novel combinations, startling hypotheses, brilliant fancies. The historian who contents himself with the less aspiring but more difficult task of collecting, digesting, weighing, and interpreting evidence, is, in comparison with a writer of the former class, regarded as a mere drudge or pioneer of literature. His fidelity to facts is taken as the mark of a barren and uninventive mind.” Sir G. C. Lewis almost speaks feelingly on the estimate popularly passed on historians of the sober and innocent-of-all-imagination class, of which he is, it must be owned, a distinguished member; for if he may by some be thought wanting in sobriety when exceeding the excesses of Niebuhr and his school, at any rate none will accuse him (in the House or out of it,—as Historian or as Chancellor of the Exchequer, as Essayist on *Methods of Reasoning in Politics*, or as quondam Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*) of any undue exercise of Imagination’s plastic power.

All the historical labour bestowed upon the early centuries of Rome will, in general, he explicitly asserts, be wasted. For in his judgment, the history of this period, viewed as a series of picturesque narratives, will be read to the greatest advantage in the original writers, and will be deteriorated by reproduction in a modern dress. “If we regard an historical painting merely as a work of art, the accounts of the ancients can only suffer from being retouched by the pencil of the modern restorer. On the other hand, all attempts to reduce them to a purely historical form, by conjectural omissions, additions, alterations, and transpositions, must be nugatory. The workers on this historical treadmill may continue to grind the air, but they will never produce any valuable result.”

In dealing, for instance, with the "history" of the Seven Kings of Rome, Sir G. C. Lewis argues, that if we abstain from arbitrary hypothesis, and adhere to the history which we have received from antiquity, it is a sheer impossibility to form a clear and consistent idea of the government of Rome during the regal period. All the events, he says, have a legendary character, and there is no firm footing for the historical inquirer. "The narrative does not bear the marks of having been founded on the record of observations made by eye and ear witnesses, who were present at the successive events." For, whereas such a narrative, though derived from the reports of various and unconnected persons, must, if properly constructed, be intelligible and coherent, because the events recorded have a real internal unity, and are connected by a continuous thread of causation,—the narrative which is presented to us, so far from answering to this description, seems rather to have been formed out of insulated legends, and other records of traditionary stories, containing an uncertain and indeterminable amount of real fact, and intended, in many instances, to explain the names of persons, places, and public monuments, and the existence of laws and usages, civil and religious.

Now it is well known that Niebuhr has drawn a broad line between the reigns of Romulus and Numa on the one hand, and those of the last five kings on the other. He considers the former to be purely *fabulous* and poetical; the latter, to belong to the mythico-historical period,—when there is a narrative resting on an historical basis, and most of the persons mentioned are real. "With Tullus Hostilius," Niebuhr writes, "we reach the beginning of a new age, and of a narrative resting on historical ground, of a kind totally different from the story of the preceding period." And elsewhere: "The death of Numa forms the conclusion of the first *sæculum*, and an entirely new period follows. . . . Up to this point we have had nothing except poetry; but with Tullus Hostilius a kind of history begins—that is, events are related which must be taken in general as historical, though in the light in which they are presented to us they are not historical. Thus, for example, the destruction of Alba is historical, and so in all probability is the reception of the Albans at Rome. The conquests of Ancus Martius are quite credible; and they appear like an oasis of real history in the midst of fables." Schwegler follows Niebuhr in tracing out this line of demarcation between the first two reigns and the last five. But Sir George contends that it is impossible to discover any ground, either in the contents of the narrative, or in its external evidence, to support this distinction. Romulus, indeed, he says, from the form of the name, appears to be a mere personification of the city of Rome, and to have no better claim to a real existence than Hellen, Danaus, Ægyptus, Tyrrhenus, or Italus: but Numa Pompilius stands on the same ground as the remaining kings, except that he is more ancient; and the narrative of all the reigns, from the first to the last, seems to be constructed on the same principles.

The constitutional accounts of the regal period, our Inquirer considers peculiarly confused and contradictory; the descriptions of the constitution being inconsistent with the accounts of the acts of the successive kings, and the general characteristics attributed to the government inconsistent with each other. Professor Rubino, of Marburg, Niebuhr, and others, contend for the oral traditions of the Roman constitution, as more faithful

and trustworthy than the oral traditions of particular events and exploits. The two classes of traditions differ, they allege, not only in their substance, but in the sources from which they derived their origin, and in the manner by which they were handed down to posterity. Thus, one class, more of an antiquarian character, includes the traditions concerning the constitution, and the religious and civil institutions connected with it; which class, upon an attentive examination, is soon perceived to have, according to Rubino and his assentients, a very different degree of credibility from the other class, wherein are comprehended occurrences more properly of an historical nature,—narratives of wars, transactions with the neighbouring states, adventures of celebrated persons, and generally all those striking events which give interest and brilliancy to the Roman history, particularly in the pages of Livy. The former, or constitutional series, were in part reduced to writing, says Rubino, at an early period; but even where they were handed down by a merely oral doctrine, were connected with permanent institutions, were kept alive by the proceedings of the Senate, the courts of justice, and the popular assembly, and carefully passed on by statesmen and priests to their successors. The latter, or historico-biographical series, on the other hand, were for a long time left to the exclusive keeping of popular tradition; and from their nature were exposed to the embellishments of fancy, and to the distortions of national and family pride. Hence it is inferred, the reasons which prove that the later Romans were destitute of an accurate knowledge of the events and circumstances of their early ages, apply almost exclusively to the historical class of traditions, not to those concerning the constitution.

So, again, Niebuhr affirms, that during the very ages whose story we can hardly do more than guess at, there was such a proportion and correspondence among the various parts of the constitution, that when a few traces and remains of intelligible import have been brought to light, safe and certain conclusions may be drawn from them concerning other things from which we have no means of clearing away the rubbish, or of which the lowest foundation stones have been torn up: just as in mathematics, if a few points are given, we may dispense with an actual measurement. Niebuhr considers all the accounts of Rome down to the first secession of the Plebs, in the year 494 B.C., as devoid of historical foundation. But from that epoch he professes to see clearly that, in spite of all scepticism, a critical examination of the facts results in the restoration and establishment of a certain and credible history—a “genuine, connected, substantially perfect history,” though occasionally intermixed with fiction and inaccuracy. The early Roman historians, he thinks, possessed a correct knowledge of the constitutional history of their country; and he specifies, as the two writers who possessed this knowledge in the greatest perfection, Fabius Pictor, and one Junius Gracchanus, a contemporary of the Gracchi, a writer on subjects of a legal and constitutional nature. To approach to the views entertained by these two authorities, respecting the ancient constitution and its changes, Niebuhr declares to be the highest aim of his own researches: for these views, he feels assured, were absolutely correct, while he believes them to have been unfaithfully represented in many instances, by Dionysius, Livy, and the other later writers, who misunderstood and misinterpreted

the obsolete technical expressions of constitutional law used by their predecessors. And at this point issue is joined by Niebuhr and Rubino; for while Niebuhr undertakes to restore from conjecture the forms of the early constitution which the writers of the Augustan age misinterpreted, Rubino considers any such procedure inadmissible—maintaining, in his turn, that there was only one constitutional history received among the Romans: that this history, as understood in the latter period of the Republic, by well-educated Romans, conversant with public affairs, is the true history: and that if the version of the Roman constitution, as adopted by the Romans themselves, is not followed, but is altered by conjecture, all firm historical footing is abandoned; unless we believe that Niebuhr was possessed of a mysterious gift, which enabled him to see what was invisible to all other eyes.

It is allowed by the Inquirer that, so far as an accurate memory and perpetuation of previous constitutional practice is implied in the use of precedents, the history of the constitution may, according to the distinction taken by Rubino, be more faithfully preserved by oral tradition, than the history of single events, such as battles, tumults, pestilences, and exploits of eminent persons. But no such broad line, he objects, can be drawn between the history of a constitution and historical events as this distinction appears to assume. Unless we are more or less informed respecting the events of the history of any country, we cannot follow the progress of its constitution.

“For example, if we take England during the seventeenth century, we cannot treat its constitutional changes *in vacuo*, and as abstracted from all public transactions and occurrences. The constitutional history of England during that period cannot be understood, unless we are informed as to the nature of the struggle between Charles and the Parliament; the characters of the leaders of the contending parties; the grounds of the civil war, and the manner of its outbreak; its progress and final issue; the king's execution; the Protectorate; and lastly, the restoration of kingly government under Charles II. Similar facts must in like manner be known before the progress of the constitution, during the reign of Charles II. and after the expulsion of James II., can be rightly appreciated. The most approved writers who have described the progress of a constitution during an historical period (for example, Mr. Hallam) have combined their subject with the events and actions of the time; and have introduced into their narrative all the main facts which serve to keep the political drama in motion. Without knowing the events and facts, we cannot know that constitutional forms retain the same meaning. The forms of a government may be preserved intact, while its essence and operation have undergone a radical change. They may become a mere mask, behind which the real face is concealed. Among a people like the Romans, who attached great importance to legal forms, and to the connexion of religion with the State, it was peculiarly likely that constitutional changes, demanded by the altered state of society, and by the increased power of new classes of the community, should be effected with little apparent departure from ancient usage. A constitutional history, written without a knowledge of events and actions, and of the forces silently operating through society, might represent Augustus Cæsar as the mere annual magistrate of a free commonwealth,

or might suppose that the relations of Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria to their respective parliaments were identical." So much by way of general remark on the preservation of the early constitutional history of Rome by oral tradition. The Inquirer afterwards proceeds to examine in detail some of the evidence on which the chief constitutional changes rest—and it is a cross-examination certainly of a stringent, sifting, and, if not always, at least sometimes, damaging kind.

In his fourth, fifth, and sixth chapters, Sir George investigates the nature of the materials for the formation of a narrative of early Roman history, which might be at the command of Fabius Pictor, Cincius, and Cato Censor, when they began to write their accounts of that period, during the Second Punic War. He finds that there was a continuous list of annual magistrates, more or less complete and authentic, ascending to the commencement of the consular government; that from the burning of the city, there was a series of meagre official annals, kept by the chief pontiffs; that many ancient treaties, and texts of laws—including the laws of the Twelve Tables—were preserved; together with notes of ancient usages and rules of customary law—both civil and religious—recorded in the books of the pontiffs, and of some of the civil magistrates; and that these documentary sources of history, which furnished merely the dry skeleton of a narrative, were clothed with flesh and muscle by the addition of various stories, handed down from preceding times by oral tradition. Some assistance, he thinks, may have been derived from popular songs, and still more from family memoirs; but there is nothing, he contends, to show or to make it probable that private families began to record the deeds of their distinguished members, before any chronicler had arisen for the events which interested the commonwealth as a whole.

The hypothesis that popular poems, combined with funeral panegyrics, formed the groundwork of early Roman history, is discussed in this work with particular attention. The Dutch philologist, Perizonius, some three centuries ago threw out a suggestion that the history in question was derived from a poetical origin, but the conjecture was little accounted of; and to Niebuhr is ascribed the virtual merit of the hypothesis, which he placed in what Lewis calls so specious and attractive a form, as to obtain the assent of many of the first authority, German, French, and English. Of the latter, the best known among ourselves is Mr. Macaulay, who has so lucidly and forcibly expounded and adopted the hypothesis in the Preface to his *Lays*. We are all supposed to be more or less familiar with Macaulay's argument, from the poetical character of the early Roman history, that the narrative must have been derived ultimately from a poem—that early history being indeed far more poetical than anything else in Latin literature: witness the loves of the Vestal and the God of War; the cradle laid among the reeds of Tiber; the fig-tree, the she-wolf, the shepherd's cabin, the recognition, the fratricide, the rape of the Sabines, the death of Tarpeia, the fall of Hostilius, the struggle of Mettus Curtius through the marsh; the women rushing with torn raiment and dishevelled hair between their fathers and their husbands; the nightly meetings of Numa and the nymph by the well in the sacred grove, the fight of the three Romans and the three Albans, the purchase of the Sibylline books, the crime of Tullia, the

insulated madness of Brutus, the ambiguous reply of the British oracle to the Tarquins, the heroic actions of him who tamed the noble river that rolls by the towers of Rome,

Oh, Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!

as, with his harness on his back, he plunged headlong in the tide of blood fast flowing, and his tired frame enfeebled with pain, as that the thrilled and thrilled spectators on the banks thronged in him, smiling though still again he rose, and stood on dry earth at last—to be the charoched hero for all time of the story told, with weeping and with laughter, in winter nights, "when young and old in circle around: firebrands close,"

How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old:

the heroic doings, too, of Scaevola, and of Cloelia, and the battle of Regillus, from which came back in such triumph the chief

Who in the hour of fight,
Had seen the Great Twin Brethren
In harness on his right:—

and again, the defence of Cremera, the story of Coriolanus, and that of the maiden whom, as she went bounding from the school, in girlish innocence and glee,

With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
false Appius watched with evil glances,

And loved her with the accursed love of his accursed race,
And all along the Forum, and up the sacred street,
His vulture eye pursued the trip of those small glancing feet,

and plotted ruin, and performed it, too ruthlessly, too speedily, against

The home that was the happiest within the Roman walls.

These stories, says the actual creator and professed restorer of the *Lays of Ancient Rome*, retain much of their genuine character in the narrative of Livy, who was a man of fine imagination; nor could even the tasteless Dionysius, it is added, distort and mutilate them into mere prose. "The poetry shines, in spite of him, through the dreary pedantry of his eleven books. It is discernible in the most tedious and in the most superficial modern works on the early times of Rome. It enlivens the dulness of the *Universal History*, and gives a charm to the most meagre abridgments of Goldsmith."

Sir George Lewis demurs to the "poetical" argument, as decidedly as he does to so many other of what are considered Niebuhr's strong points. Can it be laid down generally, he asks, that poetical images and incidents never exist without a metrical original, and are never found without the limits of a poem? Is it safe to infer, from the poetical character of a narrative, that it was derived from a composition in verse, and not in prose?

“Numerous instances will at once recur to the memory, where such an inference would lead to erroneous results. Much of the Greek mythology was taken from the early epic poetry; but much of it likewise existed in the form of traditionary legends, propagated by repetition, and not reduced into a metrical form. Many of the stories reduced to writing by the early logographers, and by other prose writers down to the time of Pausanias, together with many adopted by the lyric poets and the tragedians as the themes of their compositions, fulfilled all the conditions which this hypothesis assumes to be evidence of a poem. They abounded with striking, pathetic, and interesting events; they often deviated from the course of nature; they were distinguished by brilliancy of imagination, and variety of incidents. Yet their original form was that of a prose legend; and the work of the poet was of subsequent date. The story of the Argonauts, for example, from the first departure of the speaking ship, to the revenge of Medea upon Jason’s children, is full of poetical situations, images, and characters. Nevertheless, it did not originate in any poem; nor have we any reason to believe that Euripides and Apollonius Rhodius were assisted by any previous poets in their treatment of the subject.” Sir George cites, in addition, the tales of fiction related by Boccaccio, and other of the Italian novelists, which, though furnishing materials for many poetical works, were themselves of prose origin, and did not come from any metrical source: many of them are in the highest degree poetical—abound with touches of tenderness, sublimity, and passion—and are distinguished by variety and novelty of incident: they have been used by Shakspeare, Dryden, and other great poets, as the groundwork of their compositions; but although they thus assumed the form of poems, they were, in their original prose form, full of poetical materials. So again with the Arabian Nights, which are replete with poetical fancy and invention—confessedly teeming with the luxuriance of Oriental fiction, without being deformed by its wildness and extravagance: yet are the Arabian Nights’ prose narratives like so many other of the Eastern stories. And once more—the fictitious world created by the Rosicrucian philosophy, with its gnomes, sylphs, undines, and salamanders, though forming a circle of poetical imagery, rising above the laws of nature, and attractive to the fancy, was first invested with the graces of metre, and first engrafted into “poetry” by him (poet or no poet) of the Rape of the Lock.

Of one mettlesome adversary, the author of the Lays, Sir George takes leave with a half reproach and a full-blown compliment, in *tu quoque* style,—begging to remark, that Mr. Macaulay is one of the last persons who should treat brilliant and striking passages in a prose history, glowing with poetical warmth, and diversified with poetical imagery, as proofs of a metrical original. “If passages of this sort are to be accepted as evidence of a derivation from a concealed poem, he must submit to be deprived of the honours of the authorship of much of his own historical composition.”

The Inquirer’s own position is, that there is nothing in the fictitious part of the early Roman history which may not be accounted for, by supposing that it consists of legends, floating in the popular memory, composed of elements partly real, but chiefly unreal, and moulded into a connected form as they passed from mouth to mouth, the picturesque, in-

teresting, or touching incidents being selected, and the whole grouped and coloured by the free pencil of tradition. "Even these legends, doubtless, would be improved and polished by the successive historians through whose hands they passed, after they had been once reduced into writing. Such an origin would account for their poetical features, without supposing them derived from a metrical original—from a poem, in the proper sense of the word."

We have no space to follow the author into the minutæ of his Inquiry, when he comes to deal with his subject strictly and searchingly in detail. A careful perusal of these very erudite and *matter-full* volumes will leave few readers, probably, the option to do other than own with Dr. Liddell, that it is impossible to speak too highly of the fulness, the clearness, the patience, the judicial calmness of Sir George's elaborate argument : with Dr. Liddell they will, however, for the most part, furthermore agree, that while the Inquirer's conclusions may be conceded in full for almost all the Wars and Foreign Transactions of early times, there is about the Civil History of early Rome a consistency of progress, and a clearness of intelligence, that would make its fabrication more wonderful than its transmission in a half-traditionary form. When tradition, as the Dean of Christ Church observes, rests solely on memory, it is fleeting and uncertain; but when it is connected with customs, laws, and institutions, such as those of which Rome was justly proud, and to which the *ruling* party clung with desperate tenacity, its evidence must doubtless be carefully sifted and duly investigated, but ought not altogether to be set aside.

Sir George's retrospective review of the investigations of previous inquirers is comprehensive and interesting. He begins from the beginning, and continues to what is to us the end, though *the end is not yet*. He shows how, in the first two centuries after the invention of printing, the history of Rome, for the regal and republican periods, was principally studied in Livy or in the classical compendia of Florus and Eutropius, and in Plutarch's Lives—the work of Dionysius being never generally read, though occasionally consulted. The entire history of Rome was then treated, on the whole, as entitled to implicit belief; all ancient authors were put upon the same footing, and regarded as equally credible; all parts of an author's work were, moreover, supposed to rest on the same basis. Not only, we are reminded, was Livy's authority as high as that of Thucydides or Tacitus, but his account of the kings was considered as credible as that of the wars with Hannibal, Philip, Antiochus, or Perseus : and again, the Lives of Romulus, Numa, or Coriolanus, by Plutarch, were deemed as veracious as those of Fabius Maximus, Sylla, or Cicero. Machiavel, in his "Discourses on the first Decade of Livy," is instanced, as taking this view of the early history : to him the seven kings of Rome are not less real than the twelve Cæsars; and the examples which he derives from the early period of the Republic are not less certain and authentic than if they had been selected from the civil wars of Marius and Sylla, or of Cæsar and Pompey.

Until the beginning of the eighteenth century, it was only in its place within some work of universal history that a narrative of Roman affairs usually appeared; but at that period separate Roman histories began to issue from the press. One of the earliest was Lawrence Echard's;

speedily followed by the twenty quarto volumes of the Jesuits, of which the text was by Catrou, the notes and excursus by Rouillé. Then come Rollin, Hooke, Vertot, &c. All these writers, Sir G. C. Lewis remarks, serve to characterise the period of uninquiring and uncritical reproduction of Roman history: their system was to eliminate marvels and patent improbabilities, to reconcile discrepancies, to harmonise the various accounts into a coherent flowing narrative, and to treat the result as a well-ascertained fact. But about this very time there was aroused a spirit of sceptical inquiry, which ever since has been working busily, and doth still work, more profoundly and audaciously than ever. Even in the seventeenth century, the historical character of the early ages of Rome had been questioned by certain scholars, writing as such, and *ad clerum* only; by Cluverius, Bochart, and Perizonius, in treatises ranging between the years A.D. 1624 and 1685. But the subject was now approached with greater freedom, and in a more popular style. In 1722, M. de Pouilly read an Essay before the French Academy of Inscriptions, to demonstrate the uncertainty of the Roman history, previous to the war with Pyrrhus. The more celebrated Beaufort, a French Protestant refugee, published at Utrecht, in 1738, his severely disenchanting Dissertation—of which the general conclusion is, that not only the history of the regal period, and of the republican period before the capture of Rome by the Gauls, but also of the subsequent republican period from the capture of the city to the close of the fifth century, is uncertain, and full of false or doubtful facts. The inquiries of Beaufort had some manifest influence on subsequent writers on the subject—Adam Ferguson for example; but the question seems to have been well-nigh stagnant until the publication of Niebuhr's History, in 1811-12. "Niebuhr," says Sir George Lewis, "pursued in the main a course similar to that which had been followed by Beaufort, as well in the negative as in the positive treatment of the subject. His learning was more extensive, his knowledge of antiquity and of mediæval history was more comprehensive, his imagination more active, and his memory more capacious, than those of his predecessor; moreover, he undertook to compose a connected history, whereas Beaufort, after his critical dissertation, composed only a description of the political antiquities of Rome, and gave only a brief outline of the events. He likewise shows what part of it is to be believed, and in what sense the traditionary accounts are to be understood. But he carries both his scepticism and his reconstruction further than Beaufort. He exhibits greater boldness both in rejecting and in restoring. In fact, he has to a great extent cast aside the received narrative of Roman history down to the capture of the city by the Gauls, and has substituted another in its place. He has demolished the existing fabric, and out of its ruins he has built a new history, in a form not only different from that in which it has been related by modern writers, but from that in which it had been conceived by Cicero, Dionysius, and Livy."

But the main characteristic of Niebuhr's history is shown to be, the extent to which he relies upon internal evidence, and upon the indications afforded by the narrative itself, independently of the testimony to its truth. Thus, he considers the reigns of Romulus and Numa as purely fabulous and poetical, and the period from Tullus Hostilius to the first secession of the Plebs as mythico-historical—as compounded of truth and

fiction ; while he thinks that a veracious and solid history may, by a proper process of reconstruction, be recovered for the period from the first secession down to the commencement of contemporary registration :—a division of periods wholly scouted by Lewis, as exclusively founded on esoteric grounds, and unsupported by any difference in the external testimony.

The work of Niebuhr he recognises, of course, as a great landmark in the recent treatment of early Roman history. "Almost all the subsequent works on the subject are either founded upon his researches, or are occupied to a great extent with criticisms of his conclusions, and with reasons for rejecting or doubting them. Among the former of these the work of Dr. Arnold stands conspicuous, which had been brought down to the end of the First Punic War, before he was unhappily carried off by a premature death. Among the latter, it will be sufficient to name the work of Becker on 'Roman Antiquities,' continued since his death by Marguardt ; and the History of Schwegler, one volume of which, comprising the regal period, has alone appeared. In these and other works many of Niebuhr's opinions on questions of Roman history are disputed or doubted ; and it may be said, that there is scarcely any of the leading conclusions of Niebuhr's work which have not been impugned by some subsequent writer. Even his views upon the Agrarian laws—the soundest and most valuable portion of his History—have not escaped contradiction in certain points. Furthermore, a recent History of Rome, published at Basle, by Gerlach and Bachofen, and written with considerable erudition, not only repudiates the reconstructive part of Niebuhr's work, but even refuses assent to his negative criticisms, and returns to the old implicit faith in the early period, such as it was in the time of Echard, Catrou, and Rollin. The History of Niebuhr has thus opened more questions than it has closed, and it has set in motion a large body of combatants, whose mutual variances are not at present likely to be settled by deference to a common authority, or by the recognition of any common principle."

The Inquiry of Sir G. C. Lewis himself is eminently and emphatically negative in its results. He assails Niebuhr's affirmative positions, but substitutes none of his own ; on the contrary, seeks to demonstrate the hopelessness of affirmation in such a cause—the futility of building on sands so shifting and treachery—the uselessness of essaying to make bricks without straw, without clay, without aught but the will to make them, or to suggest how they might be made. In short, as the Quarterly Reviewer has said of this able and elaborate Inquiry, its conclusions as to the early history of Rome may be summed up in the single line,

All that we know is, nothing can be known.

END OF VOL. CVII.

C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.







