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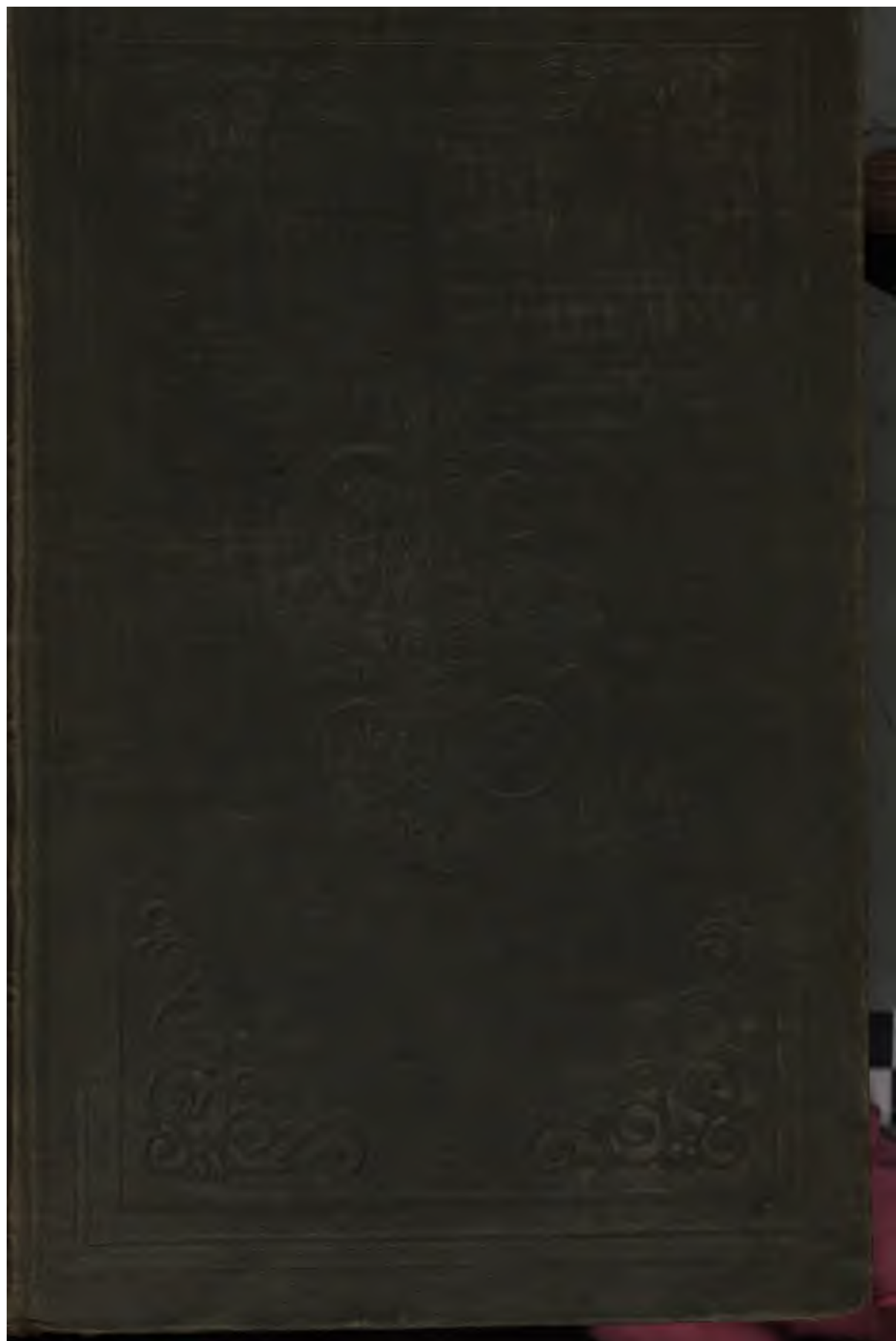
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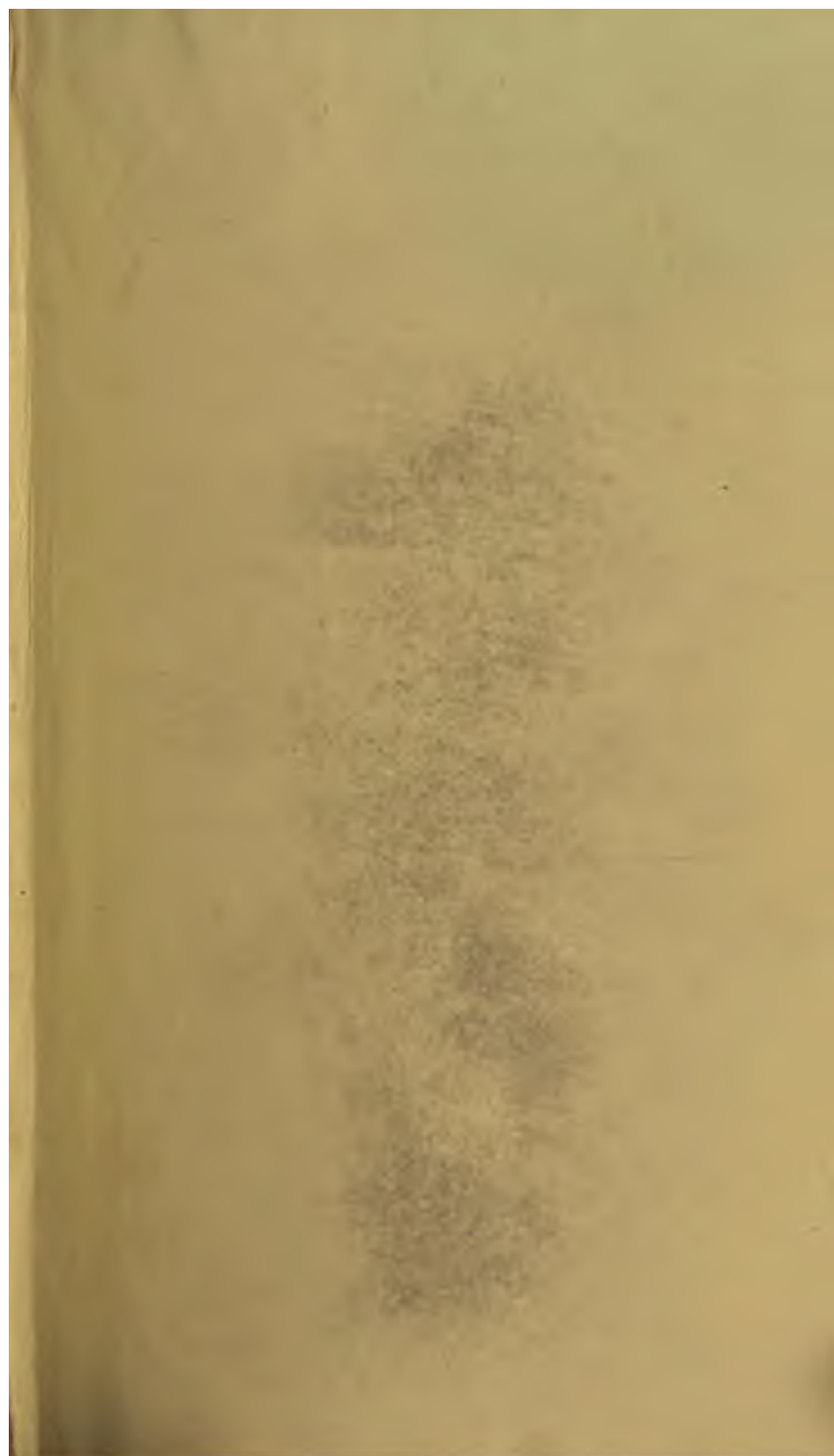
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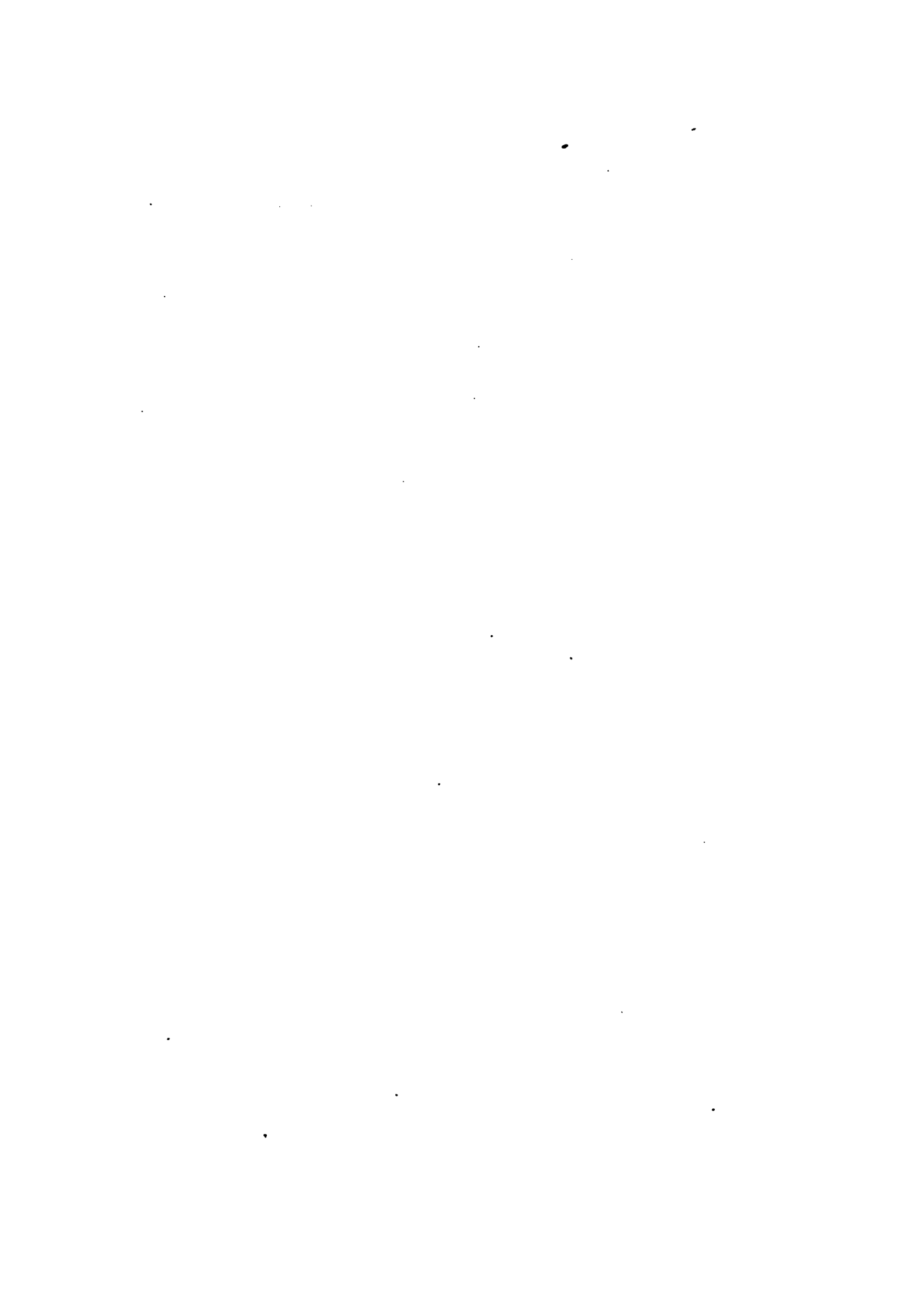
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BENTLEY'S
MISCELLANY.

VOL. III.

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P R E F A C E.

THE Third Volume of this work stands in need of very few observations from the Editor, for its success fortunately renders any remarks from him, in introduction of it, unnecessary.

He leaves it to make its entry without any preliminary flourish of trumpets, and hopes that the next ten or twenty volumes will do better still, and speak so well for themselves as to render it needless for him to say even a word in their behalf.

June 1, 1838.

CONTENTS

OF THE

THIRD VOLUME.

PAPERS by Boz :

Oliver Twist; or, the Parish Boy's Progress
Page 1, 105, 209, 313, 417, 521

Papers by George Hogarth :

French Literary Ladies 17

The Poisoners of the Seventeenth Century—the Duchess of Orleans 121

The Passage of the Sebeto, by J. B. Le Gros 29

A Night of Terror, by the Author of "Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman" 33

Papers by Delta :

Fictions of the Middle Ages, No. II.—Bonomye the Usurer 44

No. III. The Professor of Toledo 544

Papers by Mark Lemon :

A True History of the celebrated Wedgwood Hieroglyphic commonly called the Willow Pattern 61

Cupid and the Rose 65

Papers by Captain Medwin :

The Three Sisters, a Romance of real Life 66

The Innkeeper of Andermatt 143

The Two Sisters 278

The Cuisine Maigre 367

Poetical Epistle to "Boz," by Father Prout 71

Papers by Joyce Jocund :

All's Well that ends well (not Shakspeare's) 72

A little Lot for Mr. George Robins 506

The Contrast 510

Lines to — 77

A Chapter on Seals, by H. I. M. 78

Papers by G. Dance :

The Madrigal of the Seasons 82

The Laurel, the Rose, and the Vine 120

| | |
|--|----------|
| Family Dramaticals, by the Author of " Tales of an Antiquary" | Page 83 |
| The Bird of Paradise | 90 |
| A Tale of Grammarye, by " Dalton" | 91 |
| Family Stories, by Thomas Ingoldsby : | |
| No. VIII. Dr. Ingoldsby's Story | 95 |
| IX. The Nurse's Story | 299 |
| The Golden Legend, No. I. A Lay of St. Nicholas | 494 |
| The Temptations of St. Anthony | 100 |
| The New Year, by the Author of " Headlong Hall" | 104 |
| Y ^o Angler's Advyse | 134 |
| A private Account of the late Fire | 135 |
| The Female Walton | 136 |
| A Sporting Ramble in the Highlands | 137 |
| Papers by Old Nicholas : | |
| Sonnet to Friendship | 158 |
| Sonnet in a Churchyard | 208 |
| The Reconciliation ; or, the Dream | 369 |
| The Poet's Frenzy | 149 |
| The Portrait Gallery, by the Author of " Adventures of an Irish Gentleman" | |
| Nos. V. and VI. The Cannon Family at Boulogne | 150, 452 |
| Two of a Trade—the Persian Barber, by the Author of " Hajji Baba" | 159 |
| Poems by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson : | |
| On contemplating the Heavens by Moonlight | 166 |
| Music is sweet | 341 |
| English Comforts, by a German | 167 |
| A Dream | 172 |
| Artists and Works of Art in England | 173 |
| Chequered Life | 181 |
| Memoir of the Rev. Robert Hogg, by the Author of " Stories of Waterloo" | 182 |
| Concert Extraordinary | 190 |
| Nights at Sea, by the " Old Sailor :" | |
| No. VII. The Ruse, the Duello, and the Naval Sportsman | 191 |
| VIII. The Battle of the Nile, the Dying Prisoner | 378 |
| IX. The Burial at Sea—Sling the Monkey—the Pirate Craft | 585 |
| The Three Damsels | 203 |
| One of Many Tales, by a neglected Operative | 205 |
| The Poppy | 224 |
| Shakspeare Papers, by Dr. Maginn : | |
| No. VI. Timon of Athens | 225 |
| VII. Polonius | 470 |
| There's no Mistake in that, by Tristram Merrythought | 242 |
| Papers by W. J. Thoms : | |
| Versailles | 244 |
| A Chapter on Clowns | 617 |

| | |
|---|----------|
| Book-making considered as one of the Fine Arts, by F. J. F. | Page 465 |
| The Raven | 469 |
| Song | 479 |
| The Leg | 480 |
| Spring | 484 |
| The Postman, by Dr. Litchfield | 493 |
| Babiography | 507 |
| The Diary of a Manuscript-hunter | 511 |
| Conundrum | 520 |
| Love, Hope, and Joy | 535 |
| A Plain Case | 543 |
| A Gleam of the Past | 552 |
| The Widow cured, or more than the Doctor at fault | 553 |
| Poems by Julian : | |
| Darkness | 555 |
| A Fragment | 563 |
| Mr. Buggins, by Vaslyn | 556 |
| The Bibliophilist, by T. Raikes | 564 |
| The Queen of Spring, by Camilla Toulmin | 577 |
| Verses | 600 |
| Index | 625 |

ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

| | |
|--|------|
| | Page |
| Oliver Twist—the Burglary | 1 |
| Temptations of St. Anthony | 100 |
| Oliver Twist—Mr. Bumble and Mrs. Corney taking tea | 105 |
| Nights at Sea—a practical Joke | 191 |
| Oliver Twist—Mr. Claypole as he appeared when his Master was out | 209 |
| The little Grey Man and the Fairies | 305 |
| Oliver Twist at Mrs. Maylie's door | 313 |
| Nights at Sea—the Battle of the Nile | 378 |
| Oliver Twist waited on by the Bow-street Runners | 417 |
| The Golden Legend | 496 |
| Oliver Twist | 521 |
| Nights at Sea | 585 |



George Cruikshank

The Burglary

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

OLIVER TWIST;

OR, THE PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS.

BY BOZ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

WHEREIN OLIVER IS DELIVERED OVER TO MR. WILLIAM SIKES.

WHEN Oliver awoke in the morning, he was a good deal surprised to find that a new pair of shoes with strong thick soles had been placed at his bedside, and that his old ones had been removed. At first he was pleased with the discovery, hoping it might be the forerunner of his release; but such thoughts were quickly dispelled on his sitting down to breakfast alone with the Jew, who told him, in a tone and manner which increased his alarm, that he was to be taken to the residence of Bill Sikes that night.

"To—to—stop there, sir?" asked Oliver anxiously.

"No, no, my dear, not to stop there," replied the Jew. "We shouldn't like to lose you. Don't be afraid, Oliver; you shall come back to us again. Ha! ha! ha! We won't be so cruel as to send you away, my dear. Oh no, no!"

The old man, who was stooping over the fire toasting a piece of bread, looked round as he bantered Oliver thus, and chuckled as if to show that he knew he would still be very glad to get away if he could.

"I suppose," said the Jew, fixing his eyes on Oliver, "you want to know what you're going to Bill's for—eh, my dear?"

Oliver coloured involuntarily to find that the old thief had been reading his thoughts; but boldly said, Yes, he did want to know.

"Why, do you think?" inquired Fagin, parrying the question.

"Indeed I don't know, sir," replied Oliver.

"Bah!" said the Jew, turning away with a disappointed countenance from a close perusal of Oliver's face. "Wait till Bill tells you, then."

The Jew seemed much vexed by Oliver's not expressing any greater curiosity on the subject; but the truth is, that, although he felt very anxious, he was too much confused by the earnest

cunning of Fagin's looks, and his own speculations, to make any further inquiries just then. He had no other opportunity; for the Jew remained very surly and silent till night, when he prepared to go abroad.

"You may burn a candle," said the Jew, putting one upon the table; "and here's a book for you to read till they come to fetch you. Good-night!"

"Good-night, sir!" replied Oliver softly.

The Jew walked to the door, looking over his shoulder at the boy as he went, and, suddenly stopping, called him by his name.

Oliver looked up; the Jew, pointing to the candle, motioned to him to light it. He did so; and, as he placed the candlestick upon the table, saw that the Jew was gazing fixedly at him with lowering and contracted brows from the dark end of the room.

"Take heed, Oliver! take heed!" said the old man, shaking his right hand before him in a warning manner. "He's a rough man, and thinks nothing of blood when his own is up. Whatever falls out, say nothing; and do what he bids you. Mind!" Placing a strong emphasis on the last word, he suffered his features gradually to resolve themselves into a ghastly grin; and, nodding his head, left the room.

Oliver leant his head upon his hand when the old man disappeared, and pondered with a trembling heart on the words he had just heard. The more he thought of the Jew's admonition, the more he was at a loss to divine its real purpose and meaning. He could think of no bad object to be attained by sending him to Sikes which would not be equally well answered by his remaining with Fagin; and, after meditating for a long time, concluded that he had been selected to perform some ordinary menial offices for the housebreaker, until another boy, better suited for his purpose, could be engaged. He was too well accustomed to suffering, and had suffered too much where he was, to bewail the prospect of a change very severely. He remained lost in thought for some minutes, and then, with a heavy sigh, snuffed the candle, and, taking up the book which the Jew had left with him, began to read.

He turned over the leaves carelessly at first, but, lighting on a passage which attracted his attention, soon became intent upon the volume. It was a history of the lives and trials of great criminals, and the pages were soiled and thumbed with use. Here, he read of dreadful crimes that make the blood run cold; of secret murders that had been committed by the lonely wayside, and bodies hidden from the eye of man in deep pits and wells, which would not keep them down, deep as they were, but had yielded them up at last, after many years, and so maddened the murderers with the sight, that in their horror they had confessed their guilt, and yelled for the gibbet to end their agony. Here, too, he read of men who, lying in their beds at dead of

night, had been tempted and led on by their own bad thoughts to such dreadful bloodshed as it made the flesh creep and the limbs quail to think of. The terrible descriptions were so vivid and real, that the sallow pages seemed to turn red with gore, and the words upon them to be sounded in his ears as if they were whispered in hollow murmurs by the spirits of the dead.

In a paroxysm of fear the boy closed the book and thrust it from him. Then, falling upon his knees, he prayed Heaven to spare him from such deeds, and rather to will that he should die at once, than be reserved for crimes so fearful and appalling. By degrees he grew more calm, and besought, in a low and broken voice, that he might be rescued from his present dangers: and that if any aid were to be raised up for a poor outcast boy, who had never known the love of friends or kindred, it might come to him now, when, desolate and deserted, he stood alone in the midst of wickedness and guilt.

He had concluded his prayer, but still remained with his head buried in his hands, when a rustling noise aroused him.

"What's that!" he cried, starting up, and catching sight of a figure standing by the door. "Who's there?"

"Me—only me," replied a tremulous voice.

Oliver raised the candle above his head, and looked towards the door. It was Nancy.

"Put down the light," said the girl, turning away her head: "it hurts my eyes."

Oliver saw that she was very pale, and gently inquired if she were ill. The girl threw herself into a chair, with her back towards him, and wrung her hands; but made no reply.

"God forgive me!" she cried after a while, "I never thought of all this."

"Has anything happened?" asked Oliver. "Can I help you? I will if I can; I will indeed."

She rocked herself to and fro, and then, wringing her hands violently, caught her throat, and, uttering a gurgling sound, struggled and gasped for breath.

"Nancy!" cried Oliver, greatly alarmed. "What is it?"

The girl burst into a fit of loud laughter, beating her hands upon her knees, and her feet upon the ground, meanwhile; and, suddenly stopping, drew her shawl close round her, and shivered with cold.

Oliver stirred the fire. Drawing her chair close to it, she sat there for a little time without speaking, but at length she raised her head and looked round.

"I don't know what comes over me sometimes," said the girl, affecting to busy herself in arranging her dress; "it's this damp, dirty room, I think. Now, Nolly, dear, are you ready?"

"Am I to go with you?" asked Oliver.

"Yes; I have come from Bill," replied the girl. "You are to go with me."

"What for?" said Oliver recoiling.

"What for!" echoed the girl, raising her eyes, and averting them again the moment they encountered the boy's face. "Oh! for no harm."

"I don't believe it," said Oliver, who had watched her closely.

"Have it your own way," rejoined the girl, affecting to laugh. "For no good, then."

Oliver could see that he had some power over the girl's better feelings, and for an instant thought of appealing to her compassion for his helpless state. But then the thought darted across his mind that it was barely eleven o'clock, and that many people were still in the streets, of whom surely some might be found to give credence to his tale. As the reflection occurred to him, he stepped forward, and said somewhat hastily that he was ready.

Neither his brief consideration nor its purport were lost upon his companion. She eyed him narrowly while he spoke, and cast upon him a look of intelligence which sufficiently showed that she guessed what had been passing in his thoughts.

"Hush!" said the girl, stooping over him, and pointing to the door as she looked cautiously round. "You can't help yourself. I have tried hard for you, but all to no purpose. You are hedged round and round; and, if ever you are to get loose from here, this is not the time."

Struck by the energy of her manner, Oliver looked up in her face with great surprise. She seemed to speak the truth; her countenance was white and agitated, and she trembled with very earnestness.

"I have saved you from being ill-used once, and I will again, and I do now," continued the girl aloud; "for those who would have fetched you, if I had not, would have been far more rough than me. I have promised for your being quiet and silent; if you are not, you will only do harm to yourself and me too, and perhaps be my death. See here! I have borne all this for you already, as true as God sees me show it."

She pointed hastily to some livid bruises upon her neck and arms, and continued with great rapidity.

"Remember this, and don't let me suffer more for you just now. If I could help you I would, but I have not the power: they don't mean to harm you; and whatever they make you do, is no fault of yours. Hush! every word from you is a blow for me: give me your hand—make haste, your hand!"

She caught the hand which Oliver instinctively placed in hers, and, blowing out the light, drew him after her up the stairs. The door was opened quickly by some one shrouded in the darkness, and as quickly closed when they had passed out. A hackney cabriolet was in waiting; and, with the same vehemence which she had exhibited in addressing Oliver, the

girl pulled him in with her, and drew the curtains close. The driver wanted no directions, but lashed his horse into full speed without the delay of an instant.

The girl still held Oliver fast by the hand, and continued to pour into his ear the warnings and assurances she had already imparted. All was so quick and hurried, that he had scarcely time to recollect where he was, or how he came there, when the carriage stopped at the same house to which the Jew's steps had been directed on the previous evening.

For one brief moment Oliver cast a hurried glance along the empty street, and a cry for help hung upon his lips. But the girl's voice was in his ear, beseeching him in such tones of agony to remember her, that he had not the heart to utter it; and while he hesitated, the opportunity was gone, for he was already in the house, and the door was shut.

"This way," said the girl, releasing her hold for the first time. "Bill!"

"Hallo!" replied Sikes, appearing at the head of the stairs with a candle. "Oh! that's the time of day. Come on!"

This was a very strong expression of approbation, and an uncommonly hearty welcome, from a person of Mr. Sikes's temperament; Nancy, appearing much gratified thereby, saluted him cordially.

"Bullseye's gone home with Tom," observed Sikes as he lighted them up. "He'd have been in the way."

"That's right," rejoined Nancy.

"So you've got the kid," said Sikes, when they had all reached the room: closing the door as he spoke.

"Yes, here he is," replied Nancy.

"Did he come quiet?" inquired Sikes.

"Like a lamb," rejoined Nancy.

"I'm glad to hear it," said Sikes, looking grimly at Oliver, "for the sake of his young carcass, as would otherways have suffered for it. Come here, young 'un, and let me read you a lectur', which is as well got over at once."

Thus addressing his new *protégé*, Mr. Sikes pulled off his cap and threw it into a corner; and then, taking him by the shoulder, sat himself down by the table, and stood Oliver in front of him.

"Now first, do you know wot this is?" inquired Sikes, taking up a pocket-pistol which lay on the table.

Oliver replied in the affirmative.

"Well then, look here," continued Sikes. "This is powder, that 'ere's a bullet, and this is a little bit of a old hat for waddin'."

Oliver murmured his comprehension of the different bodies referred to, and Mr. Sikes proceeded to load the pistol with great nicety and deliberation.

"Now it's loaded," said Mr. Sikes when he had finished.

"Yes, I see it is, sir," replied Oliver, trembling.

"Well," said the robber, grasping Oliver's wrist tightly, and putting the barrel so close to his temple that they touched, at which moment the boy could not repress a shriek; "if you speak a word when you're out o' doors with me, except when I speak to you, that loading will be in your head without notice—so, if you *do* make up your mind to speak without leave, say your prayers first."

Having bestowed a scowl upon the object of this warning, to increase its effect, Mr. Sikes continued.

"As near as I know, there isn't anybody as would be asking very partickler arter you, if you *was* disposed of; so I needn't take this devil-and-all of trouble to explain matters to you if it war'n't for your own good. D'ye hear?"

"The short and the long of what you mean," said Nancy, speaking very emphatically, and slightly frowning at Oliver, as if to bespeak his serious attention to her words, "is, that if you're crossed by him in this job you have on hand, you'll prevent his ever telling tales afterwards, by shooting him through the head, and take your chance of swinging for it as you do for a great many other things in the way of business every month of your life."

"That's it!" observed Mr. Sikes approvingly; "women can always put things in fewest words, except when it's blowing-up, and then they lengthens it out. And now that he's thoroughly up to it, let's have some supper, and get a snooze afore starting."

In pursuance of this request, Nancy quickly laid the cloth, and, disappearing for a few minutes, presently returned with a pot of porter and a dish of sheeps' heads, which gave occasion to several pleasant witticisms on the part of Mr. Sikes, founded upon the singular coincidence of "jemmies" being a cant name common to them and an ingenious implement much used in his profession. Indeed, the worthy gentleman, stimulated perhaps by the immediate prospect of being in active service, was in great spirits and good-humour; in proof whereof it may be here remarked, that he humorously drank all the beer at draught, and did not utter, on a rough calculation, more than fourscore oaths during the whole progress of the meal.

Supper being ended,—it may be easily conceived that Oliver had no great appetite for it,—Mr. Sikes disposed of a couple of glasses of spirits and water, and threw himself upon the ordering Nancy, with many imprecations in case of failure, to call him at five precisely. Oliver stretched himself, in readiness, by command of the same authority, on a mattress on the floor; and the girl, mending the fire, sat before it, in readiness to rouse them at the appointed time.

For a long time Oliver lay awake, thinking it not improbable that Nancy might seek that opportunity of whispering

further advice, but the girl sat brooding over the fire without moving, save now and then to trim the light: weary with watching and anxiety, he at length fell asleep.

When he awoke, the table was covered with tea-things, and Sikes was thrusting various articles into the pockets of his great-coat which hung over the back of a chair, while Nancy was busily engaged in preparing breakfast. It was not yet daylight, for the candle was still burning, and it was quite dark outside. A sharp rain, too, was beating against the window-panes, and the sky looked black and cloudy.

"Now, then!" growled Sikes, as Oliver started up; "half-past five! Look sharp, or you'll get no breakfast, for it's late as it is."

Oliver was not long in making his toilet; and, having taken some breakfast, replied to a surly inquiry from Sikes, by saying that he was quite ready.

Nancy, scarcely looking at the boy, threw him a handkerchief to tie round his throat, and Sikes gave him a large rough cape to button over his shoulders. Thus attired, he gave his hand to the robber, who, merely pausing to show him, with a menacing gesture, that he had the pistol in a side-pocket of his great-coat, clasped it firmly in his, and, exchanging a farewell with Nancy, led him away.

Oliver turned round for an instant when they reached the door, in the hope of meeting a look from the girl; but she had resumed her old seat in front of the fire, and sat perfectly motionless before it.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

THE EXPEDITION.

It was a cheerless morning when they got into the street, blowing and raining hard, and the clouds looking dull and stormy. The night had been very wet, for large pools of water had collected in the road, and the kennels were overflowing. There was a faint glimmering of the coming day in the sky, but it rather aggravated than relieved the gloom of the scene, the sombre light only serving to pale that which the street-lamps afforded, without shedding any warmer or brighter tints upon the wet housetops and dreary streets. There appeared to be nobody stirring in that quarter of the town, for the windows of the houses were all closely shut, and the streets through which they passed noiseless and empty.

By the time they had turned into the Bethnal Green road the day had fairly begun to break. Many of the lamps were already extinguished, a few country waggons were slowly toiling on towards London, and now and then a stage-coach, covered with mud, rattled briskly by, the driver bestowing, as he passed, an admonitory lash upon the heavy waggoner, who, by keeping on the wrong side of the road, had endangered his arriving at

the office a quarter of a minute after his time. The public-houses, with gas-lights burning inside, were already open. By degrees other shops began to be unclosed, and a few scattered people were met with. Then came straggling groups of labourers going to their work; then men and women with fish-baskets on their heads, donkey-carts laden with vegetables, chaise-carts filled with live-stock or whole carcasses of meat, milkwomen with pails, and an unbroken concourse of people trudging out with various supplies to the eastern suburbs of the town. As they approached the City, the noise and traffic gradually increased; and, when they threaded the streets between Shoreditch and Smithfield, it had swelled into a roar of sound and bustle. It was as light as it was likely to be till night set in again, and the busy morning of half the London population had begun.

Turning down Sun-street and Crown-street, and crossing Finsbury-square, Mr. Sikes struck, by way of Chiswell-street, into Barbican, thence into Long-lane, and so into Smithfield, from which latter place arose a tumult of discordant sounds that filled Oliver Twist with surprise and amazement.

It was market-morning. The ground was covered nearly ankle-deep with filth and mire; and a thick steam perpetually rising from the reeking bodies of the cattle, and mingling with the fog, which seemed to rest upon the chimney-tops, hung heavily above. All the pens in the centre of the large area, and as many temporary ones as could be crowded into the vacant space, were filled with sheep; and, tied up to posts by the gutter side, were long lines of beasts and oxen three or four deep. Countrymen, butchers, drovers, hawkers, boys, thieves, idlers, and vagabonds of every low grade, were mingled together in a dense mass: the whistling of drovers, the barking of dogs, the bellowing and plunging of beasts, the bleating of sheep, and grunting and squeaking of pigs; the cries of hawkers, the shouts, oaths, and quarrelling on all sides, the ringing of bells and roar of voices that issued from every public-house; the crowding, pushing, driving, beating, whooping, and yelling; the hideous and discordant din that resounded from every corner of the market; and the unwashed, unshaven, squalid, and dirty figures constantly running to and fro, and bursting in and out of the throng, rendered it a stunning and bewildering scene which quite confounded the senses.

Mr. Sikes, dragging Oliver after him, elbowed his way through the thickest of the crowd, and bestowed very little attention upon the numerous sights and sounds which so astonished the boy. He nodded twice or thrice to a passing friend: and, resisting as many invitations to take a morning dram, pressed steadily onward until they were clear of the turmoil, and had made their way through Hosier-lane into Holborn.

"Now, young 'un!" said Sikes surlily, looking up at the

clock of St. Andrew's church, "hard upon seven! you must step out. Come, don't lag behind already, Lazy-legs!"

Mr. Sikes accompanied this speech with a fierce jerk at his little companion's wrist; and Oliver, quickening his pace into a kind of trot, between a fast walk and a run, kept up with the rapid strides of the housebreaker as well as he could.

They kept on their course at this rate until they had passed Hyde-Park corner, and were on their way to Kensington, when Sikes relaxed his pace until an empty cart, which was at some little distance behind, came up: when, seeing "Hounslow" written upon it, he asked the driver, with as much civility as he could assume, if he would give them a lift as far as Isleworth?

"Jump up," said the man. "Is that your boy?"

"Yes; he's my boy," replied Sikes, looking hard at Oliver, and putting his hand abstractedly into the pocket where the pistol was.

"Your father walks rather too quick for you; don't he, my man?" inquired the driver, seeing that Oliver was out of breath.

"Not a bit of it," replied Sikes, interposing. "He's used to it. Here, take hold of my hand, Ned. In with you!"

Thus addressing Oliver, he helped him into the cart; and the driver, pointing to a heap of sacks, told him to lie down there, and rest himself.

As they passed the different milestones, Oliver wondered more and more where his companion meant to take him. Kensington, Hammersmith, Chiswick, Kew Bridge, Brentford, were all passed; and yet they kept on as steadily as if they had only begun their journey. At length they came to a public-house called the Coach and Horses, a little way beyond which, another road appeared to turn off. And here the cart stopped.

Sikes dismounted with great precipitation, holding Oliver by the hand all the while; and, lifting him down directly, bestowed a furious look upon him, and rapped the side-pocket with his fist in a very significant manner.

"Good-b'ye, boy!" said the man.

"He's sulky," replied Sikes, giving him a shake; "he's sulky,—a young dog! Don't mind him."

"Not I!" rejoined the other, getting into his cart. "It's a fine day, after all." And he drove away.

Sikes waited till he had fairly gone, and then, telling Oliver he might look about him if he wanted, once again led him forward on his journey.

They turned round to the left a short way past the public-house, and then, taking a right-hand road, walked on for a long time, passing many large gardens and gentlemen's houses on both sides of the way, and at length crossing a little bridge which led them into Twickenham; from which town they still walked on without stopping for anything but some beer, until they reached another town, in which, against the wall of a

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...ers "Hampton."
... the sign of the
... a short distance,
... street, walked
... sign-board, and
... with a great beam
... with high backs to
... several rough men in
... they took no notice of
... Sikes took very little
... sat in a corner by
... by the company.
... and sat here so long
... self with three or four
... certain they were not
... with the walk and get-
... st; and then, quite over-
... of the tobacco, fell fast

... awakened by a push from
... to sit up and look about
... fellowship and communica-
... of ale.
... "Mr Halliford, are you?" in-

... who seemed a little the worse
... for drinking; "and not slow
... got a load behind him going
... the mornin', and he won't be
... to him! Ecod, he's a good

... "and me a lift as far as there?" de-
... towards his new friend.
... "I can," replied the man, looking
... to Halliford?"
... replied Sikes.
... "I go" replied the other. "Is all

... "I's paid," replied the girl.
... "tipsy gravity; "that won't do,

... "You're a-going to accom-
... my standing treat for a pint

... this argument with a very pro-
... so, seized Sikes by the hand, and
... follow. To which Mr. Sikes re-
... had been sober, there would have
... he was.



After the exchange of a few more compliments, they bade the company good-night, and went out: the girl gathering up the pots and glasses as they did so, and lounging out to the door, with her hands full, to see the party start.

The horse, whose health had been drunk in his absence, was standing outside, ready harnessed to the cart. Oliver and Sikes got in without any further ceremony, and the man, to whom he belonged having lingered a minute or two "to bear him up," and to defy the hostler and the world to produce his equal, mounted also. Then the hostler was told to give the horse his head, and, his head being given him, he made a very unpleasant use of it, tossing it into the air with great disdain, and running into the parlour windows over the way; after performing which feats, and supporting himself for a short time on his hind-legs, he started off at great speed, and rattled out of the town right gallantly.

The night was very dark; and a damp mist rose from the river and the marshy ground about, and spread itself over the dreary fields. It was piercing cold, too; all was gloomy and black. Not a word was spoken, for the driver had grown sleepy, and Sikes was in no mood to lead him into conversation. Oliver sat huddled together in a corner of the cart bewildered with alarm and apprehension, and figuring strange objects in the gaunt trees, whose branches waved grimly to and fro, as if in some fantastic joy at the desolation of the scene.

As they passed Sunbury church, the clock struck seven. There was a light in the ferry-house window opposite, which streamed across the road, and threw into more sombre shadow a dark yew-tree with graves beneath it. There was a dull sound of falling water not far off, and the leaves of the old tree stirred gently in the night wind. It seemed like solemn quiet music for the repose of the dead.

Sunbury was passed through, and they came again into the lonely road. Two or three miles more, and the cart stopped. Sikes alighted, and, taking Oliver by the hand, they once again walked on.

They turned into no house at Shepperton, as the weary boy had expected, but still kept walking on in mud and darkness through gloomy lanes and over cold open wastes, until they came within sight of the lights of a town at no great distance. On looking intently forward, Oliver saw that the water was just below them, and that they were coming to the foot of a bridge.

Sikes kept straight on till they were close upon the bridge, and then turned suddenly down a bank upon the left. "The water!" thought Oliver, turning sick with fear. "He has brought me to this lonely place to murder me!"

He was about to throw himself on the ground, and make one struggle for his young life, when he saw that they stood before a solitary house all ruinous and decayed. There was a window

on each side of the dilapidated entrance, and one story above ; but no light was visible. It was dark, dismantled, and to all appearance uninhabited.

Sikes, with Oliver's hand still in his, softly approached the low porch, and raised the latch. The door yielded to his pressure, and they passed in together.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

THE BURGLARY.

"HALLO!" cried a loud, hoarse voice, directly they had set foot in the passage.

"Don't make such a row," said Sikes, bolting the door. "Show a glim, Toby."

"Aha! my pal," cried the same voice; "a glim, Barney, a glim! Show the gentleman in, Barney; and wake up first, if convenient."

The speaker appeared to throw a boot-jack, or some such article, at the person he addressed, to rouse him from his slumbers; for the noise of a wooden body falling violently was heard, and then an indistinct muttering as of a man between asleep and awake.

"Do you hear?" cried the same voice. "There's Bill Sikes in the passage, with nobody to do the civil to him; and you sleeping there, as if you took laudanum with your meals, and nothing stronger. Are you any fresher now, or do you want the iron candlestick to wake you thoroughly?"

A pair of slipshod feet shuffled hastily across the bare floor of the room as this interrogatory was put; and there issued from a door on the right hand, first a feeble candle, and next, the form of the same individual who has been heretofore described as labouring under the infirmity of speaking through his nose, and officiating as waiter at the public-house on Saffron Hill.

"Bister Sikes!" exclaimed Barney, with real or counterfeit joy; "cub id, sir; cub id."

"Here! you get on first," said Sikes, putting Oliver in front of him. "Quicker! or I shall tread upon your heels."

Muttering a curse upon his tardiness, Sikes pushed Oliver before him, and they entered a low dark room with a smoky fire, two or three broken chairs, a table, and a very old couch, on which, with his legs much higher than his head, a man was reposing at full length, smoking a long clay pipe. He was dressed in a smartly-cut snuff-coloured coat with large brass buttons, an orange neckerchief, a coarse, staring, shawl-pattern waistcoat, and drab breeches. Mr. Crackit (for he it was) had no very great quantity of hair, either upon his head or face; but what he had was of a reddish dye, and tortured into long, corkscrew curls, through which he occasionally thrust some very dirty fingers ornamented with large common rings. He was a trifle above the middle size, and apparently rather weak in the legs; but this circumstance by no means detracted from his own admiration of his top-boots, which he contemplated in their elevated situation with lively satisfaction.

"Bill, my boy!" said this figure, turning his head towards the door,

"I'm glad to see you; I was almost afraid you'd given it up, in which case I should have made a personal ventur'. Hallo!"

Uttering this exclamation in a tone of great surprise as his eyes rested on Oliver, Mr. Toby Crackit brought himself into a sitting posture, and demanded who that was.

"The boy—only the boy!" replied Sikes, drawing a chair towards the fire.

"Wud of Bister Fagid's lads," exclaimed Barney, with a grin.

"Fagin's, eh!" exclaimed Toby, looking at Oliver. "Wot an inwalable boy that'll make for the old ladies' pockets in chapels. His mug is a fortun' to him."

"There—there's enough of that!" interposed Sikes impatiently; and, stooping over his recumbent friend, he whispered a few words in his ear, at which Mr. Crackit laughed immensely, and honoured Oliver with a long stare of astonishment.

"Now," said Sikes, as he resumed his seat, "if you'll give us something to eat and drink while we're waiting, you'll put some heart in us,—or in me, at all events. Sit down by the fire, younker, and rest yourself; for you'll have to go out with us again to-night, though not very far off."

Oliver looked at Sikes in mute and timid wonder, and, drawing a stool to the fire, sat with his aching head upon his hands, scarcely knowing where he was, or what was passing around him.

"Here," said Toby, as the young Jew placed some fragments of food and a bottle upon the table, "Success to the crack!" He rose to honour the toast, and, carefully depositing his empty pipe in a corner, advanced to the table, filled a glass with spirits, and drank off its contents. Mr. Sikes did the same.

"A drain for the boy," said Toby, half filling a wine-glass. "Down with it, innocence!"

"Indeed," said Oliver, looking piteously up into the man's face; "indeed I——"

"Down with it!" echoed Toby. "Do you think I don't know what's good for you? Tell him to drink it, Bill."

"He had better," said Sikes, clapping his hand upon his pocket. "Burn my body! if he isn't more trouble than a whole family of Dodgers. Drink it, you perverse imp; drink it!"

Frightened by the menacing gestures of the two men, Oliver hastily swallowed the contents of the glass, and immediately fell into a violent fit of coughing, which delighted Toby Crackit and Barney, and even drew a smile from the surly Mr. Sikes.

This done, and Sikes having satisfied his appetite, (Oliver could eat nothing but a small crust of bread which they made him swallow,) the two men laid themselves down on chairs for a short nap. Oliver retained his stool by the fire; and Barney, wrapped in a blanket, stretched himself on the floor, close outside the fender.

They slept, or appeared to sleep, for some time; nobody stirring but Barney, who rose once or twice to throw coals upon the fire. Oliver fell into a heavy doze, imagining himself straying alone through the gloomy lanes, or wandering about the dark churchyard, or retracing some one or other of the scenes of the past day, when he was roused by Toby Crackit's jumping up and declaring it was half-past one.

In an instant the other two were on their legs, and all were actively engaged in busy preparation. Sikes and his companion enveloped their necks and chins in large dark shawls, and drew on their great-coats; while Barney, opening a cupboard, brought forth several articles, which he hastily crammed into the pockets.

"Barkers for me, Barney?" said Toby Crackit.

"Here they are," replied Barney, producing a pair of pistols. "You loaded them yourself."

"All right!" replied Toby, stowing them away. "The persuaders?"

"I've got 'em," replied Sikes.

"Crape, keys, centre-bit, darkies—nothing forgotten?" inquired Toby, fastening a small crowbar to a loop inside the skirt of his coat.

"All right!" rejoined his companion. "Bring them bits of timber, Barney: that's the time of day."

With these words he took a thick stick from Barney's hands, who, having delivered another to Toby, busied himself in fastening on Oliver's cape.

"Now then!" said Sikes, holding out his hand.

Oliver, who was completely stupified by the unwonted exercise, and the air, and the drink that had been forced upon him, put his hand mechanically into that which Sikes extended for the purpose.

"Take his other hand, Toby," said Sikes. "Look out, Barney!"

The man went to the door, and returned to announce that all was quiet. The two robbers issued forth with Oliver between them; and Barney, having made all fast, rolled himself up as before, and was soon asleep again.

It was now intensely dark. The fog was much heavier than it had been in the early part of the night, and the atmosphere was so damp that, although no rain fell, Oliver's hair and eyebrows within a few minutes after leaving the house had become stiff with the half-frozen moisture that was floating about. They crossed the bridge, and kept on towards the lights which he had seen before. They were at no great distance off; and, as they walked pretty briskly, they soon arrived at Chertsey.

"Slap through the town," whispered Sikes: "there 'll be nobody in the way to-night to see us."

Toby acquiesced; and they hurried through the main street of the little town, which at that late hour was wholly deserted. A dim light shone at intervals from some bed-room window, and the hoarse barking of dogs occasionally broke the silence of the night; but there was nobody abroad, and they had cleared the town as the church bell struck two.

Quickening their pace, they turned up a road upon the left hand; after walking about a quarter of a mile, they stopped before a detached house surrounded by a wall, to the top of which Toby Crackit, scarcely pausing to take breath, climbed in a twinkling.

"The boy next," said Toby. "Hoist him up: I'll catch hold of him."

Before Oliver had time to look round, Sikes had caught him under the arms, and in three or four seconds he and Toby were lying on the grass on the other side. Sikes followed directly, and they stole cautiously towards the house.

And now, for the first time, Oliver, well-nigh mad with grief and terror, saw that housebreaking and robbery, if not murder, were the objects of the expedition. He clasped his hands together, and involuntarily uttered a subdued exclamation of horror. A mist came before his eyes, the cold sweat stood upon his ashy face, his limbs failed him, and he sunk upon his knees.

"Get up!" murmured Sikes, trembling with rage, and drawing the pistol from his pocket; "get up, or I'll strew your brains upon the grass!"

"Oh! for God's sake let me go!" cried Oliver; "let me run away and die in the fields. I will never come near London—never, never! Oh! pray have mercy upon me, and do not make me steal: for the love of all the bright angels that rest in heaven, have mercy upon me!"

The man to whom this appeal was made swore a dreadful oath, and had cocked the pistol, when Toby, striking it from his grasp, placed his hand upon the boy's mouth and dragged him to the house.

"Hush!" cried the man; "it won't answer here. Say another word, and I'll do your business myself with a crack on the head that makes no noise, and is quite as certain and more genteel. Here, Bill, wrench the shutter open. He's game enough now, I'll engage. I've seen older hands of his age took the same way for a minute or two on a cold night."

Sikes, invoking terrific imprecations upon Fagin's head for sending Oliver on such an errand, plied the crowbar vigorously, but with little noise; and, after some delay and some assistance from Toby, the shutter to which he had referred swung open on its hinges.

It was a little lattice window, about five feet and a half above the ground, at the back of the house, belonging to a scullery or small brewing-place at the end of the passage: the aperture was so small that the inmates had probably not thought it worth while to defend it more securely; but it was large enough to admit a boy of Oliver's size nevertheless. A very brief exercise of Mr. Sikes's art sufficed to overcome the fastening of the lattice, and it soon stood wide open also.

"Now listen, you young limb!" whispered Sikes, drawing a dark lantern from his pocket, and throwing the glare full on Oliver's face; "I'm a-going to put you through there. Take this light, go softly up the steps straight afore you, and along the little hall to the street-door. Unfasten it, and let us in."

"There's a bolt at the top you won't be able to reach," interposed Toby. "Stand upon one of the hall chairs; there are three there, Bill, with a jolly large blue unicorn and a gold pitchfork on 'em, which is the old lady's arms."

"Keep quiet, can't you?" replied Sikes with a savage look. "The room door is open, is it?"

"Wide," replied Toby, after peeping in to satisfy himself. "The game of that is that they always leave it open with a catch, so that the dog, who's got a bed in here, may walk up and down the passage when he feels wakeful. Ha! ha! Barney 'ticed him away to-night, so neat."

Although Mr. Crackit spoke in a scarcely audible whisper, and laughed without noise, Sikes imperiously commanded him to be silent, and to get to work. Toby complied by first producing his lantern,

and placing it on the ground; and then planting himself firmly with his head against the wall beneath the window, and his hands upon his knees, so as to make a step of his back. This was no sooner done than Sikes, mounting upon him, put Oliver gently through the window, with his feet first; and, without leaving hold of his collar, planted him safely on the floor inside.

"Take this lantern," said Sikes, looking into the room. "You see the stairs afore you?"

Oliver, more dead than alive, gasped out, "Yes;" and Sikes, pointing to the street-door with the pistol barrel, briefly advised him to take notice that he was within shot all the way, and that if he faltered he would fall dead that instant.

"It's done in a minute," said Sikes in the same low whisper. "Directly I leave go of you, do your work. Hark!"

"What's that?" whispered the other man.

They listened intently.

"Nothing," said Sikes, releasing his hold of Oliver. "Now!"

In the short time he had had to collect his senses, the boy had firmly resolved that, whether he died in the attempt or not, he would make one effort to dart up stairs from the hall and alarm the family. Filled with this idea, he advanced at once, but stealthily.

"Come back!" suddenly cried Sikes aloud. "Back! back!"

Scared by the sudden breaking of the dead stillness of the place, and a loud cry which followed it, Oliver let his lantern fall, and knew not whether to advance or fly. The cry was repeated—a light appeared—a vision of two terrified half-dressed men at the top of the stairs swam before his eyes—a flash—a loud noise—a smoke—a crash somewhere, but where he knew not,—and he staggered back.

Sikes had disappeared for an instant; but he was up again, and had him by the collar before the smoke had cleared away. He fired his own pistol after the men, who were already retreating, and dragged the boy up.

"Clasp your arm tighter," said Sikes as he drew him through the window. "Give me a shawl here. They've hit him. Quick! Damnation, how the boy bleeds!"

Then came the loud ringing of a bell, mingled with the noise of fire-arms and the shouts of men, and the sensation of being carried over uneven ground at a rapid pace. And then the noises grew confused in the distance, and a cold deadly feeling crept over the boy's heart, and he saw or heard no more.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

FRENCH LITERARY LADIES.

BY GEORGE HOGARTH.

THE influence of the fair sex in society is accounted, and very reasonably, a test of the progress of civilization ; and the French mean to imply their superiority to all the rest of the world in this respect by the use of their favourite proverbial phrase, "*La belle France est le paradis des femmes.*" There can be no doubt that the ladies of France, in modern times at least, have exercised a greater degree of influence, not only over the habits, manners, and character of the male part of the creation, but over their most important affairs and avocations, public as well as private, than they have done in any other country whatever. The Salique Law, notwithstanding its long prevalence in France, may be said to have been little more than a dead letter ; for where was the use of providing against a female succession to the crown, when the nation never ceased to be virtually under petticoat government ? What did it matter that the throne could not be occupied by a female sovereign, when the whole power of the state was wielded by some female or other, who wanted nothing of sovereignty but the name ? What, after all, was the much-boasted LOUIS LE GRAND but a crowned and sceptred puppet, while the real monarch of France, for the time, was Maintenon, or La Valliere, or Montespan ? What was his successor but the slave of a Du Barry and a Pompadour ? And what was the best and most virtuous of the race,—the unhappy Louis the Sixteenth, but an instrument in the hands of his Austrian consort, whose imperious temper, and reckless interference with affairs of state, which she had neither knowledge to comprehend nor wisdom to conduct, precipitated the catastrophe which swept her family from the earth, and levelled in the dust the ancient monarchy of France ? Seldom, however, has a French king been under so legitimate a sovereignty as that of his consort. The picture of the *Grand Monarque* holding his council in the *boudoir* of Madame de Maintenon, while the lady sat at her little table, with her work-basket before her, listening to the deliberations of grave statesmen, and quietly putting in her all-powerful word, represents, in fact, the machinery of the government of France for a century, at least, before the Revolution.

It was the same influence which, more than anything else, gave the French society of those days its singular grace, elegance, and refinement. Other things, no doubt, contributed to produce that most remarkable state of manners : that constitutional gaiety and liveliness which makes a French man or woman, of whatever rank or station, an eminently social animal, must no doubt come in for its share. In the aristocratic society of the metropolis its exclusiveness had a similar tendency. No degree of wealth, or merely *personal* distinction, unaccompanied by rank, could admit any one within its pale. If men of letters and votaries of the arts were received into its circles, it was as *litterati* and artists, whose position was perfectly understood on all hands. They had no pretensions which could interfere with those of the class with whom they were allowed to mingle ; the toe of the poet could not gall the kibe of the courtier. They did not

require to be kept down by any assumption of superiority; and hence their social intercourse with the great was on a footing of *apparent* equality and freedom from restraint.* Something, too, must be ascribed to the very insignificance of the French aristocracy as a political body. They had no political power, no political functions, no political interests, no political cares: they had nothing to do but to hunt on their estates, or pursue the pleasures of the capital. The French *noblesse* of the seventeenth century accordingly were a degraded race; ignorant and vicious, coarse in their habits, and brutal in their amusements. From this debasement female influence contributed greatly to raise them. The crowd of men of genius, whose simultaneous appearance shed lustre over the age of Louis the Fourteenth, found, among the ladies of his brilliant court, their greatest admirers and patrons. It was through the influence of the fair sex that literature became the fashion, and that its professors came to be looked upon as the ornaments of polite society.

Nothing can be more captivating than the accounts, contained in the numerous French biographies and memoirs of the last age, of these social circles, of which the elements were rank, beauty, learning, and genius. It had, however, its dark, as well as its light side. There was none of the restraint arising from the jealousy of rank and station, and the necessity of repelling the pretensions of inferiors: but the distinction acquired by wit and brilliancy of conversation introduced pretensions of another kind; and these *noctes cœnæque Deüm*, were apt to become scenes of jealousy, rivalry, and laborious efforts of the company to outshine each other. "I soon perceived," says Marmontel, speaking of his first admission into this society, "that each guest arrived ready to play his part, and that the desire of exhibiting frequently prevented the conversation from following its easy and natural course. It was who should seize most quickly the passing moment, to bring out his epigram, his tale, his anecdote, his maxim, or his light and pointed satire; and very unnatural round-abouts were taken, in order to obtain a fit opportunity." There were, besides, other evils of a more serious nature. The moral tone of these elegant *côteries* was anything but pure;

* Professors of literature, mingling in the society of the noble and the wealthy upon sufferance, held a rank scarcely higher than that of musicians or actors, from among whom individuals have often, by their talents and character, become members of the best society, while the castes to which such individuals belong remain in general exposed to the most humiliating contempt. The lady of quality, who smiled on the man of letters, and the man of rank who admitted him to his intimacy, still retained their consciousness that he was not, like themselves, formed out of "the porcelain clay of the earth:" and even while receiving their bounties, or participating in their pleasures, the favourite savant must often have been disturbed by the reflection that he was only considered as a creature of sufferance, whom the caprice of fashion, or a sudden reaction of the ancient etiquette, might fling out of the society where he was at present tolerated. Under this disheartening and even degrading inferiority, the man of letters might be tempted invidiously to compare the luxurious style of living at which he sat a permitted guest with his own paltry hired apartment, and scanty and uncertain chance of support. And even those of a nobler mood, when they had conceded to their benefactors all the gratitude they could justly demand, must sometimes have regretted their own situation—

"Condemn'd as needy supplicants to wait,
While ladies interpose and slaves debate."

Sir Walter Scott's Life of Napoleon, vol. i.

there was little warmth of heart or elevation of sentiment, and a total absence of religious feeling or principle. Their prevailing spirit seems to have been a selfish indifference to everything beyond the pursuit or amusement of the hour. We suspect, after all, that their extreme polish arose from the hardness of the materials.

Many distinguished women figure in the French literary annals of the last century, as occupying prominent places in the society we have been endeavouring to characterise. But a few notices of some of them will give a better notion of it than can be conveyed by any general description. We shall take, for the present, three of the most remarkable among them,—Madame Geoffrin, the Marquise Du Deffant, and her *protégée* and rival, Mademoiselle L'Espinasse, all contemporaries, and connected with each other.

Madame Geoffrin was born in 1699. Her father was a man of family, and had a place in the household of the Dauphin. At fifteen she was married to M. Geoffrin, an eminent glass-manufacturer. Her talents and accomplishments early attracted notice, and during her husband's life, as well as after his death, her house became the rendezvous of the best society in Paris. He left her a considerable fortune, which she greatly augmented by prudence and economy, and which she employed in acts of benevolence and charity. Her generosity was extensive and noble, yet free from any profusion which could impair her means of doing good. "I perceive with satisfaction," she said to D'Alembert, (as he informs us,) "that as I grow older I grow more benevolent, I dare not say better, because my benevolence, like the malignity of some people, may be the effect of weakness of mind. I have profited by what was often said to me by the good Abbé de St. Pierre, that the charity of a worthy man should not be confined to the support and relief of the unfortunate, but that it should extend to the indulgence which their faults so often stand in need of; and, in imitation of him, I have taken for my motto two words, *donner et pardonner*." Such became her celebrity as a leader in the literary society of Paris, that no traveller of any note thought he had seen that capital till he was introduced to Madame Geoffrin. She had received no regular education, her mind having acquired its cultivation from her intercourse with the world. She confessed she could not even spell; but nothing could exceed the ease and grace of her style: and though she had never studied painting or music, she was an excellent judge and munificent patron of both these arts.

Marmontel gives some pleasing pictures of the social meetings at this lady's house. "After having dined," he says, "at Madame Geoffrin's with men of letters or artists, I was again with her in the evening in a more intimate society, for she had also granted me the favour of admitting me to her little suppers. The entertainment was very moderate,—generally a chicken, some spinach, and an omelet. The company were not numerous; they consisted at most of five or six of her particular friends, or three or four gentlemen and ladies of the first fashion, selected to suit each other's tastes, and happy to be together.

"You may easily conceive that at these little suppers my self-love prompted all the means I possessed of being amusing and agreeable. The new tales I was then writing, and of which these ladies had the first offering, were read for their entertainment before or after sup-

per. They made regular appointments to hear them, and when the little supper was prevented by any accident, they assembled at dinner at Madame de Brionne's. I confess that no success ever flattered me so much as that which I obtained by these readings in that little circle, where wit, taste, and beauty were my judges, or rather my eulogists. There was not a single trait, either in my colouring or dialogue, however minutely delicate and subtle, that was not felt at once; and the pleasure I gave had the air of enchantment. I was enraptured to see the finest eyes in the world swimming in tears at the little touching scenes in which I had made love or nature weep. But, notwithstanding the indulgence of extreme politeness, I could well perceive, too, the cold and feeble passages which were passed over in silence, as well as those in which I had mistaken the tone of nature or the just shade of truth; and these passages I kept in mind, that I might correct them at leisure."

Madame Geoffrin's husband, like the husbands of many other distinguished *blues*, was a thoroughly insignificant personage,—a perfect cipher in his own house. Grimm tells some amusing stories of him. He was in the habit of borrowing books of a friend, who, by way of joke, lent him the same book several times over. It happened to be a volume of Father Labat's *Travels*. Monsieur Geoffrin, with the most perfect simplicity, read it over every time it was lent him. "Well, sir!" said his friend, "how do you like the travels?" "Oh, very good—very good indeed; but I think the author a little given to repetition." A literary foreigner, who had frequently dined at Madame Geoffrin's without knowing her husband, asked her one day, after a long absence from Paris, what had become of the poor gentleman he used to meet there, and who always sat without opening his lips. "Oh!" said the lady, "that was my husband—he is dead."

She was celebrated for her *bon-mots*, of which many are preserved by Grimm and other writers of the day. The Count de Coigny was one day at her table, telling, as was his wont, interminable stories. Some dish being set before him, he took a little clasp-knife from his pocket, and began to help himself, prosing away all the while. "M. le Comte," said Madame Geoffrin at last, out of patience, "at dinner we should have large knives and little stories." One of her literary friends, M. de Rulhiere, having threatened to publish some very imprudent remarks on the conduct of the court of Russia, from the sale of which he expected to make a large profit, she offered him a handsome sum to put his manuscript in the fire, from a good-natured wish to keep him from getting himself into trouble. The author began to talk in a high tone about honour and independence, and the baseness of taking money as a bribe for suppressing the truth. "Well, well," said she with a quiet smile, "say yourself how much more you must have."

As may be supposed, she partook of the infidelity which prevailed among the society in which she lived, though her good disposition, and, we may add, good taste, prevented her from adopting the offensive style of conversation then fashionable on the subject of religion. In her long last illness she began to think seriously on this topic, and gave up the society of the *philosophers*. Having had a stroke of apoplexy, her daughter, the Marquise de la Ferte-Imbert, took the opportunity of shutting her door against D'Alembert, Marmontel, and her other old friends of this description.

"Everybody expected," says Grimm, "that as soon as Madame Geoffrin came to herself, she would disavow her daughter's proceedings; but the world was mistaken. After having scolded a little, she forgave her daughter, and confessed that, after all, the *viaticum* and the philosophers would not do very well together. She said her daughter had been silly, but gave her credit for her zeal. "My daughter," she said with a smile, "is like Godfrey of Bouillon,—she wanted to defend my tomb against the infidels." This *plaisanterie* savours a little of levity; but her pious impressions appear to have been strengthened by the chastening hand of affliction. She persisted in her determination to see her infidel friends no more, and died, as we are informed by the *Biographie Universelle*, professing her belief in the truths of religion. She died in 1777, at the age of seventy-eight, leaving behind her a brilliant reputation, and a memory ennobled by many great and good qualities, and unstained by the vices and follies of her time.

The character of the Marquise du Deffant reflects more faithfully the manners of the age, with which that of Madame Geoffrin, in many respects, stood in remarkable contrast. This celebrated lady had all the wit, all the talent, all the heartlessness, and all the immorality which entered so largely into the composition of the most polished society the world ever saw. She was born in 1699, of a noble family, and married, at an early age, to the Marquis du Deffant, a man much older than herself. The union was unhappy; they parted, and the lady consoled herself with a lover. This did not prevent a reconciliation from being patched up between the married pair by the intervention of friends. But the lover complained so loudly of the injury the lady had done *him* by taking back her husband, that, finding it necessary to choose between them, she gave her *inamorato* the preference, and once more contrived to get rid of the marquis.

After this she seems to have had a succession, or rather a plurality of admirers, and to have given herself little trouble about preserving even the appearance of decorum. She is said to have had an intrigue with that inimitable *roué* the Regent Duke of Orleans; but her earliest *known* lover seems to have been Pont de Vesle, a man of literary eminence, and of as cold and heartless a character as herself. Her subsequent preference of others did not prevent her from remaining on terms of the most intimate friendship with him, as it was called, for more than forty years. On the very evening of his death, La Harpe tells us, she came to sup with a large party at Madame de Marchais'. On her arrival, somebody began to condole with her on her loss. "Alas!" she said, "he died this evening at six o'clock; had it not been so early I could not have been here." So saying, she sat down to supper, made, as usual, an excellent meal, and was the liveliest of the company. From a colloquy between her and this ancient friend, we may have some notion of the strength of her friendship. "Pont de Vesle," she said to him one day, "we have been friends these forty years, and I don't think we have had a single quarrel or difference all the time."—"No, madam."—"Don't you think the reason is, that we do not care a great deal for one another?"—"Why, madam, it is very likely."—Well might La Harpe say of her, "Qu'il était difficile d'avoir moins de sensibilité et plus d'égoïsme."

Besides Pont de Vesle, she had another lover, the President Hénauld, the historian. There is an amusing anecdote of their *liaison*, which has the advantage, too, of being authentic. They were both complaining one day of the continual interruptions they met with from the society in which they lived.

"What a pleasant thing it would be," said Madame du Deffant, "to have a whole day to ourselves!"

The lover eagerly caught at the idea, and it was determined to put it in execution. They found a small apartment in the Tuilleries, belonging to a friend, which was unoccupied; and there they resolved, like Seyed, the Emperor of Ethiopia, to spend a happy day. They arrived accordingly, in separate carriages, about eleven in the forenoon; ordered their carriages to return at twelve at night; and bespoke dinner from a *traiteur*.

The morning was spent entirely to the satisfaction of both parties, in the usual conversation of lovers.

"Well!" they could not help saying every now and then, "were every day like this, life would really be too short!"

Dinner came, was heartily partaken of, and sentiment gave way to wit and gaiety. About six the Marquise looked at her watch.

"Athalie is to be played to-night, and the new actress is to make her appearance."

"I must own," said the President, "that were I not here I should regret not seeing her."

"Take care, President; what you say is an expression of regret. Were you as happy as you profess to be, you never would have thought of the possibility of going to see the new actress!"

The President defended himself, and in turn became the accuser.

"Is it for you to complain of me, when you were the first to look at your watch, and to remark that Athalie was to be acted to-night? There ought to be no watches for people who are happy."

The dispute went on. The loving pair got more and more out of humour with each other; and by seven o'clock would both of them have been very glad to separate. But that was impossible.

"Ah!" cried the Marquise, "I can never stay here till twelve o'clock,—five hours longer,—what a penance!"

The Marquise went and sat down behind a screen, leaving the rest of the room to the President. Piqued at this, the gentleman seizes a pen, writes a note full of reproaches, and throws it over the screen. The lady picks it up, goes in search of pen, ink, and paper, and writes an answer in the sharpest terms. At last the happy hour of twelve struck; and each hurried off separately, resolved never again to try such an experiment.

Hénauld lived to the age of ninety; and with him, as with Pont de Vesle, Madame du Deffant kept up an intimacy to the last. He fell into a state of dotage before his death: and one day, when he was in that state, she having taken it into her head to ask him whether he liked her or another lady the best, he, quite unaware of the person he was speaking to, not only declared his preference of the absent lady, but went on to justify it by an enumeration of the faults and vices of his hearer, on which topic he became so animated and eloquent that it was impossible either to stop him or to prevent every body in the room from having the benefit of his strictures.

For many years Madame du Deffant's *côterie* was the most bril-

liant in Paris. Noblemen of the highest rank, ministers of state, the most distinguished foreigners, men of genius of every description, the most elegant and accomplished women, all thought it a high honour and privilege to be admitted into her circle, of which she herself, from her wit and various talents, was the greatest ornament. At fifty she was seized with a disorder in her eyes, which terminated in blindness. When threatened with loss of sight, she took Mademoiselle l'Espinasse, then a poor friendless girl, employed as a governess in a convent, to be her humble companion and *lectrice*. But the men of letters who frequented the house were more attracted by the *protégée* than the patroness; and their increasing attentions to Mademoiselle l'Espinasse gave rise to constant jealousies and heartburnings, which ended in her withdrawing herself, or being dismissed, from Madame du Deffant's house. Her secession was attended with that of D'Alembert, and others of the old lady's literary friends, who preferred the society of the young one; a circumstance which produced an irreconcilable feud between Madame du Deffant and the philosophers, and seems to have embittered the remainder of her life.

After this time she became acquainted with Horace Walpole; and their long and intimate friendship gave occasion to the admirable correspondence between them which has been published. The letters to Walpole are models in this species of composition. Equal in ease, grace, and purity of style, to those of Madame de Sevigné, though without her gentle and womanly feeling, they embrace many more topics of interest and entertainment to a reader of the present day. They contain shrewd and pointed remarks on public occurrences, spirited sketches of character and manners, discussions on serious subjects, the scandal of the hour, and amusing anecdotes, all mingled together in an easy and felicitous confusion. The following little story, which we extract from one of them, is not only exquisitely laughable, but speaks volumes as to the character of Louis the Fifteenth and his courtiers. The Duke de Choiseul was then Prime Minister, and the Bishop of Orleans held an office in the government.

"About eight days ago, the king after supper went to Madame Victoire's apartments, called a servant, and gave him a letter, saying to him, 'Jacques, take that letter to the Duke de Choiseul, and tell him to deliver it immediately to the Bishop of Orleans.' Jacques goes to the Duke's, and is told that he is at M. de Penthièvre's. He follows him there, and gives him the letter. Monsieur de Choiseul sends Cadet, one of the Duchess's valets, to seek the Bishop, and tell him where he is. In a couple of hours Cadet returns, and tells the Duke that he had been to the Bishop's, had knocked at the door with all his might, and, finding that nobody answered, had been all over the town in search of him without success. The Duke had nothing for it but to go himself to the Bishop's apartments, climbed a hundred and twenty-eight steps, and knocked so furiously at the door that a couple of servants came running in their shirts to open it.

" 'Where is the Bishop?'

" 'In bed since ten o'clock.'

" 'Open his door, and let me into his bed-room.'

" The Duke enters the bed-room, and rouses the Bishop from slumber.

“ ‘What 's the matter?’

“ ‘'Tis I.—I have got a letter for you from the King.’

“ ‘A letter from the King! Good God! What is it o'clock?’

“ ‘About two.’

“ ‘The Bishop takes the letter, and opens it.

“ ‘I can't read without my spectacles.’

“ ‘Where are they?’

“ ‘In my breeches' pocket.’

“ ‘The minister goes to find them; and meanwhile they are puzzling themselves with conjectures.—‘What can the letter contain? Can the Archbishop of Paris have died suddenly? Which of the bishops can have hanged himself?’ At the same time they were both uneasy enough, as it might perchance contain something of a less agreeable nature.

“ ‘The Bishop begins the letter, but cannot see to get through it. He hands it to the minister, who reads as follows;

“ ‘My Lord Bishop of Orleans, my daughters have a great desire to have some quince marmalade. They want it in very small pots. Send some; and if you have not got any, I beg——’ In this part of the letter there was a scrawl in the form of a sedan chair, and underneath it the letter went on,—‘you will immediately send to your episcopal city for some, and let it be in very small pots. And so, my Lord Bishop of Orleans, may God have you in his holy keeping,
LOUIS.’

“ ‘Then there was a postscript:—‘The sedan-chair does not mean anything; my daughters had drawn it on this sheet of paper, which was the first I laid my hand on.’

“ ‘Judge of the amazement of the two ministers. A courier was instantly despatched for the marmalade, which arrived next day, but nobody cared any more about it.’

These letters, however, with all their wit and liveliness, present the picture of a miserable mind. The writer constantly describes herself as devoured by *ennui*, weary of life, and indifferent to everything but the affection of her correspondent, whom she often addresses in terms of passionate attachment, which are not easily comprehensible as proceeding from an old blind woman, and applied to a man past the meridian of life, whom, too, she had never seen. No wonder she was wretched, with nothing at the close of a long life to look to for comfort; when the past was without self-approval, the present without enjoyment, and the future without hope!

Her death was characteristic of herself and her society. “Her dearest friends,” says Grimm, “Madame de Luxembourg, Madame de Choiseul, and Madame de Cambise, were constantly with her in her last illness. Through an extraordinary excess of attachment these ladies played at loo every evening in her bed-room till she had drawn her last breath (*jusqu'à son dernier soupir inclusivement*). Another writer says that her visitors happened in the middle of their game to discover that she was dead, but sat still, and played it out with great composure.

Voltaire, her letters to whom have also been published, used, in allusion to her acuteness and penetration, to call her, “*L'aveugle clairvoyante*.” With her character and powers of conversation, she could not fail to be celebrated for her witticisms. She said of *L'Esprit des Loix*, that it was “*De l'esprit sur les lois*.” Hearing

two persons disputing about the famous miracle of Saint Denis, the one maintaining that the saint had only carried his head in his hands for a few minutes, and the other that he had carried it all the way from Montmartre to St. Denis, she put an end to the argument by observing that, "in such cases, *il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte.*" In regard to her utter heartlessness (notwithstanding the apparently solitary exception of her anomalous attachment to Walpole), all who speak of her are agreed. When the celebrated Marquise du Chatelet died, she showed her grief for the loss of her oldest and most intimate friend by circulating all over Paris the very next morning a malignant and scurrilous attack on her character: a single fact, which is perfectly conclusive.

Mademoiselle l'Espinasse was born at Lyons in 1732. Her mother was a woman of rank, who had been long before this time separated from her husband. She brought up her daughter with great care and tenderness, and it was not till her death that the poor girl, at the age of fifteen, was aware of the illegitimacy of her birth, and her forlorn and destitute situation. She found an asylum in a convent in the capacity of a governess; and she had been four years in that situation when she attracted the notice of Madame du Deffant, with whom she lived for ten years. At the end of that time, after having supplanted the old lady in the attentions of a large portion of her literary circle, she left her house, as has been already mentioned.

With the remains of what her mother had left her, and a pension granted by the King, through the interest of the friends she had made in Madame du Deffant's *coterie*, she found herself in a condition to live independently. D'Alembert, who had become strongly attached to her, took up his abode under her roof; and others of the literati, who had frequented Madame du Deffant's house, forsook the poor old lady, and betook themselves to the society of her more attractive rival. Mademoiselle l'Espinasse was then above thirty, and far from handsome, her face being strongly marked with small-pox; but her countenance was full of intelligence and animation, and her manners and conversation quite captivating. Good-humoured and witty, possessed of information, judgment, and taste, she was the life and soul of the brilliant circle of which her house was the centre. "I cannot mention the Graces," says Marmontel, "without speaking of one who possessed them in mind and language. It was the friend of D'Alembert, Mademoiselle l'Espinasse; a wonderful combination of correctness, judgment, and prudence, with the liveliest fancy, the most ardent soul, and the most fiery imaginations that have existed since the days of Sappho. The constant object of attention, whether she spoke (and no one spoke better) or listened; without coquetry she inspired us with the innocent desire of pleasing her; without prudery she made freedom feel how far it might venture without disturbing modesty, or hurting decorum. Nowhere was conversation more lively, brilliant, or better regulated than in her society. That degree of temperate and ever-equal warmth in which she knew how to sustain it, now by restraining, and now by animating it, was a rare phenomenon; and be it observed that the heads she then moved at her will were neither weak nor light. The Condillacs and the Turgots were of the num-

ber. D'Alembert, by her side, was like a simple and docile child." "Of this society," says the same writer in another place, "the gayest, the most animated, the most amusing in his gaiety, was D'Alembert. After having passed his mornings in algebraic calculations, and solving the problems of mechanics or astronomy, he came from his study like a boy just let loose from school, seeking only to enjoy himself; and, by the lively and pleasant turn which his luminous, solid, and profound mind then assumed, he soon made us forget the philosopher and the man of science to admire in him every delightful and engaging quality. The source of this natural gaiety was a pure mind, free from passion, satisfied with itself, and in the daily enjoyment of some newly-discovered truth which rewarded and crowned his labours; a privilege which the mathematical sciences exclusively possess, and which no other kind of study can completely attain."

This illustrious philosopher, raised far above the level of the society in which he lived, by the singular simplicity and sincerity of his character, as well as his high intellectual powers, was the victim of a strong and unrequited attachment to Mademoiselle l'Espinasse. She was unquestionably an adventuress, and a female fortune-hunter; but her own passions were too strong to enable her to play the part successfully. She appears to have had an affection for D'Alembert and to have been fond of his society; but she was too ambitious and aspiring to marry a man without family or fortune. She calculated on the effect of her powers of pleasing, and imagined she could captivate some distinguished member of her coterie, so much as to induce him to offer her his hand. She succeeded in inspiring the Marquis de Mora, a young Spanish nobleman who had visited Paris in his travels, with so violent a passion for her, that his family, apprehensive of the consequences, recalled him home. "Mademoiselle l'Espinasse," says Marmontel, "was no longer the same with D'Alembert; and he not only had to endure her coldness and caprice, but often the bitterness of her wounded temper. He bore his sorrows patiently, and complained only to me. Unhappy man! such were his devotion and obedience to her, that in the absence of M. de Mora, it was he who used to go early in a morning to ask for his letters at the post-office, and bring them to her when she woke." Absence did not abate the young Spaniard's passion. He continued his correspondence with the object of it; and at last, while his family were seeking to terminate the connexion by means of a suitable match for him, he fell into a dangerous illness. This produced an extraordinary step on the part of Mademoiselle l'Espinasse. She contrived to obtain an opinion from a physician at Paris, that the climate of Spain would be mortal to her lover, and that if his friends wished to save him they ought to send him to breathe the air of France. This opinion, dictated by Mademoiselle l'Espinasse, was obtained by D'Alembert from his intimate friend M. Lorry, one of the most celebrated physicians in Paris. It was transmitted to Madrid, and the authority of Lorry, supported by the wishes of the patient, produced its effect. The young Marquis was permitted to return to France, and eagerly set out on his journey; but he could not bear the effort, and died on the road.

In the mean time D'Alembert's unhappy attachment preyed deeply on his mind. He neglected all his studies and pursuits, devoting

himself entirely to the society of Mademoiselle l'Espinasse, though it was productive to him of nothing but misery. In this extremity, Madame Geoffrin, with her usual active friendship, determined to save him, if possible, from the fatal consequences of such a way of life. Though unacquainted with Mademoiselle l'Espinasse, she went to visit her, and represented to her so strongly the irreparable injury she was doing to D'Alembert, without the hope, or even the object, of any advantage to herself, that she prevailed on Mademoiselle l'Espinasse to give up all the letters she had received from him, and obtained her solemn promise to see him no more. As a recompense for this compliance, Madame Geoffrin settled on Mademoiselle l'Espinasse a pension, which she received during the remainder of her life.

Whatever may have been her original motive for endeavouring to captivate the young Spanish nobleman, there can be no doubt that her passion for him was not only real, but as violent as his own. From the time that she was separated from him by the interference of his family, her health gave way, and her mind was so deeply affected, that she became an object of commiseration to her friends; and his death was a blow from which she never recovered.

But the most extraordinary part of her life yet remains to be noticed. While she was passionately attached to the Marquis de Mora during his life, and dying with grief for his death, she was at the same time violently in love with another. This was the Comte de Guibert, the celebrated writer on military tactics. This strange circumstance seems to have been little known or noticed, till it was brought to light by the publication of her letters to Guibert, about five-and-twenty years ago. Guibert, a handsome and fashionable young man, distinguished for spirit and talents, had recommended himself to her by the tender interest he took in her affliction caused by her separation from her lover. The correspondence between them began in 1773, soon after Mora's recall, and continued till within a few weeks of her death in 1776.

These letters disclose a state of mind that seems inexplicable on the common principles of human nature. That the feelings they express are fictitious, or even exaggerated, is out of the question, for they glow with the eloquence of truth; and the reader cannot but feel that the passions to which they give vent are not the less real for being inconsistent and conflicting. Long before Mora's death we find expressions of the utmost attachment to Guibert. Even in the same letter Guibert is addressed in terms of passionate adoration, and then made the confidant of her unspeakable love for Mora. After his death the same mixture of feelings continues. At one time she pours out the sorrow of a widowed and desolate heart, and next moment burns with passion for a living object. None of Guibert's letters have appeared; but she constantly complains of his coldness and indifference. All the while she seems never to have hoped or desired from him anything more than the happiness derived from reciprocity of affection. She appears never to have expected his hand; on the contrary, she advises him to marry, and, when he does so, the correspondence is continued in the same strain as before.

We extract a few passages from these singular letters, from which our female readers may see that there has been actually such a thing

as a lady loving two gentlemen at once. We are dissatisfied with our translation of these fragments; feeling that we have been unable to transfer to another language, those "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn;" which (notwithstanding all the faults of the unhappy writer's character) render her effusions so interesting and impressive. These passages are from letters written after the death of Mora, and during the last year of her own life.

"I felt a dreadful reluctance to open your letter. Had it not been for the fear of offending you, I should have sent it back unopened. Something told me it would increase my sufferings, and I wished to spare myself. My constant bodily pains wear out my mind: I have again been in a fever, and unable to close my eyes; I am quite exhausted. For pity's sake, torment no longer a life which is closing, and every moment of which is given to sorrow and regret. I do not accuse you—I ask nothing of you—you owe me nothing: for, indeed, I have not a feeling or a sentiment to which I have voluntarily yielded. When I have been so unhappy as to give way to them, I have always detested their strength, and my own weakness. So you see that you owe me no gratitude, and that I have no right to reproach you with anything. Be free, then—leave me to my sorrow; let me, without interruption, occupy my mind with the only object I have adored, and whose memory is dearer to me than all that remains under the sun. O, my God! I ought not to weep for him—I ought to follow him: it is you who make me live, and who yet are the torment of a creature consumed by grief, and exerting the last remains of her strength in praying that death may relieve her. I told you truly a week ago—you make me captious and exacting: in giving all, one looks for some return. But, once more, I forgive you, and hate you not: though it is not from generosity that I forgive you; it is not from kind feeling that I do not hate you. It is simply because my very soul is weary even unto death. Ah! my friend, let me alone—do not talk any longer about loving me; it is a balm that turns to poison. Oh! how cruelly you hurt me—how heavily I feel the burden of life! How I love you notwithstanding, and how wretched should I be to make you unhappy!"

* * * * *

"How often might I have complained; how often have I hid from you my tears! Ah! I see it too well: it is impossible either to keep or bring back a heart drawn away by another attachment. This I repeat to myself without ceasing, and sometimes think myself cured; but you come, and I find that all my efforts have been vain. Reflections, resolutions, sufferings,—all become powerless the moment you utter a word. I see no refuge but death, and never has poor wretch prayed for it more earnestly. Ah! if you only knew—if you only read, what happiness was once derived, by a strong and impassioned soul, from the pleasure of being loved by me! He used to compare the love once felt for him, with that felt for him still; and he said to me again and again; 'My countrywomen are not worthy to be your scholars: your soul has been warmed by the sun of Lima, they seem to have been born amid the snows of Lapland;' and it was from Madrid that he told me this. My dear friend, he never praised me; he felt his happiness: nor do I think I

praise myself when I tell you that, in loving you to distraction, I only bestow upon you what I have no power to withhold."

* * * * *

"My frame is no longer strong enough for my soul—it is killing me. You can do nothing to me but make me suffer; do not then make any further attempts to comfort me; don't try to make me the victim of your *morality*, after having made me the victim of your fickleness. You have not seen me, because there are but twelve hours in the day, and you have had the means of filling them up with interests and pleasures which must touch you more nearly than my unhappiness. I claim nothing—I exact nothing; but I never cease to tell myself that the source of happiness and pleasure is lost to me for ever."

* * * * *

"Oh, how you oppress my heart, when you wish to prove to me that it ought to be satisfied with yours! I would never complain, but you force me sometimes to cry out, so deeply and painfully do you hurt me! My friend, I have been loved—I am so still—and I die with grief that it is not by you. In vain I say to myself that I have never merited the happiness I regret. My heart tells me that, were I ever to be loved, it was by him who had charms sufficient in my eyes to withdraw me from M. de M—, and to reconcile me to life when I had lost him. I have done nothing but languish since your departure. I have not had an hour free from suffering; my mental disease affects my frame. Every day I have a fever, and my physician, though not one of the ablest of men, tells me incessantly that I am consumed by some hidden grief, and always takes his leave saying; '*we have no remedy for the mind.*' For me there is, indeed, no remedy: but cure is not what I desire. I wish for nothing but a little calm—for a few moments' repose, before obtaining that final rest which nature will soon grant me."

This highly-gifted and most unhappy woman died in 1776, in her forty-third year, the victim of violent passions acting on an ill-regulated mind. Though wasted with painful and hopeless disease, she continued to go the accustomed round of *gaiety*; and her *salon* was filled with company down to the day of her death.

THE PASSAGE OF THE SEBETO.

"Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro."—HORACE.

THE obligation of heroes to those poets who have celebrated their deeds, has ever been proverbial.

Disputes may arise amongst the learned on the subject of the Trojan war, which some may treat as fabulous, and others as historical. But even those who most strenuously defend the authenticity of the siege are compelled to allow that without the aid of Homer the memory of Achilles, at least, would have been more effectually plunged into the waters of Lethe than his body was into those of Styx.

Virgil, by throwing the cloak of piety over some very questionable transactions, (a practice, by the way, which has not yet fallen into disuse,) has contrived to patch up the character of Æneas, and we moderns are content to receive that whining Trojan as a hero; not, certainly, in consideration of his own merits, but out of respect for those of his bard.

Had not Tasso lived and written, the name of Rinaldo would have been no better known than that of any other valiant crusader whose cross-legged and noseless effigy we occasionally find on a marble tomb.

Roland the Brave, Amadis de Gaul, Marmion, Rokeby, and a thousand other heroes, whom it would be tedious to enumerate, have owed their celebrity, nay, many of them their very existence, to the intervention of the *vates sacri*.

The devil, indeed, (who, whether Milton intended it or not, is by many acknowledged as the hero of his "Paradise Lost,") does at first sight appear to be an exception to the general rule. But even he, although it must be confessed that his fame was already established, has great reason to be thankful to his blind poet for the feelings he has excited in his favour, inasmuch as the proud sentiments he is made to utter amidst his fallen peers have undoubtedly betrayed many a reader into a passing admiration of his Satanic majesty.

Since, then, the weight of obligation has been hitherto so entirely on the one side, it would be both fair and desirable that something should now be thrown into the opposite scale; that the epic and the lyric muse should henceforth derive their whole inspiration from the subjects of their song, and poets be thus enabled to found their own pretensions to fame on the merit of their chosen heroes.

Fortunate at least would it be for me if this new order of things could be at once established; for then, in the following humble attempt to describe the heroic passage of the Sebeto, my name might be handed down to posterity with that of the warlike Ferdinando the Second, King of the Two Sicilies, of Cyprus, and of Jerusalem!

THE PASSAGE OF THE SEBETO: A BALLAD.*

To the tune of "A Frog he would a-wooing go."

A KING went to the "Champ de Mars,"
 Fat Ferdinando,
 To play at soldiers, free from scars,
 For he's not very likely to go to the wars,
 With his rowley powley macaroni,†
 Gallant Ferdinando!

* That the Royal Neapolitan Guards on a certain field-day about four years ago broke their line, to avoid a puddle in the centre of the "Champ de Mars," and that by way of punishment they were led by their angry king through the river Sebeto, is an actual fact. I know not if my manner of relating it may succeed in exciting the risible nerves of my readers, but (in the words of Matthews' prosy retailer of old jokes) "I do assure them that it caused a very great laugh at the time."

† "Mangia-macaroni" is the well-known *sobriquet* of a Neapolitan; and King Ferdinando, as in duty bound, daily discusses a huge pile of his national food, to the nutritious qualities of which, his increasing bulk does ample justice.

His troops were clad in dresses fine,
 Fat Ferdinando!
 And, as they glanced in bright sunshine,
 With swelling pride he form'd his line,
 With his rowley powley macaroni,
 Gallant Ferdinando!

He wheel'd them left, and wheel'd them right,
 Did Ferdinando!
 When they moved so much to his delight,
 That he said to himself, "Oh, I'm sure they'll fight,
 Led by rowley powley macaroni,
 Royal Ferdinando!"

But to check these hopes that high did soar,
 Ah! Ferdinando!
 Alas! the rain of the night before
 Had wetted the ground ten yards, or more;
 With a rowley powley macaroni,
 Gallant Ferdinando!

And, though upon the martial camp
 With Ferdinando,
 His guards, for fear of cold or cramp,
 Fell out of the line to avoid the damp,
 Leaving rowley powley macaroni,
 Gallant Ferdinando!

No wonder that this should move to rage
 Fat Ferdinando,
 Who hopes to shine in history's page
 As the greatest warrior of the age,
 With his rowley powley macaroni,
 Gallant Ferdinando!

Resolved to try example's force,
 Fat Ferdinando
 That instant threw him from his horse,
 Who was glad enough to be rid, of course,
 Of his rowley powley macaroni,
 Heavy Ferdinando.

A stand of colours then he took,
 Did Ferdinando;
 And, heading his men with an angry look,
 He waddled so fast, that his fat sides shook,
 With his rowley powley macaroni,
 Gallant Ferdinando!

He led them o'er such broken ground,
 Fat Ferdinando,
 That much his guards it did confound
 To guess where the devil their king could be bound,
 With his rowley powley macaroni,
 Gallant Ferdinando!

Before him now Sebeto lay,
 Fat Ferdinando;
 But, bent on valiant deeds that day,
 Neither puddle nor river could stop the way
 Of this rowley powley macaroni,
 Gallant Ferdinando!

THE PASSAGE OF THE SEBETO.

So, like Philip's son at the Granic flood,
 Fat Ferdinando
 (Though he waded through water unmixed with blood)
 Courageously plunged his huge weight in the mud,
 With his rowley powley macaroni,
 Gallant Ferdinando !

And as his army thus he led,
 Fat Ferdinando,
 By those who saw the deed 'tis said
 The affrighted eels before him fled,
 With his rowley powley macaroni,
 Gallant Ferdinando !

And we must e'en believe the tale
 Of Ferdinando ;
 For little fish of course would quail
 Before such a monstrous royal whale
 As this rowley powley macaroni,
 Gallant Ferdinando !

But lest the stream too high for some,
 Fat Ferdinando,
 Above their knees might chance to come,
 He order'd each drummer to float on his drum,
 With his rowley powley macaroni,
 Gallant Ferdinando !

A little colonel too he told,
 Kind Ferdinando !
 To be by no means rashly bold,
 But a tall pioneer by the beard to hold,
 With his rowley powley macaroni,
 Gallant Ferdinando !

And thus both short and tall defied,
 With Ferdinando,
 The dangers of the swollen tide,
 And in safety reach'd the other side,
 With their rowley powley macaroni,
 Gallant Ferdinando !

'Twas then, in this laconic style,
 Fat Ferdinando
 His dripping soldiers did revile,
 Who trembled with cold and fear the while
 Of their rowley powley macaroni,
 Gallant Ferdinando !

"Ye curs ! more fit for show than slaughter,"
 Quoth Ferdinando,
 "Ye curs ! more fit for show than slaughter,
 If you won't face fire, you shall face water,
 With your rowley powley macaroni,
 Royal Ferdinando !"

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

[This story is partly translated, partly imitated, from the French. The French author, I suppose, was indebted to some German original. It is no great matter, so the reader likes it. Let us therefore, without further preface, begin.]

I.

You will recollect that, three years ago, we had a dreadful winter throughout Europe. It was severe in those quarters where the climate is usually genial; in the north it was absolutely dreadful. My sister and I were on a visit to our old friend, the Princess N——, at her Lithuanian castle. The thing was arranged that Adelaide was to be married to the Princess's son, Sobieski, who was daily expected from Spain. I suppose my sister looked forward to the arrival with more impatience than the rest of the party; and certainly its male portion were far more interested in hunting the wolf all the morning through the snows, and drinking down the fatigues of the chase in the evening over the fire, than in anything connected with the tender passion.

The wished-for morning arrived at last. Sobieski appeared in the castle of his ancestors amid the acclamations of an admiring peasantry, to be kissed by his mother, shaken hands with by his friends, and looked at, I suppose, by his betrothed. Foreign travel had improved him, and a single year had sufficed to turn the handsome stripling into a fine and noble-looking young man. The Princess was happy, Adelaide was happy, Sobieski was happy, we all were happy: but the happiness was destined to be of short duration; for we had hardly risen from breakfast when a wearied courier arrived, bringing in the melancholy information that my father had been suddenly taken ill in Bohemia, and that our attendance was instantly required, as his life was despaired of. It was of course necessary that we should start on the instant; no time could be lost, and our arrangements for departure were made with the utmost rapidity. Sobieski wished to have gone with us; but how could he leave his mother, whom he had only seen for two or three hours after a year's absence? Besides, why expose him to the trouble and inconvenience of the journey? If, as we hoped, we found the alarm exaggerated, it would be easy to send for him, or to return: if the event were what our fears suggested, it was arranged that my sister's future home was to be that of the Princess. Adelaide and Sobieski had a long private interview before we parted. What they said I do not know; but it would not be hard to guess at what was the tenor of their conversation. With much reluctance he gave his consent to remain behind; but, farewell is a word that has been, and must be; it was spoken at last, and we set off in our travelling carriage about six in the morning through the snowy roads of Lithuania leading through the great forest.

We got over the short day without any adventures different from what might be expected. Our carriage sometimes stuck in the snow, sometimes narrowly escaped being upset by the stump of a tree. Relays on the road were few, and the people at the post-houses seemed-half frozen, and afraid to open their mouths. We were

tolerably independent of them for supplies, as we had been sufficiently stored before we started on our route. We left the last post-house about six in the evening, with a pair of fine, strong, young horses, fit to contend with the night difficulties of the forest road. Those difficulties did not appear to be in any degree remarkably formidable. The full moon, just risen, cast a bright light all around, and a strong frost having set in, the path was hard and practicable. Our driver, an old retainer of the Princess, knew the forest well: for forty years, as *chasseur* or *courier*, *postilion* or *coachman*, he had traversed it at all hours of the day and night, and was as well acquainted with every "dingle and bosky bourne of the wild wood" as with his own stables. I forgot to say that, besides Adelaide and myself, her favourite French maid occupied the interior of the *voiture*. Heinrich smoked, whistled, and cracked his whip in solitary dignity without. There being nothing in the scenery or its associations to captivate the Parisian soul of Louise, who had done due justice to the contents of our basket while we changed horses, she speedily dropped into a profound slumber, to dream, I suppose, of the glories of the *Palais Royal*, and to transport herself from the woods and snows of Lithuania to the *parterre* of some theatre on the *Boulevards*. She soon gave us audible information that she was far away in the land of dreams, and that, if her slumbers were not melancholy, they were at least musical.

Let it not be imagined that my more delicate companion or myself permitted Louise to enjoy our basket-stored repast without co-operation. Our spirits were severely depressed; the dreaded death of a beloved father filled us both with sorrow and apprehension, and Adelaide in parting with Sobieski had her peculiar sources of grief. But it is a sad truth, that all the most sentimental emotions of the mind give place when the most unsentimental organ of the body makes its demand upon our attention; and the bracing air of the forest had largely contributed to the sharpening of the appetite. The substantial dainties of the Princess, aided by some generous hock, somewhat assisted in my case by a fair proportion of brandy, disposed us also to slumber, and Adelaide fell asleep on my shoulder. Her sleeping thoughts reverted in all probability to a certain Northern castle frowning over the flood, garnished with tower and turret, buttress and bulwark, fosse and rampart, draw-bridge and portcullis, and every other adjunct of feudal war; but in which was also the picture-studded corridor, the gay salon, and, above all, the soft boudoir, where sounds more fitted for the ladies' ear than the clashing of arms were uttered; round which were formed trellised gardens, where bouquets such as the North affords were culled, and where sauntering walks by morning-light or moonbeam made life forgotten; or spreading parks and chases, where some rode together who thought of other joys than those which the sylvan sports afforded. For my part, my mind wandered to the possible change of my mode of life and position in society. I loved my father with an affection which few sons feel: I admired the lustre of his military career; our house had been honoured by the fame he had won and the high repute he enjoyed; and I looked back with mingled love and reverence on the uniform kindness which I had experienced at his hands;—but, I confess, I could not keep myself from thinking what I should do with the family estates when they

came into my possession, of the mode in which I was to regulate my conduct, of the figure I was to cut at court, of the way I was to spend the next year,—of—of—of something else that it is now not necessary to speak about. In vain I reproached myself with thinking of anything but the impending death of a dear and honoured father. As I dropped into drowsy half-waking, half-sleeping fits of dreaminess, other visions would occur, and it was only when I roused myself to look out of the voiture to see how we got on, that a sensation of sorrow would take possession of my mind. On my shoulder still slept Adelaide, on the other side snored Louise; outside smoked Heinrich, thinking, I take it for granted, of nothing but his horses, and these he drove steadily along.

On a sudden, however, it seemed as if they afforded him more than ordinary trouble. I was awaked from one of my noddings by hearing him devoting them to the infernal gods, in all the mingled dialects of Poland, Russia, and Germany,—and that for a crime which seldom awakens the indignation of a traveller in these regions. In spite of all his exertions, they had burst into a furious gallop. He cursed, and swore, and pulled, and tugged, but in vain. With alarmed eye and erected ear, the eager horses disregarded the utmost effort of curb and bridle, and dragged us forward with a velocity I should have thought beyond their powers. As there was no danger of accident, I was rather amused by the unexpected vigour of our steeds, and the indignation of the usually phlegmatic Heinrich at their apostacy from the regulated pace of the road. All on a sudden, however, our driver ceased to swear, and, uttering a hasty ejaculation, something half-way between a prayer and a curse, exclaimed,

“The beasts are right—right, by a thousand devils right! I should have guessed it long ago.”

And so saying, he surrendered to them the reins, no longer endeavouring to control their rapidity. I asked him what he meant. Turning cautiously round, and whispering so as not to disturb my sister, he breathed rather than spoke into my ear,

“They are coming.”

“Who—who?” said I; “who are coming? There is not a human being in sight.”

“I did not say there was,” replied Heinrich; “and *they* are scarce in sight. But don’t you hear them?”

“I hear nothing,” said I, “but the whistling of the wind and the crushing of our own carriage through the snow.”

“Hark!” interrupted Heinrich, dropping his pipe: “*they* are coming, by—” But he suppressed the oath, and crossed himself instead. “Ay, there they are; I see them plain enough now.”

“The last glass of brandy is in your head, Heinrich. What do you hear? What do you see? Who are *they*?”

Profoundly inclining his head, he whispered with a thrilling emphasis,

“THE WOLVES!”

II.

I removed Adelaide from my shoulder as gently as I could, so as not to awaken her, and, standing up in the voiture, looked in the direction pointed out by Heinrich. I looked, however, for a while in vain. I saw a dark mass at a distance in the snow, but, as the

country was patched in all directions with timber, persisted, as firmly as ever did Bonaparte at Waterloo, that it was only trees. In about ten minutes, however, I was undeceived as completely as was the fated emperor, and by the same means. The dark mass was unquestionably in motion; and after I had ascertained that fact, my eye, sharpened by fear and anxiety, could perceive that the motion was not only rapid, but accelerating. The sound, too, which in the distance I had taken to be the whistling of the wind, came more distinctly upon the breeze, and I recognized the dismal howling of the wolf rushing closer and closer every moment. The terrified horses, whose instinct had discovered to them the enemy long before his approach could be detected by any human organ, as if they were aware of their impending fate, galloped on with more desperate energy than ever, and Heinrich aided their exertions by all the skill of which he was master.

They came nearer and nearer. We could hear not only their dreadful howls, issuing from a hundred ravenous throats, but the tramp of their accursed paws pattering over the snow. I had no arms but a blunderbuss, a fowling-piece, and a brace of pistols: Heinrich had a long pistol. These arms, at best but inadequate against the number of our assailants, were rendered comparatively useless by the discovery we made at the very moment, that we had omitted to bring with us more powder and ball than was barely sufficient for another charge in addition to that which they already contained.

"What is to be done, Heinrich?" I asked in a whisper.

"There is no use in whispering now," said the old chasseur,— "they will be upon us in less than five minutes, and it would be better to wake Miss Adelaide and her woman, to inform them of our danger. Poor things! it would be terrible if they were taken out of the world, as we are very likely to be, without some notice!"

I acquiesced in the propriety of the advice, and roused Adelaide. I was about to inform her of the danger, but she had been lately dwelling for too long a time among huntsmen to render it necessary I should speak.

"Gracious heavens!" she exclaimed, starting up, "it is the howl of the wolf! Oh, Herman—Herman! what will become of us? I see them—I see them; they are gaining upon us. We are lost! We have but a few minutes to live! Last year an English party was torn to pieces and devoured by them some leagues beyond our castle! I shall never see my father again!"

Her cries woke her attendant, who, the moment she comprehended the danger, burst into an agony of yelling that almost rivalled in dissonance the cry of the wolves. She cursed herself, her fate, her stars, her folly, that ever drew her from France to this abominable country. She vowed to all the infernal powers she could think of, that if she were to escape this peril, she would never again commit a fault so unpardonable. She raved about herself, and her life, and her dress, and her Alphonse, (a smart *garçon cuisinier* in Paris, with whom she kept up an amatory correspondence, much to the detriment of King Louis-Philippe's French,) and all sorts of matters, horrible or flimsy, that crossed her distracted brain. I remember, particularly, that death itself did not seem to affect her with so much terror as the prospect of being devoured afterwards by a nasty wolf.

Her grotesque lamentations had the good effect of recalling my

sister to her natural firmness of mind. She felt that in this trying occasion it became her to set an example of courage and resignation, and in an instant, (the whole scene I have been just describing did not occupy two minutes,) she was herself again. She assured me in a couple of words of her constancy, and pressed my hand to her heart to show that it was not beating with any undue emotion.

"It is no time to agitate you now, Herman," she said; "our chances of escape, I know, are but small: but still, people have escaped from dangers as dreadful, and, under God, our hopes principally depend upon your presence of mind. Our defence is in your hands, and there I am content to leave it. With these words, she turned to her shrieking attendant, whom she endeavoured to soothe with all the topics of consolation—they were few enough in all conscience—she could think of, and to engage in some thoughts of religion, but all equally in vain: Louise could hear nothing but the howling of the wolves outside, and the howling of her own fears within.

The chase continued. I stood ready with my blunderbuss to discharge it on the herd the moment they approached within shot. I had too soon an opportunity. The fleetest of the pack in a few minutes approached within four or five paces of the voiture, and I fired. It was impossible to miss, and I saw two or three fall killed or wounded. To those who were hit it was soon matter of little importance whether the wound which brought them down was mortal or not, for they were in an instant surrounded by the rest, who fought for the fallen bodies. This obtained us the respite of a few minutes, which was occupied by the contest among themselves and the devouring of their slain brethren. We made the best of the time; but, the carcasses once demolished, and the bones left to whiten in the snow, the hunt recommenced, and we had not gained a mile when they came up with us again. My blunderbuss had been reloaded in the mean while, and on their near approach I again fired, with similar effect. But this time the respite was briefer. The wolves had now tasted blood, and their fury was excited, so that the devouring of their companions did not occupy half the space it did before, and speedily they renewed the chase with howlings far more terrific than ever.

I appealed to Heinrich, who drove his panting horses at their utmost speed.

"I have not," I said, "enough for another charge for the blunderbuss. What is best to be done?"

"It is of no use," said he, "to fire our fowling-pieces among them, for we could not expect to kill more than one, and that, so far from delaying, would only spur them on faster. We had better reserve our fire for our last chance."

"Is there any?"

"One, and that but slight. Not far from this, but I do not know how far,—perhaps a mile, perhaps three,—is the old hunting-lodge built for the chasseurs of the forest. If we could reach that,—but what use is there in talking?—you see these poor devils of horses can scarcely hold out—they are almost sinking under the hell of a pace they have been keeping up this half-hour. Have you your pistols about you?"

"I have; why?"

"Do not discharge your last pistol on any account; no, not to save your own life. Keep it until——"

Something choked the old man's utterance, and passing his hand over his face, he wiped off some moisture, which bore as much resemblance to a tear as anything his eyes could muster, and, applying to his lips his cherry-tree pipe, which was never forgotten in the extremest danger, he discharged a more than usually voluminous effusion of smoke. This done, he beckoned me to put my head out of the voiture, so that whatever he said should reach my ear alone. I complied.

"Keep it until these damned brutes,—God forgive me for using such words now!—until they are completely masters of the day, and we have no further chance, and then, sinking his voice to the lowest possible whisper, "discharge it into the brains of Miss Adelaide; put it to her temple, and be sure you do not miss."

God! how his words thrilled through my heart!—not even the horror of my own impending death, of the hideous manner in which it seemed inevitable that I should be cut off from existence in the flower of my youth, far from my friends, who would perhaps for ever remain ignorant of my untimely fate—not the fierce forms which I saw hurrying to my destruction, and anticipating with savage howl their bloody repast—not all the terrors of my situation so palsied me, as this whisper of Heinrich. I looked at my sister. She was eminently beautiful; and if the dreadful scene around her had banished the colour from her cheeks, it had inspired her figure with an air of exalted courage, and filled her eyes with a blended fire of heroism and religion, that rendered her one of the most majestic beings I ever beheld. And this noble creature, I thought,—she, full of all that renders life one scene of happiness—she, qualified to inspire love and admiration into all hearts, the blessing or the ornament of every circle in which she moves—she, who yesterday was wrapped in visions of delight, who this morning woke to welcome the chosen of her heart, and whose present mission, melancholy as it is, was hallowed by filial duty and soothed by the recollection that she has been all that father could pray for,—is she to die—and so to die?—by the hand of me, her brother—her brother, who would gladly lay down his life for her? Alas! alas!

Perhaps I said these last words aloud, perhaps Heinrich divined what was passing in my bosom, for he continued in a whisper,

"To be sure, it is hard enough; but it is better than that she should die many deaths by the mangling of the wolves. You and I will fight the damned brutes,—God pardon me!—with our pistols to the last, and die like men; and it is no great matter how men die. And, indeed, it is little matter how that screaming baggage, who is almost as great a plague as the wolves themselves, comes to an end: she's fit food enough for them. But that dear young lady, just think from what a horrid death you save her! She must not be torn by the jaws of a wolf. I'd shoot her myself, dear master, with pleasure, but it would not become me, as you are here. It is you are to do it, for you are the head of the family. So don't flinch."

This conversation occupied only a few seconds. It was carried on in the most subdued voice, and I thought Adelaide had not heard it. I learned from her afterwards that she had distinctly heard every word. When I looked at her, she was busily endeavouring to soothe Louise. She told me that she had purposely avoided re-

turning my glance, lest it might shake my resolution. "There was but one other hand in the world," she said afterwards, "by which I should have preferred to have died, if such death was inevitable. He was not there in person; he was indeed too vividly present in my heart, though his name escaped not my lips; and to whom, dear brother, could I look for deliverance but to you?" Such was the effect of the whispering on my sister. It had not passed unnoticed by Louise; though, as it was carried on in German, she would not have understood a word of it, even if spoken aloud. She failed not, however, to interpret it in her own manner.

"Ah, Heinrich! ah, dear baron!" she cried with an agony more intense than ever; "ah! do not—do not—do not! I am sure you cannot be so cruel. Ah, dear sweet Heinrich, of whom I was so fond!"

Even at that moment, Heinrich, who hated everything French in general, and Louise in particular for her especial impertinence towards him and his brother Germans in the service of the princess, could not refrain from giving a most dissentient grunt.

"Dear Heinrich! dear Monsieur le Baron! do not be so cruel. I know what you are whispering about: I know you are going to throw me to the wolves, that you may get off while they are eating me. Oh, mon Dieu! mon Dieu!"

Adelaide endeavoured to edge in a word, but in vain.

"Oh! dear Monsieur le Baron, remember what became of the wicked prince who did the same to his courier: he was torn by his own dogs for it. Remember the wicked woman who threw her children: she was boiled alive for it. Oh! dear Mr. Heinrich, dear Monsieur le Baron,—oh! oh! oh!"

[Louise in her agony remembered two stories, one German, and one French. The German story is, that some Polish prince, travelling through a forest, was pursued by wolves; and that a faithful heyduck devoted himself to save his master's life, by descending from the carriage, and making with his sabre a courageous fight against them as long as he could. He knew that he sacrificed himself, but he did it without a second thought, in order that, by delaying them first by whatever opposition he could offer, and then by the time it would take them to devour his body, his master might escape. His devotion was successful, and the grateful master, according to our version, provided for his family, and heaped his memory with honours. A different version is, that the selfish prince who consented to the sacrifice of so faithful a servant, reaped his reward, by being torn to pieces on entering his own gate by his dogs, who did not know him in the absence of his attendant, under whose immediate care they had been placed.—The other story is, I fear, true: it is that of a wretched mother, who with her three children were overtaken by wolves somewhere in the East of France, when, to save her own life, she flung away the children one by one to be eaten. The wolves pursued her to the gates of a neighbouring town, which was opened to save her; but when she told her story, the populace, indignant at the unnatural conduct of this worse than Medea, stoned her to death in the market-place. As a story never loses by the telling, it is currently said that they put her into a cauldron and boiled her alive.]

We had not time to pay any attention to the lament of the unfor-

tunate *suivante*, for the wolves were by this time quite close upon the carriage. Fast they came as a dark cloud, scouring with inconceivable rapidity over the snow. Their dreadful howls reverberated through the forest, waking its every echo. We could see their flaming eyes, their snorting nostrils, their mouths and tongues red and dripping with the fresh blood of their mangled companions. Another moment and they would be upon us. The moment came, and there they were.

"Oh!" cried Heinrich, "keep them off one minute—one single minute, and we are at the hunting-lodge. "O that the horses may hold out!"

The poor animals exerted their last efforts. If we had been pressed too closely by the wolves, no other chance remained but to sacrifice them, and make our way as best we could to the lodge, while our assailants were fighting around the spoil. But there was no need; one wolf only succeeded in reaching the window of the voiture, and him I instantly shot with my fusil. Another was making the attempt; but I knocked him on the head with the butt end, and at least stunned him. Before a third could come up, the horses had made some desperate plunges forward, and the welcome lodge was gained. Heinrich jumped down at once, loudly calling me to follow him. I did so, and with the help of Adelaide dragging on Louise, who had fainted the moment the first wolf had put his nose into the carriage, in less than a second we found ourselves inside the iron-bound gate of the lodge.

"Thank God," I exclaimed, "WE ARE SAFE!"

III.

"A pretty safety indeed!" said Heinrich, who had lingered behind for a moment, as he firmly secured the gate. "However, here we are at all events. I had just time to take something out of the voiture that we shall find of use, and unharness the poor horses, to whom we all ought to be so much obliged, so as to give them a run for their lives, though there is hardly a run in them, before the brutes were upon me. I could barely say, 'Take that, canaille,' as I slapped my shot among them, which gave me an instant to get in. 'Ay! there you are, my beauties! howl away as you like, but you shall be baulked of your expected supper to-night.'

The lodge in which we had taken refuge, like all such buildings, consisted of four bare walls of rough but uncommonly strong masonry, with stone benches built all round for the purpose of sitting or sleeping upon. It contained a rude fireplace without a chimney; and furniture it had none, except an iron pot, left behind by chance or design by its last tenants. It contained, however, a treasure to us of inestimable value,—the expected legacy of an immense heap of firewood, which the experienced hand of Heinrich speedily discovered in spite of the intense darkness. What he had risked his life to bring from the voiture, was my lamp and tinderbox; and, by their assistance, he soon succeeded in lighting an ample fire. Though the exertions of the preceding half-hour had sufficiently prevented our blood from stagnating, the tomb-like coldness of the lodge chilled us, now that the excitement was over, to the very soul. The genial warmth was, therefore, very acceptable, and even Louise began to revive. She at first uttered a cry of despair, when she saw herself

in a gloomy vault beside a roaring fire, enveloped in thick clouds of smoke, through which she could but dimly discern our figures. She fancied she had descended to the other world, and did her old friend Heinrich the compliment of supposing him to be the devil.

"I am in no humour, woman," said he, "to listen to your prate. Thank your master and mistress, there, for saving you from the wolves, for the devil a hand I'd have stirred towards it. However, as you are here, take this drop of brandy; and that may call back your brains again, if you ever had any in your paper skull."

He proffered her the draught of what he considered a panacea for all the ills of life, and which, to do him justice, he did not prescribe without having duly tried its qualities upon himself. While hastily running back for the tinderbox, he could not resist the temptation of carrying off a small basket of provisions, which happened to contain a brandy-bottle, and it was put into immediate requisition. Louise received the glass with unfeigned politeness in spite of the ungallant speech by which it was prefaced, and, cheered by the restorative, and delighted beyond measure with her escape, was beginning a long story of her own courage during the adventure, when she was suddenly interrupted by a piercing shriek from outside.

"Silence!" said Heinrich mournfully. "I thought so. It is the poor horses, sir. They stand a great deal, the dumb beasts, without making cry or moan; but when one comes to be torn to pieces by wolves, it is quite a different thing. Ay, there's the other. There's an end of them both, poor things! I feared they had not a run in them; and the blackguard brutes outside have a supper after all,—and little good may it do them!"

"What!" said Louise with a fresh access of terror, "are the wolves outside?"

"Indeed they are," replied the chasseur, beginning to smoke. "You will soon hear them, my dear, and perhaps see them too. Don't be afraid, however, for a while," continued he, as he saw her clinging to her mistress; "all in good time—you are safe for a bit yet."

It was not long, indeed, before we heard them; for, apparently, after they had eaten the horses, they surrounded the building on all sides. We could hear them scraping and pushing against the gates, and endeavouring to climb up the wall. The only exit for the smoke was by an aperture in the roof, through which at first it issued in volumes, and seemed to serve as a sort of guide to the wolves; at least we heard them clambering along the roof, as if in search of an entrance. After a short time, the smoke began to clear, and a fresh wind having arisen, it was so far blown away, that, looking up, we could plainly behold the blue sky studded with stars. You may believe me when I tell you that we had no taste for admiring heaven's clear azure, as we saw plainly that the aperture would enable the wolves to come down upon us. Our fears were not without foundation, for in a short time a wolf appeared and looked in. Louise fainted outright; but we lost no time in striking the intruder with our fowling-pieces, and the brute fell through the hole. We speedily knocked him on the head. Heinrich then thrust a large blazing spar through the aperture, and waved it about for a few minutes, uttering the cry used by the chasseurs when they hunt the wolf. We heard what appeared to us to be a general flight from the roof.

"They will not try that way again," said Heinrich, and he was right, "during the darkness; for they are scared off by the fire, and they have sufficient instinct to know that one of their party is killed. We are then safe all night."

"I wish," said I, "it was morning."

"It is a wise wish," said the old man; "for why should you wish for morning? Our horses are killed; we have near twenty miles to get through snow to the next post-house; and how could Miss Adelaide, to say nothing of this helpless jade here, walk that distance before nightfall, when we should have the wolves on us again, if we had them not before? We must not expect another lodge like this. Nay, though this fire keeps away the wolves during the night, yet when daylight returns it will shine so much more dimly, that it will lose its effect, and daunt them no more."

"I thought," said I, "the wolves retired by day, and prowled only at night."

"Ay, that's generally the case; but when there is so strong a pack as this, and they know that prey is at hand, and see nobody to scare them away, they sometimes take courage, and do not dread the daylight. Besides, it must have been hunger that drove them so early into these parts; and what brought them here will keep them from going back."

"We, then, have no chance of escape?"

"Nay, I don't say that neither: while there's life, there's hope. Something may fright the brutes off; or some travellers, seeing our carriage, may stop and come to our assistance; or——"

"Or, in short," said I, "some angel in seven-leagued boots may descend from the sky. But no matter, dear Adelaide, we have at least another day's provision; and if the worst comes to the worst, as we lived together we shall die together. Strangers must close the eyes of our father, and strangers sit in his halls."

"It is the will of God, dear Herman," said Adelaide; "and God's will be done!"

We wrapped ourselves in our cloaks, and tried to sleep during that dismal night. Louise, who had shrieked and moaned away all her powers, did, I believe, at last fall into an exhausted slumber. Heinrich smoked, and sipped brandy, and alternately sung snatches of ballads or mumbled forth fragments of prayers, until he was as soundly asleep as if he was in bed. Adelaide and I were silent, ruminating on our condition, on the blighting of budding hopes and the darkening of brilliant prospects,—on the melancholy fate for which we were reserved, and on our father waiting in the sickly suspense of hope deferred for his children, and perhaps sinking down to die chiding us for the unkindness of our delay. In reflections such as these passed the night, undisturbed by any sound but that of the ceaseless howling of the wolves outside, and the crackling of the faggots within.

All things must have an end, and so had this night. The tardy day broke at last, and Heinrich, rousing himself, flung numerous logs on the fire to excite as great a blaze as possible.

"It will be all of no use," muttered the old chasseur as he plied this work; "they will come in spite of us: but one should never give up. In the mean time, let us take whatever we can get for breakfast; for, believe me, we shall want all the strength and spirits we can muster before long."

He prepared breakfast accordingly, as well as his materials allowed, and we partook of it with heavy hearts. The sun soon shone brightly through the aperture, and the logs began to "pale their ineffectual fire." We made ourselves ready for the expected attack; for, as Heinrich anticipated, the wolves had not withdrawn. A sufficient charge for the blunderbuss, which I committed to the chasseur, was scraped together from our united stores, and, except my pistols, one of which, to say the truth, I had reserved for myself, if dire necessity imposed on me that use of the other on which I dreaded to think, we had no other means of defence but the butt-ends of our fusils. Nothing beyond howling occurred until about three hours after sunrise,—and what awful hours were they!—when suddenly our eyes, which were scarcely for a moment divested from the aperture, saw the object of their fear. Two or three wolves of the largest size had climbed up the roof, and were preparing to jump in. A discharge of the blunderbuss drove them away, and the body of one huge brute dropped dead into the lodge. Short respite!—the way was found, and the sun had deprived the firebrand of its power. Another and fiercer relay was soon on the roof, and we had no means of preventing their descent.

"Now," whispered Heinrich, "may God help us! for there is no help for us in this world. Have you the pistol ready?"

I assented by a glance.

The shaggy wolves, howling incessantly, glared down upon us with ravenous eyes from the top, waiting the moment to spring. Below stood Heinrich and I, illuminated in the blaze of the faggots, our reversed fowling-pieces in our hands ready to strike. Louise lay at our feet prostrate, fainting on the ground; and Adelaide, sunk upon her knees, seemed, as the light from above streamed upon her uplifted countenance, emerging in radiant beauty from the smoke and glare, like an angel about to wing her way back to her native heaven from the darkness and the turmoil of a hapless and uncongenial world.

"And is this all?" said my cousin Lucy.

"I have not time," said I, "to write any more, for I am going out to shoot with your brother Dick."

"But I tell you this will never do: you must put an end to it. How were they saved?"

"Are you sure they were saved?"

"Yes, quite sure; else how could you hear Herman tell the story? And he says, beside, that Adelaide told him how she overheard his whispering.

"Ah! I forgot that; but I must be off."

"Not before you finish the story."

"Finish it yourself."

"I can't—it's not my business."

"Why, you will never thrive in it, if you cannot devise some way of bringing in the lover to the rescue, with his train of huntsmen and wolf-dogs. He must have heard of the bursting down of a pack of wolves, and followed on their traces just at the right moment to save the party, to kill the marauders, to put fresh horses to the carriage, to whirl off to papa, and to come in time for his blessing. Then the rest is easy. Herman gets the estates,—Sobieski gets his wife;—they both get back to his mother's; there they get—very happy,—and I get rid of the story."

WAYLAC.

FICTIONS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

BONOMYE THE USURER.

HOLMCOLTRAM, or Holm's Cultram, was, as everybody may not know, a respectable ecclesiastical foundation in the north of Cumberland; and the chronicle from which the following tradition is taken was lately purchased in that county, where it had lain unnoticed by any antiquary, from Leland to the pundits of the "Collectanea Topographica." It is a small folio volume, written in double columns, by "various hands," as the phrase goes, commencing with the year 1160, and ending in 1455, and contains several curious drawings and illuminations,—to say nothing of the remarkably funny stories to be found in it of Scotch barbarity and Cumbrian civilization, of portents in air and on earth, miracles, and such like matters. Moreover, it details at great length, and with singular minuteness, an event merely alluded to by other writers; viz. how Walter Biset, out of revenge, cruelly burnt Patrick, the son of Thomas de Galway, with his companions, in a barn at Haddington, where he slept the night after a tournament in which he had unhorsed the same Walter. It would have delighted Scott, who was a sensible man, but would drive the poor antiquaries of the present hour out of their senses; wherefore the possessor will, out of charity to them, keep the volume to himself.

The condition of the Jews during the reign of Henry the Third was, perhaps, worse than it is said to have been under his predecessors. They had no security whatever for their lives and property as far as the king was concerned. He tormented and robbed them as he pleased. On one occasion they were summoned to give him the third of all their goods, and on another the half; and Henry, who had borrowed large sums of his brother Richard Earl of Cornwall, at last assigned him all the Jews in England in payment,—that is to say, he was to get his money out of them in any way he could; so that, as a writer of the time observes, "after the king had flayed them alive, he delivered them over to his brother to embowel."

In spite, however, of the daily persecution to which they were subjected, the Jews continued to be, with the exception of the Italian merchants, the sole capitalists of the kingdom. Misfortune only sharpened their wits and increased their energies; they became expert professors of the ingenious arts of clipping and shearing, forging and cheating,—realised large sums in trade, and still larger profits by usury. All attempts to get rid of them only proved their existence to be an evil necessary to the state: and another historian, who had witnessed their enormities, and in his pious zeal desired nothing better than their total ruin and extirpation, exclaims, in a momentary despair, "this accursed race is like unto the beard of the chin;—shave as close as you may to-day, there will be food for the razor to-morrow."

Usury is a mighty sin, saith the Gospel, the law, and the Chronicle of Holmcoltram. According to the latter respectable authority, it was coeval with the first use of money, and mankind required no instructor in an art suggested by, and agreeable to, the natural cupidity of the human race.

The chronicler expresses some wonder that the character of the

usurer is ever the same, and quotes the eloquent essay of St. Ambrose on the story Tobias for the portrait of a money-lender in the days of the venerable metropolitan of Milan, "which in every respect," says he, "is applicable to the ungodly and iniquitous of our own age." But at the close of the thirteenth century the generalization of ideas was unknown, and the only philosophy was that of the schools; or the worthy monk, instead of being surprised at this fact, would have remarked, with the pertness of a modern moralist, that the same passions produce the same effects in all ages and under all circumstances.

The object of the chronicler in relating the story we translate, is, to impress upon his readers that a terrible punishment invariably awaits the most successful wickedness; that although the cup of enjoyment may have already touched the lip, the hand of retribution is ready to dash it down,—to reclaim the iniquitous from the ways of evil, and to warn the thoughtless and profuse of the danger of entangling themselves in the toils of avarice and the Jews. The horror he expresses of the whole race of usurers was natural enough to one who lived in an age when their profits were enormous, and who viewed their practices as contrary to the precepts of the Gospel; but, without running into political economy, it may be observed, that the high interest which money then bore was only equal to the immense profits reaped by the few mercantile adventurers of the time, and that the people in general, and much less the clergy, had not yet perceived that money is a mere article of merchandise, the value of which is always proportioned to the supply of it. Trite as this remark now is, it had not then entered the heads of our warlike legislators, who, suiting their acts to their own convenience, were unaware that, while at one time they refused to acknowledge the legality of usury, and at another endeavoured to limit the rate of it, they repressed the spirit of commercial speculation, the grand source of national wealth.

"The tale was related unto us," says the chronicler, "in our refectory, by Sir Thomas de Multon of Egremont, who heard it while in London from persons of approved credit. The same Sir Thomas tarried with us on the eve of the Ascension in the first year of King Edward, and presented a cup for the Eucharist, made of a griffin's egg set in silver gilt, and curiously wrought with strange devices: he also confirmed unto us the four dozen dishes of ore out of the iron mine at Coupland, formerly given unto us by Lambert de Multon; and the holy father abbot gave unto him a little casket containing a toe-nail of St. Osith, which the said pious knight received with much veneration and joyfully carried away with him."

No one can doubt that the abbot had the best of the bargain, for he had long ceased to trust in relics for protection against the Scots thieves who harried his lands and burned his barns; but the iron would pay the armed men he was obliged to support, and who would have given no thanks for a cart-load of arm-bones, double teeth, and toe-nails, though they had once pertained to the greatest saints in the calendar.

Bonomye the Jew sat, towards the close of an autumn day in the year 1247, in the little back-room of his tenement in Milk-street, Cheapside. The house was a miserable wooden erection, patched up against a stone building appropriated to the officers of the royal wardrobe; and the room to which we refer was of the most uncomfortable descrip-

tion, although it served him for counting-house, treasury, and many purposes besides. It was a large closet, the walls of which were rudely plastered and black with dirt, the floor partially covered by the remains of a rush mat, and the furniture consisting of a rudely-shaped oaken table, a chest strongly bound with iron, a couple of short benches, and a single chair, which, on the present occasion, was occupied by the owner of the place. He was a man somewhat advanced in years, short in stature, and possessing in an extraordinary degree the strongly-marked features of his race. His beard was short and grey, and his matted hair straggled over a well-formed forehead seamed with many a careful wrinkle, from beneath which his sharp, restless black eyes peered out with an expression of distrust and apprehension, while a peculiar habit of looking down the line of his nose, when in conversation, gave a sinister expression to his countenance. He was thin, of a sallow complexion, and wore a long dark brown robe gathered round the middle by a leathern girdle, a black woollen cap falling behind, and loose boots of cordovan leather. He was evidently uneasy, fidgeted about in his seat, and although a parchment covered with calculations lay on the table before him, seemed at a loss what to do.

Bonomye was reputed to be the richest of the many wealthy usurers then resident in London; the king had him under his special protection, and, in the multitude of his transactions, he had obliged or swindled not a few of the nobility and clergy; the chest of the notary of the Jews contained more bonds due to him than to any other of his money-getting race.

Hitherto he had been a fortunate man,—had escaped the fury of several mobs of unruly citizens who plundered the dwellings and murdered some hundreds of his luckless brethren, and, with the exception of two or three debts which the king had pardoned without consulting him, his speculations had proved eminently successful. Well was his dwelling known; thither went men of all degrees, from the noble to the squire, the bishop to the clerk; the prodigal heir and the scheming merchant, all who could give the desired security, had found Bonomye an obliging lender, and quitted his threshold with light hearts. When the day of restitution was come, and they had not wherewith to satisfy him, though they still found him smiling and servile, the smile was sarcastic, the servility a habit: for Bonomye was a merciless creditor; the ruined heir saw his fair lands glide away beneath his grasp, the bankrupt trader cursed him when he saw the sheriff in possession of his goods and warehouse; and to all the blow was unexpected, for the Jew was so civil—listened to their tales with such attention, and seemed so accessible to pity, that they hoped, and were deceived. Bonomye hated a Christian, and never renewed a loan. He did both upon principle: his faith and the sufferings of his people led him to the first; and he generally reasoned justly when he said to himself, “If this bond and the interest cannot be paid, how shall I be satisfied when both are doubled?” His money he would have: the tears of the orphan, the entreaties of the all but ruined merchant—beauty in its most dazzling guise, manhood in its hour of pride and strength, age in its helplessness, and misery and despair, had never changed his resolution. “Not one drachm less; I am but a poor man,—you have used my money, and it must be returned.” He had never abated one farthing of his due: prayers

and execrations were unheeded by him; he weighed and reweighed, told the pieces one by one into the chest—each chink was as a drop of balm to his soul, and in the possession of his money he was a happy man. Fresh victims were always to be found, and Bonomye always ready to accommodate them; and so he went on accumulating and lending, strong in hate, hard in heart, and utterly without conscience, saith the Chronicle of Holmcoltram; “*homo iniquissimus, filius Diaboli, et damnatus.*”

The day of adversity, however, was at hand. Bonomye always lent out to the last stiver, and to keep up his stock of cash for the supply of the many demands upon his purse, he had been obliged, a few months before, to borrow a large sum of a company of Italian merchants then in London. It was put out to advantage, it is true, but the day appointed for the repayment of it was but a week distant, and his chest nearly empty: his creditors were, if possible, greater sharks than Jews, and in a riot that had recently taken place the Londoners seized all their treasure, which they had deposited for security in the religious houses of the town; so that, although at any other time they might have been disposed to renew the loan, they were now urgent for the discharge of it. But this was not the sum of the Jew's difficulties. He might have sought assistance from his brethren, had they not suffered severely from the same riot that had almost ruined the Italians. The Jewry was burnt, their synagogue destroyed, some hundreds of Jews were murdered, and their treasure rifled by the crowd; and, above all, at this calamitous period, it suited the convenience of the king to call upon them for a heavy loan, and Bonomye himself had been favoured that very morning with a writ, in which the king addressed him as “*trusty and well-beloved,*” reminded him of the long and effectual protection he had enjoyed, and commanded him, at the peril of hindering his majesty's business, to contribute twice the amount required of any other Jew. “*Two thousand marks,*” groaned Bonomye, as the fatal missive dropped from his grasp; “*so much did I give to obtain his countenance; my brother Reuben spoke the word of truth when he said that my shekels were as chaff scattered before the wind, for that the Gentile heedeth not his word. Protection, forsooth! the boon of being the last to be devoured.*”—Bonomye knew too well the consequences of a refusal; that however true his plea of poverty might be, it would be tested by the dentist, the gridiron, or the hangman; and that a Jew could obtain no pity but by purchase. Often had he known his brethren suffer, and had heard unmoved the harrowing recital of their torments; the blow had not fallen upon himself, and he was insensible to the misery of another: but now all the horrid scenes that recollection could bring to mind or imagination conceive crowded on his thoughts; he ground his teeth—they were all firm and sharp, age had neither loosened nor impaired them; he had picked a mutton-bone that day for the fourth time, and found a dinner upon it. Despair prompts the wretch whose ruin is, or appears to be, inevitable, to dwell upon the various stages of his fall, and to imagine every scene; and Bonomye shuddered with ideal pain as he fancied the pincers of the barber tearing his teeth from their sockets; he saw the Elms, that dreary field, and those massive gibbets, green with damp and moss, that had witnessed the last convulsions of so many of his people; he heard the rattling of the dried and bleached bones that yet hung in those chains, and beheld those blotches of long rank grass beneath

which still mouldered away the bodies of so many victims of persecution: never had he seen the spot but once, yet every feature of it was distinctly in his eye. He fancied the brutal and merciless mob their shouts and their ribaldry, the immoveable and business-like satellites of death, and his hand insensibly clutched his long scraggy neck; again did imagination exercise its fearful power—his sallow face grew flushed, his eyes hard and burning, and in that long nervous grasp he had anticipated half the horrors of suffocation. Without one good act to dwell upon, and his natural timidity increased by an evil conscience, want, and perhaps death, before him, Bonomye for the first time felt the intense agony of that despair that expects no pity, the sickness of the heart that knoweth no comfort, and that wound which never heals. He had no tie to bind him to life, no wife, no child, to leave to an uncertain fate, but he dreaded death: now he thought that could he but save his life, he would be content to give up all that he had, and when he considered what he must sacrifice—his gold, the idol of his waking and sleeping thoughts, he would rather resign both together. Agitated by conflicting resolutions, he now determined to brave in all its horrors the fate that awaited him; then imagined that if he could escape with some remnant of his wealth, he would be an altered man,—that the prayer of the distressed should not be addressed to him in vain, that he would be as merciful as he had hitherto been callous. Seldom had Bonomye prayed, but now his lip quivered with the inward entreaty for Divine assistance; he felt that the hand of the Almighty was justly raised against him, that the vial of wrath was about to be poured on his devoted head, and he vowed, after the fashion of the Gentile, to rebuild, if he escaped his present danger, the synagogue so lately destroyed, and to replace the roll that contained the sacred dispensation of his race. "Alas!" saith the Chronicle, "these were but passing thoughts; the author of all evil had strong hold of his soul, and impelled him towards the bottomless pit:" after a few moments, the feelings of the miser returned in all their ancient strength,—prayers, vows, and resolutions were forgotten, and Bonomye, opening his chest, took forth a small box filled to the brim with little rolls of parchment, the acknowledgments of his numerous debtors. Although he knew well enough the dates, he still fancied that some might be nearly available,—he would look and see what hope remained unto him.

"The Abbot of Westminster, five hundred marks. Ay, they were for the Norway hawks and Spanish jennets he bought of Peter of Sienna: those Lombards draw all to their clutches—nothing comes amiss—one year yet to run—the wool of the manor of Hide for so long as interest: I did not wisely; the herd tells of the rot. Reuben said yesterday the Abbot had sold the wool of Cotswold to them of Lucca for ten years to come for the same sum: a proud prodigal priest that; the monks will soon get but poor commons, methinks—the goodly rents of their lands fly away on the wings of the Abbot's hawks.

"Philip de Lovel, a thousand. Master Philip knoweth the ways of the great, and hath found favour at court—the king's justice may not be reminded of the bond of the bishop's serving-man. Over the term by three months: 'tis lost.

"Nicholas de Basing, three thousand. A man well to do, but somewhat stiff withal, is Master Basing: he striveth hard with the Italian; men say the king loveth him, and showeth it by running long bills, Six weeks of the term: he might help me—I'll try: his daughter.

who loveth young Adam Bukerel, is well favoured, and the maiden may like a necklace of the real Paris work."

He went on muttering as he read, and many were the anecdotes of folks of all classes which might have been gathered from his soliloquy. He seemed to wish to prolong the result of his search, and, as his recollection served him, touched with more or less minuteness on the circumstances and characters of his debtors.

The contents of the box were exhausted, the last roll dropped on the table, and Bonomye sank back in his chair, crossed his hands before him, and, with his eyes fixed vacantly on the wall, looked the very image of misery and dismay. The only ray of hope he had derived from his search rested on the chance of Nicholas de Basing being willing to take up his bond at some reduction of the interest; but then the sum was so small that it would be of little use. The amount he owed the Italians was four times as much; and although a part of it might appease them until he should have time to look about him, what could he do with the king's demand upon his purse? A thought struck him—he would place in his hands, bonds to the amount required of him; and although the terms for their payment had not arrived, he believed that the royal prerogative would be sufficient to compel the liquidation of them, if the money was to be had at all.

In the midst of these reflections, a knock at the outer door recalled Bonomye's attention; and having hastily scrambled up the loose deeds and returned them to their place, he went to inquire who visited him thus late in the day.

"My errand is from Albert Boccanigro, the Italian, to Master Bonomye, the Jew. Open the door, man, for the wind blows coldly down this street. You must have slumbered, methinks, for I've stood here till I can scarce feel my fingers."

Bonomye, to whom the name was well known, half opened the door, muttering in apology the while something about fatigue, drowsiness, and the deafness of his old servant; and peered out upon the stranger, who, hastily pushing open the door, entered without ceremony.

"No times these for men to sleep in the broad day, Jew: folks who would look to themselves and their goods must be up and waking."

So saying, he walked into the room, followed by Bonomye, who, pulling one of the benches towards the table, entreated him to be seated. The stranger, who from his speech appeared to be an Englishman, had a foreign look and complexion: his dress was that of the merchant of those days, but he wore over it a long dark cloak. At his girdle was the usual appendage of a writing-case, and Bonomye remarked that he carried beside it a long knife or dagger. The Jew did not like his countenance or manner, but dissembling his uneasiness as well as he could, demanded what the Italian would have with him, about which he had some misgivings, for Boccanigro was the principal of the society to which he stood indebted.

"It is late in the day," he remarked, "and Master Albert generally looks after business himself; he is not wont to employ strangers. By what mark shall I know that you come from him?"

"By this mark," replied the stranger. "Albert bids me say to you, that concerning the silver you owe unto him and others of his—"

"But the day is not yet come," said Bonomye; "it is still a week distant. Doubtless, though times are bad for our people—"

"Hear me, Jew, and then thou mayst speak as thou pleasest.

Master Boccanigro doubts not you will repay them ; but touching the renewal of the loan, which he refused when you spoke of it but lately, he bade me say that some of his company have arrived by sea with treasure from France, and maybe the matter can be settled now. They bring also much silver plate, and he would consult you how to barter it elsewhere than at the king's exchange: to make few words, he would speak with you this present night at his house in Southwark."

"Master Albert knows," said the Jew, "that I am always ready to serve him with my poor aid ; but the night is coming on, and 'tis not safe for our race to be abroad."

"Ay, ay, we know well enough you will serve if there is aught to be gained ; and as for being abroad at night, man, the streets are quiet enough. These Londoners have tired of their recent sport, and if need be I can protect you ; so let us be going. If men say truly, thou art not wont to be dull in pursuit of lucre."

The stranger now rose, and Bonomye, in whom fear and expectation were mingled together, summoned up resolution enough to say that he would accompany him. Taking the precaution to transfer every loose article to his chest, and having carefully locked it, and thrust the key into his inner vest, he seized his cap and led the way to the door. At the foot of the staircase, he stopped, and bawled out, "Rachel ! Rachel !" several times without receiving an answer. At length the old deaf crone who played the part of his servant-of-all-work condescended to reply.

"Look to the door, Rachel, look to the door, I say: no one must enter while I'm away. And, Rachel, put up the great bar that Geoffrey the smith fitted t'other day. Dost hear, Rachel?"

The old woman having signified that she understood him, he undid the door, and quitted the house with the stranger, who had become impatient at his delay.

It was evening when Bonomye and his companion found themselves in Cheapside, and a dense October fog was rapidly spreading its volumes of mist over the long line of irregular buildings which then formed that now populous thoroughfare. Although the hour was not later than eight, few persons were abroad ; for after dark the Cheap was a dangerous spot. At the time of which we write, this street had not the regularity and spaciousness which a century afterwards fitted it for the splendid jousts and revels of the court of the third Edward, when Queen Philippa and her ladies witnessed the sports from the steeple of Bow or the gallery in Soper-lane. The reader will imagine a long narrow street extending from St. Paul's to the Poultry, on either side of which wooden sheds jutted out with the great irregularity and little regard to the sanctity of the highway, which was in parts considerably narrowed by their encroachments: in some instances there were rooms over these sheds ; but, generally, the houses, with their quaint gables, rose a little in the rear of them, varying in size, height, and appearance, according to the circumstances of the owners. A stack of bare wooden boards, black with age, and mouldering with the rot, was squatted by the side of the rudely-carved and newly-painted front of a wealthier tradesman or private person, in which small glass windows took the place of the miserable lattices which distinguished the poorer tenements: and here and there a stone building of some pretension and antiquity might be seen ; but in every instance the buildings were constructed without that respect to mutual conve-

mence which in modern times has been secured by law. A few years later, considerable improvements were made; the thoroughfare was widened, the sheds gave way to edifices which, though yet of wood, assumed a more regular appearance, and the noble conduit of Henry de Waleys, better known by the name of its renovator, Ilam, conveyed a stream of pure water to the district. Yet, miserable as was the aspect of the Cheap by day, still when viewed at night, with a clear sky, and the moonlight streaming upon it, the sharp outlines of the roofs resting against the horizon, every angle and peculiarity brought into strong relief, and the broad masses of gloom below, produced by the various projections of the houses, gables, and sheds, it afforded one of those bold combinations of lights and shadows, and that picturesque effect which we seek in vain amid the uniform brick piles that have succeeded the humble habitations of our ancestors. We have said that it was a dangerous spot, and it was so, because even in the clearest night the road was dark, and many were the nooks in which the footpad or cut-throat from the notorious vicinity of St. Martin's-le-Grand laid in ambush for the straggling passenger; to such excesses had they proceeded about this time, that the holy brotherhood of that place, after having lost half its members through fright and broken heads, implored in vain the aid of their patron saint and the city watch, and cursed with bell and book till they were tired, were now building a wooden gallery over the street from their cells to the belfry of St. Martin's, through which they hoped to pass to vespers and matins without loss of life. From such neighbours the Cheap could not escape. The watch was generally scanty and always idle, and in the depth of winter the streets were without lights, save the candles that twinkled through window and lattice, and the red smoky lamp which marked the locality of some tavern: but on the evening in question the darkness was intense; the damp fog hung overhead, nestled in the nooks and corners of the street, and deepened the shadows; viewed through its delusive medium, the distant lamp looked like a flickering in the far horizon, and the tall steeple of St. Mary-le-Bow, and the grotesque outlines of the houses, indistinctly seen as the vapour was wafted by the current, seemed gigantic because undefined.

Long as the Jew had lived in London, he had never been in the streets after dark; it was dangerous enough for his race to tread them in the light of day, when they did well to escape with the gibes of the populace,—and at the present time, above any other, he would have avoided it had he been able. The bigoted mob was yet in a state of excitement. But a few days before, seven hundred Jews had been massacred, and the ruins of their habitations were yet smoking. A sad experience increased his natural timidity, and worked upon his imagination; and but for the prospect of worldly salvation thus unexpectedly held out to him, he would have receded when he looked upon the gloomy street spread out before him. His companion, who seemed indifferent to the scene, trod swiftly on towards Cornhill, and Bonomye with his trembling gait had some difficulty to keep up with him, stumbling every moment over the uneven road, starting in terror at the most distant sounds, and fancying the presence of a murderer in every dark corner of the street. They had proceeded half up the Cheap, when the Jew noticed with some anxiety that the horizon was red with the reflection of a strong light, and remarked the appearance to his companion, who answered with indifference that it seemed

to be a fire, and was probably at a distance, as the mist was deceptive. Bonomye, who, from recent occurrences could only associate the idea of a fire with the house of a Jew, grew terribly alarmed, and his dread was increased when, after they had gone a few paces further, the shouts of a mob became distinctly audible. The sounds appeared to be coming in their direction. He endeavoured to increase his speed; but a strange perversity seized his companion, whose pace, late so rapid, now became intolerably slow, and he expressed a wish to see the event of the business. In vain did the excited Jew point out the risk they would incur, and conjure him to escape: he coldly remarked that they could run no danger by mingling in the crowd, and advised him to muffle his face as much as possible, and to abide by his directions.

When they reached the end of the Poultry, the light became clearly distinguishable: it was the blaze of hundreds of torches in the hands of a furious mob, which poured out in such a rapid torrent from the various alleys then occupying the site of the present Mansion-house, that the Jew and his companion were insensibly carried along by it. All was confusion and uproar; a thousand voices, uttering a thousand different cries, were raised together. Yet scarcely a word could be understood; and from time to time a furious yell uttered by a single individual was quickly caught up and echoed from the whole assembly; and then the clamour would subside into a loud murmur, which floated, as it were, above the dull heavy tread and rush of the multitude.

In the centre of the mob some one was dragged violently along, and at intervals his loud cries and entreaties were distinctly audible.

"What is it?" asked some frightened citizens who hung on the outskirts of the throng. Alarm and curiosity were expressed in their countenances, and several spoke at one and the same moment.

"A Jew dog who has stabbed Adam Linton in Walbrook: they will hang him, I trow, and do rightly too, I say for one," answered a burly red-headed fellow, whose discoloured leathern apron, sooty face, and huge hammer betokened him to be a smith, and in whom Bonomye recognised, with some apprehension, the man Geoffrey, who had lately fitted the iron bar to his street-door.

"Hang him! ay, that will they," said a dirty beggar, whose crutch, that lately supported a bad leg, now held aloft a dripping torch, "and burn a few more of their nests, I hope: I got little enough to my share when we set the Jewry in a blaze t'other night. Curse them all! they prey upon us poor folks."

"Prey, indeed!" observed a meagre-looking fellow to those nearest him: "I would have borrowed twenty shillings of the Jew Mosse the other day, but he asked two shillings a-week for the use of it, the greedy infidel! and, by St. Crispin, I needed the money much to get me leather."

"Thou must have cobbled a good few buskins to pay that, Master Adam, and have worked better than when you fitted me that new heel-piece; I vow it's loose already," growled a discontented customer: The cobbler, whose anger was excited by this question of his skill, was about to reply, when, in the sudden rush of the crowd as it entered the narrow opening into Cornhill, Crispin and his accuser were separated.

The mob, recruited by ired comers in every direction, moved

rapidly on ; and Bonomye, whose fears were dreadfully excited, clung with a convulsive grasp to the arm of the stranger, whose object it seemed to get as near as possible to the miserable object of the uproar. They had now reached Grasschurch-street, into which the mob turned, and, impeded by a rush of people in the opposite direction, halted. The whole space from Bishopsgate-street to Fish-street-hill was filled with a dense mass of people of every description. There were the butchers and fishmongers from the neighbouring market, the drapers' apprentices from Cornhill, the ruffians of St. Martin's, thieves and beggars, decent citizens and houseless vagrants, all brought together by the hope of plunder, or that strange curiosity which, even in days of greater refinement, assembles such crowds to view the last moments of the felon. The dense fog, from which a drizzling mist was falling, hung a gloomy canopy above, red with the blaze of the torches, and rendered denser by their smoke ; the same lurid light was cast on the faces and heads of the crowd, and on the houses on either side, at the lattices of which the alarmed inmates were seen in every variety of dress, viewing with apprehension the threatening aspect and gestures of the mob, the uproar of which baffles description ;—yells and execrations, the slang of the rabble, the shouts of people recognising one another at a distance, the loud boisterous laugh, the shrill whistle, the low professional jokes of the different trades, the noise of fifty conflicts for place and room, in which heads were broken without number, and all these various sounds at times ceasing in the long-continued roar which demanded the punishment of the unfortunate culprit. It was curious to see the countenances of the crowd beneath the strange glare that lighted up the scene ;—the careless laughing face of youth beside the grave burgher, on whose features sate grave concern ; the deformed beggar, the malignant-eyed ruffian, eager for blood and plunder, who viewed all with the vacant stare and open mouth of vulgar curiosity, uncertain of the event, and excited by no object.

Bonomye, dragged along by the stranger, who vigorously elbowed his way through the crowd, now found himself near enough to see the prisoner. He was surrounded by a circle of men, who seemed to be the leaders of the mob, and was kneeling with his back towards the spot in which Bonomye stood. His black gown was torn to tatters, and covered with dirt ; his head, over which were scattered a few long grey hairs, was uncovered, and his hands raised in supplication ; while the words of entreaty he would have uttered were broken by his heavy and frequent groans.

" Save me ! save me ! " he exclaimed at length to a young man of a superior air to those about him, and who seemed to be an unwilling spectator of the scene.

The youth turned away, and, as he passed by Bonomye, muttered, " Save thee, man ! 'twould be a miracle to do it."

The victim, in whom the appearance of the person he had thus addressed seemed to have excited some wild hope, turned his head in the direction in which he retired. The light of a torch fell full upon his face, and showed the astonished Bonomye the countenance of his gossip Reuben. The exclamation he would have uttered was checked by his companion, who pressed his arm. But the name had escaped his lips, and the ears of the wretched prisoner were quick. Looking eagerly around, he said,

" Yes, I am Reuben. Who calls me ?—who is it that speaks to the wretched Reuben ?"

His eye glanced sharply about, but the stranger now stood between him and Bonomye; and it was lucky for the latter that the attention of those about him was at this moment excited by an uproar at the top of the street, occasioned by the city watch, who had been called out, and now endeavoured to force a passage in. They were received with loud shouts and laughter, together with exhortations to go home and comfort their wives; and when the alderman who commanded saw the determined faces of the mob, and the flourish of staves, and learned that it was a Jew only whose life was in jeopardy, he retreated to tell the mayor that the riot was of little moment.

The emotion Bonomye had shown did not arise so much from surprise at seeing Reuben, whom he knew to be a peaceable man, in such a situation, and charged with so great an offence, as from other motives. Relieved, as he imagined, from the ruin that so lately threatened him, his heart was again hardened; and, after the first moment of amaze, the thought flashed upon him that he had Reuben's bond in his chest,—two hundred marks were lost, irrecoverably gone. "He must die," thought the Jew, "and these Philistines will spoil his house;—I cannot repay me out of his chattels:" and from that moment this was uppermost in his mind. He grieved not for his ancient acquaintance as another would have done; and if he wished him to be saved, the feeling was prompted more by the desire to obtain his silver than a disinterested wish to see him snatched from the dreadful fate before him. Pure sympathy was unfelt by Bonomye; and the only sensation at all akin to it which he experienced, arose from his knowing that he himself was quite as obnoxious to the surrounding crowd, and that, if discovered, he might take his place beside Reuben. Mentally cursing his imprudence in thus venturing abroad so late, he pulled his cap lower over his face, crept closer to the stranger, and awaited the event with some dread; but all his apprehensions were for his own safety.

The prisoner had essayed in turn, and in vain, the pity of those who surrounded him, and appeared, as we have said, to be the ringleaders. His yellow bony hands, clasped with the intensity of despair, were raised to each without success; his lustrous black eyes, from which the silent tear trickled down his shrivelled cheek, fell upon scowling faces,—appealed to hearts inflamed by rage and the thirst of vengeance. A cuff from one, a kick from another, and a loud curse from a third, were the only replies to his impassioned entreaties for mercy and asseverations of innocence.

"Here, Jew, eat!" cried a burly apprentice, squeezing into the circle, and thrusting into his mouth the remains of a mutton-pie; "eat, man. Thou hast a long road to journey, and but a short path into it. Eat, dog!"

A loud laugh burst from the bystanders, with "Eat, Jew, eat!—'tis no pork." The miserable man sank down, covered his face with his hands, and was silent. The mob, which had now waited patiently for some minutes, renewed its clamour with increased fury. Loud rose the cries of "Hang him, hang him!" But at this moment the bell of Bow Church tolling nine was faintly heard, as the sound struggled with dense atmosphere and contrary wind; and some merry fellow in the crowd roared out the popular couplet, that had passed current in London from the days of the curfew,

“ Clerk of the Bow Bell
 With the yellow lockes,
 For thy late ringing
 Thy head shall have knockes :”

and for a time it was repeated by the mob in a chorus so deafening, that had the clerk of the bell been there, he would have been stunned by the noise, though his head might have escaped the threatened knocks. But this was a passing humour only. Intent upon their purpose, they soon returned to their former cries and uproar: the pressure upon the spot where the prisoner lay grew long and fierce; the foremost and most outrageous of the throng demanded him to be given up to them; but the smith and the beggar, whom we noticed at the beginning of the tumult, and who had all along acted a conspicuous part, with some of their fellows, stood stoutly against the rush.

“ Fair play!” roared the smith, whirling his hammer.

“ Fair play! We can’t all have a pull at him, but we may all see him hang,” exclaimed the beggar, flourishing his crutch; and preparations were made for the last scene.

Immediately opposite to the fatal circle in which the prisoner lay, was a hostel, distinguished then, as after, by the sign of the Hart on the Hoop. It had a court-yard in front, and the entrance to it was through an arched gate, over which was an iron hoop surmounted by a rudely-carved stag’s head. This was pointed out by one of the leaders as a good spot to proceed to execution; the Jew was dragged towards the gate, and the cry was now for a rope.

“ Master Cornewaile will have a good sign,” quoth one: “ where a Jew hangs, Christians will find good cheer.”

But mine host thought otherwise. He had witnessed the whole scene from a lattice, and when he perceived the intentions of the mob, descended, in company with a friar who happened to be taking his cup there that evening, or comforting the hostess, or probably doing both, and began to parley with those nearest his gate.

“ What, sirs! you will not shed blood on my threshold, and mar the good repute of my house?”

“ No blood,” growled a fellow who was trying to fling the end of a rope through the hoop,—“ no blood, Master Gilbert,—hanging spills no blood; though this dog of a Jew hath spilled honest Linton’s;—didst know him?—the draper in Walbrook?”

“ By the God above, I did *not* slay him!” exclaimed Reuben, making one last effort: “ the man was dead when I found him, and I did but—”

“ Ay, ay,” answered the man who had failed in his attempt to pass the rope, “ who ever heard of a Jew stopping to raise or touch a dead Christian? Plague seize the fellow who brought this shred!—A rope, I say—another rope. Don’t stand prating there, Master Gilbert;—look, man, if thou hast a good rope in thy house.”

“ Thou’lt have no rope from me, Robin Troubletown. An thou wouldst hang the man, get a rope where thou canst. I’ll have nought to do with the death of any one.”

With this, Gilbert Cornewaile was about to close his gate, when a loud piercing shriek rang wildly from the opposite side of the street, and he stood, the half-closed door in hand. The voice of a female was heard entreating the mob to let her through; and so sudden was this interruption of the horrid work, that, taken by surprise, a road was

made for her across. Rushing wildly towards the victim, she threw herself on her knees beside him, parted the long grey hairs that had straggled over his face, and kissed him with nervous affection.

"Reuben, my father!" she exclaimed, "'tis thy daughter Miriam. Look up, my father, and behold thy child!"

The unfortunate old man, by this time almost insensible to everything, gazed vacantly upon her beaming face, that seemed to look into his very soul. A faint expression lighted up his features for a moment—he had recognised his daughter; but this last sign of intelligence died away,—he uttered a low, faint laugh,—the laugh of incipient idiotcy,—and his head dropped heavily on the bosom of his child.

Supporting her father with one arm, Miriam turned towards his persecutors. She was eminently beautiful; her long dark hair, dishevelled by her struggle in the crowd, fell over her shoulders, and her full black eyes were suffused with tears as she begged with hysterical earnestness for mercy to her parent.

"Look you, sirs," she said, "he is my father,—Reuben, the son of Jacob the Rabbi,—and I am his daughter Miriam. You will not kill him!—he is my only parent. No!—I am sure you will not. See, he is an old man!—look at his grey hair! He is merciful, too,—he could not slay a fellow-creature. Do you think this weak, trembling hand," raising her father's arm, "could wield a knife? Oh, no! no! no!—it could not be he: he was ever kind and good! Say now that you will not murder him!—Good people, let me take my father away, and I will pray for you! God hears the prayers of the meanest of his people. Yes, Miriam will pray for and thank you all!" Encouraged by the momentary irresolution that had seized the executioners, she turned again to her father. "Look up, my father,—they will not slay thee!—they pity the sorrow of thy daughter—they will be merciful unto thee and me!"

He gave the same low chuckling laugh, and this time it seemed to mock the hopes and exertions of his child.

A barbarian could not have witnessed this scene unmoved. The chief actors in the business, if not moved, were, to say the least, puzzled by this new impediment to their purpose, and eyed one another in silent indecision. As for Cornewaile, who still kept his place at the gate, he cried like a child: but the distant mob, (who, though they knew the cause of the delay, did not see it, and could not feel the force of the child's appeal for the life of her parent,) and the friends of the murdered man, were not to be appeased but by the sacrifice of his supposed assassin.

"Take away the she devil," said one; "Hang her up with the old one," said the deformed beggar; and Robin Troubletown, who had by this time procured a fresh rope and passed it through the hoop, approached with the smith to put an end to the affair. When the unfortunate girl saw their purpose, she clung convulsively to her father. She spoke not, for her grief was beyond the power of speech; and though her father was forcibly raised up, she still clung to him. But nature could support it no longer: her eyes encountered the fatal rope, that now dangled over his head; and ere the rude hands that would have torn her from all that she loved could effect their purpose, she fell senseless to the ground. A moment sufficed to pass the noose round the neck of the motionless Reuben, who was supported on his legs, and Robin and the smith, lengthening their hold of it, dragged him up.

The body, dreadfully convulsed, ascended but slowly ; more men seized the rope—the head of the victim struck heavily against the iron,—with one pull more, it was across it and the neck broken. Loud cries of exultation hailed the appearance of the body as it swung darkly to and fro. “ To his house,—to Aldgate !” shouted the beggar ;—“ To Aldgate !” said the smith, whirling his hammer, as though he were already forcing a door. “ To Aldgate, to Aldgate !” rang from mouth to mouth. And away rushed the mob to complete their work by destroying the house and property of the murdered Jew.

Miriam still lay on the spot where she fell when her father was torn from her arms. The mob, in their hurry to run off to Aldgate, had taken no further notice of her, and her situation was unheeded by the few people who still lingered near the body. No sooner was the entrance to his house sufficiently cleared, than Gilbert Cornewaile, assisted by his drawers, conveyed the unfortunate girl into his house. “ What though she were a Jewess ?” he kindly said ; “ she was still flesh and blood like himself. She had done bravely in risking her life to save her father, and ’twas a mercy she had not suffered with him. He had a daughter of his own ; but the hussey cared little for her old father, and went gadding about with that scapegrace, Osbert the falconer—hang him ! His dame would look to poor Miriam.”

And where was Bonomye all this time ? From the moment he recognised Reuben, he had viewed the whole proceeding in speechless terror, but it was for his own safety ; and if another thought at any time divided the miser’s attention, it was the remembrance of his lost shekels. The appearance of Miriam at first led him to think that her father might be saved ; but he witnessed the affecting exertions of the child to rescue her miserable parent from death without emotion and without a tear. Gladly did his heart beat when, by the death of Reuben and the retreat of the mob, he was relieved from all apprehension for himself, and saw the road open for his escape. As for the stranger to whom he clung, he maintained throughout the same cold demeanour that had marked him from the first ; and Bonomye, who never for a moment quitted his hold of him, did not perceive that he was in any degree affected by the tragedy. He spoke not, his arm trembled not,—he never changed his place but when the sway of the crowd compelled him,—and altogether had the air of one who contemplated a scene rendered indifferent to him by habit.

No sooner was the road clear, than he resumed his former rapid pace, dragging the still trembling Bonomye along with him. Nor did the Jew bestow a thought upon the situation of Miriam : he was too selfish, too anxious to get away, to waste a moment upon her. The stranger was silent until he reached the bottom of the street ; when he observed,

“ These Londoners are a fierce set, Jew ! Didst know the man they have hanged ? Thou wouldst have spoken, but that I checked thee.”

“ Verily,” said Bonomye, “ I knew him well. We met oft with the changers in Lombard-street, and he owed me monies that I can ill spare.”

“ What ! money again, man ! Hast thou no other thought but of thy gold ? Say, dost think the man was innocent ? He looked not like a night-brawler or cut-throat.”

“ He who knoweth all things only can tell,” replied the Jew : “ I would not answer for any one. ’Tis hard for a poor man to lose that

which it costs so much to get. Two hundred marks," said he, talking to himself, "two hundred, good tale and weight—truly I am a miserable man!"

"Tush, man, with marks! Is it not harder for a guiltless man to lose his life than for a vile miser like thee to lose a few pieces? I warrant me, they did him more good than would ever have come of them in thy hands. Did not the girl beg nobly for her father?—Speak, man!"

"Ay! yes; you speak well. I had forgot; they call her Miriam," said Bonomye, aroused from another reverie on his lost marks. "She is fair to look upon, but methought Reuben lent too much unto her vanities; he was but a poor man. He would oft speak of the craft of the Gentile, and yet lent too ready an ear to every idle tale of want or misery; and he clothed his daughter in costly stuffs, such as are not for the women of our people in these days of sorrow. Mayhap, had he not yielded unto her worldly desires he would not have borrowed my silver: two hundred—'twas but a while since that he bought a goodly string of pearls from Adam of Shoreditch, the goldsmith, for the maiden to bind her hair. Verily, it grieved me to see so many broad pieces cast away, that might have been out at usance, to the profit of her father. If they seize not his goods, those pearls might repay me.—But, stay! will not Master Albert wonder that we tarry so long?"

"Truly, Jew," said the stranger, "thou art a man of stone, and accursed, for thou hast no heart: and as for Albert, he will wait thy coming and mine, though it may be sooner than he would."

"How say you? Did you not tell me that your errand was from him,—that he would speak with me about the monies?"

"'Twere better not to speak so loud," replied his companion. "What I said was to suit my purpose. We will talk more of it on the bridge."

The bridge gate was now before them,—a tall, embattled tower, that cut off all access to the bridge but through the arch in its centre, defended by a portecullis, the grinning teeth of which were visible beneath the groove into which it slid. A lamp, suspended from the roof of the passage, shed a feeble light for a few paces; and beyond all was darkness, save the faint ray that glimmered through the western window of the chapel of St. Thomas on the centre of the bridge, proceeding from the taper that burned before the altar. The place was dismal, gloomy, and cold, for the wind swept keenly across the bridge, and Bonomye, whose fears were once more awakened by the last speech of the stranger, thought the sharpness of the blast was beyond anything he had ever felt. The water, which could not be discerned for the fog, rippled heavily against the starlings, and a heavy mist was still falling. The Jew could not help thinking that his companion, who now turned into one of the angular projections of the platform, a few yards from the chapel, had chosen a very uncomfortable spot to converse in: he pulled his gaberdine closer around him, and inquired, with a shiver, if they had not better stand more under the shelter of the chapel side.

"No; some of the dotards may be at their prayers and overhear us," said the stranger. "If thou art cold, man, take my cloak; I need it not."

Bonomye did not refuse this offer, and, muffled in its ample folds, with his back turned to the wind, he waited for his companion to begin the conversation.

"You owe Boccanigro and his friends twelve thousand marks, Jew,—so I heard from his own lips this morning,—and you know not how to repay them: is it so?"

"Most true; but I thought I was to speak with Master Albert himself thereupon, or I——"

"—Would not have left home," answered his companion with a laugh. "I give thee credit, Jew; but with Albert you cannot treat, and you must answer me!"

"Doubtless I can repay him, if Master Nicholas de Basing——"

"Do all thy hopes rest on 'ifs,' man? Why, then, to end them, I tell thee, Basing will not—nay, cannot help thee; that thou hast no one to trust in but me!"

"Friend," said Bonomye, summoning up resolution, "you speak as knowing all things. I do not despair of Master Basing; but—but, if you can stand me in his stead, I may not refuse to treat with you. Albeit, know you not——"

"You must treat with me, whatever my terms may be, if you would save yourself," said the stranger, with the same sneering laugh. "Albert has thy bond in his keeping: what wouldst thou risk to obtain possession of it, and the means to satisfy the king?"

Bonomye, more and more startled at the extent of his companion's knowledge and the tenor of his conversation, was silent.

"I would have thy answer, Jew."

"Though to regain my bond would serve me much, I see not how it may be done honestly," added Bonomye, pausing.

"Does Bonomye, the usurer, talk of honesty?" remarked the stranger, with the laugh that the Jew disliked so much. "Does he think he has any character to lose? Why, man, couldst thou hear what folks say of thee,—and something thou must have heard,—thy speech would not be of honesty. They who know thee curse thee; and they who do not, when they hear others tell of thy ways, curse too, and wonder that one so vile has lived so long.—Honesty, forsooth! Ha! ha!"

"Friend, I know not what you would have me do. I like not your speech; it savours of temptation."

"Well then, Jew, if thou art so dull, keep thy honesty, and thy charity too,—for thou hast as much of the one as of the other. But, when the foreigner asks his monies of thee, and thou hast not wherewith to pay him, and the Royal leech would suck thee too; when thy tale of poverty is derided; when the tormentor is agonising thy vile body, and a horrid death stares thee in the face; try if thy honesty can soothe pain, or make death less terrible. And if thou shouldst yet live, but in want, what will it do for thee? Men will say as thou crawlest along the street, 'See, that is Bonomye; he that was the rich, the hard-hearted usurer, who knew no pity: is he not justly served?' and they will spit on thee, and thy honesty."

The stranger had now renewed in Bonomye all his former fears, and brought to his recollection all the thoughts that had agitated him in the morning. He stood trembling and irresolute. He felt there was some sinister meaning beneath his companion's words. He had a presentiment of evil, and would have fled from it had he known how. But there was the man standing darkly before him like some malignant spirit, and the Jew fancied he could see his eyes flash through the darkness. Below them the river flowed sullenly along: he was but a

weak man, the stranger strong and active,—the parapet low,—one push would send him over. Bonomye could see no hope of escape. And then his gold; how was he to be saved from misery? It was a terrible moment for the Jew. Great was the mental struggle; despite the cold and rain, the perspiration stood on his brow, his teeth chattered, and his whole frame was shaken. He revolved again and again the circumstances in which he was placed, and "Alas!" saith the Chronicle, "the small remains of honesty and good intent were dispersed by the love of Mammon." Bonomye inquired faintly what the stranger would have him do.

"Hark you: Albert is mine enemy; he is your creditor; I would have revenge, you your bond, and," bending his head till the words fell on Bonomye's ear in a low whisper, "he must die, and that this night."

Bonomye, whose agitation had subsided into that species of desperate resolution which looks not to consequences, and is always greater in proportion to the indecision that precedes it, listened to this proposition without a shudder: he could scarcely believe that he was himself—the same man who, a few moments before, had trembled at mere insinuations. However, he did not reply.

"Has Bonomye's virtue conquered his love of gold and life?" inquired the stranger with a sneer.

"Can we escape without suspicion?"

"I will conduct thee back to thy dwelling."

The next morning, Albert de Boccanigro was found murdered in his house in Southwark. By his side was Bonomye, the Jew: in one hand he still held the knife with which he had effected the deed; the other grasped his bond, which he had taken from Albert's chest, that lay open on the floor: and there were several bags of money near him, prepared for removal.

He sat in a state of stupor, with his eyes fixed on the corpse of the merchant; and when seized and interrogated respecting the matter, he laughed wildly, and could utter nothing but "Sathan, Sathan!"

The story coming to the king's ears, he sent brother Simon of St. Sepulchre's, a very holy man, to visit the Jew in Newgate, whose pious prayers had the effect of restoring him to sense; when he made known unto the friar the history of his connexion with the stranger,—how he had yielded to temptation, and that, having by his means entered Albert's house, he stabbed him. No sooner had he done so, than his companion discovered himself to be the devil; mocked him, upbraided him with his hard-heartedness; reminded him of his insensibility to the fate of Reuben and his daughter; told him that his iniquities had delivered him into his power; imprinted the mark of his finger on his forehead, where a dark black spot was still visible, and disappeared he knew not how: that he had found himself unable to leave the house, or even to quit the body, by which he sat until found there in the morning.

The Jew, upon this, being brought before the king, "with whom," says the Chronicle, "were many bishops and noble men of the realm, did there relate the same tale unto all present, who heard it with much amaze and wonderment, acknowledging the wisdom and judgment of God made evident therein. And, after a few days, the said Bonomye breathed forth his wicked soul amid inexpressible torments."

The omission of the Chronicler in not informing us of the manner of the Jew's death is luckily supplied by an entry on the Fine Roll of the 48th year of Henry the Third, membrane 7, the translation of which is as follows:—

“William de Walworth has made a fine with the Lord the King, by fifty marks, to have the house and tenement in Milk-street, London, which was formerly the property of Bonomye, the son of Cresse the Jew, but now in the king's hands, as his escheat, by reason of the felony of the said Bonomye, who, at the instigation of the devil, did lately slay Albert the Lombard, in Southwark, for which the said Bonomye was burned in the Cheap. And the King's Escheator in London is commanded to give the same William possession of the said house and tenement.”

A TRUE HISTORY OF THE CELEBRATED
WEDGEWOOD HIEROGLYPH, COMMONLY CALLED
THE WILLOW PATTERN.

BY MARK LEMON.

WITH A PLATE.

IN the reign of the Emperor Fo (who was nearly as long as his name), the great philosopher Fum, by the introduction of the doctrine of metempsychosis, had set nearly all the pigtailed in the Celestial Empire “bolt upright,”—Nature having devised this form of expression for a surprised Chinese. Never was astonishment so general. Wherever you turned,

“Some graceful pigtail pointed to the skies.”

It was only to be equalled by the delight occasioned by the new doctrine. Death was now no longer a thing of terrors; but every child of the sun looked forward with joyous anticipation to the time when he should

“Soar the air, or swim the deep,
Or o'er the sephalica creep.”

The fear was not that they *must* die, but that they *might not*. So anxious, indeed, were many for this transmigration, that, anticipating death, they insisted upon being something else.

Sing-sing, principal tenor to the emperor, fell from the shingled roof of his dwelling, and, becoming impaled on the point of his tail, conceived himself a humming-bird, and would not be quieted. Ti-di, the greatest dandy inside of the greatest wall in the universe, strutted down the principal street of Fou-loo with a water-melon on his apex, which some mischievous urchin had attached to it during his siesta. Ti-di was always so occupied with thoughts of himself, that at any time the sayings and doings of the rest of the world never gave him the least concern. It is therefore not much to be wondered at, that when his brain was being bandied about between self-love and the new doctrine, the jokes and gibes of the laughing people of Fou-loo should have been for a long time unregarded. When he did perceive their merriment, and the cause thereof, he neither

fainted, nor swore, nor ran away, nor did anything else that a Christian fool would have done. No: he was satisfied that he had died without being aware of it, and was now a cockatoo of the first feather. Under this impression, he presented himself to the emperor, and it was not until the bamboo had been liberally awarded that he was convinced that he had feet, and not talons. Si-long, a fulsome flatterer, discovered that he was a creeping thing; Tri-tri, an old courtesan, became a spider; and Nic-que, a lawyer, was converted into a vulture by the force of imagination, and a devout belief in the new doctrine.

Such was the state of things in the Celestial Empire of the mighty Fo, produced by the eloquence of the philosopher Fum, when our "true history" begins.

[Gentle reader,* ring the bell, and desire John to bring you a "*willow pattern plate*." John has obeyed you, and, with your permission, we will now proceed.]

On the banks of the beautiful lake Flo-slo (see *plate*) stood the out-of-town residence of Chou-chu, a wealthy dealer in areca-nuts and betel.—I had written thus far, when, conscious of my own inability to do justice to this part of my narrative, I procured the assistance of a friend. I trust the style will betray the author, for his modesty would not allow me to publish his name. He writes thus:

" THIS SINGULARLY ELIGIBLE PROPERTY,
which was for a lengthened period
THE ADMIRER ABODE OF CHOU-CHU, vendor of areca-nuts and betel,
stands on the margin of that
LOVELY LAKE, — THE SLO-FLO,
which, from its waters, colourless and pale as the
LOTUS
which floats upon them, might be called
A GALAXY, OR MILKY-WAY:
a particular desideratum in this land of tea.
The residence itself is of an extraordinary character,
being TWO STORIES HIGH, with a
PORTICO
of lofty pretensions, the ascent to which is by a flight of steps
of the most curious
ZIG-ZAG
construction. A bow-window, admirably situated
for FISHING, BATHING, OR SUICIDE,
overhangs the lake. The arrangement of the grounds has
" TASK'D THE INGENUITY OF MAN" (*Sophocles*).
The principal walk is intersected by an
" IN AND OUT " FENCE,

for which no reason can at present be given; but an inquiring mind must derive enjoyment from the pursuit of the discovery of its utility. The trees and shrubs are RARE and valuable. The PUD-DING-TREE of Linnæus overhangs the house (see *plate*): an invaluable acquisition to a purchaser with A LARGE FAMILY OF SMALL CHILDREN, as that delicious compound will be always READY for the

* The humour (if any) of this sketch will be better understood if the above requisition be complied with.

table. Nor is this the only advantage to the married man. Immediately in front, and in close proximity to the NURSERY window, grows the BETULA, or BIRCH, whose usefulness needs no commendation from the humble individual who pens this feeble announcement. Among some artificial ROCKS, AS GOOD AS REAL, are two rich specimens of the PYROTECHNIC ARBOR, or the natural Catherine-wheel and fiz-gig (see *plate*), so celebrated in all books on the ART OF MAKING FIREWORKS, in the manufacture of which the Chinese so pre-eminently excel. The residence is connected by a BRIDGE with the domain. There is

ALSO

a peculiarity about this property unattainable by any other: ITS PRUSSIAN-BLUE COMPLEXION!—an advantage which may not at first strike the casual observer, but which to the deeply thoughtful presents an opportunity *never* to be met with; for, by a moderate admixture of gamboge, it might be made a second

YUEU-MIN-YUEU, OR GARDEN OF PERPETUAL VERDURE.

This brief statement must convey but a very vague idea of this elysium; and there is one feature which it would be presumptuous to describe,—a feature which has given it celebrity as undying as that of the STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERIES:

This feature is its

WILLOW!!! (See *plate*.)

‘The force of language can no farther go.’

“Cards to view, &c.”

Now put this in the past tense, and you have a faint picture of the out-of-town residence of Chou-chu, vender of areca-nuts and betel, in the reigns of the Emperor Fo and the Philosopher Fum.

Chou-chu, in addition to his other desirable commodities, had a daughter “passing fayre,” *i. e.* particularly fat, for Chinamen love by weight and measure. She was a *perfect* beauty, resembling a feather-bed *without* a string round the middle,—a celestial globe,—literally a whole domestic circle in herself. So much loveliness necessarily produced a multitude of sighing swains, and Chou-chu had serious thoughts of abandoning the nut and betel business, and existing entirely on the munificent presents to his magnificent daughter.

Si-so (for that was the given name of Miss Chou-chu) had, like other beauties, some very preposterous ideas, and one of them was a supposition that she knew better than her excellent papa the man who was most likely to suit her for a husband. Under this impression, she might have been nightly seen watching, like another Hero, the progress of a celestial Leander (in a boat) across the Slo-flo. As the bark drew near the shore, the night-wind bore the indistinct *bang-wang* of a guitar. Delicious instrument! especially as constructed in China. Three strings tightly strained over a full-blown bladder attached to a cane, constitute this romantic appendage to the serenaders of the Celestial Empire. Ting-a-ting (Si-so’s Leander) was one of the sweetest minstrels in Fou-loo; but being profoundly ignorant of those straight-tailed commas by which sound is made visible, I cannot convey to you the melody to which the following stanza was originally sung. The thoughts are beautifully expressed in the original, but, as is generally the case, have suffered much in the translation.

CE-RA-NA-DE.

(Original.)

“ O-re ye-wi-te Slo-flo
 Ic om-to mi Si-so
 Sha min-ye ni-tin-ga le-s-ong-in ye-gro-fe
 Op-in ye-lat-ti-ce
 He-re me-o Tha-tis
 I-fu-ra wa-kei-f no-twa-ken mi-lofe.”

(Translation.)

“ O'er the white Slo-flo
 I come to my Si-so,
 Shaming the nightingale's song in the grove.
 Open the lattice,
 Hear me—oh! that is,
 If you 're awake: if not, waken, my love.”

Such was the nightly song of Ting-a-ting!—a fitting prelude to that delightful interchange of soul that followed, rendered doubly delightful by the knowledge that it was the forbidden fruit of their young loves.

“The course of true love never did run smooth”

in Europe; and in Asia it has the same disposition to vagaries. These hours of deep delight could not last for ever. One night Chou-chu had the cholic, and could not sleep. He rolled over and over on his bed, in the vain hope of finding a resting-place. At length, exhausted by pain, he dozed; when the dulcet notes of Ting-a-ting's kitar roused him. The lattice of Si-so's chamber wanted oil, and as the fond girl obeyed the injunction of her lover, it squeaked. Chou-chu described an angle, that is, he sat upright in his bed. Something was thrown from above to somebody below. Smack! smack!—somebody was kissing the something. It was a bunch of green-tea sprigs* thrown down by Si-so, to show that she was awake. A slight rustling against the wall assured Chou-chu that *above* was receiving a reply from *below*. It was the branch of an ice-plant drawn up by a thread, by which Si-so learned that her lover was very cold. The reply was a capsicum, implying that extremes meet, for Si-so was very hot with apprehension, for she fancied that she heard the shuffling of her father's slippers. It was but the pattering of the rain on the shingles. Ting-a-ting put up his umbrella,—spatter, spatter! Chou-chu was convinced that all was not right. Another twinge of the cholic aroused the spirit of inquiry within him. He arose, and tied his tail in a knot, that the rustle of its pendulations on his brocaded gown should not be heard, and with cautious and noiseless steps proceeded to the chamber of his daughter. His hand was on the bobbin which raised the latch, when a report like infant thunder made him start back in terror. The rain had then rendered the planks of Ting-a-ting's boat as slippery as glass, and he had fallen on the bladder of his kitar. In a moment Chou-chu's disorder changed its character: he became choleric, and rushing into the room, he saw— But, like the modest painter of Greece, let me draw a veil over this part of the picture.

* In the East, flowers, &c. are often pressed into the service of the immortal little boy Love, and form a language “sweet as the thoughts they tell.”

Time passed, and Chou-chu, wisely considering that to find Si-so a husband would release him from the care of looking after her, had selected one from among the richest of her suitors. But Chou-chu was mortal, and his hopes were vain; for Love, ever rich in expedients, had conducted Ting-a-ting within hearing of the eloquence of Fum and the new doctrine. His tail was exalted, and he became a Fumite. In the disguise of a pipe-merchant, he had obtained an interview with his beloved Si-so; and having found an opportunity to dilate upon the pleasures of transmigration, he had the gratification of seeing the two little curls on each side of her head break from their gummy bondage, and yield spiral evidence of her conversion to Fumism.

The happy day (as a bridal-day is facetiously called) at length arrived, and all, except the bride, prepared for the pleasing ceremony, when, lo! the presumptuous Ting-a-ting made his appearance. The bridegroom elect turned yellow, Chou-chu fluctuated between that colour and green, and the rest of the Celestials present looked as though they had taken the benefit of the act, and had been whitewashed. Ere any could find words to express their indignation at this intrusion, Si-so had rushed towards her lover, who, kneeling, transfixed her with his tail, and "buried a dagger in his own heart." Amazement for a while blinded the spectators, and when they did recover their perceptive faculties, the bodies of Si-so and Ting-a-ting had disappeared; but perched upon the sill of the window were two doves of extraordinary dimensions.

Chou-chu fled in consternation, followed by the bridegroom and his father (see *plate*). Fumism had proved the divinity of its origin; for the faithful pair had been transformed into those emblems of love and gentleness which have so long occupied such a conspicuous position in the celebrated Wedgewood hieroglyph, commonly called "The Willow Pattern." (See *plate*.)

CUPID AND THE ROSE.

WITHER, lonely boy of love,
 Art thou wandering like a dove,
 Seeking in each grove and dell
 Some fair form on which to dwell?
 Hither hie, and fondly sip
 A parting dew-drop from my lip,
 Lingering in my morning cup,
 Ere saucy Phæbus drink it up.

Too thirsty me!—this dew of thine,
 Sweet Rose, is most delicious wine;
 So sparkling ripe, so freely given,
 Vintage of morning's rosy heaven.
 Ah me! would such but flow for ever,
 I'd leave thee—Leave thee, love? Oh, never!
 As it is, the vessel 's empty,—
 I'm off—good-b'ye—I've had a plenty

THE THREE SISTERS.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

I WAS at Berne on a very particular occasion—a very particular one indeed, so that I cannot help remembering it. What object other than most travellers in Switzerland have, do you suppose led me there? To see the view from the terrace? No! To save you the trouble of any more guesses, I will at once come to the point, and say, that I went to the capital of the Canton to—be married. As the car drew up to the door of the minister—I do not mean the divine,—I found before it a vast crowd of the citizens, who, with shouts and hisses, were dragging along two persons, both young, and one very handsome—a boy and girl, I might almost call them; I tell you no fiction,—to be yoked together, whether they would or not. Your astonishment will be still greater when you hear that they were our compatriots. There is something about English people that cannot be mistaken; it is not the costume, though that is something, but they are a finer race, an improved stock, improved as all the animal world has been with us, either by climate or crossing the breed. Ask the foreigners what they think of our women; they, at least, are impartial judges. A Florentine of my acquaintance, on his return from England to his native city, was asked his opinion of them as compared with his own countrywomen, and he answered, “The same difference as exists between a lady and a *paysanne*, hot-house grapes and our coarsest rough ones.” He was a man of taste.

The delicate young girl who, with downcast eyes and blushing cheek, was pressed along by the crowd, seemed a living exemplification of the Florentine’s remark. Don’t be afraid that I am going to describe her; nothing is more difficult to define than beauty—it must be felt. It certainly set my imagination at work,—that is to say, I wondered what this strange scene could mean. We were shown into a room, till the ceremony—the wedding—was concluded; and then came our turn. After the conclusion of that formidable affair, I was not a little curious to be informed in what all this popular clamour I had witnessed had originated, and the representative of our sovereign told me the following story; a romance of real life.

“About three months since,” said the minister, “there came to settle at this capital, three sisters, orphans. I had often observed them in my walks, and, on inquiry, learnt that they were, or passed for, the natural daughters of one of our royal dukes. So beautiful were they, and yet all differing in beauty, that they might almost have sat to Canova for the Graces. Like his, though he has somewhat violated the mythology of the Greeks and classical authority by modelling them of unequal heights, these sisters three were so unlike in stature and physiognomy, that no one could have guessed their relationship.

“Adelaide was by several years the eldest. Her figure, tall and commanding, and of perfect symmetry, exemplified the expression of Virgil, *Incedit Regina*. There was a pride, a haughtiness, in her look, in her step, in her every gesture, that bespoke her origin; a sense, too, of superiority of intellect, if not of beauty, that raised her above the crowd. She was a brunette, and the paleness of her

cheek and clearness of her complexion reminded me of an Italian: these she inherited, I have understood, from her mother, who was of that nation. Her dark hair, which hung in long ringlets down to her shoulder, set off to advantage her eyes, that through their long lashes darted glances of fire. To my taste, she was, however, rather made to admire than love, and I should doubt whether so tender a passion had ever entered her bosom.—Not so her sisters. The second, Eugenia, was half a head shorter than Adelaide: it was the lovely creature who has just excited your curiosity and interest. You will have perceived that she is not unlike the pictures of the Princess Charlotte, as I remember to have seen her, a year before her marriage: the same regularity of features and cast of countenance, the same fullness of the eye even to the colour, was observable in both. You might have remarked, as she walked, her hands and feet, which were *mignonne* to a degree.—The third was still less than the other two; she was what the Tuscans call *piccinina*, a diminutive that expresses endearment. She seemed made to be *tutoyé*d.

“They came to Berne without any introductions; and it was interesting to see three girls, the eldest not twenty-three, entirely without protection in a foreign land. I was not the only one of our countrymen, as you shall hear, who observed and admired them.

“Among their adorers was one almost a boy, and neither remarkable for his appearance, his family, or his acquirements. His name—but no matter, perhaps it would be as well to omit it. For some days he was their shadow; he crossed their path, he haunted them in their walks, he placed himself at the corner of the street, and watched, by the hour, the windows of their apartment, in the hope of getting a glimpse of Eugenia, the lady of his love, or rather passion.

“We know what girls of eighteen are who have not seen much of the world or of mankind, especially such as have never had an attachment. How natural is it for one who thinks herself loved, to love in return! and how soon at that age does she learn to read through the glance of the eye, the heart!—I shall say nothing of sympathy. Mine is a plain unvarnished narrative, though it is somewhat a new version of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*,—I speak of the first volume,—and perhaps the hero of this tale had read that dangerous work—perhaps his letters were copies of ‘those thoughts that glow and words that burn;’ at all events, he profited by St. Preux’s lessons. And she—poor Julia!—But I have not the materials for tracing the progress of his acquaintance with this lovely and innocent girl, or by what course of seduction he practised on her young imagination.

“There is something in the air of Switzerland, in the primitive manners of its people, in the freedom of intercourse among its inhabitants, that places society on an easier footing there, than in any other part of the Continent. In traversing that country, in meeting at the same inns, in crossing the same mountain passes, travellers soon become, if not intimate, at least well acquainted, and shake off the *morgue* and *hauteur* which is peculiar to us islanders. In the course of the summer, the three Graces made an excursion to Interlaken, and of course our inamorato, like a *Nymphalept*, followed their steps. At Thun they embarked in the same boat, and on reaching Unterseen went to the same *pension*.

“What a delicious green valley is that which lies between the two lakes, (with the bright blue Aar running through it and connecting them,)—its magnificent walnut-trees, and cottages that so well harmonize with that scene of surpassing beauty! And then the Ranz des Vaches, those wild and natural airs so admirably sung, so effective when harmonized to the clear and silver voices of the peasant-girls in their picturesque costumes, to complete the enchantment. If any spot on earth could awaken in young hearts the sacred flame of love, it would be there:—sacred I call it, for it gives birth to the best, and noblest, and most religious feelings in virtuous minds. Alas! such was not that of the young man of whom I speak.

“In the character of Adelaide, mingled none of the tenderer feelings that might have endeared her to her sisters. She was insensible to all the weaknesses of her sex, and begat none of that confidence or openness of heart that might have made her a fit guardian, and friend, and protectress of her sisters. They rather feared and admired, than loved her; there was none of the tenderness of affection in their intercourse, and having brought them up from children, she continued to treat them as such, though they were grown into womanhood.

“It was this coldness and reserve that proved so fatal to both.

“Proud in her own virtue, she not even for a moment harboured a thought that that of her sisters could be endangered, and was blind to those attentions which the facility of being under the same roof, of meeting at the same table, and joining in the same walks, enabled the cold and calculating seducer to pay to Eugenia.

“They extended their tour to Lauterbrunnen, and crossed together the Wengern Alp. What opportunities for carrying his nefarious scheme into effect!

“It is scarcely more than a week or ten days since the party returned from their excursion.

“Adelaide had very soon sounded the depth, or rather shallowness, of this young man’s understanding. She found him empty and vain, and, to her mind, in every way unprepossessing, and was little aware that her sister’s young affections were deeply and irrevocably engaged. Perhaps he wore a mask before her, and was constantly on his guard not to betray his feelings. Such duplicity in one so young may astonish, but he was quite capable of practising these arts. Even had he expressed his admiration of Eugenia without disguise, instead of encouraging his addresses, she would have spurned them, and thought it the extreme of arrogance in him to have aspired to an alliance with her family. It was only, therefore, by stealth that the lovers met; for Adelaide never admitted him into her house, and greeted him with cold formality: yet meet they did. It was in one of these stolen interviews that he painted, doubtless in the most glowing colours, the delights of mutual affection in some Alpine solitude, where, the world ‘forgetting and forgot,’ they could love and live for each other; a vision so fascinating, so apt to act like a spell upon a young, a trusting, and unsophisticated heart. Perhaps she never rendered it necessary for him to dilate on the futility of those ties that the world recognises; she knew her sister’s sentiments too well to venture on confiding to her the secret that had long been the companion of her bosom,—she feared to lose for ever the object of her tenderest regard; and in an evil hour,

thoughtless of the consequences, blinded by passion, and thinking no sacrifice too great to show the excess of her devotion, she threw herself into his arms, and confided her destiny to his care.

“Leaving the unfortunate girl and her guilty paramour to pursue their journey to Lausanne, I now arrive at a more serious act of this drama.

“I have given you some idea of the character of Adelaide, but the darker side is yet undepicted.

“Morning brought with it the revelation of the fugitive’s elopement;—the unslept-in bed—the vacant chamber—the half-unclosed door, through which, with steps that left no echo, she had fled at the hour of midnight. The recollection, now too late, of many circumstances, slight in themselves, yet which, put together, became conclusive evidence,—but, above all, letters which, in her haste and preoccupation of mind, Eugenia had left behind,—were convictions ‘clear as Holy Writ’ of a sister’s ruin, and her own disgrace and shame.

“The last scene of the tragedy is now to come. And here we find it difficult to reconcile the firmness of Adelaide’s first resolve, with the weakness that she exhibited in its execution.

“It is melancholy to reflect that she had no friend whom she could consult, and her pride revolted against betraying to a stranger the event that had taken place. The idea of bringing the offender to justice never occurred to her mind: the irrevocable deed was done, the stain upon her honour could not be wiped out, her sister’s wrongs admitted of no reparation;—a consciousness, too, that part of the blame recoiled on herself, that she had neglected those precautions which, as a guardian and protectress, she ought to have adopted; and, perhaps, a feeling that she had alienated and estranged Eugenia’s affections—that her coldness and reserve had prevented that *épanchement de cœur*, which, through the medium of the affections, might have prevented the fatal occurrence;—all these considerations tortured her soul to frenzy. She had no religion to call to her aid; and on the evening of that day of agony, she resolved on self-destruction. But that resolve, however criminal in itself, was rendered doubly so. Horrible to say, by her persuading, or rather commanding,—for every word of hers *was* a command,—her sister Agnes, the most perfect angel ever shined in a human form, so innocent, so young, so full of the enjoyment of life, so capable of bestowing happiness on others, was wrought upon to involve herself in the same fate! No stronger proof can be wanting to show the power this cold and selfish woman had acquired, than the acquiescence of this amiable child in that most cruel resolution. Who can tell by what threats if entreaties failed, by what arguments, by what sophisms, she overcame that natural reluctance the little creature must have felt to part with her ‘dear anxious being,’—to quit a world just opening to her with all its delights? The mind sickens at the thought of the horror with which she must have contemplated the grave; and her fortitude, too,—such fortitude, and such gentleness! The sublimity of human nature could go no further.

“The dreadful hour fixed for the perpetration of this deed without name had arrived. Hand in hand, these sisters—sisters but in name, were seen to tread the path that led to the Aar. The river, blue as that of the Rhone at Geneva, rushes with great im-

petuosity in a continuation of falls for some miles below the town ; so clear is it, that its treacherous depth reveals every pebble, and makes it appear shallow to an unaccustomed eye. The spot to which this infatuated woman conducted Agnes was fringed with alders, under whose shade, for it was their almost daily walk, they had often sat and sketched. Among their other accomplishments, in this they particularly excelled.

"No eye but one and His above, witnessed the dreadful act I am about to relate : that one was Adelaide's.

"It is impossible to know whether the child on whose untimely fate many a tear has been shed—and I have myself wept like a child—voluntarily threw herself into the torrent, or whether, as some suppose, she was pushed off the bank ; but it is an extraordinary circumstance, and may well excite doubt and suspicion, that she who counselled the crime should not have set the example, or, at least, plunged with her sister into the stream. Certain, however, it is, that after she had seen Agnes sink to rise no more, whether the sight of her struggles with the merciless element, or the sound of her screams which brought a peasant to the spot, unnerved her mind, or the dread of death, on the eve of rushing into its arms, overcame her resolution, she was found by the *paysan*, staring with a stupid and vacant insensibility on the gulf. In this state she was led to her house, and a few hours after, the lifeless corpse of her unhappy victim was consigned to its last home.

"What must the pangs of death in all its bitterness be, compared to the torments of the soul this fiend in human shape must be enduring !

"The fury of the populace was so great, that it was unsafe for her to remain in Berne ; and, after her sister's funeral, she set out for Rome, where, being a Catholic, it is her intention to enter into one of the strictest convents and to take the veil. Let us hope that, by true penitence and deep contrition for her sin, she may make her peace with God !"

"But," said I after a pause, and when I had somewhat recovered from the emotion which this tragic story excited, "we are not yet arrived at the cause of all the disturbance that delayed my marriage. It is a melancholy story to tell on such an occasion, and may well throw a cloud over the day : I cannot help considering it a bad omen of my own future happiness."

"I am no believer in presentiments," remarked the minister. "As to the tale, I have little to add. After an absence of a very few days, the heartless villain who was the cause of this domestic tragedy brought back his bride, meaning to have returned her to her sisters—to have abandoned her to her shame. He had rifled the flower of its sweets, and then would have cast it like a worthless weed away. But his arrival in the town was no sooner known, than the good people of the place immediately surrounded the hotel, and dragged him through the streets to the Embassy ; when a dread to meet the face of the virtuous inhabitants of Berne, without doing justice to Eugenia, a sense of shame, and my just reproaches and recommendation, caused him with an ill grace to lead her to the altar."

POETICAL EPISTLE FROM FATHER PROUT TO BOZ.

I.

A RHYME! a rhyme! from a distant clime,—from the gulph of the Genoese:
O'er the rugged scalps of the Julian Alps, dear Boz! I send you these,
To light the *Wick* your candlestick holds up, or, should you list,
To usher in the yarn you spin concerning *Oliver Twist*.

II.

Immense applause you 've gained, oh, Boz! through continental Europe;
You 'll make *Pickwick* œcumenick;* of fame you have a sure hope:
For here your books are found, gadzooks! in greater *luxure* than any
That have issued yet, hotpress'd or wet, from the types of *GALIGNANI*.

III.

But neither when you sport your pen, oh, potent mirth-compeller!
Winning our hearts "in monthly parts," can *Pickwick* or *Sam Weller*
Cause us to weep with pathos deep, or shake with laugh spasmodical,
As when you drain your copious vein for *Bentley's* periodical.

IV.

Folks all enjoy your *Parish Boy*,—so truly you depict him;
But I, alack! while thus you track your stunted poor-law's victim,
Must think of some poor nearer home,—poor who, unheeded, perish,
By squires despoiled, by "patriots" gulled,—I mean the starving Irish.

V.

Yet there's no dearth of Irish mirth, which, to a mind of feeling,
Seemeth to be the *Helot's* glee before the *Spartan* reeling:
Such gloomy thought o'ercometh not the glow of England's humour,
Thrice happy isle! long may the smile of genuine joy illumine her!

VI.

Write on, young sage! still o'er the page pour forth the flood of fancy;
Wax still more droll, wave o'er the soul *Wit's* wand of necromancy.
Behold! e'en now around your brow th' immortal laurel thickens;
Yes, *SWIFT* or *STERNE* might gladly learn a thing or two from *DICKENS*.

VII.

A rhyme! a rhyme! from a distant clime,—a song from the sunny south!
A goodly theme, so Boz but deem the measure not uncouth.
Would, for thy sake, that "*PROUT*" could make his bow in fashion finer,
"*Partant*" (from thee) "*pour la Syrie*," for Greece and Asia Minor.

Genoa, 14th December 1837.

* εἰδωλον της γης οικουμενης.

"ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL!"

(NOT SHAKSPEARE'S!)

BY JOYCE JOCUND.

"I AM quite worn out, and worried to death! My existence is one unvaried course of bad luck—nothing prospers with me!"

These words, so expressive of discontent, were addressed by Richard Briggs to his bosom-friend Jack Somers, during a stroll through their native village, while waiting the arrival of the stage which was to convey Jack to London. No persons could be more dissimilar than the two friends; Briggs all dissatisfaction and complaint, Somers ever good-humoured and contented. The former, somewhat envious of his friend's "better luck," as he termed it, often remarked that Jack had not been born with merely "a silver spoon in his mouth," but rather a "whole service of plate;" while, for his part, he certainly had inherited considerably more than a fair average of miseries, which would have been otherwise, had Dame Nature, or Fate, at his birth but condescended to a more equitable division of this life's troubles, and not heaped half-a-dozen people's ills upon his unoffending existence. Notwithstanding such opposite temperaments, Jack Somers and Richard Briggs had become inseparables: they hunted, shot, fished, rode, and walked together. Both possessing a competency, they might have been equally happy; but, while Somers looked at the bright side, poor Dick viewed the world as some folks gaze at the sun, through a darkened glass, and beheld all his pleasures in—eclipse. Yet they were seldom apart, and the constant association of these adverse dispositions gained for them the title of "Pleasure and Pain."

"I am heartily sick of it," resumed Briggs, looking as dull as a churchyard in a fog, and twice as miserable. "I repeat, that I am truly and heartily disgusted!"

"Patience, my dear fellow!" said his companion: "Time brings all things round."

"Does he?" replied Briggs: "then I wish he would bring all things *square*, for matters have assumed most perplexing shapes lately."

"When they come to the worst," observed Somers, "the old proverb declares that they will mend."

"Nonsense!" grumbled Dick: "they cannot *come* to the worst; they are, always were, and they ever will be at the worst. I am superlatively unlucky beyond all comparison. Even in the minor amusements of life there are no exceptions. If I fish, I never get a bite, or I break my tackle. Now, you are proverbially fortunate: all the heavy fish seize your bait, all the birds get up on your side the cover; when, if a chance-shot comes within my range, my gun never *wags*—to flash in the pan! Then, are you not constantly in at the death, while I cannot so much as keep up with the hounds?"

"Ho, Dick!" replied Somers; "this last instance should be a subject of congratulation, as it prevents you—'going to the dogs!'"

"'Tis beyond a joke," observed Dick. "Do I know what a day's pleasure is? Was not the steamer in flames on my last trip to *Weymouth*? and did not the coach upset when I returned? Who *ever* heard of any accident occurring to you?"

"I have escaped thus far, certainly, and that without any pretensions to 'setting the THAMES on fire;' while you positively had a 'hand in the MEDWAY!'"

"Of all things I hate an ill-timed jest," said Dick, becoming more angry as he continued to dwell on his fancied evil fortunes. "Domestic affairs afford me no relief: I cannot rear any poultry; my pigs won't get fat; in the garden nothing seems to flourish. I am a sort of walking mildew, a peripatetic pestilence. Who ever saw a single plant from seed of my sowing? If I water a rose-bush, the plant withers. Now, I feel convinced that if you were to stare over the hedge of a fallow field, the next morning would behold a waving crop of corn."

"My dear Dick!" remonstrated Somers, "by the aid of a little method——"

"Stuff!" exclaimed Dick. "Admitting that I may be deficient in method in these matters, let us proceed to more important affairs. Did not the mail break down, and was not the letter delayed that should have summoned me to the death-bed of my uncle, from whom I had good expectations; and did he not cut me off with a shilling for supposed indifference? And did he not leave his money to some specious, artful hussy, who gained his affections?"

"Not to say his good-will!" interrupted Jack. "However, had the letter arrived in time, of your uncle's favourable intentions you could not be assured."

"Assured! no," sighed Briggs; "nor was my cottage when set on fire by lightning."

"That was an evident want of prudence and foresight on your part," said Somers.

"Want of foresight! I give you joy of that remark," replied Dick. "Who could have foreseen that Topps and Lopp's bank would have suspended payment the day after I had paid in three hundred pounds?—But any connexion with me is sure to be attended with fatal consequences. Was I not eight months boring my eyes and brains out, and scribbling my fingers off, before the editor of the County Magazine thought fit to accept an article for the ensuing number? I worked myself into a perfect fever."

"Typhus, no doubt," said Jack. "And the ultimate fate of this baby of your brain?"

"Was most melancholy! it never appeared, for the magazine *died* without *issue!*" and here Dick looked as wretched as the joke he had just attempted.

"That was playing your cards badly," observed Somers.

"Cards!" shrieked Briggs, seizing the opportunity to found fresh cause for complaint,—“Cards! Do I ever have a trump? As for scoring eight and holding honours, I must confess my weakness, but I do once in my life desire to know how persons feel in such a position. What can it be like?”

"Why, like to win the game," replied Jack. "But you are so disposed to grumble, that, were you at such a point, I fear you would 'call out!'—My dear Dick!" continued Somers, "I have patiently listened to your catalogue of woes, and feel confident that the greater portion are imaginary, and the remainder caused by your own inadvertence. Instead of finding a remedy for trifles, (that are magnified into matters of importance,) you chafe at each little incident

that does not present itself in exactly the position or colours that you would prefer, and abandon yourself to useless repinings. Resolution and precaution would soon enable you to stem the current which you fancy is ever flowing to your discomfort. Do not mount your watch-tower of discontent to look out for troubles—they find us too speedily, and we have no need to light up a beacon for their guidance, or to sound a trumpet of welcome on their arrival. I shall be a month absent; on my return let me meet my friend with smiles upon the lip that shall greet the renewal of our intercourse. See, the stage is in sight!"

"I see the coach, and a vacant place," murmured Dick, not much relishing the proffered advice. "Had I been going to town, every horse would have fallen lame, or the axle have broken, to prevent my journey."

"Anticipating again!" said Jack reprovingly, as he pressed Dick's hand and mounted the vehicle."

"Well!" exclaimed Dick, "we are sure of a month's fine weather at all events: it is always favourable for your trips. When I went, the world was threatened with a second deluge, and I never saw the sun till my return, when I did not care a fig for the weather."

Jack shook his head as the coach moved rapidly onward, but not so speedily as to prevent him hearing his friend's adieu grumbled forth in a tone and with a look of despondency that would have made the fortune of any tragedy hero at any theatre in the United Kingdom.

There are persons who never will be happy; so Richard Briggs enveloped himself in the mantle of despair, and revelled in all the luxury of woe!

* * * * *

We pass over a month. Our friends were again seen sauntering up the avenue leading to the old ivy-covered church. They appeared to be in earnest conversation, and Dick's face assumed a resplendent appearance, upon which phenomenon some additional *light* may be thrown by the following colloquy.

"I can scarcely believe it," cried Somers. "My dear Dick—you—going to be married!"

"Fact!" said Dick, with a real downright smile illumining features hitherto unused to joyous looks. "Yes! I am really about to enter the holy state of matrimony." And again he smiled, until his own familiar mirror, before which he had shaved all his life, would not have recognised the face it had reflected for so many years redolent of frowns and lather.

"And how well you look! ten years younger, I declare," said Somers.

"I hope the novelty will not soon wear off," said Dick. "But, let me tell you the particulars. You remember the steamboat taking fire?"

"Most clearly," replied Jack; "I can never forget that unhappy circumstance."

"The very luckiest event of my life!" exclaimed Dick.

"Surely I have heard you complain a thousand times——"

"Exactly!" interrupted Briggs. "But the strangest things *have* come about: I won a bumper rubber last night of old Dingleberry and his wife, before we supped off the fish that I had caught in the

morning, with a brace of birds that I shot three days since, being one out of eight I bagged in about three hours.—Now for the steamer. You must know, Jack, that among the hissing flames, and on board that very boat, I made the acquaintance of a most worthy old gentleman, and the loveliest creature, his daughter. I had the good fortune to afford them assistance in the confusion and fright that prevailed; when by some mishap we were precipitated into the river. I boldly struck out with desperate strength towards the shore, the worthy old gentleman maintaining a firm hold of me on one side, while I endeavoured to keep his daughter secure on the other; and, thus burthened, I found myself no longer a single man without encumbrances, but with all the cares of a heavy family clinging to me for support. In this trim we were all rescued: they suffered from the fright only, while, in addition, I was nearly pulled to pieces, tolerably parboiled by the steam, and a perfect mummy of mud;—the recollection is a never-failing source of pure unmixed delight:" and Dick chuckled over the reminiscence, to his friend's great joy and astonishment.

"Then," said Somers, "if I mistake not, you fell into the river, and afterwards in love?"

"Something of the sort, I believe," replied Dick. "The following day we proceeded towards London, and I was terribly low-spirited at the idea of the coming separation, when, just at the thirteenth milestone, the coach upset."

"That *was* unfortunate," remarked Jack.

"Not at all! I never enjoyed anything so much in my life! Don't you see, my dear Jack, we were *thrown together* again."

"Quite by *accident*," added Jack.

"Just so! the most delightful adventure, as it has since proved. I was bruised from head to foot, but they received no injury: again had I become their protector, for in my descent I managed to sprawl upon some gravel, and they found me a tolerably efficient screen to guard them from the flints. Neither of them had a scratch, though the blood poured pretty freely from different wounds about my person, and they acknowledged how they must have suffered had I not interposed so effectually. Quite romantic, was it not? You cannot imagine how they laughed when the danger was all over."

"Amiable creatures!" ejaculated Somers, "and so easily pleased too! I suppose you set aside all ceremony, and became most intimate acquaintances?"

"Not exactly!" said Dick; "we had hardly time to cultivate a reciprocal interchange of sentiment, for they had urgent business in another part of the country, so they took a postchaise, and I took physic,—they went to London, and I to bed."

"Rather ungrateful conduct," remarked Somers, "considering the use they had made of you. Even I should have grumbled at such treatment."

"I was terribly battered, I must own," said Dick.

"And completely *cut* into the bargain!"

"The waiter at the inn, where I was confined for a week, assured me that the old gentleman placed his card in my hand before he started; but, between my pain and the confusion, it was lost."

"Well! prithee proceed, without another break-down."

"In a few days I discharged the doctor, and on reaching home, found my cottage a heap of cinders."

"My dear Dick!" said Somers, "why recall that shocking catastrophe?"

"Catastrophe! fiddle-faddle!" cried Briggs; "the most unparalleled piece of good luck! Having no dwelling, I took lodgings at Priory Farm." Here Dick smiled till it almost amounted to an incipient giggle. "You know that Topps and Lopp's bank suspended payment?"

"And you experienced a loss of three hundred pounds," said Somers.

"No such thing, my dear Jack! that stoppage was only a continuation of luck. I may truly congratulate myself on that event. Their breaking was my making: in common parlance, their loss was my gain."

"Astonishing!" exclaimed Somers.

"Mr. Rutherford had a considerable balance in the hands of Topps and Lopp's," said Dick very knowingly; "so he came down to look after matters, and, as Fate would have it, took apartments for himself and daughter at Priory Farm. Now you see—eh?"

"Can't say I do," replied Somers.

"Dear Jack, how dull you are!"

"Nay, 'tis you have become so lively!"

"Well, we were under the same roof. 'Young Love lived once in a humble shed,' and all that sort of thing: it was natural to renew our acquaintance, when the scars on my face reminded them of my sufferings, and their debt of gratitude."

"What!" said Somers; "you don't mean——"

"Yes, but I do though! In Mr. Rutherford and his daughter I discovered my companions who had shared my perils in 'flood and field':—not exactly shared,—but you know what I mean. In a word, I am the happiest fellow alive, and the luckiest dog in the universe."

"Let me hear that word again," said Jack: "did you say lucky?"

"Not lucky,—the luckiest mortal breathing."

"That is,—you are 'beyond all comparison superlatively happy?'"

"The stoppage of the mail was of no consequence, for my uncle left me *minus* merely to bestow his property on my future wife, the only child of his old friend Rutherford."

"Then your intended wife is the same 'artful, specious hussy who gained his affections?'—is it so?"

"The same," said Dick. "Henceforth I renounce grumbling, and believe that 'all is for the best.' Had I not been on board the steamboat, nearly drowned, and afterwards stoned to death, my suit might have been pressed in vain,—for gratitude is an extensive feeling, and opens the heart, Jack. But for the burning of my cottage, I should have wanted the opportunities that Priory Farm afforded; and Topps and Lopp's business crowned all, by bringing the Rutherfords hither."

"And you have become a convert?"

"Most decidedly," said Dick: "your words have been realized; matters have mended—Time has brought things round. Even my garden flourishes, for I can exhibit a pot of sweet peas of my own setting; and, among my other cures, I also cure my own bacon,—pigs thrive wonderfully."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Somers; "I congratulate you on the moral victory achieved, and the important lesson that you have learned. Yet there is one thing——"

"What can that possibly be?" said Dick impatiently.

"Why, 'a circulating medium' for those 'indefinite articles' which were to have illumed and astonished mankind through the pages of the County Magazine."

"A fig for the County Magazine!" said Dick; "it was only supported, like other refuges for the poor and destitute, by 'voluntary contributions.' I am enrolled among the elect in Bentley's Miscellany."

"Famous! Then your misfortunes are really at an end?" said Jack Somers.

"I trust, for ever," replied Richard Briggs; "and I have arrived at the *conclusion*,

"WHATEVER IS—IS RIGHT!"

TO —.

Thou hast said it,—'tis better, far better to part,
Than suffer the last chill to creep o'er the heart;
Far better at once to rend spirit away,
Than feel the life ebb on, in sick'ning decay.
I could still cherish mem'ry of past hours of joy,
That no cold look nor cold word of thine could destroy.

What to me were the glance of thy dark, speaking eye,
If no fervor of love I could in it descry?
'Tis not for her beauty the Rose is caress'd
By the Bulbul, and sought for his pillow of rest;—
'Tis the incense that nightly around her she throws,
And the fragrance she breathes o'er his place of repose!

Thou mayst think to forget me. It never can be!
E'en the future will teem with remembrance to thee:
In the visions of day I shall still have a place,
In the slumbers of night scenes our bliss thou'lt retrace;
Thou wilt think how I loved thee, what perils I dared,
To prove my devotion,—Ah! how have I fared!

I have seen thy bright smile, I have felt its control
As a faëry spell wreathing its charm round my soul;
To thy bosom in rapturous love I've been press'd,—
Thine eyes have beheld me, thine arms have caress'd:—
Must I lose thee for ever? 'tis thine own stern decree;
Thou art breaking a heart that beats only for thee!

But 'tis over, and not for what worlds could bestow
Would I cast o'er thy spirit a shadow of woe!—
Mayst thou learn to forget me, if mem'ry be fraught
With grief to thy soul,—with one painful thought!—
May the halcyon of peace make her home in thy breast!
My first love, my only love, still be thou blest!

A CHAPTER ON SEALS, &c.

A LETTER without a seal is an impertinent and imperfect thing. It is

“ Like a ring without a finger;
Like a bell without a ringer;
Like a fort with none to win it;
Or the moon with no man in it;”

as Beaumont says. It is a planchet wanting the stamp which confers a value on the coin: I would not give the price of a rush for it. Who can tell how many may have read it before it reaches your eyes? It is no longer, or it *may* be no longer (which amounts to the same), a pure and unsullied thing: you can put no faith in it; it is an arrant jilt. Its beauties, such as they may happen to be, have not been reserved for one alone: its intactness has had no other safeguard than the discretion of the world—and the world is naturally indiscreet. It is as a peach which has no bloom upon it: whether the bloom has been brushed off, or never was there, matters little; the bee no longer loves to rest upon it, but leaves it to the slimy passage of the snail.

I would divide seals into five classes; the seal of pride, the pious seal, the seal initiative, the common and every-day seal of him who scorns a wafer, and the sentimental seal.

The first is much used by those “ who draw a long nobility ”

“ From hieroglyphick proofs of heraldry.”

It is habitually offensive, a puked-up thing: it sometimes has supporters, occasionally a coronet; it bears the motto (often unrighteously assumed) of an ancient house,—unlike its synonyme, the older the coat the more honourable. Even the “ three white luses ” are to it no disgrace. It is tricked out in the fanciful impertinence of a griffin or a sphynx’s head: you are expected to do it courtesy: sometimes it has a punning legend,—“ *Ne vile velis,*” or the like; but this is a condescension you must not always look for; to excite a smile is not its office,—it is rather intended to inspire you with a wholesome awe.

Like the banner of Enguerrand VII, Sire de Couci, which in the fourteenth century flouted the admiring world, telling them,

“ *Je ne suis roi, ni prince aussi,—
Je suis Sire de Couci;*”

or, like the still haughtier device of Rohan Soubise,

“ *Roi je ne puis,
Prince je ne daigne,
Rohan je suis,*”—

it grasps at everything. No quarry is too lofty for its swoop; and yet at times it will put off its arrogance, “ quenching with a familiar smile its austere regard of control,” and veiling itself in an affected sanctity and humility, which, however, savours little of holy Church. Plain speaking is not its forte: there is a glimmering obscurity which

it dearly loves, as showing that the dust of ages rests upon it,—Welsh or Celtic, Latin or old Norman-French—only Greek it carefully eschews.

The pious seal is one little in use; it may be because the really righteous shrink from making a parade of their religion, or it may be because the multitude have very little religion to parade: but in the olden time it was in great request. We have many instances of it, handed down to us by the elder poets; Wither and George Herbert not among the worst. The latter, in a pleasing little poem called "The Posy," says,

"Let wits contest,
And with their words and posies windows fill;
Less than the least
Of all thy mercies is my posy still.

This on my ring,
This by my picture in my book I write:
Whether I sing,
Or say, or dictate, this is my delight.

Invention, rest;
Comparisons, go play; Wit, use thy will;
Less than the least
Of all God's mercies is my posy still."

The seal initiative is of the simplest sort: by it I mean that which bears merely a cypher or a name. It is chiefly employed by the plain, unaffected man, who takes no merit from a parchment scroll, and who at the same time has nothing to conceal. Sometimes a crest will rise above it; but in that case it is no longer proper, but trenches on the seal of pride. You will see the seal initiative with "Tom" upon it, and you may be sure that Tom is a true man. There are circumstances under which it treads on the kibe of the seal sentimental, as when it is impressed with a pretty name, say Julia, Carry (*quasi* Caroline), or Mary: but then, it is but fancy which lends to it a charm, and albeit one man may gaze on it with a dreamy sensation of pleasure, as being in some manner a portraiture or expression of its fair owner, to the rest of the world it remains simply illustrative as before.

The common and every-day seal of the man of business exhibits a head, sometimes a whole figure clothed in flowing drapery, and bearing in its hand a classic wreath, or it may be a torch. Your grave literary man will affect the *effigies* of some bearded sage of antiquity, as Socrates, Demosthenes, or the like; while your more lively scribbler stamps his wax from the graceful carving of an Italian gem. Not entirely remote from this class of seals is the silver thimble of the sempstress, the pin-dotted signaculum of the valentine-delivered housemaid, or the watch-key of the lad from school.

There is generally some shade of character to be deduced from this seal. I knew a man once who habitually wore and used an iron seal, with the image of a skull: probably he had at first purchased it in a ghastly jest, but the moral of it fitting with a certain gloominess which tinctured his mind, he had stuck by it; thus casting his own *memento mori* in the teeth of all his friends, preaching to them of their latter end as openly, and almost as unwelcomely, as the stars

in the triumphal chariot preached of mortality to the Roman conqueror of old.*

The sentimental seal is the most comprehensive; it is polyglot, or speaketh all tongues; from the no-meaning attachment of the boarding-school Miss, to the strong language of real love, everything is within its range. It is sometimes ingenious, but that not much. It is simple and straight-forward in its natural form. Like the posy of a ring, it should be short, but at the same time pithy. It is fond of deprecating forgetfulness, and harping upon the pain of absence. The Portuguese have furnished one of its most touching expressions, "*sandades*," an uncouth word, but which, like the German "*sehnsucht*," breathes a longing, lingering regret, a "panting for the waters," a struggle of the heart to attain a happiness desired.

The setting of this class of seal is perhaps not altogether unimportant, neither is the substance on which the legend shall be engraved. Like as in the olden time knights assumed various colours for the field on which their arms should be emblazoned; he choosing black who would express his constancy; blue, who would assert his claim to loyalty; or white, who would show his purity of soul: so might we fancifully wish that the seal affectionate might be carved upon a diamond, the inquisitive on an emerald, the supplicatory on a sapphire, leaving the cornelian and green bloodstone to the ordinary uses of the study and the desk.

Some seals which originally spoke a gentle sentiment have degenerated by being profaned: like the Marseillaise Hymn, or the Duke de Reichstadt's Waltz, from which the ear turns away since they have been ground on every organ in the land, so have we ceased to feel the beauty of certain types. It has happened to me to see a letter containing a demand for money whose seal bore the impress of a leaf—the motto, "*Je ne change qu'en mourant*:" a sorry jest, if you apply a meaning to it; an empty mockery, if you give it none.

It was an old custom with our forefathers to bear devices not alone upon their signet-rings, but upon the other ornaments of their dress: some would have them on the blade, others upon the pommel of their sword, and the fair dames of the period were not slow to follow their example. It must have been a pretty sight to have seen the blonde *Atix de Preuilli* wearing at her girdle an "*aumonière représentant, au milieu d'une forêt d'arabesques, deux jeunes filles, qui sciaient un cœur*;" as also to have turned over the rings and amulets which lay upon her toilet-table, among which we are informed was "*une bague sur laquelle était gravée la figure du Bélier, avec le signe de Mars, et où était écrit, 'Bon pour guérir les vapeurs d'une blonde de vingt ans.'*"

In those days the cherry blossom and the *giroflée de Mahon* were types in themselves, saying, "*Ayez de moi souvenance, et ne m'oubliez pas.*" We have altered the flower to which this signification attaches, but the sentiment remains with us still.

One of the commonest, but not the least pleasing of our modern devices, is the ivy clinging round the oak,—"*Je meurs où je m'attache.*" I can conceive circumstances under which this seal might have great potency; it bespeaks a helplessness which is always interesting: a faithful and implicit trust. The same plant (parasite, as some have

* "*Hominem se esse etiam triumphans, in illo sublimissimo curru admonetur: suggeritur enim ei à tergo 'respice post te—hominem memento te.'*"—TERTULIAN in *Apologet*, cap. 33.

unworthily called it,) is seen sometimes to twine about the broken shaft of a column, even as Margaret, that sweet pattern of her sex, clung to the shattered fortunes of "luke-warm John,"*—saying, "*In adversis etiam fida*:" thus expressing the pertinacious constancy of one who will not be set aside.

A somewhat similar, but more fantastic image than the first of the above, is a pin—the legend, "*Je pique, mais j'attache*." This must have been first invented and adopted by some sprightly Beatrice, some black-eyed damsel of the bodkin and pomander times.

For a seal of invitation, I have seen one extremely simple and sweet,—"*Do come*." The little dash under the first word gives it an imploring tone. There is, perhaps, something childish about it; but I doubt whether that does not add a grace to it.

There is a noble family who have happily combined both state and sentiment in their seal of arms,—"*Oublier ne puis*." These are words which speak "of triumphs long ago," as well as of present faithfulness and truth. The objects animate and inanimate which are made use of to express a meaning often horribly tortured and deformed are numerous. It is at times a looking-glass, which calls itself "a true friend;" a star which is invoked by some idolater, who exclaims, (setting Providence aside,) "*Veillez sur ce que j'aime*;" or a sister planet, to whom some sea-tost mariner declares, "*Si je te perds, je suis perdu*." But of these you will find more than enough at the Pantheon, or the Soho-square Bazaar.

"*De loin comme de pres*," is a motto sometimes seen, and it is one which speaks to the heart: there is no frippery about it; it is honest and manly,—or womanly, if you please: so is "*Fiel, pero desdichado*:" and there is a melancholy gallantry in the last, worthy of its origin amid the romantic mountains of Castile.

I recollect being once struck with a seal which I took up accidentally at the house of a friend. The emblem was a bird flying away—the legend, "*Le froid me chasse*." Poor bird! how many, like thee, would fain seek a warmer region, but, failing in their search, turn back upon the frozen North and die!

Cupid, under various circumstances, is pressed into the service of many seals. I have seen him riding on a lion, fancifully interpreting the power of love over valour and strength; carried pick-a-back by the devil, the splenetic motto being, "*Le diable emporte l'amour*;" playing at foot-ball with the Prince of Darkness, their *globulus* being a world—the motto, "*Entre nous*:" he is also made a waterman, and forced to try an oar for the convenience of old Father Time: again, he is a fisherman, and exultingly tells you, "*J'attrape sage et fou*;" a blacksmith hammering on an anvil, and forging chains; or a link-boy dispensing light around, whilst he himself continues blind.

There are those who affect Helenism, and who engrave *Xaape* (Farewell) upon their seal. I have a German correspondent who claims my attention even before I open his letters, by the words "*Denke mein*."

A few seals there are which cannot come under the denomination of sentimental, and which yet express something like a sentiment of their own; but these are hardly worthy of being classed. Among them is the sporting seal, a fox's head, or the words "Tally-ho!" the seal vulgar, bearing on it "IN V my letter;" "I hope I don't

* "John Woodvill," by C. Lamb.

intrude;" or, "Who the devil can this be from?"—and the seal absurd, as that which represents Love playing on the violin to a little dog, and bidding him "Go to the devil and shake himself;" the seal persuasive and supplicatory, "*Lisez et croyez*,"—or, "*Dites-moi oui*;" and last, not least, that richest among them all, of which Moore has told you in his poem respecting "Rings and Seals."

H. I. M.

MADRIGAL OF THE SEASONS.

SPRING MORN.

'Tis merry on a fair Spring morn,
When hush'd is ev'ry ruder wind,
And Nature, like a mother kind,
Smiles joyous on her babe just born:
When sparkling dew is on the ground,
And flowrets gay are budding round,
And Hope is heard in ev'ry sound,
'Tis merry, oh, 'tis merry!

SUMMER NOON.

'Tis merry on a Summer's noon,
When Zephyr comes with balmy kiss,
And wakes the drowsy earth to bliss
By gently breathing Love's own tune:
When leaves are green, and skies are blue,
And waters of a golden hue,
And ev'ry glance brings beauties new,
'Tis merry, oh, 'tis merry!

AUTUMN EVE.

'Tis merry on an Autumn eve,
When birds sing farewell to the sun,
And, corn well sheaved, and labour done,
The fields the healthful reapers leave:
When those whom daylight keeps afar
May meet beneath the vesper star
Without one fear their joy to mar,
'Tis merry, oh, 'tis merry!

WINTER NIGHT.

'Tis merry on a Winter's night,
When fast descends the deep'ning snow,
And o'er the heath the shrill winds blow,
To watch the crackling faggot's light:
When spicy wine and nut-brown ale,
Give zest to each rare Christmas tale,
And song, and joke, and laugh prevail,
'Tis merry, oh, 'tis merry!

FAMILY DRAMATICALS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF AN ANTIQUARY."

"A play, Frank :—wherein are such things ! such hideous, monstrous things ! that it has almost made me forswear the stage."

The Duke of Buckingham's Rehearsal.

THERE are no farther particulars known concerning the following letter, than that it was found upon a sequestered road, within a short distance of a celebrated and fashionable watering-place. From the tenor of its contents, it may certainly be supposed to have fallen from the pocket of an eminent son of Thespis, on his summer campaign, who had perhaps been reading it over, or studying his part, in that retreat. But though the direction was wanting, yet the memorandum of "Sent fifty pounds by next post" showed that it had been written to one whose hand was "open as day to melting charity;" though, unfortunately, the noble action so commemorated was "a deed without a name." As there are still but too many persons in the metropolis who, like the Sticklebacks, make their passion for private theatricals the means of tormenting all their acquaintances, and of displaying their own absurdities, the following description of the tasteful and sagacious proceedings of that family is published, to show Folly "her own image,"—"*pour encourager les autres*;" since, however extravagant the picture may appear, it never can be doubted that it is an "owre true tale," and actually copied from the life.

Though I have no letter, my dear Edmund, direct from yourself, yet I owe you many thanks for the country papers, which give me so much information of your motives, and relate how successfully you are *starring it in the provinces*, though as yet not quite a light of the first magnitude in the town hemisphere. With *Jobson*, however, I must caution you "not to grow saucy upon it," nor forget that, in less splendid times, before you either felt or deserved the sun of patronage, you have been known to walk the parades at certain fairs, and to dance a hornpipe with your white stockings curiously blackened round the feet, to supply the lack of pumps: which most ingenious device not only completely wore out *their soles*, and blistered *your own*, but, as I am confidently told, cost thee, from thine indulgent uncle, divers aching bones for a month afterward. Think not, however, that I write thus out of envy at your talent or your success. No! by the never-dying name of Roscius! perish the selfish thought! Only, as "an elder actor, not a better," "let me, who know the public, counsel you," that "*lowliness* is young ambition's ladder," which you should be careful not to throw down till you be safely off it at the top; and also, how certain other great actors are said not to have openly avowed their humble origin, by exhibiting the fishing-net which they had cast, or the lowly garb which they had once worn, until they were fairly clothed in "the purple," and the triple tiara was really won.

Notwithstanding all this, I must confess that I *do* almost envy you

your liberty; or rather, that I do most fervently desire to share it, as I told you with so much energy at your departure, in the yard of the Belle Sauvage, which had probably never witnessed such fine acting before, or at least not since the days when Inns were Theatres. For, trust me, "my gay cousin Ranger," after all the privation and contempt attached to the life of strolling players, such as we have been;—you know, as *Blandish* says, "if you and I did not sometimes speak truth to each other, we should forget there was such a quality incident to the human mind;"—after all these deductions, your strolling actor enjoys his freedom almost beyond any other animal in the world that I know of; and, at this present moment, I should certainly enjoy mine beyond any other stroller in existence; for, on the contrary, here am I restrained within limits which encourage much more of "fretting" than of "strutting," for they are still narrower than those in which you left me. They are confined, indeed, to a certain ancient verge, belonging to a certain ancient court of the sovereign, bounded on the North and East by Great Suffolk-street and the Borough of Southwark; on the South by Newington Causeway and the Elephant and Castle; and on the West by the Obelisk, the Surrey Theatre, and the Waterloo-road; the whole space of which, in my thoughts at least, well deserves to retain the old neighbouring name of "Melancholy Walk." Herein, I say, am I enclosed, like a spirit within a circle,—and thou knowest what a choice *spirit* I am;—whilst thou—too, too happy dog!—*thou* art at liberty to feel the free air upon thy cheek; to see the fields in all their brightness, and the blue summer sky in all its glory; to roam where you list, "till the livelong daylight fail;" and "then to the well-trod stage anon," where you behold nothing but holiday faces crowding all the benches—hear nothing but applauses, shouts, and encores, until you believe yourself really a king or a demigod, and are ready to say, "Upon my life, I *am* a lord indeed!" But I think I hear you asking, "Why, Tom, is thy part to be *all patter*?" and charitably reminding me that my legitimate occupation is to *rant* fustian, and not to *write* it. I will therefore "deliver myself like a man of this world;" and, taking up my story at your last *cue* of "let me hear from thee," first tell you of my "private griefs," and then of such a scene of mirth and folly, that though it be "seven out of the nine days' wonder with me," I have not yet decided whether it be most to be laughed at, or lamented. You may therefore think, if you will, that you and I are about to have a narrative-scene together, such as *Dimond* used so regularly to introduce in the second act of his pieces; when two performers always brought forward two chairs to the centre front of the stage, thereby indicating that the house was about to be favoured with a long story.

You doubtless remember that, touched by the distresses of our very clever and very worthless friend *Sedley*, when his best-beloved child lay at the point of death, I became security for him to *Sykehouse* the surgeon, and afterwards to *Fillgrave* the undertaker, that her remains might receive "a little earth for charity," to a stipulated amount, as I supposed, and easily within my power. Outcast as he is from almost all society by disinheritance, debts, imprudence, and unfortunate character, you will not wonder that, when his dear one died, she was "by strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned." Now that all these events are over, I dare say you can at once

guess at their actual result, much more easily than I could have even conceived the possibility of it. In a little time, Walter Sedley, Esq. M.A. author of, &c. &c. &c. was not to be found,—though *I* was, and to be answerable to an amount very far exceeding my abilities or engagements. Remonstrance availed me nothing, and therefore, like *Prince Henry*, “so far as my coin would stretch, I paid it;” but, unlike him, I could make no great use of my credit. I never possessed the consummate art of “Plausible Jack” Palmer, who could persuade the very bailiff who arrested him to become his bail; and so, to avoid such a stage direction as, “Scene changes to a room in a prison, *Tom Fairspeech* discovered seated in a melancholy attitude,”—to escape this, I say, I determined to withdraw myself into the above well-known and worshipful limits, to muse “for a certain term” upon the Pleasures of Friendship, and the best means of rendering my rock-stricken vessel fit for sea again, which I despair not of doing after all; for well do I believe that

“Time may still have one fated hour to come,
Which, wing’d with Liberty, may overtake
Occasion past.”

The extension of my bounds was effected by “hard entreaty, and a good round sum;—entreaty’s weak without it;” and so I actually reside *without* the walls of “Denman’s Park;” though “I pray you, in any case, possess no gentleman of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.”

I have no great philosophy in me, as thou knowest, Edmund; but I am very much of the mind of the young man in Gay’s Fables; as I thought that Care, or his shadow, *did go before* my misfortunes, I have no fancy that either should *follow* me, like Goldsmith’s *Twitch* and *Flanigan*, “Before and behind, you know.” I am therefore indifferently cheerful in my cage: “And what for no?” as *Meg Dods* has it.

“Then you be merry, merry there,
And we’ll be merry, merry here;
For who can tell where we all may be
To be merry another year!”

Moreover, I can assure you that, if I had wit enough, I have quite gaiety enough to describe our neighbourhood in the picturesque and humorous style of Washington Irving or Mary Mitford: how *Leandish’s Royal Ordinary* is opposite my window; and how *Trimmings*, the great West-end tailor, has recently come to live at the next door. However, like Old Philip Astley, as we can’t snow white, we’ll snow brown; and this leads me to the scene which I promised to relate to you half a page ago.

By some little regularity of payment, the above-mentioned light heart, and the eloquence of a player’s tongue and memory, I have made a very fair progress in the good liking of my *Mistress Quickly*, who, pitying my restraint and loneliness, has introduced me to the family of the great Mr. Stickleback, also our neighbour, as “the civillest and well-spokenest gentleman as ever she see, and one who can say as many funny things and fine speeches as any play-actor in the Rules, or out on ’em.” She, however, little suspects that I am in reality one of those same “harlotry players,” for I have changed my name; and, therefore, whenever thou writest, Edmund, do not

direct to me by style and title as such, if thou hast any regard for thy neck. Old Stickleback I had already found as thorny and hedgehog-like as his name; but his family made ample amends, by being as forwardly-complaisant and talkatively-conceited as imperfect mortality could well be. Moreover, they were about to have a private play, to which they invited me, lamenting that we were not sooner acquainted, that I might have taken a part in the same. It was a loss, however, which I assure you I did not at all regret; for, had their plot been "as good a plot as ever was laid," I, at least, have had too much honourable professional labour to resort to such private acting for amusement,—like Placido and the Little Devil, the noted tumblers, who, when visiting the King at Hampton, determined the distance of a pavilion by walking to it on their hands, with their legs upwards, as though their daily antics were not sufficient. But, in the present instance, I devoutly believe that "the gods took care of Cato," and preserved me from the irrecoverable contamination of the Stickleback theatricals.

In reading this account of them, Edmund, I will allow you to call them "Wonderful! wonderful! and most wonderful! and yet again wonderful! and after that, out of all whooping!" Nay, you may think it almost incredible that such things can be, and even say or swear that you could not have believed them had you seen them yourself; but for your life do not question *my* veracity. "Why should I carry lies about?" or how should the mind of any decent individual ever devise such folly? "I tell thee what, Edmund, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, and call me horse!"

At my first visit to Mr. Stickleback's, the day before the performance, I thought the house appeared rather defective in furniture, and in no little confusion; but all surprise at either appearance soon ceased on my being introduced into the room where the play was to be enacted, and beholding the fittings-up, the dresses, and the decorations. I am convinced that hardly a floor was left covered by its respective boards or carpet; that the windows were all despoiled of their curtains, and that the bedsteads were reduced to what sailors call "bare poles," by having resigned their valances, &c. to furnish forth the dresses and properties of the entertainments. These, as we were informed by a bill printed with the ordinary hand-types used for marking the household linen, were, "Pizarro; or, the Invasion of Peru; or, the Death of Rolla: a variety of singing and dancing; and the romantic romance of the Blind Boy; or, Rodolph, the Usurping Prince of Scamalia, and Kalig, the Faithful Courtier!" But before I returned to you the follies of this performance, I ought, in equity to Mr. Stickleback himself, to state that he was entirely ignorant and unconnected with them all, since the whole design was privately concocted by his wife and family, who also took the opportunity of his absence from home to astonish their acquaintance by such a display of wit and talent. "But they are coming to the play: get you a

the proscenium of the stage was formed by the opening of two windows, which, I was assured by Mrs. Stickleback, who appeared with no little pride and complacency in pointing out the various particulars of the arrangements, were absolutely taken off the wall. The space was filled up by an old japanned cornice, and a green baize

rather the worse for not a few years' wear, which had been taken up from the room within. But these appointments were by far the most modest and appropriate of the whole. In my own poor notions of such matters, a large table-lamp on each side the stage, and another suspended from the ceiling of the audience-apartment, would have respectably and sufficiently lighted the front. But, no! the Sticklebacks had a soul and conception far beyond such every-day contrivances. When we were all seated in staring and silent expectation, we first heard the steps and loud whisperings and disputings of several persons in the adjoining narrow passage, carrying some large heavy vessel full of liquid, which ever and anon seemed to give a lurch, and then to wash over the edge, to the great dismay of its bearers. At last the curtain was partly raised, and four persons appeared, carrying—mind, I'll swear for the truth of this, whatever you may think,—four persons appeared, carrying a large trough of new bright tin, of sufficient capacity for half a dozen swine to feed at, if they were disposed to be accommodating, three parts filled with lamp-oil, in which were floating a multitude of small pieces of cork, with a lighted wick attached to each! With much labour, and no little spilling of the said oil, these most extraordinary footlights were borne to the front, and set down: but when the prologue came forward, they were found to be so smoky, so offensive and so much in the way,—for the whole machine reached to the middle of his, the said Prologue's legs,—that they were at once unanimously voted out, and were removed with the same labour and mischief; their place being then supplied by a row of candles set upon the floor.

I say nothing about the total overthrow of this most delicious invention, which, I fear, from the noise and confusion after its exit, took place in the passage, but pass on now to the performance. I dare say that you can very well imagine both tune and words of the prologue, which was, doubtless, home-made, and quite like the generality of such compositions, having a great deal about "*our cause,*" and "*your applause,*" without which many persons think an honest prologue cannot be written. There were also divers choice poetical similes, always ending with "*thus we to-night;*" and in one part the Sticklebacks likened themselves to phoenixes and young eagles, though I thought that magpies or jackdaws would have been by far the more appropriate birds. I felt truly concerned for the young man who delivered this address, because he might have been respectable enough in sound health; but at this time he was far advanced in a most dangerous malady, which has been of late very fatal to many of our acquaintance; that is to say, he was nearly eaten up by conceit: and I farther found, as the play proceeded, that all the other actors were deplorably sick of the same disease. This terrible pestilence, Edmund, usually devours its victims downwards, since it first seizes upon some weak part of the head—next it destroys the senses, intoxicates the sight, vanquishes the tongue, advances to the heart, and then the man is lost for ever! "*Pray you, avoid it.*"

The principal parts of the drama were of course divided chiefly between the members of the gifted family, each of whom was distinguished by some special peculiarity and striking excellence, which having once seen, there was no mistaking them afterward. Thus,

Mr. Cæsar Augustus Stickleback, as *Ataliba*, had a slight snuffle, and, being something of a negro make and colour, looked, in his stage attire, not unlike the image of a Virginian which had run away from a tobacconist's shop-door. *Rolla*, Mr. Brutus Stickleback, exasperated the *h*, and the audience, in every speech; and had a good deal of the bear-garden flourish in his action, which, perhaps, did not quite harmonise with the majestic modesty of the Peruvian leader. *Alonzo*, Mr. Sebastian Stickleback, could not enunciate his *v*'s and *k*'s without a little previous contortion of his eyes and lips; and his dress was a domino, which had figured at all the fourth-rate masquerades about London for the last quarter of a century. Miss Judith Marcia Stickleback, as *Elvira*, was, I am persuaded, distinctly heard for three doors off on each side the house, as well as by all who passed it, such was her noble anxiety "to top the part," as *Bayes* says; whilst the narrow stage appeared too little for either her soul or her body. Little Miss Kitty Stickleback, on the contrary, was so lisping, and mincing, and languishing, as *Cora*, that one half of her speeches could not be understood, and the remainder were never heard at all.

These were the principals; but a few select friends of similar taste and qualifications were permitted to gather up some scraps of the family glory by personating the inferior characters, or appearing as soldiers, priests, and virgins. Their habits were mostly white night-gowns, or divers-coloured bed-furniture, &c. with huge gilded suns about their necks, which seemed to me very much like those leaden plates that the Sun Fire Office affixes to the houses of its insurers. The weapons were chiefly plain staves, or tin swords; and the shields were made out of the usual substitutes for such properties,—namely, the covers of fish-kettles and saucepans. These Mrs. Stickleback herself assured me that her son, Cæsar Augustus, had been at infinite pains in collecting, and also that he had actually caused quite a scarcity of such articles in their vicinity, and their price to rise up to more than double. They were well scoured, and very fiercely painted with what I suppose to be some of "Satan's devices," since I know of no other potentate who could ever have assumed such. The best properties and dresses were, of course, somewhat unequally divided, and few in number, like the liveries of *Petruchio's* servants;—

"There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly."

But of all the characters, by far the greatest and grandest personage was *Pizarro* himself, as right was no doubt. To be sure, a gaudy old Turkish suit, with caftan, calpac and turban, tin crescent, scimitar, &c. were not in the purest style of costume; but then the wearer did so roar, and rant, and strut, and tyrannise, that he must have been worse than a Turk who held him to be a hair's breadth behind Francisco Pizarro himself in those qualities. The performer of this part was a huge black-haired individual, named Josephus Elijah Schmollinger, whom I unwarily supposed to be a German Jew; though Mrs. Stickleback soon enlightened my ignorance, by saying that "some of his family were such, but that Mr. Josephus was as good a Christian as any of themselves, and, having come over to England young, he was thought to speak the tongue as well as

they did." There was no denying assertions so powerfully supported, especially as I was very much of her mind; but *how* he spake, you will be able to conceive, when I tell you that he sounded *a* as *ah*, *w* as *v*, and *s* as *sh*! and that thus he pronounced *Pizarro's* opening speech in the third scene of the third act:—"Vell, capricious idols, Fortunes! be mine ruin thy vork and thy boast. To mineselfs I will still be true. Yet, ere I fall, grant me thy smiles to prosper in von acts of vengeances; and be that smiles, Alontzo's deaths!"

I shall not try your patience by going all through "the murder of *Pizarro*," scene by scene, and character by character; for in such cases as this, enough is *better* than a feast. Some circumstances in the representation, however, struck me as being novel. One was, that instead of *Rolla* offering the Castilian sentinel a wedge of gold as the bribe for visiting *Alonzo*, he produced a small pert, cockney-looking, red leather purse, with a tuck, and stamped with the words, "A Trifle from Margate!" In the last scene, too, the high, rude, and hazardous bridge between the lofty rocks, was a long and broad white deal board, not five feet from the floor, so securely planted, that no effort of the Peruvian could push it off the sideboard without the aid of the Spanish soldiers, who very considerably came to his assistance, and who afterwards, with equal consideration, set it up again. The curtain dropped at last, without any other accident than the usual one of leaving *Pizarro's* body half outside, which was dragged in by its legs and arms.

I was now determined to make my escape as soon as I decently could; but presently came an original epilogue, of about the same merit as the former address, both of which were of the kind mentioned by Bayes, when he says, "I have made a prologue and an epilogue, which may both serve for either; that is, the prologue for the epilogue, or the epilogue for the prologue: nay, they may both serve for any other play as well as this." By the time it was over, *Pizarro* was so much refreshed as to enter again in the same habit, and roar to us Braham's "Death of Nelson," in the voice of a bassoon, his lower notes and his pronunciation being positively awful.

"'Tvosh in Trafalgar's bay
Ve saw de Frenchmans lay,
Each hearts vos a bounding den!"

After this, which was about half-past eleven o'clock, one of the younger fry of the Sticklebacks, who was considered to be endowed with no little portion of the *vis comica*, came forward in the habit of a worn-out scarecrow, having his face duly varnished with Brunswick black, to charm the audience with the tasteful melody of "Jim Crow." The next entertainment was to have been Madame Vestris's Savoyard song, by *Cora*, for which purpose a *real* hussar-dressed monkey had been hired from a *real* Savoyard, and securely tied to a chair in the green-room. About the middle of the *second encore* of the previous elegant melody of "Jim Crow," however, a loud and hasty knock was heard, at which the performers, who knew that they were acting without the paternal licence, turned pale under their paint, most of the audience fell into consternation, and the hostess started up, exclaiming, "My stars alive! if there arn't Mr. Stickleback, after all!" At the same time, the apartment was ob-

served to be rapidly filling with smoke, and a strong smell of fire, from the small adjoining parlour used as a "tiring-house." In came Mr. Stickleback, truly the *Provoked Husband*, and in a fitting mood for playing *Sir John Brute*; and, alarmed at the smoke in the passage, and the noise and confusion everywhere, he rushed at once into the green-room. It was then discovered that the hussar-dressed monkey had been amusing himself by fishing the cork floats out of the oil-trough, which had been carelessly set aside within his reach, with the wicks alight, and throwing them about the room; when they had caught the dress of *Ataliba*, which he had hastily thrown aside to get ready for his hornpipe.

It was with some difficulty that Mr. Stickleback was prevented from twisting the neck of General Jocko, who, however, wisely escaped in the confusion. A little prompt attention, and a good deal of water, soon put out the fire, and no great mischief was done by it: but as for the oil, dirt, and disorder in the house, "St. Dunstan!" thought I to myself with *Gurth* the swineherd, "how it must be scraped and cleansed ere it be again fit for a Christian!" All these events have, nevertheless, effected one beneficial end: for I hear that when old Stickleback's passion subsided, he swore roundly that if ever he should find his dwelling so turned out at windows again, he will have his wife indicted for keeping a disorderly house, and send both actors and audience all to the treadmill!

THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

How weak is Matter when compared with Mind!
 How slowly does the *hand* those high thoughts write
 Which spirit does so brilliantly indite!
 The feeble pen toils sluggishly behind
 Those flashing visions of ecstatic light,
 That pass before the mind's internal sight,
 With all their hues of beauty and of grace!
 Before the plodding instrument can trace
 A word made up of letters cold and dead,
 The dazzling Bird of Paradise has fled,
 Or, stripp'd of its fair plumage, drops to earth,
 The colours faded from its golden wings.
 Oh! I could weep to see such high-born things,
 Such flashing thoughts, that are of heavenly birth,
 Depart without a record of their worth.
 O that the Lightnings were my ready pen!
 What glowing pictures could be written then!
 How longs the everlasting mind to tell
 Of scenes where seraphs rapt in glory dwell,
 Caught ere their colours fade, like dew-drops fair,
 That sparkle when the glorious sun is there!
 But if a cloud obscure its kindling rays,
 Lost are those colours, like the diamond bright;
 No longer can the dew-drop sparkling blaze—
 It is a drop of common water quite.

A TALE OF GRAMMARYE.

THE Baron came home in his fury and rage,
 He blew up his Henchman, he blew up his Page ;
 The Seneschal trembled, the Cook looked pale,
 As he ordered for supper grilled kidneys and ale.
 Vain thought ! that grill'd kidneys can give relief,
 When one's own are inflamed by anger and grief.

What was the cause of the Baron's distress ?
 Why sank his spirits so low ?—
 The fair Isabel, when she should have said " Yes,"
 Had given the Baron a " No."
 He ate, and he drank, and he grumbled between :
 First on the viands he vented his spleen,—
 The ale was sour,—the kidneys were tough,
 And tasted of nothing but pepper and snuff !
 —The longer he ate, the worse grew affairs,
 Till he ended by kicking the butler down stairs.

All was hushed—'twas the dead of the night—
 The tapers were dying away,
 And the armour bright
 Glanced in the light
 Of the pale moon's trembling ray ;
 Yet his Lordship sat still, digesting his ire,
 With his nose on his knees, and his knees in the fire,—
 All at once he jump'd up, resolved to consult his
Cornelius Agrippa de rebus occultis.

He seized by the handle
 A bed-room flat candle,
 And went to a secret nook,
 Where a chest lay hid
 With so massive a lid,
 His knees, as he raised it, shook,
 Partly, perhaps, from the wine he had drunk,
 Partly from fury, and partly from funk ;
 For never before had he ventured to look
 In his Great-Great-Grandfather's conjuring-book.

Now Lord Ranulph Fitz-Hugh,
 As lords frequently do,
 Thought reading a bore,— but his case was quite new ;
 So he quickly ran through
 A chapter or two,
 For without Satan's aid he knew not what to do,—
 When poking the fire, as the evening grew colder,
 He saw with alarm,
 As he raised up his arm,
 An odd-looking countenance over his shoulder.

Firmer rock will sometimes quake,
 Trustiest blade will sometimes break,
 Sturdiest heart will sometimes fail,
 Proudest eye will sometimes quail ;—
 No wonder Fitz Hugh felt uncommonly queer
 Upon suddenly seeing the Devil so near,
 Leaning over his chair, peeping into his ear.

A TALE OF GRAMMAREE.

The stranger first
 The silence burst,
 And replied to the Baron's look ;—
 " I would not intrude,
 But don't think me rude
 If I sniff at that musty old book.
 Charms were all very well
 Ere Reform came to Hell ;
 But now not an imp cares a fig for a spell.
 Still I see what you want,
 And am willing to grant
 The person and purse of the fair Isabel.
 Upon certain conditions the maiden is won ;—
 You may have her at once, if you choose to say ' Done !'

" The lady so rare,
 Her manors so fair,
 Lord Baron, I give to thee ;
 But when once the sun
 Five years has run,
 Lord Baron, thy soul's my fee !"

Oh ! where wert thou, ethereal Sprite ?
 Protecting Angel, where ?
 Sure never before had noble or knight
 Such need of thy guardian care !
 No aid is nigh—'twas so decreed ;—
 The recreant Baron at once agreed,
 And prepared with his blood to sign the deed.

With the point of his sword
 His arm he scored,
 And mended his pen with his Misericorde ;
 From his black silk breeches
 The stranger reaches
 A lawyer's leathern case,
 Selects a paper,
 And snuffing the taper,
 The Baron these words mote trace :—
 " Five years after date, I promise to pay
 My soul to Old Nick, without let or delay,
 For value received."—" There, my Lord, on my life,
 Put your name to the bill, and the lady's your wife."

• • • • •
 All look'd bright in earth and heaven,
 And far through the morning skies
 Had Sol his fiery coursers driven,—
 That is, it was striking half-past eleven
 As Isabel opened her eyes.

All wondered what made the lady so late,
 For she came not down till noon,
 Though she usually rose at a quarter to eight,
 And went to bed equally soon.
 But her rest had been broken by troublesome dreams :—
 She had thought that, in spite of her cries and her screams,
 Old Nick had borne off, in a chariot of flame,
 The gallant young Howard of Effingham.
 Her eye was so dim, and her cheek so chill,
 The family doctor declared she was ill,
 And muttered dark hints of a draught and a pill.

All during breakfast to brood doth she seem
 O'er some secret woes or wrongs;
 For she empties the salt-cellar into the cream,
 And stirs up her tea with the tongs.
 But scarce hath she finished her third round of toast,
 When a knocking is heard by all—
 "What may that be?—'tis too late for the post,—
 Too soon for a morning call!"
 After a moment of silence and dread,
 The court-yard rang
 With the joyful clang
 Of an armed warrior's tread.
 Now away and away with fears and alarms,—
 The lady lies clasped in young Effingham's arms.

She hangs on his neck, and she tells him true,
 How that troublesome creature, Lord Ranulph Fitz-Hugh,
 Hath vowed and hath sworn with a terrible curse,
 That, unless she will take him for better for worse,
 He will work her mickle rue!

"Now, lady love, dismiss thy fear,
 Should that grim old Baron presume to come here,
 We'll soon send him home with a flea in his ear;—
 And, to cut short the strife,
 My love! my life!
 Let me send for a parson, and make you my wife!"
 No banns did they need, no licence require,—
 They were married that day before dark:
 The Clergyman came,—a fat little friar,
 The doctor acted as Clerk.

But the nuptial rites were hardly o'er,
 Scarce had they reached the vestry door,
 When a knight rush'd headlong in;
 From his shoes to his shirt
 He was all over dirt,
 From his toes to the tip of his chin;
 But high on his travel-stained helmet tower'd
 The lion-crest of the noble Howard.

By horrible doubts and fears possest,
 The bride turned and gaz'd on the bridegroom's breast—
 No Argent Bend was there;
 No Lion bright
 Of her own true knight,
 But his rival's Sable Bear!
 The Lady Isabel instantly knew
 'Twas a regular hoax of the false Fitz-Hugh;
 And loudly the Baron exulting cried,
 "Thou art wooed, thou art won, my bonny gay bride!
 Nor heaven nor hell can our loves divide!"

This pithy remark was scarcely made,
 When the Baron beheld, upon turning his head,
 His Friend in black close by;
 He advanced with a smile all placid and bland,
 Popp'd a small piece of parchment into his hand,
 And knowingly winked his eye.

As the Baron perused,
 His cheek was suffused

With a flush between brick-dust and brown ;
 While the fair Isabel
 Fainted, and fell
 In a still and death-like swoon.
 Lord Howard roar'd out, till the chapel and vaults
 Rang with cries for burnt feathers and volatile salts.

"Look at the date!" quoth the queer-looking man,
 In his own peculiar tone;
 My word hath been kept,—deny it who can,—
 And now I am come for mine own."
 Might he trust his eyes?—Alas! and alack!
 'Twas a bill ante-dated full five years back!
 'Twas all too true—
 It was over due—
 The term had expired!—he wouldn't "renew,"—
 And the Devil looked black as the Baron looked blue.

The Lord Fitz-Hugh
 Made a great to-do,
 And especially blew up Old Nick,—
 " 'Twas a stain," he swore,
 " On the name he bore
 To play such a rascally trick!"—
 " A trick?" quoth Nick, in a tone rather quick,
 " It's one often played upon people who 'tick.'"
 Blue flames now broke
 From his mouth as he spoke,
 They went out, and left an uncommon thick smoke,
 Which enveloping quite
 Himself and the Knight,
 The pair in a moment were clean out of sight.
 When it wafted away,
 Where the dickens were they?
 Oh! no one might guess—Oh! no one might say,—
 But never, I wis,
 From that time to this,
 In hall or in bower, on mountain or plain,
 Has the Baron been seen or been heard of again.

As for fair Isabel, after two or three sighs,
 She finally open'd her beautiful eyes.
 She coughed, and she sneezed,
 And was very well pleased,
 After being so rumpled, and towzled, and teased,
 To find, when restored from her panic and pain,
 My Lord Howard had married her over again.

MORAL.

Be warned by our story, ye Nobles and Knights,
 Who're so much in the habit of "flying of kites;"
 And beware how ye meddle again with such Flights:
 At least, if your energies Creditors cramp,
 Remember a Usurer's always a Scamp,
 And look well at the Bill, and the Date, and the Stamp:
 Don't sign in a hurry, whatever you do,
 Or you'll go to the Devil, like Baron Fitz-Hugh.

"DALTON."

FAMILY STORIES.—No. VIII.

DR. INGOLDSBY'S STORY.

The Lady Rohesia lay on her death-bed!

So said the doctor,—and doctors are generally allowed to be judges in these matters; besides, Doctor Butts was the Court Physician; he carried a crutch-handled staff, with its cross of the blackest ebony,—*raison de plus!*

“Is there no hope, doctor?” said Beatrice Grey.

“Is there no hope?” said Everard Ingoldsby.

“Is there no hope?” said Sir Guy de Montgomeri.—He was the Lady Rohesia's husband;—he spoke the last.

The doctor shook his head: he looked at the disconsolate widower *in posse*, then at the hour-glass;—its waning sand seemed sadly to shadow forth the sinking pulse of his patient. Dr. Butts was a very learned man. “*Ars longa, vita brevis!*” said Doctor Butts.

“I am very sorry to hear it,” quoth Sir Guy de Montgomeri.

Sir Guy was a brave knight, and a tall; but he was no Scholar.

“Alas! my poor sister!” sighed Ingoldsby.

“Alas! my poor mistress!” sobbed Beatrice.

Sir Guy neither sighed nor sobbed;—his grief was too deep-seated for outward manifestation.

“And how long, doctor,—?” The afflicted husband could not finish the sentence.

Doctor Butts withdrew his hand from the wrist of the dying lady; he pointed to the horologe; scarce a quarter of its sand remained in the upper moiety. Again he shook his head; the eye of the patient waxed dimmer, the rattling in the throat increased.

“What's become of Father Francis?”—whimpered Beatrice.

“The last consolations of the church—” suggested Everard.

A darker shade came over the brow of Sir Guy.

“Where is the Confessor?” continued his grieving brother-in-law.

“In the pantry,” cried Marion Hacket pertly, as she tripped down stairs in search of that venerable ecclesiastic;—“in the pantry, I warrant me.”—The bower-woman was not wont to be in the wrong;—in the pantry was the holy man discovered,—at his devotions.

“*Pax vobiscum!*” said Father Francis, as he entered the chamber of death.

“*Vita brevis!*” returned Doctor Butts:—he was not a man to be browbeat out of his Latin,—and by a paltry friar Minim, too. Had it been a Bishop, indeed,—or even a mitred Abbot;—but a miserable Franciscan!

“*Benedicite!*” said the friar.

“*Ars longa!*” retorted the leech.

Doctor Butts adjusted the tassels of his falling band, drew his short sad-coloured cloak closer around him, and, grasping his cross-handled walking-staff, stalked majestically out of the apartment.—Father Francis had the field to himself.

The worthy chaplain hastened to administer the last rites of the church. To all appearance he had little time to lose: as he concluded, the dismal toll of the Passing-Bell sounded from the belfry tower; little Hubert, the bandy-legged Sacristan, was pulling with all his might.—It was a capital contrivance that same Passing-Bell;

—which of the Urbans or Innocents invented it, is a query ; but, whoever it was, he deserved well of his country and of Christendom.

Ah ! our ancestors were not such fools, after all, as we, their degenerate children, conceit them to have been. The Passing-Bell ! a most solemn warning to imps of every description, is not to be regarded with impunity : the most impudent *Succubus* of them all dare as well dip his claws in holy water as come within the verge of its sound. Old Nick himself, if he sets any value at all upon his tail, had best convey himself clean out of hearing, and leave the way open to Paradise.—Little Hubert continued pulling with all his might, and St. Peter began to look out for a customer.

The knell seemed to have some effect even upon the Lady Rohesia : she raised her head slightly ; inarticulate sounds issued from her lips,—inarticulate, that is, to the profane ears of the laity. Those of Father Francis indeed were sharper ; nothing, as he averred, could be more distinct than the words “A thousand marks to the priory of St. Mary Rouncival.” Now the Lady Rohesia Ingoldsby had brought her husband broad lands and large possessions : much of her ample dowry, too, was at her own disposal, and nuncupative wills had not yet been abolished by Act of Parliament.

“Pious soul !” ejaculated Father Francis. “A thousand marks, she said—”

“If she did, I’ll be shot !” said Sir Guy de Montgomeri.

“—A thousand marks !” continued the confessor, fixing his cold grey eye upon the knight, as he went on, heedless of the interruption ;—“a thousand marks ! and as many *Aves* and *Paters* shall be duly said—as soon as the money is paid.”

Sir Guy shrank from the monk’s gaze ; he turned to the window, and muttered to himself something that sounded like “Don’t you wish you may get it ?”

The bell continued to toll. Father Francis had quitted the room, taking with him the remains of the holy oil he had been using for Extreme Unction. Everard Ingoldsby waited on him down stairs.

“A thousand thanks !” said the latter.

“A thousand marks !” said the friar.

“A thousand devils !” growled Sir Guy de Montgomeri from the top of the landing-place.

But his accents fell unheeded : his brother-in-law and the friar were gone ; he was left alone with his departing lady and Beatrice Grey.

Sir Guy de Montgomeri stood pensively at the foot of the bed : his arms were crossed upon his bosom, his chin was sunk upon his breast ; his eyes were filled with tears ; the dim rays of the fading watch-light gave a darker shade to the furrows on his brow, and a brighter tint to the little bald patch on the top of his head,—for Sir Guy was a middle-aged gentleman, tall and portly withal, with a slight bend in his shoulders, but that not much : his complexion was somewhat florid, especially about the nose ; but his lady was *in extremis*, and at this particular moment he was paler than usual.

“Bim bome !” went the bell.—The knight groaned audibly ; Beatrice Grey wiped her eye with her little square apron of lace de Malines : there was a moment’s pause,—a moment of intense affliction ; she let it fall,—all but one corner, which remained between her finger and thumb.—She looked at Sir Guy ; drew the thumb and forefinger of

her other hand slowly along its border, till they reached the opposite extremity—She sobbed aloud: “So kind a lady!” said Beatrice Grey.—“So excellent a wife!” responded Sir Guy.—“So good!” said the damsel.—“So dear!” said the knight.—“So pious!” said she.—“So humble!” said he.—“So good to the poor!”—“So capital a manager!”—“So punctual at matins!”—“Dinner dished to a moment!”—“So devout!” said Beatrice.—“So fond of me!” said Sir Guy.—“And of Father Francis!”—“What the devil do you mean by that?” said Sir Guy de Montgomeri. * * *

The knight and the maiden had rung their antiphonic changes on the fine qualities of the departing lady, like the *Strophe* and *Antistrophe* of a Greek play. The cardinal virtues once disposed of, her minor excellencies came under review:—She would drown a witch, drink lambswool at Christmas, beg Dominie Dumps’s boys a holiday, and dine upon sprats on Good Friday!—A low moan from the subject of these eulogies would intimate that the enumeration of her good deeds was not altogether lost on her,—that the parting spirit felt and rejoiced in the testimony.

“She was too good for earth!” continued Sir Guy.

“Ye—Ye—Yes!” sobbed Beatrice.

“I did not deserve her!” said the Knight.

“No-o-o-o!” cried the damsel.

“Not but that I made her an excellent husband, and a kind; but she is going, and—and—where, or when, or how—shall I get such another?”

“Not in broad England,—not in the whole wide world!” responded Beatrice Grey; “that is, not *just* such another!”—Her voice still faltered, but her accents on the whole were more articulate; she dropped the corner of her apron, and had recourse to her handkerchief; in fact, her eyes were getting red,—and so was the tip of her nose.

Sir Guy was silent; he gazed for a few moments steadfastly on the face of his lady. The single word “Another!” fell from his lips like a distant echo;—it is not often that the viewless nymph repeats more than is absolutely necessary.

“Bim! bome!” went the bell.—Bandy-legged Hubert had been tolling for half an hour;—he began to grow tired, and St. Peter fidgety.

“Beatrice Grey!” said Sir Guy de Montgomeri, “what’s to be done? what’s to become of Montgomeri Hall?—and the buttery,—and the servants? and what—what’s to become of me, Beatrice Grey?”—There was pathos in his tones; and a solemn pause succeeded. “I’ll turn Monk myself!” said Sir Guy.

“Monk!” said Beatrice.

“I’ll be a Carthusian!” repeated the knight, but in a tone less assured: he relapsed into a reverie.—Shave his head!—he did not so much mind that,—he was getting rather bald already; but, beans for dinner,—and those without butter,—and then a horse-hair shirt!

The knight seemed undecided: his eye roamed gloomily round the apartment, paused upon different objects, but as if it saw them not; its sense was shut, and there was no speculation in its glance: it rested at last upon the fair face of the sympathizing damsel at his side, beautiful in her grief.

Her tears had ceased; but her eyes were cast down, and mournfully fixed upon her delicate little foot, which was beating the devil’s tattoo.

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Doubtless the adage "There is many a slip
"Twixt the cup and the lip,"

hath reference to medicine. Sir Guy's lip was again all but in conjunction with that of his bride elect.

It has been hinted already that there was a little round polished patch on the summit of the knight's *pericranium*, from which his locks had gradually receded; a sort of *oasis*,—or rather a *Mont Blanc* in miniature, rising above the highest point of vegetation. It was on this little spot, undefended alike by Art and Nature, that at this interesting moment a blow descended, such as we must borrow a term from the Sister Island adequately to describe,—it was a "Whack!"

Sir Guy started upon his feet; Beatrice Grey started upon hers; but a single glance to the rear reversed her position,—she fell upon her knees and screamed.

The Knight, too, wheeled about, and beheld a sight which might have turned a bolder man to stone.—It was She!—the all but defunct Rohesia,—there she sat, bolt upright! Her eyes no longer glazed with the film of impending dissolution, but scintillating like flint and steel; while in her hand she grasped the bed-staff,—a weapon of mickle might, as her husband's bloody coxcomb could now well testify. Words were yet wanting, for the quinsey, which her rage had broken, still impeded her utterance; but the strength and rapidity of her guttural intonations augured well for her future eloquence.

Sir Guy de Montgomeri stood for a while like a man distraught; this resurrection—for such it seemed—had quite overpowered him. "A husband oftentimes makes the best physician," says the proverb; he was a living personification of its truth. Still it was whispered he had been content with Doctor Butts, but his lady was restored to bless him for many years.—Heavens, what a life he led!

The Lady Rohesia mended apace; her quinsey was cured; the bell was stopped, and little Hubert, the Sacristan, kicked out of the chapelry; St. Peter opened his wicket, and looked out.—There was nobody there;—so he flung to the gate in a passion, and went back to his lodge, grumbling at being hoaxed by a runaway ring.

Years rolled on.—The improvement of Lady Rohesia's temper did not keep pace with that of her health; and, one fine morning, Sir Guy de Montgomeri was seen to enter the *porte cochère* of Durham House, at that time the town residence of Sir Walter Raleigh. Nothing more was ever heard of him; but a boat full of adventurers was known to have dropped down with the tide that evening to Deptford Hope, where lay the good ship, the *Darling*, commanded by Captain Keymis, who sailed next morning on the Virginia voyage.

A brass plate, some eighteen inches long, may yet be seen in Denton chancel, let into a broad slab of Bethersden marble; it represents a lady kneeling, in her wimple and hood; her hands are clasped in prayer, and beneath is an inscription in the characters of the age,

"Praise for y^e soules of y^e Ladye Keyse,
And for alle Christen soules!"

The date is illegible; but it appears that she lived at least till Elizabeth's time, and that the dissolution of monasteries had lost St. Mary Rouncival her thousand marks.—As for Beatrice Grey, it is well known that she was living in 1588, and then had virginity enough left to be a Maid of Honour to "good Queen Bess."

THE TEMPTATIONS OF ST. ANTHONY.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

"He would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was—a woman."—*Sketch-Book*.

ST. ANTHONY sat on a lowly stool,
And a book was in his hand ;
Never his eye from its page he took,
Either to right or left to look,
But with steadfast soul, as was his rule,
The holy page he scanned.

"We will woo," said the imp, "St. Anthony's eyes
Off from his holy book :
We will go to him all in strange-disguise,
And tease him with laughter, whoops, and cries,
That he upon us may look."

The Devil was in the best humour that day
That ever his highness was in :
And that's why he sent out his imps to play,
And he furnished them torches to light their way,
Nor stinted them incense to burn as they may,—
Sulphur, and pitch, and rosin.

So they came to the Saint in a motley crew,
A heterogeneous rout :
There were imps of every shape and hue,
And some looked black, and some looked blue,
And they passed and varied before the view,
And twisted themselves about :
And had they exhibited thus to you,
I think you'd have felt in a bit of a stew,—
Or so should myself, I doubt.

There were some with feathers, and some with scales,
And some with warty skins ;
Some had not heads, and some had tails,
And some had claws like iron nails ;
And some had combs and beaks like birds,
And yet, like jays, could utter words ;
And some had gills and fins.

Some rode on skeleton beasts, arrayed
In gold and velvet stuff,
With rich tiaras on the head,
Like kings and queens among the dead ;
While face and bridle-hand, display'd,
In hue and substance seemed to cope
With maggots in a microscope,
And their thin lips, as white as soap,
Were colder than enough.

And spiders big from the ceiling hung,
From every creek and nook :
They had a crafty, ugly guise,
And looked at the Saint with their eight eyes ;
And all that malice could devise
Of evil to the good and wise
Seemed welling from their look.



Saint Anthony

London: Richard Bentley, Jan^y 1, 1830.

Beetles and slow-worms crawled about,
 And toads did squat demure ;
 From holes in the wainscoting mice peeped out,
 Or a sly old rat with his whiskered snout ;
 And forty-feets, a full span long,
 Danced in and out in an endless throng :
 There ne'er has been seen such extravagant rout
 From that time to this, I 'm sure.

But the good St. Anthony kept his eyes
 Fixed on the holy book ;—
 From it they did not sink nor rise ;
 Nor sights nor laughter, shouts nor cries,
 Could win away his look.

A quaint imp sat in an earthen pot,
 In a big-bellied earthen pot sat he :
 Through holes in the bottom his legs outshot,
 And holes in the sides his arms had got,
 And his head came out through the mouth, God wot !
 A comical sight to see.

And he drummed on his belly so fair and round,
 On his belly so round and fair ;
 And it gave forth a rumbling, mingled sound,
 Twixt a muffled bell and a growling hound,
 A comical sound to hear :
 And he sat on the edge of a table-desk,
 And drummed it with his heels ;
 And he looked as strange and as picturesque
 As the figures we see in an arabesque,
 Half hidden in flowers, all painted in fresque,
 In Gothic vaulted ceils.

Then he whooped and hawed, and winked and grinned,
 And his eyes stood out with glee ;
 And he said these words, and he sung this song,
 And his legs and his arms, with their double prong,
 Keeping time with his tune as it galloped along,
 Still on the pot and the table dinned
 As birth to his song gave he.

“ Old Tony, my boy ! shut up your book,
 And learn to be merry and gay :
 You sit like a bat in his cloistered nook,
 Like a round-shoulder'd fool of an owl you look ;
 But straighten your back from its booby crook,
 And more sociable be, I pray.

“ Let us see you laugh, let us hear you sing ;
 Take a lesson from me, old boy !
 Remember that life has a fleeting wing,
 And then comes Death, that stern old king,
 So we 'd better make sure of joy.”

But the good St. Anthony bent his eyes
 Upon the holy book :
 He heard that song with a laugh arise,
 But he knew that the imp had a naughty guise,
 And he did not care to look.

Another imp came in a masquerade,
 Most like to a monk's attire :
 But of living bats his cowl was made,
 Their wings stitched together with spider thread ;
 And round and about him they fluttered and played ;
 And his eyes shot out from their misty shade
 Long parallel bars of fire.

And his loose teeth chattered like clanking bones,
 When the gibbet-tree sways in the blast :
 And with gurgling shakes, and stifled groans,
 He mocked the good St. Anthony's tones
 As he muttered his prayer full fast.

A rosary of beads was hung by his side,—
 Oh, gaunt-looking beads were they !
 And still, when the good Saint dropped a bead,
 He dropped a tooth, and he took good heed
 To rattle his string, and the bones replied,
 Like a rattle-snake's tail at play.

But the good St. Anthony bent his eyes
 Upon the holy book ;
 He heard that mock of groans and sighs,
 And he knew that the thing had an evil guise,
 And he did not dare to look.

Another imp came with a trumpet-snout,
 That was mouth and nose in one :
 It had stops like a flute, as you never may doubt,
 Where his long lean fingers capered about,
 As he twanged his nasal melodies out,
 In quaver, and shake, and run.

And his head moved forward and backward still
 On his long and snaky neck ;
 As he bent his energies all to fill
 His nosey tube with wind and skill,
 And he sneezed his octaves out, until
 'Twas well-nigh ready to break.

And close to St. Anthony's ear he came,
 And piped his music in :
 And the shrill sound went through the good Saint's frame,
 With a smart and a sting, like a shred of flame,
 Or a bee in the ear,—which is much the same,—
 And he shivered with the din.

But the good St. Anthony bent his eyes
 Upon the holy book ;
 He heard that snout with its gimlet cries,
 And he knew that the imp had an evil guise,
 And he did not dare to look.

A thing with horny eyes was there,
 With horny eyes like the dead :
 And its long sharp nose was all of horn,
 And its bony cheeks of flesh were shorn,
 And its ears were like thin cases torn
 From feet of kine, and its jaws were bare ;
 And fish-bones grew, instead of hair,
 Upon its skinless head.

Its body was of thin birdy bones,
 Bound round with a parchment skin ;
 And, when 'twas struck, the hollow tones
 That circled round like drum-dull groans,
 Bespoke a void within.

Its arm was like a peacock's leg,
 And the claws were like a bird's :
 But the creep that went, like a blast of plague,
 To loose the live flesh from the bones,
 And wake the good Saint's inward groans,
 As it clawed his cheek, and pulled his hair,
 And pressed on his eyes in their beating lair,
 Cannot be told in words.

But the good St. Anthony kept his eyes
 Still on the holy book ;
 He felt the clam on his brow arise,
 And he knew that the thing had a horrid guise,
 And he did not dare to look.

An imp came then like a skeleton form
 Out of a charnel vault :
 Some clings of meat had been left by the worm,
 Some tendons and strings on his legs and arm,
 And his jaws with gristle were black and deform,
 But his teeth were as white as salt.

And he grinned full many a lifeless grin,
 And he rattled his bony tail ;
 His skull was decked with gill and fin,
 And a spike of bone was on his chin,
 And his bat-like ears were large and thin,
 And his eyes were the eyes of a snail.

He took his stand at the good Saint's back,
 And on tip-toe stood a space :
 Forward he bent, all rotten-black,
 And he sunk again on his heel, good lack !
 And the good Saint uttered some ghostly groans,
 For the head was caged in the gaunt rib-bones,—
 A horrible embrace !
 And the skull hung o'er with an elvish pry,
 And cocked down its Indian-rubber eye
 To gaze upon his face.

Yet the good St. Anthony sunk his eyes
 Deep in the holy book :
 He felt the bones, and so was wise
 To know that the thing had a ghastly guise,
 And he did not dare to look.

Last came an imp,—how unlike the rest !—
 A beautiful female form :
 And her voice was like music, that sleep-oppress'd
 Sinks on some cradling zephyr's breast ;
 And whilst with a whisper his cheek she press'd,
 Her cheek felt soft and warm.

When over his shoulder she bent the light
 Of her soft eyes on to his page,
 It came like a moonbeam silver bright,
 And relieved him then with a mild delight,
 For the yellow lamp-lustre scorched his sight,
 That was weak with the mists of age.

Hey! the good St. Anthony boggled his eyes
 Over the holy book :
 Ho ho! at the corners they 'gan to rise,
 For he knew that the thing had a lovely guise,
 And he could not choose but look.

There are many devils that walk this world,—
 Devils large, and devils small ;
 Devils so meagre, and devils so stout ;
 Devils with horns, and devils without ;
 Sly devils that go with their tails upcurled,
 Bold devils that carry them quite unfurled ;
 Meek devils, and devils that brawl ;
 Serious devils, and laughing devils ;
 Imps for churches, and imps for revels ;
 Devils uncouth, and devils polite ;
 Devils black, and devils white ;
 Devils foolish, and devils wise ;
 But a laughing woman, with two bright eyes,
 Is the worstest devil of all.

T. H. S.

 THE NEW YEAR.

*Lines on George Cruikshank's Illustration of January, in the Comic Almanack
 for 1838.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HEADLONG HALL."

A GREAT philosopher art thou, George Cruikshank,
 In thy unmatched grotesqueness! Antic dance,
 Wine, mirth, and music, welcome thy New Year,
 Who makes her entry as a radiant child,
 With smiling face, in holiday apparel,
 Bearing a cornucopiæ, crowned and clustered
 With all the elements of festal joy :
 All smiles and promises. But looking closely
 Upon that smiling face, 'tis but a mask ;
 Fitted so well, it almost seems a face ;
 But still a mask. What features lurk beneath,
 The rolling months will show. Thy Old Year passes,—
 Danced out in mockery by the festive band,—
 A faded form, with thin and pallid face,
 In spectral weeds ; her mask upon the ground,
 Her Amalthea's horn reversed, and emptied
 Of all good things,—not even hope remaining.
 Such will the New Year be : that smiling mask
 Will fall ; to some how soon : to many later :
 At last to all! The same transparent shade
 Of wasted means and broken promises
 Will make its exit : and another Year
 Will enter masked and smiling, and be welcomed
 With minstrelsy and revelry, as this is.



Mr. Bumble and Mr. Corney taking tea

OLIVER TWIST;

OR, THE PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS.

BY BOZ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER THE FIRST,

WHICH CONTAINS THE SUBSTANCE OF A PLEASANT CONVERSATION BETWEEN MR. BUMBLE AND A LADY; AND SHOWS THAT EVEN A BEADLE MAY BE SUSCEPTIBLE ON SOME POINTS.

THE night was bitter cold; the snow lay upon the ground frozen into a hard thick crust, so that only the heaps that had drifted into by-ways and corners were affected by the sharp wind that howled abroad, which, as if expending increased fury on such prey as it found, caught it savagely up in clouds, and, whirling it into a thousand misty eddies, scattered it in air. Bleak, dark, and piercing cold, it was a night for the well-housed and fed to draw round the bright fire, and thank God they were at home; and for the homeless starving wretch to lay him down and die. Many hunger-worn outcasts close their eyes in our bare streets at such times, who, let their crimes have been what they may, can hardly open them in a more bitter world.

Such was the aspect of out-of-door affairs when Mrs. Corney, the matron of the workhouse to which our readers have been already introduced as the birth-place of Oliver Twist, set herself down before a cheerful fire in her own little room, and glanced with no small degree of complacency at a small round table, on which stood a tray of corresponding size, furnished with all necessary materials for the most grateful meal that matrons enjoy. In fact, Mrs. Corney was about to solace herself with a cup of tea: and as she glanced from the table to the fireplace, where the smallest of all possible kettles was singing a small song in a small voice, her inward satisfaction evidently increased,—so much so, indeed, that Mrs. Corney smiled.

“Well,” said the matron, leaning her elbow on the table, and looking reflectively at the fire, “I’m sure we have all on us a great deal to be grateful for—a great deal, if we did but know it. Ah!”

Mrs. Corney shook her head mournfully, as if deploring the mental blindness of paupers who did *not* know it, and, thrusting a silver spoon (private property) into the inmost recesses of a two-ounce tin tea-caddy, proceeded to make the tea.

How slight a thing will disturb the equanimity of our frail minds! The black teapot, being very small and easily filled, ran over while Mrs. Corney was moralizing, and the water slightly scalded Mrs. Corney’s hand.

“Drat the pot!” said the worthy matron, setting it down very hastily on the hob; “a little stupid thing, that only holds a couple of cups! What use is it of to anybody?—except,” said Mrs. Corney pausing,—“except to a poor desolate creature like me. Oh dear!”

With these words the matron dropped into her chair, and, once more resting her elbow on the table, thought of her solitary fate. The small teapot and the single cup had awakened in her mind sad recollections of Mr. Corney, (who had not been dead more than five-and-twenty years,) and she was overpowered.

“I shall never get another!” said Mrs. Corney pettishly, “I shall never get another—like him!”

Whether this remark bore reference to the husband or the teapot is uncertain. It might have been the latter; for Mrs. Corney looked at it as she spoke, and took it up afterwards. She had just tasted her first cup, when she was disturbed by a soft tap at the room door.

“Oh, come in with you!” said Mrs. Corney sharply. “Some of the old women dying, I suppose;—they always die when I’m at meals. Don’t stand there, letting the cold air in, don’t! What’s amiss now, eh?”

“Nothing, ma’am, nothing,” replied a man’s voice.

“Dear me!” exclaimed the matron in a much sweeter tone, “is that Mr. Bumble?”

“At your service, ma’am,” said Mr. Bumble, who had been stopping outside to rub his shoes clean, and shake the snow off his coat, and who now made his appearance, bearing the cocked-hat in one hand and a bundle in the other. “Shall I shut the door, ma’am?”

The lady modestly hesitated to reply, lest there should be any impropriety in holding an interview with Mr. Bumble with closed doors. Mr. Bumble, taking advantage of the hesitation, and being very cold himself, shut it without farther permission.

“Hard weather, Mr. Bumble,” said the matron.

“Hard, indeed, ma’am,” replied the beadle. “Anti-prochial weather this, ma’am. We have given away, Mrs. Corney,—we have given away a matter of twenty quartern loaves, and a cheese and a half, this very blessed afternoon; and yet them paupers are not contented.”

“Of course not. When would they be, Mr. Bumble?” said the matron, sipping her tea.

“When, indeed, ma’am!” rejoined Mr. Bumble. “Why, here’s one man that, in consideration of his wife and large family, has a quartern loaf and a good pound of cheese, full weight. Is he grateful, ma’am,—is he grateful? Not a copper farthing’s worth of it! What does he do, ma’am, but ask for a few coals, if it’s only a pocket-handkerchief full, he says! Coals!—what would he do with coals?—Toast his cheese with ’em, and then come back for more. That’s the way with these

people, ma'am;—give 'em a apron full of coals to-day, and they 'll come back for another the day after to-morrow, as brazen as alabaster!"

The matron expressed her entire concurrence in this intelligible simile, and the beadle went on.

"I never," said Mr. Bumble, "see anything like the pitch it's got to. The day afore yesterday, a man—you have been a married woman, ma'am, and I may mention it to you—a man, with hardly a rag upon his back, (here Mrs. Corney looked at the floor,) goes to our overseer's door when he has got company coming to dinner, and says he must be relieved, Mrs. Corney. As he wouldn't go away, and shocked the company very much, our overseer sent him out a pound of potatoes and half a pint of oatmeal. 'My God!' says the ungrateful villain, 'what's the use of *this* to me? You might as well give me a pair of iron spectacles.'—'Very good,' says our overseer, taking 'em away again, 'you won't get anything else here.'—'Then I'll die in the streets!' says the vagrant.—'Oh no, you wo'nt,' says our overseer."

"Ha! ha!—that was very good!—so like Mr. Grannet, wasn't it?" interposed the matron. "Well, Mr. Bumble?"

"Well, ma'am," rejoined the beadle, "he went away, and *did* die in the streets. There's a obstinate pauper for you!"

"It beats anything I could have believed!" observed the matron emphatically. "But don't you think out-of-door relief a very bad thing any way, Mr. Bumble? You're a gentleman of experience, and ought to know. Come."

"Mrs. Corney," said the beadle, smiling as men smile who are conscious of superior information, "out-of-door relief, properly managed,—properly managed, ma'am,—is the parochial safe-guard. The great principle of out-of-door relief is to give the paupers exactly what they don't want, and then they get tired of coming."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Corney. "Well, that is a good one, too!"

"Yes. Betwixt you and me, ma'am," returned Mr. Bumble, "that's the great principle; and that's the reason why, if you look at any cases that get into them owdacious newspapers, you'll always observe that sick families have been relieved with slices of cheese. That's the rule now, Mrs. Corney, all over the country.—But, however," said the beadle, stooping to unpack his bundle, "these are official secrets, ma'am; not to be spoken of except, as I may say, among the parochial officers such as ourselves. This is the port wine, ma'am, that the board ordered for the infirmary,—real fresh, genuine port wine, only out of the cask this afternoon,—clear as a bell, and no sediment."

Having held the first bottle up to the light, and shaken it well to test its excellence, Mr. Bumble placed them both on the

top of a chest of drawers, folded the handkerchief in which they had been wrapped, put it carefully in his pocket, and took up his hat as if to go.

"You'll have a very cold walk, Mr. Bumble," said the matron.

"It blows, ma'am," replied Mr. Bumble, turning up his coat-collar, "enough to cut one's ears off."

The matron looked from the little kettle to the beadle, who was moving towards the door; and as the beadle coughed, preparatory to bidding her good-night, bashfully inquired whether—whether he wouldn't take a cup of tea?

Mr. Bumble instantaneously turned back his collar again, laid his hat and stick upon a chair, and drew another chair up to the table. As he slowly seated himself, he looked at the lady: she fixed her eyes upon the little teapot. Mr. Bumble coughed again, and slightly smiled.

Mrs. Corney rose to get another cup and saucer from the closet. As she sat down, her eyes once again encountered those of the gallant beadle; she coloured, and applied herself to the task of making his tea. Again Mr. Bumble coughed,—louder this time than he had coughed yet.

"Sweet, Mr. Bumble?" inquired the matron, taking up the sugar-basin.

"Very sweet, indeed, ma'am," replied Mr. Bumble. He fixed his eyes on Mrs. Corney as he said this; and, if ever a beadle looked tender, Mr. Bumble was that moment.

The tea was made, and handed in silence. Mr. Bumble, having spread a handkerchief over his knees to prevent the crumbs from sullyng the splendour of his shorts, began to eat and drink, varying these amusements occasionally by fetching a deep sigh, which, however, had no injurious effect upon his appetite, but, on the contrary, rather seemed to facilitate his operations in the tea and toast department.

"You have a cat, ma'am, I see," said Mr. Bumble, glancing at one, who in the centre of her family was basking before the fire; "and kittens too, I declare!"

"I am so fond of them, Mr. Bumble, you can't think," replied the matron. "They're so happy, so frolicsome, and so cheerful, that they are quite companions for me."

"Very nice animals, ma'am," replied Mr. Bumble approvingly; "so very domestic."

"Oh, yes!" rejoined the matron with enthusiasm; "so fond of their home too, that it's quite a pleasure, I'm sure."

"Mrs. Corney, ma'am," said Mr. Bumble slowly, and marking the time with his teaspoon, "I mean to say this, ma'am, that any cat or kitten that could live with you, ma'am, and *not* be fond of its home, must be an ass, ma'am."

"Oh, Mr. Bumble!" remonstrated Mrs. Corney.

"It's no use disguising facts, ma'am," said Mr. Bumble,

slowly flourishing the teaspoon with a kind of amorous dignity that made him doubly impressive; "I would drown it myself with pleasure."

"Then you're a cruel man," said the matron vivaciously, as she held out her hand for the beadle's cup, "and a very hard-hearted man besides."

"Hard-hearted, ma'am!" said Mr. Bumble, "hard!" Mr. Bumble resigned his cup without another word, squeezed Mrs. Corney's little finger as she took it, and inflicting two open-handed slaps upon his laced waistcoat, gave a mighty sigh, and hitched his chair a very little morsel farther from the fire.

It was a round table; and as Mrs. Corney and Mr. Bumble had been sitting opposite each other, with no great space between them, and fronting the fire, it will be seen that Mr. Bumble, in receding from the fire, and still keeping at the table, increased the distance between himself and Mrs. Corney; which proceeding some prudent readers will doubtless be disposed to admire, and to consider an act of great heroism on Mr. Bumble's part, he being in some sort tempted by time, place, and opportunity to give utterance to certain soft nothings, which, however well they may become the lips of the light and thoughtless, do seem immeasurably beneath the dignity of judges of the land, members of parliament, ministers of state, lord-mayors, and other great public functionaries, but more particularly beneath the stateliness and gravity of a beadle, who (as is well known) should be the sternest and most inflexible among them all.

Whatever were Mr. Bumble's intentions, however,—and no doubt they were of the best,—whatever they were, it unfortunately happened, as has been twice before remarked, that the table was a round one; consequently Mr. Bumble, moving his chair by little and little, soon began to diminish the distance between himself and the matron, and, continuing to travel round the outer edge of the circle, brought his chair in time close to that in which the matron was seated. Indeed, the two chairs touched; and, when they did so, Mr. Bumble stopped.

Now, if the matron had moved her chair to the right, she would have been scorched by the fire, and if to the left, she must have fallen into Mr. Bumble's arms; so (being a discreet matron, and no doubt foreseeing these consequences at a glance,) she remained where she was, and handed Mr. Bumble another cup of tea.

"Hard-hearted, Mrs. Corney?" said Mr. Bumble, stirring his tea, and looking up into the matron's face; "are *you* hard-hearted, Mrs. Corney?"

"Dear me!" exclaimed the matron, "what a very curious question from a single man! What can you want to know for, Mr. Bumble?"

The beadle drank his tea to the last drop, finished a piece of toast, whisked the crumbs off his knees, wiped his lips, and deliberately kissed the matron.

"Mr. Bumble," cried that discreet lady in a whisper, for the fright was so great that she had quite lost her voice, "Mr. Bumble, I shall scream!" Mr. Bumble made no reply, but in a slow and dignified manner put his arm round the matron's waist.

As the lady had stated her intention of screaming, of course she would have screamed at this additional boldness, but that the exertion was rendered unnecessary by a hasty knocking at the door, which was no sooner heard than Mr. Bumble darted with much agility to the wine-bottles, and began dusting them with great violence, while the matron sharply demanded who was there. It is worthy of remark, as a curious physical instance of the efficacy of a sudden surprise in counteracting the effects of extreme fear, that her voice had quite recovered all its official asperity.

"If you please, mistress," said a withered old female pauper, hideously ugly, putting her head in at the door, "old Sally is a-going fast."

"Well, what's that to me?" angrily demanded the matron. "I can't keep her alive, can I?"

"No, no, mistress," replied the old woman, raising her hand, "nobody can; she's far beyond the reach of help. I've seen a many people die, little babes and great strong men, and I know when death's a-coming well enough. But she's troubled in her mind; and when the fits are not on her,—and that's not often, for she is dying very hard,—she says she has got something to tell which you must hear. She'll never die quiet till you come, mistress."

At this intelligence the worthy Mrs. Corney muttered a variety of invectives against old women who couldn't even die without purposely annoying their betters; and, muffling herself in a thick shawl which she hastily caught up, briefly requested Mr. Bumble to stop till she came back, lest anything particular should occur, and bidding the messenger walk fast, and not be all night hobbling up the stairs, followed her from the room with a very ill grace, scolding all the way.

Mr. Bumble's conduct, on being left to himself, was rather inexplicable. He opened the closet, counted the teaspoons, weighed the sugar-tongs, closely inspected a silver milk-pot to ascertain that it was of the genuine metal; and, having satisfied his curiosity upon these points, put on his cocked-hat cornerwise, and danced with much gravity four distinct times round the table. Having gone through this very extraordinary performance, he took off the cocked-hat again, and, spreading himself before the fire with his back towards it, seemed to be mentally engaged in taking an exact inventory of the furniture.

CHAPTER THE SECOND

TREATS OF A VERY POOR SUBJECT, BUT IS A SHORT ONE, AND MAY BE FOUND OF IMPORTANCE IN THIS HISTORY.

It was no unfit messenger of death that had disturbed the quiet of the matron's room. Her body was bent by age, her limbs trembled with palsy, and her face, distorted into a mumbling leer, resembled more the grotesque shaping of some wild pencil than the work of Nature's hand.

Alas! how few of Nature's faces there are to gladden us with their beauty! The cares, and sorrows, and hungerings of the world change them as they change hearts, and it is only when those passions sleep, and have lost their hold for ever, that the troubled clouds pass off, and leave heaven's surface clear. It is a common thing for the countenances of the dead, even in that fixed and rigid state, to subside into the long-forgotten expression of sleeping infancy, and settle into the very look of early life; so calm, so peaceful do they grow again, that those who knew them in their happy childhood kneel by the coffin's side in awe, and see the angel even upon earth.

The old crone tottered along the passages and up the stairs, muttering some indistinct answers to the chidings of her companion; and, being at length compelled to pause for breath, gave the light into her hand, and remained behind to follow as she might, while the more nimble superior made her way to the room where the sick woman lay.

It was a bare garret-room, with a dim light burning at the farther end. There was another old woman watching by the bed, and the parish apothecary's apprentice was standing by the fire, making a toothpick out of a quill.

"Cold night, Mrs. Corney," said this young gentleman as the matron entered.

"Very cold indeed, sir," replied the mistress in her most civil tones, and dropping a curtsy as she spoke.

"You should get better coals out of your contractors," said the apothecary's deputy, breaking a lump on the top of the fire with the rusty poker; "these are not at all the sort of thing for a cold night."

"They're the board's choosing, sir," returned the matron. "The least they could do would be to keep us pretty warm, for our places are hard enough."

The conversation was here interrupted by a moan from the sick woman.

"Oh!" said the young man, turning his face towards the bed, as if he had previously quite forgotten the patient, "it's all U. P. there, Mrs. Corney."

"It is, is it, sir?" asked the matron.

"If she lasts a couple of hours, I shall be surprised," said the apothecary's apprentice, intent upon the toothpick's point.

"It's a break-up of the system altogether. Is she dozing, old lady?"

The attendant stooped over the bed to ascertain, and nodded in the affirmative.

"Then perhaps she'll go off in that way, if you don't make a row," said the young man. "Put the light on the floor,—she won't see it there."

The attendant did as she was bidden, shaking her head meanwhile to intimate that the woman would not die so easily; and, having done so, resumed her seat by the side of the other nurse, who had by this time returned. The mistress, with an expression of impatience, wrapped herself in her shawl, and sat at the foot of the bed.

The apothecary's apprentice, having completed the manufacture of the toothpick, planted himself in front of the fire, and made good use of it for ten minutes or so, when, apparently growing rather dull, he wished Mrs. Corney joy of her job, and took himself off on tiptoe.

When they had sat in silence for some time, the two old women rose from the bed, and, crouching over the fire, held out their withered hands to catch the heat. The flame threw a ghastly light on their shrivelled faces, and made their ugliness appear perfectly terrible, as in this position they began to converse in a low voice.

"Did she say any more, Anny dear, while I was gone?" inquired the messenger.

"Not a word," replied the other. "She plucked and tore at her arms for a little time; but I held her hands, and she soon dropped off. She hasn't much strength in her, so I easily kept her quiet. I ain't so weak for an old woman, although I am on parish allowance;—no, no."

"Did she drink the hot wine the doctor said she was to have?" demanded the first.

"I tried to get it down," rejoined the other; "but her teeth were tight set, and she clenched the mug so hard, that it was as much as I could do to get it back again. So I drank it, and it did me good."

Looking cautiously round to ascertain that they were not overheard, the two hags cowered nearer to the fire, and chuckled heartily.

"I mind the time," said the first speaker, "when she would have done the same, and made rare fun of it afterwards."

"Ay, that she would," rejoined the other; "she had a merry heart. A many, many beautiful corpses she laid out, as nice and neat as wax-work. My old eyes have seen them,—ay, and these old hands touched them too; for I have helped her scores of times."

Stretching forth her trembling fingers as she spoke, the old creature shook them exultingly before her face; and then, fum-

bling in her pocket, brought out an old time-discoloured tin snuff-box, from which she shook a few grains into the outstretched palm of her companion, and a few more into her own. While they were thus employed, the matron, who had been impatiently watching until the dying woman should awaken from her stupor, joined them by the fire, and sharply asked how long she was to wait.

"Not long, mistress," replied the second woman, looking up into her face. "We have none of us long to wait for Death. Patience, patience! he'll be here soon enough for us all."

"Hold your tongue, you doting idiot!" said the matron sternly. "You, Martha, tell me; has she been in this way before?"

"Often," answered the first woman.

"But will never be again," added the second one; "that is, she'll never wake again but once,—and mind, mistress, that won't be for long."

"Long or short," said the matron snappishly, "she won't find me here when she does, and take care, both of you, how you worry me again for nothing. It's no part of my duty to see all the old women in the house die, and I won't,—that's more. Mind that, you impudent old harridans! If you make a fool of me again, I'll soon cure you, I warrant you!"

She was bouncing away, when a cry from the two women, who had turned towards the bed, caused her to look round. The sick woman had raised herself upright, and was stretching her arms towards them.

"Who's that?" she cried in a hollow voice.

"Hush, hush!" said one of the women stooping over her,—
"lie down, lie down!"

"I'll never lie down again alive!" said the woman struggling.
"I will tell her! Come here—nearer. Let me whisper in your ear."

She clutched the matron by the arm, and forcing her into a chair by the bedside was about to speak, when, looking round, she caught sight of the two old women bending forward in the attitude of eager listeners.

"Turn them away," said the woman drowsily; "make haste—make haste!"

The two old crones, chiming in together, began pouring out many piteous lamentations that the poor dear was too far gone to know her best friends, and uttering sundry protestations that they would never leave her, when the superior pushed them from the room, closed the door, and returned to the bedside. On being excluded, the old ladies changed their tone, and cried through the keyhole that old Sally was drunk; which, indeed, was not unlikely, since, in addition to a moderate dose of opium prescribed by the apothecary, she was labouring under the effects of a final taste of gin and water, which had been privily

administered in the openness of their hearts by the worthy old ladies themselves.

"Now listen to me!" said the dying woman aloud, as if making a great effort to revive one latent spark of energy. "In this very room—in this very bed—I once nursed a pretty young creetur', that was brought into the house with her feet cut and bruised with walking, and all soiled with dust and blood. She gave birth to a boy, and died. Let me think—What was the year again?"

"Never mind the year," said the impatient auditor; "what about her?"

"Ay," murmured the sick woman, relapsing into her former drowsy state, "what about her?—what about— I know!" she cried, jumping fiercely up, her face flushed, and her eyes starting from her head,—“I robbed her, so I did! She wasn't cold—I tell you she wasn't cold when I stole it!"

"Stole what, for God's sake?" cried the matron, with a gesture as if she would call for help.

"It!"—replied the woman, laying her hand over the other's mouth,—“the only thing she had! She wanted clothes to keep her warm, and food to eat; but she had kept it safe, and had it in her bosom. It was gold, I tell you!—rich gold, that might have saved her life!"

"Gold!" echoed the matron, bending eagerly over the woman as she fell back. "Go on, go on—yes—what of it? Who was the mother?—when was it?"

"She charged me to keep it safe," replied the woman with a groan, "and trusted me as the only woman about her. I stole it in my heart when she first showed it me hanging round her neck; and the child's death, perhaps, is on me besides! They would have treated him better if they had known it all!"

"Known what?" asked the other. "Speak!"

"The boy grew so like his mother," said the woman, rambling on and not heeding the question, "that I could never forget it when I saw his face. Poor girl! poor girl!—she was so young, too!—such a gentle lamb!—Wait; there's more to tell. I have not told you all, have I?"

"No, no," replied the matron, inclining her head to catch the words as they came more faintly from the dying woman.—“Be quick, or it may be too late.”

"The mother," said the woman, making a more violent effort than before,—“the mother, when the pains of death first came upon her, whispered in my ear, that if her baby was born alive, and thrived, the day might come when it would not feel disgraced to hear its poor young mother named. ‘And oh, my God!’ she said, folding her thin hands together, ‘whether it be boy or girl, raise up some friends for it in this troubled world, and take pity upon a lonely desolate child abandoned to its mercy!’”

"The boy's name?" demanded the matron.

"They called him Oliver," replied the woman feebly. "The gold I stole was——"

"Yes, yes—what?" cried the other.

She was bending eagerly over the woman to hear her reply, but drew back instinctively as she once again rose slowly and stiffly into a sitting posture, and, clutching the coverlet with both hands, muttered some indistinct sounds in her throat, and fell lifeless on the bed.

* * * * *

"Stone dead!" said one of the old women, hurrying in as soon as the door was opened.

"And nothing to tell, after all," rejoined the matron, walking carelessly away.

The two crones were to all appearance too busily occupied in the preparations for their dreadful duties to make any reply, and were left alone hovering about the body.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

WHEREIN THIS HISTORY REVERTS TO MR. FAGIN AND COMPANY.

WHILE these things were passing in the country workhouse, Mr. Fagin sat in the old den,—the same from which Oliver had been removed by the girl,—brooding over a dull smoky fire. He held a pair of bellows upon his knee, with which he had apparently been endeavouring to rouse it into more cheerful action; but he had fallen into deep thought, and with his arms folded upon them, and his chin resting on his thumbs, fixed his eyes abstractedly on the rusty bars.

At a table behind him sat the Artful Dodger, Master Charles Bates, and Mr. Chitling, all intent upon a game of whist; the Artful taking dummy against Master Bates and Mr. Chitling. The countenance of the first-named gentleman, peculiarly intelligent at all times, acquired great additional interest from his close observance of the game, and his attentive perusal of Mr. Chitling's hand, upon which, from time to time, as occasion served, he bestowed a variety of earnest glances, wisely regulating his own play by the result of his observations upon his neighbour's cards. It being a cold night, the Dodger wore his hat, as, indeed, was often his custom within doors. He also sustained a clay pipe between his teeth, which he only removed for a brief space, when he deemed it necessary to apply for refreshment to a quart-pot upon the table, which stood ready filled with gin and water for the accommodation of the company.

Master Bates was also attentive to the play; but, being of a more excitable nature than his accomplished friend, it was observable that he more frequently applied himself to the gin and water, and moreover indulged in many jests and irrelevant remarks, all highly unbecoming a scientific rubber. In-

deed, the Artful, presuming upon their close attachment, more than once took occasion to reason gravely with his companion upon these improprieties: all of which remonstrances Master Bates took in extremely good part, merely requesting his friend to be "blowed," or to insert his hand in a sack, or replying with some other neatly-turned witticism of a similar kind, the happy application of which excited considerable admiration in the mind of Mr. Chitling. It was remarkable that the latter gentleman and his partner invariably lost; and that the circumstance, so far from angering Master Bates, appeared to afford him the highest amusement, inasmuch as he laughed most uproariously at the end of every deal, and protested that he had never seen such a jolly game in all his born days.

"That's two doubles and the rub," said Mr. Chitling with a very long face, as he drew half-a-crown from his waistcoat pocket. "I never see such a feller as you, Jack; you win everything. Even when we've good cards, Charley and I can't make nothing of 'em."

Either the matter or manner of this remark, which was made very ruefully, delighted Charley Bates so much, that his consequent shout of laughter roused the Jew from his reverie, and induced him to inquire what was the matter.

"Matter, Fagin!" cried Charley. "I wish you had watched the play. Tommy Chitling hasn't won a point, and I went partners with him against the Artful and dum."

"Ay, ay?" said the Jew with a grin, which sufficiently demonstrated that he was at no loss to understand the reason. "Try 'em again, Tom; try 'em again."

"No more of it for me, thankee, Fagin," replied Mr. Chitling; "I've had enough. That 'ere Dodger has such a run of luck, that there 's no standing again' him."

"Ha! ha! my dear," replied the Jew, "you must get up very early in the morning to win against the Dodger."

"Morning!" said Charley Bates; "you must put your boots on over night, and have a telescope at 'each eye, and a opera-glass between your shoulders, if you want to come over him."

Mr. Dawkins received these handsome compliments with much philosophy, and offered to cut any gentleman in company for the first picture-card at a shilling a time. Nobody accepting the challenge, and his pipe being by this time smoked out, he proceeded to amuse himself by sketching a ground-plan of Newgate on the table with the piece of chalk which had served him in lieu of counters, whistling meantime with peculiar shrillness.

"How precious dull you are, Tommy!" said the Dodger, stopping short when there had been a long silence, and addressing Mr. Chitling. "What do you think he's thinking of, Fagin?"

"How should I know, my dear?" replied the Jew, looking round as he plied the bellows. "About his losses, maybe,—

or the little retirement in the country that he's just left, eh?—Ha! ha! Is that it, my dear?"

"Not a bit of it," replied the Dodger, stopping the subject of discourse as Mr. Chitling was about to reply. "What do you say, Charley?"

"I should say," replied Master Bates with a grin, "that he was uncommon sweet upon Betsy. See how he's a-blushing! Oh, my eye! here's a merry-go-rounder!—Tommy Chitling's in love!—Oh, Fagin, Fagin! what a spree!"

Thoroughly overpowered with the notion of Mr. Chitling being the victim of the tender passion, Master Bates threw himself back in his chair with such violence, that he lost his balance, and pitched over upon the floor, where (the accident abating nothing of his merriment) he lay at full length till his laugh was over, when he resumed his former position and began another.

"Never mind him, my dear," said the Jew, winking at Mister Dawkins, and giving Master Bates a reproving tap with the nozzle of the bellows. "Betsy's a fine girl. Stick up to her, Tom: stick up to her."

"What I mean to say, Fagin," replied Mr. Chitling, very red in the face, "is, that that isn't anything to anybody here."

"No more it is," replied the Jew: "Charley will talk. Don't mind him, my dear; don't mind him. Betsy's a fine girl. Do as she bids you, Tom, and you'll make your fortune."

"So I *do* do as she bids me," replied Mr. Chitling; "I shouldn't have been milled if it hadn't been for her advice. But it turned out a good job for you; didn't it, Fagin? And what's six weeks of it? It must come some time or another,—and why not in the winter time, when you don't want to go out a-walking so much; eh, Fagin?"

"Ah, to be sure, my dear," replied the Jew.

"You wouldn't mind it again, Tom, would you," asked the Dodger, winking upon Charley and the Jew, "if Bet was all right?"

"I mean to say that I shouldn't," replied Tom angrily; "there, now! Ah! Who'll say as much as that, I should like to know; eh, Fagin?"

"Nobody, my dear," replied the Jew; "not a soul, Tom. I don't know one of 'em that would do it besides you; not one of 'em, my dear."

"I might have got clear off if I'd split upon her; mightn't I, Fagin?" angrily pursued the poor half-witted dupe. "A word from me would have done it; wouldn't it, Fagin?"

"To be sure it would, my dear," replied the Jew.

"But I didn't blab it; did I, Fagin?" demanded Tom, pouring question upon question with great volubility.

"No, no, to be sure," replied the Jew; "you were too stout-hearted for that,—a deal too stout, my dear."

"Perhaps I was," rejoined Tom, looking round; "and if I was, what's to laugh at in that; eh, Fagin?"

The Jew, perceiving that Mr. Chitling was considerably roused, hastened to assure him that nobody was laughing, and, to prove the gravity of the company, appealed to Master Bates, the principal offender; but unfortunately Charley, in opening his mouth to reply that he was never more serious in his life, was unable to prevent the escape of such a violent roar, that the abused Mr. Chitling, without any preliminary ceremonies, rushed across the room and aimed a blow at the offender, who, being skilful in evading pursuit, ducked to avoid it, and chose his time so well, that it lighted on the chest of the merry old gentleman, and caused him to stagger to the wall, where he stood panting for breath, while Mr. Chitling looked on in intense dismay.

"Hark!" cried the Dodger at this moment, "I heard the tinkler." Catching up the light, he crept softly up stairs.

The bell rang again with some impatience while the party were in darkness. After a short pause, the Dodger reappeared, and whispered Fagin mysteriously.

"What!" cried the Jew, "alone?"

The Dodger nodded in the affirmative, and, shading the flame of the candle with his hand, gave Charley Bates a private intimation in dumb show that he had better not be funny just then. Having performed this friendly office, he fixed his eyes on the Jew's face, and awaited his directions.

The old man bit his yellow fingers, and meditated for some seconds, his face working with agitation the while, as if he dreaded something, and feared to know the worst. At length he raised his head.

"Where is he?" he asked.

The Dodger pointed to the floor above, and made a gesture as if to leave the room.

"Yes," said the Jew, answering the mute inquiry; "bring him down. Hush!—Quiet, Charley!—gently, Tom! Scarce, scarce!"

This brief direction to Charley Bates and his recent antagonist to retire, was softly and immediately obeyed. There was no sound of their whereabouts when the Dodger descended the stairs bearing the light in his hand, and followed by a man in a coarse smock-frock, who, after casting a hurried glance round the room, pulled off a large shawl which had concealed the lower portion of his face, and disclosed—all haggard, unwashed, and unshaven,—the features of flash Toby Crackit.

"How are you, Fagey?" said the worthy, nodding to the Jew. "Pop that shawl away in my castor, Dodger, so that I may know where to find it when I cut; that's the time of day! You'll be a fine young cracksman afore the old file now!"

With these words he pulled up the smock-frock, and, winding it round his middle, drew a chair to the fire, and placed his feet upon the hob.

"See there, Fagey," he said, pointing disconsolately to his top-boots; "not a drop of Day and Martin since you know when; not a bubble of blacking, by —! but don't look at me in that way, man. All in good time; I can't talk about business till I've eat and drank; so produce the sustenance, and let 's have a quiet fill-out for the first time these three days!"

The Jew motioned to the Dodger to place what eatables there were, upon the table: and, seating himself opposite the housebreaker, waited his leisure.

To judge from appearances, Toby was by no means in a hurry to open the conversation. At first the Jew contented himself with patiently watching his countenance, as if to gain from its expression some clue to the intelligence he brought; but in vain. He looked tired and worn, but there was the same complacent repose upon his features that they always wore, and through dirt, and beard, and whisker, there still shone unimpaired the self-satisfied smirk of flash Toby Crackit. Then the Jew in an agony of impatience watched every morsel he put into his mouth, pacing up and down the room meanwhile in irrepressible excitement. It was all of no use. Toby continued to eat with the utmost outward indifference until he could eat no more; and then, ordering the Dodger out, closed the door, mixed a glass of spirits and water, and composed himself for talking.

"First and foremost, Fagey," said Toby.

"Yes, yes!" interposed the Jew, drawing up his chair.

Mr. Crackit stopped to take a draught of spirits and water, and to declare that the gin was excellent; and then placing his feet against the low mantelpiece, so as to bring his boots to about the level of his eye, quietly resumed.

"First and foremost, Fagey," said the housebreaker, "how 's Bill?"

"What!" screamed the Jew, starting from his seat.

"Why, you don't mean to say —" began Toby, turning pale.

"Mean!" cried the Jew, stamping furiously on the ground.

"Where are they?—Sikes and the boy—where are they?—where have they been?—where are they hiding?—why have they not been here?"

"The crack failed," said Toby faintly.

"I know it," replied the Jew, tearing a newspaper from his pocket and pointing to it. "What more?"

"They fired, and hit the boy. We cut over the fields at the back with him between us—straight as the crow flies—through hedge and ditch. They gave chase. D—me! the whole country was awake, and the dogs upon us!"

“The boy!” gasped the Jew.

“Bill had him on his back, and scudded like the wind. We stopped to take him again between us; his head hung down, and he was cold. They were close upon our heels: every man for himself, and each from the gallows! We parted company, and left the youngster lying in a ditch. Alive or dead, that’s all I know of him.”

The Jew stopped to hear no more; but uttering a loud yell, and twining his hands in his hair, rushed from the room and from the house.

THE LAUREL, THE ROSE, AND THE VINE.

THERE sprung up one day
So grand an affray
Betwixt a fair plant and a flower,
That the whole leafy world
Into strife was soon hurl’d,
Each siding with one rival power.

The Laurel and Rose
Were these two angry foes,
And the object of all their loud pother
Was merely to know
If mortals below
Were rul’d more by one or by t’ other.

For several hours
The plants and the flow’rs
Stalk’d about; and tho’ *green* in their arms, sir,
Yet, brave at the *root*,
They’d all of them *shoot*,
And *cutting* for some had its charms, sir.

Then, hotly engaged,
The fight fiercely raged,
Till, smoking his long German hooker,
From the banks of the Rhine,
The strong Prussian Vine
Came up, like another old Blucher.

“Now, what upon earth
To this row could give birth?”
He cried, eyeing sternly the Laurel;
“I thought you’d enough,
With men, of such stuff;
And you, Rose, have no right to quarrel.

But, here’s the best way
To end the affray:
Come, drink till you haven’t a dry eye;
For none shall escape
From my *rounds* of *grape*,
So each choose his wine—*hock est mihi!*”

THE POISONERS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY GEORGE HOGARTH.

AMONG the assassinations committed by means of poison during the period when that crime was so prevalent throughout Europe, was that of Henrietta of England, Duchess of Orleans. That she thus perished seems beyond a doubt; though the causes of her murder, and its perpetrators, are involved in some degree of mystery, which cannot now be entirely cleared up. Her death, however, was attended with circumstances which afford room for strong presumptions on the subject.

The Princess Henrietta Anne of England was the daughter of Charles the First and his queen Henrietta Maria. She was the child of adversity from her very cradle. In the desperate fortunes of her father, when he was driven from place to place by the forces of the Parliament, his queen accompanied him in all his perils and wanderings with heroic courage and devoted affection. Finding the time of her confinement approaching, she was forced to leave her husband, and take refuge in the loyal city of Exeter. They parted after a tender farewell, which proved to be their last. In Exeter the queen was reduced to such extremity, that, had it not been for the assistance of the Queen of France, she would have wanted the common necessaries required in her situation. On the 16th of June 1644, her daughter Henrietta was born. The Earl of Essex was advancing to Exeter at the head of a parliamentary army, and the poor queen was obliged to fly before she had recovered from her accouchement. Seventeen days afterwards, leaving her infant daughter to the care of the Countess of Morton, she found means to reach the seaside, escaping with difficulty the vigilance of the hostile soldiers; and got on board of a small vessel, which was pursued and cannonaded to the very coast of France.

On her arrival at Paris, she was at first received with the honours due to the daughter of Henry the Fourth, and with the appearance of affection to which she was entitled from the royal family of France, her near relations. Soon afterwards the troubles of the Fronde broke out, and the popular party were besieged in Paris by the royal forces. During this time she was not only insulted by the populace, as a member of the royal family of France; but reduced to such want, that she was constrained, as she said herself, to ask charity from the parliament to enable her barely to subsist. In this melancholy situation she received the overwhelming tidings of the tragical death of her husband; and, after having in some measure recovered from the shock, she retired to a convent. In this retirement she spent her time in the education of her children; her daughter Henrietta having been some time before brought to her by her faithful governess, Lady Morton. Her retreat, however, did not protect her from the fury of the insurgent populace, and she returned for safety to her former residence in the Louvre. The young king and the royal family had been forced to retire from the capital, which in conse-

quence of the civil war was suffering from dearth; and in this deserted and unprotected state the Queen of England was reduced to such a state of destitution, that Cardinal de Retz, in paying her a visit, found her sitting in her daughter's room and the young princess in bed. "You see," said the queen, "that I am keeping Henrietta company here; for the poor child cannot get up to-day for want of a fire."—"Posterity," says the cardinal, "will scarcely believe that the grand-daughter of Henry the Fourth, in the palace of the Louvre, could have been in want of a faggot to warm her in the month of January!" This unhappy queen's sorrows ended only with her life. She lived to see the restoration of her son, but his conduct in various respects was a source of grief and mortification to her; and, after having resided for some time in England, she resolved to finish her days in her peaceful convent near Paris, where she died in the year 1669, at the age of fifty.

The young princess of England, brought up in great retirement, and educated in the school of adversity, gave indications of a character not often met with in the highest sphere of human life. She was remarkable for the sweetness of her temper, and the unaffected humility of her disposition. Her youthful grace and beauty, her cheerful and affable manners, and elegant accomplishments made her the ornament of the court, and recalled the remembrance of her unhappy ancestress, Mary Stuart. It is said that her mother and Anne of Austria, the mother of Louis the Fourteenth, desired that the young king should marry her, but that he objected to the arrangement because the princess was not old enough. Soon afterwards the queen-mother proposed to the Queen of England that the princess should marry her second son, Philip Duke of Orleans. The marriage was agreed on; and, on the 31st of March 1661, the young pair were united in the chapel of the Palais Royal.

Before the marriage, the duke treated his betrothed with all manner of gallantry and *empressement*, and his attentions, says Madame de la Fayette, were wanting in nothing but love; "but," she adds, "the miracle of inspiring the heart of this prince with love was beyond the power of any woman in the world."

United to a husband of this disposition, a degree of circumspection and knowledge of the world were necessary, which the secluded education of the young duchess had not given her the means of acquiring. Gay, inexperienced, and confiding, she fell into imprudences which exposed her to suspicion, and became involved in the intrigues of the corrupt and selfish courtiers of both sexes by whom she was surrounded, and by whom she was led into some actions which cannot be quite reconciled to the general character which is given of her by every contemporary authority.

A young nobleman of the court, the Count de Guiche, was at this time high in the good graces of the Duke of Orleans, by whom he was introduced to the duchess, and particularly recommended to her favour and attention. The count was very handsome, remarkably elegant in his manners and dress, and an adept in the amorous jargon which made up the polite conversation of the day. A young gallant of that time borrowed his language from the romances of Calprenede and Scuderi, and held it essential to his character as a man of fashion to entertain a lady with the exaggerated compliments and elaborate

conceits so abundantly supplied by those superfine productions. It was a tone of conversation similar to that which, under the name of *euphuism*, prevailed among the wits and courtiers of our Queen Elizabeth's days, and is ridiculed by Scott in his character of Sir Percy Shafton. The duchess took great pleasure in the society of this accomplished cavalier, while he appears to have become seriously enamoured of the young and fascinating creature with whom he was permitted to enjoy such unreserved intercourse. His deportment and language, at first full of the devoted gallantry required by the manners of the age, gradually gave indications of warmer but less respectful feelings; and the state of his mind, though unperceived by the inexperienced object of his wishes, discovered itself to the more practised eyes of Mademoiselle de Montalais, one of her attendants. The count, however, found means to gain this lady's good graces; and, in place of putting her mistress on her guard against him, she favoured his designs, and even undertook to prevail on the duchess to receive his letters. This she at first refused to do; but, overcome by the artful entreaties of her cunning attendant, she was persuaded, not only to receive the count's letters, but to answer them, and even carried her imprudence so far as to admit him to several private interviews.

Of one of these stolen meetings we find an account in the very curious fragments of original letters of Charlotte Elizabeth of Bavaria, the second wife of the Duke of Orleans. "One day," says this lady, "Madame (the duchess), either for the purpose of seeing her children, or of conversing more freely with the Count de Guiche, went to the apartment of Madame de Ch——. She had a valet-de-chambre called Launois, who was left on the staircase to give notice in case the duke should make his appearance. Launois suddenly ran in, saying 'The duke is coming down stairs, and close at hand.' The count could no longer make his escape through the antechamber, as the duke's attendants were there already. 'There is only one way of getting out,' said Launois to the count; 'go near the door.' Launois then ran to meet the duke, and struck him with his head so violently on the face that he made his nose bleed. 'My lord,' he cried, in great apparent confusion, 'I humbly beg your forgiveness. I did not think you were so near, and was running as fast as I could to open the door for you.' Madame and the governess came forward in great alarm with handkerchiefs, which they applied to the duke's face, covering his eyes as well as his nose, and kept about him till the count got to the staircase. The duke thought it was Launois who had run out of the room."

This story is awkward and suspicious enough; and yet the second Duchess of Orleans, who tells it, does not put upon it the unfavourable construction which it would bear. "I have always been much inclined," she says, "to believe poor Madame more unfortunate than culpable. She had such bad people about her!" This celebrated letter-writer is anything but averse to scandal, and far from charitable in her judgments; and it seems difficult, therefore, to discover whether she is sincere in this exculpatory phrase, or whether, like Mrs. Candour, she believed that the effect of a scandalous story is by no means done away by the addition of a good-natured expression of belief that, after all, there might be no harm in it.

This story rests on the authority of these *Letters*, at least we have not found it anywhere else. It may therefore be untrue or exaggerated; but the levity and imprudence of the duchess's conduct in her intercourse with the Count de Guiche appear to be undeniable. Their familiarity at last roused the suspicion and jealousy of the duke, who obtained an order from the king, exiling De Guiche to Poland; and Mademoiselle de Montalais was dismissed.

Soon after their marriage, the Duke and Duchess of Orleans had joined the court at Fontainebleau. The king was captivated by the beauty and graces of his sister-in-law, and, it has been said, repented of his precipitancy in declining the proposition of marrying her. She, on the other hand, was pleased with the attentions of a young and amiable monarch; and her intimacy with him, like that with the Count de Guiche, gave rise to a great deal of contemporary scandal. Anne of Austria, afraid of the umbrage which it might give to the queen, remonstrated with her son on the subject; and it violently irritated the jealous temper of the Duke of Orleans. Whatever feelings, however, the king may have entertained towards the duchess, they were soon dissipated by the attractions of Mademoiselle de la Valliere; and indeed there is no reason for believing that there ever was anything more between them than that confidential intercourse which was produced by mutual regard, and sanctioned by near relationship.

A great intimacy had arisen between the duchess and the Countess of Soissons, the celebrated Olimpia Mancini, niece of Cardinal Mazarin. This woman, with the genius for intrigue which distinguished her family, wished to use Mademoiselle de la Valliere as the means of increasing her own influence with the king; and she contrived to persuade the duchess to enter into her views in this respect. Poor La Valliere, however, was a stranger to the arts and intrigues of a court, and could make no use of them either for the sake of her own advancement or that of anybody else. Provoked at this, the Countess de Soissons resolved to ruin her with the king; and it is unfortunately true that she had address enough to draw the duchess into this conspiracy. Their plan was to get La Valliere supplanted in the king's affections by another court beauty, Mademoiselle de la Mothe-Haudancourt, in whom, when she became the royal favourite, they hoped to find a more docile and convenient disposition. It was through the persuasion of the Count de Guiche that the duchess was induced to join in this base plot; and the Marquis de Vardes, a lover of the Countess de Soissons, assisted in carrying it on. They forged a letter to the Queen of France from her father, the King of Spain, informing her of the *liaison* of her husband with La Valliere. This letter had its natural effect on the mind of the queen. It was put into the king's hands; and he having spoken of it, and the annoyance it caused him, to some of the gentlemen about his person, Vardes, who was one of them, contrived to throw his suspicions on the Duchess of Navailles, a lady of austere virtue, as having given the queen's father the information which occasioned the letter. Madame de Navailles was disgraced, and the trick remained for some years undiscovered.

The Count de Guiche, on his exile, recommended the Marquis de

Vardes to the duchess's favour, in order that his friend might serve him in his absence by keeping alive her feelings of regard for him. Admitted to the confidence of the duchess, Vardes conceived the project of supplanting him in her good graces, and of getting her into his power by obtaining possession of the correspondence between her and the count. This dangerous correspondence had been entrusted to the care of Mademoiselle de Montalais, the confidante whom the duke's jealousy had dismissed from his wife's service. Vardes represented to the duchess the extreme importance of reclaiming this deposit, and destroying the letters. He was authorized accordingly to receive them from Mademoiselle de Montalais; but, having got possession of them, he refused to give them up. The disputes and negotiations on the subject of these letters gave occasion to private interviews between the duchess and Vardes, which roused the jealousy of the Countess de Soissons. She believed that the duchess had designs upon her lover, and was heard to speak of her in language dictated by resentment and hatred.

Her vindictive feelings were heightened by a circumstance which happened at this time. The Chevalier de Lorraine, from his rank and personal advantages, was one of the most distinguished young men at the French court. Happening one day to meet the Marquis de Vardes, they fell into conversation in the fashionable tone of the day, complimenting each other on the elegance and good taste of their dress, and laughing over their *bonnes fortunes*. De Vardes acknowledged that he was getting rather too old to be so successful with the fair as he once had been; "but as to you," he added, "at your age, you may do what you will. Only throw the handkerchief, and there is not a lady at court who will not take it up." The Chevalier de Lorraine repeated this conversation to one of his companions, the Marquis de Villeroy, an enemy of Vardes, who immediately hastened to the Duchess of Orleans, and told her that Vardes had said to the chevalier that "he was wrong to occupy himself with the maid, and that he had better try the mistress. He would find as little difficulty in the one quarter as the other." The duchess, indignant at an insult which she conceived to be levelled at herself, complained to the king, and Vardes was sent to the Bastile. Enraged at the injury done her lover, the Countess de Soissons used the most violent language against the duchess; and carried her animosity so far as to inform the king of the secret correspondence that had taken place between the duchess and the Count de Guiche. Thus driven to extremity, the duchess frankly confessed her errors to her brother-in-law; but at the same time she revealed to him the dangerous secret of the fabricated letter from the King of Spain, in which the Countess de Soissons and Vardes were chiefly implicated. The king, furious at having been grossly imposed on by a man whom he had admitted to his confidence, sent Vardes as a prisoner to the citadel of Montpellier; and the Count de Soissons was exiled, along with his wife, to his government in Champagne.

The unfortunate princess was thus inextricably involved in the intrigues of this profligate court. Her own conduct appears to have been unguarded in the extreme; but some excuse for it is to be found in her youth, inexperience, and trying situation. "She was designedly surrounded," says the second Duchess of Orleans, whom

her husband married after her death, "with the most unprincipled women of the court, who were all of them the mistresses of her enemies, and used every means to fill up the measure of her misfortunes by making a breach between her and her husband." In this design they soon were successful.

The Chevalier de Lorraine had succeeded the Count de Guiche in the favour of the Duke of Orleans, and obtained an absolute ascendancy over his weak mind; an ascendancy of which all the household, not excepting the duchess herself, daily felt the effects. The Chevalier de Lorraine had a mistress, whose name is only given to us as Madame de C—; and this lady had contrived also to gain the affections of the celebrated Marshal Turenne. She was one of the confidential friends of the duchess, who was so imprudent as to tell her English secrets of state, and these she immediately conveyed to her two lovers. The Chevalier de Lorraine took occasion from this to prejudice the duke against his wife. He told him that the duchess made him pass with the king for a weak-minded man, who repeated to everybody the most important matters which she communicated to him; and that the king, under the impression that he was incapable of keeping a secret, had no longer any confidence in him: and he persuaded him that, if this went on, his wife would deprive him of all concern in state affairs, and reduce him to a mere cipher. The duke, upon this, required his wife to communicate to him what she knew of English affairs; but she positively refused to reveal to him the secrets of her brother, the King of England. A violent quarrel was the consequence. The duchess was then at the height of her favour with her brother-in-law the king. She complained to him of the arrogant conduct of Lorraine, his interference with her household, and his attempts to create dissension between her husband and herself; and the effect of her complaints was, that the Chevalier de Lorraine received an order to depart from France. Such is substantially the account given by the second Duchess of Orleans of the circumstances which led to the exile of the Chevalier de Lorraine through the influence of her predecessor; and she adds, "it cost the princess her life."

The Duke of Orleans, like other weak men, was inconsolable for the loss of his favourite. "On receiving the news of Lorraine's banishment," says the Duke de St. Simon, "Monsieur fainted; he then burst into tears, and went to throw himself at the king's feet, beseeching him to recall an order which reduced him to despair." Unable to succeed, he threw himself into a passion and retired to the country, after having used the most outrageous language against the king and the duchess, who always protested that she had no hand in the matter. The king, however, soothed him by means of presents, compliments, and attentions: he returned to court, though his heart yet swelled with resentment, and by degrees lived as before with the duchess, whom, from that time, he treated with studied neglect and unkindness.

It was about this time that the king discovered, by the duchess's own confession, the share she had had in the attempt of the Countess de Soissons to undermine Mademoiselle de la Valliere; a discovery which created a great coolness towards her on the king's part. But while she was thus neglected by her husband, out of favour with the king,

and deserted by the court, a great object of political interest was the means of restoring her influence. In 1670 Louis meditated the ruin of Holland, and therefore wished to detach Charles II. from the triple alliance between that power, England, and Sweden. An ambassador had been sent to London with this view, but he had not been able to bring matters to a conclusion. Louis, knowing the friendship which subsisted between the Duchess of Orleans and her brother, conceived the idea of turning it to account for the accomplishment of this object. He began to treat her with his former kindness, and prevailed on her to undertake a mission to the King of England. An excursion of the court to Flanders was announced, under the pretext of showing the queen the cities which had been hers by birth-right, and which Louis had recently annexed to France. When the court was at Calais, the Duchess of Orleans crossed privately to England, and met her brother Charles at Dover, "where," says Hume, "they passed ten days together in great mirth and festivity. By her artifices and caresses she prevailed on Charles to relinquish the most settled maxims of honour and policy, and to finish his engagements with Louis for the destruction of Holland, as well as for the subsequent change of religion in England." At the end of that time she returned in triumph, having accomplished the object of her mission, and bringing with her a treaty affecting the interests of half the countries of Europe. *Tantâ sapientiâ regitur mundus!* thus slightly and frivolously have the potentates of the earth disposed of the destinies of millions upon millions of their fellow-creatures!

"The confidence of two such great monarchs," says Bossuet, the celebrated court-preacher, "had raised her to the height of greatness and glory," when, on Sunday the 29th of June 1670, the court, then at St. Cloud, was suddenly alarmed by the outcry that "Madame was dying." The duchess had been complaining of a pain in her side and her stomach. At seven in the evening she called for a glass of succory-water, which she had been taking for some days. She had scarcely swallowed it, when an excruciating pain in her side made her utter the most piercing cries; and, in her agony, she constantly exclaimed that she was poisoned. The scene which followed is graphically described by Mademoiselle de Montpensier, who occupies so prominent a place in the private history of the court of Louis the Fourteenth.

"Being told that the queen was going out, I was running down in order not to keep her waiting, when the Count d'Ayen said to me, 'Madame is dying, and the king has ordered me to find M. Valot, and to bring him to St. Cloud immediately.' When I was in the carriage, the queen said, 'Madame is in extremity; and, what is dreadful, she believes she has been poisoned.' I expressed my horror, and asked how it was. The queen said, that Madame was in the saloon at St. Cloud in perfect health; that she had asked for some succory-water, which was given her by her apothecary; that when she had drunk it she cried out that her stomach was burning, and had screamed incessantly ever since; and that, a message had come for the king and for M. Valot. A gentleman who had been sent by the queen to make inquiries now arrived, and told her that Madame had charged him to say that she was dying, and that, if her majesty wished to see her alive, she must come to her without a moment's delay. We went to the king's apartment, and found him at supper. The queen was advised

not to go. While she was undecided, I begged her to allow me to go immediately; and the king said he was going, and offered to take me in his carriage. The Countess de Soissons was of the party. When we had got half-way, we met M. Valot returning; he told the king that Madame's illness was merely a colic, and not at all dangerous. When we got to St. Cloud, nobody seemed afflicted; but Monsieur had an air of astonishment. Madame was laid upon a little couch, with her hair in disorder, her chemise open at the collar and sleeves, her face pale, and her features distorted. Her whole appearance was death-like. She said, when we entered, 'You see the state I am in!' We wept in silence. Madame de Montespan and Madame La Valiere came in, and, as well as Monsieur himself, who was at the duchess's bedside, behaved with great composure. It seemed to give her pain to see the people about her so very tranquil, while she was in a state which ought to have excited the utmost pity. She spoke to the king for a few moments in a low voice. I came forward and took her hand. She pressed mine tenderly, and said, 'You are losing an affectionate friend, who was beginning to know you well, and love you very dearly.' I could answer only with my tears. She asked for an emetic; the physician said it was unnecessary, as these kinds of colic sometimes lasted nine or ten hours, but never exceeded four-and-twenty. The king began to argue with them, and they did not know how to answer him. He said, 'Who ever heard of allowing a woman to die without giving her any assistance?' They looked at each other, and said not a word. Meanwhile, the people in the room were talking, going up and down, and laughing, as if nothing had been the matter. I went into a corner to speak with Madame d'Epéron, who seemed shocked with the scene. I said to her that I was astonished that nobody had put Madame in mind of God, and that it was shameful to all of us. She said that Madame had asked for a confessor, and that the *Curé* of St. Cloud had come; but that, not knowing him, she had only spoken to him for a moment. Monsieur came to us; I told him I did not think Madame was prepared to die, and that she ought to be spoken to about religion. He said I was right; and added, that her confessor was a Capuchin, who was good for nothing but showing himself along with her in her carriage, in order that the public might see that she had a confessor; but that another sort of man was necessary to attend her on her deathbed. 'Whom,' he asked, 'can we find, whose name may sound well in the gazette as having assisted Madame in her devotions?' I answered, that the best recommendation for a confessor at such a moment was, that he should be a good and devout man. 'Ah,' said he, 'I have it,—the Abbé Bossuet,* who has just been made Bishop of Condom; Madame used sometimes to converse with him: he is the man.' He went to propose the abbé to the king, who told him that he ought to have thought of it sooner, and that Madame ought to have received the sacrament before that time. Madame was replaced in her bed; the king embraced her, and bade her farewell. She spoke to him, as well as the queen, with great tenderness: for me, I was at the foot of the bed drowned in tears, and unable to approach her. We returned to Versailles; and the queen went to supper. M. de Lauzun arrived as we were rising from table; I went up to him and said, 'Here is an incident which will

* Afterwards the celebrated Bishop of Meaux. His funeral sermon on the death of this princess is esteemed the most eloquent and powerful of his works.

disconcert me sadly.'—'Yes,' he said; 'I am persuaded it will derange all your plans.'" And this court lady, overwhelmed with grief for her dying friend, immediately proceeds to discuss the probable effect of that friend's death on her own matrimonial projects.

When the king was gone, M. Feuillet, Canon of St. Cloud, was called in, and, after exhorting the duchess to prepare for death, in a tone of austerity and harshness which might have been spared, administered to her the sacrament and extreme unction. She had sent for the English ambassador, to whom, on his coming in, she spoke in English. The priest, hearing the ambassador ask her if she believed that she had been poisoned, interposed by saying, "Madame, accuse nobody, and offer your death as a sacrifice to God." She was thus prevented from answering the ambassador's question. Soon afterwards Bossuet arrived from Paris; but by this time she was speechless, and apparently insensible. About three in the morning she expired.

Thus perished this poor young woman, at the age of six-and-twenty, a victim to the intrigues and diabolical hatred of her enemies. That she died by poison, has never been doubted; but it remains a question who were the perpetrators of the crime.

That she was poisoned, was the universal belief at the time. The letters of the English ambassador, written immediately after the catastrophe, show this to be the case. He thus wrote to Lord Arlington, the English minister for foreign affairs: "According to your lordship's orders, I send you the ring which the Duchess of Orleans had on her finger when she died, which you will have the goodness to deliver to the king. I have taken the liberty to give an account to the king himself of some things which Madame had charged me to communicate to him. Since her death, as you may imagine in such a case, there have been many rumours. The general opinion is, that she has been poisoned, which renders the king and his ministers uneasy in the extreme."—In his next letter he said: "I write at present to mention to your lordship a circumstance which you are perhaps already aware of; it is, that the Chevalier de Lorraine has been permitted to come to court, and to serve in the army as a *Maréchal-de-camp*." This passage was written in cipher; and the letter goes on: "If Madame has been poisoned, as almost everybody believes, all France looks upon him as her murderer; and is surprised, with good reason, that the King of France has had so little consideration for the king, our master, as to allow him to return to court, considering, too, the insolent manner in which he always behaved to the princess during her life." In the ambassador's letter to the king, giving an account of his conversation with the dying princess, he says: "She spoke to me in English. I took the liberty to ask her if she did not believe that she had been poisoned? Her confessor, who stood by, and heard my question, said to her, 'Madame, accuse nobody, and offer up your death as a sacrifice to God.' This prevented her from answering me; and, though I repeated the question several times, she only shook her head. I asked for the casket which contained her letters, that I might send them to your majesty; and she desired me to ask them of Madame de la Borde: but that lady was so overwhelmed with grief, that she fell into one fainting-fit after another, and, before she came to herself, Monsieur had laid hold of the casket and carried it off."

The princess's body was opened in presence of the physicians and surgeons of the court, and the English ambassador's physician; and their report was, that her death was natural, as the lungs were diseased, while the stomach and heart were sound. But Mademoiselle de Montpensier says, in her Memoirs, that a separate writing was drawn up by the English physician, and sent to England, to the great displeasure of the Duke of Orleans. And, it will be observed, it was after this examination that the English ambassador, in the letters already quoted, so strongly expressed his belief that she had been poisoned. The duke's second wife, too, who had gathered all the circumstances belonging to this tragedy which were known at court, says positively that the princess was poisoned; and that, when her body was opened, three holes were found in her stomach. The evidence of court physicians, in such a case, cannot go for much. The French court had the greatest interest in making it appear that she had died a natural death. A rupture with Charles the Second was a thing to be greatly feared; and it is easy to imagine how these political considerations may have influenced the report of the physicians.

There can be no doubt, then, that the crime was committed: but who was the criminal? Some suspicion fell at first upon the Duke of Orleans, but it appears to have been speedily dissipated. The contemporary writers concur in acquitting the duke, and in accusing the Chevalier de Lorraine. This man, after the duchess had been the means of his exile, retired to Rome, where he bore his disgrace with great impatience. He had in the duke's household two friends, or rather companions of his debaucheries, the Marquis d'Effiat and the Count de Beuvron; men who eagerly desired his return, from the services he could do them with the duke. The duchess being the sole obstacle to his being allowed to return to Paris, he seems to have used their assistance in putting her out of the way; and this, it appears, was accomplished by means of a subtle poison, which he sent them by an Italian agent of his villany, of the name of Morelli.

This may almost be said to be proved by the facts stated by the Duke de St. Simon, and the second Duchess of Orleans.

The duchess had been for some time in the habit of taking a cup of succory-water, by way of medicine, every evening at seven o'clock. A servant of her chamber had the care of making it; and, having done so, he put it in a cupboard in the antechamber, with a cup to drink it from; and, along with the china pot in which it was made, he put another containing pure water, with which the duchess might mix it if she found it too bitter. The Marquis d'Effiat had observed all this. On the 29th of June, the day she was taken ill, in passing through this antechamber he found nobody in it; seizing the opportunity, he opened the cupboard, took up the drinking-cup, and was rubbing it with a paper when the servant came suddenly in, and, finding him so employed, said to him, "Sir, what are you doing in that cupboard? Why do you touch Madame's cup?"—"I am excessively thirsty," answered d'Effiat, "and was seeking something to drink. I was going to pour some water into this cup; but, seeing it dusty, I was cleaning it with a bit of paper." This circumstance was related to the second Duchess of Orleans by this domestic himself, who was long in her own service. He had been for many years in the service of his former mistress, to whom he was strongly attached.

In the evening the duchess drank the succory-water out of the cup; was instantly seized with excruciating pains, and exclaimed that she was poisoned. Her attendants had drunk some of the same succory-water, but not out of the same cup; and it had done them no harm. It can hardly be doubted, therefore, that the drinking-cup was poisoned, and not the succory-water in the pot; and that d'Effiat was rubbing the inside of it with poison when he pretended, to the servant who surprised him, that he was cleaning it in order to drink from it. There was some cunning in poisoning the cup, because it was used by nobody but the duchess.

She expired at three in the morning. The king, who seems to have conceived some deep suspicions, no sooner heard of her death than he got out of bed, sent for Brissac, an officer of his body-guards, and ordered him to go secretly, with six of his most trustworthy men, seize Purnon, the duchess's chief *maitre d'hôtel*, and bring him to his closet; which was instantly done. As soon as Purnon entered, the king desired Brissac and his valet-de-chambre to retire, and then, addressing him in a stern tone, and with a piercing look; "Attend to what I say to you, friend. If you confess all, and answer my questions truly, I shall pardon you, whatever you may have done. But beware of the slightest disguise or concealment; for otherwise you may look on yourself as a dead man before you leave this closet. Has Madame been poisoned?"—"Yes, sire," answered Purnon.—"Who poisoned her, and how was it committed?" Purnon answered that it was the Chevalier de Lorraine who had sent the poison to d'Effiat and Beuvron; and he then detailed the circumstances which have been mentioned. Then the king, repeating his assurances of pardon and threats of death, asked, with an appearance of painful effort, "And, my brother—did he know of it?"—"No, sire," said Purnon; "none of us three was fool enough to speak of it to him. He cannot keep a secret, and would have ruined us." At these words the king uttered a long "ah!" like a man who breathes again after being relieved from a load of anxiety. "That," he said, "is what I wished to know; but take care that you have told me the truth." He then called in Brissac, and ordered him to set Purnon at liberty as quietly as he had arrested him.

The account of this remarkable interview was given by Purnon himself, many years afterwards, to M. Joly de Fleury, the procureur-general, by whom it was related to the Duke de St. Simon. "The same magistrate," says the duke, "in another conversation I had with him on this subject, told me some things he had not mentioned at first. A few days after Monsieur's second marriage, the king took the new duchess aside, told her the above circumstance, and added, that he wished to satisfy her that he was too honourable a man to have allowed her to marry his brother if he was guilty of such a crime. Madame made her own use of this information. Purnon had remained in her service as *maitre d'hôtel*; but by degrees she affected to make inquiries into the expenditure of her household, and so annoyed Purnon that she forced him to leave her service."

"The persons who formed the plot to poison Madame," says the second Duchess of Orleans, "disputed among themselves whether they should reveal it to Monsieur: but one of them decided the question by saying, 'No, no; he would have us hanged were it te

years hence.' The deliberations of these wretches are well known. They made the duke believe that the Dutch had given Madame a slow poison, which had not taken effect till then; for, as to the poison itself, there was no denying it; she had three holes in her stomach. One Morelli was the agent employed to bring the poison from Italy: by way of recompense, he was afterwards placed in my household as chief *maitre d'hôtel*; and, after plundering me in every way he could, his patrons made him sell his office at a high price." She describes him as a man of superior talents, but totally unprincipled, given to every sort of debauchery and wickedness, and professing atheism even on his deathbed.

There seems, then, no reason to suppose that the Duke of Orleans had any participation in the murder of his wife. He had never loved her, for he seems to have been incapable of loving any one; and he was led by the machinations of her enemies to treat her with neglect and unkindness. But neither, on the other hand, does he appear to have been capable of atrocious crimes. He was weak, not wicked. It was the vile policy of Mazarin to enfeeble his mind from his very infancy. "What do you mean," said the subtle Italian to Mothe-le-Vayer, the young prince's preceptor, "by trying to make the king's brother an able man? If he were better educated than the king, he would soon forget the duty of blind obedience." His mother, Anne of Austria, seems to have concurred in this odious policy. Even when grown up, she used to treat him like a great girl, dressing him in petticoats for the amusement of her court; while his brother was accustomed to manly occupations. Thus the Duke of Orleans was, all his life, imbecile in character, and effeminate in his tastes and amusements. He was fond of dress, parties of pleasure, masquerades, the pageantry of the drawing-room, and pompous ceremonials. The natural result of his education, too, was utter selfishness and insensibility; and, if he had no hand in the assassination of his unfortunate wife, it was evident that her death was a matter of entire indifference to him.*

Some writers deny, or at least doubt, the guilt of the Chevalier de Lorraine. "It was alleged," says Voltaire, "that the Chevalier de Lorraine, a favourite of Monsieur, in order to take vengeance for the exile and imprisonment which his culpable conduct towards Madame had brought upon him, had committed this horrible act. But people did not consider that the Chevalier de Lorraine was then at Rome, and that it was no easy matter for a Knight of Malta, only twenty years old, and living at Rome, to purchase the death of a

* "The satisfaction," says Hume, "which Charles reaped from his new alliance received a great check by the death of his sister, and still more by those melancholy circumstances which attended it. Her death was sudden, after a few days' illness; and she was seized with a malady upon drinking a glass of succory-water. Strong suspicions of poison arose in the court of France, and were spread all over Europe; and, as her husband had discovered many symptoms of jealousy and discontent on account of her conduct, he was universally believed to be the author of the crime. Charles himself, during some time, was entirely convinced of his guilt; but upon receiving the assertion of physicians, who on opening her body found no foundations for the general suspicion, he was, or pretended to be, satisfied. The Duke of Orleans indeed did never, on any other circumstance of his life, betray such dispositions as might lead him to so criminal an action; and a lady, it is said, drank the remains of the same glass without feeling any inconvenience. The sudden death of princes is commonly accompanied with these unusual circumstances, and therefore less weight is to be laid on the suspicions of the public."

great princess." This is but a weak presumption in favour of Lorraine; for the circumstances related by the Duke de St. Simon and the second Duchess of Orleans show that he was enabled to gratify his revenge, not by purchasing the death of the princess, but by having confederates about her very person, whose motives for desiring her death were as strong as his own.

Lorraine's restoration to favour, within two years of the commission of this crime, has been urged as a presumption that he could not have been the criminal; for, had he been guilty, it is said, the king would never have permitted him to return to France. We have already seen, from the passage written *in cipher*, in the English ambassador's letter to his own court, how much he was astonished at the permission which Lorraine had received to return to court, and to enter the military service. Madame de Sevigné, in a letter to her daughter Madame de Grignan, in February 1672, says that Lorraine's restoration to favour by the king was owing to the earnest entreaties of the Duke of Orleans, whose joy at obtaining it was as passionate as his grief had been when his favourite was sent into exile. Although the king had been acquainted with Lorraine's guilt, he could not well have resisted his brother's importunities; for, in the circumstances under which he had received his information, he could not allow it to appear that he knew anything of the matter; and he was therefore under the necessity of outwardly treating Lorraine and his confederates as if the fatal secret had never come to his knowledge. Lorraine's return, too, was useful to the king; for, having unbounded influence over the duke's conduct, he was the fittest instrument to manage him according to the policy of the court.

Those who wish to relieve the Chevalier de Lorraine of the imputation of this dreadful crime, seem inclined to throw the suspicion of it on the Countess de Soissons. This Italian was of a deep and dangerous character. She bore a deadly hatred towards the Duchess of Orleans. She was so much implicated in the dark transactions of the notorious women, La Vigoureux and La Voisin, that, when they were convicted of preparing and selling poisons, she fled precipitately to Brussels; and though Louis was greatly attached to her, as the companion and playfellow of his tender years, yet he would never hear of her return to France, and allowed her to die abroad. He sometimes even expressed his regret at having permitted her to make her escape, and used to say, "I fear I am responsible before God for not having had her arrested." From all this we are warranted in believing that the Countess de Soissons was capable of any atrocity; but, of her being a party to this crime, there does not seem to be a vestige of evidence.

It does not seem that any further light can now be thrown on this melancholy history. The character of the unfortunate princess is drawn, by all her contemporaries, in the most engaging colours. Except by her cold-hearted husband, and the wretches who were leagued together for her destruction, she was universally beloved; and her death is described as throwing a gloom, not only over the court of France, but the whole nation. Even her faults are treated, by those who are far from charitable in their judgments, with indulgence and pity; and, though she was an object of the libels and calumnies of Bussy Rabutin and writers of his stamp, the purity of her character as a wife has not been impeached by a single respectable authority.

Y^E ANGLER'S ADVYSE.

THERE was a jollie angler olde
Full fayre to look upon,
His vysage hardened was by colde,
And bronzed in y^e sunne.

And be it cold, or be it hot,
To river, or to lake,
This jollie angler fayled him not
His journie all to make.

It chanced upon ae summer's day
Y^e winde was fayre and goode,
Y^e trout did in y^e water playe
As at such times they sholde.

Y^e angler olde stood on y^e bank,
And forth drew he y^e fysshe ;
His osier creel, which erst was lanke,
Was full as he could wishe.

When, lo ! there standen by his syde,
With fayce of sore dismaye,
A manne who oft and loudlie cryed,
And syghed well-a-daye !

"Now, out on thee, unmanlie loone !"
To him y^e angler sayde,
"Why dost thou sing so dreare a tune ?
What hath thee thus dismayde ?"

"Alasse ! alasse !" y^e lorn manne sayde,
"A wretched loone am I !
'Tis of my spouse I am afrayde,
And there be reasonnes why.

"She scoldeth eke fro morn till eve,
And nought canne I doe ryghte ;
She will not aughte I saye belyve,
And vexeth me with spyte.

"In soothe, a wretched manne am I,
Almoste devour'd of grieve ;
And it wolde be, if I sholde die,
To her and me reliefe !"

Loude laughed that jollie angler wight,
Full loude and long laughed he ;
It was, I ween, a merrie sighte
His mirthfulle fayce to see !

"And dothe," sayde he, "a woman's
tongue
Thus smother thee with grieve ?
Thou sholdest, indeede, on highe be
hung,
All for a scurvye thiefe !

"But I will give thee grayte advyse,
Which, certes, will avayle :
'Thou 'lt follow it if thou art wise ;
To cure, it will not fayle.

"Y^e river banks are fayre and greene,
Y^e byrdes doe sweetlie sing,
And mickle is there to be seen
In autumn or in sprynge.

"And if thou 'lt be a fysshermann,
I will impart my skille ;
And is it not a likelye planne
Thy care and grieve to kill ?

"Each morning by y^e river syde
We twain with glee will roam ;
And, when y^e hilles y^e sunne do hide,
Thou shalt betake thee home.

"Then to thy spouse be rough and
bolde,
And at her clamours laughe ;
And if she still shold raile and scolde,
Then swinge her with thy staffe."

Y^e lorn manne grasped y^e fyssher's
hande,
Full lowlie louted he ;
And sayde, "By thy advyse I 'll stand,
For better may not be."

And now, each morne, these twain did
fysshe ;
Y^e grieved manne grewe stoute ;
Grayte sporte he had as he coulde
wische,
And pleased was y^e loute.

And if, at eve, his spouse did route,
And clamour with her tongue,
From nook his 'staffe quick took he
oute,
And swynge her harde and long.

This physicke soone cured her disease,
Her tongue she fayne must staye,
For, if she let it runne at ease,
Her bodye rued y^e daye.

Eftsoons she quiet grewe and goode,
Y^e staffe was out of use ;
She strove to please, as erst she shoulde,
And gave him not abuse.

| | |
|---|--|
| And happilye lived theye and long, And to that angler olde Their gratitude was much and strong, For well his planne had tolde. | If she with devil be possessed, And shrewish be, and crosse, Let her like pheasante be well dress'd, And give her good oake sauce. |
| Y ^e manne who once was lothe to live, Now merrie passed his lyfe; And good advyse this song doth give, To manage well a wife. | But, if she keep a quiet house, And oft doth smile and laughe, The loon that swyngeth such a spouse, Himself sholde have y ^e staffe! |

A PRIVATE ACCOUNT OF THE LATE FIRE.

[EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM JENKIN MORGAN TO HIS BROTHER
DAVY, NEAR ABERYSTWITH.]

“DEAR DAVY,

“LAST Wednesday night I happened to pass with master, our young squire, through the city. We saw the watchmen a-smelling all round a place they call the Royal Exchange,—smelling for all the world like our hounds in the country, for there was a huge smell of fire, which soon afterwards broke out, and burnt to the ground this grand building. But, as you in your ignorance may not know what is the Royal Exchange, I shall tell you for your instruction. It is a big place, sixteen or twenty times more usable nor the market-place in Aberystwith,—yes, indeed I am not joking,—with a pent-house all round it, when it rains, for people to go in. All the great merchants of London and the Lord Mayor used to meet here every day to talk about their stock, and such matters; but you must know it was not stock of sheep and oxen, but something, young master says, about paper; and, sure enough, Davy, there was an uncommon sight of paper there,—as you shall hear presently. It was a shocking cold night, cruel cold, and master said that the ‘mometer was down to nero; but what part of the world that is, I never heard. Well, there was one old watchman,—which minded me of old Towler in our park,—smelled himself all the way to a room called the Captains’ Room; and there, sure enough, was a big fire whirling about as if it was doing some great act of kindness to come out of its snug dwelling in such dreadful cold weather. Then master got himself into a famous passion, and swore in good Welsh, and kicked the gateway with all his might; but it was no use. The key was gone down to Greenwich, where it seems it lived. So, after a great deal of talking and counselling about whether it would be propriety to break open the door; or whether it would be polite at all to throw cold water upon the fire without axing the Lord Mayor to make him a speech; it was unanimously decided that nothing could be done without sending a deputation to the Mansion-House, which is the place where the Lord Mayor is kept. After a good deal of knocking and blustering, the door was opened by one of his lordship’s women; and when he was made to know of the fire, he got up in a minute out of his warm bed, and after fastening on his great chain,—which the Common Council always make him wear,—he calls for a stout, jolly-looking fellow, with a red nose,—who al-

ways carries his lordship on these occasions,—and, mounting on his back, he rides him in great state before the gates of the Exchange. When his lordship had arrived there, he observed that there was a fire to the alderman,—which all agreed to, except the opposition leader, who said it couldn't be, because it was impossible: however, it was agreed by the majority that the gates should be instantly broken open. In the mean while, many fire-engines had arrived, all loaded with brisk, active fellows, riding upon real tea-kettles full of hot water, and they all began to pour with all their might upon the Exchange. Oh, it was a grand sight, Davy!—On went the fire without mercy, destroying papers, money, bills, the corporation seal, all the old kings of England, and a great deal more lumber besides; and the air was filled with clouds of paper and bank-notes, which fell upon the crowd in showers of fire; and no use was all the money to any living soul but to burn their clothes instead of their pockets. Then it made one 'most cry to see the flames enter the beautiful tower, and curl round it as if it was embracing a young bride: and, oh, Davy!—indeed to goodness it is true I am speaking,—the bells of the tower began to ring, in a most melancholy way, the old song 'There's no good luck about the house;' and they rung the song all through to the end, and then fell down to the ground one after another. And the old clock, Davy, he went on without getting a minute too fast or a minute too slow, although the noise and fright might well have put him out;—but at last it got so hot that he couldn't bear it any longer, and then he struck. It was now one great blaze all round the building;—a more awfuller sight could never be seen. Old master in the justice-room was nothing at all to it; and it blazed and burned for a great many hours before it left off. And now and then there was a huge crash heard as the old kings and queens—who have been standing in the Exchange ever since they were dead—fell into the square below. There was one of these fellows, who stood in the middle of the building because he was so wild and had such a bad character, so the gentry would not allow him to come up stairs,—this chap escaped altogether; and master says it was all proper that he should *escape*, so I've no doubt it was. After this we went home, and sorry in the heart is master at what he saw; so I unburden myself by writing the account to you. Love to sister and the rest, from your loving brother,

JENKIN MORGAN."

THE FEMALE WALTON.

DICK pays no compliments to lively Sall.

She says she don't expect them from that quarter.

"You're fishing for a compliment, my girl."

"No, Dick, indeed, not in such shallow water."

A SPORTING RAMBLE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

" My heart 's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart 's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart 's in the Highlands wherever I go."

" Mc Rae's Hotel, Ard-nam-bearn, N. B.
August, 1837.

" DEAR FRANK,—If you can ' quit the gay and festive scene,'—
London,—and pay us a visit in the Highlands, we shall be delighted
to see you. Our sport has been excellent. My return of killed last
week was a hundred and fifty brace of grouse, four red deer, and no
end to salmon. We go to Glengaolach on the 17th.

" Ever yours,

" FITZ-ROY.

" P.S.—I send you a box of grouse."

The above epistle was put into my hands, or, as the tradesmen
say, " came to hand," on the morning of one of the hottest days in
August ; and, anxious to leave the sweltering metropolis, I imme-
diately despatched the following answer :

" DEAR FITZ-ROY,—The ' Duchess of Sutherland' steamer starts
to-morrow ; and, wind, or rather smoke and weather permitting, I
shall be with you on the 15th.

" Ever yours, (as we say in Sussex,)

" FRANK FALCONER.

" P.S. I was *mortified* (as were the grouse) at the length of time
they were journeying here."

No sooner was this affair arranged in my own mind, than it was
put in train for execution. Moore's guns were paraded, Purdey's
rifles tried, ammunition provided, and every preparation completed
for taking the field. After a very prosperous voyage of fifty hours,
I found myself off Garmouth, on the north coast of Scotland, a spot
celebrated for the landing of Charles II, who, as the guide-books
would say, was shortly afterwards crowned with much magnificence
at Scone, but lost, *pro tempore*, his crown and kingdoms in the dis-
astrous battle of Worcester : and certainly no event since that memo-
rable period ever produced so great a sensation as the disembarkation
of myself, two pointers, four setters, a couple of deer-hounds—Luith
and Gelert ; my cab-boy Frank, a perfect pocket specimen of the
tiger breed, and who, from his " wee " appearance, diminutive top,
and tiny coat, (some ventured to add " small " wages) had obtained at
Crockford's door the sobriquet of " Homœopathic ;" and last, not
least, my Greek valet, not to mention an innumerable number of
trunks, portmanteaus, carpet-bags, writing, dressing, hat, and gun-
cases. A host of ragged urchins formed the " gathering " which
welcomed me to this celebrated spot, and who, in reply to my in-

quiries, proceeded to conduct me to the hostelry. A cluster of some half-dozen small and dilapidated dwellings formed what was termed, *par excellence*, "the village." As usual, one of the most imposing of these said edifices had been termed "the hotel," though only rendered conspicuous above the others by a rough board suspended from a gallows-looking post, on which was painted, in the most *anti*-Stanfield style imaginable, a schooner under weigh, with "Donald Mc Kay's Hotel" written underneath in large, though not exactly very capital, letters.

Mine host soon made his appearance; but great was my annoyance, on inquiring whether it would be possible to get any conveyance to Ard-nam-bearn, to receive in answer the following reply: "It's nae impossible, but it's vaara difficult." At last, after some little delay,—during which Frank had been loudly vociferating for "cab unhired," and had shown considerable disgust at ascertaining there was never "sitch a thing as a homnibus" to be had,—a kaart, as it was called, *id est* coal-cart, was produced; and into *this* was the Honourable Francis Falconer, the *arbiter elegantiarum* of St. James's-street, &c. compelled to jump, huddled together with dogs, luggage, &c. all previously detailed, and that, too, amidst the cheers of the unwashed multitude, and a few remarks of surprise at my costume. N.B. The first French-polished boots ever seen in this province.

"Hey! what a braw show he'd make in a landward kirk!"—"He thinks himsel', nae doot, nae sheepshank." Amidst these cheers I was driven off, and for six hours was, as Mrs. Hardcastle says in the play, almost "jolted to a jelly." The evening, however, turned out remarkably fine; and, were I now writing a tour, I should, in the fashionable phraseology of the day, describe to perfection the gorgeous beauty of the scenery, the Titianesque tints of colours, the Turnerian crispness and clearness, Claudean mellowness, Copley-Fielding touches, &c. As it was, I contented myself with a doze, from which I was at length awakened by the cracking of my conductor's whip as we drove up about dusk through a few solitary cottages to the door of Mc Rae's Hotel in Ard-nam-bearn.

I immediately alighted, anticipating a warm and hearty welcome, and, following my landlord into a room which the gun-cases, old newspapers, and magazines showed me to be my friend Fitz-Roy's apartment, I felt rather chilled at beholding my own letter unopened on the table. My host soon informed me that electioneering business had summoned the party unexpectedly away before the arrival of my despatch, but that the foresters and others had received orders to show every civility to any southern who might chance to arrive *ad interim*. This reception, *rayther* the north side of friendly, "dashed," or, to use a Scotticism, "fashed" me not a little; but, determined not to confess my disappointment, I began to think of simply replenishing the inward man. Alas! too soon I found that, like Baillie Nicol Jarvie, I had not carried the comforts of the Salt-market at my tail; for, on ordering fish, flesh, or fowl, for a nine o'clock dinner, I was informed that there was nothing of the kind to be had within five miles. A bottle of liqueur, which by the providence of my Greek had been stowed away in my dressing-case, was produced, and I managed to rough it on maraschino and poached

eggs, as the guardsman is said to have done on beefsteaks and port. Retiring early, I fell asleep, dreaming much

"Of sport by thicket or by stream,
Of hawk, of hound, of ring, or glove,
Or, "brighter" yet, (*not* "lighter," as Scott says,) of lady's love,"

till daylight gleamed through my lattices. As the novels say, "the eastern sun had illumined the mountain's brow with fluid gold," when my faithful Antonio made his appearance, informing me that the foresters were in waiting, and that breakfast was ready.

"Then, oh, what a breakfast! oh, not like your ghost of a breakfast in England, your curst tea and toast!"

Instead of tough ham, French eggs, domestic coffee sweetened with maple sugar, I found finnan haddocks, kippered salmon, Irish trout, oatmeal cakes, honey, jam, marmalade, &c. all of which the thoughtful forester had, on hearing of my arrival, provided for me.

Deer-stalking was proposed, and Glengaolach recommended as my head-quarters. My sheltie was at the door, and I was about to mount, when my gilly, in the most respectful manner, asked me if "I was ganging out in *that* gear?" I looked at myself with no little satisfaction. I evidently saw that I had "surprised the natives;" for, "though I say it, that should not," never was mortal man better got up. Cooke had done his best,—and he is the king of schneiders. A dark mulberry-coloured shooting-jacket, tartan waistcoat, the nearest possible white cord "oh no, we never mention them" in the world; a drab hat, and coloured neckcloth, formed my shooting costume. I thought that my artist, however anxious he might have been, could hardly have afforded to have purchased me at *my own* valuation, to stand at his door in Poland-street to attract custom, as the wax figures do in the unknown regions of Cheapside and Whitechapel. The forester, seeing my determination to mount, came forward, and explained that the quick-sighted deer would never come within shot of such a costume, and suggested a heather-coloured suit of my friend's, which fortunately had been left behind. In this I was soon attired, and set forth for my first essay at red-deer stalking.

After a ride of two hours, we entered that wilderness of the mountains called Glengaolach. A scene so new, so wild, so lonely, and withal so different from anything I had ever seen before, filled me with a confused feeling of delight, not, however, unmixed with awe; while the only shelter from the storm, or from the angry ghosts of Ossian when in wrath, was a few loose stones, piled carelessly one upon another, after the manner of a cow-house. My readers will, however, understand me better if they have, by any chance of fate, ever seen a Highland bothie. The one appointed for my use was a peat-built dwelling of but one apartment; and which, like the cobbler's stall, was condemned to serve for parlour, kitchen, and everything else. As some refreshment was being prepared, some dry whins soon blazed on the hearth, the smoke forcing its way through an antediluvian sort of chimney formed out of an old herring-tub. Of furniture there was none, save and except a deal box, five feet eleven by three,—a seat by day, and a bed by night; and an empty whisky-cask, assuming as many forms as the Ascot-race man's

"papyro-metamorphosis," (as I presume it is called in these days of high-sounding names,) namely, a table, seat, sideboard, and cupboard, and in which last-mentioned receptacle a scanty furnishing of crockery had been stowed away. An iron kettle hung from the rafters; and a stick of boxwood, fastened in the wall by patches of wet clay, did duty for candlestick.*

The bothie, however, such as it has been described, was beautifully situate upon a brae-side, surmounted on all sides by ranges of lofty hills, which gradually lost themselves in the distant horizon. The heather was in its thickest and deepest bloom; while a mountain torrent, or scaur, rushing down from the rocky steeps in bold and sudden sweeps and curves, was partly visible, and partly concealed by the foliage of some dwarf trees which clothed its lowlier banks.

In the mean time, the herd of deer of which we were in search, sheltering themselves in the most remote and almost inaccessible recesses, rendered the task of overtaking or nearing them equally toilsome and precarious. After two hours' labour amongst the cliffs and crags, one of them, a royal stag, came within shot. My hand trembled with the excess of my anxiety. I however pulled the trigger. The shot reverberated through the rocks, and I fancied that he fell.

Calling my dog Luith to my aid, I hallooed him on. With a bound like that of the startled stag, the noble animal is off and away,—he is racing with the winds. And now the deer bounds over rock and glen, or plunges onward through the mountain stream. Following the forester, I neared him, cheering, and I believe half maddened with excitement; when, lo! I now beheld, to my utter consternation and dismay, my dog throttling and pulling down, not a royal stag, but—oh, shame be it spoken!—a shepherd's she-goat, and which, in spite of every exertion I could make, I was finally unable to extricate from the fangs of the ruthless Luith.

"Hey! what a bonnie beastie!" exclaimed my gilly at the sight.

"He's mair flayed than hurt," replied the shepherd; "so never fash yourself about it."

A few shillings served to satisfy the old man, who, in the outpourings of his gratitude, thus expressed himself:

"Ye need nae hae gi'en yourself sae much trouble: it's too much; it's just *scandalous!*" which said method of returning thanks sounded not a little ambiguous to my southern ears.

Such, then, was the consummation, *undevoutly* to be wished, which concluded this first day's hunting the stag.

A joke of the practical sort had been played off this morning upon my unsophisticated valet, which certainly created a laugh amidst his "handsmen in the hall." Antonio had unfortunately left my "Petersham mixture" in London, and, wishing to replenish my melancholy account of empty boxes, made inquiries for the nearest and best purveyor of snuff. Mc Sneezer, of Mull, in the town of E—, eight miles off, was immediately recommended. His shop was de-

* A potent smell of farintosh, mountain-dew, and peat, prevailed throughout. As the poet of the heart does "not" say,

"You might do what you will,
But the scent of the whisky would cling to *THEE still.*"

scribed as being next door to that of one Mc Intosh, of Waterpruif, and opposite to Euchar Fairntosh, of Cogiologie. It was also insisted upon that, as the grouse were very quick-sighted, a few pounds of heather-coloured shot would be very acceptable to his master. My Greek, in the innocence of his nature,—especially after my heather-coloured metamorphosis,—relied implicitly on this vague statement, and off he started on foot, being informed that at the bothie two miles off, he would, without any difficulty, procure “Shanks’s sheltie.” What occurred at E—— I know not; suffice it to say, that my poor Greek returned from his expedition very much disconcerted. The Waterpruif Mc Intosh was unknown; a “Hoot awa, mon! ye’re daft; let’s have none of ye’r clishmaclavers!” greeted him at the shot-shop, and Shanks’s sheltie turned out to have meant but his own bipedal legs.

But to return to my sport. Emerging from the thicket, I found myself on a ledge of flat rock projecting over a chasm of not less than a hundred feet, where the dark mountain torrent made a rapid shoot over the precipice beneath. My gilly, stopping suddenly, hastily exclaimed, “Shoot! shoot!—a tod! a tod!” Looking towards the spot, to my great surprise I saw a fox bearing gallantly away. An involuntary “Tally ho!” escaped me, and for a moment my thoughts wandered to Warwickshire. My mind’s eye for the instant pictured to itself Hill Morton Gorse,—Tom Day’s “Gone away!” was even sounding in my ears; when my reverie was put an end to by a shot whistling through the rocks. The forester’s unerring aim had taken effect; and I watched, not without a sigh, the last struggles of poor Reynard, as he fell from the cliff, and was carried away by the force of the mountain waters.

Fatigued and disappointed with the day’s multiplied disasters, I now expressed a desire to return once more to Ard-nam-bearn; on which my guide disappeared all at once from my side, till, nearing the precipice, I beheld him catching by notches, roots of heather, and slight projections of the rocks, rapidly descending the steepest sides of the chasm. I, however, though by a longer route, made good my own retreat; and, returning home, sleep and repose lulled my tired senses to rest.

The next day was wet, or soft, as it is called; and the falling of a Scotch mist, viz. a thick, drizzling, and uninterrupted rain, was by no means unacceptable as an excuse for refuge from further fatigue: to dine, therefore, and to dine in comfort, was now the chief desire of my heart. On leaving London I had provided myself with a few quarts of Peacock’s best turtle, and a most Helio-gabaline *paté de foie gras*. Wishing to create an agreeable surprise to some brother sportsmen who had consented to favour me with their company to dinner, I gave my gilly’s spouse strict orders to prepare the soup by simply boiling the contents of the white jar, adding to it only a few glasses of madeira. My last injunctions were, “Remember the white jar!”

I proceeded to unkennel my dogs, revise my guns, overhaul my shot, &c. till, the day having happily wore through, I at last saw all my guests arrive. Our toilets were soon made, and down we sat to dinner. With what glee did I take off the soup-cover,—for the soup, be it known, was the only dish in my bill of fare that I thought it

worth while to announce,—and with a large tea-cup, which served us for tureen-ladle, begin to help myself and friends! But judge of my horror when I perceived a white, greasy, unsavoury-looking substance floating suspiciously on the top, and, on diving for the green fat, discovered certain hard black-looking truffles. The mystery was soon dissipated. A consultation of northern Mrs. Glass's had realised the proverb, "Meikle cooking spoils the broth." They had mistaken the jars and boiled the *paté de foie gras* in place of the turtle. Byron talks of

"The rage of the vulture,
The love of the turtle;"

mine equalled the former for the loss of the latter.

The morning after my dinner failure, a trusty messenger arrived, having, as he called it, "just *stepped over*" a distance of five-and-twenty miles with my letters. I read my English ones with avidity. How much might be written about a letter-bag! In a few lines, penned, perhaps, in all the carelessness of haste, we read that our hopes are baulked, or our ruin completed. Another may bring the death of a parent, or a friend, in whose affections we ourselves reigned paramount. At length, however, I turned me to the others, and, in addition to the announced return of my friend, I found invitations poured in upon me from all the surrounding families of title and distinction. Scottish hospitality had commenced. The season of visits had begun; and now, cured of my first awkwardness, I joined in all the sports of the country. Of the interior of noble castles, palaces, and shooting-lodges, I shall not here speak, as the subject might be endless; but, ere I part from my readers, I may safely say that the healthful beauty of the daughters of the North, the dulcet strains of their voice and harp, and their graceful bearing in the merry dance, must haunt my mind's remembrance till I, or time, or both, become no more!

"Farewell to the Highlands! farewell to the North!
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The heart of the Highlands for ever I love!"

for, in the words of the Jacobite song,

"Though rich be the soil where blossoms the rose,
And barren the mountains, and cover'd with snows,
Where blooms the red heather and thistle so green,
Yet for friendship sincere, and loyalty true,
And for courage so bold no foe can subdue,
Unmatch'd is our country, unrival'd our swains,
And lovely and true are the nymphs of our plains,
Where rises the thistle, the thistle so green!"

THE INNKEEPER OF ANDERMATT.

SHORTLY after the general peace,—in common with troops of my compatriots, to whom the Continent had been so long closed,—I travelled to Switzerland. Little was then known of that country; the inns were few and bad: not so now. The inhabitants, too, have, since the period of which I speak, lost much of their individuality. The attrition of foreigners, and the corrupting influence of their gold, have, I am sorry to say, worn off much of that simplicity of manners, and most of the rugged virtues, bequeathed to the mountaineer by his ancestors.

One of my first visits was to the Lake of the Four Cantons; that lake, the border of which gave birth to the heroes and patriots who shook off the yoke of foreign tyranny. The lakes of Switzerland have each a peculiar character of their own, and this owes its charm to its deep solitude and seclusion.

From Altorf I crossed the Mont St. Gothard, and, fortunately for me, saw it before the new road, in imitation of that of the Simplon, was begun. The mechanical arts and civilization are the death of sentiment, despair to the artist, but still more to the poet. There was then no hideous steam-boat, with its blackening column of smoke, to destroy the connexion of the present with the past. A *bateau*, of the same construction as that from which Tell, leaping on the rock,—where the chapel now stands to commemorate the exploit,—winged the arrow into the heart of Gesner, conveyed me to the foot of St. Gothard. It then afforded no practicable way for carriages, with their imperials, their couriers, and *femmes de chambre*, all packed together at the top. The pass that had been trodden for centuries, deep-worn and precipitous, admitted only of being traversed on foot, or *à mulet*; that pass, the most terrible in its sublimity of all the rest, with its deafening torrent, and its sides thick-set with giant pines, that yet gradually diminished into pigmies as they lost themselves among the clouds above our heads.

It was the month of April, and near ten o'clock at night, when, after a long march, I reached an inn in the outskirts of the small town that bears the same name of sonorous and musical sound,—Lugano. It was not the best hostel in the place; but, after the *châlets* in which I had been lodging, I had become very indifferent on the score of accommodation, and glad to find shelter anywhere. The landlord seemed to have little respect for foot-passengers, for he did not move from his chair to give me welcome as I entered his door. He was seated in the chimney corner with a traveller, who looked like an old soldier, to judge from his grey moustache and half-military costume; while a girl of eighteen or twenty was preparing his supper.

Our host's manners were certainly not prepossessing; and he seemed but little inclined to afford me that paid hospitality which Goldsmith so much vaunted. He told me sulkily that his house was full, that his guests had retired, and that the gentleman who had just arrived, and to whom he pointed, had engaged his last chamber.

The fire-place was one of that kind still common in farm-houses in England, and universal in Wales, with wooden benches on each side extending the length of the chimney. I told him, therefore,

that if he would give me a couple of blankets, I would sleep *sur le dur*.

The stranger politely offered me half his bed; but, our host having acceded to my proposition, I declined to share it, with the best grace I could.

Some excellent vermicelli soup, delicious red trout, and an *omelet aux herbes*, consoled me for the *modicum hospitium* in other ways. I sat down with a true Alpine appetite. Discovering that the cellar contained one excellent bottle of Bordeaux, the stranger and myself ordered a second.

My companion was an agreeable person. We communicated to each other whither we were bound and whence we had come. I spoke with raptures of St. Gothard, and of the green valley of Andermatt. At the name of Andermatt I saw a change come over the stranger's countenance, as though it were clouded by some painful retrospect; and, after drinking two bumpers of the claret in rapid succession, as if to give him courage, he thus began:

"You may have heard of Suwarrow, and the dreadful privations he and the Russians endured in that memorable retreat over St. Gothard. I was a conscript in the French army at that time, and being on the rear-guard, composed of a company of chasseurs, in charge of stores lately come up, we bivouacked for the night at Andermatt. You remember well—and who can forget?—that green valley, and the peaceable and quiet stream flowing through it, which by a strange caprice of Nature presents a startling contrast to the chaos of rocks and turbulence that marks the headlong course of the torrent till it mingles with the blue waters of the Lake of the Quatre Cantons.

"Well, there is, or was, at Andermatt a solitary inn."

The landlord, who had been half asleep for some time from the effects of intoxication, here gave a start, and threw down his glass. I had scarcely till then remarked the man or his countenance; but, as the fire-light flashed upon him, I wondered I had not done so before. He was fifty-five or sixty years of age. His person, short and thick-set, bespoke the mountaineer; his hair had been almost as flaxen as an Albino's, but grey now predominated; his eyes, too, like theirs, were of a bright grey, much inflamed with hard drinking; his cheek was pale with the leprosy of drunkenness; his features betrayed an habitual gloom, as though he were engaged in the continual contemplation of crime, or a prey to some deep and secret remorse,—at least, such was the impression he gave me; and I was possessed with an indefinable feeling that he was in some way connected with the tale to which he was listening.

There is in ourselves, if we did not repress it, an internal consciousness, a sense independent of our external senses, that gives us a prophetic insight into the truth of things, a secret power of divination that makes a look an interjection, a gesture eloquent: thus with the throwing down of that glass; it was an echo that responded to my mind. I determined to watch him narrowly.

Whilst I was thus reasoning with myself, the French officer had been going on to say,

"This solitary inn, or rather hostel, was at that time a mere *refuge*, such as we see on the Simplon and the other great passes, and had been built by the government for the shelter of travellers.

We had bivouacked on the banks of the stream. The detachment being a very weak one, not exceeding twenty rank and file, under the charge of a young sub-lieutenant, and the mountains full of *fuyards* and marauders, it was necessary to keep a good look-out. The young assistant commissary-general in charge of the stores, who had no military duties to perform, had taken up his quarters at the *chalet*, where, in the only room of which it consisted, they had prepared him a sort of bed, screened only by a blanket from that of the host and his wife. As he was sitting over a cheerful fire of pine-wood, there entered a *commis voyageur*, who had been detained for some time at Altorff by the presence of the enemy, and their occupation of the pass. As soon, therefore, as he heard of its being open, he had pushed forward on his way to Milan with the intention of prosecuting the rest of his journey under the guard of the troops, and proceeding with us the ensuing morning. His employers were great diamond-merchants; and he, having partaken rather too freely of the *eau de cerise*,—the only liquor that the place supplied,—spoke rather indiscreetly of the value of the casket—one of the usual brass-bound shape—of which he was the bearer. I forgot to tell you that the commissary's name was Adolphe, and that he came from the same village in Burgundy as myself. We had been schoolfellows and friends from infancy; and our intimacy was still further strengthened by his affection for my sister, to whom he had been long betrothed, and was about to be married, when the decimation of the commune marked us on the same day as victims to the conscription. It was a melancholy moment for poor Adolphe when the hour of parting came; and a still more heart-rending one to his mother, whose husband had been killed in action at the breaking out of the revolutionary war. Adolphe was her only son, her only stay in the world, a staff to the feebleness of her age. The cottage they inhabited, and an orchard and meadow at the back, were her own property; and she looked forward to clasping on her knees the grand-children of her Adolphe and Gothon,—such was the name of her intended daughter-in-law. But all these dreams of happiness were doomed to be at once blighted! When she clasped him in her widowed arms, it was their last embrace.

“We joined the army on the same day, and were attached to the same corps; but in consequence of the services of Adolphe's father, who had been known to the colonel of the regiment, my friend was attached to the commissariat department,—a branch of the service that promised him the realization of a rapid fortune. But he was ill-calculated for a life of activity and enterprise; he was of a melancholy temperament, and his thoughts were constantly reverting to his home, and those who had endeared it. During the day's march he was frequently by my side. The frightful solitudes of the Alps, and the terrific grandeur of the Devil's Bridge, recalled more forcibly the green pastures and vineyards of his native plains; and a sombre pre-occupation of mind, a presentiment of evil, made him remark to me that St. Gothard was an eternal barrier between him and his hopes,—that he should never again cross it. I laughed at his fears, treated them as idle and chimerical, and endeavoured to cheer him; but in vain. Such was the mood in which I left him for bivouack.

“The *commis voyageur* and Adolphe having supped together, the latter offered the stranger,—as I have done you, sir,—the half of his

couch, which he gratefully accepted; and, having deposited his precious casket under his head as a pillow, soon sunk into a deep sleep, as his snoring revealed. The other inhabitants of the *châlet* had long before retired to their *grabats*; but Adolphe's imagination was too active for slumber."

Here the host gave a deep sigh, which was however unobserved by the narrator; and, indeed, there seemed nothing as yet to occasion it. I eyed him attentively; his head was resting on his hand, the fingers of which clasped his forehead, and I could perceive a convulsion about his mouth, but it was momentary. The broken glass lay at his feet; and it seemed to me strange that he had not provided himself with another, as the bottle continued to circulate.

"The moon was at the full, and her rays streamed in a silver line through the middle of the *châlet*, steeping both sides of it in pitchy darkness. She seemed to invite Adolphe into the open air. He got up, and tried the door; but it was fastened by two bolts, and locked; and, fearful of disturbing the sleepers by unbarring it, he thought him of the window. The hatch yielded almost without an effort; and climbing to the aperture by means of a wooden chair, which he lifted after him, he leapt with it into the road.

"What a glorious spectacle was that moonlight bright, among the Alps! How sweetly did that emerald valley slumber in its beams! How tremulously did they quiver on the bright and pellucid stream that wound through it like a silver snake! Every point of the crags, even to the far-off heights of the Grimsel, was tipped with silver; and the broad glance of the Rhone that lay between, distinguishable through its wide extent, glittered in the pure effulgence, and seemed like a fit pathway for spirits up to heaven! Not a breath stirred the grass. Such was the silence, that the measured step of the sentinels was distinctly heard as they paced the velvet turf; and the falls of the Reuss came at intervals on the ear, fainter and more faint in response, till they died away in the distance.

"Adolphe endeavoured to find a calm for the fever of his thoughts in that of Nature. He was soon challenged by the men on guard, among whom I was one. We recognised him; and it being contrary to the regulations of the service, we did not exchange a word. He passed in front of the stores, and my eye followed him along the course of the river till he was concealed by a projecting rock. How long he wandered, or how far, I know not, for I was almost immediately afterwards relieved.

"I have since questioned Adolphe as to the length of his walk; all he remembered of it was, that he had stood for some time on the Devil's Bridge, and, as he looked down upon the foaming torrent as it flashed through the arch, was tempted to throw himself over the parapet, and had great difficulty in resisting the impulse.

"At length, however, he found his way back to the *châlet*, and laid himself down in his clothes by the stranger, and fell into a heavy trance, which, like that produced by opium, was scarcely slumber; it was disturbed by frightful visions. The figure of the landlord of the inn seemed to stand palpably before him, his hands dabbled in

blood. The host here groaned audibly; but the narrator, absorbed in his own reflections, or supposing that the groans arose from sympathy, did not notice them.

"He thought," continued the officer, "that a death-cold corpse lay by his side; that he felt the very hand of a corpse grasped in his own! So like reality was the dream, that he started up in the bed, and stared wildly around him; but all was silence, and the moon being down,—pitchy darkness,—he laid himself on the couch again, and soon fell asleep.

"We were to recommence our march at dawn. It was in the month of June; and in these Alpine heights the day breaks earlier than in the valley. It was scarcely three o'clock when I was awakened by a loud din of voices, among which that of the landlord rose above the rest. He was in his shirt, and dragging toward our guards a man; that man was Adolphe. He denounced him as having committed a murder in the inn, and called for the officer in charge. We left our mules half saddled, and rushed pell-mell into the *châlet*, where a horrid spectacle awaited us. The *commis voyageur*, yet warm and bleeding, was stretched on the bed, that bore the impress of another person; for a purple stream, yet welling from a wound in the dead man's side, had formed a puddle there. Beside him lay the sword of Adolphe stained with the recent wound.

"It must be confessed that his having left the inn before day-break, and by the window,—as the chair on the outside revealed,—instead of the door; the disappearance of the casket, which it might be supposed he had gone to hide in some recess among the rocks, to be removed at a convenient opportunity; afforded strong circumstantial evidence to affix upon him the murder.

"A consciousness of the damning proofs that everywhere stared him in the face, and, above all, the faces of the officer and those around him, where he legibly read a full conviction of his guilt, and the certainty of the cruel fate—the ignominious death—that awaited him, so unnerved and unmanned him that he stood staring with the glassy eyes of idiotcy, and had not a word to urge in his defence. His countenance, too, was pale and ghastly from horror at the deed, and the dreadful night that he had passed. Never was there a more perfect picture of conscious guilt. In this state of despair he was handcuffed, and marched, together with the landlord of the inn, to Bellengina, where the head-quarters of the army were established.

"Military trials, especially during a campaign, are very summary. The commandant was a Swiss; he entertained a high notion of the superior virtues of his countrymen, and scouted the idea of a suspicion attaching itself to a simple peasant, a mountaineer, who, he said, could have no use for diamonds or gold, even when he had obtained them.

"After a delay of only a few hours, a court-martial was appointed, and sate upon my poor, beloved, and innocent friend. It was with a prostration of all his energies, mental and physical, and almost an unconsciousness of what was passing, that Adolphe listened to the connected evidence—evidence that he had no power of rebutting. When called upon for his defence, he admitted the facts that had been adduced against him, all but that of the murder; related his wandering among the mountains, his dream, and finding when he awoke in the morning the dead body by his side, and the *aubergiste* standing over him: but all this in so hurried and confused a manner, and with so evident a perturbation of mind, that his whole demeanour seemed rather to confirm his judges in the conviction

couch, which he gratefully accepted ; and, having deposited his precious casket under his head as a pillow, soon sunk into a deep slumber, as his snoring revealed. The other inhabitants of the inn had long before retired to their *grabats* ; but Adolphe's imagination was too active for slumber."

Here the host gave a deep sigh, which was however unnoticed by the narrator ; and, indeed, there seemed nothing as yet to excite his attention. I eyed him attentively ; his head was resting on his hand, the fingers of which clasped his forehead, and I could not see a momentary convulsion about his mouth, but it was momentary. A glass of wine lay at his feet ; and it seemed to me strange that he should not have provided himself with another, as the bottle continued to be open.

"The moon was at the full, and her rays streamed through the middle of the *châlet*, steeping both sides of the valley in the darkness. She seemed to invite Adolphe into the open air, and he drew up, and tried the door ; but it was fastened by two bolts, and he could not get it open ; and, fearful of disturbing the sleepers by unfastening the door, he thought him of the window. The hatch yielded to his efforts, and he made an effort ; and climbing to the aperture by means of a ladder, he leapt with it into the open air, his eyes fixed on the moon, and his hands clasped in prayer.

"What a glorious spectacle was that moonlight ! How sweetly did that emerald valley smile ! How tremulously did they quiver on the bright heights of his combat that wound through it like a silver snake ! How bright were the crags, even to the far-off heights of the Grims, and the broad glance of the Rhone that gleamed through its wide extent, glittered in the distance, and heavy groans and sobs were heard, and the inn lay strug-
gle with the wind, and before seemed to be in a state of commotion. The officer regarded the scene with a look of surprise, and, as he hung over the edge of the cliff, he murmured,

"Adolphe endeavoured to find a calm for himself in that of Nature. He was soon challenged by the innkeeper of Andermatt, among whom I was one. We recognised him by the regulations of the service, we did not know him. He passed in front of the stores, and my eye followed him till he was concealed by a passage. He wandered, or how far, I know not, for he was afterwards relieved.

"I have since questioned Adolphe, and he told me all he remembered of it was, that he had seen a spectre seem to haunt the Devil's Bridge, and, as he looked down, a light flashed through the arch, was temporary, and had great difficulty in re-appearing in the chamber.

"At length, however, he found his way to the inn, and applied for a warrant to apprehend him. Like the others, he had found remorse in his heart, and that if death will not be an atonement to the blood."

Our host here groaned audibly, and, as if in his own reflections, or supposing that I was listening, he scarcely noticed them.

A POET'S FRENZY.

Sweet is a kiss from rosy lips,
 Sweet the dew the honey-bee sips,
 Sweet the cooing of the dove,
 Sweet the memory of love.
 Sweet the milkmaid's merry song
 As she treads the glades among,
 Sweet an injury's redress,
 Sweet is Beauty's loveliness,
 Sweet is to a miser—gain,
 Sweet is music's dulcet strain,
 Sweet the voice of mirth and gladness,
 And sweet is sometimes pensive sadness ;
 But sweeter still than these,—than all
 Supremely intellectual,—
 Is the mental exultation
 Of the poet's inspiration.

Yes ! a poet's frenzy rises
 Far above earth's vulgar blisses :
 It is a touch Promethean glowing,—
 A chaunt from Heaven's orchestra flowing,—
 A vivid flash of heavenly flame
 Illumining—

Stop, Pegasus ! for something tells me
 That now a poet's frenzy fills me.
 Just let me, pray ! secure the girth,
 Else I might tumble back to earth.
 There, now ! Away I 'm borne in rapid flight,
 'Mid crystal waves and isles of light,
 Where dread Sublimity appears
 Enshrined amid those starry spheres :
 Where Poetry her throne has placed,
 August, magnificent, and vast.
 I see, I see the goddess : lo ! she wears
 A crown of dazzling splendour ;
 'Tis gemm'd with heaven's own golden stars,*
 A diadem of wonder :
 And in her hand a sceptre, brightening
 With flashes of the beamy lightning.
 Purple clouds her drapery form :
 Her ministers, sunshine and storm.

Well ! if this be not the frenzy, I
 Am seized with a strange phantasy.
 It must be : so, without further proem,
 I 'll just commence a little poem.

While in the grove, at eventide,
 My thoughts were thus to verse applied,
 An Owl, perch'd on the opposite tree,
 Thus from his roost accosted me.

“ Your frenzy on a very fine
 Pinion may be rising ;
 But take advice,—go home to bed,
 And cease your poetising.”

* Ye stars ! which are the poetry of Heaven.—BYRON.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.—No. V.

CANNON FAMILY AT BOULOGNE.

WE left two of the ladies in a semi-classic state, clasped in the arms of two Gauls! What a situation!—what a condition for modest chaste Englishwomen! What could have caused such an outrage, —such a breach of common decorum? Simply one word—one monosyllable—though often reiterated. What momentous events, what fearful results may, or may not, arise from one single word!

An ingenious author, well versed in philology, and philosophy, and metaphysics, might indite a dozen folios to relate the life and adventures of a word! As Balzac says,

“J’ai fait de délicieux voyages, embarqué sur un mot, dans les abîmes du passé, comme un insecte qui flotte au gré d’un fleuve sur un brin d’herbe.”

Monosyllables are unquestionably more eloquent, more conclusive, more convincing, than all the circumlocutions of oratory. *Yes, no; ja, nein; oui, non*,—what bliss, what misery have not these two short words occasioned, when irrevocably pronounced! All your proclamations, your manifestos, your protocols are idle, compared to them. They come out sometimes boldly, at other times drawling, from the resolute and determined most masculine of feminine woman, or the timid maiden, hiding her downcast and burning cheek with her cork-screw undulating curls, and wafting her lover’s imagination to the seventh paradise of Mahomet by a languishing *ye-e-e-e-s*. I beg your pardon, miss,—that’s not it; lay a proper emphasis on your *s*—thus, *γ-ee-ee-ss*. Thus will your consent come *hissing* hot, and fire your suitor with unquenchable ardour.

But surely the chaste Miss Cannon could never have said *yes*, short or long, to these insolent Frenchmen! What, then, could have been the mystic word?—who could have pronounced it?

It was Sukey Simper,—in a moment of terror. Sukey had also partaken of the *soupe à l’oseille*; Sukey had also suffered from the effects: but she was in an attic room, without a light, without a bell, without a knowledge of the language; she was in a fever, burning, parched with the thirst of Tantalus! She rushed to the head of the stairs, bawled out “*Water!*” screeched out “*WATER!*” roared out “*WATER!*” The great Frederic said that there were only three things required to wage war,—*MONEY, MONEY, MONEY!* Suke only wanted to be pacified,—*WATER, WATER, WATER!*—she knew not the French for it. Although pain made her repeatedly exclaim “*Oh!*” in various modulations, no one heard her; or, if they heard, they heeded not. Indignant, despairing, cursing the Franks from Pharamond down to the Bourbons, she exclaimed, “You vagabonds, you won’t give me water!—but I’ll be — if you don’t!” She recollected the French for fire, and, with a voice that would have roused the Seven Sleepers, she bellowed out “*Feu! feu! feu!*”

Now, when a man is awakened by the cry of “*Water,*” it bears with it a chilling, cold character, which makes him, with an egotistical feeling, coddle himself more comfortably and warmly in his nest. Not so when the terrific roar of “*Fire!*” rouses him from his slumbers.

Next to Sukey's room there happened to sleep two *commis voyageurs*, or commercial travellers. They were, perhaps, dreaming of samples, patterns, bargains, perhaps of love, when her cries made them jump out of their virtuous beds, like peas out of a popgun. They *must* have been dreaming of love, for incontinently they rushed down stairs, re-echoing the alarm of fire; and as the devil, they say, will occasionally throw temptation in our path, they beheld Miss Lucy Cannon and Miss Kitty Cannon, shivering and shaking, at their chamber door, and exclaiming with great trepidation, "Quoi? quoi? quoi?" "Feu! feu! feu!" was the reply of the travellers, who being, besides men of business, men of consummate gallantry, whipped up the two ladies, and, as we have seen, carried them out into the yard.

In a moment, heads, night-caps, and candles were peeping out from every window: there was a guard-house in the neighbourhood; the drum beat to arms, the fire-bell was set ringing, all Boulogne was in commotion.

What the world calls modesty is clearly an artificial feeling, originating from civilization, and perhaps coquetry. If a proof were wanting to convince the incredulous that our notions on this subject are most erroneous, let him, like Sukey, roar out "Fire!" in the middle of the night in a crowded hotel, and he will soon perceive that every one in the house will burst from the shackles of original sin, and display the unsophisticated innocence of our first parents. A learned philosopher very wisely maintained that the only class of society who derived benefit from the first transgression were tailors.

Sam Surly alone proved himself a sinner—(he had once been tried for horse-stealing). He also slept near Sukey; and when she gave the alarm, with a true patriotic feeling he rushed out, having first wrapped himself up in a blanket, and performing the same kind office for Sukey, seized her in his brawny arms and bore her away as vigorously as Æneas carried his aged father from the Trojan conflagration.

The gate having been thrown open, the yard was soon thronged with soldiers, firemen, policemen, all roaring "Feu!" though not a spark was seen, or a smell of smoke perceivable. All stood amazed; the ladies looked aghast, and fled in every direction to their chambers; the *Garde nationale* and the *sapeurs pompiers* were conjugating and declining their favourite ejaculations with all the vehemence of the abbe of Andouillet, insisting, like most of their countrymen, on being paid for doing nothing, and wanted to drag old Commodus Cannon and his male offspring before the *commissaire de police* as *perturbateurs du repos public*. The landlord's interference alone prevented this diabolical outrage, by promising, in the name of the *royageurs*, that they should be duly rewarded. Suke and Sam during this confusion were quietly seated in the *salle à manger*, discussing a bottle of *ordinaire*, where they were soon joined by several Frenchmen, who, regardless of the maiden's blushes, crowded in the room, as the soldiers say, "as you were," to refresh themselves with *la goutte—Anglicè*, a glass of cognac,—served by the trembling waiters, who were cordially cursing *Jean Bull*, and all his generation, for routing them out of bed.

The parties were gradually withdrawing to rest, some swearing, some laughing, when the most outrageous cries once more broke through the silence of the night.

Whatever foreigners may say of British architecture, if we do not display a proper classic taste in the exterior of our public edifices, the interior of our dwelling-houses fully compensates, by the comfortable distribution of our apartments, for the lack of that *grandiose* of our neighbours' palaces and hotels. But of all the evils of outlandish accommodation, *corridors* are the most fearful, nay, the most dangerous. The doors do so resemble each other, that mistakes are not only excusable, but unavoidable. They are only proper in monasteries—in nunneries—where each cell opens on a common passage. Even in nunneries mistakes have sometimes taken place; and a travelled friend of mine assured me that in a certain convent in Spain a distinctive mark was affixed over each door, according to the age or attractions of the secluded tenant of the narrow chamber; and while a portrait of the Virgin, with the inscription of "*Ave Maria purissima, sin pecado concebida,*" were displayed on the cells of the young novices, a death's head and marrow-bones were depicted on the entrance of the aged nun's abode. But, alas! in the corridor of the hotel where the Cannons were lodged, no distinctive mark, saving the number, could guide the quivering traveller, returning to his warm bed, after having been by various causes turned out in the cold; moreover it was scarcely grey morning. Aurora had only opened one eye, and was gaping; Apollo had just pulled the bell to order his horses to be harnessed; Nox was only tucking up the skirts of her sable and stellated mantle; the bell-ringer had only tossed off a *petit verre de rogomme*, to pull his *matins*. How then could Commodus Cannon, through this crepuscular medium, find out the chamber in which his terrified better half had crept from the horrible scene that we have endeavoured to describe?

Commodus opened the door. Imprudent traveller!—why was it not locked, bolted, doubly bolted? He groped his way, shivering as though he laboured under a tertian, a quartan, a quotidian ague. Had Domitian, or Nero, or Robespierre, beheld the poor old gentleman, they would have given him a dose of quinine, in mercy. In bed he got, and he coiled himself up, and he gathered himself up to warm himself with his own caloric: but it was too latent. Loth as he was to disturb Mrs. Cannon, whose slumbers, like a good husband, he ever respected, although he was not a chemist or a natural philosopher, he sought on this occasion to increase his temperature by a little of the specific warmth of his bed-fellow, little thinking at the time what combustion he was about producing, when, stretching out his hand over the person he fancied was Mrs. Cannon, his icy hand lighted on a long grisly beard!

Cannon had read Don Quixote, and various marvellous stories of sorcery and enchantment; but to find a beard as long as any capuchin's, or any Jew Rabbi's, on his darling better half, was more than mortal man could bear. He could not recoil as from a rattle-snake or a boa constrictor; he could not jump out of bed, as when but recently the alarm of fire had been spread; he was seized with a convulsive movement—what the French call a *crispation de nerfs*, and instinctively, mechanically, grasped the hairy appendage which he fancied affixed to Mrs. Cannon's chin, and loudly uttered—I shall not say an oath—he was not sufficiently learned to swear by Jove, Minerva, or Apollo,—by Isis, like an Athenian,—or Osiris, like a Theban; he was too religious a man to swear by G—; but he roared out, "*My wig!*"

I have often sought to discover the origin of this singular exclamation, although on this occasion, by an association of ideas, it might have been accounted for, since Cannon's scratch was somewhat of a horse-hair texture. I once fancied that a bald man, who had lost this artificial protection, might consider it a calamity, and exclaim with proper emphasis, "*Oh! my wig!*"

Then the same man, seeking for his jasey, and laying hold in the dark of something like it, might ejaculate "*Ha! my wig!*"

At other times I fancied it derived from the strife between Whigs and Tories, who all unite, according to Swift, to save their wigs. At last I traced it in Sophocles, where good people swore by the hair which they had cut off from their victims.

Cannon had never read Sophocles, nor the explanations of Eustathius; yet he roared out "*My wig!*" when, to his utter dismay, a stentorian voice bellowed out, "*Tonnerre de Dieu! qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?*" and in a moment he was seized by the throat with an iron grasp.

"Murder!—help!—murder!" was the only reply he could make, rolling out of bed; while his companion, no ways disposed to let go his hold, rolled out along with him, exclaiming, "*Ah, sacré chien d'Anglais, tu me le paieras!*"

Now this was a singular phrase in the mouth of a Frenchman, who pretends that honour can only be satisfied with blood. "*You shall pay for it,*" is a mean expression, only befitting a nation of shopkeepers. A man runs away with another man's wife: he exclaims, "*The rascal shall pay for it!*" Pay for it!—What?—the wife? A man who calls a wife *it*, surely cannot claim damages: *it* is a neutral demonstrative, applied to worthless, insignificant things.

"*Tu me le paieras!*" roared on the Frenchman. "Murder!—help!" roared out Cannon; while he of the beard was shaking him against the wall, and calling him *scélérat, lache, brigand, insulaire!*

Had Cannon understood these opprobrious epithets, no doubt he would have resented the insult like a true-born Englishman, even of the pedigree of De Foe. But there was no need on this occasion of moral excitement, for, despite of physic, his physical energies were aroused; and, as it is true that everything finds its level, the bearded Frenchman, measuring six foot four, while our worthy only stood five feet and a "wee bit" in his shoes, his head found itself on a horizontal plane with his antagonist's abdomen, and, butting like a Welsh goat, with all the energy of an ancient battering-ram, he drove his cranium into the stomach of his foe with such violence that he produced more fearful effects than he and all the Cannons had experienced from the *soupe à l'oseille*.

The Frenchman fainted: every individual in the house grouped around the combatants; our hero strutting up and down the corridor, puffing, blowing, and swearing in energetic vernacular, proud of his achievement, while all the waiters and servants were loud in their indignation at such an insult being offered to a SOLDAT FRANÇAIS.

For, be it known, the man of the beard was a bold *sapeur* of a regiment in garrison at Calais, and travelling on leave. A *sapeur's* beard, be it also known, is considered such a valuable *appendix* to a *brave*, that the government once allowed these distinguished warriors a halfpenny *per diem* for its due and proper titivation. Marshal Soult,

however, being a great economist, (whom our vigilant guardians of the public purse ought occasionally to call in, in consultation,)—Marshal Soult ventured to curtail the army expenditure, by directing these said beards to be cut off. Oh! France, degraded France! where was thy warlike spirit?—and you, veteran followers of the Imperial conqueror, had you forgotten Marengo and Austerlitz, your eagles and your trophies, to permit such an outrage? The mercenary janisaries of Charles XII. revolted when he presumed to meddle with their chins; Peter the Third caused a mutiny in his army when he dared to order their beards to be cropped. Alas! poor France! thou wert shorn of thy glories when thy pioneers were submitted to the degrading razor. The very Indians punish the blackest offences by shaving off the beard; in Lombardy it was the penalty inflicted on incendiaries and murderers. The beard was always considered a mark of distinction, of dignity, the badge of magistracy, sacerdotal power, and military prowess. A Turk or Jew would much rather receive the rheum of indignity in his face than on his beard. Perhaps my reader does, or does not, know that the Tartars waged a horrible war against the Persians, whom they considered base infidels, because they would not trim their beards according to their fashion. A beard, in short, is as precious a gift to man as it might be considered a curse to the fair sex; and Herodotus informs us that when the Carians were menaced with any dire calamity, a beard sprung forth on the chins of Minerva's fair priestesses.

I know not whether our *sapeur*, by name Monsieur Jean Pierre François de Bastringue, but whose *nom de guerre* was *La Tulipe*,—I know not whether he had read the annals of beards, but he considered the insult he had received from Commodus Cannon of such a nature, that blood, and blood alone, could wash off the foul stain.

The following morning Commodus was quietly seated at his breakfast, relating, with no small share of satisfaction, the summary punishment he had inflicted on the Frenchman, when the waiter came in and informed him that a gentleman, *décoré*, wished to have the honour of speaking with him *en particulier*. Cannon, I know not why, turned pale; some strange forebodings, perhaps, had ruffled his tranquillity; perhaps the debility produced by the *soupe à l'oseille* and the tartar emetic did not exactly predispose him to valour. On the plea of his ignorance of the French language, he requested his son, Cornelius Cannon, to accompany him, and, leaning on his arm, went to meet the stranger.

As might have been expected, it was a challenge,—*un combat à toute outrance*, as it was called by M. de la Tulipe's friend, a fellow six feet high, with enormous mustachios, and a deep sabre-cut diagonally furrowing his aquiline nose, solving its symmetrical continuity. *Monsieur de la Balafre*, as he was called, was remarkably polite, offered a pinch of snuff, a *petit verre* of *cognac*; informed old Cannon that his friend would feel great honour in *measuring himself* with him, since, by his dress, and buttons, and grey hair, he was no doubt a *marin distingué*; and that his comrade left him the choice of arms, between small swords, unbuttoned foils, sabres, or *contre-pointes*, none of which deadly weapons had our worthy ex-tallow-chandler ever heard of. During this pleasing conversation, La Tulipe was pacing the yard, giving vent to his indignation in the most energetic and poetical language, threatening to cut a thorough-

fare through his antagonist's *ventre*,—to see daylight through his *carcasse*,—and, finally, to plaster his wound with the hilt of his sword. And ever and anon he would stop, put himself *en garde*, and fence with his cane against the wall, with loud exclamations of "Ha! ha! ho! ho! un, deux. Ha! ha! un, deux. Ho! ho!" And fear was beginning to act most fearfully upon poor Mr. Cannon, when Cornelius stepped forward, and, having been an ensign of an Irish militia regiment, like a dutiful son exclaimed, in what he fancied intelligible French,

"*Monsieur, mon père est beaucoup trop fort frappé en haut avec la physique que votre médecine Français donne lui pour enconter vous dans le champ; et moi pas avant pour tenir debout dans ses souliers avoir pistolets pour deux dans un scie fossé!*"

At the word *pistolet*, the only one he could understand, La Tulipe suspended his fencing: La Balafre maintained that his friend, who had been the insulted party, had a right to choose his arms: it was evident that they did not relish the proposal. What a sudden effect does the hesitation, the wavering of combatants produce! Even old Cannon, who was leaning against the wall in a cold perspiration, experienced the stimulus, and ventured to look at the foe; while Cornelius exclaimed,

"*Je souffler votre cervelle dehors pour un poltroon.*"

"Monsieur," replied the Frenchman, "my business is not with you, but your father, who is *une disgrâce à votre marine—un capon!*"*

"A what!" roared out Cannon.

"He calls you a *capon*, father."

Now, whether or not Cornelius pronounced the word incorrectly, I cannot pretend to say; but the insult did so rouse up the feelings of the old gentleman, that he actually pushed his son aside, and swore that he would fight them all himself.

Finally, the hour of four P.M. was fixed for a meeting at Napoleon's Column: the parties separated for due preparation, and all Boulogne was on the tiptoe of expectation. The publicity given to the approaching duel was not likely to prevent it; had two Frenchmen been about cutting each other's throats, the police *might* have interfered, but it was only *un Anglais* who was about receiving a lesson from *un brave*; and although Boulogne, once a poor dirty fishing-town, owed all its wealth and comparative splendour to its British residents, yet they are as cordially detested as benefactors generally are.

But where to find a second, to be third in this murderous business? the Cannons were strangers. Old Commodus would willingly have been bottle-holder to his son in a bout of fisty-cuffs; but in a *rencontre* with deadly weapons, when he might behold his Corney receiving a mortal wound—despite a glass of noyau, *crème des Barbades*, and *parfait amour*, diluted with brandy-and-water,—the old gentleman's paternal yearnings could not bring him to the point.

It was at this critical moment, that a French gentleman, wearing half a dozen bits of ribands, who had met the family at the *table d'hôte*, and eyed Miss Kitty Cannon till her cheeks were as red as the badge of the Legion of Honour that decorated his button-hole, came forward in the most friendly manner, and in tolerably good

* A dastard.

English expressed his readiness to accompany them to the field; his name was the Comte des Oripeaux, and he moreover was in the *gardes de corps*. He assured the young ladies that he would shed the last drop of his blood for their father and brother; that he would make a rampart of his body to protect them; and that, moreover, he'd *mangerait l'âme*, (eat the soul,) or turn it inside out, (*la mettrait à l'envers*,) of any one who would dare offend them. Howbeit, as eating a soul, (and it was not a *jour maigre*,) is very poor sustenance, Monsieur des Oripeaux suggested that a *dejeuner à la fourchette* might be acceptable *avant d'entrer en campagne*, and the Cannons forthwith ordered the best breakfast that could be served up. The ladies were quite delighted with their new acquaintance, although the Miss Cannons were somewhat shocked at seeing him wearing various samples of hair, black, brown, and fair, in brooch, ring, watch-guard, and watch-chain; and as he was altogether a very good-looking man, they collectively and individually sighed in fancying him a "gay deceiver," although the Comte paid more obsequious court to the mother than to the daughters,—a circumstance which greatly gratified Mrs. Cannon, who, between ourselves, was not averse to a little innocent flirtation, which, in her *Malapropic* terms, she would call *Plethoric* affection, as she invariably, with a sweet lisp, pronounced *Plato—Pletho*.

The breakfast was delightful; champaign sparkled in every glass and in every eye; thoughts of anything but destruction occupied the minds of the ladies, while all the male branch of the Cannons were eager for the fight, and it was with the utmost difficulty that Commodus was dissuaded by his better half from personally representing the mortal insult he had received.

The clock struck the half-hour, three carriages were at the door: the first coach contained Commodus Cannon with a bottle of brandy and a medicine-chest, Cornelius Cannon with a case of pistols, and the Count with half a dozen swords of various dimensions; the second carriage contained Mr. Cannon junior, with another case of pistols, a couple of bottles of champaign, and a French surgeon with a case of instruments; the third and last coach bore Peter Cannon with a French and English dictionary to correct mistakes, Sam Surly, who swore he would see fair play, with a blunderbuss, and an English surgeon with all the necessary apparatus for amputation, extirpation, incision, and excision. It had become necessary to put up the doctors in separate conveyances, or a duel might have arisen on the road; the English surgeon swearing that the French barber had been merely brought by his countryman the Count, and the French officer of health, proudly maintaining that the English knew better than to place their wounds in the hands of a British apothecary. Indeed, it occurred to every one present that the French operator must have proved the most valuable in case of need; for he had put into the carriage at least half a pound of lint, a set of splints for fractures, a pair of crutches, two tourniquets, six rollers, an eighteen-tailed bandage, and four sponges, the very sight of which would have made any courage ooze out; he, moreover, on the road, described the various wonders he had performed in gunshot wounds,—slugs cut out of hearts, splinters of shells out of lungs, grape-shot out of eyes, and canister out of heads,—for all of which he had obtained *La croix des braves, nageant dans le sang sur le champ de la victoire*.

At last the party arrived upon the field. There is something somewhat nervous when a combatant casts his eyes upon the ground which may shortly take his measure; Commodus Cannon could not help heaving a deep sigh when he thought of his once tranquil fire-side at Wick-hall, and looked upon his son Corney, of whom he shortly might be bereaved. The fumes of champaign were beginning to evaporate, and leave the brain clear for more sober impressions; but Comte des Oripeaux assisted him to a little cognac: the old gentleman coughed, shook himself, and, stretching out his trembling hand to his son, exclaimed with a faltering voice, which he in vain sought to strengthen, "Corney, my boy, behave like a man—like an Englishman!"

They soon discovered their adversaries: La Tulipe had thrown off his coat, and tied a yellow handkerchief round his head, which, contrasted with his black grisly whiskers and beard, gave him an unearthly appearance: he had stuck four swords in the ground, and was pacing up and down like a warrior of old on the eve of knight-hood; his companion, with a cigar in his mouth, and an old paste-board spy-glass cocked to his eye, was on the look-out for the enemy's approach.

And now sadder thoughts crowded on old Cannon's sensorium, ay, on his very pineal gland, in which portion of the brain Descartes very properly lodged the soul,—a little insignificant gland, oftentimes choked with earthy matter that would check the growth of any good, and, moreover, of no apparent use or benefit to the wearer, in *this world* at least. The triumphant column of Napoleon stood before him,—monument of glory and death, ambition and misery: the day was dark and windy; black clouds were flitting in rapid scuds over the pillar, casting it in gloom, or emitting a faint sun-beam to shed a transient lustre on its destinies; it was now a commemorative record of the Bourbons' return!—in short, the scene around him spoke a very *De profundis*—when he was roused from his absorption by the loud voice of La Tulipe, who, having snatched an enormous sabre out of mother earth's bosom, bellowed out, "*En garde, Jean Bull!*" as he threw himself into a terrific tragic and melodramatic posture,—one and the same thing in the present classic state of the drama. The Dragon of Wantley must have been a mere child's *bugaboo* to him; he would have staggered the very Moore of Moore Hall, despite the "thing on his foot;" no wonder, then, that all the Cannons pointed their countenances at each other, I shall not say in terror,—they came from Shropshire,—but in instinctive amazement. Not so with their friend the Frenchman, Comte des Oripeaux; he drew out his "*lorgnon*," suspended round his neck by a pie-bald chain of black and fair hair, and calmly requested the ferocious gymnasticator to put up his sword and prepare his pistols. The injunction, sternly delivered, acted like magic; the vapouring bully attempted to explain—to discuss the point; talked of *un brave insulté, un soldat Français, le choix des armes*. The Count insisted, M. de la Balafre assured him they had no pistols; the Count persisted, and at last he drew forth from a leathern bag a brace of old *persuaders*,—one of which, from its length, might have been taken for a baby of the Egyptian culverin in the Park,—exclaiming with a shrug of humility, "*Nous n'avons que ça*," which in plain English meant to say, "*We can't afford to shoot people with anything better.*" Now the pride

of England was very properly roused at such a miserable pettifogging subterfuge; for no gentleman can be possibly expected to give satisfaction to any person unable to pay at least five-and-twenty guineas for a pair of Mantons, and Cornelius Cannon felt at that moment such a proper spirit of superiority, that rather than submit to the degrading thought of exposing himself to the muzzle of a vulgar, rusty "marking-iron," that a highwayman's groom in former days would not have carried, he drew himself up like a true-born Briton, opened his splendid case of "Eggs," and, pointing to the highly finished weapons with pride, exclaimed with a becoming contemptuous look, "*Je suis pardessus prendre un mal-propre avantage de cet homme pauvre.*" Now Cornelius meant this in all the warmth of a generous heart, and really intended to call his antagonist a "poor man" without any illiberal allusion to his poverty: but his unfortunate application of the adjective bore a different construction; and, had the pioneer been even poorer than he actually was, he would have prided himself on his rusty old pistol, as much as any gay and gallant cavalier of former days on one of the most elaborate suits of Benvenuto Cellini, and roaring out, "*Vas, chien de boutiqueur; si je n'ai pas d'or, j'ai du plomb.—Sacré Nom!*" he foamed, kicked, and loaded his pistol with such determination and fury, that he seemed resolved to fire away pistol and all; and took his ground.

Cornelius was equally rapid in his movements, scarcely giving time to his father to shake hands with him, perhaps for the last time. The Count was to give the signal of *one, two, three*. By *one*, Commodus had engulfed a draught of brandy; at *two*, he put his hand to his face, and turned his back to the approaching horrible scene; at *three*, a terrific shout followed the report of fire-arms, and Cornelius Cannon was struck with terror, not in beholding himself, but his worthy father and his ferocious antagonist stretched upon the ground.

 SONNET TO FRIENDSHIP.

Ah! who can tell what joy it is to meet
 The friend whom Fate hath sever'd for long years;
 To balance the account of hopes and fears
 With smiles of welcome and endearments sweet,
 That speak in music of life's infancy; to greet
 The pilgrim of the world! while Memory steers
 By Friendship's compass o'er the past, if tears
 Rush to the eyes, if high the bosom beat
 And the voice falter, sympathy is strong,
 And sends its language home unto the heart:
 None else can hear it, but the magic tone
 Is in its silence eloquent; the wrong
 And injuries which we have borne depart,
 The present o'er the mind reigns absolute—alone.

OLD NICHOLAS.

TWO OF A TRADE.

A FRESH Mohamedan, transferred at once from his own country to ours without the intervention of any other land, is a most pleasant object of observation. Every thing to him must be new; language, manners, modes of life, buildings, climate, mode of conveyance, men, women,—every thing must be new. He leaves regions where the face of woman is not permitted to be seen abroad, and where her person stalks about in disguise; and arrives in a country where we need not say how much she is seen. It is as much as his life is worth to be observed talking to her in his own streets; here he finds the sexes in a most promiscuous state. Then, his fellow men are so different to his own countrymen!—here, active, alert, busy; there, inert, passive, and indifferent to every thing but their own individual welfare. He has always been accustomed to sit on the ground; here all are mounted upon chairs. No medium has he ever known between himself and his food but his own fingers; now he must cut, and thrust, and pitchfork it, if he wish to do like the rest of the world. Then, what a world of carriages, carts, and conveyances of every sort,—things he has never seen before! None of his dear camels to greet his eye, none of their philosophical faces and grave motions; all is hurry-scurry, running, pushing, and tearing about, as if no one dared to stop, not even for a moment. He falls into the middle of a multitude as ignorant of him and his belongings as he is of theirs. Every man with a long beard, a turban, and floating robes, is a Turk in their eyes, be he Persian, Tatar, Georgian, or Afghan; be he Syrian, Egyptian, or African. Then, what a host of miseries he has to endure before he settles down into new habits! Here he bids adieu to his beloved sun—that constant friend and promoter of cheerfulness, in lieu of which he inhales an atmosphere denser than the steam of his *hummum*. 'Tis true, if he pleases to be lax, he gets rid of his prayers five times a day, his genuflexions, and dispenses with the prescribed lustrations. But, on the other hand, he has been taught from his infancy to look upon all infidels as unclean; and, when he touches and eats with one, he feels that he is providing for himself much penance and mortification. Then, what does he not undergo concerning his food? Has the chicken he is called upon to eat, bled in the proper way? Has the sheep, of which he is eating the mutton, had its throat cut? Is there no infusion of the unclean beast in his soup? He meets with none of his beloved pillaus, is refreshed by none of his delicious sherbets, and never sees that one source of his comfort, a *chibouk* or a *kalian*! He has to undergo an entirely new education, and must submit to be laughed at, and stared at, and criticised, and cross-questioned from night till morn;—for an Englishman has no compromise to make with his national feelings and prejudices.

We have made these observations because it is our intention to submit a short sketch of matters relating to Orientals, who were in London some seventeen years ago, to the notice of our readers. It so happens that we are acquainted with the gentleman who had the care (the *mehmandar*, as he was called,) of the last Persian embassy to England. He had lived in Persia, was acquainted with the lan-

guage, and had acquired an insight into the manners and customs of the people. It was his good fortune to witness many most amusing scenes during the residence of that embassy in London, which brought into strong contrast the manners of England and of the East. Beginning with the ambassador himself, swelling with his own importance, and with the conviction of the superiority of his own Shah over any other king; and proceeding down to the lowest groom, who eyed every English horse as dirt, compared with his own quadrupeds; he found the task of defeating prejudice and producing subservience as difficult as it was amusing.

The sketch we have to make, is connected with the loves of the barber of his Persian excellency's establishment. The first outbreak of the romance took place one morning when the mehmandar was seated at breakfast in his lodgings, when his servant informed him that a person wished to speak to him. Supposing it to be one of the numerous applicants he was daily in the habit of seeing on business relating to the embassy, he immediately desired him to walk up; but, when the individual appeared, he saw one whom he had never seen before. He was rather an imposing personage to look at, for he was handsomely dressed in a cloak and tassels, and his head was adorned with a glossy wig, adjusted with the greatest precision to a face no longer young. He was in his person an illustration of that often-repeated saying, that there is only one step between the sublime and the ridiculous; for he was a something between George the Fourth and Liston, and he was that step. It was difficult to decide, upon so superficial a survey, to what class of society he belonged. The mehmandar offered him a chair, pressed him to sit, and then requested to know to what he owed the honour of his visit, saying,

"Are you come upon any business in which I can be of use?"

"*Hi ham,*" answered the stranger, "and my name is Slocomb."

By the magic of these profound aspirates he became immediately informed of what he wished to discover, and straightway put himself in an attitude to give a patient hearing to Mr. Slocomb. We will spare the reader Mr. Slocomb's deviations from the usual mode of pronunciation, as well as his variations upon grammar, concluding that he is not too refined to understand our vulgar tongue; we therefore beg of him to take it for granted that wherever an *h*, or a *w*, or a *v*, were to be misplaced, Mr. Slocomb was sure to misplace them.

"May I trouble you to inform me of the object of your visit?" said the mehmandar.

"Sir," said Mr. Slocomb, with a most emphatic look, and endeavouring to fish up from the depths of his understanding an opening sentence, which he intended for dazzling eloquence,—“Sir, I must apologise for intruding upon your valuable time; but, having been informed that you are the gentleman as does for the Persian ambassador, I make bold to unfold my case to you. The object of my visit is a delicate object. You see before you a man who doesn't know which way to turn. I'm a professional man, and in a delicate position, for I am a great perfumer, a first-rate wig-maker, and cuts hair,—that's what I do. I keep a large, respectable, and I may say elegant establishment, in a shop that shows as large and as grand a bow-window as any in London, though I says it. It's a corner house in one of the greatest thoroughfares in the metro-

polis, (and here he named the street,) and I must freely own that I am proud of my premises, and the way they look down both streets, cutting them at right-angles, as one may say."

"Well, sir; but the object of your visit?" said the mehmandar, beginning to show symptoms of impatience.

"I am coming to that, sir," said Mr. Slocomb; "for all this is connected with the main object. I was sitting in my back-room in my usual way, waiting for a head to cut,—for they come in quite promiscuous,—when Mrs. Slocomb was in the shop, and our daughter Nancy all ready dressed to help,—for we like to be genteel both in and out,—when who should come in but one of your Persians with his interpreter, for he told us what the other said. Mrs. S. immediately called out to me, not being up to such rum customers; so, as soon as I came, the interpreter said very civilly that his companion was chief hair-dresser to his excellency, and, seeing that I was one of the craft, had called to see me; and then he looked at some of our soap, of which he said his master was very fond. Well, thinks I, this is a good job if I can be made perfumer to his excellency, and stick his name over my door; so you may believe, sir, how civil I was. I did help him to soap, and I made him smell every cake in the shop, so anxious was I to do the civil thing. He looked at every thing, but particularly at our daughter Nancy; for—although I say it, who should not,—she is as pretty a creature as one would wish to see."

"Ho, ho! a love business, is it?" exclaimed the mehmandar.

"Stop a bit, sir," continued Mr. Slocomb, "and you shall see. Well, sir, he came a second and a third time; and every time he came, although he smelt our soap, yet he looked in fact at our daughter. He could not at first say a word of English, yet he very soon picked up a few phrases; and it is quite surprising, at last, how well he made himself understood. There was one word, however, which he kept constantly saying, which quite overpowered Mrs. S.'s delicacy and made our Nancy look queer, and that was '*belly*;' he was always repeating '*belly, belly*,' until we found out that it was only his way of saying '*yes*' in his own tongue. So he kept for ever coming, until it went from bad to worse, when the neighbours would talk, and Nancy began to look pale; and so, having really smelt the rat, we want to know what to do, for we are at a loss. It won't do to lose a good customer; and, if he is a gentleman and a respectable man in his country, we wouldn't lose a good husband for our daughter. It is as plain as daylight that he is regularly courting the girl; and now, sir, I beg leave to ask you whether you know anything of this man, and whether you would recommend us to encourage his addresses, or on the contrary."

"I tell you what, sir," said the mehmandar, "it is my honest opinion that you had better tie a millstone round your daughter's neck and throw her into the Thames, than allow her to marry any Persian, be he who he may."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the astounded perfumer, almost starting from the ground as these startling words issued from the mehmandar's mouth. "Well, bless me! but that is surprising! What will Mrs. Slocomb say? You surprise me."

"Order your daughter never to see this Persian again, and I'll take care that he shall not molest her more," said the mehmandar.

"I will, sir, I will," said Mr. Slocomb, in much apparent confusion of mind; "but it wouldn't look well to turn away a customer; it's not what we are accustomed to do: but, since you say it, sir,—"

"Why, you wouldn't for a moment place the happiness of your child," said the mehmandar, "in competition with a trifle of gain? Besides, of what possible profit can the purchases of such a miserable fellow as this pennyless Persian barber be to you?"

"Profit, sir!" exclaimed the hair-cutter, "why, he has done nothing else but get articles from us every day he comes. There is not a day that he does not get either soap, or perfumes, or combs; and I can assure you, sir, that he has run up no trifle of a bill with us. He sometimes takes a liking to one thing and sometimes to another; and so day by day he has got ever so many things, for which we have never got anything yet but an orange or a piece of sugar-candy: he one day brought us a live lamb, to our astonishment, and called it '*pickkiss*,'* but I did not see it was a bit better than any common lamb."

"Is it so indeed?" exclaimed the mehmandar; "then I am afraid that you will never hear more of your perfumery and combs. I am afraid he has come the Persian over you."

"Not get paid for my articles!" said Mr. Slocomb; "why, surely his master will be obliged to pay; they can't be such rogues as all that, not to pay for what they have had."

"Well, well," said the mehmandar, "I will make some inquiries, and endeavour to see justice done you. Send me a bill of what they have had, and I will see about it."

"Thank you, sir," said the perfumer, so bewildered that he scarcely knew what he was about; "thank you: then you think that I had best not allow him to see my daughter? You don't perhaps think him a respectable man in his own country?"

"Respectable or not respectable," said the mehmandar, "you surely would not willingly be the cause of making a Mussulman of your daughter, who, I hope, is a good Christian."

"Make a Mussulman of my daughter," inquired the perfumer, laying a stress upon the last syllable; "how can I ever do that?"

"You don't understand me. If she becomes a Persian's wife, she must change her religion, and adopt his; she must believe in Mahomed; you would not wish her to do that."

"No, sir, no," said Mr. Slocomb, "I should not wish that exactly; but it would be a pity after all to lose a good husband for want of a little belief."

"Then, if you place her once in a Persian harem," continued the mehmandar, "you shut her up from the world for ever, and you never know what can happen to her. Her husband may beat, poison her, put her into a sack and drown her, and no one be the wiser for that. You surely would not subject her to such tyranny?"

"No, sir, I don't think that fair;—I'm all for liberty, and I don't see why our Nancy should not have hers as well as any true-born Englishwoman. No, sir, I won't allow it. I'll do what you advise me, provided Mrs. Slocomb agrees." Then, wishing the mehmandar a good morning, he took his leave.

The mehmandar lost no time in sending for Feridun,—for that was the name of the Persian ambassador's dalak, or barber,—that is, who performed the offices of the hot-baths, trimmed his beard, shaved his

* *Peishkesh*, an offering.

head, and dyed his hands, feet, or hair, as such operations became necessary. He was a short, thick-set, animated little fellow, with a lively expression of eye, and cunning painted in every feature. The colloquy that took place was as follows:

"*Selam alek!* (Peace be with you!)" said the mehmandar.

"*Alekem selam!* (Peace be unto you!)" answered the Persian.

"*Bismillah!* (In the name of Allah!) be seated," said the mehmandar.

"May your shadow never be less!" answered Feridun.

"I want to know," said the mehmandar, "whether you are acquainted with a Frank of the name of Slocomb?"

"So-lo-com? Yes," said the Persian, "I know him; he is a barber like myself."

"Is there anything between you?" said the mehmandar, winking his right eye,—“any business, any taking and giving?"

"There is nothing," said Feridun, with a most unmoved countenance. "He is my acquaintance,—my friend."

"Nothing?" said the mehmandar, "no daughter? no love-play? no nothing?"

"What daughter? what love-play? what nothing?" said the other.

"The little man has got a weak one of a daughter, a poor creature, a thing of nothing, who sits in a corner and has no words. I have no business with her. I have no knowledge of her."

"Man!" said the mehmandar, taking up a sterner tone, "by the soul of the ambassador, speak truth! we have heard things."

"By your soul! by the salt of the ambassador! by the tomb of the Prophet! by the name of the Shah!" exclaimed Feridun in a breath, "there is nothing. Solocom is not counted amongst men. He has got one worn-out daughter, without face or countenance, who is nothing. What do you want more? He is a barber, and I am a barber; what is there new in that?"

"This is no child's play! this country is not Persia!" said the mehmandar; "these are English people; their laws are strange laws, and their manners odd manners. The man came here this morning, and asked a great many things. These people are devils in their own right. If you make play with one of their daughters, and then leave her in the lurch, they will divide your head into two bits,—they will make your soul fly out of your body."

"What have I done?" exclaimed the barber, beginning to look alarmed. "I have done nothing, by your own soul, and by that of your father and mother! A man may look at a woman in this country of infidels; there is no harm in that: my eyes are like any other man's eyes."

"What! has there been no love-play?" said the mehmandar. "The man, Slocomb, has been swearing to me that you go to his house daily, that all the world knows that your heart is all day kissing his daughter's feet, and that he talks of marriage, and that the moment will soon come when you must send the marriage *peishkesh*, or present."

"It is a lie from beginning to end!" said Feridun. "I have no word to give to his daughter. I go to his shop because he is a barber like me; and I see soap, razors, and towels, and I try to talk his language."

"What! have there been no presents?" said the mehmandar. "Have you not sent a lamb and sweetmeats?"

"What presents, let me ask? The man does nothing but give me things, and shall I not give him things in return? It is not for the honour of Persia, and of my ambassador, that I should refrain; so I have sent him a miserable lamb, and some melancholy sugarcandy. To this there is nothing to say."

"Did he give you things? Slocomb says he sold them to you. Giving presents is not the custom of this country; do you know what a *bill* means?"

"May the grave of *bill's* father be defiled!" said Feridun. "Wherever I go there is always bill. The man does not know how to live; he first gives me things, and then wants me to pay for them. May the men of such a country have their fathers and mothers grilling in Jehanum!"

"In fine," said the mehmandar, "let me give you one piece of advice. You are a man of understanding,—one word is better than two. Go no more to Mr. Slocomb; never see his daughter again. You know the ambassador, and you also know me. What use is there for saying more? May Khoda take you under his protection!" Upon which the mehmandar dismissed him.

The barber took his leave, and went his way, muttering within his lips, "I'll burn his father, infidel that he is! May his house be ruined! We are Persians; in fine, why should we eat the dirt of these infidels?"

Days passed on, and no more was heard of Mr. Slocomb, his daughter, or of Feridun, until one morning, on going to see the ambassador, the mehmandar found him standing in his dining-room, surrounded by a posse of men and women, and the house in a great state of commotion. The first person he discovered was Mr. Slocomb, standing between his wife and daughter, flourishing a long slip of paper; a fat lawyer-looking man, with a blue bag under his arm, had taken up a position in front: Feridun was standing forward also, whilst the interpreter was making explanations to the ambassador, who looked angry and astonished. As soon as the mehmandar appeared, his excellency turned toward him, and cried out,

"*Biah, biah*, (come, come,) here is a strange to-do! wonderful ashes have fallen upon my head! these men with ruined houses have entirely killed me; I am dead!"

"What news?" said the mehmandar.

"This burnt father," pointing to Feridun, said the ambassador, "has been going about this city of London, marrying one girl after another, and here they all come to take him to prison."

"So, is it!" said the mehmandar.

Upon his appearance everybody simultaneously appealed to him, and the confusion of tongues which ensued may better be imagined than described. The lawyer put in his word with an official, though servile accent. Slocomb was inclined to be vociferous; his sharp-looking spouse threw out a shrill voice in most acidulated accents; the fair Nancy looked pale and lachrymose; Feridun swore by every object sacred to Persians; whilst the ambassador, backed by his numerous suite, all talked to each other, bewailing their unfortunate fates at being so beset by infidels.

"Sir," said the lawyer, "we sue for a breach of promise of marriage."

"Look at this bill," exclaimed Slocomb, "and tell me if this

looks like giving? Who ever gave away a dozen and a half of wash-balls, and six pounds of Windsor soap?"

"Calling himself a gentleman, and a prince too," squeaked out Mrs. Slocomb, "all to get our Nancy from us! It's a crying shame!"

"Hush, mother!" cried Nancy; "for Heaven's sake, hush!"

"*Wullah! Billah!* (by Allah!) they all tell lies!" exclaimed Feridun, extending his hands to his master. "I have done nothing! Why do you treat me thus in this foreign land? Why did you bring us here to be reviled by these Franks?"

"Do you speak thus to me, dog?" exclaimed the ambassador, every hair in his beard distended, and growing livid with rage. "Strike him on the mouth, *sujehim!*" he cried with a loud voice to his men, who rushed forward, and, taking hold of him, pinioned his arms behind his back, whilst one, pulling off his shoe, advanced, and inflicted several blows on his mouth with the iron heel thereof. Upon seeing this, the mehmandar also rushed forward towards the ambassador, and exclaimed,

"Pardon! pardon! he is ignorant of our customs. Let him off, and we will arrange the whole business. This threat is *pooch*,—is stuff and nonsense."

It was long, however, before any one could gain a hearing. The lawyer, the perfumer, his wife and daughter, had not arrived prepared to witness a Persian tumult, and truly it had never before been their fate to witness the outbreak of passion in so dreadful a shape. They all seemed to shrink back within themselves, and keep aloof from the barbarians, afraid lest they too might stand a chance of losing their front teeth.

As soon as the mehmandar had in some measure calmed the ambassador, which he did by persuading him to call for his *kalian*, (or pipe,)—a common custom after an explosion of rage,—and, having seen him bend his steps to the drawing-room, he then accosted Mr. Slocomb, saying,

"How is this, sir? Did not you assure me the last time we met that you would never allow Feridun to enter your doors again, and that you would send me your bill for all the articles you had delivered to him?"

"Hi did, sir," said the perfumer, "and so hi would; but my wife, she wouldn't hear of it, for she said that one man is as good as another, and she didn't see why she was to be done out of a husband for her daughter, although he was a Persian, and wore a beard."

"Hold your tongue!" exclaimed the wife to her husband in an accent more cutting than the east wind, "don't make yourself an ass! I've a right to do with my daughter what I likes! it's nobody's business but mine; but it does not follow that every rascal that comes has a right to do the same. If that fellow there, has made a promise of marriage to my daughter, and refuses to keep it, let him pay for it;—that's the law, isn't it, Mr. Sniggs?"

"It can't be denied," replied the obsequious Sniggs.

"Let me inquire, ma'am," said the mehmandar, "how that promise was made? Your daughter must be well advanced in the knowledge of the Persian language, or her lover in that of English, to be able so soon to make themselves understood upon so delicate a subject."

"Oh, that's easily done!" answered Mrs. Slocomb, with a most

taunting and contemptuous toss of her head. "I promise you, that 's soon done! The dumb, I warrant you, would understand such other on that head,—let alone a Persian, and a nice girl, like our Nancy."

"But, I ask, what did he say when he proposed?" urged the mehmandar.

"Lia, sir!" said Slocomb, "we are caught there!"

"Hold your tongue, fool!" sharply exclaimed Mrs. S. "you know nothing about it. He said, '*Belly, belly!*' which I know means 'yes' in their language, whatever it may mean in ours."

"O ho!" said the mehmandar, "then it was your daughter who proposed, and he said 'yes'; that alters the case very much."

Upon which the lawyer stepped forward to prevent Mrs. Slocomb from saying any thing further, endeavouring to throw the whole case into an official form favourable to his clients; but he only succeeded in raising a second storm, in which mother, daughter, and father took the principal part, and which ended in the usual violent floods of tears, with the allowed portion of hysterics.

It will not be necessary further to increase our narrative of this event than to say, that, by the mehmandar's timely interference, he succeeded in screening the ambassador from the designs of the intriguing attorney,—who had put the perfumer up to this scheme,—in securing to Feridun his freedom and protection from blows, and in satisfying Mr. Slocomb's demands upon the inroads that had been made upon his property.

STANZAS

ON CONTEMPLATING THE HEAVENS AT MIDNIGHT.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

Tell me, ye brightly-burning orbs of night,
 Now shining down on our terrestrial sphere,
 If to your realms the SPIRIT takes its flight
 When it throws off its mortal covering here?—
 Does it take wing and to the skies aspire,
 And breathe forth songs in heaven to some melodious lyre?
 Tell me, fair Moon, that sail'st in æther's space,
 Art thou some world, peopled with creatures free,
 Where sunder'd spirits shall meet face to face,
 Lifting the veil of immortality?—
 Shall we *there* know, ev'n as on earth we're known,
 And shall Affection clasp hearts made again its own?
 Tell me, ye clouds, that o'er the azure heaven
 Float like the streamers of some bridal vest,
 When by the breeze of midnight ye are driven,—
 Say, do ye canopy some place of rest,
 Some peaceful bourn to which the spirit flies
 To join the lost of earth and re-unite its ties?
 Ye cannot answer! and it is not meet
 Such mysteries *should* be solv'd us. Why should man,
 With blinded gaze and travel-wearied feet,
 Attempt to penetrate what angels scan
 With heavenly eyes but dimly?—let him bend,
 Asking what our sense nor sight can comprehend!

ENGLISH COMFORTS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. FRANCIS KOTTENKAMP.

IF you see an Englishman who quits his "blessed island" for the first time, you will certainly believe him when he says, that he is like a fish out of water. If he land sea-sick at Hamburg, and they offer to cover him with a feather-bed, on which he is accustomed only to lie, he will believe with dismay that people sleep in Germany, one over another, like packed herrings. Fresh air is denied him, for he cannot raise up the window as he is accustomed to do. It is with repugnance that he treads the scoured floor of his room, because it is covered with no carpet. He stretches himself uncomfortably on the sofa, for his eye cannot rest upon dark mahogany. At breakfast he sighs after toast; at dinner the plate is not polished well enough, and he has not the pleasure of beholding English plenty and elegance. And then the charming fireside,—which the Englishman always associates with the thought of happy domestic life!—he must, in spite of all inconvenience, constantly leave the door of the stove open in Germany, and now and then cast a glance at it,—to see the fire, as he says.

But, really, one should not find fault with him for this. The most sickly hypochondriac in Germany would be unable to resist the domestic conveniences and comforts of the English, and would wish to acquire by degrees the cheerful tranquillity of the gentleman. It is the same thing with respect to this sensual refinement of conveniency, as with English cookery, of which one may justly say, a person only learns the value of a palate in England; though the depraved taste of a Neapolitan ambassador once found a country insupportable, where there are six hundred kings, (the members of the upper house,) and only one sauce (melted butter).

A love of domestic life is a prominent feature in the character of all northern nations of German origin, but it is more remarkable in the English than in any other. Their climate excludes them from outdoor amusements; the individual pride of their choleric temperament confines their social and familiar intercourse within a narrow circle. In taverns Englishmen sit behind partitions, to avoid contact with unknown persons; in coffee-houses and clubs they are screened by gigantic newspapers; at public amusements (races, &c.) sociability disappears in the crowd; even at dinner, the meridian of life, the conversation not unfrequently flags, and entertainment is sought more from eloquence than discourse. The clubs which, since the beginning of the last century, have superseded the banqueting halls of the Cavaliers and the conventicles of the Puritans, and which from the beginning of the present century have also become more common among the middle classes, present, it is true, an antidote against proud unsociability. But only hear what some Englishmen say: "The clubs are injurious to habits of domestic life; they create the shameful, blameable practice of seeking pleasures abroad, in which the family does not share; promote a love for luxury, play, &c."

In short, in every station and circumstance, home is for an Englishman the centre of pleasure and enjoyment. No wonder that he

here concentrates everything that riches, art, or industry can procure,—not for show, but to relax his mind, or gratify his senses.

Certainly the impression produced on a stranger, who enters an English dwelling for the first time, must be favourable and agreeable. As an Englishman dislikes ornament and gaudiness in his dress, he always studies simplicity in the fitting up of his house, though everything is in the highest degree *recherché*. The never-failing carpet on the floor, of the finest wool, is interwoven with plain but tasteful patterns; the furniture, of polished mahogany, is of an elegant form; and the cushions, well dusted, are fine, though not of a showy colour: the grate and fire-irons are as bright as a looking-glass and without a single spot; the paintings or engravings, suspended to the walls, please the eye without being so numerous as to fatigue it. In everything solidity is combined with fashion: clocks, plate, the metal ornaments of the furniture, are at once massive and fashionable; the latter without the former would be nothing more than frippery: neither agreeable nor genteel. Disorder is, in the opinion of the English, highly uncomfortable; everything has its fixed, its appointed place; order in the proper arrangement of different forms creates an elegant *ensemble*, and when this symmetry is spoiled, it is as bad as overcharged or tasteless ornaments. Cleanliness is the highest comfort of all classes, and from the nobility down to the farmer or artisan the most extreme care is taken to secure it. Prince Puckler found, on an estate, a henhouse so nicely fitted up, that there are many poor people in Ireland, or on the Continent, who would be very glad to have such a dwelling.

One may justly envy the English their comforts, for they appear thereby to acquire a right to ridicule the way of living and arrangements among foreigners. Thus we remember to have seen a caricature with the subscription, "*German comforts*." It represented a German lying at his ease on a feather-bed, smoking out of a long pipe, and reading a dirtily printed newspaper—the Correspondent of Hamburg; and who, for greater convenience, had placed a utensil near his bed, which would frighten a healthy Englishman, if he perceived it in his bed-room. The dislike which the English entertain for the lower classes of Irish is partly caused by the fact, that they disdain to practise *their* principal comfort, cleanliness.

As a matter of course, the comforts of a dwelling-house vary according to rank and the degree of riches. The opulent man adorns the walls of his apartment with works of art, which in general are as well chosen as dearly paid for, and effectually refute an assertion formerly current, that the English were without taste or talent for the fine arts; the fallacy of which, without speaking of Hogarth, has been sufficiently proved by Reynolds, Lawrence, Wilkie, Chantrey. In the letters of a defunct,—the author of which, owing to his love of parks and villas, visited the handsomest country seats of the English nobility,—we only read a description of the pictures, which are there unfortunately concealed from the view of the majority of amateurs; but we are, however, convinced, that it was neither a love of show nor bad taste, but, on the contrary, discernment and knowledge, that presided at the choice of these collections. The poorer classes content themselves with engravings: with copies of the works of Wilkie, Hogarth, or of the portraits of Lawrence, &c. If these be wanting,

the coppers and kitchen utensils, well scoured, and polished as bright as a looking-glass, are placed on shelves, where they agreeably relieve the eye by the contrast they form with the white walls.

Nowhere in Europe is country-life, for all the classes that apply themselves to agriculture, more agreeable than in England. Near that high degree of household comfort, which modern industry has rendered accessible even to the poor, is always to be found the art of embellishing nature, and of profiting by those charming situations which the undulating soil of the happy and fruitful island, traversed by ranges of gentle hills, so frequently offers to heighten rural enjoyment. Thus England became the cradle of an art, which, it is true, has been imitated on the Continent, but never carried to the same extent and perfection it has there attained. The English park is the handsomest garden ever laid out; for, instead of attempting to imitate nature *en étin*, they aim at embellishing it, and profiting by the beauties which already exist. In the pleasure-ground of a rich Englishman, this intention is scarcely perceptible, though every *point de vue* is taken advantage of, to produce an agreeable impression. Attempts to imitate nature by small grottoes, hills and waterfalls, Grecian temples and ruins, appear to John Bull grimace: he would find this as ridiculous as a Cockney who, in Sunday clothes, should attempt to play the gentleman with the subservient air of the counter.

Even the little landed proprietor or the farmer will not entirely exclude this rural comfort from his dwelling. If he has not room enough to lay out a little pleasure-ground, or to plant a grove, he has at least before his door the green plot, the pretty well-mowed bowling-green, the grass of which is so fresh and luxuriant that one seldom sees any like it on the Continent. The traveller will remember with pleasure to have seen many of these well-kept plots, which as he drove rapidly along the high road were pleasing to his eye.

The attachment of the English for these rural comforts is nearly as old as the nation. The feudal lord, in the time of the Plantagenets, was the more anxious to find pleasure in his castle, because his pride made him prefer to live there, rather than at court. The enclosed park, though it then served principally to preserve game and deer, bore some resemblance, by its shady winding paths and numerous fish-ponds, to the modern pleasure-ground. We need only mention the park of Woodstock, or fair Rosamond's bower, as the lays of the middle ages and popular songs describe it. Conveniency in the dwelling-house appears then, as far as it was possible, to have been attained. At least, one must draw that conclusion from the description Prince Puckler gives of Warwick Castle, which is still well preserved in feudal magnificence. The halls and fine furniture of the middle ages there described are far superior to anything of the kind that has been preserved in Germany or France, and the reader is forcibly reminded of the individual facts cited by the historian Hallam to prove the comforts enjoyed in those times in England. It is true that it was different with respect to the North Britons, or Scots. Æneas Sylvius wrote in the fifteenth century, "the merchants at Nurnberg are better lodged than a king of Scotland;" but in the middle ages the Scotch were quite different

from the English, and strongly separated by manners and hostility. —Now if an Englishman has all these comforts combined in his dwelling, he enjoys the highest degree of pleasure, when he sits round the fire with his family; and, even should he not speak a word, it affords him entertainment enough to see the fire. A fireside is to him the ideal of pleasure; when he pronounces that word, he immediately thinks of his family, and the train of ideas puts him in a good humour. The English are indeed, *par excellence*, as they say themselves, the *marrying* nation; they, therefore, find as little fault with the marriage-hunting of their ladies as they do with the careless marriages of their idle poor, and even Pitt was often obliged to submit to the reproaches of the opposition for his bachelor's life: the English are, besides, by the melancholy tincture in their temperament, as much inclined to sentimentality as to spleen. Truly, their family life is an honourable and amiable trait in the national character. Even the coldest Englishman will become cheerful and confiding at the fireside; pride will give way to a well-founded self-respect, heightened by hospitality; unfeigned kindness is shown to every one who is received into the circle round the fire, instead of the reserve which custom, fashion, and national character prescribe in social intercourse. In short, English humour, wit, and sense are seen in their proper light by the blaze of the coal fire, and one may take it for granted, that strangers who have travelled in England and afterwards reviled the nation, never had an opportunity of sitting round a fire with an English family. For the rest, this attachment to domestic life offers a stronger guarantee for morality than the high Anglican church, which is, in some respects, as rotten as the once glorious rotten boroughs.

No wonder that the said fireside is often a favourite theme with which novel-writers connect the descriptions of persons and situations, that have gained so much praise for English literature, though they may be accused sometimes of being too long. Certainly there is no reader who does not experience a pleasurable feeling, on reading Goldsmith's description of his good vicar enthroned near the fireside with his family around him and his little ones on his knee. It would be advisable for foreign novel-writers who place the scene of action in England, not to forget that fireside, when they wish to display their humour, if they be fortunate enough to possess any.

The feeling of the most complete security from the aggressions of policemen or fellow-citizens, as well as a free unconfined will in his house, which is granted to the English by the common law, do not contribute a little to this pleasure; it is indeed not considered as one of the comforts, but their undisturbed enjoyment is thereby assured, and that self-respect which is connected with them is augmented or preserved. Should he be tormented by creditors, he has the agreeable prospect of entering the Fleet, or some other prison, and thus against his will acquiring the rights of the corporation. In the mean time, he may, near his fireside, forget his cares and quietly enjoy his comforts, for no bailiff will dare to enter his dwelling without being let in. If he did so, he might with full right treat him as a housebreaker, and, if he pleased, shoot the unwelcome guest, like a gallant adventurer.

John Bull is not a little proud of the privilege, "My house is

my castle;" and it gives him pleasure to boast of it on every favourable occasion, and practically to demonstrate it before all the world. When Sir Francis Burdett was to be sent to the Tower by order of the House of Commons, and the officer of parliament, to whom admission could not be refused, had not yet appeared, there arose a popular tumult before the house, on which occasion Castlereagh thought it necessary to order some troops out. Sir Francis Burdett, on his side, did himself the pleasure of placing pieces of cannon at the windows and pointing them at the troops, and Castlereagh, on being informed of this, quietly said, "They could not prevent Sir Francis Burdett from doing it."

Unfortunately, the suspicion with which an Englishman views everybody who enters his house, deprives the foreign traveller of much enjoyment; for John Bull does not willingly let anybody cross his threshold who is unknown to him, or who has not been recommended to him, or, in fine, who has not business to transact with him. Thus, the treasures of art which English wealth has collected from all parts of Europe, are shut up from the stranger, who is the more tantalized by the letters of Prince Puckler Muskau, whose station gave him access to them. But even the defunct was once in danger of being treated as a thief, having, to gratify his curiosity, without the knowledge of Lord R—, smuggled himself into his park by bribing the gate-keeper. Another time he was even obliged, to satisfy his passion for parks, to climb over the wall like a gallant poacher.

Though in this way the scale of comforts is so tolerably filled that John could bear his cloudy days and even the defeat of his party, there still remains a comfort, the want of which even in the happiest circumstances would render him very uncomfortable, and destroy all his good-humour; namely, a newspaper with his breakfast. He would rather do without toast with his tea than be deprived of his gigantic morning paper; for a breakfast without a journal is for him an election without an election dinner, or an Irishman without a bull. John Bull does not, it is true, place such implicit faith in that oracle, the press, as Jay's Parisian *badaud*, who kept his bed because he read in the newspapers that he had broken his leg; but, however, he reads them with such conscientiousness, that he does not overlook a letter. He not only wishes to see his political opinion reproduced in them every morning, but he reads with so much the more pleasure the "*Chronique Scandaleuse*" of the town, the less he troubles himself about scandal in society; the more careful and suspicious he is concerning his property, the more he is amused by accounts of robberies, housebreaking, and swindling; though he never risks his money in bets, or gives his wife cause to fear that he should break a leg at a fox-hunt, he never misses reading the interesting sporting intelligence, comprising accounts of hunts, races, cock-fights, &c. Neither does he omit the verses and the fatal accidents, of which regular accounts are sent from the most distant parts of the kingdom, and in which the English take so much interest, that they become as tiresome to the stranger as the importance they attach to the success of a favourite racer on the turf.

Although John Bull may have, besides, a particular whim for the individual comforts, he will feel himself pretty well off with the ones we have described. There are, indeed, some secondary comforts wanting, for instance, a dressing-case for travelling: how-

ever, this belongs rather to the dandy, and the real John Bull can as well do without it as the army could dispense with those store-waggons, laden with hair-brushes, which the soldiers of Soult once captured, but which were probably only intended for a few regiments of dandies and exclusives, such as the Guards, &c. Now, should he feel himself tolerably well off with all those comforts, though he may long for one or two more, he will assume the air of a philosopher, and think, with Goldsmith,

“ Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.”

A DREAM.

THE balm of sleep fell o'er me, and I dreamt—
Oh! 'twas a dear, and sweet, and happy dream!—
I dreamt that I was carried to a land,
A fair and lovely land, round which the sea
Careered in all its wild and lonely grandeur.
There were most sweet retreats and faery walks,
And shady groves, and softly purling streams;
And all throughout resounded to the songs
Of Nature's choristers. The nightingale
With lively carol, the sweet full-toned thrush,
And other fair innumerable songsters,
With dulcet strains of mingled psalmody
Æolian, charmed the listening scene—'twas sweet
As if a Seraph swept the harps of heaven.
Around, the trees waved with their beauteous fruits,—
Pears, peaches, apricots, and juicy plums;
And oranges in aureate clusters hung.
The air was scented with a fragrant balm,
As if from beds of frankincense it drew
Sabæan sweetness. And overhead, the sky
Rolled cloudless.

With ecstasy I wandered
Throughout this lovely paradisaical spot.
How sweet, thought I, to dwell in such a place,
Afar from all the noisy haunts of men!
And, oh! if there were one to dwell with me,—
She, the darling of my hopes!

Scarce the wish
Was uttered, when forth she came to meet me,
Another Eve, in all her maiden beauty.
Oh! she looked lovely, as her fine blue eye
Met mine, and down her alabaster neck
Her golden hair in wavy ringlets hung.
“ And art thou here, my love, and wilt thou stay?
Oh! never, never more we part. The world
To us is nothing now. How sweet to love,
And be beloved! Here in this place we'll dwell;—
Oh, speak! thy words are music to mine ear.”
Her face hung on my bosom, and her eye—
The angel of her soul—pierced to my heart.
I stooped, and on those dewy lips impressed
A long, long kiss. “ Oh! never more we part!”
And as I spoke, all faded from my view;—
The golden light of morning broke the spell,
And I awoke to find such happiness—
A shadowy unsubstantial dream.

ARTISTS AND WORKS OF ART IN ENGLAND.

BY DR. WAGEN, DIRECTOR OF THE PICTURE GALLERY IN BERLIN.

VISIT TO THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

LONDON, 20th May, 1835.—At last I have some notion of the dwelling and mode of life of an English duke.

Provided with two letters of introduction by the kindness of the Duchess of Cumberland and the Princess Louise of Prussia, I waited on the Duke of Sutherland, who received me in the most friendly manner, and conducted me through his palace.

It is distinguished from all others in London by extent, stately proportion, richness of material, and beauty of situation. It was begun by the late Duke of York, under the superintendence of the architect Wyatt, and after his death bought and enlarged by the Marquis of Stafford, the father of the present Duke of Sutherland.

A fine prospect is enjoyed from the windows, of the Green Park on one side, and on the other of St. James's, with its mighty trees, above whose luxuriant foliage rise the towers of Westminster Abbey. The eye turns, however, willingly to the interior of the apartments, where, besides the magnificence of furniture, draperies, and carpets, it finds the nobler enjoyment arising from the contemplation of works of art.

The marble chimney-pieces are adorned sometimes with antique busts and reliefs, sometimes with elegant vases, of various rare kinds of stone, after the most celebrated antiques.

The finest ornaments of the palace, however, are the pictures of the Italian, Flemish, Spanish, and modern English schools; a collection which the duke, one of the richest men in England, is constantly endeavouring to enrich still more.

The gallery, situated in the new story which the present possessor has added to the original building, is lighted from above, and will soon contain all the most valuable of his paintings. The duke in his youth spent some time at the Prussian court, and the numerous portraits of our royal family seem to indicate that he has retained a lively remembrance of the period. Among them is a marble bust of our departed queen, by Rauch, after the monument by the same artist at Charlottenburg.

I had afterwards the honour of being introduced to the duchess, whose uncommon beauty, in the true English style, is heightened by an expression of great intelligence and sweetness of disposition.

Perhaps the most imposing part of the mansion is the staircase. This vast space, which passes through every floor in the house, is admirably lighted by a lantern from above, and by its excellent proportions, by the colouring of the walls, where the *giallo antico* has been most happily imitated, and by the balustrade richly ornamented with gilt bronze, produces a most stately and imposing effect. It reminded me in a most lively manner of the mighty space so frequently met with in the palaces of Genoa.

I will soon write to you more in detail concerning the picture-gallery, to which the kindness of the duke has allowed me daily

access, and I shall then endeavour to give you some idea of the inestimable treasures of art that England has been collecting, especially from the time of the French Revolution to the present day.

BALL AT DEVONSHIRE HOUSE.

I left a party at half-past eleven o'clock to go to a ball at the Duke of Devonshire's, for which I had received a card. The line of carriages was so long that a full hour elapsed before I was able to gain admission. The house was splendidly lighted up, and as I approached I was greeted with ravishing strains of music. The first apartments were so thronged with the *beau monde*, that I had some difficulty in making my way through them.

The duke conversed with me a short time in the most friendly manner, and gave me an invitation to a breakfast at his villa at Chiswick for the 13th.

The quantity of light, almost equalling that of day, and the splendour of the decorations, were worthy of the guests assembled. One small room, whose walls were covered with rose-coloured drapery and looking-glass, and in the midst of which were placed a number of exquisite flowers, filling the air with their fragrance, and delighting the eye by their gay variety of hue, was particularly admired. Its charm was completed by the slender sylph-like forms of the young Englishwomen of the higher classes whom this fashionable ball had attracted in unusual numbers.

Although myself no artist, my long-continued familiarity with their works has accustomed me to view all objects with an artist's eye; and a more glorious opportunity for contemplations of this description than this ball afforded could hardly have been found. I was able to yield myself up to them with less interruption, as there were but few in this vast assemblage to whom I was personally known. I remarked many specimens of distinguished beauty in both sexes—many a living Vandyke, with those delicate regular features, clear, warm, transparent complexion, and fair hair, which he caught so incomparably well.

Still more striking and piquant were many faces of quite southern character, with black hair and strongly-marked brows. These may perhaps be the descendants of the ancient Britons, for the invading Saxon and Norman races were fair. There was one girl whose exquisitely graceful head would have enraptured Guido, and one young man, who appeared to me almost a perfect model of symmetry and beauty; the dark, deep-set, dreaming eyes, the beautifully cut mouth, where a touch of refined sensuality, mingled with a slight expression of melancholy, would have afforded to a Grecian artist the most admirable model for a youthful Bacchus.

As he was very young, and evidently still new to these circles, there was as yet no trace of that self-sufficient consciousness of beauty which so powerfully diminishes its impression. His countenance received a new charm when his glances rested for a long time, with evident pleasure, on a lovely blonde, whose brilliant eyes shone with all the radiant light of youth and joy.

Perhaps you may feel some curiosity to hear the names of some of these beauties; but, for my part, I should as soon have thought of asking the Latin names of the flowers in a garden. I was too

happy in the contemplation of these fairest of the human flowers that bloom upon God's earth ; and these blossoms are unquestionably found in greater perfection in England than in any other country. The cause of superiority is sufficiently obvious. In no other country is the physical education of children from their birth conducted in so rational a manner, and nowhere have I seen so many children blooming in all the luxuriance of perfect health. The greatest regularity in their mode of life, the most simple yet nourishing diet, and a constant exercise in the open air, are the chief points ; and the attention to these is unremitting during the whole period of childhood and youth. One great advantage enjoyed by children in England above those of any other northern country is, that they are not kept half the year in overheated rooms, for the open fires are not liable to the same objections. The close heat of a stove is apt to puff up and bloat the skin of the face : whereas here, as in Italy, the forms are more decided, without being less delicate. To all this may be added, that in the better classes there is no fatiguing employment and seldom any disturbing care to interrupt the tranquil developement of beauty, or shorten its duration. The same plants, under the tendence of a careful gardener, placed in a rich soil, and exposed to all the most beneficent influences of sun and rain, flourish better than when sometimes exposed to the noontide glare, and sometimes beaten by the fury of the storm : the same remark applies to the delicate blossoms of human beauty.

It is a very remarkable fact, that in particular families the old type of a certain character of beauty has maintained itself through a long series of family portraits, whilst at the same time the greater freedom of the English nobility in the choice of their wives prevents it from degenerating into caricature and deformity, as is so often seen in other countries.

You will easily imagine that there was no want of costly and elegant toilettes ; and I could only regret that I had not your feminine* knowledge of the subject, that I might describe them like a true connoisseur. I am afraid also I should scarcely do justice in detail to the costly display at the two buffets, at one of which was the greatest variety of refreshments, while at the other a hot *souper* was served by a numerous and splendid train of attendants. The whole *fête* proved that the Duke of Devonshire has not undeservedly attained his high reputation among the nobility of England for fashion and hospitality.

The exterior of Devonshire House is unpretending ; but it contains extraordinary treasures of art and literature. Besides a very rich collection of pictures, I saw in one of the sitting-rooms a glass case containing a remarkably fine collection of cut stones and medals, five hundred and sixty-four in number. My greatest treat, however, was the sight of the renowned "*Libro di Verità*," which the duke was kind enough to place in my hands and allow me to contemplate at my leisure. It was thus Claude Lorraine denominated a book in which he had made drawings of all the pictures he had ever executed. Since even in his own day his works had obtained a great reputation, it was found that many inferior artists had painted pic-

* The letters from which these extracts are taken are addressed by the author to his wife.

tures in his style, and sold them as genuine Claudes; so that it was found necessary to prove the authenticity of his paintings by a reference to his "Book of Truth." The drawings are in number about two hundred, and upon the back of the first is a paper pasted, with the following words in Claude's own handwriting. I preserve his own orthography.

"*Audi 10 agosto 1677. Ce livre Apartien a moy que je faict durant ma vie. Claudio Gillee Dit le lorains. A Roma ce 23. Aos. 1680.*"

When Claude wrote the last date he was seventy-eight years old, and he died two years afterwards. On the back of every drawing is the number, with his monogram, the place for which the picture was painted, and usually the person by whom it was ordered, and the year; but the "Claudio fecit" is never wanting. According to his will, this book was to remain always the property of his own family; and it was so faithfully kept by his immediate descendants, that all the efforts of the Cardinal d'Estrées, the French ambassador at Rome, to procure it were in vain. His later posterity had so entirely lost all traces of this pious reverence for it, that they sold it for the trivial price of two hundred scudi to a French jeweller, who again sold it in Holland, whence it came into the possession of the Dukes of Devonshire, who have preserved it with due honours. The well-known copies by Barlow, in the work of Boydell, give but a very vague and monotonous representation of these splendid drawings.

The delicacy, ease, and masterly handling of all, from the slightest sketches to those most carefully finished, exceed all description: the latter produce, indeed, all the effect of finished pictures. With the simple material of a pen, and tints of Indian ink, sepia, or bistre, with some white to bring out the lights, every characteristic of sunshine or shade, or the "incense-breathing morn," is perfectly expressed. Most happily has he employed for this purpose the blue tinge of the paper and the warm sepia for the glow of evening. Some are only drawn with a pen, or the principal forms are slightly sketched in pencil, with the great masses of light broadly thrown in with white: the imagination easily fills up the rest.

In one case which the duke opened, I saw stately volumes containing engravings of Marcanton and other scarce masters; but much as I was tempted to look at them, I resisted it, on the principle I laid down for myself on coming to England, to waste no part of my limited time in seeing what I could see on the Continent.

The duke is deeply versed in the old dramatic literature of England; he showed me some volumes of his collection of old plays, which is the richest in the world, and is every year increasing. He is just printing a new catalogue. How earnestly did I wish that Tieck were with me to revel in these treasures!

WINDSOR CASTLE.

(During the late reign.)

By eleven o'clock on the following morning, I was with Lord Howe in his carriage, on our way to Windsor. So many hamlets and villages, formerly at some distance from London, have now become connected with it, that it was long ere we got free of the continued line of houses. In laying out the ground in these suburbs,

the greatest possible care is taken to economise space, so that in the ordinary houses the door is no larger than is just necessary to admit one person; but the houses are all clean, and neatly roofed with slates. Wherever the smallest scrap of ground is seen in front, it is laid out as a little flower-garden; and where even this is wanting, creeping plants, with their pretty blossoms, are generally trained up the walls.

The appearance of such an English village is very pleasing, and these little decorations are sure signs of the general prosperity of the people; for it is not till the necessaries of life have been secured that the desire of obtaining some further pleasure arises. Another proof is afforded by the swarms of handsome, well-fed, rosy-cheeked children whom one sees everywhere enjoying the "*dolce far niente*." This pleasing impression was strengthened by the flourishing appearance of the country, where bright green meadows and rich corn-fields succeed each other.

The swift motion of the well-hung carriage over the smooth road created a very agreeable sensation, increased by the sight of the distant towers of Windsor Castle, among which one was especially conspicuous. As we approached the town, Shakspeare's "*Merry Wives of Windsor*" naturally occurred to me; and the remark of Lord Howe, that the wood through which we were just driving was the same where Shakspeare has tormented Falstaff, rendered the impression still more lively.

At length the carriage stopped before the entrance to the castle, after we had driven five German miles in two hours. The first sight of this edifice is really imposing. From a rocky height commanding the country round for a vast extent, its grey towers and battlements arise in picturesque confusion. It is the very place for the chivalrous kings of old to have held their courts, and looks like the realization of some fantastic dream of the middle ages. A part of it really dates back to those times, the gigantic old tower which I remarked from the distance having, as it is said, been inhabited by William the Conqueror. From a small watch-tower, which appears to grow out of it, the royal standard of England now waves. The castle was much altered and extended in the year 1814, by the architect Sir Geoffry Wyattville; and is certainly the only residence worthy of a King of England,—the ruler of more than one hundred millions of men, if we include the East Indies: for as much as his power and greatness transcend those of ordinary mortals, so does the castle exceed the dwellings of the ordinary children of men, which, in comparison, appear like pigmies. The King and Queen generally pass the greater part of the year here.

As we entered the castle, we met Von Raumer, who, like myself, was waiting to be presented to the Queen. We had to pass through several court-yards before we reached the part of the building inhabited by their majesties; and whilst Lord Howe went in to announce us, we amused ourselves by examining the stately corridor where we were standing, which runs round the interior of a court. The ceiling was of oak, richly wrought in the best style of Gothic architecture, which attained a high degree of perfection in England about the end of the fifteenth century. The walls were adorned with many pictures, among which were some of the best of Canaletti.

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... especially in German,
... from persons in so
... the same manner
... the little great who
... by haughty behaviour.
... which commands a
... the eye glides first on
... of which rises a foun-
... scenery of the park, which
... been dismissed us most gra-
... to accompany us round

... and decorations of the
... and velvet and gold,—were of
... was more interested in the St.
... and the grand meetings of
... finely proportioned, and fitted up
... of carved oak, adorned with
... the genuine effect of richness and
... middle ages. In the smaller saloon,
... meet, are busts of three of the
... of Nelson, in bronze, and of
... Wellington, in marble. As works
... is not considerable.

... that of Prince Rupert and the well-
... is far more valuable, at least to an
... Francis the First to King Henry the
... of Gold. It is the work of Ben-
... of its rich ornaments of figures,
... of the finest specimens existing. It
... resemblance to the finest shield in the col-
... of Prussia. Unfortunately, a very thick
... to the enjoyment of this excellent work

... which particularly attracted my attention, is
... and is intended to serve as a memorial of
... events which closed with the battle of
... the portraits of the sovereigns and other remark-
... executed by the celebrated por-
... by command of King George the
... Francis of Austria is placed on one side, with
... on his right hand, and on the left the Emperor
... Prince Hardenberg and Cardinal Gon-
... Count Nesselrode and Pope Pius the
... the centre is occupied by King George
... the other principal personages are King William the
... the Duke of York and Cambridge, the Duke of Wellington,
... the Archduke Charles, Prince Schwartzenberg,
... and Liverpool, and the old Duke of Cumberland,
... placed here for the sake of symmetry.

... is devoted to the reception of a collec-
... which are not yet all placed. Wherever the walls
... plain whitewash forms a strong and disagreeable
... of splendour that appears everywhere else.

At all events, another colour should have been chosen, as white is extremely unfavourable to the effect of the pictures. The works of one master generally hang together in one room. That containing twenty-one pictures of Van Dyke was to me one of the most interesting of the whole. As a portrait-painter, he was undoubtedly the greatest master of his time. His composition is almost always agreeable, often significant; his attitudes natural and convenient, the drawing of the head and hands refined, and the keeping excellent. To these merits may be added great clearness and warmth of colour, and a free yet delicate handling; so that his portraits are in a high degree elegant and attractive. As he passed the last ten years of his life (1631 to 1641) with little interruption in England, there are nowhere so many of his masterpieces to be met with as in this country.

Another apartment is devoted to Rubens; and there are many fine pictures of the older German and Italian schools: several are said to be by Holbein, with whose name, by the by, they make much too free in England. The half-length picture of Henry the Eighth, for instance, appears to me extremely doubtful; though it is hung so high that it is difficult to form a decided opinion. That of the young king Edward the Sixth is certainly too feeble and unmeaning for Holbein. Even the portrait of his great friend and patron, Thomas Howard Duke of Norfolk, is undoubtedly not genuine. Among some fine pictures of the Italian school are some which appear unworthy of a place in such a collection as that of the King of England.

As we were rather fatigued with the view of so great a number of pictures, we were quite ready to do justice to a *dejeuner à la fourchette*; after which, Lord Howe accompanied us to St. George's Chapel, a Gothic structure of the time of Henry the Seventh; and on coming out we found an elegant open carriage, with two small brown horses, here called ponies, sent by command of the Queen to take us to a cottage belonging to her, situated near the celebrated Virginia Water. The varying sunshine and shower, as we drove swiftly through the noble park, afforded the finest possible variety of light. I shall never forget the exquisite green of the grass and foliage, as the sunshine broke over them while they were still wet from the rain. The eye really revelled in the enchanting beauty of the colour.

At five o'clock we were again on our return to London; and as we had four beautiful horses, we soon saw the metropolis lying like a dark cloud before us. At eleven we went to another* party at Lord Francis Egerton's, still more numerous and splendid than the first. Notwithstanding the spaciousness of the apartments, they were more thronged than was agreeable. When the tame Tyrolese raised their wild song, the company streamed towards them, and left me to enjoy at leisure the contemplation of my beloved pictures. Much as I like the sound of these songs in their native Alps, they always seem to me coarse and screaming in a confined space, and in the presence of an elegant town company. At an early hour I returned home and retired to rest, satisfied with the consciousness of a well-spent day.

* The doctor had on a former occasion enjoyed his lordship's hospitality.

VISIT TO SIR ROBERT PEEL.

June 21.

What a rich and interesting life I lead here! Not a day passes on which my feelings are not excited by the contemplation of exquisite works of art, or by communion with remarkable men.

On leaving Eastlake's, I drove to Sir Robert Peel's house. The site is well chosen; for though situated in the most fashionable part of the town, and close to the House of Commons, the scene of his achievements, it has many of the advantages of rural retirement, and enjoys a delightful view of the Thames.

Sir Robert is a stately man, of prepossessing manners, and highly refined and cultivated. Of his refinement and cultivation I found a striking proof in his tasteful collection of pictures of the Dutch and Flemish schools, a string of faultless pearls; with the eye of a confirmed connoisseur, he knows how to distinguish in each the peculiar merits which make it deserving of a place in such a collection. Such pictures must be seen twice; for surprise and admiration, on first beholding them, are too powerful to allow a tranquil enjoyment. Through a kind word from the Duke of Cambridge, I was afforded this second opportunity; and I will endeavour to give you some idea of the collection. It consists of rather more than sixty pictures; and the manner in which they are placed shows that the owner does not look upon them as mere decorations for his rooms, as is too frequently the case here, but that he is desirous of enjoying each separately, in the true spirit of a lover of the arts.

The room in which this collection is arranged is of an oblong form, with windows at the two extremities, so that the pictures all enjoy the advantages of a strong side light. Every picture is placed in a situation to be seen with perfect convenience, none being hung so high as to remove its beauties from the eye's reach.

First in the list must be mentioned Rubens's celebrated *Chapeau de Paille*. This picture, a half-length portrait, represents a young girl of the Antwerp family of Lunden. The broad brim of a black Spanish beaver hat throws a shadow over the face, which, however, is well seen, owing to the strong sunlight by which the picture is illuminated. This has afforded Rubens an admirable opportunity of showing his skill in the treatment of the *clear obscure*. The painting was formerly known in Belgium under the denomination of "*het Spaansch Hoedje*," which in later times has been changed into its present very incorrect name of *Chapeau de Paille*. The head is painted so *con amore*, and the expression is so beautiful and full of animation, that I can easily believe the tradition which says, when Rubens painted the picture he was in love with the original. He was so attached to it, that he never could be induced to part with it; and even his widow preserved it till her death, when it was purchased by the Lunden family, in whose hands it remained till 1817, when it was sold for sixty thousand francs. At the death of the purchaser it was disposed of by auction to Mr. Nieuwenhuys, for thirty-five thousand nine hundred and seventy Dutch florins. The purchase was made on joint account with two English picture-dealers, by one of whom the painting was offered to George the Fourth, but declined. It was then exhibited in London, and upwards of twenty thousand persons visited the exhibition. In 1823 it was

bought by Sir Robert Peel, who is said to have given three thousand five hundred pounds for it,—the highest price, probably, that ever was paid for a half-length portrait.

There are two other pictures by Rubens; one, a Bacchanal, with eight figures, equal in passion, and depth, and clearness of colouring, to any of his works, but surpassing any I have ever seen in the taste and decorum with which the subject is treated, and in the exquisite beauty of one of the nymphs. After the death of Rubens, this painting was bought by Cardinal Richelieu, and afterwards passed into the hands of Lucien Bonaparte. It was bought by Sir Robert Peel for eleven hundred pounds. The third Rubens is a slight but spirited sketch of the celebrated Lion Hunt in the Dresden Gallery.

Sir Robert possesses likewise two Rembrandts, one a male portrait, the other a landscape. The former is one of the few pictures by that master in which we see united a correct conception, and a fine feeling of nature, with careful industry in the execution.

The collection is particularly rich in pictures of the Dutch school; indeed, there is scarcely one of the most eminent masters of whom a specimen is not found here.

[Dr. Wagen gives a critical catalogue of the paintings composing this beautiful collection, but want of space precludes its insertion here.]

The room in which all these treasures are preserved is one of those constantly inhabited by Sir Robert Peel; so that he and his family contract a daily intimacy with these masterpieces, and, in obedience to the impulse of the moment, may allow their attention to repose upon the picture that more immediately captivates them.

In the room leading to the gallery, Sir Robert called my attention to several full-length portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence, one of whose chief patrons he appears to have been. The Duke of Wellington, Canning, and Huskisson are the most distinguished of the men with whose portraits that of Sir Robert Peel himself is most worthily associated. In every one of the heads you immediately recognise the work of an excellent portrait-painter; but in the general conception of the pictures there is frequently something overstrained, particularly in that of Canning.

CHEQUERED LIFE.

ALAS! how joy and grief are mixed
Through all life's chequered hours!
How piercing thorns are ever fixed
Beneath the loveliest flowers!

As to the wildest words of mirth,
The echoes whisper low;
E'en thus there is no bliss on earth
Without its mocking woe.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. ROBERT HOGG.

POETS and philosophers ever have been, and ever will be, persons of extraordinary appearance: an exterior stamp brands them as a distinct species, and, in the great family of man, severs them from the common herd. A born poet is expected to be lame, rickety, or awry; and should he haply possess the use of his limbs, some organic defect must act as a countervailing infirmity, and mark him from the many. Hence, if he be not half blind, he must occasionally be whole mad; or, at least, if he keep caste, he must affect the one or the other at fit seasons.

Philosophers are different altogether. "Unkempt hair," soiled linen, and a constitutional aversion to soap and water, are the grand requisites which characterise this erudite species of the body politic. No matter to what school the individual appertaineth, a well-shaped garment is his abomination; and to the thorough-bred *savant* "a shocking bad hat" is indispensable as an air-pump.

Generally, poets and philosophers are, after their kind, good and jolly souls. They eschew their potations, eat, drink, and get merry, like ordinary mortals; and, bating an incurable prolixity and desperate attachment to quotation, in every-day society the men pass currently enough.

Two luminaries of the same name, but opposite species, have not long since paid the debt of nature. James Hogg, the shepherd, was extensively known. His native talent, his oddities, and the accidental circumstances which threw him among those who elicited and fostered the rough uncultivated sparklings of his genius, obtained for the Ettrick bard considerable notoriety; while the philosopher, *sui generis*, the more remarkable personage of the twain, sank to the grave "unhonoured and unsung."

Robert, or, as he was more familiarly called, Robin Hogg, was the son of a dissenting minister, and educated for the profession of his father. That he was a man of both talent and acquirements, his subsequent appointment to be assistant astronomer in the observatory of Armagh, with a small country congregation a short distance from the same city, would sufficiently establish. In Cockle Hill, as his meeting-house was named, his ministry commenced and closed: there the noiseless tenor of his way passed on, and to the grave he carried the respect and affections of his people.

Robin's outer man was rather remarkable. He was a stout, burly, plain-looking personage, dressed in black clothes of a very peculiar cut, with a broad-leafed hat, and silver shoe-buckles of large dimensions. His walk was a singular sort of swing; his thumbs were generally inserted in the waistband of his nether habiliment, and, as he rolled along, no stranger would pass on without turning to have a second look at the astronomer.

Robin, like his namesake the bard, was utterly ignorant of the world. His situation as a man of science frequently introduced him into the upper orders of society; but, from his own confessions, Hogg always approached those of higher rank with alarm and distrust, and ever felt a relief when the professional interview had terminated.

With all Hogg's simplicity, he was, in his way, a wag. He could perceive absurdity in others, and slyly, and without suspicion, elicit a laugh at their expense. One very learned lady, whom he met accidentally at a dinner-party, bored the company for an hour with a scientific disquisition touching the virtues of recent discoveries in medicine made by the French chemists, and more than once appealed to Robin, to obtain the accordant opinion of that "learned pundit." Hogg, on being hard pressed, fairly pleaded general ignorance. "Since I have been a man, my lady, I never tasted pill nor powder."

"Indeed, Mr. Hogg! And why, may I ask, have you this dislike to medicine?"

"Why, faith, my lady, I got so much from my mother when a boy, that I never could abide it afterwards."

"Was her treatment simple, Mr. Hogg?"

"Simple enough, my lady. She had but two remedies in the world for every disease incident to man: she gave 'Robin run the hedge' at night, and 'Bog bean' in the morning. One she called 'a striker out,' and the other she named 'a sweetener;' and with four courses in the year which I underwent, no wonder, madam, I dread the appearance of a drug."

The judicious simplicity of Mrs. Hogg's practice of physic produced a general laugh, and the fair empiric never appealed to the astronomer again.

To a very odd exterior, Hogg united a nasal drawl in speaking, and the most imperturbable gravity of countenance. When all were in a roar, Robin never relaxed a muscle. After supper,—his favourite hour for story-telling,—then was he in his richest vein. Generally himself the hero of the tale, the quaintness of his manner was irresistible; and his anecdotes had a poignancy which neither effort nor imitation could produce.

The earliest event in Hogg's life which he deemed worthy of record was his being sent from home to the grammar-school of Armagh. His father's income was too narrow to permit Robin being entered on the establishment, and board and lodging were taken for him at the house of an elderly spinster. But his abode there was short. On the appointed day he presented himself for the inspection of Miss M'Cullagh, and she was pleased to say, that "my behaviour was modest and becoming." Dinner came. A huge roast goose smoked upon the board, and when he had said grace, the antiquated virgin requested Hogg to cut the bird up. Through life Robin was gifted with an excellent appetite; and at seventeen, and after a six-mile walk, he must have been a first-rate trencherman. "I helped her," saith Robin, "to a wing, and I took another and a leg myself. She was but a poor feeder, and I cut off the other leg, with a shaving of the breast. Miss M'Cullagh would eat no more, so I finished what was on the breast, and then picked the pinions and the backbone. This finished the goose, and I rose and returned a blessing. She hardly waited till it was over. "Robin," says she, "I wish you well, but God protect us from such a cormorant! Return to your father, honest man: tell him I would na'tak four times your fee and lend ye. Why, man, if I gave you goose, you would eat me out of house and home within the quarter!—And," he continued, "greatly to my mother's surprise, I was back with her that night for supper."

After finishing his college course, Hogg was ordained, and accepted an invitation to visit a brother divine named Dickey. That visit had nearly proved an unfortunate one.

"I had been with him three days," as Hogg used to narrate it, "preached on the Sabbath, and my sermon gave great satisfaction. Well, after dinner, as the evening was long, Mr. Dickey proposed, when we had taken our punch, that we should ride over to see the colliery; to which I unluckily consented. He had a headstrong horse, and I a mighty bad bridle. Well, we got on pretty well going; but on our return, Dickey's horse ran away, and mine ran after him. The road home was through the town of Ballycastle; and when we got there, we were both galloping as if for life and death. Everybody ran to the doors, and, taking it for granted that we were running a race, the remarks they made were very disagreeable. The old weemen, (as Hogg always pronounced the word,) roared, "Och, man! look at the drunken probationers!" Some called out, 'Dickey, you're bate!' and others shouted, 'Stick him with the spurs, and you 'll win yet!' We never stopped till we reached home, and I thought I would have dropped off with vexation. Mr. Dickey made light of the business; but I was not without my doubts,—and next Sabbath confirmed them.

"We arrived at the meeting-house, and there were the elders assembled before the door. Dickey turned white as a sheet when the oldest man charged us with being drunk on Sunday, and giving cause for scandal, by running races, like merry-andrews. After a long lecture, he said, that, in consequence of our youth, the elders had consented to let us off with a public rebuke. To my surprise, Dickey admitted his offence, and acquiesced willingly; but I declared, that as I was not of their presbytery, they should not pass censure upon me. They would have insisted on it, but I was determined; and it ended in Dickey being rebuked alone. I wondered at his want of spirit, and when worship was over and we were returning home, I charged him with meanness. 'Friend Robin,' says Dickey, 'what you say is very right; and had I been as you were, I might have rebelled too: but the truth is, Brother Hogg, there were four or five wee things against me before; and from having you for a companion, I knew I never would get off so cheap. The rebuke cleared old scores, and all 's off my back, like water off a wild duck.'"

Hogg's ministry seemed never fated to be brilliant. Pulpit eloquence was not among his gifts; and from his quiet charge at Cockle Hill, Robin was never called to any other. Upon his preaching talents Hogg did not plume himself; and, with irresistible *naïveté*, he used thus to recount the failure of his powers of persuasion.

A congregation in his vicinity had lost their teacher, and differed touching the selection of a successor. The parties were pretty equal,—the dispute waxed desperate. War to the knife was declared, and at last the Capulets and Montagues would not even listen to any probationer proposed by the other side. The meeting-house became a bear-garden: all was clamour and discord, and the synod resolved to place the appointment in abeyance, and supply them with placed ministers until their passions might cool down and some compromise be happily effected. Among many others, Hogg was deputed to assist;

and he prepared a sermon with great care, inculcating Christian charity and forbearance.

"Well, I preached it," as he would say, "and, I thought, with considerable effect. Worship being ended, I mounted my horse to ride home. There were two high hedges I had to pass between, and I was just imagining that the parties were reconciled and their call had been unanimous, when a shower of stones flew round me like a flight of sparrows. I galloped off; but, quickly as I went, I could overhear that in whatever else they differed, on one point, at least, each party was agreed; for from both sides of the hedge they united in the same cry, 'To h— with Hogg and his Christian forbearance!'"

Hogg was married, but had no children; and wherever he went, his wife and a confidential servant were always his companions. He often made excursions,—the vehicle a low-backed Irish car, with a huge hamper stuffed with hams, hung beef, roast fowls, and, of course, liquids in due proportion. He stopped when the time for repose approached, and, with patriarchal simplicity, abode there, with his "servant and his hand-maid."

Hitherto we have seen Hogg as a preacher only, but a more curious development of his character will appear; and probably the most remarkable of his singularities was a thorough belief in apparitions. He dreaded spectres mortally, and nothing but urgent business would tempt him to move out after dark. But his situation as assistant astronomer called him frequently to the observatory at unseasonable hours. The building was some distance from his dwelling, and the road lay through an enclosed space, called "The Mall," which, though much frequented in "garish day," was lonely and deserted after sunset. Here Robin might be occasionally encountered by some midnight reveller, preceded by his man John, carrying an immense lamp, whose ample lens flung a wide sheet of light over the common; the astronomer keeping close behind, guarded against cold by a huge wrapping coat, and armed with a rusty broadsword; while "maids who love the moon" fed from the philosopher's lantern, and the nursemaid in alarm closed the window, leaving the dragoon's love-tale half told, who valiantly retreated before "the slave of the lamp," consigning Robin and the comet to perdition.

Although thus professionally exposed to nocturnal encounters with "black spirits and grey," Hogg admitted that he never had a fair and satisfactory interview with aught "shadowy and unreal" but once; and he used thus to narrate the particulars:—

Immediately before the great comet appeared in 1813, Doctor Hamilton the head astronomer, who had been for some time in bad health, declined rapidly, and died. His successor had not been appointed, and the whole duty of watch and ward devolved, consequently, on the minister of Cockle Hill. At last the comet made its *début*, and, as was his wont, honest Robin "came most carefully upon his post" to make his midnight observations. That night he was alone, as he would have given a Jew's eye for a companion. All was silent as the grave,—"not a mouse stirring." Hogg's heart beat fast, and the click of the pendulum beside him fell like a sledge-hammer on an anvil. "When I thought of the poor doctor," quoth

Hogg, "I felt very uneasy: his last hours had been disturbed by uncertainty, and his mind was made very uncomfortable, for he died in great doubt whether the comet's tail was hollow or solid." Other circumstances attended the astronomer's exit from this earthly ball which were more than suspicious, and his favourite telescope disappeared the very night on which he was committed to his kindred clay.

All these things considered, it was no wonder that Hogg felt alarmed. He had to ascend to the top of the building: and to do this, he must pass the door of an apartment constantly occupied by the defunct astronomer. Slowly he mounted the stairs, and on reaching the landing-place, there, by everything sidereal, was the dead doctor standing, *in propria persona*, and the missing telescope snug under his arm!

"Good-night to you, Robin!" says the ghost.

"Ah, then, doctor dear, is that you?"

"In troth it is, Robin," said the spectre.

"I'm greatly afraid, Doctor Hamilton, you're not to say comfortable where you are," muttered Hogg.

"As to that, Robin," says the ghost, "we'll say nothing one way or other. I came to tell you that the tail's boast as a cane; and mind, Robin, that I returned the reflector."

"With that," Hogg used to say, "Doctor Hamilton vanished; and when I looked about, the lost telescope was lying in the corner!"

In general Hogg was extremely obliging, courteous to strangers who visited the observatory, and ready to explain to them the uses of the various instruments. But at times his patience was sorely taxed, and the fair sex, alas! were found occasionally rather troublesome. To one lady he gave mortal offence. It was on an occasion when

"The moist star
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse."

On the morning of this occurrence it was intimated to the philosopher that the observatory would be honoured by a visit from the Primate, accompanied by sundry noble guests. Robin was consequently in a desperate fuss. John brushed his best coat, his wife gave an extra polish to the silver shoe-buckles, and off he started to prepare for the reception of the head of the church. Just then, a maid-servant ran after him, bawling, "Mr. Hogg! Mr. Hogg!"

"I can't stop," returned the astronomer.

"Wait only five minutes," rejoined the spider-brusher, "and my mistress will go with you to the eclipse."

"Go 'long home," replied Robin, "and tell your mistress that to-day I'll have nothing to say to weemen, good nor bad!"

The message was literally delivered, and Hogg to the day of his death remained unforgiven.

As a public personage, the minister of Cockle Hill was equally eccentric. It so happened that Hogg was moderator of the synod of Ulster in the memorable year when the royal visit to Ireland was paid by George the Fourth; and in his official situation he headed a deputation from the Presbyterians of the North, with a congratulatory address to "the best-wigg'd prince in Christendom." On this important errand he travelled to the metropolis on the old car, ac-

accompanied and provisioned as usual; and his unpretending turn-out was seen making its way down Sackville-street among a crowd of splendid equipages, while Hogg, his helpmate, and his man expressed their opinions on all they saw with a simplicity that elicited peals of laughter from persons who occasionally overheard their remarks.

But though the journey had been thus fortunately accomplished, the dangerous portion of the expedition remained to be achieved. The travellers had esteemed themselves "wise in their generation" in coming provisioned, as if the capital had been declared in a state of blockade; but, unhappily, where they should bestow themselves on their arrival had hitherto never cost a thought, and only on entering the city did that thought at last obtrude. As they proceeded, obscure hotels and houses of refreshment, under divers appellations, were tried in vain; and more than once, from the general appearance of the party, the inquiry was supposed an excuse for sinister purposes to gain admission to the hall, and it was plainly hinted that any subsequent attempt at entry should ensure the moderator and his establishment a month's residence on the treadmill, and not cost any of them a sixpence.

Matters now looked gloomy; and, as evening was falling fast, Hogg made a stop at Gresham's. This essay was also unsuccessful; but Robin was neither threatened with the treadmill, nor did the porter call the police. A group of young gentlemen were standing on the broad step, and one entering freely into conversation with the minister of Cockle Hill, learned the purport of his visit.

"And so you are one of a deputation with an address?" he inquired. "Pray, is that good-looking lady and yonder gentleman of the same party?"

Mrs. Hogg blushed like a peony.

"That woman," replied Hogg, "is my wife;" and he added her maiden name for the stranger's satisfaction; "and the boy* is my servant John."

"Nothing, sir, could be more fortunate than my accidentally discovering who you are. You will please to remark yonder house," and he pointed to Bilton's. "That house is set apart for members of the deputations. The front drawing-room with a bed-chamber behind it are fortunately disengaged; and if the noise in the street would not discommode the lady, she will have the best windows in Dublin from which to view the king's *entrée* to-morrow."

"Bless your heart!" responded Mrs. Hogg from the car, "once my head 's down, the world is no trouble to me."

"And as to me," rejoined the astronomer, "provided the charges are moderate, I don't mind noise a brass button."

"Why," said the stranger, "at these times lodgings are of course high. For your apartments, fire and lights included, they will expect probably three-and-sixpence a day."

"Never cobble, Robin dear," interposed the lady from the car.

"We have our own provisions with us," observed Mr. Hogg.

"And all we would want would be a saucepan of potatoes," rejoined the lady.

"Your foresight has been truly fortunate," continued the stranger. "Coals are not to be had at any price, and the cooks have en-

* In Ireland synonymous with *servant*.

tered into a combination : but you, madam, are independent of cooks and coals. When you arrive at the door," continued this kind adviser, "you will find it crowded with idlers: answer no questions, but remove your luggage into the hall; and if the lady would just run up-stairs and secure the apartments at once, it would be all the better."

They separated; and when the astronomer rolled off with his household, the party on Gresham's step burst out into a roar of laughter, and though dinner was announced as ready, they strolled down the street to witness the result of Hogg's attempt on Bilton's.

It was promptly made, and soon over. To reach the scene of action required but the crossing of the street; and in their transit he of Cockle Hill congratulated his helpmate on their good fortune,—who, in return, blessed God that "if the lodgings were dear, the situation was excellent, and they should have at least 'gape-seed' for their money."

The hotel was full from the slates to the cellar, the street before the door crowded with porters, and the outer hall filled with grooms and livery-servants. Never did honest Robin gaze more rapturously on a newly-discovered star than on the name of Bilton, as he read it emblazoned above the porch; while his lady pointed out the front drawing-room to the attendant, and intimated that she should occupy the centre window on the morrow, and thence witness, "proclaimed by trump and drum," the advent of the British king.

The car stopped; none of the porter tribe deigned to notice it. Hogg seized on an old hair-trunk, now nearly bald from age and hard usage, in which the personal effects of the triumvirate (as an Irishman would term it) were combined. John shouldered the hamper; while madame, not oblivious of the gentle stranger's admonition, dashed stoutly past groom and lackey, and, like a leader to a breach, boldly ascended the staircase. None opposed; for none dreamed that a forcible possession was in progress. Alas! like the field of Waterloo, a momentary success in the opening operations only rendered the ultimate discomfiture the more signal!

It may be here proper to observe, that Mrs. Hogg was two feet taller than that height which it has pleased Canova to assign to his celebrated Venus; neither did she boast the roundness of formation with which poets usually depict the favourite cupbearer of the thunderer. She was a thrifty housewife; she travelled as prudent travellers should; and her best garments were consequently deposited in the hairy trunk, and in the safe custody of the astronomer. "Anything," she said, "was good enough for the road;" and hence her costume was neither in cut nor colour in strict accordance with the latest of Ackermann's designs. Flushed with the exercise of the day, and conscious that to her had been intrusted the most decisive part of the combined movements, there was a lofty character in bearing and countenance that might either indicate heroism or insanity. Alas!—as the result will prove, the latter construction was unhappily bestowed upon it.

Safely and unchallenged she reached the landing-place, and the door of the "great chamber" was before her. Voices were heard within, and of course the room was occupied. But a moment's consideration persuaded Mrs. Hogg that these revellers were but transitory guests—wayfarers indulging in a hurried lunch, and she determined to notify her arrival to them in person, and intimate to these "interlopers" that "the real Simon Pure" was below.

Now it unfortunately happened that the families of C—— and H—— had located themselves in that suite of apartments which Bilton's first-floor embraced, and at this moment some dozen of "the noblest of the land" occupied the identical drawing-room which Mrs. Hogg had selected for her especial accommodation. Dinner was over; the dessert upon the table; the servants withdrawn; and, thus favoured by accidental circumstances, the lady of Cockle Hill found herself in undisputed possession of the outworks,—namely, the landing-place. The noble earl and his "fair companie" had drunk an enthusiastic welcome to the Majesty of England; but, scarce had they drained their "draughts of Rhenish down," when the door opened, and in stepped Mrs. Hogg,—not, as they say in Connaught, with a "God save all here!"—but a countenance on which a "notice to quit" seemed luminously impressed!

Great was the astonishment of all parties, and the present possessors and new claimant appeared equally surprised. The astronomer's lady was astounded on discovering the splendid circle into which she had ushered herself without the form of an introduction; while, considering her a maniac who, in the hurry of the royal visit, had eluded her keepers and escaped from an asylum, the ladies testified their dismay by a wild scream, and the gentlemen with "turn her outs!" The bell rang its "loud alarm," and, attracted by the uproar, a score of menials rushed to the rescue of their lords. Hurried as her advance had been, the descent of the moderator's helpmate was infinitely more rapid; and when she reached the hall, she had the satisfaction of witnessing the honest astronomer ejected from the door with an increased velocity from a momentum administered by a lacquey's foot; the hairy trunk and basket bundled after him; John in the custody of the police, and already some steps "*en route*" to the house of correction; a tattered mob hallooing below; and, bitterer still, a titled one enjoying this desperate discomfiture—and from the very windows which, five minutes since, in the pride of her heart, she "had fondly called her own."

But the darkest hour of his evil planet was over, and a deliverer at hand. A passing Samaritan fancied that he recognised the philosopher, as, with the velocity of a shooting-star, he crossed the footway. He looked again; the face was Robin's, and—confirmation strong—the silver buckles were identified. To rescue John from durance, replace trunk and hamper, remount Mrs. Hogg, and extricate the persecuted group from "the common cry of curs," was speedily effected. Once more the astronomer's vehicle was in motion. "The world was all before them where to choose;" and, after "an awful trial,"—as Robin called it,—they obtained a back chamber "two pair up" in Pill-lane, and "rested from their labours."

The year in which Hogg was moderator turned out a season of no common importance. The address to the royal visitor was succeeded by a general convocation of the clergy. Heterodoxy had been creeping into the church, and at a meeting of the synod both its causes and cure were to be considered by that reverend body. Robin had two infirmities that were incurable,—drowsiness, and a dread of thunder. It happened, on the eventful day when Arianism was imputed and denied, that one of the most gifted of the ministry was addressing the crowded meeting. All listened in deep attention except the worthy moderator, who sate in the pulpit rocking himself

to and fro, and pronouncing with a monotonous cadence, "Order! order!" Annoyed at an interruption so ill-timed and unnecessary, the orator stopped suddenly, and requested to know who it was whom the moderator thought disorderly. "Hoot, man!" responded Hogg, "nobody's disorderly at all; but if you don't let me say 'Order! order! I'll surely fall asleep.'"

The business proceeded; but Robin was not destined to witness the termination of the discussion. A dark cloud collected, and the astronomer evinced symptoms of uneasiness. Presently a flash of lightning crossed the windows, succeeded by a peal of thunder. Up sprang the moderator, and, bounding down the pulpit steps, *malgré* all attempts to arrest his flight, he fled from the assembly, and ran at speed to the inn. To proceed without the controlling member of the synod was irregular, and two or three of the ministers and elders were despatched to bring back the refugee. They discovered him ensconced in the cellar; but no inducement or remonstrance could coax him from his den.

"What!" said one of the deputation, "would you desert the pulpit, Brother Hogg, while the great Arian question is debated?"

"I tell you what, Brother Gowdy," replied the astronomer from behind a beer-cask, "if Arius were on one side, and Arminius on the other, I won't quit this cellar till the thunder is over!"

In Robin's death a curious coincidence might be traced to what he termed "his earliest misfortune." The demolition of Miss M'Cullagh's goose produced an eviction from her mansion; and, indubitably, the same unlucky bird shortened his mortal span. He was recovering slowly from severe indisposition when an unlucky cook tempted him to eat stewed giblets at his supper! These an ostrich might have digested; but they proved too much for an astronomer, and honest Robin died a martyr to geese gizzards and dyspepsia.

He lies in Cockle Hill; the same slab covers himself, his helpmate, and his man John; and the grave, "that leveller of rank," did not separate a worthy triad, who wended life's journey in company, and, like contented travellers, wisely took the rough and smooth just as Heaven sent them.

June 1, 1837.

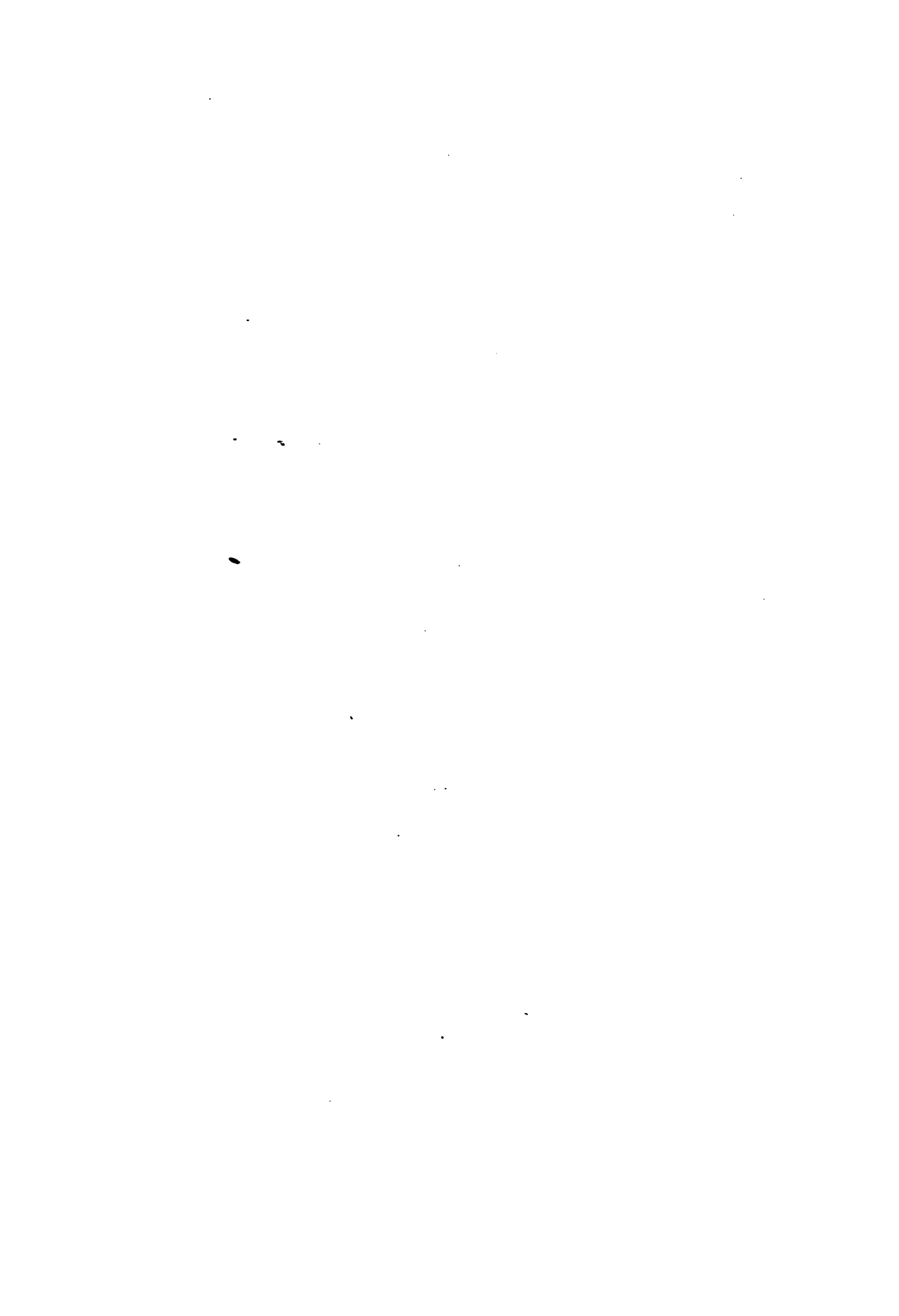
CONCERT EXTRAORDINARY,

During the conflagration of the Royal Exchange, on the 10th of January, 1838.

The men of Braidwood's fire-brigade,
In water to their middles,
With skill and great precision *play'd*
On Arthur Betts's fiddles.

J. S.

Mr. Betts's Musical Instrument Warehouse under the North Piazza was one of the earliest victims to the flames.





George Cruikshank

A practical Joke.

London, Richard Bentley, Feb 7 1, 1836

NIGHTS AT SEA;

Or, Sketches of Naval Life during the War.

BY THE OLD SAILOR.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

No. VII.

THE RUSE—THE DUELLO—NAVAL SPORTSMEN.

DAYLIGHT broke upon the scene as the *Spankaway*, fast closing with the *Hippolito*, was firing blank cartridge from her bow-guns, and the prize returning it from her stern-chasers, to the great scandal of old Savage the boatswain, who swore enough that night to serve the Channel Fleet for a twelvemonth!

The beautiful glow of a bright clear morning!—In what part of the world are the mornings so lovely as in the Mediterranean, when the sun climbs above the verge of the horizon, and gilds the fleecy clouds,—white, edged with gold,—as they sail through the azure vault of heaven? And then to see the vast cities, which fancy pictures as rising from the ocean,—turret, dome and minaret, gorgeous palaces, glowing in the full effulgence of glory, with their pavilion curtains of purple, and crimson, and gold; the dark-blue waters doing homage at their feet. Oh! there is no place like the Mediterranean for witnessing a sunrise. The poet has said,

“Morning is beautiful everywhere.”

But I have witnessed the first beams of the glorious orb as it seemed to emerge from the Atlantic wave, tinging the ocean and the heavens with their glowing hues; I have seen his red and hazy light, lifting heavily from the waters of the Southern Sea, after tracing his course through the night by the rays that spread themselves above the horizon; I have seen his early radiance resting upon the blue tops of the Andes; I have beheld the glistening reflection of his dazzling brilliancy from the icebergs of the North: but I can, from tried experience, declare that nothing surpasses the spectacle which is exhibited in these seas when “he cometh forth as a bridegroom from his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.”

And, as I have already said, the morning of which I am writing was bright and clear. The strangers were made out to be a French frigate, with a large armed ship in company. Up went the national colours of England at the *Spankaway*'s peak, and up went the republican flag in the *Hippolito*, as the British frigate was walking up to her supposed enemy hand over hand.

“Fore-top there!” shouted the captain; and as soon as the usual response, “Ay, ay, sir!” was given, his lordship continued, “Away up and knock the fid out of the fore-to-gall’nt mast. Mr. Savage, sway away upon the mast-rope, sir; and when the fid’s out, lower away handsomely.”

“Ay, ay, my lord,” answered the boatswain aloud, and then mumbled to his mate, “Well, Jack, what can you make on it now?—we shall have to knock the chocks away from the bo’sprit presently, and run it in fore and aft, like a cutter——”

“Bear a hand there forud!” shouted his lordship: “less of the shark’s head, if you please. Are you ready aloft?”

“All ready, my lord,” answered the man in the fore-topmast cross-

trees; "sway away 'pon deck—High enough?" He pulled out the fid. "Lower away."

"Let run the fore-topsel halliards," commanded the captain—"lower away the t'gall'nt mast roundly—clear away the lifts and overhaul them—let fly the starboard foretopsel sheet."

The orders were punctually obeyed; the sails hung in entire confusion,—the top-gallant-mast was struck; and this to the distant ships appeared the effects of the Hippolito's shot. They were nearly alongside: the prize rounded to and sent her broadside, and in a few minutes the heavy firing gave notice to the strangers that a severe engagement had commenced.

"Mr. Savage!" cried his lordship, as the veteran stood wondering what it all could mean, though the merest boy in the ship had guessed the *ruse*.

"Ay, ay, my lord," returned the man of the silver call, walking aft to the quarter-deck in a state bordering upon amazement, or what Jack Sheavehole called "a fit of perplexity."

"Strike the mizen topmast, Mr. Savage," said his lordship, "and have all clear for swaying aloft again."

The veteran stared with astonishment; but he well knew that his only duty was obedience, and in a very short time the heel of the mizen topmast was half-way down the lower mast, the topsail and top-gallant-sail flying in the wind.

"The Frenchman's hove about and standing towards us, sir," hailed a foretopman from aloft.

"Double-shot the starboard guns!" exclaimed his lordship; "round and grape. Mr. Blueblazes! see that every gun on the larboard side is loaded with shot when I give the word. Seymour!" he hailed, "Johnny is running into the trap; be all ready for him."

"D—my owld tarry trowsers! but I sees it all now," uttered the boatswain, slapping his hand vehemently on his thigh. "Well, Jack, it's comical as I didn't diskiver it afore." Then, turning to Mungo Pearl, who was rather unceremoniously showing his mirth before his superiors, "Out o' that, you black angel!" said he. "Does the skipper think the nights are not long enough, but he must ship a double allowance o' darkness to stretch 'em out?"

Broadside upon broadside rattled from the sham combatants, till the Spankaway, apparently first noticing the approaching reinforcement of her opponent, up stick to run away. The Hippolito, however, kept close to her,—the strangers made more sail to join in the affray. Onward came the French frigate; not a sail or a spar touched, not a rope-yarn strained; and she looked beautiful as she glided with her swelling canvass through the clear smooth waters, the republican ensign floating in the breeze, and a long pennant gracefully descending from the main-truck.

The Hippolito had dropped somewhat astern, and as the French ship hailed in passing, they were so close that their yard-arms nearly touched. The French captain knew the ship, and was congratulating himself upon the easy conquest of a British frigate, (for he made sure of jointly capturing the Spankaway,) when, to his utter amazement, down dropped the national colours, up went an English ensign, and rattle came a broadside that made him stagger again; the mizen-mast reeled for a moment, and then, with its whole weight of top hamper, fell over the larboard quarter, the shattered end coming in-board, and knocking away a great part of the wheel. At the same moment the Spankaway

crossed his hawse within excellent range, and poured in a raking fire that quite unsettled his nerves. The impetus he had gained made him rapidly shoot a head of the prize without returning a shot.

Instead of finding two to one in his favour, he found that he had two to one against him. Nevertheless, he tried to redeem his error, and manœuvred and fought his ship well: but he had British skill and British valour to deal with. The odds were fearfully unfavourable: the *Spankaway* had refitted her mizen topmast and fore-top-gallant-mast, and was all ataunto, to the extreme mortification of the unfortunate Frenchman, who *sacréd* everything an inch high, and was ultimately compelled to haul down his colours.

The armed ship had made sail away; but the *Hippolito* went in chase, and, after a three hours' run, brought her back to share the fate of her consort. The prisoners were removed: Mr. Sinnitt was sent with a prize-crew to take charge of the frigate, which proved to be *L'Ethalion*, of thirty-eight guns; and Mr. Winterbottom assumed command of *La Gironde*, of eighteen guns, acting as a transport, and laden with naval stores.

This bold achievement, however, was not accomplished without loss; seven brave fellows were DD* from the *Spankaway's* books, and fifteen were severely wounded; but the sweet craft had done her share for that cruise, and, taking the lead, followed by her prizes, she hauled her wind and stood well out to sea, like a swan with well-fledged cygnets in her train.

In his cabin lay the wounded master, whom the noise of the guns and the smell of the powder had brought back to consciousness. During the action he had been stowed away upon his bedding in the very heart of the cable-tier; but, now the battle was fought and the victory won, his cot resumed its old berth, and his friend the surgeon stood over him, soothing his mind under the mortification of having been absent from the deck during the engagement.

"Well, the devil's children have the devil's luck!" growled the old man. "Another frigate captured, and ould Will hove down, mayhap for a full due, doctor!—hove overboard into Davy Jones's *locker*, with my *chest* stove in!"

"But you must be sensible, master, that your not being at your station was no fault of yours," urged the doctor.

"Why no, messmate; and that's some gloomy satisfaction too!" responded the veteran mournfully: "like the marmaid who had her eye knocked out when they were heaving the lead, it's more my misfortune than my fault."

"Fault!" uttered Lord Eustace as he entered the cabin; "the term is not applicable to the case, doctor. Do you call it a fault to be laid upon a bed of honour?"

"And with such a *glorious* wound too," muttered the old man, assuming a rueful countenance.

"Why, master, you will be crowned with *laurel*!" exclaimed his lordship cheerfully.

"And have a *sick-bay* in prospect for the rest of my days," responded the veteran, writhing with pain. "I hope everything is going on right, my lord, in my department?"

"Make your mind easy on that score, Mr. Parallel," returned the noble seaman; "everything is as it should be: but, to prevent errors, I must be at my station." He quitted the cabin to resume his duties.

* Discharged dead.

And extremely important those duties were. The number of prisoners nearly doubled the crew of the Spankaway; and as Lord Eustace did not like to exercise much severity towards them, there required great vigilance on his part to keep them in subjection.

The captain of L'Ethalion was a very different sort of a personage to Monsieur Citizen Begaud. The latter was a fine-looking man, with regular and handsome features; whereas the former was a little, shrivelled, weazel-faced creature, with eyes like a hawk and a nose like his beak; in fact, the mouth and chin seemed quite superfluous articles, and totally unnecessary to complete the contour of his countenance. The fore part of his head was bald; but he had a devilish-looking long queue behind, that engrossed the whole of his hair. His dress was a mixture of elegance and *sans-culotism*. He wore silk hose on his spindle-shanks, and the fit was so close that it was impossible for him to plead the negro's excuse when he was told, "Sambo, you've got a crooked leg!"—"No, massa, tan little bite you please;—neber hab crooked leg—all de fault ob de d—crooked tocking!" He wore high-heeled shoes, with gold buckles; knee-breeches of a dirty tinge, somewhat between a sandy-grey russet and a fire-stone drab; a scarlet satin embroidered waistcoat, with slashed pockets; and a uniform coat, that an English scarecrow would not have exchanged without a consideration. His cocked-hat was of superlative dimensions, and might upon an emergency have served for a jolly-boat,—and the republican cockade was not the least visible part about it.

"D—my gentility, Jack! I'm saying, who the blazes does he call himself?" uttered old Savage to his veteran mate.

"I'm thinking he's the skipper o' the Cropohs, sir," answered Sheave-hole with a grin of contempt. "God A'mighty cut him out for a monkey, but his mammy would rig him up for a man—and that makes him so d—ly wanting in his outfit."

"I wonder if his mother had any more on 'em like him?" said Joe Nighthead, as he was coiling down a rope.

"You may be sure, not," responded old Jack; "for if she'd had another, she'd have given both on 'em to the pigs.—Well, blow me tight! just see how he scrapes and bows to the governor! I'm blessed if it arn't quite onnatural for a fellow to fling his lower stancheons about arter that fashion."

"His father was a professor of music, anybody may see!" exclaimed Bob Martingal.

"What makes you think so, Bob?" inquired the serjeant of marines: "how can you make it out?"

"Because the ould chap as owns him gave him a couple of German flutes to walk upon," answered Bob.

"And did he walk upon 'em?" asked Sam Slick, the tailor, in the innocence of his heart.

"Why, look at them there things as you'd call legs," responded Bob, "and then ax that question if you can, you lubber!"

This raised the laugh at Sam's expense, and an intimation from the boatswain speedily dismissed him from the forecastle to the waist, his allotted station.

Twilight came again, and the quarter-deck of the Spankaway was crowded with officers of both nations. In the British service, etiquette leaves the weather-side to the sole enjoyment of the captain and the lieutenant of the watch; whilst the midshipmen pace to and fro under

the lee of the foot-rope of the mizen staysail—a very refreshing promenade in a stiff breeze. But the Frenchmen made no distinctions,—captain, lieutenants, and ensigns *de vaisseau* mingled together on terms of equality, and the conversation, usually carried on in under tones so as to be heard only by the individual addressed, was now noisy and vociferous, the prisoners one moment deploring *la fortune de guerre* with the most violent gesticulations, and the next, singing snatches of Parisian songs.

As evening advanced, the numbers diminished. The midshipmen went down to their berth,—that is, those who had the watch below; the French lieutenants accompanied the purser and surgeon to the gun-room, whilst Lord Eustace and Mr. Nugent continued to pace the deck.

“You will have plenty of incident for your book now, Nugent,” said his lordship, as they traversed fore and aft in that peculiar style which becomes a sort of second nature, turning together as if acted upon by the same especial impulse at the same moment of time. He then added in a lower key, “I do not much like these prisoners, Nugent; for, if Lavater is to be relied upon, there are amongst them some of the most desperate cut-throat looking rascals that ever disgraced humanity.”

“I’ll stake my life upon Lavater, my lord,” returned Nugent, smiling. “But Citizen Captain Lamont sets every theoretical principle at defiance.”

“And yet he is a brave man, Nugent,—there cannot be a doubt of his courage,” said his lordship: “in fact, he is a most extraordinary person; for, ugly as he is,—and perhaps you wouldn’t find a greater libel upon the genus *Homo* than Captain Lamont,—yet he either is, or triumphantly affects to be, wholly unconscious of it; for he is unequalled in his devoirs to female beauty, and, to do him justice, there is a fascination in his conversation, and something so engaging in his manners, that he is a general favourite among the ladies. He would make a capital character for you, Nugent, and I’ll relate an anecdote which you may hoist into your book if you like.”

“Many thanks to your lordship,” said the junior lieutenant, now second in command by the absence of his seniors. “Our adventures for the last few days will greatly facilitate my work; and, I flatter myself, the facts embellished by my vivid imagination will do me credit, and be a memorial of our conquests.”

“Right, Nugent,” uttered his lordship with a rather incredulous smile; “but now to my tale. I was in Paris soon after the ratification of peace between the two countries, and my companion was the celebrated Jemmy O’Brien:—you have heard of Jemmy O’Brien, I suppose, Nugent?”

“Am sorry that I am compelled to plead ignorance, my lord,” replied the junior lieutenant with a bow.

“Well then, O’Brien, as you may guess from his name, was a native of Ireland; and when I use the term ‘native,’ I do it to express the most comprehensive meaning of the word. He was a bold, noble-looking fellow, a second Hercules in strength, a perfect Irishman in gallantry, a very dare-devil for a row or a piece of mischief; in short, Jemmy was the boy for anything that promised animal excitement, and as he was an excellent shot, few people cared to thwart him in his humours. Yet, with all this, he was generous to a fault, and never took an illiberal advantage of any soul breathing.

“ One evening we were invited to a grand *assemblée* at Monsieur Talleyrand's, at which the Chief Consul and Josephine, with many who figured in the Revolution, were to be present. We went,—for O'Brien accompanied me,—and certainly the party was very splendid; but amidst the affectation of republican manners it was impossible to avoid detecting those ambitious aspirings to exclusive aristocracy which generally result when national eruptions are subsiding into social order. O'Brien was delighted. His maternal uncle was a general in the French service, whose father had left his country, Scotland, through persecution, when young, and had settled somewhere in France, or, I think, in Cambray, where the general was born, and served in the Army of the North, in which he rose to be *chef de division*. This had rendered the nephew well known and acceptable in the higher circles, and through his medium I was introduced to many eminent individuals with whose history I was already well acquainted.

“ Dressed in the very extreme of Parisian fashion, and surrounded by a circle of beauty which he was delighting with the brilliancy of his repartee and the raciness of his wit, was Citizen Captain Lamont. I observed him very narrowly, for O'Brien had called my attention to him by several anecdotes,—one of which was, that in 1794, having refused to lay aside his title, he was near losing his head for the sake of an empty name; in fact, they were hurrying him to the guillotine, the crowd pressing upon each other in their eagerness, when he arose in the *fiacre*, and, with perfect self-possession and good-humour, advised them ‘to take their time, and not injure one another, as he was in no haste, but would willingly await their leisure.’ This saved him: the mob were tickled with the pleasantry of the thing,—there was a clapping of hands, the *fiacre* was turned round, and Lamont escaped. ‘Do you see yon giant?’ said O'Brien, looking towards a tall, muscular, dark-looking majestic man, gorgeously dressed in green with broad gold lace and embroidery, and decorated with stars and orders: he was nearly seven feet high, stout in proportion, and his olive-coloured face had a terrific appearance from his enormous whiskers and moustache. ‘That is the Marquis Pistazzi,’ continued O'Brien, ‘an Italian, the bully of the *salons*, a professed duellist and— But, halloo! what the powers is the fellow at?’

“ The marquis had been standing near Lamont, occasionally joining in the conversation, and O'Brien's exclamation was caused by seeing the giant catch hold of the little count with one hand and carry him towards the wall of the apartment, where, having removed a large and superb timepiece from a lofty bracket, he quickly enthroned Lamont in its place, leaving him to dangle his heels, to the great amusement of the company, the principal portion of which, especially the females, actually screamed with delight: in fact, it was beyond the power of human control to refrain from laughing at the ridiculous figure the unfortunate Frenchman cut, whilst his antagonist, throwing his huge limbs into the attitude of the bolero, imitated the rattling of the castanets with his fingers and thumbs, as any person would, who wished to amuse an infant.

“ To my surprise, the count retained his position, awkward as it was, with the utmost coolness; indeed, he would have hazarded the breaking of his limbs had he attempted to jump down; but he uttered no invective, and though there was a flashing fierceness in his eyes,—and, no doubt, Nugent, you have perceived how very quick and piercing

they are,—yet he did not give the slightest indication that he was annoyed or alarmed, but rather entered with some degree of glee into the sport that he had excited, and remarked to the marquis, ‘What a capital old nurse you would make.’ This roused the Italian’s ire to fury, and seizing one of the wax-lights, he was about to apply it to the count’s dress, when O’Brien stepped forward: ‘The big blaggaard!’ said he; and, with one fillip of his hand, he sent the candle practising somersets in its progress to the far end of the room.

“The marquis turned short round upon the Irishman, and drawing his sword, made a furious pass at my friend, which he very cleverly avoided by stepping aside, and the glittering weapon was thrust through the *toupée* and enormous head-dress of an antiquated dowager. This rendered the fellow still more infuriated, and before he could extricate his sword, O’Brien dexterously gripped him by the wrist and disarmed him in an instant; he then disengaged the weapon and snapped it across his knee, observing that ‘it was not fit to trust with a man’s life;’ he next lifted the count from his unpleasant situation, and placed him upon his legs. I expected, as a matter of course, that an immediate *rencontre* would take place; but, to my surprise, the little count bowed most politely to the haughty and enraged Italian, and after a few pleasantries, uttered in the most courteous and agreeable manner, to the ladies, recollected another engagement, and expressing the deepest regret at being compelled to leave them, withdrew.

“‘Bah, the baccachs!’* a coward after all,’ said O’Brien contemptuously; ‘but the divel may care! I’m in for it, Eustace, and you must stand my friend.’ ‘Most certainly,’ said I; ‘and the sooner this affair is arranged the better, for, if I am not very much mistaken, that fellow is of a villanous disposition. I hardly expected the count would have sneaked off as he has; but he’s not worth a thought. Will you meet the marquis at once? or shall we drive to the residence of the English Embassy?’ ‘No time like time present,’ replied O’Brien. ‘But how will you get him out?’ inquired I. ‘Och! lave that to me,’ returned O’Brien; ‘maybe I won’t fetch him out o’ that in a minute!’ He passed the marquis, treading heavily on his toes, and as he walked quickly on, he looked over his shoulder at his enemy in a manner that was not to be mistaken. I followed my friend to the carriage; and just before we reached it, the Italian was at our heels. The servant saw us approaching, and opened the door of the carriage: by one common impulse we drew up on each side of the steps, and motioned the marquis to enter. He did so without the slightest hesitation; but he had scarcely passed within the vehicle, when another person darted forward, sprang up the steps with one bound, and, without uttering a word, promptly took his seat facing the Italian: it was Captain Lamont. O’Brien and myself also entered. ‘What place, signor?’ inquired my companion of the marquis. ‘The Hôtel de Montmorenci,’ replied he. The order was given to the servant, and off we dashed at a rattling pace.

“Not a word was spoken till we arrived at the place of our destination, and were ushered into a capacious apartment well lighted up. The domestics were directed to withdraw, and we became aware that a fifth person had entered with us, who, on being questioned as to his appearance, stated that ‘he was present at Monsieur Talleyrand’s when the unpleasant affair took place—had noticed our leaving the room, and, judging that Monsieur le Marquis would require an at-

* Deformed person—a cripple.

tendant, readily volunteered his services.' The officiousness of this gentleman at once broke the ice, and O'Brien stood forth as a principal in the quarrel; but the count, bowing with the most easy grace, exclaimed, 'Non, monsieur! do you think so meanly of me as to suppose I will allow another to occupy my ground?' 'By the powers!' said O'Brien, 'I thought you were—' 'Afraid,' uttered the count, filling up the pause my friend had made. 'Did you imagine that my quiet demeanour was the offspring of fear? You are mistaken: I am no poltroon to flourish my sword before ladies so as to terrify them by gasconade; I would have endured the martyrdom that wretch designed for me without a groan, rather than have alarmed the dear creatures. But allons, monsieur; we have not a moment to lose: Fouché was in the room, and his men will speedily find us out, if they are not now upon our track.' He drew his sword, bent the point with his hand, threw off his coat and sprang out of his shoes: cast a look round the room, and chose his position. A contest arose between Lamont and O'Brien as to which should face their terrible opponent; whilst the latter, taking up a sword that lay upon a couch, addressed a few words to the stranger who had tendered his offices as second, and seemed perfectly indifferent as to which he was to encounter. The Frenchman certainly had the priority, and I was not sorry to see it decided on his side, for I made certain of the impossibility of his surviving against such a giant, and my friend O'Brien, in the event of the marquis becoming victorious, which I did not entertain a doubt of, would have some knowledge of his practice previous to the set-to.

"But I was mistaken: the combatants took their places as appointed by the stranger, who showed himself perfectly conversant with all the rules of the duello. O'Brien was second to the count; and when the principals stood opposite each other, you may form some guess of the amazing and really ridiculous contrast that was presented,—the head of the marquis towering at least two feet, if not more, above that of the diminutive count. Their swords crossed, and grated with that peculiar sound which comes distressingly upon the ear, causing the sensation styled by the old women as 'making the blood run cold;' though it quickens the pulses and clears the sight of the individuals engaged. In a few seconds the weapons clashed together to distract the attention, and the marquis made a vigorous thrust, which would have instantly terminated the affair but for the astonishing quickness and agility of the count, who not only avoided it by a spring like a grasshopper,—for parrying against such violence was out of the question,—but actually, bounding back again to his position, the moment his feet had touched the floor, he wounded his assailant between the ribs.

"The fencing was extremely beautiful and scientific, and I soon discovered that what was wanting to the count in altitude and size was amply atoned for, by skill, coolness, and judgment. Several severe hits had been exchanged; but, whilst those received by the marquis served to irritate and enrage him, the Frenchman, on the other hand, profited by his, and became more cautious and wary. Blood was flowing very freely, still it was impossible to form a correct idea of the result; though I must own that I experienced unpleasant apprehensions for the safety of my little friend.

"The noise of the fracas, as might be expected, excited alarm amongst the people of the hotel, who soon assembled with the police at the door of the room, which they threatened to burst in, if it were not opened to them. The combatants were at this time eyeing each other with pe-

netrating keenness, as if manifesting a determination to bring the contest to an issue before the police could interfere. There was a sternness in their looks, as their swords crossed and blade clashed against blade, plainly showing that each had made himself up for mischief. Thus they watched with eager intent, when the marquis made a feint to throw the count off his guard; but it failed, and the latter, taking immediate advantage of it, would have run his gigantic adversary through the body, but his foot slipping, the point of his sword passed into the fleshy part of the marquis's thigh. The Italian, with a demoniac grin, shortened in his weapon to give Lamont the *coup de mort*; but, in less than an instant—for it passed like a flash of lightning,—the Frenchman had disengaged himself—not by springing back, but by boldly rushing in to his man, and tearing away his sword by sheer muscular power as he darted behind him. Still he did not escape without hurt, for the marquis was not to be foiled; although, happily, as I scarcely need tell you, the wound was not mortal, and was instantly repaid by a lunge in the abdomen before the Italian could recover his guard. In fact, I never saw anything performed with more intrepidity and cleverness in my life.

“At this moment the door was burst in: the gendarmes ran between and separated the opponents; we were all disarmed, and they were about to convey us away into safe custody, when the stranger who had officiated for the marquis took the serjeant aside, and in a few minutes O'Brien and myself were released upon our *parole d'honneur* to appear the next day. The marquis and the count had their wounds dressed, and, under the immediate surveillance of the gendarmes, were conveyed to separate apartments; the whole being arranged by the stranger, who, O'Brien subsequently discovered, by the medium of his uncle, was a chief agent of police under Fouché, who had instructed him to follow us from M. Talleyrand's, and, in the Chief Consul's name, to order the marquis to quit the French territory within twenty-four hours. The agent, however, had received no directions to prevent their fighting, and, being a Corsican, had aided the marquis.

“What further transpired I cannot tell you, as we heard no more of the matter; but if you are curious to ascertain, I make no doubt the Citizen Captain will afford you every information; and here he is to satisfy you.”

The Frenchman advanced with a polite bow, and was addressed by his lordship,—“I was just relating to my young friend here, the cause of our first interview, monsieur.”

“Ha! ha! c'était une affaire très-drôle, milord,” replied he, shrugging his shoulders and laughing.

“And how did it terminate, monsieur?” inquired Lord Eustace. “I quitted Paris a day or two afterwards.”

“Oh, 'twas mere noting, milord,” answered the Frenchman. “De marquis was blessé to confine to his lit,—vat you call couch,—no, bed,—ah, bed, more for one mont, and den he marchez sans tambour for Italye;—moi, seulement tree week; den I ravish des dames wid ma galanterie, and come for my fregate: malheureusement pour moi! never shall be my fregate again!” and he sighed heavily.

“Nugent,” said his lordship, “send down to Mr. Plumstone to go round the decks with a guard, and see that the prisoners are all secure. There must be a picquet kept up throughout the night.”

“Ay, ay, my lord!” responded the lieutenant; and calling to th-

quarter-master, he directed him to request the marine officer's presence upon deck, where the captain's orders were repeated, and punctually obeyed.

Along the mess-berths were ranged the watch below, intermingled with nearly four times the number of men who had so lately fought against them, and who were now receiving a rough but brotherly attention. It is true that here and there Jack eyed his new messmate with a look that indicated suspicion or dislike; nor, if physiognomy is to be considered an index to human passions, were those feelings unmerited, for certainly there were some villanous countenances to be seen amongst the prisoners. The conversations were carried on in a jargon as barbarous and confused as that which terminated the building of Babel: for the French tried to speak English, and the English—not to be behindhand in good feeling—tried to talk French; whilst at intervals some pretender to both languages would attempt a translation, and thereby make matters ten times worse.

On the old spot, just before the foremast on the fore-castle, enjoying the delightful freshness of the evening, were assembled the inveterate yarn-spinners, with a pretty numerous auditory collected round them. But each of the petty officers now had his cutlass by his side and a brace of pistols in his belt by way of precaution, and the look-out men were well armed. At the weather cat-head was our old acquaintance Joe Nighthead, parading with a ship's musket over his shoulder, exposed to the jibes of his messmates, who inquired "when he had last seen Corporal Stunt." Joe, however, took it all with perfect good-humour,—stuck to his text about "King Herod," and "wished he was ashore going a-shooting."

"Ah, you looks like a sporting character!" said Bob Martingal; "but I'm blow'd if I thinks you could hit a hare—unless you fired at a wig."

"I remembers, some years ago," said the captain of the fore-castle, "having a prime bit o' fun in the sporting way. I was a fore-topman in the Plover sloop-of-war as was fitting in Portsmouth harbour, and had charge of the jolly-boat. So, one day the purser axes me whether I'd go with him and the master out a-shooting, just to carry the game and some grub;—I supposes they meant me for a pointer. So, in course, messmates, I says 'Yes,' and away we started; them with a long gun each, and I with powder and shot, and a bread-bag with some biscuit, a piece of beef, and a full bottle of rum. Now, messmates, thinks I, 'Where the devil's the use of going a-sporting without dogs?' and so, going through Oyster-street, I sees a bandy-leg cur as come waddling and barking out of a barber's shop, and I chirps to him like a bird, and throws him a bit of beef, and I'm blessed if he didn't follow me as nat'ral as a child would its daddy, and so I christens him 'Beauty;' and he twinkles his daylight and wags his outrigger abaft, as had onuly a short stump left; and I gives him another piece of beef, and he joins company just as rational as anybody else as was hungry. Presently afterwards I falls in with a larger hanimal as was caulking under the lee of a butcher's shamble;—I thinks he was what they calls the bull breed,—but he was blind of one eye, and precious fine in his scantling, seeing as he showed his ribs through 'em. So I pitches him a piece of beef: for, says I to myself, 'It's best to have a pair on 'em, seeing as mayhap we may go a-hunting afore we gets into port again,'—for, shipmates, as all on you knows, there's never such a thing

telling what may turn up when onest you 're in chace. So, as I said, I pitches him a lump of beef, and 'Yo-hoy!' says I, 'will you haul your wind and go along wi' me?' So he picks up the beef, and winks his one eye at me, as much as to say, 'Don't let my master know, and I'll be under your starn in a minute.'—'All 's well and good,' says I, 'and there 's no more about it.' So I christens him 'Boney,' and coaxes and pats him; and away he dropt into my wake alongside o' Beauty, just as nat'ral as life.

"And a pretty fleet there was of us messmates, as we went sailing along all ship-shape, in three divisions. First, there was Muster Gunter, the master, reg'lar Dutch build, weighing about eighteen stone, and as full of blubber as a sparmacity. By his side was Muster Stork, the purser, as fat as a match, and his legs swelled as thick as tobacco-pipes: he was nearly a fathom in length, and he looked for all the world as if his mother had stretched him out like a thread-paper that his figure might keep tally with his name. These two, with their guns over their shoulders, formed the wan division. Then there was me, Bill Thompson, made the centre division; and the two hanimals, Boney and Beauty, brought up the rear. So away we goes into the fields,—where I hadn't been for many a long day—no, not since I was a younker and went birds'-nesting. Howsomever, away we went, and every now and then the guns went bang! but we couldn't never see no game whatsomever to pick up; so I sarches along in the dykes, and the dogs follows me; and, being out of sight of the officers, I sarves out the rum in fair drams atwixt myself and the hanimals, seeing as we had most of the work to do."

"You don't mean to say, Bill, that you gave the dogs the rum?" said the sergeant of marines, who stood leaning against the mast.

"But I do, though!" responded Bill somewhat angrily. "Do you think I'd cheat a messmate? for I baled 'em out full measures, and axed 'em to take it, and if they wouldn't, why then in good right as belonging to the same mess, it was mine; and so, every time as I took a nip myself, in course I sarved it out to them. I defy any messmate as ever I had, to say I ever wronged him!"

"I'm satisfied, Bill," said the sergeant of marines, laughing; "such messmates, when they pipe to grog, would be convenient every day.—But go on, my boy!"

"Well, shipmates," continued Bill, "d—the thing could we find, though both the purser and master swore they'd hit everything they'd fired at; and, being cowld, I got behind a haystack with the hanimals, and fell foul of the beef and bread, whilst the officers were sarching for hares, and rabbits, and pheasants, and ducks, and partridges; and a precious lot on 'em they shot, ounly the creaturs couldn't be found. At last the grub was all gone, and we'd emptied the bottle; so I made convenient to drop the bag as we were crossing some stubble to join the rest of the fleet; and then I got a blowing-up for my carelessness, and they swore I was drunk,—as if one bottle of rum was likely to tosticate three on us. But they were cowld and hungry, and so we bore up for a snug village; where we got into a capital roadstead, and the master ordered a fresh supply of provisions,—eggs and bacon, and roast pork, with a glorious mixing of hot flip and ale, and brandy pawney. So the officers dines by theirsels, in course, in one room; and we—that 's me, and Boney, and Beauty—pipes to dinner in another; and so I makes each on 'em sit up at table all messmate-like, and sarves out the grub

reg'lar fair and square, and offers 'em the suction as I did afore, and, as they wouldn't stow it away, I was compelled to take their share and my own too. And a jovial time we had of it! we lived like fighting-cocks, and Boney wink'd his one eye and Beauty wagged his stump as I drank 'Better times to us!' and the lubbers in the galley laughed, and there was a precious shindy.

"Arter a good tuck-out, and hoisting in a proper allowance o' strong flip, the master would go out and try his luck with the gun again; so away we went: and I'm blessed if I didn't see plenty of game,—for every sparrow looked to me as big as a turkey-cock; but, somehow or other, they all got away. At last says Muster Gunter, says he, 'Hould on, Thompson; there's a fine hare!' And sure enough there was someut upon a ridge near the middle of the field as looked werry much like it; though Muster Stork, who was more aloft than we, swore it was no such thing. Howsomever, the master would let fly at it, and sartinly he knocked it over between the ridges dead enough; but whilst we were going towards the place, we hears the terriblest rumpus behind, and I'm blessed if there warn't a bull coming up astarn within a few fathoms of us! his spanker-boom rigged straight out abaft, and his bow-chasers pointed towards ould Muster Gunter. 'Run, master, run!' shouts the purser, making sail away, and trusting to the length of his heels. 'Run, your honour!' says I, 'or else I'm d— if he don't mean boarding on you!' And so the ould man starts, and carries on a taut press; and I tries by sending a shot at the hanimal to draw him off the chase. Well, he hauls his wind for an instant; but, seeing there wur three on us in the centre and rear division, he ups stick again, and cracks on arter the master, who luckily had got a start through the diversion I had made, and reached the hedge leading into the next field; but he couldn't get through, for the passage was choked by one of them yarn-winch stiles, and he got jammed hard and fast in the middle of it just as the bull was coming to close quarters.

"'Hurrah, messmates!' says I to the two dogs. 'Hurrah, Boney! hurrah, Beauty! bear down to the rescue!' And so off we set, the hanimals understanding me all the same as nat'ral-born Christens; so that just as the bull was going to sky Muster Gunter up like a ha'penny for heads or tails, Boney seizes him by the nose and pins him down, whilst Beauty catches hould of his neck. 'And that's my darlings!' says I; 'they're reg'lar hunters; nothing comes amiss to 'em, from a cockroach to a buffalo!' Well, shipmates, at that very momentum,—the master stuck hard and fast, and the bull repelling the boarding-party,—up comes a gang of liberty-boys from the ould Rattlesnake, as was lying next hulk to ours, who had come out for a country-cruise, and we soon drove the bull off, with the help of Boney and Beauty; and having got the master out of limbo by rousing down the stancheon, we look'd out for the purser; but, like the game they'd shot, he warn't nowhere to be seen, till at last we diskivered a pair of heels sticking out of a hedge, and I'm blowed if they warn't Muster Stork's! He'd taken a run to jump over, thinking the hanimal's horns were in his starn; had made a bit of a slip, and come down head-foremost on to the top of the hedge, burying his head and shoulders in the bushes, and jamming his arms like Jackson so as he had no manner o' use on 'em: and there he stuck, with his legs spread out, looking for all the world like the letter Y, or more like the Shears beacon in the Swin.—Well, arter a good deal o' trouble and man-handling we roused him out o' that, and set him on eend all ataunto, except his figure-head, which had got d—ly

mauled amongst the brambles. But the master would go for the hare he had shot, and so we all made sail along with him to the place; and when we got there, he lifts it up from atwixt the ridges—and what do you think it was, shipmates? Well, then, I'm blowed if it warn't the bread-bag as I'd dropped there afore dinner! and the shot had knocked the rum-bottle all to shivers, so that me and my messmates were saved from blame in regard of the stuff being gone."

A general laugh followed this announcement, which brought a command from the quarter-deck for "less noise, and a better look-out on the fokstle!"

"Well, shipmates," continued Bill, as soon as the usual "Ay, ay, my lord!" had been given, "away we sherried with the master's hare, shaping our course for the public-house; and if we didn't have a jovial sheave-o for the rest of the day, then nobody never had a jovial sheave-o in their lives: and Boney and Beauty were treated to the best the place could afford, and if they're alive now, they arn't forgot no more nor me, the day we went out a-shooting."

THE THREE DAMSELS.

THREE damsels looked down from the castle tower

That frowned o'er the winding vale,
Where, borne on his steed of matchless breed,
Rode their sire in knightly mail.

"And welcome, Sir Father! and welcome," they cried,
"To thy daughters, who long for thy coming have sighed!
Oh, say, what gifts dost thou bring?"

"On thee thy fond father hath thought to-day,
My fair girl in yellow drest;
For dear to thy heart is the toilet's art,
And jewels and gems please thee best.
So take thou this chain of ruddy gold;
I won it in fight from a gallant bold,
And that gallant bold I slew!"

The damsel hath flung that glittering chain
Her swan-like neck around;
And she sought out the spot where the gallant slain
All drenched in his gore she found.
"Oh, shame, that a knight like a knave should lie
The scorn and the scoff of each vulgar eye!
Hath my loved one no resting-place?"

And his ghastly corpse in her arms she bore
To the ground that the priests had blest;
And she murmured a prayer as she laid him there
In the tomb where her fathers rest.
And close round her neck the chain she drew
Till the last breath of life from her bosom flew,
And she slumbered by him she loved!

Two damsels looked down from the castle tower
That frowned o'er the winding vale,
Where, borne on his steed of matchless breed,
Rode their sire in knightly mail.

"And welcome, Sir Father! and welcome," they cried,
"To thy daughters, who long for thy coming have sighed!
Oh, say, what gifts dost thou bring?"

“On thee thy fond father hath thought to-day,
 My fair girl that in green art drest ;
 For dearly thou lovest to greenwood to stray,
 And the chase ever joys thee best.
 Then take thou this javelin, my venturous child ;
 I won it in fight from the hunter wild,
 And the hunter wild I slew !”

The javelin she took from her father's hand,
 Then roamed to the greenwood away ;
 But the horn that she wound gave a dirge-like sound,
 'Stead of hunter's roundelay :
 And she saw 'neath a willow-tree's mournful shade
 The youth of her heart in deep sleep laid,—
 The deep, deep sleep of death !

“ Oh, true to the faith that I plighted, I come
 To our trysting-place, loved one, to thee !”
 And quick in her heart hath she buried the dart,
 And sunk her beneath the tree.
 And o'er the two fond ones sweet flow'rets spring,
 And the birds of the forest at summer-tide sing
 The lovers' lullaby !

One damsel looked down from the castle tower
 That frowned o'er the winding vale,
 Where, borne on his steed of matchless breed,
 Rode her sire in knightly mail.
 “ And welcome, Sir Father ! and welcome,” she cried,
 “ To thy daughter, who long for thy coming hath sighed !
 Oh, say, what gift dost thou bring ?”

“ Nay, think not thy sire hath forgotten thee,
 My fair girl that in white art drest ;
 For dearer than gems are the soft flowers to thee,
 And the gardens e'er joy thee best.
 From the gardener so skilled, for my darling one,
 This flow'ret, than silver far fairer, I won,
 And the gardener so skilled I slew !”

“ And hast thou then slain that gardener so skilled,—
 That gardener so skilled hast thou slain ?
 My flowers did he rear with a father's care—
 Now they never will bloom again !
 And he swore to his loved one, no fairer flower
 E'er blushed 'midst the beauties of Flora's bower
 Than the flow'ret he nurtured for me !”

Then next to her bosom so gentle she laid
 The flow'ret her father had given ;
 And forth to the garden she dolefully strayed,—
 That garden her home and her heaven !
 There a small mound freshly raised she descried,
 And the lilies, like mourners, were drooping beside ;
 And she sunk on that freshly-raised mound !

“ Oh, could I but do as my sisters have done,—
 But die as my sisters have died !—
 But my delicate flower to wound hath no power,
 And death at its hands is denied !”
 Like the flower that she gazed on, so wan and pale,
 Did she breathe out her life to the passing gale ;—
 Like her flower did she fade and die !

ONE OF MANY TALES.

BY A NEGLECTED OPERATIVE.

SIR,—It was not until I had ascertained beyond all dispute that there are publications both ready and able to defend retiring merit, and to exhibit in their true light all instances of neglect, and cruelty, and persecution, which may be properly brought forward, that I resolved on sending you a sketch of *my* case. You are probably well aware that in an early number of a popular magazine a full statement will be given of the proceedings of the Custom-house officer who insisted on searching the *trunk* of an elephant recently imported, and actually did turn it inside out, urging that he was fully authorised so to do, and was but acting up to the *letter* of his instructions. So, however, it is; and the knowledge of this circumstance having reached the ears of the editor, he has most benevolently determined to expose the officer, vindicate the beast, and have his disarranged trunk set to rights, and returned; and you, sir, will, I am sure, feel sufficiently for me, when you have fully perused *my* knotty statement, to bring it before the notice of a sympathising public.

Talent and merit are indeed often allowed to wither in obscurity for want of a discriminating and fostering patron; but it is not often that an active and unflinching servant of the crown, whose capabilities are known, and whose efficiency has been for years exhibited and valued both at home and abroad, is, while in the full vigour of his powers, left neglected and unpensioned. The foremost in the fight, the unflinching advocate of military and naval discipline, the tried friend, and steady supporter, and constant advocate of every officer in both services, I have *worked* my way into notoriety, and have been invariably looked on with the most profound veneration, though sometimes it has been my misfortune to fall into rough and unskilful hands. But, while I have been constantly *held up* as a most *striking example* of all that was required in my situation,—while I have never been suspected, much less accused, of imbecility, of cowardice, of unfitness in any way whatever for the station I have long occupied,—I find myself day by day more neglected, and called every week of my existence into less active operation. I am, sir, already little better than laid on the shelf. I am spoken of with indifference bordering on contempt, by very many who I believed would to their dying day have borne the most indelible impressions of my exertions on their behalf; men, sir, who have received my favours unseen, for whom I have laboured when they were unable to tell from whom the benefit came, these very beings are the first and the most active in the conduct of which I complain. And this is a hard case; it is, however, mine. Redress in some shape I must have! An ample restitution I can never expect! for even, were Jupiter himself to make a general auction of Olympus, and pay me over the proceeds, I doubt greatly if they would satisfy my claims. I have many, very many cutting tales to bring forward, any one of which would, I am sure, sir, produce on your readers the most sensible effects, as they already have done on all who have practically perused their startling conclusions.

Will you, sir, devote a few pages to a hasty statement of some particulars, and assist me in the recovery of that station which I have

long occupied ; and which, without arrogance be it written, I am yet both as able and as willing to fill as in my earlier and happier days ?

It will be sufficient for me to state, that my very earliest recollections are of bloodshed and of warfare ; and, having been inured from my first existence to scenes such as these, I am not reluctant to confess that I entered on them with the greatest readiness, and never felt so happy as when in full employment. And, sir, be it known to you, although I speak of myself as being yet in full vigour, that I have seen as much service both afloat and ashore as any one of my own standing. I was present on board the admiral's ship, the ship of the immortal Nelson, on the never-to-be-forgotten First of August, in the Bay of Aboukir ; and during the whole of that dangerous and glorious conflict did I remain at my *post*, exhibiting no symptoms of fear, although at one moment I was within a hair's breadth of annihilation, for a cannon-shot actually carried away a very long tail,—and tails were then generally worn by our jolly tars. This, I felt, could be easily replaced ; and so it was, thanks to the boatswain ! I was with the *Hero* of the Nile during the whole of his cruising in the Mediterranean ; and was by many of the captains and officers on that station continually pointed out to the men, and praised as a most efficient disciplinarian ; and numerous indeed were the results produced by my active and powerful operations. Indeed, during the later years of Nelson's life I was almost invariably on board his ship ; nor did I quit it until his remains were brought to England, and consigned to their stately and final resting-place amidst all the pomp, and pride, and circumstance which a grateful and bereaved nation could bestow. But, sir, upon this occasion I was not allowed to form a part of the mournful pageant ; although others much younger, and of much less experience than myself, were there.

But it is not my intention to inflict on your readers a wearying detail of my varied services : it is, however, necessary to state that I went through the whole Peninsular campaign ; and my having been engaged both afloat and ashore must convince the most sceptical that my services were not held unimportant by the powers of those days. I do not hesitate to appeal to his Grace the Duke of Wellington for a confirmation of the truth of my assertion. My interference was on very many occasions commanded by his Grace personally ; and in no one instance during that lengthened and stirring warfare had I any reason to believe that my duties had been inefficiently performed. At Vimeira, at Corunna, Talavera, Busaco, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, and Vittoria, I was in attendance, and, as you will believe, got my share of rubs and blows. Often, indeed, when in the thick of the fight, did I think and fear that I should become so mutilated in appearance, and so broken in constitution, as to be rendered unfit for further service ; but the kind and sympathising watchfulness of my friends, who viewed me with parental fondness, strengthening my weakness, binding up my fractures, and day by day restoring me as my necessities and their abilities prompted, carried me safely through these, the most arduous of all the varied scenes in which I have hitherto engaged.

Since the conclusion of the war, it has pleased the authorities to employ me very considerably at home ; and the various barracks and depôts scattered through the country can each and all of them bear

testimony to my visitations. I have, therefore, in some branch of my profession been for very many years an active servant. There is, indeed, scarcely an individual in the army or in the navy with whom I have not in one way or other been brought into contact. With many my acquaintance has been intimate, and my connexion has been very close; with more I have been rather an acquaintance of the eye than of the heart; but, of all with whom I ever became familiar, no one has yet turned his back on me without having had the most sensible evidences of the temerity of his conduct. Now it is, sir, that in this weak piping time of peace, the services are venturing to speak disrespectfully of me; they view my operations as over, and therefore speak of them lightly; they only look to my future uselessness, and are quite unmindful of my past efficacy. I am, it is true, at this moment without employment, and without pension,—neglected: in fact superseded,—and all from an idle prejudice, a paltry affectation of sensibility, which is suddenly upraised against me, and allowed to outstrip years of devoted labour. If you, sir, have individually been brought within the sphere of my more immediate application, I am sure that, even to the present day, you must bear about you the most lively evidences of my operations. There are, indeed, but few who have been under my discipline without receiving the most striking proofs of my prowess. On the young and on the old, in the camp, in the barrack-yard, and on the deck, I have constantly been called into service; and each and all by whom my services have been received, have borne for ever after the most permanent memorials of my interference.

It is this justifiable and prudent pride which renders my situation the more painful. Had I been useless, I might have been forgotten; had I made no lasting impressions on those with whom I have dealt, I might merit the oblivion into which I am daily hastening; but I have been active, energetic, influential, known in every climate and in every camp, and therefore it is past my powers of endurance to groan any longer in silence beneath the oppressive neglect and cruel sarcasm with which I am treated. The men before the mast, and the rank and file of every regiment, are one and all arrayed against me; they have taken a cowardly and unmanly dislike to my measures, and will no longer give their shoulders to the support of my arguments. These very men, many of whom I have officially attended through the fleet as well as in the camp, who have received from me more than ever they received from mortal man, who are even to the present instant sensibly alive to my startling advice and stinging remonstrances,—even these, one and all, seem determined to cut me to pieces, and to destroy me inch by inch. Is this to be endured? Shall I remain longer a silent sufferer, unaided and neglected, when so many other officials are in full operation, and in the hourly hope of promotion? No, sir, I cannot, I will not bear it longer!

I am, however, in common gratitude to the late secretary at war, bound to state, that, upon a full review of my tales, he was disposed to render me his assistance, and that he did espouse my cause when it was brought under the consideration of the House of Commons. I thank him for his patriotic and benevolent exertions, and will, at any future time, should an opportunity offer, give him a more sensible proof of my qualifications than any he has yet indi-

vidually felt. He did not, however, state one fact, which will, I know, appear altogether incredible to many of your readers, which is this,—that I have actually been, for a very long period, firmly lashed to an unmoved log of wood, from which it is utterly impossible for me to get free. Many have shed tears at the sight of me; some men have even died in consequence of my having been brought into their presence; and one and all who have felt the full weight of my impositions have never ceased to think upon me with the most unequivocal sensations. There are, also, many,—and it is a debt of which I must acquit myself,—there are, sir, I say, many, and those too general officers, to whom I owe my grateful acknowledgments for the kind feelings with which they have had me taken in hand occasionally; although, even by them, I have been only brought to the back of the rank and file: anything is, however, a relief from my present obscurity. I have long borne my sorrows in silence. My *waleings* are not loud, but deep; but, through your assistance, I hope and expect relief, for I am now in such a state, so worn, so tattered, so forgotten, that I would rather submit even to decimation than to the prolongation of my present passive endurance. Sir, if I had not the qualities of a cat, I should have been out of being very long ago.

Under your kind patronage my now hopeless case may possibly be improved. Your influential interference may perchance assist me to my old station; I may once more re-exert my weighty influence; I may become not only a member of, but really and truly, the *United Service Club* itself; and, should such be the case, believe me, sir, you shall at all times command the unflinching services, whether required by yourself personally, or by any of your acquaintance, of

Yours, to command,

CAT-O'-NINE-TAILS.

SONNET IN A CHURCHYARD.

I STAND beside the grave where years long past
 The first-born of my love was lowly laid,—
 Beside the stone on which in tears was paid
 The tribute of my tenderness. How fast
 The tooth of Time hath eat those words away! the last
 That yet still linger, formless and decayed,
 Tell not the name, nor worth, nor how long stayed
 Upon this upper earth, a being cast
 In Nature's loveliest mould! Still, still remain
 Those records in a heart which Time defies,
 Whose sorrow yet is green: dust will it turn,
 Like that o'er which it broods, before the chain
 Of memory is broken. When it dies,
 O may it mingle in the self-same urn!

OLD NICHOLAS.





George Cruikshank

Mr. Puffball as he appeared when his ...

OLIVER TWIST;

OR, THE PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS.

BY BOZ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

IN WHICH A MYSTERIOUS CHARACTER APPEARS UPON THE SCENE,
AND MANY THINGS INSEPARABLE FROM THIS HISTORY
ARE DONE AND PERFORMED.

THE old man had gained the street corner before he began to recover the effect of Toby Crackit's intelligence. He had relaxed nothing of his unusual speed, but was still pressing onward in the same wild and disordered manner, when the sudden dashing past of a carriage, and a boisterous cry from the foot-passengers who saw his danger, drove him back upon the pavement. Looking hastily round, as if uncertain whither he had been hurrying, he paused for a few moments, and turned away in quite an opposite direction to that in which he had before proceeded. Avoiding as much as possible all the main streets, and skulking only through the by-ways and alleys, he at length emerged on Snow Hill. Here he walked even faster than before; nor did he linger until he had again turned into a court, when, as if conscious that he was now in his proper element, he fell into his usual shuffling pace, and seemed to breathe more freely.

Near to the spot on which Snow Hill and Holborn Hill meet, there opens, upon the right hand as you come out of the city, a narrow and dismal alley leading to Saffron Hill. In its filthy shops are exposed for sale huge bunches of second-hand silk handkerchiefs of all sizes and patterns,—for here reside the traders who purchase them from pickpockets. Hundreds of these handkerchiefs hang dangling from pegs outside the windows, or flaunting from the door-posts; and the shelves within are piled with them. Confined as the limits of Field Lane are, it has its barber, its coffee-shop, its beer-shop, and its fried-fish warehouse. It is a commercial colony of itself, the emporium of petty larceny, visited at early morning and setting-in of dusk by silent merchants, who traffic in dark back-parlours, and go as strangely as they came. Here the clothesman, the shoemaker, and the rag-merchant display their goods as sign-boards to the petty thief; and stores of old iron and bones, and heaps of mildewy fragments of woollen-stuff and linen, rust and rot in the grimy cellars.

It was into this place that the Jew turned. He was well-known to the sallow denizens of the lane, for such of them as

were on the look-out to buy or sell, nodded familiarly as he passed along. He replied to their salutations in the same way, but bestowed no closer recognition until he reached the further end of the alley, when he stopped to address a salesman of small stature, who had squeezed as much of his person into a child's chair as the chair would hold, and was smoking a pipe at his warehouse-door.

"Why, the sight of you, Mister Fagin, would cure the hop-talmy!" said this respectable trader, in acknowledgment of the Jew's inquiry after his health.

"The neighbourhood was a little too hot, Lively!" said Fagin, elevating his eyebrows, and crossing his hands upon his shoulders.

"Well! I've heerd that complaint of it once or twice before," replied the trader, "but it soon cools down again; don't you find it so?"

Fagin nodded in the affirmative, and, pointing in the direction of Saffron Hill, inquired whether any one was up yonder to-night.

"At the Cripples?" inquired the man.

The Jew nodded.

"Let me see!" pursued the merchant, reflecting. "Yes; there's some half-dozen of 'em gone in, that I knows on. I don't think your friend's there."

"Sikes is not, I suppose?" inquired the Jew, with a disappointed countenance.

"*Non istwentus*, as the lawyers say," replied the little man, shaking his head, and looking amazingly sly. "Have you got anything in my line to-night?"

"Nothing to-night," said the Jew, turning away.

"Are you going up to the Cripples, Fagin?" cried the little man, calling after him. "Stop! I don't mind if I have a drain there with you!"

But as the Jew, looking back, waved his hand to intimate that he preferred being alone; and, moreover, as the little man could not very easily disengage himself from the chair, the sign of the Cripples was, for a time, bereft of the advantage of Mr. Lively's presence. By the time he had got upon his legs the Jew had disappeared; so Mr. Lively, after ineffectually standing on tip-toe, in the hope of catching sight of him, again forced himself into the little chair, and, exchanging a shake of the head with a lady in the opposite shop, in which doubt and mistrust were plainly mingled, resumed his pipe with a grave demeanour.

The Three Cripples, or rather the Cripples, which was the sign by which the establishment was familiarly known to its patrons, was the same public-house in which Mr. Sikes and his dog have already figured. Merely making a sign to a man in the bar, Fagin walked straight up stairs, and opening the door of a room, and softly insinuating himself into the chamber, looked

anxiously about, shading his eyes with his hand, as if in search of some particular person.

The room was illuminated by two gas-lights, the glare of which was prevented, by the barred shutters and closely-drawn curtains of faded red, from being visible outside. The ceiling was blackened, to prevent its colour being injured by the flaring of the lamps; and the place was so full of dense tobacco-smoke, that at first it was scarcely possible to discern anything further. By degrees, however, as some of it cleared away through the open door, an assemblage of heads, as confused as the noises that greeted the ear, might be made out; and, as the eye grew more accustomed to the scene, the spectator gradually became aware of the presence of a numerous company, male and female, crowded round a long table, at the upper end of which sat a chairman with a hammer of office in his hand, while a professional gentleman, with a bluish nose, and his face tied up for the benefit of a tooth-ache, presided at a jingling piano in a remote corner.

As Fagin stepped softly in, the professional gentleman, running over the keys by way of prelude, occasioned a general cry of order for a song; which having subsided, a young lady proceeded to entertain the company with a ballad in four verses, between each of which the accompanist played the melody all through as loud as he could. When this was over, the chairman gave a sentiment; after which, the professional gentlemen on the chairman's right and left volunteered a duet, and sang it with great applause.

It was curious to observe some faces which stood out prominently from among the group. There was the chairman himself, the landlord of the house: a coarse, rough, heavy-built fellow, who, while the songs were proceeding, rolled his eyes hither and thither, and, seeming to give himself up to joviality, had an eye for everything that was done, and an ear for everything that was said,—and sharp ones, too. Near him were the singers, receiving with professional indifference the compliments of the company, and applying themselves in turn to a dozen proffered glasses of spirits and water tendered by their more boisterous admirers, whose countenances, expressive of almost every vice in almost every grade, irresistibly attracted the attention by their very repulsiveness. Cunning, ferocity, and drunkenness in all its stages were there in their strongest aspects; and women—some with the last lingering tinge of their early freshness almost fading as you looked, and others with every mark and stamp of their sex utterly beaten out, and presenting but one loathsome blank of profligacy and crime; some mere girls, others but young women, and none past the prime of life,—formed the darkest and saddest portion of this dreary picture.

Fagin, troubled by no grave emotions, looked eagerly from face to face while these proceedings were in progress, but appa-

possibly without meeting that of which he was in search. Succeeding at length in catching the eye of the man who occupied the chair, he beckoned to him slightly, and left the room as quickly as he had entered it.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Fagin?" softly inquired the man as he followed him out to the landing. "Won't you join us? They'll be delighted, every one of 'em."

The Jew shook his head impatiently, and said in a whisper, "Is he here?"

"No," replied the man.

"And no news of Barney?" inquired Fagin.

"None," replied the landlord of the Cripples, for it was he. "He won't stir till it's all safe. Depend on it that they're on the scent down there, and that if he moved he'd blow upon the thing at once. He's all right enough, Barney is; else I should have heard of him. I'll pound it that Barney's managing properly. Let him alone for that."

"Will he be here to-night?" asked the Jew, laying the same emphasis on the pronoun as before.

"Monks do you mean?" inquired the landlord, hesitating.

"Hush!" said the Jew. "Yes."

"Certain," replied the man, drawing a gold watch from his fob; "I expected him here before now. If you'll wait ten minutes, he'll be——"

"No, no," said the Jew hastily, as though, however desirous he might be to see the person in question, he was nevertheless relieved by his absence. "Tell him I came here to see him, and that he must come to me to-night; no, say to-morrow. As he is not here, to-morrow will be time enough."

"Good!" said the man. "Nothing more?"

"Not a word now," said the Jew, descending the stairs.

"I say," said the other, looking over the rails, and speaking in a hoarse whisper; "what a time this would be for a sell! I've got Phil Barker here, so drunk, that a boy might take him."

"Aha! But it's not Phil Barker's time," said the Jew, looking up. "Phil has something more to do before we can afford to part with him; so go back to the company, my dear, and tell them to lead merry lives—*while they last*. Ha! ha! ha!"

The landlord reciprocated the old man's laugh, and returned to his guests. The Jew was no sooner alone than his countenance resumed its former expression of anxiety and thought. After a brief reflection, he called a hack-cabriolet, and bade the man drive towards Bethnal Green. He dismissed him within some quarter of a mile of Mr. Sikes's residence, and performed the short remainder of the distance on foot.

"Now," muttered the Jew as he knocked at the door, "if there is any deep play here, I shall have it out of you, my girl, cunning as you are."

She was in her room, the woman said ; so Fagin crept softly up-stairs, and entered it without any previous ceremony. The girl was alone, lying with her head upon the table, and her hair straggling over it. "She has been drinking," thought the Jew coolly, "or perhaps she is only miserable."

The old man turned to close the door as he made this reflection, and the noise thus occasioned roused the girl. She eyed his crafty face narrowly as she inquired whether there was any news, and listened to his recital of Toby Crackit's story. When it was concluded, she sunk into her former attitude, but spoke not a word. She pushed the candle impatiently away, and once or twice, as she feverishly changed her position, shuffled her feet upon the ground ; but this was all.

During this silence, the Jew looked restlessly about the room, as if to assure himself that there were no appearances of Sikes having covertly returned. Apparently satisfied with his inspection, he coughed twice or thrice, and made as many efforts to open a conversation ; but the girl heeded him no more than if he had been made of stone. At length he made another attempt, and, rubbing his hands together, said, in his most conciliatory tone,

"And where should you think Bill was now, my dear ; eh ?"

The girl moaned out some scarcely intelligible reply, that she could not tell ; and seemed, from the half-smothered noise that escaped her, to be crying.

"And the boy, too," said the Jew, straining his eyes to catch a glimpse of her face. "Poor leetle child!—left in a ditch, Nance ; only think !"

"The child," said the girl, suddenly looking up, "is better where he is, than among us : and, if no harm comes to Bill from it, I hope he lies dead in the ditch, and that his young bones may rot there."

"What !" cried the Jew in amazement.

"Ay, I do," returned the girl, meeting his gaze. "I shall be glad to have him away from my eyes, and to know that the worst is over. I can't bear to have him about me : the sight of him turns me against myself and all of you."

"Pooh !" said the Jew scornfully. "You're drunk, girl."

"Am I ?" cried the girl bitterly. "It's no fault of yours if I am not ; you'd never have me anything else if you had your will, except now !—the humour doesn't suit you, doesn't it ?"

"No !" rejoined the Jew furiously. "It does not !"

"Change it, then !" responded the girl with a laugh.

"Change it !" exclaimed the Jew, exasperated beyond all bounds by his companion's unexpected obstinacy and the vexation of the night, "I will change it ! Listen to me, you drab ! listen to me, who with six words can strangle Sikes as surely as if I had his bull's throat between my fingers now. If he comes back, and leaves that boy behind him,—if he gets off free, and,

dead or alive, fails to restore him to me, murder him yourself if you would have him escape Jack Ketch, and do it the moment he sets foot in this room, or, mind me, it will be too late!"

"What is all this?" cried the girl involuntarily.

"What is it!" pursued Fagin, mad with rage. "This! When the boy's worth hundreds of pounds to me, am I to lose what chance threw me in the way of getting safely, through the whims of a drunken gang that I could whistle away the lives of,—and me bound, too, to a born devil that only wants the will, and has got the power to, to——"

Panting for breath, the old man stammered for a word, and in that one instant checked the torrent of his wrath, and changed his whole demeanour. A moment before, his clenched hands had grasped the air, his eyes had dilated, and his face grown livid with passion; but now he shrunk into a chair, and, cowering together, trembled with the apprehension of having himself disclosed some hidden villany. After a short silence he ventured to look round at his companion, and appeared somewhat reassured on beholding her in the same listless attitude from which he had first roused her.

"Nancy dear!" croaked the Jew in his usual voice. "Did you mind me, dear?"

"Don't worry me now, Fagin!" replied the girl, raising her head languidly. "If Bill has not done it this time, he will another: he has done many a good job for you, and will do many more when he can; and when he can't, he won't, and so no more about that."

"Regarding this boy, my dear?" said the Jew, rubbing the palms of his hands nervously together.

"The boy must take his chance with the rest," interrupted Nancy hastily; "and I say again, I hope he is dead, and out of harm's way, and out of yours,—that is, if Bill comes to no harm; and, if Toby got clear off, he's pretty sure to, for he's worth two of him any time."

"And about what I was saying, my dear?" observed the Jew, keeping his glistening eye steadily upon her.

"You must say it all over again if it's anything you want me to do," rejoined Nancy; "and if it is, you had better wait till to-morrow. You put me up for a minute, but now I'm stupid again."

Fagin put several other questions, all with the same drift of ascertaining whether the girl had profited by his unguarded hints; but she answered them so readily, and was withal so utterly unmoved by his searching looks, that his original impression of her being more than a trifle in liquor was fully confirmed. Miss Nancy, indeed, was not exempt from a failing which was very common among the Jew's female pupils, and in which in their tenderer years they were rather encouraged than checked. Her disordered appearance, and a wholesome perfume of Ge-

neva which pervaded the apartment, afforded strong confirmatory evidence of the justice of the Jew's supposition; and when, after indulging in the temporary display of violence above described, she subsided, first into dullness, and afterwards into a compound of feelings, under the influence of which she shed tears one minute, and in the next gave utterance to various exclamations of "Never say die!" and divers calculations as to what might be the amount of the odds so long as a lady or gentleman were happy, Mr. Fagin, who had had considerable experience of such matters in his time, saw with great satisfaction that she was very far gone indeed.

Having eased his mind by this discovery, and accomplished his two-fold object of imparting to the girl what he had that night heard, and ascertaining with his own eyes that Sikes had not returned, Mr. Fagin again turned his face homeward, leaving his young friend asleep with her head upon the table.

It was within an hour of midnight, and the weather being dark and piercing cold, he had no great temptation to loiter. The sharp wind that scoured the streets seemed to have cleared them of passengers as of dust and mud, for few people were abroad, and they were to all appearance hastening fast home. It blew from the right quarter for the Jew, however; and straight before it he went, trembling and shivering as every fresh gust drove him rudely on his way.

He had reached the corner of his own street, and was already fumbling in his pocket for the door-key, when a dark figure emerged from a projecting entrance which lay in deep shadow, and, crossing the road, glided up to him unperceived.

"Fagin!" whispered a voice close to his ear.

"Ah!" said the Jew, turning quickly round. "Is that——"

"Yes!" interrupted the stranger harshly. "I have been lingering here these two hours. Where the devil have you been?"

"On your business, my dear," replied the Jew, glancing uneasily at his companion, and slackening his pace as he spoke. "On your business all night."

"Oh, of course!" said the stranger, with a sneer. "Well; and what's come of it?"

"Nothing good," said the Jew.

"Nothing bad, I hope!" said the stranger, stopping short, and turning a startled look upon his companion.

The Jew shook his head, and was about to reply, when the stranger, interrupting him, motioned to the house, before which they had by this time arrived, and remarked that he had better say what he had got to say, under cover, for his blood was chilled with standing about so long, and the wind blew through him.

Fagin looked as if he could have willingly excused himself from taking home a visitor at that unseasonable hour, and mut-

tered something about having no fire; but, his companion repeating his request in a peremptory manner, he unlocked the door, and requested him to close it softly, while he got a light.

"It's as dark as the grave," said the man, groping forward a few steps. "Make haste; I hate this!"

"Shut the door," whispered Fagin from the end of the passage. As he spoke, it closed with a loud noise.

"That wasn't my doing," said the other man, feeling his way. "The wind blew it to, or it shut of its own accord; one or the other. Look sharp with the light, or I shall knock my brains out against something in this confounded hole."

Fagin stealthily descended the kitchen stairs, and, after a short absence, returned with a lighted candle, and the intelligence that Toby Crackit was asleep in the back-room below, and the boys in the front one. Beckoning the other man to follow him, he led the way up stairs.

"We can say the few words we've got to say, in here, my dear," said the Jew, throwing open a door on the first floor; "and as there are holes in the shutters, and we never show lights to our neighbours, we'll set the candle on the stairs. There!"

With these words, the Jew, stooping down, placed the candle on an upper flight of stairs exactly opposite the room door, and led the way into the apartment, which was destitute of all movables save a broken arm-chair, and an old couch or sofa, without covering, which stood behind the door. Upon this piece of furniture the stranger flung himself with the air of a weary man; and, the Jew drawing up the arm-chair opposite, they sat face to face. It was not quite dark, for the door was partially open, and the candle outside threw a feeble reflection on the opposite wall.

They conversed for some time in whispers; and, although nothing of the conversation was distinguishable beyond a few disjointed words here and there, a listener might easily have perceived that Fagin appeared to be defending himself against some remarks of the stranger, and that the latter was in a state of considerable irritation. They might have been talking thus for a quarter of an hour or more, when Monks—by which name the Jew had designated the strange man several times in the course of their colloquy—said, raising his voice a little,

"I tell you again it was badly planned. Why not have kept him here among the rest, and made a sneaking, snivelling pickpocket of him at once?"

"Only hear him!" exclaimed the Jew, shrugging his shoulders.

"Why; do you mean to say you couldn't have done it if you had chosen?" demanded Monks sternly. "Haven't you done it with other boys scores of times? If you had had patience for a twelvemonth at most, couldn't you have got him convicted and sent safely out of the kingdom, perhaps for life?"

"Whose turn would that have served, my dear?" inquired the Jew humbly.

"Mine," replied Monks.

"But not mine," said the Jew submissively. "When there are two parties to a bargain, it is only reasonable that the interest of both should be consulted; is it, my good friend?"

"What then?" demanded Monks sulkily.

"I saw it was not easy to train him to the business," replied the Jew; "he was not like other boys in the same circumstances."

"Curse him, no!" muttered the man, "or he would have been a thief long ago."

"I had no hold upon him to make him worse," pursued the Jew, anxiously watching the countenance of his companion; "his hand was not in; I had nothing to frighten him with; which we always must have in the beginning, or we labour in vain. What could I do? Send him out with the Dodger and Charley? We had enough of that at first, my dear; I trembled for us all."

"That was not my doing," observed Monks.

"No, no, my dear!" renewed the Jew, "and I don't quarrel with it now; because, if it had never happened, you might never have clapped eyes upon the boy to notice him, and so led to the discovery that it was him you were looking for. Well; I got him back for you by means of the girl, and then *she* begins to favour him."

"Throttle the girl!" said Monks impatiently.

"Why, we can't afford to do that just now, my dear," replied the Jew, smiling; "and, besides, that sort of thing is not in our way, or one of these days I might be glad to have it done. I know what these girls are, Monks, well; as soon as the boy begins to harden, she'll care no more for him than for a block of wood. You want him made a thief: if he is alive, I can make him one from this time; and if—if—" said the Jew, drawing nearer to the other,—"it's not likely, mind,—but if the worst comes to the worst, and he is dead—"

"It's no fault of mine if he is!" interposed the other man with a look of terror, and clasping the Jew's arm with trembling hands. "Mind that, Fagin! I had no hand in it. Anything but his death, I told you from the first. I won't shed blood; it's always found out, and haunts a man besides! If they shot him dead, I was not the cause; do you hear me? Fire this infernal den!—what's that?"

"What!" cried the Jew, grasping the coward round the body with both arms as he sprung to his feet. "Where?"

"Yonder!" replied the man, glaring at the opposite wall. "The shadow—I saw the shadow of a woman in a cloak and bonnet pass along the wainscot like a breath!"

The Jew released his hold, and they rushed tumultuous-

from the room. The candle, wasted by the draught, was standing where it had been placed, and showed them the empty stair-cases, and their own white faces. They listened intently, but a profound silence reigned throughout the house.

"It's your fancy," said the Jew, taking up the light, and turning to his companion.

"I'll swear I saw it!" replied Monks, trembling violently. "It was bending forward when I saw it first, and when I spoke it darted away."

The Jew glanced contemptuously at the pale face of his associate, and, telling him he could follow if he pleased, ascended the stairs. They looked into all the rooms; they were cold, bare, and empty. They descended to the passage, and thence into the cellars below. The green damp hung upon the low walls, and the tracks of the snail and slug glistened in the light, but all was still as death.

"What do you think now, my dear?" said the Jew, when they had regained the passage. "Besides ourselves, there's not a creature in the house except Toby and the boys, and they're safe enough. See here!"

As a proof of the fact, the Jew drew forth two keys from his pocket; and explained that when he first went down stairs he had locked them in, to prevent any intrusion on the conference.

This accumulated testimony effectually staggered Mr. Monks. His protestations had gradually become less and less vehement as they proceeded in their search without making any discovery; and now he gave vent to several very grim laughs, and confessed it could only have been his excited imagination. He declined any renewal of the conversation however for that night, suddenly remembering that it was past one o'clock; and so the amiable couple parted.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH

ATONES FOR THE UNPOLITENESS OF A FORMER CHAPTER, WHICH DESERTED A LADY MOST UNCEREMONIOUSLY.

As it would be by no means seemly in a humble author to keep so mighty a personage as a beadle waiting with his back to a fire, and the skirts of his coat gathered up under his arms, until such time as it might suit his pleasure to relieve him; and as it would still less become his station or his gallantry to involve in the same neglect a lady on whom that beadle had looked with an eye of tenderness and affection, and in whose ear he had whispered sweet words, which, coming from such a quarter, might well thrill the bosom of maid or matron of whatsoever degree; the faithful historian whose pen traces these words, trusting that he knows his place, and entertains a becoming reverence for those upon earth to whom high and im-

portant authority is delegated, hastens to pay them that respect which their position demands, and to treat them with all that duteous ceremony which their exalted rank and (by consequence) great virtues imperatively claim at his hands. Towards this end, indeed, he had purposed to introduce in this place a dissertation touching the divine right of beadles, and elucidative of the position that a beadle can do no wrong, which could not fail to have been both pleasurable and profitable to the right-minded reader, but which he is unfortunately compelled by want of time and space to postpone to some more convenient and fitting opportunity; on the arrival of which, he will be prepared to show that a beadle properly constituted—that is to say, a parochial beadle attached to the parochial workhouse, and attending in his official capacity the parochial church,—is, in right and virtue of his office, possessed of all the excellencies and best qualities of humanity; and that to none of those excellencies can mere companies' beadles, or court-of-law beadles, or even chapel-of-ease beadles (save the last in a very lowly and inferior degree), lay the remotest sustainable claim.

Mr. Bumble had re-counted the tea-spoons, re-weighed the sugar-tongs, made a closer inspection of the milk-pot, and ascertained to a nicety the exact condition of the furniture down to the very horse-hair seats of the chairs, and had repeated each process full half-a-dozen times, before he began to think that it was time for Mrs. Corney to return. Thinking begets thinking; and, as there were no sounds of Mrs. Corney's approach, it occurred to Mr. Bumble that it would be an innocent and virtuous way of spending the time, if he were further to allay his curiosity by a cursory glance at the interior of Mrs. Corney's chest of drawers.

Having listened at the key-hole to assure himself that nobody was approaching the chamber, Mr. Bumble, beginning at the bottom, proceeded to make himself acquainted with the contents of the three long drawers; which, being filled with various garments of good fashion and texture, carefully preserved between two layers of old newspaper speckled with dried lavender, seemed to yield him exceeding satisfaction. Arriving in course of time at the right-hand corner drawer (in which was the key), and beholding therein a small padlocked box, which, being shaken, gave forth a pleasant sound as of the chinking of coin, Mr. Bumble returned with a stately walk to the fire-place, and, resuming his old attitude, said, with a grave and determined air, "I'll do it!" He followed up this remarkable declaration by shaking his head in a waggish manner for ten minutes, as though he were remonstrating with himself for being such a pleasant dog; and then took a view of his legs in profile with much seeming pleasure and interest.

He was still placidly engaged in this latter survey when Mrs. Corney, hurrying into the room, threw herself in a breathless

state on a chair by the fire-side, and covering her eyes with one hand, placed the other over her heart, and gasped for breath.

"Mrs. Corney," said Mr. Bumble, stooping over the matron, "what is this, ma'am? has anything happened, ma'am? Pray answer me; I'm on—on—" Mr. Bumble in his alarm could not immediately think of the word "tenterhooks," so he said "broken bottles."

"Oh, Mr. Bumble!" cried the lady, "I have been so dreadfully put out!"

"Put out, ma'am!" exclaimed Mr. Bumble; "who has dared to—? I know!" said Mr. Bumble, checking himself with native majesty, "this is them wicious paupers!"

"It's dreadful to think of!" said the lady, shuddering.

"Then *don't* think of it, ma'am," rejoined Mr. Bumble.

"I can't help it," whimpered the lady.

"Then take something, ma'am," said Mr. Bumble soothingly. "A little of the wine?"

"Not for the world!" replied Mrs. Corney. "I couldn't—oh! The top shelf in the right-hand corner—oh!" Uttering these words, the good lady pointed distractedly to the cupboard, and underwent a convulsion from internal spasms. Mr. Bumble rushed to the closet, and, snatching a pint green-glass bottle from the shelf thus incoherently indicated, filled a tea-cup with its contents, and held it to the lady's lips.

"I'm better now," said Mrs. Corney, falling back after drinking half of it.

Mr. Bumble raised his eyes piously to the ceiling in thankfulness, and, bringing them down again to the brim of the cup, lifted it to his nose.

"Peppermint," explained Mrs. Corney in a faint voice, smiling gently on the beadle as she spoke. "Try it; there's a little—a little something else in it."

Mr. Bumble tasted the medicine with a doubtful look; smacked his lips, took another taste, and put the cup down empty.

"It's very comforting," said Mrs. Corney.

"Very much so indeed, ma'am," said the beadle. As he spoke, he drew a chair beside the matron, and tenderly inquired what had happened to distress her.

"Nothing," replied Mrs. Corney. "I am a foolish, excitable, weak creetur."

"Not weak, ma'am," retorted Mr. Bumble, drawing his chair a little closer. "Are you a weak creetur, Mrs. Corney?"

"We are all weak creeturs," said Mrs. Corney, laying down a general principle.

"So we are," said the beadle.

Nothing was said on either side for a minute or two afterwards; and by the expiration of that time Mr. Bumble had illustrated the position by removing his left arm from the back of

Mrs. Corney's chair, where it had previously rested, to Mrs. Corney's apron-string, round which it gradually became entwined.

"We are all weak creeturs," said Mr. Bumble.

Mrs. Corney sighed.

"Don't sigh, Mrs. Corney," said Mr. Bumble.

"I can't help it," said Mrs. Corney; and she sighed again.

"This is a very comfortable room, ma'am," said Mr. Bumble, looking round. "Another room and this, ma'am, would be a complete thing."

"It would be too much for one," murmured the lady.

"But not for two, ma'am," rejoined Mr. Bumble in soft accents. "Eh, Mrs. Corney?"

Mrs. Corney drooped her head when the beadle said this, and the beadle drooped his to get a view of Mrs. Corney's face. Mrs. Corney with great propriety turned her head away, and released her hand to get at her pocket-handkerchief, but insensibly replaced it in that of Mr. Bumble.

"The board allow you coals, don't they, Mrs. Corney?" affectionately inquired the beadle, pressing her hand.

"And candles," replied Mrs. Corney, slightly returning the pressure.

"Coals, candles, and house-rent free," said Mr. Bumble.

"Oh, Mrs. Corney, what a angel you are!"

The lady was not proof against this burst of feeling. She sunk into Mr. Bumble's arms; and that gentleman, in his agitation, imprinted a passionate kiss upon her chaste nose.

"Such porochial perfection!" exclaimed Mr. Bumble rapturously. "You know that Mr. Slout is worse to-night, my fascinater?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Corney bashfully.

"He can't live a week, the doctor says," pursued Mr. Bumble.

"He is the master of this establishment; his death will cause a wacancy; that wacancy must be filled up. Oh, Mrs. Corney, what a prospect this opens! What a opportunity for a joining of hearts and housekeeping!"

Mrs. Corney sobbed.

"The little word?" said Mr. Bumble, bending over the bashful beauty. "The one little, little, little word, my blessed Corney?"

"Ye—ye—yes!" sighed out the matron.

"One more," pursued the beadle; "compose your darling feelings for only one more. When is it to come off?"

Mrs. Corney twice essayed to speak, and twice failed. At length, summoning up courage, she threw her arms round Mr. Bumble's neck, and said it might be as soon as ever he pleased, and that he was "a irresistible duck."

Matters being thus amicably and satisfactorily arranged, the contract was solemnly ratified in another tea-cup-full of the peppermint mixture, which was rendered the more necessary

by the flutter and agitation of the lady's spirits. While it was being disposed of, she acquainted Mr. Bumble with the old woman's decease.

"Very good," said that gentleman, sipping his peppermint. "I'll call at Sowerberry's as I go home, and tell him to send to-morrow morning. Was it that as frightened you, love?"

"It wasn't anything particular, dear," said the lady evasively.

"It must have been something, love," urged Mr. Bumble. "Won't you tell your own B.?"

"Not now," rejoined the lady; "one of these days,—after we're married, dear."

"After we're married!" exclaimed Mr. Bumble. "It wasn't any impudence from any of them male paupers as——"

"No, no, love!" interposed the lady hastily.

"If I thought it was," continued Mr. Bumble, — "if I thought any one of 'em had dared to lift his vulgar eyes to that lovely countenance——"

"They wouldn't have dared to do it, love," responded the lady.

"They had better not!" said Mr. Bumble, clenching his fist. "Let me see any man, parochial or extra-parochial, as would presume to do it, and I can tell him that he wouldn't do it a second time!"

Unembellished by any violence of gesticulation, this might have sounded as no very high compliment to the lady's charms; but, as Mr. Bumble accompanied the threat with many warlike gestures, she was much touched with this proof of his devotion, and protested with great admiration that he was indeed a dove.

The dove then turned up his coat-collar, and put on his cocked-hat, and, having exchanged a long and affectionate embrace with his future partner, once again braved the cold wind of the night; merely pausing for a few minutes in the male paupers' ward to abuse them a little, with the view of satisfying himself that he could fill the office of workhouse-master with needful acerbity. Assured of his qualifications, Mr. Bumble left the building with a light heart, and bright visions of his future promotion, which served to occupy his mind until he reached the shop of the undertaker.

Now, Mr. and Mrs. Sowerberry having gone out to tea and supper, and Noah Claypole not being at any time disposed to take upon himself a greater amount of physical exertion than is necessary to a convenient performance of the two functions of eating and drinking, the shop was not closed, although it was past the usual hour of shutting-up. Mr. Bumble tapped with his cane on the counter several times; but, attracting no attention, and beholding a light shining through the glass-window of the little parlour at the back of the shop, he made bold to peep in and see what was going forward; and, when he saw what was going forward, he was not a little surprised.

The cloth was laid for supper, and the table was strewed with bread and butter, plates and glasses, a porter-pot, and a wine-bottle. At the upper end of the table Mr. Noah Claypole lolled negligently in an easy-chair with his legs thrown over one of the arms, an open clasp-knife in one hand, and a mass of buttered bread in the other; close beside him stood Charlotte, opening oysters from a barrel, which Mr. Claypole condescended to swallow with remarkable avidity. A more than ordinary redness in the region of the young gentleman's nose, and a kind of fixed wink in his right eye, denoted that he was in a slight degree intoxicated; and these symptoms were confirmed by the intense relish with which he took his oysters, for which nothing but a strong appreciation of their cooling properties in cases of internal fever could have sufficiently accounted.

"Here's a delicious fat one, Noah dear!" said Charlotte; "try him, do; only this one."

"What a delicious thing is a oyster!" remarked Mr. Claypole after he had swallowed it. "What a pity it is a number of 'em should ever make you feel uncomfortable, isn't it, Charlotte?"

"It's quite a cruelty," said Charlotte.

"So it is," acquiesced Mr. Claypole. "Ain't yer fond of oysters?"

"Not overmuch," replied Charlotte. "I like to see you eat 'em, Noah dear, better than eating them myself."

"Lor'!" said Noah reflectively; "how queer!"

"Have another?" said Charlotte. "Here's one with such a beautiful, delicate beard!"

"I can't manage any more," said Noah. "I'm very sorry. Come here, Charlotte, and I'll kiss yer."

"What!" said Mr. Bumble, bursting into the room. "Say that again, sir."

Charlotte uttered a scream, and hid her face in her apron; while Mr. Claypole, without making any further change in his position than suffering his legs to reach the ground, gazed at the beadle in drunken terror.

"Say it again, you vile, owdacious fellow!" said Mr. Bumble. "How dare you mention such a thing, sir? and how dare you encourage him, you insolent minx? Kiss her!" exclaimed Mr. Bumble in strong indignation. "Faugh!"

"I didn't mean to do it!" said Noah, blubbering. "She's always a-kissing of me, whether I like it or not."

"Oh, Noah!" cried Charlotte reproachfully.

"Yer are, yer know yer are!" retorted Noah. "She's always a-doing of it, Mr. Bumble, sir; she chucks me under the chin, please sir, and makes all manner of love!"

"Silence!" cried Mr. Bumble sternly. "Take yourself down stairs, ma'am! Noah, you shut up the shop, and say

another word till your master comes home at your peril; and, when he does come home, tell him that Mr. Bumble said he was to send a old woman's shell after breakfast to-morrow morning. Do you hear, sir? Kissing!" cried Mr. Bumble, holding up his hands. "The sin and wickedness of the lower orders in this parochial district is frightful; if parliament don't take their abominable courses under consideration, this country's ruined, and the character of the peasantry gone for ever!" With these words the beadle strode, with a lofty and gloomy air, from the undertaker's premises.

And now that we have accompanied him so far on his road home, and have made all necessary preparations for the old woman's funeral, let us set on foot a few inquiries after young Oliver Twist, and ascertain whether he be still lying in the ditch where Toby Crackit left him.

THE POPPY.

FROM UHLAND.

SEE where, soft cradled by the western winds,
 'Mong its bright mates, the blooming poppy gleams!
 The slumb'rous flower, whose garland fitly binds
 The drowsy temples of the God of Dreams:
 Now vermeil-tinctured, as it had been dipped
 Amid the glow of day's departing red;
 Now wan and pallid, as it had been tipped
 With colours from the sickly moonbeams shed.

They told me, with the voice of warning care,
 Whoe'er beneath the poppy sank to sleep
 Was borne away to a dim region, where
 Was nought save dreams—dull, passionless, and deep:—
 Nor did the spell with waking hours depart;
 Its chains still hung upon the soul, and all
 That had been nearest, dearest to the heart,
 Seemed shrouded in a visionary pall.

In my life's morn, unheeding of the hours,
 Once lay I, musing many an idle tale,
 Nestling unseen amid fair clustering flowers,
 Far down within a solitary vale.
 Oh! 'twas a time with joy and sweetness rife!
 And, while I scarcely of the change did deem,
 A picture seemed the moving world of life,
 All real things were only as a dream.

E'er since that hour, within my bosom furled,
 Has lain the golden vision then I knew;—
 My picture—it has been my living world,
 My dream alone been firmly based and true.
 The shapes, that rise and float around me now,
 Bright as the stars—the eternal stars—are they!
 Oh, poppy! flower of poesy! do thou
 Among my locks entwine and bloom for aye!

E. N.

SHAKSPEARE PAPERS.—No. VI.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

THE story of Timon the Misanthrope was popular not only in his native land of Greece, but in the English literature of the Middle Ages. Classical readers, who are of course acquainted with the lively dialogue of Lucian, were once apt to look upon the philosopher of Samosata as affording the original of the play of Shakspeare; but I doubt if Lucian, though familiar to the learned, was popularly known even at the end of the sixteenth century in England. Shakspeare was indebted for the hint, and the principal incidents of his drama, to Plutarch, translated from the French of Amyot by Sir Thomas North, and to Painter's Palace of Pleasure. Dr. Farmer, in his very shallow and pretending "Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare," announces this important fact among others equally important, with much flourish; and those who feel inclined for such inquiries, will find sufficient to satisfy their curiosity in the voluminous notes gathered by the industry of Malone, Steevens, and Boswell.

To use the phrase of Dr. Farmer, which immediately succeeds his notice of Timon, "were this a proper place for such a disquisition," I should have something to say, not merely on the learning of Shakspeare,—a point on which I differ exceedingly with the Master of Emanuel,—but on the utility of learning to a dramatist. I should be prepared to contend, that though the greater store of knowledge, no matter whence derived,—from books, from observation, from reflection,—possessed by a writer on any subject, and the larger the field whence an author of works of imagination can cull or compare, so much more copious will be his sources of thought, illustration, ornament, and allusions; yet that the dramatist, and indeed the poet in general, (the exceptions are few, and easily accounted for,) should not travel far out of the ordinary and beaten path for the main staple and material of his poem. Without immediately referring to the question of classical learning, many reasons exist for thinking that Richard the Third was not so deformed either in mind or body as he is represented in the two plays in which he appears in Shakspeare, or in the single one into which they are both somewhat clumsily rolled for the stage; but popular opinion, and the ordinary chronicles of the times, so represented him. Northern antiquaries are generally of opinion that Macbeth was the true king, and that the blood-stained mantle of cruelty and oppression ought to be shifted to the shoulders of the "gracious Duncan," who was in reality the usurper. In like manner we can conceive that if the authorities of Saxo-Grammaticus or Geoffry of Monmouth could be hunted up, a different colouring might be given to the tales of Hamlet or Lear. But what is all this to the purpose? It is no part of the duty of the dramatist to invade the province of the antiquary or the critic; and yet, for confining himself to his proper department, he incurs the censure of Farmer, and other persons of the same calibre of intellect. If Shakspeare had had all the concentrated knowledge of all the antiquarian societies of Denmark, Scotland, Norway, or Wales, he would have completely forgotten, what it was utterly im-

possible *he* should forget,—the first principles of dramatic art, if he depicted Macbeth, Lear, or Hamlet in any other manner than that which he has chosen. He would not have taken the trouble, even if editions of Saxo-Grammaticus or Hector Boethius were as plenty as blackberries, to turn over a single page of their folios. He found all that his art wanted in the historians or romance-writers of the day,—in Hall or Holinshed, or the Tragical History of Hamblet, and that, too, translated, not from the Latin of the Danish annalist, but from the French of the story-teller Belleforest. Common sense would dictate this course; but if the learned languages be wanted to support it, I may quote Horace, who, being eminently the poet of common sense, speaks for all times and countries.

Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,
Quàm si proferres ignota indictaque primus.

Take the tale or the legend as it is popularly believed for the foundation of your drama, and leave to others the obscure glory of hunting after new lights, or unheard-of adventures.

In his classical plots the same principle holds. In his Antony and Cleopatra, Julius Cæsar, Coriolanus, and Timon of Athens, "it is notorious," to use the words of Dr. Farmer, "that much of his *matter of fact* knowledge is deduced from Plutarch; but in what language he read him, hath yet been the question." A more idle question could not have been asked. He might, for anything we know to the contrary, have *read* him in Greek; but for dramatic purposes he *used* him in English. Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch was a remarkably popular book; and Shakspeare, writing not for verbal critics, anxiously collating the version with the original, and on the look-out to catch slips of the pen or mistakes of the press,* but for the ordinary frequenters of the theatre, con-

* Such as *Lydia* for *Libya*, in Antony and Cleopatra. Act iii. Sc. 6.

———made her
Of Lower Syria, Cyprus, *Lydia*,
Absolute queen.

Upton, correcting it from the text of Plutarch, substituted *Libya*; and Dr. Johnson and other commentators adopted the correction. Farmer had the great merit of discovering that the word is *Lydia* in North, whom Shakspeare followed. It was a great shame indeed that he had not noticed the error, and collated the English with the Greek! In the same spirit of sagacious criticism it is remarked, that Cæsar is made to leave to the Roman people his gardens, &c. "on *this* side Tiber," whereas it should be "on *that* side Tiber,"—the original being *πίπταν τῷ ποταμῷ*. North translates it, however, "on *this* side," and Shakspeare again follows him without turning to the Greek. Farmer, with an old rhetorical artifice, says, "I could furnish you with many more instances, but these are as good as a thousand." He had given *three*—and I extremely doubt if he could have given three more. He bids us "turn to the translation from the French of Amyot, by Thomas North, in folio, 1579, and you will at once see the *origin* of the mistake." It is hard to say in what sense Farmer uses the word "origin;" but the mistakes originate in Amyot, who translates the former passage "Roynie d'Egypte, de Cypre, de *Lydie*," and the latter "et qu'il laissoit au peuple des jardins, et vergers *deça* la rivière du Tybre." I agree with Farmer, however, in thinking that, if he could adduce the thousand instances of which he speaks, his argument would be nothing the better. It would only prove that Shakspeare, for the purposes of his plays, consulted North in English, and not Plutarch in Greek; a fact which may be readily conceded, and, as I have said in the text, completely justified on the true principles of the drama.

I do not agree with Upton and others in their proposed alteration of these two passages, which, however they may differ from the text of Plutarch, I would suffer to remain as they appear in the folio, because I am sure that Shakspeare so wrote

sulted the volume of the English knight, not that of the Bœotian biographer. If he had been as learned as Isaac Casaubon, he would have acted precisely in the same manner. The minute and unceasing study of classical literature since the days of Shakspeare has banished blunders from our editions and translations, and not even the most carelessly educated would deem it pedantic or misplaced in a dramatist to write with a constant reference to the original, no matter in what language, from which he drew his story; but, on the other hand, we should deem him a very dull critic indeed who would insist upon it that in a play avowedly written after Hooke, or Gibbon, or Mitford, its author should verify every quotation, and take care that their authorities were given with all the perfections of the last "editio aliis longè locupletior."

Ben Jonson took another course, and his success was as indifferent as that of Shakspeare was overwhelming. His *Sejanus* and *Catiline* are treasures of learning. Gifford truly says of the latter, that "the number of writers whom Jonson has consulted, and the industry and care with which he has extracted from them every circumstance conducive to the elucidation of his plot, can only be conceived by those who have occasion to search after his authorities. He has availed himself of almost every scattered hint from the age of Sallust to that of Elizabeth for the correct formation of his characters, and placed them before our eyes as they appear in the writings of those who lived and acted with them." The consequence is, that *Catiline* is absolutely unbearable on the stage, and fails to please in the closet, because the knowledge with which it abounds is conveyed in an inappropriate form. If Jonson had bestowed the same pains, and expended the same learning, upon a history of the Catilinarian conspiracy, he might have produced a histo-

them. Of the third, referred to by Dr. Farmer, I am not so clear. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv. Sc. 1. Augustus, in reply to Antony's challenge, says:

Let the old ruffian know

I have many other ways to die—meantime,

Laugh at his challenge.

"What a reply is this!" says Upton; "it is acknowledging he should fall under the unequal combat. But if we read,

Let the old ruffian know

He hath many other ways to die: meantime,

I laugh at his challenge.

we have the poignancy and the very repartee of Cæsar in Plutarch." To this reading, which has been generally adopted, Dr. Farmer objects that, though it is certainly so in the Greek and the modern translation, "Shakspeare was misled by the ambiguity of the old one." Antonius sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight him, to which Cæsar answered, "That *he* had many other ways to die." The Doctor ought to have told us that the ambiguity here proceeded from Amyot; "Cæsar luy fit reponse, qu'il avoit beaucoup d'autres moyens de mourir que celui-là;" but it is not an ambiguity of a very puzzling kind. It appears to me that Shakspeare would have followed his text literally as usual, and borrowed the word "*he*." I am, therefore, in favour of Upton's reading; especially as it mends the metre, which, in the present text, is somewhat out of joint.

Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know

I have many other ways to die—meantime,

Laugh at his challenge.

Mæc.

Cæsar must think, &c.

The proposed reading would make it much smoother.

Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian

Know he hath many other ways to die:

Meantime, I laugh at 's challenge.

Mæc.

Cæsar must think, &c.

rical treatise to be applauded, instead of a tragedy to be at most but tolerated. His learning oppressed him. He was too full of knowledge to borrow his plots, not to say from North, but from Plutarch himself. The inaccuracies of the old story-teller would have constantly shocked his scholar-like mind; and, instead of drawing characters or inventing situations, he would have been in perpetual quest of authorities to corroborate or contradict his principal text. Had there been any such thing as a Plutarchian life of Catiline, or "a Tragical History of the bloody conspiracy of Rome, showing how they swore upon a bowl of blood to burn the town, and murder the senators; with the particulars of the execution of some of the conspirators, and the killing of the rest in a bloody battle near unto the Italian mountains called the Alpes," the subject might have attracted the attention of Shakspeare, who would have assuredly looked no farther. The gossiping biographer or the prating ballad-monger would suffice for his purpose; and all other authors, from the age of Sallust to that of Elizabeth, might rest unconsulted in peace. We should, however, have had characters which, if they were not as correctly formed, "and placed before our eyes as they appear in the *writings* of those who lived and acted with them," would have been placed before us as they appeared in the eyes of men themselves who saw them live and act. He would not have dressed up the dry-bones of history, skeleton-fashion; but clothed them with flesh, and sent upon the stage, not critical abstractions, but actual men. It is usual to talk of the art of Jonson as something opposed to the genius of Shakspeare. With deference to those who employ this language, it is not over-wise. In everything material the possession of genius includes the possession of art; and in their common pursuit it would be easy to prove that Jonson was as much inferior in dramatic art, as it is admitted he was in dramatic genius, to his illustrious contemporary. I am much mistaken if I could not support my opinion by the authority of no less a person than Aristotle himself, of whom Jonson thought so highly as to write a commentary on his Poetics. I do not say this out of any disparagement of that great writer, whose name, on many accounts, stands eminently high for erudition and genius in our own, as it would in any other literature, and whose memory was shamefully used by some of the Shakspearian commentators of the last century; but I refer to him because the acknowledged failure of his learned dramas affords, in my mind, a full justification of the course pursued by Shakspeare, and ought to put an end to the idle gabble as to the learning of him whom Dr. Farmer so complacently calls "the old bard." But the full discussion of this question, with the numberless incidental disquisitions to which it must give rise, would occupy too large a space to be ventured upon in these fleeting essays; and might make the readers of Bentley's Miscellany set me down, if its editor were rash enough to inflict such toil upon them, as a bore of the first magnitude for intruding my dry criticisms upon his pleasant and festive pages. I am rather afraid that they are something inclined to think me so already, and am unwilling farther to jeopardy my reputation on that score. I must confine myself to Timon.

Lucian introduces Timon after his fall from riches, besieging Jupiter with a storm of epithets, and railing at the dotage into which the god has fallen, and his imbecility in permitting so much

evil in the world. He reminds him of the former times, in which his lightning and thunder were in constant occupation; when his ægis was perpetually shaken, his bolts darted like clouds of arrows, his hail rattled down as through a sieve; and how once on a great occasion he drowned the world in an universal deluge, leaving but a spark of life behind in a cock-boat stranded upon Lycorea for the propagation of greater wickedness. After some general reflections, he comes to his own particular case, and upbraids the god for allowing him to be treated with so much ingratitude, especially as he had so often sacrificed at the jovial festivals with so much liberality. His clamours succeed in arresting the attention of Jupiter, who had been scared away for some time from looking into Athens by the noisy disputes of the philosophers; and, recognising his claims on divine attention, he despatches Mercury to find Plutus, and bring him to Timon in the desert. The messenger of the gods willingly undertakes the commission; and a pleasant dialogue between him and Plutus, on the difficulty of keeping or retaining wealth, the difference its possession and its want makes in the human character, and other similar topics, ensues. Plutus is soon introduced to Timon, drives away Poverty, and defends himself against the accusations of the misanthrope, by referring to his own reckless extravagance, and want of discrimination in the choice of associates. Recommending Timon to dig vigorously, he departs. The digging is abundantly successful. It turns up gold in countless quantities, and presently arrive troops of flatterers, allured by the mere smell of the metal. Some who had treated him with remarkable ingratitude are among the number, and Timon resolves on vengeance. As one by one they approach,—some under pretence that their visits were paid for the sake of doing him service, others promising him public honours and dignities,—he assaults them with his spade, and sends them home battered and broken-headed. At last the visitors become too numerous for this close combat; and determined, like the old man in the story, to try what virtue is in stones, he commences a battery upon them, which soon compels them to retreat, but “not,” as Timon says in the concluding sentence of the dialogue, “bloodless or unwounded.”

Such is a hasty sketch of what is generally looked upon to be one of the most finished compositions of Lucian. The style throughout is gay and airy, (though somewhat hampered by its mythology, for Plutus is made to bear the incompatible characters of the God of Gold, and of gold itself, which every now and then comes in awkwardly,) and the characters are pleasantly sketched. But Lucian nowhere reaches the height of the comic; and over tragic, or pathetic, or satire, in its loftier range, he has scarcely any power. The objects of his ridicule are comprised within a small compass. His readers may well exclaim with Lord Byron, “Oh! thou eternal Homer!” for he can scarcely write two pages without some jeering reference to the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*, the spirit of which divine poems he did not in the slightest degree comprehend. The wranglings of the sophists among whom he lived, and to which he attached a wonderful importance, form another topic of which he is never tired. Sketches of Athenian manners and society abound, often graphic, but perpetually filled with complaints of the insolence and upstart pride of the rich. He is always on the watch to remind them of the

transitory nature of their possessions; and to condemn them to insult and disgrace at the hands of the poorer classes, whom they had treated with *hauteur* during life, when they descend to another world. He repeats in several places the comparison of life to a theatrical procession, in which magnificent parts are assigned to some, who pass before the eyes of the spectators clothed in costly garments, and bedecked with glittering jewels; but, the moment the show is over, are reduced to their original nothingness, no longer kings and heroes, but poor players whose hour has been strutted out. It gives him wonderful pleasure to call Cræsus, and Midas, and the other generous princes of old times on the Asiatic coast, whose names are everlastingly hacked to pieces in the common-place satires, or squibs, or homilies of the Greeks, wretches and offscourings; and to exhibit Cyrus, Darius, or Xerxes, occupied in degrading tasks in the infernal regions. These topics, with perpetual sneers at the then tumbling mythology of Paganism, almost exclusively occupy the pages of Lucian.

His vein of satire was small, and its direction not elevated. It is easy to see that petty feelings of personal spite or envy are at the bottom of all he writes. He was jealous of the attention paid to wealth, and anxious to show the world its mistake in not bestowing exclusive homage on those far superior persons who could write witty dialogue, sparkling *persiflage*, or smart reviews. In the sketch which is called his *Life*, he lets us into the secret. His father was anxious to make him a sculptor, and apprenticed him to an uncle, who had obtained some reputation as an artist. His uncle treated him harshly, and he took a dislike to the business. He then tells us of his dream, in which the Goddesses of Art and Eloquence contended for him; and, after hearing the pleadings of both, he decided for the latter. The argument which weighed most with him, was, the power conferred by a successful career on a public orator of assuming the port and insolence of the great. I doubt not that Lucian in his prosperous circumstances—it is said that he died Procurator, *i. e.* Lord Lieutenant, of Egypt—was fully as arrogant, and as sensible of all the privileges of his position, as the most swelling and presumptuous of those whom he belabours in his Dialogues. Swift said that he wrote for no other reason than that he might be treated as if he were a lord; Lucian's ambition for literary renown was stimulated by the hope that he might treat others in what he conceived to be lordly fashion. In other respects the game he pursues is, in general, small. Living in the pestilential atmosphere of a literary town, he thought the squabbling and quibbling of the *pædagogues* by whom he was surrounded things of vital moment. It was, in his eyes, matter well worthy of all the satirical powers he possessed, to quizz the slovenly dress, or the quack pretensions, of a set of poor devils whose very names must have been unknown beyond the narrow precincts in which they bustled. Greece, in his days, could not boast of any productions of genius; the commentating and criticising age had come; and the classics of bygone times were the subject of everlasting chatter among sects of reviewers anxious to show off their own wit and cleverness. The country had for ages ceased to take any interest in politics; and nothing remained to console national vanity but perpetual declamations on Marathon and Salamis, and vapour-

ings about their skirmishing and buccaneering wars against the Persians. Philip, and his "godlike son," were, for many reasons which I need not stop to recapitulate, no favourites with the scribbling tribes of fallen Greece, and in general they make their appearance only for some such silly purpose as

To point a moral, and adorn a tale.

Of the events which occurred in the four or five centuries which elapsed from the death of Alexander to the days of Lucian, no notice is taken. We have scarcely a hint, except in one or two essays of dubious authenticity, of the existence and progress of Christianity, which was with relentless hand knocking to pieces those gods who were so often made the butts of Lucian's ineffective jesting. If there remained to us nothing but his writings, we should be ignorant almost of the existence of the great Roman empire under which he lived. His vision is confined to the gossip of Athens; what he sees there, he depicts with a pleasant and faithful hand; his world is that of sophists and reviewers, and on their concerns he is shrewd, witty, and instructive. Nothing in its style can be better, for example, than the Cobbler and the Cock; but the manners there depicted, and the foibles satirized, are trifling. The Art of writing History is a perfect model of a review; but then it is no more than a review. The Auction of Slaves is a capital squib; but nothing more than a squib. He has often been compared to Rabelais, who has sometimes borrowed largely from him; (Epistemon's account of what he saw in the other world, for example, is taken not only in conception, but in many of its details, from the Necyomantia of Lucian;) but those who know how to read the Gargantua and Pantagruel in the manner recommended by Rabelais himself, in his address to the "beuveurs trez illustres," and the others to whom he dedicates his writings, will appreciate the deep difference between a light and sparkling wit, amusing himself with offhand pleasantries on literary folly or provincial absurdity, and the long-pondering old man filled with omnigenous knowledge, rioting in bitter-souled buffoonery over all that can affect the interests or agitate the passions of mankind. Compare Lucian's True History, with the Voyage of Panurge in quest of the Holy Bottle. The Greek has the merit of the original idea, which has since suggested all other imaginary voyages, and supplied no few materials to Gulliver himself, and a pleasant history it must indeed be allowed to be; but what is it after all, but a quiz or parody (often an unfair one) on Herodotus and Homer? In the other, literature and its concerns hold but a trifling place; but as the vessel, steered by Xenomanes, glides onward through allegoric lands, and prodigious adventures, to its final destination, it leaves untouched no coast where matter is to be found for reflections on law, religion, medicine, science, politics, philosophy, in all their ramifications, poured forth from a bosom filled with unbounded erudition, and a heart perfectly fearless of those to whom it could trace superstition, imposture, quackery, or corruption.

I have dwelt perhaps too long—certainly longer than I had intended—on Lucian; but I wish to point out the inutility of looking to him, even if he had been at Shakspeare's elbow, as supplying in any degree elements for the character of the dramatic Timon of Athens. *He* is the more energetic misanthrope. *He* indeed hates mankind.

The Greek is not in earnest. In the depth of his indignation he turns away to jest upon some trifle of manners. He can recollect the ill-breeding and gluttony of the philosopher who licks up the rich sauce off the plate with his fingers; and he can stop to bandy jests with the hungry parasite, or the venal orator. His opening address to Jupiter, commences with a frolic recapitulation of the epithets addressed to the Olympian ruler by the poets; and the misanthrope is so far forgotten in the litterateur, that he pauses before entering on his own calamities and wrongs, to laugh at the brain-stricken poets who are obliged to stop the gap of a yawning rhythm, or to prop up a halting metre, by an epithet. This misanthropy did not very seriously affect the patient; nor are the evils of which he complains, amounting as they do to little more than his being cut by his old acquaintances now that he is poor, so dreadful or extraordinary as to make him

———bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Or tell tales of them to high-judging Jove.

The wrath of the Timon of Shakspeare is conceived in a different spirit. No jesting escapes his lips while he hurls his hatred on Athens. His withering malediction touches all the points on which we are most sensitive; many, from the mere consideration of which we instinctively turn away. He prays for the incontinence of matrons, the disobedience of children, the degradation of nobles before slaves and fools, the foul desecration of virgins beneath the eyes of their parents, the bursting of all social bonds, the preternatural cruelty of boyhood to age:

Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping sire,
And beat his brains out!

The utter uprooting of all the civilized institutions, all the charitable feelings, all the honourable or holy thoughts that link mankind together:

Piety and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And yet confusion live.

This is no mock hatred; it is the harrowing language of a man thoroughly aroused to indignation, and desperate against his kind. Compare it with the parallel passage of Lucian, and we shall see, without recurring to any such foolish inquiry as to what was the precise quantity of the "less Greek" allowed to Shakspeare by Ben Jonson, that to no other source than that which supplied the maledictions of Lear, or Constance, or Margaret, need we look for the bursting imprecations of Timon.

He is introduced, at the commencement of the play, surrounded with all the pomp and circumstance of profuse wealth. The poet, the painter, the jeweller, await his appearance with the tributes of the pen, the pencil, and the mine. The noblest men of his city bow before him, cap in hand; the humble look up to him as their surest stay in distress, and none depart disappointed. All conditions and all minds, the poet says in the florid style,

As well of glib and slippery creatures* as
 Of grave and austere quality, tender down
 Their service to Lord Timon. His large fortune,
 Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
 Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
 All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-faced flatterer,
 To Apemantus, that few things loves better
 Than to abhor himself.

His first appearance on the stage is to release a prisoner by paying the debt; to give the dowry required to make two lovers happy in their union; to bestow lavish recompense, and, what is fully as dear to the ear of painter or poet, commendations equally lavish on the productions offered to his patronage; to receive with abounding hospitality Alcibiades and his train; to preside at a magnificent banquet, heaping his guests with gifts, and entertaining them with all the splendour that taste and prodigal expense can command. His own heart, proud and gratified, swells with a strong desire to do still more:

Methinks I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
 And ne'er be weary.

He is happy in being the instrument of contributing to the happiness of others. It is his delight—his pleasure—his hobby. Not to be generous, is not to be himself. His profuse and liberal habit blinds him to all suspicions that the rest of the world is not of the same temper. The time comes when he is to be cruelly undeceived, and when his sincerity in these professions of universal love and benevolence is to be severely tested. His wealth, which he thought inexhaustible, has taken to itself wings and fled. But even this does not make any very deep impression upon him. He listens with characteristic impatience to the tale of his ruin told by the disconsolate Flavius. He answers in brief and hasty sentences, and soon bids him "sermon no further." He has his own resources left, his own plans to fall back upon. He remembers his wish when in the height of imagined prosperity; he had often desired to be poorer, in order that he might come nearer his friends. He had been affected even to tears when, with overflowing heart, he thought of the precious comfort of having so many persons knit together so closely, that, like brothers, they commanded each other's fortunes. He reflects with a justifiable pride, that his generosity was not directed to unworthy purposes, or called forth by unworthy feelings:

No villanous bounty yet hath past my heart;
 Unwisely, not ignobly have I given.

He will not listen to the suggestions of his steward that he can find any difficulty in borrowing. Even when he learns that the senators, on whom he had public claims, and from whom he expected a large sum of money for the mere asking, have turned a deaf ear to applications made in his name, he is not discouraged. He utters a slight expression of spleen, "You gods reward them!" and at once bidding Flavius look cheerly, proceeds to account for their ingratitude as an exception to the general rule, arising from the lack of kindly warmth in cold-blooded age. Elsewhere he is secure of success:

—Ne'er speak or think
 That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

* Should not this be "creature," *i. e.* creation?

All these hopes are dashed to the ground in a moment. His attempts at borrowing are worse than unsuccessful; they make his difficulties notorious, and, instead of assisting his wants, cause his house to be besieged with clamorous creditors. Shakspeare has not written the scene in which the ungrateful refusals of his friends are communicated to him; but he shows us the effect of the communication on Timon's mind. It strikes him with instant sickness. "Take it on my soul," says his servant Servilius,

My lord leans wondrously to discontent.
His comfortable temper has forsook him;
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

This is the cold fit of the ague by which he is smitten. The hot fit of fever is soon at hand. He bursts in controlless rage through the files of opposing duns; plans a whimsical, but a decisive revenge; and, having executed it, parts from the crowd of

Smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
The fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time-flies,
Cap-and-knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks,

whose prodigious ingratitude had driven him almost mad, with a stern resolution never more to expose himself to similar causes of grief and indignation, by herding again with mankind.

It is useless to say that such a determination was unjust. He who affects to be a misanthrope, is a pitiful and troublesome coxcomb; real misanthropy is madness, and in the concluding acts of the play, Timon is actually insane. He had no friends. His money and his dinners attracted dependents and guests in abundance; but he ought to have known that they went *for* the money and the dinner, and nothing else. The entertainer and the entertained were on a level. If they had the pleasure of receiving, he had the glory of giving, and neither party had a right to complain. The course of life he led, was calculated expressly to drive from him all who were possessed of qualities capable of inspiring respect and friendship. No honourable or high-minded man would frequent the house of Timon, to be exposed to the suspicion of going there with sordid or selfish views. He gathered around him throngs of people whom he corrupted into sycophancy, and he is unreasonable enough to complain of the very meanness which was chiefly of his own creation or encouragement. He set no value on what he flung away with lavish hand, and in reality cared as little for those to whom he flung it. While dispensing his boundless hospitalities, or scattering his magnificent gifts, he had in him, though undeveloped, and even by himself unsuspected, the seeds of misanthropy as deeply set as when he was howling against

All feasts, societies, and throngs of men,

in the desert. He consulted merely his own whim in giving. He thought that no profusion could exhaust his wealth; and he therefore was profuse, as he imagined, in security. If we held the purse of Fortunatus, or could chain

Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound,
In various forms, old Proteus from the sea,
Drawn through a limbeck to his native form,

and achieve the discovery of the philosopher's stone, where would be our merit in dispensing gold all around? We give nothing when we give that which costs us nothing. We do not see that Timon makes any sacrifice, or puts himself to any inconvenience; and we must esteem but lightly that liberality which looks forward to recompense or return. In his prosperity he cherished chance companions without consideration; and, with equal want of consideration, he curses all mankind in his adversity. The difference between his feelings in the two cases amounts to no more than this, that Timon, rich, quietly showed his contempt of the ill-chosen circle of parasites with which he had surrounded himself, by a careless bounty, showered without distinction on the base as on the worthy; and Timon, poor, clamorously exhibited his hatred of all mankind, hastily judging them by the wretched sample with which he had associated, in a strain of general imprecation as reckless and indiscriminating.

A servile or sensual mind would have adopted the plan of Gnatho in the *Eunuchus*, who, after he had wasted in "riotous living" whatever property he possessed,—after *patria abligurierat bona*,—seized on such a gull as Thraso, and have endeavoured to live upon others, as others had lived upon him. A good-natured or thoughtless fellow would have tried to mend his luck, called for fresh cards, and begun again. He, no doubt, would be at first especially annoyed by the loss of his money, and still more by the reflection that he had been choused and ill-treated by those whom he took to be his friends, and who, at all events, were the partners of his gayer hours. But the fit would soon pass, the bile would be got rid of, and (if of English tongue), after a few of those national prayers which have obtained us a celebrated *sobriquet* among all the other people of the earth, liberally distributed to all and sundry, he would regain his temper, and philosophically sing

Why should we quarrel for riches,
Or other such glittering toys?
A light heart and a thin pair of breeches
Will go through the world, my brave boys!

He would struggle on, and puzzle it out in one way or another; and, if Fortune smiled once more, be as ready as ever to commence the old game, forgetting and forgiving everything and everybody, and as open as before to be imposed upon by those who gave themselves the trouble to do so.

But Timon could not adopt either of these courses. Too high-bred, too haughty of thought, he could never have descended to be a trencher-slave; too selfishly awake to his own importance, he could never have pardoned those who had hurt his pride, or mortified his vanity.

Such contrasts as these, Shakspeare had no notion of opposing to him. But he has chosen the appropriate contrast in Apemantus, the snarling philosopher,* who is modelled after the cynics, particularly after Diogenes. In Timon's prosperity, he haunts his enter-

* He is thus introduced at Timon's banquet. "Then comes, dropping after all, Apemantus discontentedly, *like himself*." There has been some deep criticism on these words; but, as they do not convey any very brilliant meaning, I incline to think the direction was, "Then comes, dropping after all, Apemantus discontentedly, *by himself*."

tainments for the purpose of indulging his impertinent humour of carping at the company he meets there. Like Diogenes himself, he is no more than an ill-mannered hound, who deserves perpetual kickings, and is tolerated only for his wit. It is a character easy to assume and to support, requiring nothing more than a sufficient stock of cool impudence and effrontery. Vanity is at the bottom. A desire to brazen out the inconveniences of low breeding and awkward manners, and a love of notoriety, no matter how obtained, are enough to make a cynic. The well-known repartees of Plato and Aristippus set the character of Diogenes in its true light: we may be certain that Alexander, in their celebrated dialogue, looked upon him merely as a buffoon, tumbling about for his diversion in a peculiar fashion; but he was undoubtedly possessed of much wit and humour. The jesting of Apemantus is as plain-spoken and ill-natured, if not as good, as that of the famed tenant of the tub; and Timon keeps him at his table as an original—a sort of lion, who is as much a part of the diversion of the evening, as the masque of the Amazons, or the lofty strain of the hautboys. There are some touches of nature in the fellow, however; for he sees with regret the approaching downfall of his liberal host, and warns him against the consequences of the course he is pursuing, with a grumbling kindness.

His cynicism is not misanthropy; it is of the same stamp as that of the hero of a celebrated play, which its celebrated author intended as an exhibition of the feelings and propensities of a man-hater, and gave it accordingly the name of *Le Misanthrope*. It would be absurd to offer eulogies to Moliere, but it is undeniable that he has made a mistake in the title of his play. *Alceste* is a testy and fretful man; nothing more. There is none of the insane rage, and consequently none of the poetry, of the *misanthrope* about him. It is hard to say what puts him out of humour; and, indeed, he can hardly tell the reason, except that

Moi, je veux me fâcher, et ne veux point entendre.

When he comes to matters more specific, we find him repeating the complaints, almost the phrases, of Apemantus:

*Non : je ne puis souffrir cette lâche méthode
Qu' affectent la plupart de vos gens à-la-mode ;
Et je ne hay rien tant que les contorsions
De tous ces grands faiseurs de protestations :*

or again,

*Mes yeux sont trop blessez ; et la cour et la ville
Ne m'offrant rien qu'objets à m'échauffer la bile,
J'entre en une humeur noire, en un chagrin profond,
Quand je vois vivre entre eux les hommes comme ils font.
Je ne trouve par-tout que lâche flatterie,
Qu'injustice, intérêt, trahison, fourberie ;
Je ne puis plus tenir, j'érage, et mon dessein
Est de rompre en visière à tout le genre humain.*

It was hardly worth while to come to so desperate a determination for so small a cause. His friend Philinte may well say

Je ne vois pas, moi, que le cas soit pendable.

Even Apemantus is of higher strain on the same subject of insincere politeness:

*Aches contract and starve your supple joints !
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,*

And all this courtesy ! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

Who lives that 's not
Depraved, and depraves ? who dies, that bears
Not one spurn to their graves of their friends' gift ?
I should fear, those that dance before me now
Would one day stamp upon me. It has been done ;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

What a coil 's here !
Serving of becks, and jutting out of bums !
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for them. Friendship 's full of dregs ;
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on courtesies.

In this strain Apemantus is consistent throughout. Alceste is not. Oronte reads to him a silly sonnet, and le Misanthrope is as careful of the usages of society in conveying his censure, as any of the flatterers he condemns. His disapproval is conveyed indirectly ; instead of saying at once that the verses are sad trash, he veils his criticism under the pretence of its having been addressed to another :

Mais, un jour, à quelqu'un dont je tairai le nom,
Je disois, &c.

The treatment which the poet experiences from Apemantus is of a more decisive character. Alceste, besides, so far from having determined to break " en visière à tout le genre humain," is in love, and in love with a flirt of the first magnitude. He is desperately jealous of his rivals ; and, instead of supporting his misanthropical character, is ready to defy them *à l'outrance* for laughing at him. A duellist, not a misanthrope, would have said,

Par le sang bleu ! messieurs, je ne croyois pas être
Si plaisant que je suis.

He experiences all the usual vicissitudes of love,—jealousy, anger, quarrels, reconciliations, and so forth. If we did not find it in the Misanthrope, we should be inclined to ascribe the following tender *morçeau*—and there are more beside—to as love-smitten a swain as ever talked ' softly to his ladye love.'

Alceste says to Celimone ;

Ah ! que vous sçavez bien ici contre moi-même,
Perfide ! vous servir de ma foiblesse extrême,
Et ménager pour vous l'excès prodigieux
De ce fatal amour, né de vos traitres yeux !

We find nothing like this, in the misanthrope drawn by a more vigorous hand. Moliere himself seems to have a sharp misgiving as to the consistency of his character, for he makes Philinte say with astonishment

De l'humeur dont le Ciel a voulu le former,
Je ne sçai pas comment il s'avise d'aimer.

He may indeed be well amazed ; but it is also not a little to be wondered that the same consideration did not induce the author to choose a different title for his comedy.

The snarler living in society, and the furious man who has fled from it, meet in the wood. The scene which ensues, is the master-piece of the play. The contrast between the hardened practitioner in railing at mankind, the long-trained compound of impu-

dent humorist and sturdy beggar, who never had felt an honourable or generous emotion, and whose whole career had been devoted to procure, under the cover of philosophy and independence, an inglorious living in lazy idleness, by amusing those whose taste lay that way with scurril ribaldry; and the man who, born in lofty rank, had enjoyed all the luxuries and the splendours of life, who had the mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men paying homage to him, who had never bent for favour, save when he thought that he did honour to those of whom he asked it; and now deprived of all that had been his glory and happiness, the gods of his idolatry shattered at one blow, his brilliant sky suddenly overcast, and the rich and bright-coloured rainbow reduced to its original mist and vapour;—the contrast between these,—one content with his lot, and even vain of the position into which he has thrust himself; the other, torn by all the passions of anger and mortification,—is finely conceived and admirably executed. Apemantus tells Timon that his present character springs only from change of fortune; that he is a fool to expose himself to the rigour of woods which have outlived the eagle, while his flatterers wear silk, drink wine, lie soft, and have forgotten his existence; that his sour cold habit has been put on enforcedly; that he would again be a courtier, if he were not a beggar; and, as a moral of his discourse, recommends him to imitate the practices of those who ruined him,—to hinge his knee, crouch, flatter, and betray in turn:

'Tis most just
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have it.

Timon scarcely replies to the railing of the cynic, and utterly disdains to notice the scoundrel advice with which he concludes; but he retorts on his unwelcome visitor, that his character also was framed by his circumstances; that he was born a beggar, and bred a dog; that his nature commenced in sufferance, and that time made him hard in it; and that, if he had not been from the earliest moment of his life the most degraded of mankind, he would be a knave and flatterer. In these mutual censures there is a mixture of truth and injustice. That Timon's misanthropy was forced upon him by the downfall of his fortunes, and the faithlessness of his friends, is true; but Apemantus does not do him justice when he says, that he would return to his old mode of life, if he were to regain his former wealth. The iron has entered too deeply into his soul. Nor has the cynic properly appreciated the character of Timon, when he recommends him to turn rascal. Here he speaks from himself, and is laid defencelessly open to the powerful retort of the fallen gentleman. "Hadst thou," says Timon

Like us, from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust, and never learned
The icy precepts of respect; but followed
The sugared game before thee.

The same selfish mood of temper that rendered the beggar Apemantus insolent, and desirous of vexing whomsoever he met, "always a villain's office, or a fool's," would have made the high-

born Apemantus pursue such a course as is here described by Timon; and, if he had broken down in his career, there can scarcely be a doubt that he would have followed the servile advice he tenders. The beggared prodigal would have become a sycophant. But Timon, too, is unjust towards Apemantus when he says,

All villains that do stand by thee are pure;

for the cynic had no other villany than impudence and idleness. The fact is, that neither can defend his own conduct, and each is driven to take the ground of impugning that of his accuser. Such a conversation can have but the one end. It must conclude, as it does here, in a torrent of mutual abuse; and they depart with increased scorn and contempt of each other.

With the fourth act, the Shakspearian Timon may be said to begin and end. The first act, exhibiting his prodigal extravagance; the second, his tottering estate; and the third, his mortification and revenge, are taken from Plutarch; or, if we must speak by the card, from North. There is nothing remarkable in the characters of a prodigal host, a confiding friend, or an irritated benefactor soured by unlooked-for ingratitude. The fourth act is Shakspeare's own. Alarm had made way for rage; rage now bursts into madness uncontrolled. In the other sketches of Timon, he is shown as a splanetic wit; and those who visit him in the hour of his returning wealth are no more than ordinary parasites, plying their well-understood vocation. In the fifth act Shakspeare dramatizes some of the old traditionary stories of the man-hater, and the force and energy which he had imparted to the character are immediately weakened. The invitation of all Athenians "in the sequence of degree" to hang themselves, is a touch of mere comedy;* and even his answers to the senators, though savage enough, are far removed from the intensity of frenzied hatred exhibited in the fourth act. There he is indeed the *misanthropos* who hates mankind. The poetry of the misanthropic feeling is there fully developed. In Apemantus, his hatred of mankind is a tolerated impertinence, which obtains admission to lordly tables, and affords an opportunity of railing and carping without being exposed to their proper consequences. In Alceste, there is in reality no misanthropy at all, Philinte may well call it a folly:

C'est une folie, à nulle autre seconde,
De vouloir se mêler de corriger le monde.

In Timon it is absolute madness. He goes not about displaying his wit or his ill-nature at the expense of those whom he meets. He flies from all society, and confounds the universal race of man in one common curse. As for correcting the world, he dreams not of such folly. It suits him better to pray for its universal ruin and damnation.

This is the only light in which misanthropy can be considered

* Shakspeare, in introducing this story of the tree, did not take the trouble of recollecting that it is a town story, and not suited for the desert.

I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And I must fell it.

He hardly had a close of his own, or indeed a tree of his own, in the desert, where he dwelt in a cave; besides, he had no necessity for felling any particular tree, or, if he had, there remained enough for the purposes he recommended.

for the purposes of poetry. If we do not look upon it as madness, it becomes contemptible. Timon, born to great estate, wastes it in riotous living; and, when his money is gone, he finds it not quite so easy to borrow as it had been with him to lend. The case is far from being uncommon; and it is borne in different ways, according to the different temperaments of men. It drives Timon out of his senses. Gold, and the pomps and vanities which it procures, had been to him everything. Nature had not supplied him with domestic attachments; he is without wife or children, kindred or relations, and he has made no friend. All that he regarded, vanished with his wealth. His soul, like that of the licentiate, Perez Garcia, lay in his purse; when the purse was lost, he lost his senses too. In his prosperity we do not find any traces of affection, honourable or otherwise, for women. In his curses, disrespect for the female sex is remarkably conspicuous. The matron is a counterfeit, her smiling babe is spurious; the virgin is a traitor, there is no chastity which is not to be sacrificed for Gold, that

Ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's cheek;

and those who do make the sacrifice are instantly converted into the plagues and torments of mankind. "There's more gold," he says to Phryne and Timandra, after a speech of frenzied raving;

Do you damn others, and let this damn you,—
And ditches grace you all!

These philosophical ladies assure him that they will do anything for gold, and thank him for his compliments:

More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon!

He readily believes them to be no worse than the rest of their sex; and, as gold had been his all-in-all, feels no scruple in thinking that its operation ought to be resistless in subverting the honour of women, as well as the faith of men. Nothing, I repeat, except insanity, could raise such a character from contempt; but invest him, with madness, and poetry will always be able to rivet our attention, and excite our sympathies for the moody passions of the man hated of the gods, wandering alone over the limitless plain of life without end or object, devouring his own heart, and shunning the paths of men.

No women appear in this play except Phryne and Timandra, and they but in one short scene, when they do not speak, between them, fifty words. This, of itself, is sufficient to keep the play off the stage, for few actresses will be desirous of appearing in such characters. They are precisely the description of women suited to confirm Timon in his hatred of the human race, and his conviction of the power of money over all. It is unnecessary to say that ladies of a different class of soul are to be found in Shakspeare, but their place is not here. Isabels and Imogens, Juliets and Desdemonas, would have scorned the riot and sycophancy of his prosperous hours, and would have scared away by their unpurchaseable purity the degrading visions of his misanthropical fancies in the wood. The mistresses of Alcibiades [the real Alcibiades, I should imagine, was much 'better accommodated' than he appears to be in this play,] are Timon's patterns of womankind; as the parasite train, who infested his house, are his patterns of mankind. Yet even he might have

seen that his estimate was unjust. The churlish Apemantus, who ate roots while others revelled at his overloaded board, seeks him in the forest to offer something better than roots to mend his feast. His steward, Flavius, approaches him in his calamity with a tender of his duteous service. Alcibiades, the most honoured of his guests, and who never had received any favours at his hands, offers him assistance unasked. These touches of kindness might have abated his censure, and made him waver in his opinion that he should find in the woods

The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.

But no. The feeling which was at the root of his madness is as conspicuous in his reception of these offers, as in all other parts of his conduct. He patronizes to the end. He is touched by the devotion of Flavius, because he recognises Timon in the light of a master; he declines the gold of Alcibiades, because he wishes to show that *he* has more gold, and can still lavish it; but Apemantus he spurns. He will not accept assistance from a beggar, and a beggar upon whom it would be no matter of pride to waste his bounty, even if the perverse snarler would receive it.

Insanity, arising from pride, is the key of the whole character; pride indulged, manifesting itself indirectly in insane prodigality,—pride mortified, directly in insane hatred. Apemantus was wrong when he told him that he was long a madman, and then a fool. He should have reversed it. Timon was first a fool, and then a madman. Alcibiades sees at a glance that

his wits

Are drowned and lost in his calamities;

and for such a catastrophe nothing can be a more unerring preparation than the stubborn will of pride. "Assuredly," says the Laureate, "in most cases, madness is more frequently a disease of the will than of the intellect. When Diabolus appeared before the town of Mansoul, and made his oration to the citizens at Eargate, Lord Will-be-will was one of the first that was for consenting to his words, and letting him into the town." Well may Dr. Southey conclude his speculations on this subject by saying, "In the humorist's course of life, there is a sort of defiance of the world and the world's law; indeed, any man who departs widely from its usages, avows this; and it is, as it ought to be, an uneasy and uncomfortable feeling wherever it is not sustained by a high state of excitement, and that state, if it be lasting, becomes madness."* The Laureate in this sentence has written an unconscious commentary on the Timon of Shakspeare. The soul-stung Athenian, when he

made his everlasting mansion

Upon the beached verge of the salt flood,

called himself a misanthrope:—he was a madman!

W. M.

* "The Doctor," &c. vol. iii. pp. 272 and 281. I believe no secret is violated in attributing this work to Dr. Southey.

** The text of Timon of Athens is about the most corrupt of the plays. I suggest a few alterations.

Act iii. Scene 1. Lucullus, wishing to bribe Flavius, says, "Here 's three *solidores* for thee." Stevens declares this coin to be from the mint of the poet. It is *solidores*, i. e. *saluts-d'or*,—a piece coined in France by our Henry V. See Holinshed, Roding, Ducange, &c. It is mentioned by Rabelais more than once.

Act iv. Scene 3. " *Raise* me this beggar, and denude the lord,
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.

Read—" *Robe* me this beggar," *i. e.* array the beggar in the robes of the senator, and reduce the senator to the nakedness of the beggar, and contempt and honour will be awarded according to their appearance.

Act iv. Scene 3. Timon, addressing gold, says,
O thou sweet *king-killer*, and dear divorce
'Twixt natural son and sire !

Read—" *kin-killer*," *i. e.* destroyer of all kindred affection. King-killing was no crime in Athens, where, as Shakspeare knew, there was no king ; and all Timon's apostrophes to the wicked power of gold relate not to the artificial laws of society, but to the violation of natural ties, as between son and sire, husband and wife.

Same scene.

Thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed ! thou valiant Mars !
Thou ever young, *fresh, loved,* and delicate wooer, &c.

Perhaps *fresh-lived*.

THERE 'S NO MISTAKE IN THAT !

"Errors excepted."—*Bill of Costs*.

In public life it is most true
That men are wide awake ;
In private matters, doubtless, too,
There now is no mistake.
Whate'er is thought of, said, or done,
Whate'er we would be at,
We all take care of Number One,—
There 's no mistake in that !

The Outs, now long deprived of place,
Of course the Ins oppose :
The Ins rejoice, while, face to face, .
Their " ayes " can beat the " noes."
" Voluntas " (this their daily song)
" Pro ratione stat ;"
Which means, " We 'll go it, right or wrong !"—
There 's no mistake in that !

Good Louis Philippe feels, 'tis said,
In very doleful plight,
Since Frenchmen practise at his head
With bullets day and night.
For diadems, some play odd tricks ;
They 're safer in a hat :
Few crowns are now worth two-and-six,—
There 's no mistake in that !

" No man," (erst said Sir Boyle,) " 'tis plain,
Unless a bird were he,
Can be at once in places twain ;"
Of course, much less in three.

But, what with railway and balloon,
It would surprise the Pat
In ten at once to see us soon,—
There's no mistake in that!

But what have I with home affairs,
Or foreign news, to do?
I've got enough of private cares,
And woes of deepest hue;
My landlord just has called to say
(That odious Peter Platt!)
That Friday last was quarter-day,—
There's no mistake in that!

My banker, too, in language bland,
Presents his kind respects,
And gives me plain to understand
That I have "no effects;"
And then, the matter short to cut,
Proceeds to tell me flat,
My bill is due,—most sorry, but—
There's no mistake in that!

Last month my friends at Rottingness
(That borough pure and bright)
Requested I'd resign, unless
I voted black was white.
To take the Chiltern Hundreds let,
Again I never sat,—
The only hundreds I shall get!—
There's no mistake in that!

My health of late has suffered much;
So in came Dr. Grains,
My pulse and fees alike to touch,
And banish all my pains.
Quoth he, returning watch to fob,
"We must reduce this fat;
And then, methinks, we'll do your job,"—
There's no mistake in that!

My tailor, too, his small account
Has thrice for payment sent;
I promised him the full amount
When I received my rent.
In anger to and fro he stalked,
And changed his civil chat,
And soon of Doe and Roe he talked,—
There's no mistake in that!

'Twas then I wooed the Widow Stokes,
Who did not say me "nay."
And, though I've found her wealth's a hoax,
Still I must wed to-day!
Ah! would that I had never popped!
But Lawyer Latitat
Some hints of "breach of promise" dropped,—
There's no mistake in that!

TRISTRAM MERRYTHOUGHT

VERSAILLES.

THE Museum at Versailles is the proudest monument ever yet erected to the glory of "*la belle France*." Never did sovereign conceive a more appropriate mode of testifying his gratitude to the people who bestowed upon him his crown, than Louis Philippe, when he determined to consecrate Versailles to the memory of the stirring deeds and daring spirits recorded in the most brilliant passages of his country's annals. The idea was worthy of the monarch of a great people, and has been wrought out in a manner to show that, whatever may be the faults imputable to Louis Philippe as a king, his heart beats but for France, and he feels like a patriot and a Frenchman on the subject of his Country's glory.

Should any whose lot it may have been to have paced, some few years since, through the vast and lonely saloons of Versailles, now chance to retrace their steps, how greatly must they admire "the conjuration, and the mighty magic," which has summoned up the illustrious dead to people once more these long-deserted halls, and converted these crumbling ruins into a theatre wherein all the great events in the history of France are, as it were, enacted once again!

"*Le palais de Versailles est le palais de souvenirs*," says a late French writer, and well does it deserve that proud and expressive title; for within its walls are now assembled the effigies of all that are dead to the nation. No unworthy prejudices, no mean distinctions, have operated to the exclusion of one name or one event which sheds a lustre over the history of France. Clovis and Charlemagne; Francis, the King of Gentlemen; and Louis Quatorze, le Grand Monarque himself,—all are there. Napoleon, and the glories of his reign, are there, in *la galerie de Napoleon*, where all his history is told in the order of his battles. Nay, more; Charles the Tenth, at the invitation of his successor, takes his place amongst the assembled monarchs.

Great must have been the labour, unwearied the researches, necessary to attain for this national monument the perfection which it has now reached. From the tombs of St. Denis, from the vaults of the Château d'Eu, from the mouldering ruins of churches and of monasteries, have the half-decaying figures of the monarchs of the first race been restored, to appear with crowned brow and sceptred hand in the Galleries of Sculpture. Their successors are seen caparisoned in coat of mail and plaited steel; while those of still more recent times appear, each of them,

"In the same figure, like the king that's dead."

But this care and spirit of research, be it remembered, have not been devoted to kings alone. Warriors, statesmen, sages, and poets, have shared the same honours with the sovereigns whom they served; and the same hall which displays the marbled effigies of the kings, displays also the form of many a doughty crusader who fought beside them, and of many a noble dame kneeling in prayer to Heaven for a husband's safety.

For, amidst the assembled hosts of steel-clad warriors and laurelled bards, the eye sees with delight those fairer portions of creation, whose matchless beauty and unwearied intrigue have ever exercised so great an influence over the manners and spirit of the times in

which they lived; and whose presence in these halls is as necessary to the making of this great work "one entire and perfect chrysolite," as it is accordant with the gallant and chivalrous feelings of the nation. To a general participation in these feelings throughout the whole body of the French people must be attributed, in a great degree, the immense influence which women exercised for so long a period in France over the affairs of state. Indeed, until the Revolution, it may be said to have been always extremely doubtful whether the mistress or the minister held more potent sway over the sovereign; and, if ever a contest for supremacy did arise between these powerful rivals, the policy of the statesman too often proved but a very ineffectual weapon against the charms and blandishments of the ruling beauty. Of no country in the world can it be said so truly as of France, that there men rule the state, but women rule the men.

And what variety and piquancy has this condition of society served to throw over every page of French history! What interest does it impart even to the museum we are now considering! What an additional brilliancy does it shed over the mere catalogue of celebrated names, whose memories are enshrined in these truly national galleries! How exciting to us, even as Englishmen, are these mingled names of monarchs, beauties, wits, statesmen, and warriors, which sparkle as we write them! and how, at the bare mention of them, must the French "find their hearts moved more than with a trumpet," as Sir Philip Sidney, as rare a spirit as any amongst them, said of the old ballad of Chevy Chase! Charlemagne and Clovis; Charles the Seventh, and Jeanne d'Arc; Agnes Sorel, and the brave Dunois, Le Bâtard d'Orléans; Francis the First, and Diana of Poitiers; Bayard, the valiant knight "*sans peur et sans reproche*;" Henri Quatre, and Marguerite de Navarre; the Duc de Guise, and the Montmorenci; Marie de Medicis; Sully and Colbert; Cornelle, and Richelieu, and Anne of Austria; Louis the Fourteenth, and La Valliere; Montespan, and De Maintenon; Racine, and Molière; the Regent Orleans; Marie Antoinette; Napoleon and his Marshals;—all are here. Here, too, the records of their deeds and of their power, written by those simplest of all annalists—the sculptor and the painter, so that all who run may read. Le Brun and Vandermeulen; David, and Horace Vernet,—the true kings at arms,—here blazon forth the stirring actions of the mighty spirits of their age. In short, treasured up within these walls, may be found memorials of every event and remarkable personage in the history of France, calculated to furnish food for the moralist, information to the historian, and models or warnings for the patriot; and which, taken altogether, constitute a museum illustrative of the national history, such as no other country in the world can boast,—a museum fully deserving of the trouble of a journey to all those who have the time and opportunity to visit it;* and justifying to the fullest

* When Mahomet found that the mountain would not come to him, like a sensible man as he was, Mahomet made no more to do, but straight went to the mountain. Our readers, who may not be able very conveniently to follow our advice to visit Versailles, may have the mountain,—that is, Versailles, to visit them,—in the shape of a beautifully illustrated work, containing copies of all the pictures, statues, &c. there collected, published in numbers, and entitled "*Galerics Historiques de Versailles, publié par ordre du Roi par Ch. Gavard.*" Paris: Treuttel and Co.—London: Kernot.

the following encomiums bestowed upon it and its royal author by M. Dupin, in the discourse which he delivered to the King upon the opening of the galleries :

“ Une création qui seule suffirait pour illustrer un règne, est celle du grand Musée de Versailles. Aucun monument n’offre un caractère plus national ; c’est l’histoire de France en action. Louis XIV, revenant à Versailles, ne pourrait plus dire, ‘ *L’Etat, c’est moi !* ’ Plus fier encore, le grand roi, en voyant tant de grands hommes, s’écrierait, ‘ *Messieurs ! l’Etat, c’est nous !* ’ Car à Versailles tous les temps sont réunis, toutes les gloires sont déifiées, toutes les victoires se suivent. Le Roi l’a ainsi voulu ; jamais historien ne fut plus impartial ! ”

But the idea of converting the Palace of Versailles into a Gallery of Art illustrative of the national history, does credit to the good sense and right feeling of Louis Philippe in another respect than that of erecting it into a monument to the glory of his country, with which his name must henceforward be inseparably connected.

Versailles might become a national museum ; it could never more become a royal residence. Its glory departed from it with the despotic spirit of the ancien régime. The monarch of Versailles must be *aut Cæsar aut nullus*, and not the monarch of the Barricades.

Louis Philippe, even had his known fondness for the enjoyments of private life led him to wish it, could not have hoped to recall Versailles to the unostentatious condition in which it appeared as the simple hunting-seat where Louis the Thirteenth found a refuge from political cares, and from all those endless troubles and anxieties with which the monarch is sure to be surrounded in his state apartments. Still less could the sovereign of *la nouvelle France* hope to reinstate it in the splendour which it displayed under the direction of Le Grand Monarque himself.

Napoleon, when at the zenith of his glory, anxious to conciliate the admirers of the ancient court, and to invest his own with the reflection of that brilliancy which still shines like a halo round the recollections of that of Louis Quatorze, conceived the idea of restoring to the desolate walls of Versailles the splendour which had so long deserted them. He was at the summit of his power ; as emperor, invested with authority almost as despotic as that of Louis ; and deeming it, perhaps, no less advantageous to his political views, than flattering to his ambition, he determined to renovate and inhabit Versailles. But the enormous sum which it would have required to enable him to carry this resolution into effect, having caused him to pause for a while, he was induced to consider the matter more narrowly ; and the result was, that, perceiving he could no more bring back Versailles to the reputation which it enjoyed under Louis Quatorze, than reduce France to the state of almost feudal slavery in which it existed during the reign of that monarch, he very wisely abandoned the undertaking.

But when the house of Bourbon re-ascended that throne from which, by the voice of the nation, it had been so long excluded, it seemed as if the hour for the restoration of Versailles had arrived. In fact, Louis the Eighteenth directed the necessary steps to be taken for the accomplishment of that purpose. But fate, and the Minister of Finance, willed it otherwise ; and the vast halls of

Versailles remained as they had done for years, silent and deserted.

Yet, even in their desolation, the galleries of Versailles formed a fitting monument to the memory of their founder. They told of his glory. They were memorials of his love of magnificence and display, and they told of the extravagance at which that love was gratified; and they showed to succeeding generations, what the indifference manifested at his funeral showed to his contemporaries, how fleeting and unsubstantial is the popular admiration of a sovereign who does not make the end and aim of his government the happiness of his people. But they did justice also to the genius of Louis, who, if he neglected the interests of his people at home, laboured hard to make France respected abroad; and they showed how far he, who was "every inch a king," excelled, in talents and kingly tastes, those by whom he was succeeded. Versailles is, in fact, identified with Louis Quatorze; it was his palace when living, and, when dead, his tomb.

It was, it is true, inhabited by Louis the Fifteenth; and the death of that monarch took place within its walls. His successor, and the charming Marie Antoinette, likewise kept their court here. It witnessed, moreover, some of the most striking events which preceded the Revolution, some of the most startling scenes of that eventful era. Yet, after all these changes and vicissitudes, at the mention of Versailles we think of none of these: when that name falls on the ear, the mind, overlooking all intermediate objects, rushes back at once to the contemplation of Louis the Fourteenth, and of the brilliant court which he had here created around him; for the interest which we feel in Versailles is as closely identified with that which we experience for him at whose bidding it arose, as was the progress of this proud structure with the varied aspects of its creator's reign.

We will just glance at a few of these; and then resign the matter into hands well calculated to deal with a subject like the present, which may be said to combine the truth of history with the imagination of romance. Mr. James, who has shown in his romantic novels of "Richelieu," "Philip Augustus," and "De L'Orme," his familiarity with the history of France, more especially at those moments when its interests are of the deepest, could not have found a fitter theme for his well-practised pen than "THE LIFE AND TIMES OF LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH." The records of such an era, abounding in events of the most startling nature, and which called into activity the most daring spirits and the profoundest statesmen which that age produced, when chronicled by a writer so popular as Mr. James, cannot but be welcome to the reading public; and, accordingly, to the forthcoming and concluding volumes of his history, after bestowing some small additional tedium upon our readers, we shall beg to refer them for a more elaborate picture of Versailles when in its "most high and palmy state."

Versailles may be said to have had but one master, its first and greatest. But it witnessed the rise of three mistresses,—the gentle La Valliere, the *spirituelle* and imperious Montespan, and, lastly, the shrewd and ambitious De Maintenon,—whose several reigns form well-defined epochs in the history of this princely edifice.

It rose when the star of La Valliere was in the ascendant; when Louis, naturally anxious to escape from the too rigid surveillance of

Anne of Austria, and to be himself the master of his own actions, felt this anxiety strengthened by his growing but secret passion for the beautiful La Valliere. Tradition has asserted that the cause of the king's abandoning St. Germain, (where he first held his court, in consequence of his insuperable objection to reside in the capital,—an objection conceived from the troubled scenes which his childhood had witnessed at Paris,) was a morbid dislike to the sight of the Abbey of St. Denis, the burial-place of his predecessors, and which met his eye whenever he looked from the windows of the Palace of St. Germain. There may be some truth in this legend; as also in another, which attributes to Louis a belief in the divine origin of kings, very different from the metaphorical spirit in which that doctrine is generally received, and which, if true, would elucidate several points in the character of this monarch.

Was the sight of St. Denis the cause; or that more reasonable one alleged by others, and to which we have already referred, namely, the king's anxiety to escape from the observation of eyes more watchful than was agreeable to him?—it is certain that his earliest visits to Versailles, which were almost stolen ones, took place at the period when his fondness for La Valliere was a secret known but to few. At this time, as at the latest moment of his reign, the fact of being invited to join the king at Versailles was the standard of royal favour.

At length, in the spring of the year 1664, Louis announced his intention of giving a grand festival at Versailles; and this, which was ostensibly in honour of the queen, but in reality in compliment to the beautiful and amiable Louise de la Valliere, was the first event which betokened the future destiny of this chosen spot. The king had commanded that this entertainment should exceed in magnificence all that had preceded; even the splendid tournaments which, two years before, had formed the admiration and delight of all Paris. The king's commands were faithfully obeyed. The management of the entertainment was entrusted to the Duke de Saint Aignan; the plan to the Italian, Vicarani; and the result was an allegorical pageant in the taste of the times, founded on a scene in Ariosto, and entitled "*Les Plaisirs de l'Isle Enchantée*." In this, Louis, covered from head to foot with jewels, and surrounded by a dazzling retinue of heralds, knights, pages, and squires, displayed the beauty and majesty of his person and his skill in arms, by entering the lists, and carrying off no less than four times the victor's prize. It was at this festival, which is invested on that account with considerable literary interest, that Louis read the three first acts of the then unfinished "*Tartuffe*."

From this time Versailles became the scene of those gay festivals with which the king was accustomed, more especially during his *liaison* with the Duchess de la Valliere, to excite the wonder and admiration of his courtiers, among whom it now became a matter of ceaseless anxiety and intrigue to obtain the king's commands to form one of the royal party, which henceforth yearly took up their abode in the buildings constantly erecting for their accommodation. The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was here celebrated, on the 18th July 1668, by a sumptuous entertainment far surpassing that entitled "*L'Isle Enchantée*:" and, four years after this, we find these additional buildings so far completed, that Louis found himself en-

abled to remain at Versailles with his ministers, and his more immediate circle, for the greater portion of the year.

The chivalrous spirit, however, which had up to this period, or very nearly so, characterised the court of Louis, was shortly doomed to change. On the 19th April 1674, Louise de la Valliere took her formal departure from the court, in the chamber of her successful rival, Madame de Montespan, in order to enrol herself as "*Sœur de la Misericorde*" in the Carmelite nunnery of the Rue St. Jaques, at Paris; where, brooding over her sorrows, and seeking by good works to atone for those errors into which she had been betrayed by her own beauty and a monarch's love, she lived for many years, to use her own expressive language, "*not happy, but content!*"

The successor of this "humble violet," as she was styled by Madame de Sévigné, was La Marquise de Montespan, who enjoyed the affections of Louis during the most brilliant part of his reign. The dominion of this witty, spirited, and haughty woman, and the transitory appearance of her sisters, the still more beautiful and witty Abbess de Fontevrault, and the captivating and gifted Madame de Thianges, form a brilliant era in the history of Versailles. Madame de Maintenon, who eventually supplanted the mistress who had introduced her to Louis, describes her as "amusing herself by allowing six dormice, harnessed to a chariot of filagree, to nibble her finger's ends, while she exhibited the king to the ministers as if he had been a child; at the same time, knowing all the most important affairs of state, and giving very beneficial and very baneful advice upon them, according to the humour in which she happened to be."

Madame de Montespan was clever as she was haughty; and her raillery—and what raillery is so effective as that which proceeds from the mouth of a pretty woman?—was so dreaded by the whole herd of courtiers, that it is said, there was not one amongst them who would venture to pass the windows of her apartments at such times as they knew the presence of the king would enable her to point the shafts of her ridicule with increased bitterness and assured success; and this talent contributed greatly to the establishment of that rigid system of etiquette by which the whole affairs of Louis' court were from this time regulated. The elevation of Madame de Montespan to the distinguished position which she enjoyed was a measure pregnant with the greatest danger to that extraordinary respect in which Louis had succeeded, as it were, in enshrining the throne. Yet the character of the favourite, who held that it was good to assume a virtue though we had it not, and whose wit and beauty enabled her to preach this doctrine far more effectually than sterner moralists could have done, combined with that love of order which Louis always exacted from those around him, to bring to perfection that mysterious engine of state policy, entitled Etiquette; which, regarding the monarch as its supreme source or centre, superior to the ordinary observances of life, sanctioned his violation of the laws of virtue and propriety, without erecting his conduct into a pattern for imitation. The reign of Madame de Montespan forms the gayest period in the history of Versailles; the court had regularly taken up its residence within its walls, destined to form the model of half the palaces of the continent, and every court in Europe resounded with the praises

of those festal displays of magnificence in which Louis so much delighted.

But while Madame de Montespan still enjoyed the favour of Louis, and even in the midst of his transitory passion for the beautiful Duchesse de Fontanges, the spirit of Madame de Maintenon was busily weaving around the king those toils from which he was doomed never more to extricate himself. At length she obtained the object for which she had so long struggled,—the hand as well as the heart of her royal lover. During the winter following the death of the queen, which took place in July 1683, the “charming” Madame Scarron, now transformed into the “canting” Madame de Maintenon—(Reader, the epithets are Walpole’s,)—was secretly married to Louis by the Archbishop of Paris, in a private chapel of the castle, and in the presence of Père la Chaise, Bontemps the king’s first chamberlain, and other confidential witnesses.

The king now gave her apartments on the same floor which he himself occupied, and, indeed, immediately opposite to his; and, having here established her throne, this queen, in all but name, very seldom quitted it. From this time she was seen but little in public. The king received her visits only on the occasion of his indisposition; and the Duchess of Burgundy was the only one, with the exception of his majesty, who could boast of such an honour.

These were the gloomiest days which Versailles witnessed during the long reign of *Le Grand Monarque*, notwithstanding they formed the golden age of the celebrated *Oeil de Bœuf*. The same good star which had so long shone brightly over the destinies of France, had sunk beneath the horizon. Those able ministers who had so long guided her counsels, had dropped one by one into the silent grave. Scarcely were those wounds healed which the unfortunate war and fearful winter of 1709 had inflicted upon the people, when death robbed Louis of all his direct and legitimate descendants, with the exception of the sickly Duc d’Anjou. From this moment the king was rarely seen in the vast saloons of Versailles except in the garb of mourning.

Nor was it “the inky suit alone” which marked the sorrow which had taken hold upon him, and the change which adversity and the counsels of Madame de Maintenon had wrought upon his mind. Louis le Grand, that mighty sovereign, who had dictated the peace of Nimeguen, formed the Canal of Languedoc, and sanctioned the performance of “*Tartuffe*,” gradually sunk into a dotting bigot, who transferred the seat of empire to the bedchamber of Scarron’s widow.

“Oh, what a falling-off was there, my masters!”

Said we not rightly then, that Versailles saw its gloomiest days under the foundress of St. Cyr?

ON POPULAR AND NATIONAL POETRY.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

FRANCE.

BACON did not invest poetry with undue importance when he wrote, "Give me the writing of songs for a people: let who will make their laws." It would be no uninteresting or un instructive study, taking the remark for a text, to note the influence which songs have exercised upon the fortunes of nations, by keeping alive from generation to generation the hopes, the fears, and the prejudices of the people, and thus weakening the effect of such laws as may have been forced upon them in spite of either. It is not my object, however, to take such high ground on the present occasion; but rather to traverse the pleasant fields of European song, and cull on the way some of the fairest flowers which may be indigenous to each particular soil. In France "*la chanson*" wields a power which has been at times sufficient to make a monarch wince upon his throne, and which in the days of Louis XIV. and XV. fully justified the remark that the government was an absolute monarchy "*temperée par les chansons.*" In Germany, Switzerland, Hungary, Scotland, and the Tyrol, the songs of the people are mirrors in which the national mind is vividly reflected. In England the songs, with a few exceptions, possess a more cosmopolitan character. Our lyrics, beautiful though they be, do not in general embody the characteristics and aspirations of our people. This remark applies more particularly to our modern songs, which have nothing exclusively English about them except the language, and might be translated into French, German, or Spanish, without the loss of a beauty, or the necessity for explanation, even to a reader totally unacquainted with our history and present state. But our deficiencies in this respect will be apparent if we make a more intimate acquaintance with the popular poetry of other countries, especially of those which have suffered the most from political causes. Among nations, as among individuals, sorrows and trials draw out the latent poetry, which but for them might have slumbered for ages. Sorrow is indeed the nurse of song, and inspires more music than joy or triumph.

To begin with France. What a faithful index to the national mind may be found in the songs which delight the people! How redolent they are of the land which gave them birth! How untranslatable in all their original freshness, and how incomprehensible in some of their most delicate and touching allusions to the stranger who is not thoroughly acquainted with the history of the country and the characteristics of the people! Songs which cheer the husbandmen, or are hummed by cottage girls at their rustic labours; and the uncultured but still poetic staves sung by the corn-reapers or the vintagers, in which, ever and anon, there recurs a word full of meaning to the politician who is acute enough to understand it. There are very few songs of this description current among the French people which can boast of a date anterior to the Revolution, and these are mostly fragments. The old songs of Ron-sard, Villon, Piron, Marot, Panard, and others, and the still more ancient lays of the troubadours, do not come within our category. They were songs suited only for the atmosphere of courts

and cities, and filled with those amatory and bacchanalian conceits which are derived from the Grecian mythology, and are common to all the nations of Europe. The songs of the peasantry are more valuable; and it is much to be regretted that materials so precious to every historian who wishes to record manners as well as events, should have been lost in the lapse of ages for the want of some industrious collector. The *Fronde* and the *Ligue* gave rise to many epigrams and satires, but to few songs. We must go still further back to arrive at the most ancient of the popular lyrics which have descended to our day.

One of the most interesting had its origin in the time of Charles VII. when Joan of Arc acquired her immortal celebrity. The language has been modernised more than once, as there are several versions in existence; but even in its present form it dates as far back as 1530. The concluding stanza contains a boast which every nation makes use of as an incentive against the enemy. "*Ung de nous en vault quatre!*" is but the French version of the common English phrase which Goldsmith puts into the mouth of his disabled soldier,— "One Englishman can beat five French at any time!"

" Entre vous, gents de vilage,
 Qui aimé le roy François,
 Prené chacun bon courage
 Pour combattre lez Engloys.
 Prené chacun une houe
 Pour mieux les desraciner;
 S'ils ne sen veulent aller,
 Au mayns, faite leur la moue.
 Ne craigné point: allé battre
 Ces godons, panches à poys;
 Car ung de nous en vault quatre,
 Au mayns, en vault-il trois!"

The second stanza of this rude chaunt is exquisitely characteristic of the French to this day. If they could not exterminate the English by the "*houe*,"—which means not only a hoe, but that more formidable weapon, a flail,—they were at least to make faces at them, that they might see the abhorrence in which they were held! Something of the same kind took place during the occupation of Paris by the allies in 1815, when the Parisians, unable to vent their detestation by any other mode, gave it free scope in caricatures, lampoons, and puns against the Duke of Wellington and his Duchess. In other words, they made the *moue*, as their ancestors had been advised to do under similar circumstances.

The death of Francis I. before Pavia filled the French nation with grief and indignation; grief for the fate of the gallant young monarch, and indignation against those who were accused of having betrayed and deserted him. Among the many songs made at this period, the following is one of the few which have been preserved:

" Mauldicts soient les trahistes
 Qui l'ont abandonné!
 En faict de villenie
 Ils se sont toujours monstré.
 O la faulce canaille!
 Qui ont le roi trompé;
 Au point de la bataille
 N'ont point voulu frappé.

Princes ! seigneurs de France,
 Et nobles chevaliers !
 Ayez en remembrance
 Les nobles trespasés,
 Ayez en souvenance
 Le noble roy François !"

The rude and simple, but warm-hearted inhabitants of Brittany have preserved a number of songs of the olden time ; and many ancient crones in the most unfrequented districts of that province hum over snatches of war and love songs which were common to many other parts of the country four hundred years ago. Many of them, again, are peculiar to Brittany, and, when heard by a native of that district when wandering on a foreign shore, exercise upon him an influence as powerful as the celebrated "*Ranz des vaches*" does upon the Swiss, or "*Lochaber no more*" upon the Scottish Highlander. The nuptial song of the peasants of Brittany subdues the roughest Breton into tears ; and an instance is related of a lawless fellow, who quitted his native village for his crimes, and retired to the backwoods of Lower Canada. After roaming about for two years in the western world without a wish to revisit the scenes of his childhood, he one day arrived by chance at a cottage, where he heard the daughter of a Canadian settler singing the well-remembered air. He paused, enraptured ; and the very next sunrise saw him trudging his weary way towards Montreal, to secure a passage across the Atlantic. In less than three months he was safe again in his homestead, brought back by an old song, which had awakened within him in a strange land the kindlier feelings of his nature, and made him, if not a good, at least a better man.

The song of the reapers of La Vendée is no less dear to the country people, and has been their delight for generations. Although "its rhymes are feeble, and its style is old," it is full of grace and simplicity, and wedded to an air which renders it still more touching. It runs thus :

"*Ma mie reçoit de mes lettres
 Par l'alouette des champs,
 Elle m'envoie les siennes
 Par le rossignol chantant.
 Sans savoir lir' n'ecrire
 Nous savons c'qui est dedans :
 Il y a dedans ces lettres,
 'Aime moi ; je t'aime tant !'*"

There are few who will not appreciate the beauty of the above. The following paraphrase preserves the idea, although hardly the simplicity of the original :

"I send a message to my dear
 Each morning by the lark,
 And every night the nightingale
 Brings answer ere the dark.
 And, though we neither read nor write,
 I know, and well knows she,
 That both the letter and reply
 Say, "*Love me ; I love thee !*"

Madame de Staël, in her touching romance "*Delphine*," has preserved the ancient bridal chaunt of the peasants of Languedoc, and

describes in eloquent language the effect it produces on a stranger when sung in full chorus by the villagers. Her description is, no doubt, coloured to the hue of her own impassioned narrative; but those who knew the effect of their ancient songs upon a simple but affectionate people, will not think it greatly exaggerated. The first verse is sung by the bride, and is literally as follows:

*Grant me then, my mother,
For my husband, my lover,
I will love him tenderly
As thou hast loved my father!*

The mother replies in nearly the same words,

*Thy mother grants thee
For thy husband, thy lover;
Thou wilt love him tenderly
As she has loved thy father.*

The father then takes up the strain, and to the same air repeats

*My daughter, imitate thy mother!
For thy husband, take thy lover,
And cherish him tenderly,
As she has cherished thy father.*

I have made no attempt to give a rhymed version of the above, for fear of destroying its simplicity, but have contented myself with rendering it word for word and line for line from the original.

The revolution of 1789, which swept away so many of the ancient manners of the French people, carried away many snatches of old songs; but it gave rise to scores of others, upon which it impressed its own vivid and burning mark. "*Ça ira*," "*La Carmagnole*," and "*La Marseillaise*," will be as celebrated in history as the fierce events from which they sprang. Who can say how many a mind was maddened into political frenzy by the first, or how many of the victories of the Republic were helped on by the patriotic enthusiasm raised in the breast of the "citizen soldier" by the inspiring poetry and music of the latter? "*Ça ira*" was the greater favourite with the mere populace.—and many a deed of blood was perpetrated while the mob were bellowing forth its revolutionary stanzas in furious chorus. "*La Marseillaise*" was every way superior; and, both as regarded the air and the poetry, was worthy to be considered the hymn of liberty. There are many still alive who remember during some of the fiercest outbreaks of the revolution, when the people were encamped by thousands all night in the *quais* and squares of Paris, to have heard long after midnight, and amid the deep silence of everything else, the sudden swell of this national hymn. The effect is described as having been grand and beautiful in the extreme. And who can wonder at it? It was the song of the epoch; and, heard at such a time, and in such a manner, must have excited a long train of sublime and gloomy reflections: some triumphant feeling at the awakening to freedom of a great nation long enslaved, mingled with no slight degree of shame and sorrow at the foul deeds which had stained so fair a cause.

An English prisoner of war who was in Paris just before the

fall of Robespierre, and who only escaped death by the death of the latter, describes, in his memoirs the gloomy sensations excited in the minds of the peaceable citizens whenever the famous guillotine song was sung by the revolutionary bands of the capital. The air, though drawling and monotonous, was grand, from the death-like reminiscences with which it was associated. The words were something to the following effect :

“ *Mettons nous en oraison—
Maguingueringon,
Devant sainte guillotinette—
Maguingueringon,
Maguingueringuette !*”

This jumble of sounds, many of them without meaning, would be ludicrous in English. But even nonsense may be sometimes horrible ; and, amid all the absurdity of this wild chorus, there was one idea which gave it terror. The terms of fondness and endearment lavished upon the guillotine are utterly loathsome ; and betray, better, perhaps, than any more laboured phraseology could do, the true character of that dismal period. As the judges of one day became the criminals of the next, this song was at last sung *on* the scaffold as well as at the foot of it ; the poor victims thus chaunting for themselves the same chorus which they had shouted for others, and applying to the instrument of decapitation the same disgusting and almost blasphemous expressions of mock fondness.

But a brighter period was at hand. The strong man came at last ; and, trampling anarchy under his iron heel, diverted the thoughts of the French into a new channel. Under the despotism of the empire the French poets had leisure to indulge in their favourite satire. Glory, also, with which they were so dazzled, inspired the muse ; and one poet arose pre-eminent to throw the mantle of his genius over the epoch, and embalm in undying verse the memory of the hopes, the grievances, and the fears of the people. His name has of late years become pretty familiar to the English public ; even to thousands who do not understand, or who, understanding, do not appreciate him. This poet was Beranger, whose songs, so exquisite from their truth, their wit, their tenderness, and their simplicity, stand a fairer chance of immortality than any of the productions of his contemporaries. They are known to hundreds who cannot read, and—sure sign of long life—they are sung by village gossips to children in the nursery. He has completely identified himself with the popular mind ; and to the force and simplicity which always please the unlettered many, has united the grace and polish which are the admiration of the scholastic few.

Songs are the most enduring expression of the national feeling with regard to the events which they celebrate, and those of Beranger will be valuable ages hence for their embodiment of the public sentiment in France at the close of the career of Napoleon. Weariness of his despotic yoke, mixed up with the most unbounded admiration of his military glory, filled the popular mind before the battle of Waterloo. After that event, so painful to the self-love of all true Frenchmen, their anger evaporated ; and the people forgave his oppression or forgot it, bestowing on his sad reverses their deepest pity, and on his glory, unparalleled in

modern times, an admiration akin to idolatry. All these feelings are impressed on the songs of Beranger, and sufficiently explain the reasons of his immense popularity. The song entitled "*The old Serjeant*" is full of the peculiar characteristics of Beranger; and communicates, through the simple medium of the reminiscences of a disabled soldier, a patriotism which must touch every heart. All the images are plain and natural, and the effect of the whole is unsurpassed in French poetry. "*Le vieux drapeau*," written in 1820, harps upon a similar string, and expresses the wishes of a veteran of the wars of the republic to see the ancient flag, the immortal *tricolour*, restored to the head of the French armies, from whence it had been cast down to make way for the white banner of the Bourbons. This song, so truly national, enjoyed from the first moment of its publication the most extensive popularity, and found an echo in every French bosom. In the "*Broken fiddle*" the poet was equally happy in seizing a sentiment common to a whole people, and embalming it in language full of truth and poetry. No subject could well be simpler than the indignation of a poor old fiddler, whose instrument had been ruthlessly destroyed by the successful invaders of the soil; but this theme is worked up by the poet so powerfully that the woes of the fiddler become national. In another style, but equally happy, is the song entitled "*The Sutler*;" which, in language appropriate to the subject, and abounding with the expressions, images, and ideas which may be supposed peculiar to the female follower of a camp, exults over the successes, and mourns over the humiliation, of the French arms, till, notwithstanding the homeliness of the style, and the questionable morality of the speaker, the heart warms at her noble patriotism and generous sympathy for distress. "*Les esclaves Gaulois*" is in a higher strain, and is, without exception, the most beautiful lyric in the French language. It was written in 1824, when the foolish Bourbons, disregarding all the solemn warnings of the past, were endeavouring to re-rivet the chains which a nation had snapped asunder. It represents a party of ancient Gauls in slavery, brutalised by misery and degradation, breaking open the cellars in the absence of their master, and drinking the wine which had formerly belonged to themselves, and chaunting in full chorus, under its influence, their contempt for freedom. Every line of this eloquent composition struck deep into the souls of French politicians at that period. The burning satire worked well; and, although the poet himself suffered fine and imprisonment for this, and other effusions as obnoxious to the tyrannical government of the day, his name was engraved on the hearts of the French people. The bitter irony of such poetry as the following, tended to keep up the indignation which burst forth impressively in 1830.

" Savez-vous où git l'humble pierre
 Des guerriers morts de notre temps ?
 Là—plus d'épouses en prière ;
 Là—plus de fleurs, même au printemps !
 La lyre attendrie
 Ne redit plus leurs noms effacés tous.
Nargue du sot qui meurt pour la patrie !
 Enivrons nous !

La Liberté conspire encore
 Avec des restes de vertu ;
 Elle nous dit, ' Voici l'aurore :
 Peuple ! toujours dormiras-tu ?
 D'été qu'on vante,
 Recrute ailleurs des martyrs et des fous !
 L'or te corrompt, la gloire t'épouvante :
 Enivrons nous !

Oui ! toute espérance est bannie,
 Ne comptons plus les maux soufferts.
 Le marteau de la tyrannie
 Sur les autels rive nos fers.
 Au monde en tutelle,
 Dieux tout-puissans, quel exemple offrez-vous ?
 Au char des rois un prêtre vous attelle.
 Enivrons nous !

Rions des dieux,—sifflons les sages ;
 Flattons nos maîtres absolus ;
 Donnons-leur nos fils pour otages :
On vit de honte ; on n'en meurt plus !
 Le plaisir nous venge :
 Sur nous du sort il fait glisser les coups.
 Trainons gaiement nos chaînes dans la fange.
 Enivrons nous !"

It would occupy too much space if I were to attempt to signalise all the songs, rendered national by their wit and truth, which have proceeded from the prolific pen of the first song-writer of France ; but, as my subject precludes me from entering into the consideration of many beautiful songs of his which are not strictly of this description, I may be forgiven for dwelling at greater length upon those which are. If ever poet gave the lie to the assertion that the Muses are alien to politics, it is Beranger. It would be hard indeed were poetry, which sympathises so deeply and so truly with all that concerns humanity, to be debarred from touching on those grand questions which involve the happiness or misery of nations, and the progressive improvements of the human race. The sublimest poetry is religious, but to religion, politics, in the noblest and most extensive sense of the word, inspires the grandest conceptions to the true poet. Those who would restrain him from entering into that wide field, can have no correct idea of the importance of his mission. The song entitled "The Holy Alliance of Nations," written in 1818, in commemoration of the evacuation of the French territory by the allied armies, is a fine specimen of the union of the highest politics with the highest poetry. The following paraphrase may give the English reader some idea of this noble song, which has drawn down the approbation of philosophers and critics, not only in France, but in every country where French literature is cultivated.

THE HOLY ALLIANCE OF NATIONS.

" I saw from heaven descend the seraph Peace,
 To cheer the world, too long by discord torn ;
 The air was calm, as, bidding warfare cease,
 She flung around her, flowers and ears of corn.

'Oh, hear!' said she, 'distracted nations, hear!
English and French, and all contending lands,
Form an alliance, holy and sincere,
And join, join hands!

Oh, man! poor lump of sanguinary mud!
Open your eyes, and be no longer blind;
Why should ye rage and shed each other's blood,
Because a monarch thinks his realm confined?—
Why, when he mounts his chariot, should ye cheer,
E'en though its hot wheels crush the obvious lands?—
Form an alliance, holy and sincere,
And join, join hands!

Lo! 'mong the corn, now bruised and trampled down,
Ten thousand soldiers breathed their dying groans;
And at each border fort and frontier town
The barren soil grows rich with human bones!
The lurid war-torch, blazing far and near,
Has filled with terror all the suffering lands.
Form an alliance, holy and sincere,
And join, join hands!

Should millions fall in their unholy strife,
Still monarchs think their battles cheaply won;
What do they care for wasting human life?—
They've gained a province, and the thing is done!
Then up to heaven their haughty heads they rear,
And prate of glory to the bleeding lands.
Form an alliance, holy and sincere,
And join, join hands!

Why should their glory, founded on your woe,
Dazzle your eyes and yoke you to their car?—
Are ye the gainers by their pomp and show,
Fools that ye've been, short-sighted that ye are!
Why should these tyrants trouble thus your sphere,
And with *their* quarrels decimate *your* lands?
Form an alliance, holy and sincere,
And join, join hands!

Yes! free and happy, let the world repose;
Sheathed be the sword, and be the cannon dumb;
And let the memory of your former woes
Make you the wiser for the days to come!
Then shall ripe corn-fields all your labours cheer,
And the red vintage gladden all the lands.—
Form an alliance, holy and sincere,
And join, join hands!

Thus to the nations spoke the seraph Peace:
The vintage ripened, and the good corn grew;
Men bade their struggles and dissensions cease,
And youths and maidens danced upon the dew!
Then hear, ye nations! hear, ye people, hear!
Freedom and wealth shall gladden all your lands,
When this alliance, holy and sincere,
Has joined all hands!

The other poets who were inspired by the spirit of this age are few and unimportant. Scribe wrote songs for the theatres; and Casimir Delavigne, a poet far superior, followed his example. None

of these had the stamp of nationality upon them; and the songs of Beranger continued alone to be extensively popular. They kept up with their eternal *refrains* the hatred against the elder branch of the Bourbons. Every act of tyranny and perversity into which they blundered was stigmatised in songs. These being invariably adapted to some old and favourite melody, were speedily sung in every corner of the kingdom. At last the moment came when the nation could submit to the lash no longer; and, in that moment of indignation, the old echoes of the Tuileries were startled by the deep tones of the well-remembered *Marseillaise*. The new songs for a time gave way to the old one; and ever and anon, during the three days, amid the thunders of the artillery, the ears of the absolutists were alarmed and offended by the swelling chorus of this popular anthem. The effect of music upon the mind in moments of difficulty and danger has been often dwelt upon. The inspiring sounds of martial music are constantly employed to lead the soldier to victory; and the populace of the three days instinctively cheered and supported each other behind their barricades by the same means. After the carnage was over, and when the people had leisure to reason upon their triumph, a poet conceived the idea that another national song was wanting to celebrate the victory, and M. Casimir Delavigne wrote the *Parisienne*; Auber composed the music, and in less than three months from its first publication there was hardly any thing else in the way of music to be heard in France. Even Belgium and Germany caught up the strain, till every street minstrel gave up his own favourite chaunts to make way for the one which had so suddenly captivated the minds of the populace. There is not much in the poetry of this song; and the music is but a *rifacimento* of some of the finest passages of its great predecessor, the *Marseillaise*. It is light and graceful, with a dash of joyousness befitting a song of victory.

Since the revolution of 1830, the French poets have in some degree lost their national characteristics. Louis Philippe gives them nothing to sing about. Beranger has ceased to warble; and the remainder are smitten with the love of Byron or Goethe, and waste themselves away in servile imitations of these models. Victor Hugo and Alphonse de la Martine are exceptions, and, it must be owned, illustrious ones, to this accusation; but they do not sing for France. Their poetry is the poetry of the drawing-room, and their names and works are alike unknown beyond the circle of the educated classes. In the next article upon this subject we hope to stray with the reader over the garden of German and Swiss poetry, and make acquaintance with such of their songs as are strictly the songs of the people; and which, like the French songs already quoted, are characteristic of the country, or were inspired by events of national importance.

C. M.

THE GRAND JUROR ;

OR, SERVING MY COUNTRY IN GRAND STYLE.

"A PRINTED paper!" said I; "what can it be about?"

"Why, it's a summons, to be sure!" replied my wife.

"A summons!" I repeated; and I added, in order to give a respectable finish to my speech, "very odd this!"

But, though I said it was odd, I thought it was unpleasant, and even malicious; and for a moment I was disposed to entertain a very unfavourable opinion of Mr. Selvedge the linen-draper, Mr. Giblet the poulterer, Mr. Barrett of the Black Lion, and a few other neighbours from whom we take short credit, to save the necessity of writing a cheque for every trifling sum.

The paper was brought to me, and I then found that it was indeed a summons, but not such a one as I had supposed, inasmuch as it required me, not to attend before the commissioners of the court of conscience, but to serve on the grand jury for the county of Surrey at the assizes about to be holden at Horsemonger-lane.

I was a little disconcerted at this, as if I wish to be thought an excellent member of society, I have no objection to allow others to perform those duties which occupy some time, occasion trouble and expense, and bring no profit.

Such being my taste, I felt no dissatisfaction when I discovered that there was a mistake in the spelling of my name, which is Goslington; but it was here made to appear Guzlington.

This defect, though I had no doubt in the world that the summons was intended for me, would, I thought, fully excuse me from attending to it at all; and indeed I considered that it ought to be received as a perfect justification of my conduct in absenting myself if I stated that from the spelling I had supposed it must have been intended for some other person.

But my wife decided that it would be better that I should attend at the time mentioned in the summons, to explain this matter; otherwise I might be fined, which she remarked "would be a *fine* business."

I concurred with her in this; and accordingly went to the sessions-house on the appointed day, mixed in the crowd, and waited till the names of the persons called upon to serve, as I had been, were read over.

When the officer got to the word "Guzlington," I thought the time was come for getting off from the disagreeable task, and resolutely stepped forward, determined to make it known that they had no right to detain me there.

The name of Guzlington was repeated. I heard the question asked—"Is he here?"

I then called out. "I—I—" But, not being in "the habit of public speaking," as the phrase is, I could not get any further.

"He does not answer," said the officer.

"Yes," I called out; "I—I—"

"Here!" cried a grubby-faced man on my left hand, whom I recognised as one of the parish constables.

"Oh, he answers!" I heard the clerk say, and I saw him about to write something.

"I wish to explain," said I, "that my name is not Guzlington."

"Then what did you answer to it for? You called out 'here'!" said the clerk.

"I was told to do so."

"You were told to do so!" echoed the clerk, bestowing on me a glance of official contempt. "I suppose you know your own name when you hear it, and understand that you are not to speak for another."

"I wish to explain," said I; and then, determined to finish this business out of hand, I went on: "a notice has been left at my house, addressed to Mr. Guzlington; but that," I added, proudly drawing myself up, "is no name of mine."

"What is your name?"

"Not Guzlington, but"—and now I thought the matter would be settled in a moment,—“but,” I repeated, “Gosling—”

"Very well,—that will do!" he replied, and wrote in his book.

The business was settled quite as soon as I expected it would be, but in a different manner; for the Testament was instantly handed to me, and I was sworn to serve as a grand juror.

I was rather vexed at this result, as I knew it would cause my eloquence to be very disparagingly spoken of at home. However there was no help for it; and after a speech had been delivered by the chairman for the purpose of instructing us in our duty, which, from the noise that prevailed, none of us could hear, we were conducted to the room reserved for the deliberations of the grand jury.

The first thing I saw when I got there was a bill of fare, which some of my fellow jurors proceeded immediately to take into their most serious consideration. I was favoured with a perusal of it; and I really felt a good deal consoled for my recent failure while going over this document. Salmon, soles, fowls, tongue, saddle of mutton, custard-pudding, and tarts, all set forth in goodly array, seemed to promise a very considerable amelioration of the duties which I had to perform,—for I took it for granted that the public was to pay for all; but my satisfaction was considerably abated when I got to the end, and found it distinctly stated that seven and sixpence was to be charged to each individual.

The names were now called over by the gentleman who had been named our foreman. When he reached what was supposed to be my patronymic, and which had been so carefully corrected in open court, I found that the officer there had considerably improved on the original blunder, and, instead of Gosling having been substituted for Guzling, the latter word was prefixed to my proper name, which accordingly appeared from this list to be Guzling Goslington!

I started with indignation at finding myself thus described, and animadverted with considerable severity on the hurry and negligent manner in which the business of the county was performed by some of its officers, who were but too well paid. I doubted whether I could be compelled to remain, being thus improperly described; but my next-door neighbour, Mr. Kneller the undertaker, remarked that I had been sworn, and hoped that they should not lose the pleasure of my company in consequence of a foolish mistake,—for such he and all the other jurors thought it; and they laughed at

therefore very heartily, or else—but I have no serious reason for suspecting that—they laughed at me.

I eventually decided to stay ; for, besides being somewhat in doubt that the inaccuracy which I have mentioned would not be a legal justification for then absenting myself, I thought so to act might be considered shabby, and I did not like to be thought meanly of for seven and sixpence.

So my real name, Tristram, was inserted in the list. I insisted on this reparation ; and I took my seat at the table with the rest of the company.

And now began a very important proceeding indeed. It was necessary to know exactly how many gentlemen proposed to dine there. I permitted my friend Kneller to name me for one, and immediately after this the foreman called upon me for a guinea.

I did not clearly understand this ; but, as Mr. Kneller told me it was usual, I thought it was better to comply with a good grace than to risk being suspected of meanness or of poverty. Nearly all the gentlemen present put down the same sum. The chairman remarked that we had thus got a snug little fund, which, the undertaker added, he hoped would keep us alive.

I now concluded that the most disagreeable part of the day's work was over,—for it is not pleasant to be taxed and laughed at ; when my friend, Kneller, very good-naturedly observed, that it was the first time he had had the happiness of seeing me there, and he believed I had never served on the grand jury before.

I answered, with great alacrity, that he was right on both points.

"Then, Mr. Foreman," said the undertaker, with all the grave waggery peculiar to the mirthful fraternity of which he is a member, "my friend here is a *colt*."

"Bless me!" said the foreman, in the tone of one who had escaped no common danger, "I had nearly forgotten to look after the *collages*!"

And then, that this momentous part of his duty might not again be exposed to omission from his negligence, he proceeded to call over the names *seriatim*, and to ask the owner of each if he had ever served on the grand jury before.

Three besides me answered as I had done, and each was required to pay ten and sixpence for being a *colt*."

The fine was rather unpalatable to a man of my economical turn, and I did not feel very grateful to Mr. Kneller for his services on the occasion. However, I put down the money with as good a grace as I could, and, while doing so, attempted to be facetious ; remarking that "I suffered for being a *colt*, while many of my neighbours had nothing to pay on account of their being *full-grown asses*."

These important matters had hardly been arranged when a message came to us that the court waited, and could do nothing till we should have sent up some bills ; upon which Mr. Wiggs, the chairman, said we must proceed to business without loss of time. He suggested that the best course would be, to take the cases of certain houses which were complained of by their neighbours, as upon these probably, there would be little difference of opinion. We all considered this a very good idea ; and to it we went against those *inconceivable* *absolutes*, which were stated, with all the indispensable

rigmarole of law, to have offended "against our Lord the King, his Crown, and dignity," (our Lady the Queen being then out of the question.) The jury were not long in disposing of them. In the course of half an hour we had a good handful of bills ready. All, I believe, felt as I did, that acting thus we had rendered good service to the morals of the nation; but, in the course of the next twelve months, I had some doubts on the subject. Though the parties presented were convicted, they were let off scot-free, except that they were obliged to abate the nuisance, which was supposed to be done by their removal. But, as three or four of the offenders were inhabitants of the same street, all they did was to change houses, and their trade went on without interruption as usual. The county, however, had to pay the constables and witnesses, and also for the drawing of the indictment and other legal charges. To me it appeared that the character of the neighbourhood was not materially improved; but still I must in candour own, that, as it put money into the pockets of the officers and various individuals connected with the prosecution, the main object of the indictment was fully answered.

It would hardly be doing justice to the parties engaged to forward the administration of justice if I were not here to mention that they really make considerable exertions to discourage vice and immorality. That was clearly established by all the evidence given respecting nocturnal disturbances at public-houses, gaming-shops, and other places of dissipation. The officers certainly did not go the extreme length of compelling the keepers of such establishments to close their doors at eleven or twelve o'clock at night, which I had previously understood to be their duty; but they subjected the owners to so heavy an impost on keeping open,—I mean, they demanded such large sums as "hush-money,"—that it really amounted to a very dreadful penalty, which, connected with the inflexible determination (unchangeable as the law of the Medes and Persians) to punish without mercy those who were so shockingly irregular in their habits as not to keep up regularly their payments to the police inspectors and parish functionaries, must have the effect of deterring many from entering on that course of life, while it holds out a strong inducement for others to leave it. In this way the magistrates of the county, (who touch no per-centage on the tax,) as it constantly works the parties in question, are unanimously of opinion that "the law works well."

We went on with the calendar, which somewhat disappointed me, and, I believe, the whole of the jurors. "There is nothing at all interesting," was the general remark; and some of us were inclined pathetically to deplore that no spirit-stirring murder, no startling assault on man or woman, and no burglary of importance, appeared on our list. In the absence of these we were obliged to put up with the meagre fare of street-rows, begging-letter writers, and stealers of pewter-pots.

Our lot was hard, but we resolved not to suffer alone; and, as "one story is always good till another is told," we bravely sent all whose misdeeds were brought before us to answer for their conduct elsewhere.

Labour so arduous soon made us all feel that sandwiches and sherry were absolutely necessary to go on, and these were acc

ingly introduced. At a later hour in the day a very good dinner was served up. A true bill was soon found against that; and it was not only *tried*, but *executed* with praiseworthy despatch. Considering the toil we had undergone, and the solemn character of the duties we had to perform, we were in pretty good spirits. Mr. Kneller especially seemed to feel himself quite at home, and could not have been more jolly at a funeral.

The cloth removed, not to appear too festive, we determined that only two bottles of wine should remain on the table while we continued our inquiries, which we hoped to bring to a close that day; but that—though, as we proceeded, the witnesses called in became fewer and fewer, and the examinations shorter and shorter,—we could not accomplish, and in the end we were obliged to adjourn to the following morning.

On assembling in the grand jury room on the second day, the first inquiries of the chairman and Mr. Kneller were naturally directed towards dinner. I had paid my guinea on our first meeting, rather than look mean, with a tolerably good grace; but I hardly cared to subscribe a second, and such, I perceived, was the feeling of at least half the company. It produced a series of very genteel excuses, and apologies of the most touching character. One gentleman was obliged to deny himself the enjoyment of our society, as the Lord Mayor on the preceding day had postponed a party solely on his account. Mr. Felt, the hatter, could not be with us, as he had a public duty to perform, having to carry a petition to Mr. Quackly the member, which must be presented that very evening. Another juror begged to be excused, as his mother (a lady who, as he was at least sixty-five, must have been somewhat advanced in years,) was dangerously ill; and a cadaverous little man, with a turn-up nose and crooked legs, was most anxious to be at home, as his lady was on the point of being confined. Mr. Kneller, who was appointed treasurer the day before, and who in that character had been most active in collecting subscriptions, received these excuses, and half a dozen others, with as much good will on this occasion as he had done the guineas upon that; and whispered to me with a friendly wink that “he by no means wished those to stay who desired to be absent, as he for his part had no taste for *screwing down*.”

I held this to be very liberal on his part; but to show that I did not value money more than he did, and having never been in such a scene before, I determined to see it out. Our task was not very severe; and early in the afternoon we found ourselves so near the end of our labour, that the president considered we had leisure to see the prison, and accordingly sent a message to the chairman of the sessions, requesting his permission to do so.

Our suit was granted; and, preceded by a man with a wand, who had on both days been in attendance, we all marched to the gaol. I beheld, with mingled feelings of satisfaction and sorrow, the commodious but formidable iron-guarded area appropriated to the various classes of prisoners then awaiting their trial. One circumstance struck me rather forcibly: where the men were confined, several sad, anxious-looking females appeared, who approached, as closely as the grating would permit, the objects of their solicitude, evidently desirous of contributing all the solace that affectionate sym-

pathy could supply; but, when I looked to the yard in which the women were detained, no man was to be seen acting the same kindly part by them. "Oh, woman!" I mentally exclaimed, "while man is happy, shy, timid, and retiring, you are faithful to him in adversity and disgrace!

'When stern affliction wrings the brow,
A ministering angel thou!'

But *he* who eagerly, impetuously pursues you when ease and comfort surround you, coldly leaves you in the hour of your humiliation and distress, to pine and sigh, and, it may be, to die alone!"

I wished to see more—to explore the interior—to examine the cells; but no order to that effect had been given, and, instead, we were allowed to walk round the governor's garden, which, the strawberries then being ripe, was pleasant enough. We returned to the grand jury room, where a report, setting forth that we had minutely inspected the prison, and were highly gratified with the cleanliness, order, &c. which everywhere prevailed, was tendered to us for signature. Of course we all put our names to it; though of the general economy of the gaol, as may be collected from what has just been stated, we knew no more than we did before leaving our apartment, or than might have been indited with equal propriety from Camberwell Grove or London Bridge. I do not mean to say that I felt this was exactly right; but then, I thought to myself, it was no use one going against the rest of the jury, and I did not like to make myself conspicuous. To do so might have offended some very pleasant gentlemanly people with whom I had been on excellent terms for a day and a half, and for what?—to abate the misery of a hundred or two of wretches whom I had never seen. The thing would not bear thinking of.

Our last bill presented, with the report above mentioned, we sat down to dinner. The fare was excellent,—so excellent that occasionally I had what, under some circumstances, might have been called a presentiment on the subject of what was to follow in that thrilling moment when,

———"the banquet o'er,
The reckoning comes, and then men smile no more."

Mr. Kneller called our attention to this important matter. My mind was a good deal relieved at hearing him say we should not have more than half a guinea each additional to pay. All present, I thought, seemed cheered by the intelligence; but what language can adequately paint, as an eloquently descriptive writer would say, the transport experienced when, in the next moment, he added, "The fact is, gentlemen, we have funds sufficient to cover everything, and three bottles of wine to come in."

On scenes of extraordinary felicity it is generally thought unwise to dwell. At the theatre, managers drop the curtain the moment all parties are seen happy. Proud to imitate an example so illustrious, I stop not here to tell how we acknowledged the able and impartial conduct of our chairman, and the wonderful virtues of his vice.

"Some feelings are to mortals given
With less of earth in them than heaven,"

as Mr. Kneller the undertaker said in a "neat and impressive speech," it being his way to go from "gay to grave," while returning

thanks on his health being drunk with three times three. He explained the cause of our present happiness to have partly grown on the readiness with which he had admitted the shirking excuses of about half our body, who would, it was more than probable,—so he said, and so I thought,—have forgotten the Lord Mayor, the House of Commons, the dying mother, and the lying-in-wife, had they been aware that they could have found in the grand jury room a superior dinner, plenty of wine, and nothing to pay.

H. T.

ODE TO MR. MURPHY.

HAIL to thee, *Murphy!* sage prognosticator!
 With "*weather eye*"
 Scanning the sky.
Thou art no commen-tator!
 No mere harum-scarum
 "*Vox stellarum,*"
 But the great *sky-Lavater!*
 Go, Francis Moore! all-wise physician!
 Thy "*more or less*"
 (A mere old woman's guess)
 Proves thee to be, unlike our *Murphy, no magician!*
 'Tis plain,
 Frost, thunder, wind, and rain,
 All follow at *thy bidding!* Not in vain
Thou scann'st the stars.
 Venus or Mars
 May smile or frown;
 Or the "*Great Bear,*"
 Or the "*man in the moon,*" may stare,
 And try to put thee down:
Thou carest not a button for them! so,
 'Tis all "*no go!*"
Great Murphy! thou 'rt in everybody's mouth
 From north to south:
 The passing salutation
 Throughout the nation
 Is daily now "*Good morning!*—
Murphy's right!"
 Or else, "*Good night!*"
 I've book'd a place for *Sunday* by the mail,—
 The next *fine* day, as *Murphy* gives us warning!"
 "*When do you sail?*"
 "*Not till the 25th, because I fear the gale!*"
 'Tis very strange,
 But every man on "*'Change*"
 Grows learned! talking much of "*meteoric,*
Galvanic, and magnetic powers," "*caloric,*"
 And all the secret causes strange combin'd,
 Obscure to all *save Murphy's mighty mind;*
 Expressing oft their wonder
 What damage will be done *next autumn by the thunder!*
Murphy, adieu! beware!
 The public sometimes "*change,*" which is not "*fair.*"
 Long may you *reign,* a hale old man of *metal,*
Great prophet! 'till the *snows* of age shall settle
 Around thy brow!
 Farewell! and now
 (Though not a glutton)
 Enjoy your "*heavy-wet*" and *wether-mutton!*

W. E. S.

MONOSANIA.—MR. KLÜNCHÜNBRÜCH.

“Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
Upon his follies; never did I hear
Of any prince, so wild, at liberty!”

Henry IV. Part I.

“My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness!”

Hamlet.

MR. JULIUS SHERMPENFELT HACKERMAN SMITH KLÜNCHÜNBRÜCH was an Englishman, in spite of himself, and in spite of his names, (selected as compliments to friends and customers,) which might have sent him home to his parish in more countries than one. His father had been a German; had localised in England as a purveyor of German, French, and Italian goods; had opened a shop in early days in a good quiet situation at the West-end of London,—showing dark, squabby bottles, full of rough, emerald-coloured little things in vinegar, like children’s gangrene fingers in spirits,—hanging out at the sides of the door-posts mummy-looking tongues, and lumps of brown dirt in strings, called Hambro’ beef; not to mention constables’ staves dotted with white spots, which were proclaimed to be real Bologna sausages,—and tri-cornered lumps of dingy fat, which bore the interesting title of pigs’ chops. This, though an unpicturesque, was a thriving trade,—thriving, however, upon the terms on which every trade is only thriving, viz. by a strict attention to business from the hour of seven in the morning to eleven at night; a parsimonious regard to the frugalities of the home department; no ambitious heaviness or swellingness in the weights and measures used in the trade department; an anchorite’s abstinence from scenes of pleasure in the leisure hours; careful book-keeping, with no want of niggardness of figures to those who are on credit; an arrangement of old goods for those who are ill on the books; and, if possible, a parochial situation as overseer or tax-gatherer (the last, the best,) to extend the trade into the business and bosoms of men.

Old Mr. Klünchünbrüch was a very careful man,—an extremely careful man. He was to be seen at the early hour when his boy—the usual cheap parochial martyr, who had, by the consent of churchwardens, abandoned for no consideration the muffin-cap and the kneeless leather breeches, for the eternal counter and the bed under it,—took down the shutters, and let in the morning light, the only London romance of his life. The old gentleman stood at the door to see this ceremony, tying on the apron of the day before, speaking a courteous word to the clumsy-hipped Welsh woman, who made inaudible the kindness by the martial mode with which she grounded the arms of her milk-pails; and looked at the sky alternately with the shop-window, as though he were divided in interest between fleeting clouds and Gorgona anchovies, the blue sky and split peas, India soy and sunrise. The fact is, this excellent tradesman was—as all Germans are—most sensitively alive to “the skyey influences” as well as to the influences of trade; and if any weather-wise person would have taken the trouble to have gone by his shop at seven o’clock in the morning invariably and

to have looked into those solemn old grey barometers—his eyes—he would with a moderate intellect have ascertained whether west winds or Westphalia hams were likely to look up, or whether frost or girkins would prevail. He had peculiar eyes, of a colour I had never yet seen,—bleak brown, stained white, faded green; an expression, in short, something between that of pickled onions and French olives. This is a nice distinction of colour, unknown to Stanfield, and artists who pretend to know what colour is. Dear old man! he stood at his door a concentrated human emblem of his trade,—a cod's-sounds complexion, potted-char person, knap-wroast legs; and, certainly, with a smoked tongue for general use, as he could not divest himself of his German idioms, making their way over the tobacco-flavoured lips in odorous twang to his English purchasers. He was civil before breakfast, civil after breakfast, (that meal being a very slight partition between the two civilities); civil before dinner, civil after dinner, (the partition ditto as to slightness); extremely civil in the little back-room behind the shop over a very cumbrous swarthy old pipe, which I could never help thinking he smoked (so earnestly, so patiently, so perseveringly he did it,) with an eye to hams, tongues, sausages, beef, hung ditto, pigs' cheeks, and other distortions of smoke, salt, and red muscle. Having mentioned these great faculties, it seems trifling with the niceties of biography to mention that he wore powder, had his hair in a queue, and was married. He found a lady at the German chapel who bore a very long, solemn, and severe ogling, and who with mulled tenderness, liked a successful and attentive tradesman, and did not dislike garlic and sauerkraut; and after a severe acquaintance, the two darling slownesses became one, mixed (to use the language of the trade) their two mild vinegars of affections—the eschalot and the Chili—together, and made a very respectable mixed pickle of human married life.

There is no event in the life of old Mr. Klüncünbrüch to warrant me in having been so minute as to take an inventory of his existence. His wife was as himself, only finer in quality,—pearl barley to common barley; the refinement only on the common German dish. They scarcely had a life: they seemed to vegetate, perhaps with a professional eye,—so innocent and so harmless were their days and thoughts,—to a *preserving* of a higher nature than this world held out to them. They saved money; and in due, orderly, German time, were purveyed to another world.

In the impetuosity into which a biographer is naturally hurried in writing the life of a German, I had almost forgotten to recur to the hero of my tale: come I to the son. I have mentioned that Mr. and Mrs. Klüncünbrüch were blessed with a son: the name, therefore, could not die. Oils, vinegars, sauces, mustards, salts, pickles, sausages, cheeses, spices, the whole *genera* of the immortal shop seemed to have centred in and inspired the son:—he was all these. At times he had the German solemnity and solidity of the father and mother; and at times he had the wicked, untradesmanlike pleasantry of an English boy. The fact is, he ran in and out of the door in a pinafore all the early days, when the memories of children are “wax to receive and marble to retain,” between imperial prunes and seven o'clock in the morning, between Italian niceties and London cries, between figs and fine air, Cagliari paste and dust-

men, India curry-powder and chick-weed and groundsell, Bath-bricks and tapioca, till he partook of the in-door trade and the out-door trade: the German formalist was sublimated by the airy English dealer, and he launched himself from the heavy dock of his own parents into the active tide of London existence. Mr. Klünc-hünbrüch, jun. saw his respectable relatives at the proper times (for Germans take their time, and do these things properly,) into their joined home; carried a white handkerchief for the allotted number of hours, and wore a crape for an allotted number of months; was convulsed at a crisis, and wanted *no* holding; tried to find tears when he got home, and was out of the article; bore his suit of sables with a cheerful countenance for the usual period; declared he could never hold his head up for the remainder of his life, and made a successful speculation in capsicums; drooped at the time before the boy in the shop over Dutch herrings, but recovered his spirits miraculously over a lucky importation of French preserved truffles.

Mr. Klünc-hünbrüch, jun. I grieve to say—it breaks my heart to say—but I must be a granite-hearted Gibbon, an iron Hume—I must tell the fact;—Mr. K. jun. unlike his straight-forward father and straight-forward mother, who had brought him up in the slowest and most precise of ways, was a speculator! Immediately after their deaths, he was impressed with a notion that a fortune was to be *got*, and not saved; that a *coup de main* was to be made in trade as well as at the gambling-table. I say in trade; but he thought that the *coup* was to be made out of trade; inspired by the advice and peculiar information of a neighbouring tradesman that a day in the funds or on the turf would bring wealth in a flood—like the overflowing of the Rhine, and enable him to send all the curious things, “purveyed to her Majesty and the royal family,” purveyed to the devil. I do not think I am the best historian, or rather biographer in the world, for Klünc-hünbrüch, jun. had married—and I have hitherto omitted to mention it—an English lady, the daughter of an apothecary; and she had produced to her enterprising breathing moiety an annual little pickle, which Fate invariably took it into her head to *preserve*. There were six little noisy he and she Klünc-hünbrüchs always to be fed, a perfect *jar* of them, up in a square unfurnished room which was called the nursery; and our speculative vender of piccalili, having his quiver so extremely full, was only the more anxious to make an extempore fortune either in-doors or out, by deliberate or dashing means.

Mr. Klünc-hünbrüch with the bunch of surnames, engaged an extra white apron with a slim, young, fawning figure behind it; from which, at the ends of two arms that looked like two long-sixes, blushed a pair of tomatà-coloured hands; and on the top of which figure was a head smoothed all over with very black shiny hair, steeped, it would seem, every morning in Florence, Lucca, neat’s-foot, linseed, furniture, spermaceti, or some other essential oil. With oil in manner, hair, and discourse, was this living apron marked. The young, glowing specimen of a foreman was very respectful to the customers, very attentive to Mr. and Mrs. Klünc-hünbrüch, devotedly fond of all the six children one after the other, partial at evenings to the housemaid, and an occasional play-goer at half-price to the minor theatres. The worst of this assistance was that Mr. K

ünbrüch conceived he was at liberty to absent himself with safety from his morning shop; and to seek, through the intervention of the stock-broker, that immediate introduction to Fortune which his own plodding retail trade would never afford him. He left the Spanish luxuries of his own establishment for the more expensive Spanish ditto of the city; he abandoned Capot's capers for Capel, Dutch herrings for Durrant! The consequence of these travels through Temple-bar was, that the freedom of the city was conferred upon his ready cash. All went wrong. Mrs. Klünchünbrüch played Rossini, Donizetti, and Bellini, very much out of tune, all the morning over the shop, and did not look after the foreman; the foreman looked with all possible zeal and attention after the servant-maid; and the servant-maid looked out of the second-floor window with as much regard for her curiosity as the weather and the attentive foreman would permit. The six little Klünchünbrüchs got up minor performances of music and mischief of their own; and the whole house, owing to the calamitous turn for sudden fortune in the master, seemed to progress towards irregularity and disaster with a rapidity beating that of the march of mind, which is now allowed to be going at such rapid strides!

Luckily for the K.'s, the situation of secretary to the West London Female Reforming Orphan Penitentiary had been, in the bright days of the Dutch smoked-salmon jobber, conferred upon him. And so strong and beautiful was the effect—the romantic effect—of keeping Virtue's accounts, of the combined beauty and power of the peculiarly elevated end of the metropolis, the sex, the rescue of youth, and the parentless destitution of that youth, on the really good heart of Klünchünbrüch, that on this duty nothing disturbed or could disturb his method, his precise zeal, his quiet industry, and unruffled correctness! In Threadneedle-street, or the Rotunda, or the Alley, he might be distracted, flighty, excited; at home he might be absent over little vendings of alkanet root or French tammy, or excited and impatient at six little tongues all going at once up stairs and not one going in the shop! But, let the hour come for the recording, in his back parlour, the incomings and outgoings of this excellent charity, and he sat down (to use a figure) with his pen in hand, like a lamb, and his lines and accounts were precision itself. His house then reminded you of Blair's Sermon on Order. Mrs. Klünchünbrüch was inspired with unaccountable awe when *these* books were brought out; and the foreman, if he entered the room, asked in whispers about the isinglass and vanilla. And all the little children were snubbed, winked at, and silenced, whilst the columns—the Doric columns—relating to this West London Female Reforming Orphan Penitentiary were looked solemnly at, cast up and cast down, and proved. Two and two are four, and three are seven, and seven are fourteen, &c. &c. through a line of figures as formal and ordinary as the Coldstream in St. James's Park at half-past ten in the morning, were worked with all the solemnity of a Protestant at prayer, or a Catholic at confession. His finger went up, accompanied by his eye-brow, and his eye-brow accompanied by his eye, as though he were going up the Duke of York's column; and he set down nought and carried one with the air of an old accountant who had been respectfully called upon to lay the first stone of a temple sacred to the memory of Cocker!

All the iced correctness and phlegmatic calmness of the German, in this his responsible occupation, came over him. Accounts became his country! He was the patriot of pounds, shillings, and pence! He at once sticised into a Cato, embedded in parmasan, ivory-black, and tamarinds!

One fine morning,—for I must leave book-keeping for biography, Mr. Klüncünbrüch, after giving six faint kisses to his children, and a spanker to Mrs. K. over the overture to Tancredi, and after desiring the oily-headed foreman to be attentive to business in the shop, departed for the city, elevated by the prophetic alacrity which attended his conviction that the Spanish, of which he was a large purchaser for the account, and which was only at 60, would be at 80. He walked as though the Strand were paved with air, and his feet feathered like Mr. Hamlet's Mr. Mercury. He complimented himself highly, though mutely, in his own mind at his acute aptness at sniffing a *rise*; and he ran over a hurried, but vivid, sketch of his own retirement to a snug box at Clapham, with three stone steps, two poplars, two parlours, two drawing-rooms, two bedrooms (one for a best one), and two attics wainscotted into four. He had a vision of a buggy; and a little boy, in a pepper-and-salt livery, to clean the horse, and remind you that he had cleaned him while he waited at table. These dreams—sweet as airy agreeable dreams always are—occupied him until he reached the little dingy alleys about the then Royal Exchange; and, with the gayest of hands, inspired by the gayest of hearts, did the ethereal Mr. Klüncünbrüch open the thin door with windows, gaitered with white paint half up the glass, and enter that coal-cellar upon earth, the office of his civil and active stock-brokers, Messrs. Gobble, Bubble, Jones, and Golightly.

"Well, Mr. Bubble, how 's—" Here the inspired speculator paused, for he could just ascertain that the gloom of the four square feet room was not haunted by the presence of any one of the four partners. The firm, to be sure, never *could* be in the office together for want of space! A consumptive counter had a dirty-brown closed book upon it; and against the wall pale forms of transfer tickets, and stock and dividend warrants, were suspended, like gigantic ghosts of pallid milk-tallies and dead aces of diamonds. There was a small desk elevated over one, and perhaps the obscurest, corner of the counter, which was ascendable by three straight, tall steps; and it curved, in foggy-coloured wainscot, in front of a brown window, that let in brown light upon worse than brown blotting-paper. This desk looked like the moiety of a country bridge over a burnt-umber piece of stagnant water. The dreary colour of this place, however, had no effect upon our Spanish ambassador; to him it was a fairy palace tinted with ultra-marine, carpeted with crimson,—Fortune's city retreat! He called out, holding the white-gaitered door still in his hand, "Bubble!—Jones!—Golightly!—well!—eh!—where!—what!"

Mr. Golightly looked down heavily over the broken arch of his desk, poked his spectacles up over the rugged furrows of two extremely uneven eye-brows, in order the more clearly to distinguish his visitor; sighed, closed a book over which he was engaged, took off his hat, (for stock-brokers show their hilarity or their seriousness by the conduct of their hats,) then took off his spectacles, then

gave an important hem! that might have read the part of a cough, got down from a very high stool; and then Mr. Klüncünbrüch beheld a very long pair of drab gaiters crawl down into the office like a daddy long-legs, and the large old spider of a stock-broker looked silently at the poor treacled fly that was immeshed in the dirty web of his office. The very silence of solemn Mr. Golightly cast the shadow of a very awful truth over the mind of Mr. Klüncünbrüch; an effect similar to that produced by the gentleman who "drew Priam's curtains in the dead of night," and looked the burning of Troy without the aid of the tongue,—the latter, however, an article more in the way of Mr. Klüncünbrüch than of Mr. Golightly.

Klüncünbrüch plucked up a spirit; and, after a slight gasp, to clear the passage up a contracted throat, spake!

"Well!—Eighty?—Eh?—Seventy at least!—How 's Jones?—How 's Bubble?—How 's things?—How 's Gobble?"

Mr. Golightly bowed, placed the spectacles, which he had held in his hand on the counter; rubbed those hands very much after the fashion of Lady Macbeth to get the blood out, and broke silence.

"Happy to see Mr. Klüncünbrüch! Let me see. How do you stand in Spanish?—a bull, or a bear?"

"Oh! a prodigious bear!"

"Hem!—eh!—oh!—ah!" And these monosyllables fell upon the heart of the poor pickle-dealer like the knell of a city bell tolling for something departed!

Mr. Golightly continued: "Jones is well. Consols are steady. Bubble is only gone to Ladbroke's, and will be back in a few minutes. There 's a panic in the rooms. Gobble dines out at Snaresbrook. Our clerk, Mr. Sneakington, is on the Old Bailey jury; and Spanish——"

"What of Spanish?" half sighed and half stammered poor Klüncünbrüch.

"Spanish is at *twenty-six!*"

The victim supported himself by the meagre counter.

"Sellers!" added the unsparing Golightly. "Sellers!" the word disposed of every particle of breath which the astounded speculator had for the last five minutes only possessed in remnants; and he faded into the only chair in the miserable office, as though every muscle had been skilfully anatomised out of his body by the operative skill and decided exactness of this Listonian stock-broker.

Mr. Golightly paused, hung over the sufferer with a mixture of the tallness of the poplar with the sadness of the willow. He muttered something about "fetching water,—calling a coach,—sending for a policeman,—bearing up like a man,—balance of account,—family,—severe loss,—hack-cab,—and Jones, Gobble, and Bubble!"

The ruined Italian-cream man sat huddled up in despair and silence. Mr. Golightly felt the lead at his heart. He intreated; he looked at the accounts during the sunken helplessness of his principal. He looked like a city Ugolino, and went to the door.

Mr. Bubble came in with a banker's book as big as a Bath cheese, which he invariably carried to and fro up to the *door* of Ladbroke's, during the busy hours of the day, to give a look of confirmed account and solidity.

Mr. Bubble looked at Mr. Klüncünbrüch, and went to the door; and, by dint of some ingenuity, and handing up the banker's

book to the half-bridge desk (to make room), got Mr. Golightly back into the office, and the two stock-brokers held a committee over the fallen victim.

He had not fainted: Germans, and men of German descent, never faint. He was senseless: and Germans, perchance, like other people, may be so. His head had fallen on his hands; his hands had fallen over the counter. He was a loop of man hung up, suspended, as it were, by the merest chance-hitch upon the rim of the counter. He was, like his frill,—disordered, fallen, starchless. He did not weep; he did not start; he did not moan. The Spanish question put his case out of all question. In the sixtieth of a moment he saw—bought at 60, price 26!—fallen—six children—one wife—two assignees—madness—stone-blind as a statue—despair!—and he vanished into the weak, helpless inanity, on the one chair, which I have described, or attempted to pourtray.

Bubble, half-shocked and half-saddened at the picture before him, advised his sombre partner to watch that he, the ruined man, did not fall from his chair, or—run away! whilst he fetched a porter, and stopped an omnibus going to the West-end.

Now this was extremely humane in a stock-broker, whose chance of loss might be ruinous in itself. Bubble was not a bleak-natured man; Golightly, too, was sternly kind; Gobble would also have been kind had he been present,—for he was a member of the society for preventing cruelty to animals; but Jones would have been the severest of the firm,—for he was a middle-aged married man, of a selfish turn of mind, with one child,—was expensive, and yet, strange to say, very parsimonious at the same time!

Mr. Golightly, who had fetched some water, the moment that Mr. Bubble had secured a conveyance for the ruined invalid, proceeded to touch the insensible man with a wet forefinger on the tip of his nose, each angle of the forehead, each fat little lump on the ear, and the point of the chin; and, Klüncünbrüch arose, after a sigh,

“ So piteous and profound
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being: that done, he lets 'em go;
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out o' doors he went without their helps!”

The meaning of this passage in prose as applicable to our poor Spanish refugee being, (for we have no right, in speaking of a German tradesman, to leave his character dependent upon poetry,) that he really sighed one of those long sighs which seemed to be the full, candid history of a sorrow; that his frame was shaken into life by it; that he rose without the aid of the two stock-brokers, who, like a couple of Cornhill Chesterfields, would, when they saw him likely to rise, “encumber him with help;” that his eyes were open, though their sense was shut; that he assumed the virtue of a calmness, though he had it not; and that, with a terrible placidity, he left the black-hole of his ruin, his hat being slouched down upon his eyebrows, and, without a word either to Bubble or Golightly, he sunk into hack-cab No. 1302, and again drooped, awaiting his departure!

Bubble beckoned the driver up to the door, at which he and Golightly stood in double file,—not a-breast, for that was an impossi-

bility ; and having given directions for the deposit of the fare, accompanied by an intimation that he should quickly follow, the young gentleman with a ragged coat of no immediate colour, shiny pilot-hat, and short but extremely fat whip, mounted himself upon the roof of a vehicle that looked something like an omnibus shut up internally, opera-glass fashion ; and with a keen whistle, a cherup, and a decidedly heavy fall of the same fat whip upon the steaming sides of a wretched quadruped that had but just set down a fare from Knights-bridge, away shook the triple-compound of misery in man, brute, and horse.

Bubble, as he saw No. 1302 whiz away, immediately turned his reflections upon No. 1, and his feelings became at once roused to what the firm always called "the main object : " he delivered himself also of a good trade sigh ; and Golightly, being a taller man, sighed a *firm* sigh directly over his shoulder ; and the alarmed two wheeled to the right-about, and filed into their own office. The brief, important silence of the pair was eloquent of apprehended loss. Golightly looked at Bubble, fetched the books, replaced his spectacles, and an inspection was immediately carried on with an earnestness worthy of two watchers at a night-telegraph during a time of war. The balance was great which the Principal was liable to pay ; he was a man of honour, but he was evidently very much affected. The firm had a difficult part to play. However, it was arranged that Bubble should make the best of his way to the West-end of the town with an exact statement of the account between the high contracting parties ; and that he should, if possible, get a cheque for the amount to be paid, or something like a security to protect the firm. However, to the afflicted, it was agreed *nem. con.* that "Gobble, Bubble, Jones, and Golightly " felt like a man !

We have been perhaps a little too minute in describing this city scene, and the characters connected with it ; but, as the result of it was of the deepest and most fatal importance to the hero of our story, we could not resist being more precise in our details than perhaps we ought to have been. We shall endeavour now to push our biography on at a better pace.

No. 1302 hunted his horse severely home to the destined house ;—cabs have no time to spare. The driver cast the reins on the back of the animal recklessly, swung himself down safely on to the pavement by means of three slippery bits of iron, made a respectful appearance at the back door of his vehicle, and found his fare in precisely the same drooping situation he had seen him in the last time he *didn't* part with him at Cornhill. The " Now, SIR ! " startled Klüncünbrüch a little out of his lethargy, and he sauntered out of the cab with fixed eyes, but with the air of a man of ease ; passed across the footway, assumed a more resolute manner as he walked through his own shop, found no one in the parlour, and relapsed into his arm-chair,—a lost man !

From this dreadful day, ruin,

" The palsied hand of ruin, was upon the house ! "

The firm of Gobble, Bubble, Jones, and Golightly obtained from the bewildered man all the means in money and security upon which he could lay his hands. The wife and children found themselves unexpectedly dependents on the father of the wife,—who, poor

soul! little thought he had invested his daughter in a manner to bring him in such compound interest in the way of grand-daughters and grandsons. The business went to wrack. The oily-headed foreman set himself up at the corner of a court opposite to the house of his master, and made in his small window and at his door a display of articles painfully like those which had so long dangled at the door or rested in the shop of his master: and that master, stunned by the sudden and frightful blow upon a mind which had risen upon the elastic spring of hope to receive it half way, of course with double weight and severity, became a forlorn, weak, placid creature that felt nothing about his children, sorrowed nothing about his wife, but wandered around the house of his father-in-law, accompanied by the most watchful of shabbily dressed men,—a careful introduction on the part of Dr. Warburton.

—“ By degrees,
The mind sank slowly to infantine ease,
To playful folly, and to causeless joy;
Speech without aim, and, without end, employ.

* * *

Harmless at length the unhappy man was found,
The spirit settled, but the reason drown'd;
And all the dreadful tempest died away
To the dull stillness of the misty day!”

For weeks and weeks did this misty day remain upon the mind of the unfortunate Klüncünbrüch; and there were of course not wanting friends to issue that circular, called a secret, respecting the clouded state of his mind and the dilapidated condition of his fortunes. If he had been confused in his intellect, and yet at the same time prosperous in his finances, he would have been, as we invariably find it in this blessed world, the fittest of all men to perform the duties of the situation to which he had originally been appointed. But he was a dependent now upon the bounty and pity of relatives; and as the only relief to those relatives was derived from the small salary attendant upon his secretaryship to the West London Female Reforming Orphan Penitentiary, it was a natural consequence that he was pronounced by most of his acquaintance and friends to be totally inadequate for further employ, and an active canvass took place for the next vacancy,—every letter deeply lamenting the cause which occasioned such vacancy, and with a sincerity (cut out of the same piece of cloth) pledging to the most unremitting and earnest exertions in the cause of the inestimable charity, to the secretaryship of which the appointment was respectfully, humbly, but confidently entreated. Then followed “grateful servants,” and “obedient servants,” and “having the honours to be,” and “very respectful and most humble servants,” and in fact all the burlesque and farcery of servantry which invariably bring up the masquerade conclusion of a letter.

The canvass, as I have stated, went on actively for some time,—at first, like the progress of insidious fire, in a smothered state; but at length the flames broke out without disguise, and it appeared quite certain that nothing could save the ruin. The governors had each his favourite candidate. Five of these candidates were, by a select precious private committee, to be chosen out of the sixty-eight for the great contest. Gubby's testimonials were considered undeniable; but

Bingley was backed by a bishop and two rectors, and was set down as a dangerous man. Roberts, a very respectable grocer, relied upon the strength of his mixed tea, his serious habits, and the eloquence of his circular, which had been written by the Rev. Mr. Sion, of Ebenezer Chapel, and which circular was pronounced by several old ladies of the congregation to be forcible about female virtue. All, in fact, were looking forward to the election, and the half-yearly general meeting was gradually approaching. Poor Klünchünbrüch must therefore soon submit to that immutable destiny which would send him into the sad privacy of a withered life, to be a burden to those who *should* have been the happiest burthen to him, and to look to relations-in-law for those common charities which Lear has so pathetically described in three words, "raiment, bed, and food!"

Poor Klünchünbrüch!—said I so?—not so poor! As the day of his duties approached, reason appeared to approach with it,—faintly, and like a shadow, it must be confessed. The first symptoms of the dawning of his sense of the day was a simple restlessness after books and papers. His wife, too, for whom he had hitherto shown no sympathy, and yet who watched him with a tenderness of which only trouble had shown her to be capable, seemed, by her attentions or her voice, occasionally to vibrate upon his memory.

"Kindly she chides his boyish flights, while he
Will for a moment fixed and pensive be;
And, as she trembling speaks, his lively eyes
Explore her looks; he listens to her sighs.
Charm'd by her voice, th' harmonious sounds invade
His clouded mind, and for a time persuade:
Like a pleas'd infant, who has newly caught
From the maternal glance a gleam of thought,
He stands enrapt, the half-known voice to hear;
And starts, half conscious, at the falling tear!"

Again and again he spoke of books; he called his wife by her Christian name; he patted the heads of his children; he was curious as to the person who was so continually in his society; he became anxious about the 5th of July (the day!); and he at length was uneasy until he had his proper books and documents before him relative to the charity; and when they were before him, he sat down to them with the same remarkable interest and solemnity which we have before noticed; cast up, corrected, and proved the accounts with precisely his original serious zeal; seemed to advance, as it were, into the daylight of the mind; prepared everything for what he called the board; and, bating the pickle-shop and all its duties, and the Funds and all its distractions, he seemed to be again the great secretary, and in "his habit as he lived." The family around him wondered at, but encouraged, this retuning of a mind which had hitherto apparently been so utterly unstrung. They, from pure heart, longed to encourage a reaction of the intellect.

The great half-yearly day of the West London Female Reforming Orphan Penitentiary at length arrived. The five fortunate holders of the lucky chances, having made considerable outlay in cards and letters, were in attendance in an ante-room. A large round deal table in the board-room, covered with very coarse green baize, furnished with twelve clean pieces of very red blotting-paper, twelve sheets of foolscap, twelve extremely new pens, and six leaden inkstands placed

above the centre between each two of the pieces of blotting-paper, &c. had several very protruding waistcoats thrust against its edge, and several waistcoats not of the corporation were placed at certain varied distances from the edge; and, in fact, mixing new pens, foolscap, powdered heads, leaden inkstands, variously-filled waistcoats, and blotting-paper into one mass, you have before you the committee of the West London Female Reforming Orphan Penitentiary.

Just before the chairman, the Rev. Dr. Plumpington, the rosy, well-powdered rector of — had taken his seat,—a little plethoric, but very serious,—he stood conversing with members of the committee previously to its opening, when the meeting was struck with “most admired disorder” by the calm but business-like entry of a sedate apparition, in the form of Mr. Klünchünbrüch, with books and documents under his arm and in his hand, dressed as neatly as upon the important occasion of every former day, his eye placid and expressive of a sense of duty, his manner composedly affable, yet formally respectful: he bowed from governor to governor,—certainly, a thought lower to the chairman; arranged his books and papers at his appointed place as secretary, and prepared for the proceedings of the audit with a serenity so akin to that of the previous half-yearly day of meeting, that his intermediate apathy seemed to be all inventive calumny; and the governors felt that all the secretary, and all the accountant, and all the man of business, reduced to their usual half-yearly essence, was now before them!

The Rev. Dr. Plumpington took his seat amidst a vast deal of recovering coughing among his circular eleven. There was a buzz, a good deal of fat-whispering between double-chins, nods, silent admissions, palms pressed against palms, and elevation of eyebrows, when Mr. Klünchünbrüch, with a quiet manner that was perfectly irresistible, laid the minutes of the last meeting before the Rev. Chairman. What was to be done? The proceedings proceeded uncontrollably; the secretary read the necessary accounts, vouched them, took the proper minutes for the next half-yearly meeting, silenced every report that had been prejudicial to his favour without a breath of explanation, and was congratulated upon his good looks and the correctness with which he kept the charity accounts. The election was never touched upon in the presence of the secretary, or openly at the board; and the five stewed-down candidates went home in a more bewildered state even than the secretary, carrying with them several large bundles of cards and circulars, which could now but serve as playthings for the children and squills for the wives.

Home in a coach, with all his books and documents, (unattended,) went Mr. Secretary Klünchünbrüch. His guardian man watched him,—himself unwatched! The astounding sanity of this day almost made his family insane. Alas! his return after this strange, yet to him accustomed attention to business, was a return to a severer apathy. The mind, overstrung to an unnatural tension, had not a string that was not relaxed and loosened. He took to his bed; his childishness, his estrangement, his insanity returned upon him in a deeper mistiness for months. “Oh! what an accountant’s mind was here o’erthrown!”

The terrible results of this exertion of a day were coloured, circulated, exaggerated by the “friends, countrymen, and lovers” of

the whole district. But although it was confidently believed that on the subsequent, and indeed on many subsequent occasions, the election must of sheer and bitter necessity occur,—the day of election *has not yet arrived!* Klüncünbrüch has, with a mind like a half-yearly aloe, invariably bloomed, expanded into action on the essential day, gone steadily through his duties, and sunk into an increased state of prostration the moment the day was over!

Poor, poor Klüncünbrüch!—thine has been a hard fate;—to be considered to have but two days of sanity in the year, and by those who assume to have three hundred and sixty-five such days, and have none!—to have a sense of duty in thee high enough to rise over wrecked fortune and happiness, and yet to enjoy but two days in the twelve months worthy of thy true and labouring spirit! Thou livest still—(for in the main incidents this sketch is founded on reality,)—and so long as thy accounts are not called from thee on earth, I verily believe there is a vitality in thy sense of this world's duty that will protract a call to thy more solemn and final audit.

J. H. R.

THE TWO SISTERS.

No wonder that the great lyric poet should have given the epithet of "*molesta*" to "*pituita*," or that the Romans erected temples to the goddess Tussis. Both prove that the famed clime of Italy was not proof, even in ancient times, against the most deadly of maladies.

There is an importunate guest, who comes unbidden; first knocks gently at the door, then with more assurance, after a time will admit of no denial, and at last makes the house her home. Shall I draw her portrait? It is not a prepossessing one. She is a "death in life," an age in youth; her face is "white as leprosy;" her eyes are lustrous and glassy; her breath, of fire; her step inaudible, yet sure.

She delights in the keen blasts of the wintry wind, the bleak and unsheltered mountain, a wide extent of coast open to all the fury of the north-east, the autumnal woods with their fallen and decaying leaves, the stagnant and weed-overgrown pool, the putrid waste of tremulous marshes: these are some of her haunts!

Yet does she not disdain the resort of man. Go to the gas-lit theatre, linger in the draught of its corridors; enter the crowded and unventilated ball-room; kneel in the vaulted aisle of some church, steaming putrefaction: she is there, in her multiplicity of form, and ubiquity of evil.

Yes! in all and each of these places she is to be found.

Oh! the vulture that she is. To use the words of the Greek dramatist, "The scent of human prey sends up a grateful odour to make glad her nostrils, as laughter does the heart;" and, like the bloodhounds of Orestes, she never loses sight of her prey till she has tracked it to earth.

She is no respecter of persons, has no predilection for dresses: sometimes she clothes herself in the robe of pride and sometimes

is seen in rags. She pretends to be the most affectionate of brides; tells her lover "Be happy!" winds him in her chilly arms, and, writhe as he may, he cannot escape from her hellish embraces.

You shall be acquainted presently with her name: may you only hear it! Be strangers to each other, but avoid her as you would a pestilence!

I will let you into the secret of those whom she loves best. Listen!

If there is a father who has an only son, the last scion of his stock, the staff of his declining years, his idol, the object of his worship, one on whom he gazes till he sheds tears of tenderest delight, a youth "the observed of all observers," who has ennobled his mind, cultivated his talents, and purified his affections,—it is on him she casts her longing eye, she breathes on him with her breath of flame. The artist at his easel, the student in his closet, the author in his garret, the manufacturer at his loom,—these are the objects of her fond regard. But for the bloated epicure, the half-starved miser, the griping usurer, the painted harridan,—these, with a singular caprice, she passes by unobserved; whilst from youth and beauty—youth, ere it comes to its prime; not as it displays itself in the muscular vigour of limb, the roseate bloom on the unchanging cheek, or elastic vigour of the step; no! no!—like an unseasonable frost, she chooses to cut off the fairest flowers, and nip the tenderest shoots.

She is called *Consumption*. Yet comes she not alone. Disease, Desolation, and Despair,—these are her familiars, she brings them with her in her imperial train: they thrust themselves into the chariot, they accompany her to the public gardens, they intrude on the secluded walk, they seat themselves at the table, drug the wine with gall, mix poison in the viands, haunt the couch of restlessness, and quit not their victims till the cup of bitterness is full,—till they have found a refuge from pain, sorrow, regret, in that last resting-place of the wretched, the grave.

Such were my reflections as in March, many, many years ago, I was lounging leisurely in the "Invalids' Walk" at Torbay. It is the Nice or Pisa of England, and the great refuge of consumptive patients from all parts of the three kingdoms. This famed spot is protected from the north-easterly winds by range behind range of hills: here, carpeted with turf of eternal verdure; and there, surmounted by tors covered with plantations to their tops, or showing, denuded of the slightest vestige of vegetation, their bald scalps, of the most fantastic forms, and rich in colour as those of the lakes of Cumberland or Killarney. So that Torbay is not only the most picturesque, but the most desirable residence on the coast of Devonshire. But if the environs are beautiful, what shall I say of the place itself, with its basin, like a small sea-port scooped out of the rock, artificially formed by means of two piers or moles, the miniature of those of Genoa; terrace above terrace, its buildings and villas of the most elegant construction, with their verandas and balconies commanding a view of Torbay, seen from between two rival wooded cones, where many a thatched cottage peeps like a bird's nest out of the thick foliage of evergreens that embower them? I have called Torbay a winter residence; no! winter there is none: so mild is the climate, that the ilex, the arbutus, and the

philarea, here grow to a size that they never elsewhere attain. The myrtle is seen clambering over the windows ; and the China rose has, throughout the year, a constant succession of buds and flowers.

The group that gave occasion to my sombre apostrophe consisted of a father and his two daughters, whom I had met for some time in my rambles, and with whom I afterwards became acquainted. Would I had not ! for the latter were doomed within a few months, to become victims to an hereditary malady that had proved fatal to their mother.

The father, at least sixty years of age, in his gait and air bore the appearance of what he had been—a soldier. He had served in the East Indies ; and it might be perceived that, in common with other long residents in that country, he had not escaped the effects of its destructive climate, but that his constitution was much impaired. Some deep sorrow seemed imprinted on his fine and noble features, which had lately taken a still deeper shade, from a presentiment of evil,—a conviction that a premature fate menaced the lives of those dearer to him even than his own ; that it hung suspended, like a sword by a single thread, over the heads of his daughters. They were drawn in chairs of a light and fragile form, which, as they sate, gave a peculiar elegance and grace to their attitude ; being such as Canova, modelling from the antique, has chosen for one of his statues. The general was walking between them, and his eye turned occasionally from one to the other : neither spoke ; his heart was too full to give utterance to his feelings ; and to them, the effort would have been painful, even had they been permitted by their physician, to converse in the open air. They held at times their handkerchiefs—one was, I perceived, spotted with blood,—to their months, as though the atmosphere respired was too keen for their lacerated lungs. Now and then they interchanged glances, which seemed to be mutually understood ; and I thought I could read in their countenances a sense of the loveliness of the scenery around them, a pleasure tinged with melancholy, whenever a ray of sunshine through some opening in the trees smiled on them. Then, too, they smiled ; but it was a faint smile, like that of the March sun,—a mockery of joy.

Julia, the eldest, was a brunette : her figure was above the common height ; and her hair, which she wore in long depending ringlets on each side of her face, was, like her eyes, black as jet.

Caroline, the youngest, in no way resembled her sister ; and the singular contrast between them, a foil to the beauty of each, gained them the appellation of the Celestial and Terrestrial Hemispheres. Caroline had just attained that critical period of life when the girl gives place to the woman ; she was in her seventeenth year. Like the shoot of some parasite plant that is scarcely able to support itself, thin, tall, and delicate was her form. For some months she had been unequal to walking, even for a few yards, without fatigue ; and her father always carried in his hand a camp-seat, on which, whenever she had crawled out on the jettee, or to the strand, at every twenty or thirty yards she was obliged to rest ; whilst Julia leant affectionately over her, and watched every turn of her sister's changing countenance, her own sweet and angelic as that of some divine messenger sent to comfort a dying martyr. No murmur or complaint ever escaped Caroline's lips ; nothing could be more affecting

than to see the effort she made to disguise her sufferings, in order to quiet the apprehensions of those beings whose lives hung upon hers.

I have said she was beautiful: what words can describe her loveliness!—it was that of an embodied spirit. In a portrait, such a complexion would have seemed the flattery of the art; enamel could give a faint idea of its clearness, its brilliancy, its transparency. It was pure as herself, the reflex of her soul without a taint of earth. Her eyes were what the Spaniards call *adormidellos*; an epithet the most endearing and significant, and which, for want of a diminutive in our language, admits of no synonyme. To make it intelligible by a paraphrase, I should say they were eyes which, under the veil of their long silken lashes, express, not that the soul is asleep, but dreaming of love,—divine rather than human love, for who was worthy of inspiring it? But when she raised those dark blue orbs, they shone with the light of genius, the fire of intelligence; and yet there was, at times, in them an unnatural lustre, like that of a lamp that burns the brighter as it is about to lose its vivifying oil. In proportion as the malady became more inveterate, her spirits increased; and the pure emanation of her mind seemed to throw a halo about her, making her look like an angel—with all, save wings, for heaven.

I saw, with a regret as if she had been my own sister, Death approach with stealthy pace, and foresaw that she would at last sink into his arms, calmly and peaceably as a child is hushed to slumber on its nurse's breast. And yet every day did her cheek assume a livelier hectic: and a common observer would have fancied he observed symptoms of convalescence; like the gala-day in the East, it was only a flattering revelation.

This contest between mind and matter, this strife between the powers of life and death, reminded me of a picture of Guido's,* representing a rosy infant lying on a winding-sheet, and playing with a skull; or rather, of two paintings in one of the collections at Bologna, the same that contains the *Ecce Homo* of Correggio; but I have forgotten the name of the gallery, nor is it important. The custode himself, though familiarity might have blunted his feelings, shrunk from it in disgust; for myself, it not only made a deep impression on me at the time, but has never recurred to me since without causing me to shudder. On one side of a double case is a large miniature in oil, representing a girl: she is in the very zenith of life, and youth, and health, and radiant with all the rich glow of southern beauty. She died, it appears, shortly after sitting for this portrait. Now for the reverse. The father, with a strange caprice, long after she was conveyed to the family vault, had her disinterred, and employed the same artist to draw her then likeness. The work of putrefaction has begun, the lips are purple, the eyes sunken, the worm is at its revels; and yet, horrible to say, there is sufficient similitude between the two faces to establish their identity. O poor mortality! must Caroline soon come to this? Yes, her hour was nigh!

She had an extraordinary talent for music; and composed, the evening before she died, an air that expressed, better than words could do, the peculiar state of her mind, her regret at being about to quit, so young, this beautiful world, which she had almost worshipped.

* In the cabinet of M. Schamps, at Ghent.

It was an apotheosis of nature! a farewell to the universe! It is probable that, feeling her end approach, she had gone down into the breakfast-room early in the morning to play this pathetic dirge; for she was found in a large arm-chair, her fingers extended, as though in the act of touching the piano. Those who discovered her thus, supposed she slept; for the pleasure of the music, and the thoughts that had inspired the air, yet lingered on her countenance, and lit it up with a faint smile. Half hoping, yet fearing to awaken her, they might, with Lear, have applied a mirror to her mouth to see whether her breath would dim its lustre. No! that slumber was her last; her spirit had fled to Him who gave it.

In losing her sister, Julia had lost all the objects of life. To whom could she now communicate her most secret thoughts; make them intelligible even without words, comprehended by a glance? The books they used to read together,—she could not open them without finding some passage one had marked to show the other. The instrument,—she could not bear its tones; the duets they had played, the airs they had sung, all the inanimate things in the room, the vacant chair, the unfinished embroidery, her own sketch still lingering in the glass, where it was Caroline's habit to put whatever last had pleased her, so as to have it constantly before her eyes, recalled to her remorseless memory the recollection of her irreparable loss.

Even the face of nature seemed changed: those views on which she had gazed with rapture had lost all their charm. The little garden which Caroline had laid out; the flowers she had planted, and watered; the whispering among the leaves, the ripple of the waves on the sea-shore, the song of the birds, were all associated with her, and did but nourish her grief, and make her solitude more lonely.

Oh! let one who would seek to extinguish unavailing recollections fly from the scenes of former happiness! Two months elapsed, and the general and his surviving daughter had changed their abode for a villa at Tor. Time, that heals all but compunctious visitings of conscience, had begun to pour its opiate on the soul of Julia. Sighs and tears are the safety-valves of nature; they are the balm of the wounded spirit, like the tenderness of a mother, or the sympathy of an affectionate friend. Her health, too, had begun to improve, and all the worst of her symptoms to disappear, when there arrived at Torbay one of those missionaries, those disciples of the new Whitfield, who, under the mask of adherence to the rites of the established church, preach the desolating doctrines of election and grace—doctrines that overthrew the intellect, and poisoned the life, of one of the most amiable, beneficent, and virtuous of mankind, the infatuated Cowper. This missionary was a man of fifty, with a face in whose hard and strongly marked features were visible the traces of early passions, the violence of which might have driven him into the commission of any crime,—passions that had been smothered, not extinguished, by the cold and calculating dictates of worldly prudence. The inward consciousness of his own sinful nature made him conceive that *all* the imaginations of the heart are evil, that *all* hearts are full of concupiscence and the long catalogue of offences which the Apostle enumerates. Continual mortification and penance, and the exercise of prayer, had made him mistake habit

for faith, and belief for conviction; I will acquit him of the hypocrisy of the Pharisee. He was no Tartuffe, such as Molière has drawn, for his zeal and fanaticism were alike indisputable: a zeal for adding to his little flock; and a fanaticism that, leading him step by step to construe to the strict letter, and torture to his own interpretation, the parable of the potter's vessel, and a few texts that had a general application in early days of Christianity, made him implicitly believe that, with the partiality of a father for one child over another, the God by whom he was called to the ministry to preach, had pre-ordained and selected himself, and a chosen few, to complete the number of the elect, whilst all the rest of mankind were irrevocably and irremediably removed out of the pale of salvation.

Such is the human mind, that by intense application and abstraction, by continually brooding on one subject, it can place blind credence in any doctrine, however absurd.

It was not long before, with a spirit of proselytism, he found out Julia.

It is said that the heart is never more disposed for a new attachment than at the moment when the object on which it doted is gone for ever, and that the grave is not one of the affections; Lady Jane Grey is a satire on the sex—a libel on woman. This desolating sentiment is only entertained by those who have never felt the sacred power of love, who have mistaken passion for affection, the joys of the senses for the mystical union of souls. But when all earthly things fail to supply the void in hearts that have once beat with love or affection, they look for consolation in the thoughts of heaven; they seek for things above the earth rather than of it. Never was there a being in an apter state to imbibe the poison which the tempter was bent on instilling than the devoted Julia.

As soon as he became a guest of the house, one selfish feeling swallowed up the rest; religious enthusiasm took possession of her; distracting doubts destroyed the serenity of her soul. At their first conferences, he expressed himself shocked at her utter ignorance of all the tenets of the true faith—at the heathen course of her life; told her she was a stray lamb gone out of the way, that her malady was a just infliction of Providence for sins of omission or commission, that she should consider it as a salutary ordeal through which she should gain the road to salvation. In order to fit her for another world, he enjoined her to wean her affections from all that this contained, to seclude herself from all intercourse with her fellows, and renounce the society of her friends. The love of nature he considered idolatry; her elegant pursuits frivolous, and unworthy a candidate for heaven; he said that by prayer and prostration she should struggle to receive grace divine, and to obtain the conviction that her calling and election were sure.

Such were the doctrines that served to embitter and disturb the remaining hours of this victim of bigotry.

"*La mort,*" says a French writer, "*rencontre un puissant auxiliaire dans le moral, quand il se trouve gravement attiré.*" Thus her disease now made a rapid progress; the worm that preyed on her vitals daily made greater inroads on her constitution, and it was clear that a few weeks would lay her by the side of her sister.

She had till now, in the presence of her father, assumed a cheerfulness, even if she felt it not, and greeted him with a smile of returning happiness; and, however painful the effort it cost, had attended to the affairs of his household. But a change came over her spirit.

During the last visit I paid her, she looked more like the Magdalen of Guido than the Madonna of Raphael. Her eyes were red with weeping; over the natural paleness of her cheek was spread a flush, less of bodily disease than the fever of her mind. She appeared lost in a self-abstraction that eclipsed all external objects, and discovered no light within; such as the fanatic in the exaltation of his fervour finds, to compensate for the lost brightness of the world.

For some days before her death, she abode in perfect darkness, and would not even see her father: she refused all sorts of sustenance, or to take her accustomed medicine; and with feeble voice, that inanity rendered more like a murmur or a sound, was heard at intervals muttering accents of despair.

This could not last long. She was found with her hands clasped in the attitude of supplication, in which she died. Her head was bent back on the pillow, and her eyes were raised to heaven.

As these sisters were united in their lives, so far were they in the manner of their death that no one received their last sigh.

These details have little that is dramatic in them, they are scenes that have nothing to recommend them but their fidelity; yet they are not without a moral lesson. I have lately made a pilgrimage to the graves of the Two Sisters, and have thought that they should not perish without some humble record to save their memories from oblivion. I remembered the words of a great poet, and said with a sigh, when two such spirits pass away,

“The world seems sensible of a change:
They leave behind a cold tranquillity,
Death and the grave, that are not as they were!”

ANACREONTIC.

Eros, god of love, I'll bring
To thy shrine no offering;
I will only bend the knee,
Bacchus, god of wine, to thee.

Where's the eye that shines as clear
As these ruby sparklers here?
Where's a lip so sweet as this
Crystal goblet's that I kiss?

Eros, god of love, I'll bring
To thy shrine no offering,
For by this rich draught I vow,
Boy, I am thine *equal* now!

M. L.

THE DOCK-YARD GHOST.

BY RICHARD JOHNS.

It was a dull and rainy afternoon in a dreary sea-port town : the very waves came in sluggishly, as if they found it too much trouble to wash the shores ; while the idle winds wantonly played with their rippling curls, instead of blowing them up for neglect of duty. I do not mean to say that the borough of Dockarton was a dirty town, and wanted more purification than other communities of men ; far be it from me to make so unkind an assertion : but Mr. Mouscribe's Guide to the beauties of " this ancient port and its neighbourhood " makes particular mention that its shores are " washed by the boundless deep," and I am old soldier enough to require contracts to be properly performed. The eventful day the incident occurred which has made me turn scribbler, was in the autumn of 18—, not many years after the close of that ever-to-be-remembered European war which covered England with national glory and national debt, and entitled her to that continental gratitude which, I am inclined to think, was incontinently forgotten. The town I refer to, had greatly flourished during the struggle of kingdoms ; for it possesses, as Mr. Mouscribe has it, " a dock-yard where the giant oak of England is hollowed and squared, and fashioned to stem the heaving tide, and go forth the mighty bulwark of our native land." Dockarton in the war-time was consequently a bustling sea-port, and had a large garrison of veterans and militia, together with a goodly population of sailors and slop-sellers, innkeepers and outfitters, pimps, crimps, and prize-agents, tailors, hatters, wine, brandy, and provision merchants among the sterner sex ; while the ladies boasted a miscellaneous assemblage, which, for the most part, had better be imagined than described. Peace arrived, and in a short time grass was actually discovered growing in the streets. Ships were no longer launched, and but rarely commissioned or paid off ; Jack now seldom came " capering on shore " with money in both pockets ; the Jews' watches were at a discount, as it was no longer the fashion to buy them by the half-dozen ; and when a five-pound note was cashed for a new hat, it had ceased to be usual to " d— the change ! " Tailors now were too busily engaged looking after *old* bills to entertain *old* customers with champagne luncheons ; hotels were shutting up, or dwindling into pot-houses ; and shops once abandoned by their tenants remained unoccupied. Change followed upon change ; even the veterans and militia departed, and in their place his Majesty's — regiment did duty on the dismantled lines, silent saluting-batteries, but still noisy dockyard of Dockarton. The reader will now understand why I called this a dreary town. I believe it has since, in some degree, recovered from the sudden effects of the peace ; but stupid enough it was when Ensign Augustus S— looked from the windows of the King's Head Inn at the drizzling rain which begreased the pavements of the principal street in Dockarton. Bitterly he cursed the showers which had converted a fine morning into a wet afternoon, and prevented a certain damsel with whom he was desperately enamoured, from keeping an appointment duly made in a meeting-house the Sunday before.

The fair Mary called herself a nursery-governess, and it is certain she governed the nursery of a family in the vicinity: but though "Master Bobby" and "Miss Emma" were too old to carry, they were yet rather young to learn; and, not speaking their native tongue with fluency, it is probable they did not trouble their protectress by entering into the component parts of the language. Be this as it may, it pleased the nursery-maid to aspire to the dignity of governess; and Ensign Augustus cared not to oppose or contradict her, as, clad in mufti, he would stroll beside his *innamorata* and her young charge, when the weather and her mistress permitted them to take the air. On the present occasion the pretty Mary was prevented from meeting her lover by the rain; and the ensign was consequently out of temper with himself, with her, with the whole world, and everybody in it.

After having proposed other terms of capitulation in vain, he had just determined on a *mésalliance* with Miss Mary, in sovereign contempt for the prejudices of his *forebears*, who had made it their custom to marry in their own station of life; and the sooner he informed his gentle enslaver, the sooner Ensign Augustus thought his rest would be at rest. The only way of unburthening his mind was to embody his honourable proposal in a letter; but this seemed a plan of proceeding which, with a latent dread of a possible action for breach of promise of marriage, he hesitated to adopt. Brooding over his disappointment, he finished his sherry and sandwich; sauntered to a billiard-room, where he made two or three foolish bets, losing his money with a still greater profusion of his temper; and from thence lounged to his quarters. Here we will leave him playing Robin Adair, Dulce, Dulce Domum, with other heart-inthralling airs, on his German flute, whiling away tedious moments till the mess-hour; and transport ourselves to the royal dock-yard of Dockarton. It is the evening of the same day, eventful in the records of the — regiment, to which our gallant friend belonged, and Tom Mason, a full private in the ensign's own company, is on sentry in a retired part of the "Yard."

It was still "very dubersome weather," as Tom remarked to himself as he walked to and fro before his box. The rain had ceased, and the moon seemed making up her mind to shine, as if in attempt to dry the wet-blanket-looking clouds that hung around her heaven-built hall. Not a soul was stirring in the dock-yard—at least not to the eye of Tom Mason—except a brother sentry on a distant jetty, when the clock chimed the half-hour past eight. Twenty bells now took up the sound as they were set going by the hands of the civil watch—worthy old men!—showing that they were not *yet* gone to sleep, whatever might happen; while sentinel answered to sentinel, and watchman to watchman, in one long continuous cry of "All's well!" which, echoing in the distance, died into silence.

I have said Tom's post was in a very retired part of the "Yard," and have further to mention that the place was "banned with an evil name." Whether some "Jack the Painter's"* wandering ghost once visited "the glimpses of the moon" in that particular quarter, I cannot take on me to say; but certain it is that several soldiers declared they had beheld a figure pass them that would give neither

* An individual known by that name, executed, about the year 1776, for firing the dock-yard.

the "parole" nor "number." To pursue this apparition, whatever it might be, would take them from their posts, and be contrary to orders; while to fire at everybody they could not otherwise secure, supposing their challenge to be unanswered,—their strict line of duty—had on a late occasion, fatal to the intruder, though ludicrous to the thoughtless soldiery, called forth a caution from the commissioner of the dock-yard not to be too precipitate with their muskets. A sentry had one dark night shouted "Who goes there?" till he was hoarse—fired—alarmed the guard. "Why did you shoot him?" said the serjeant.—"Why did not the jackass answer, then?" cried the sentinel. "Who have I shot?"—"Jackass, indeed," rejoined the non-commissioned officer, raising the head of the dead body, and letting the light of his lantern fall on the long visage and leaden eye of the deceased.—It was the commissioner's donkey!

But, to return to Tom Mason. Scarcely had the dock-yard relapsed into silence when a black figure, holding what appeared a small white flag or handkerchief in its hand, passed along a range of timber-sheds about fifty yards from Tom's post, and then came to a dead halt. Our sentry duly challenged, though, it must be confessed, with a trembling heart; for he had not the least doubt he beheld the ghost. The dark form answered not, but slowly waved its flag. With a last effort of despairing courage Tom challenged again; and the apparition, uttering a faint scream, seemed to sink into the earth. This was too much for mortal man to support; at least so thought Tom Mason as he took to his heels, and never rested till he had reached the opposite jetty, where, holding by the arm of his astonished comrade, he once more looked in the direction of the ghost-walk he had quitted.

"There it is again!" exclaimed he, pulling at the shoulder of Dick Cummings, who, being no believer in spirits except those sold at the canteen, most provokingly declined to take an old anchor-stock in the distance bedaubed with a patch of white paint, for a supernatural visitant: Tom's fears having by this time appointed a deputy ghost to do duty in the absence of the late apparition.

"You are a fool, Tom Mason," answered his comrade, with that easy address distinguishing a familiarity which, if it does not always breed contempt, is fruitful of black eyes.

"If ever I saw a ghost in my life, that's one!" obstinately continued Tom.

"Very likely; and yet that's the old anchor-stock you and I passed three times to-day when the reliefs went round," dryly answered his brother soldier. "An't you a pretty fellow to stand sentry? Why, Paddy O'Brien's story of the black and white ghost—that pepper-and-salt bit of the devil's cookery—has fooled the wits out of you!"

"Well, well!" said Tom, taking a long breath, "I believe you are right as to the anchor; but the thing I challenged just now walked, and waved a white flag after the same fashion that Paddy told us of, and screamed, and sank into the ground, which is more than *he* ever saw!"

Without seeing any thing further to alarm him, Tom Mason, soon after nine o'clock, was relieved by the very Paddy O'Brien who had strengthened the superstitions of the garrison as to the dock-yard being haunted, by roundly asserting that he had seen the

apparition. In a few minutes more, Dick Cummings also had resigned his post to another, and was marching beside Tom to the guard-room. Whatever might have been the intention of our ghost-ridden sentinel,—whether to report what he had beheld, or keep the secret to himself, in the hope of Cummings not betraying him to the ridicule of his companions,—little time was allowed him for deliberation ere Dick tauntingly asked if he had “seen the devil again.” Angry words arose; blows were exchanged; and the whole affair was, in consequence, referred to the officer on duty, who happened to be no other than our friend, Ensign Augustus, he having been disturbed at mess to fill the position of a brother subaltern taken suddenly unwell on guard.

The pugnacious soldiers were reprimanded, and reserved for report to the higher authorities on the morrow; and the ensign, who had a small touch of romance in his composition, sallied forth alone to investigate the mystery of the haunted jetty. Here he found Paddy O’Brien—a huge specimen of the grenadier company—quite on the alert, challenging at the top of his voice, and clashing his arms as he brought his musket across his chest to the port, with a noise enough to frighten any ghost happening in the days of its body to have tasted cold steel.

“Paddy,” said Ensign Augustus, “what *is* this story of yours about the black and white apparition? Tom Mason says he saw it and spoke to it just now.”

“Oh! the devil he did, sir!” cried O’Brien, with a start that brought the chin-stay of his grenadier’s cap across his mouth, while the bearskin itself stuck out at right-angles with his back. “Oh! the devil, thin, what a mistake!”

“Mistake!” repeated the ensign, in no little surprise at the sentry’s exclamation. “Who made a mistake?—answer me, sirrah!”

“She, sir!—he, sir!—the ghost, I mane! Oh! blood and ’ounds! what will I do, anyhow?”

“Walk your post, sir,” said the ensign angrily, “while I get behind your sentry-box; and *we’ll* see if this ghost of yours pays you a visit.”

“Oh! don’t sir, don’t!” cried the soldier, now in evident and undisguised trepidation; “’twill be the ruin of me!” This was addressed to Ensign Augustus as that gentleman stepped behind the box; and what answer so curious an appeal might have elicited it is impossible to say, for just at that moment the young officer caught sight of a black figure coming towards the jetty.

“Challenge it!” exclaimed the ensign, putting his head out from his concealment.

“I won’t!” shouted Paddy, in an agony of desperation; adding in a parenthetical cry, which resembled the howl of a whipped dog, “Oh! blood and ’ounds! she’ll know the sound of my voice and come up to me!”

“Oh! *will* she?” answered Ensign Augustus from behind. “Is *that* your fun, O’Brien? Challenge, you scoundrel! or I’ll pink you!” at the same time giving Paddy the slightest possible taste of the point of his sword, in the rear.

“Who goes there?” roared the sentry, from habitual subordination no longer resisting his little officer. The apparition waved its handkerchief, but remained silent. On it came, though with an

undetermined gait, as if not perfectly satisfied as to the reception it might expect.

"Tell it to advance, you rascal!" whispered the ensign.

"Oh! pray excuse me, sir! For love and honour's sake excuse me, sir!" cried O'Brien, now turning round on his persecutor. "It is the commissioner's daughter! she's coming to spend an hour with me." Impulses are strange things; had it been possible to have believed Paddy's appeal to his generosity,—had the ghost been declared to be the commissioner's cook, or the housemaid,—our ensign might not have so rudely interfered with the Irishman's amour; but the commissioner's daughter was too good a joke. He in an instant dashed past the bewildered sentry, and gave chase to the apparition, which fled before him; leaving the forlorn grenadier stamping in despair at his post, his musket at his feet, his cap flung to the earth, as now shouting after his officer, and now apostrophising himself, he exclaimed,

"Stop, sir! stop, sir! Let the poor crater run, if there's any mercy in ye. Oh! what will I do? The old commissioner will be the death of her! and she so fond of me! and what a swate pretty crater she is, and the five thousand pounds to her fortin! Oh! Paddy O'Brien! why did ye till her the wrong relief, and let Tom Mason git sight of her?" While Paddy was thus lamenting his sad fate, the ensign was fast gaining on his "chase;" an unlucky log of timber was in her way, down came the mysterious fugitive, and by the aid of the mischievous moon Ensign Augustus S—— fixed his astonished gaze on the well-known features of his faithless Mary, the pretty nursery-maid. That young lady, of course, essayed to make all proper explanations; but without effect, as "her Augustus" would not be convinced that it was all a mistake, and a moonlight walk to meditate on his affection. The cruel ensign escorted the weeping damsel to the house of her mistress, the wife of a dock-yard dignitary, whose abode was within the walls. He even most inhumanly informed the said dignitary of the strange predicament she had placed herself in. Miss Mary consequently lost her place, nor did she, I believe, gain a husband; Ensign Augustus, about a twelvemonth after that eventful night, making a most determined sacrifice to the prejudices of society, actually married a gentlewoman; and Paddy O'Brien, when he discovered that his beloved was *not* the commissioner's daughter, declined her alliance. There is a report that the parish authorities found it ultimately necessary to induce the Irish grenadier to make an honest woman of his ghostly comforter during the watches of the night; this is, no doubt, a piece of barrack scandal, but "I tell the tale as 'twas told to me" on the "Main Dock Guard" of Dockarton.

MARTHA MITES, "WHO CARED FOR HERSELF."

GREAT truths need few words! and we will content ourselves with laying before our readers (should any be found rash enough) one of the greatest truths in the fewest syllables, "woman is a riddle!" So thought Simon Plumb, as, disappointed in his hopes of a wife, he returned to his shop, sagely impressed with the line of Congreve, that "woman is the reflection of heaven in a pond, and he that leaps at her is sunk." Now, although Simon Plumb had, in the days of his youth, jumped at and caught cherries, he knew not how impossible it was to catch a woman twenty-four hours in the same mind; Simon slapped himself into a chair, and vowed never to think again of Martha Mites!

Martha was an only child; her father lived by what killed others, —physic. He was an apothecary in one of our ancient cities; and, as the people in that particular city had faith in an apothecary, John Mites became a man of money: truly it might be said of him, his pills were gilt.

Martha was a fortunate child, for her father left her fifteen thousand pounds: with this sum she might have lived a life of plenty, but plenty was to her one of the seven deadly sins; and as in her childhood she had picked and pilfered from her school-fellows cakes and pence, so now she, on a larger scale, lived upon her neighbours. The teas she drank, the dinners she ate, at the expense of others, were innumerable; and, as it was observed by her opposite neighbours that not a crumb was ever seen to enter her doors, it was wisely speculated that the gentle Martha Mites lived upon the crumbs she got elsewhere.

Martha received an invitation to London, which she accepted. The waggon conveyed this exemplary young woman by easy stages to her favoured friend; and luxuriating on two or three hard eggs, and bits of bread, Miss Mites, whose drink was water, lived like a princess. Arrived at her destination, and being worth fifteen thousand pounds, and the mistress of the house having a son without as many pence, Martha was the diamond of the dwelling, and, as the lady justly observed, Miss Mites was worth gold to any man!

It is now nearly a century ago, when Simon Plumb, a grocer of no mean wealth, and luxuriating in the title of Captain in one of the City Train-bands,—those brave defenders of our country's peace,—honoured the company at a Lord Mayor's ball with the light of his presence. The lady Martha was visiting was known to Grocer Plumb,—she had her sugar from him,—and Simon was introduced to Martha Mites: used as he was to sweets, and up to his eyes in barley-sugar, Simon looked and longed for the apothecary's daughter,—nay, he even went so far as to make her an offer of marriage upon the spot; but Martha, who had open eyes to her own interest, had no wish to marry a man of figs!

Simon was constant in his visits, and, as he brought her presents, Martha was anything but shy,—for, as long as she could get anything, Martha was always civil; and thus for months she kept him at bay, receiving his presents, but refusing, though often pressed, to name the day of marriage; for she wisely thought, that if she married,

the money would not be, as it were, under her own immediate thumb.

On the day that Simon Plumb entered his shop, disappointed and in wrath, Martha had undergone an abduction. She fed him with hopes so long, that hopes had ceased to nourish; and, with true military ardour, Simon resolved upon a forcible carrying-off. He enticed her into a coach under pretence of a jaunt, and, accompanied by a brother officer—not a sheriff's—drove to the Fleet, where marriages were then legally performed. Martha, as soon as she saw the "cross-hands" over the door-way, shouted at the pitch of her voice ten thousand murders; but Captain Plumb was not a man to be daunted by a woman, whatever he might be by one of his own sex, and carried her kicking in his arms before the man of marriages. Martha broke windows, screamed, and hallooed; the parson, with his book in hand, began mumbling words, simple in themselves, but deadly in their effects; and in a few minutes more, he would have added another sin to his soul, and a marriage to his list,—for marriages are only pardonable when they are made in heaven! When Martha's screams became louder, some butchers who were passing, finding what was going on, and being themselves married men, burst open the doors, and rescued the pair from the jaws of matrimony. They could have killed sheep with pleasure, but they had more charity than to let a marriage be performed; and yet 'tis said butchers have no feeling!

Had Simon breakfasted upon pod pepper, he couldn't have looked redder in the face. But Martha, like an injured excellence, returned weeping home, shut herself in her bed-room, and for an hour and a half was absorbed in looking at the presents she had received from Simon Plumb, who, for the next month had no tongue for treacle, or taste for tea, but sat wrapped in sentiment and Martha Mites.

Martha, "who cared for herself," learned a golden lesson from the page of Simon's courtship,—that a lover is worth something! and, to do her justice, she was not slow in profiting by it. Baited with fifteen thousand pounds, Martha hooked more gudgeons and more presents than we have space to enumerate; and on her return to her native city, she spread her nets so well as to cheat one to whom cheating was second nature, to wit, a lawyer, who delighted in the name of Octavius Lizard.

Octavius Lizard was an attorney of no small practice; and it was the wonder of many how a lawyer, who knew so well what deceit was, could ever be deceived; but truth is sometimes strange, and the attorney was outwitted. Martha had fifteen thousand pounds; Lizard, a good practice, a large house, and was beside a bachelor.

Lizard was ardent in his suit, and Martha willing—to take anything she could get. One day Octavius—for the lawyer would show himself—obtained her consent, and a bond of forfeiture to the amount of five hundred pounds on the event of her after-refusal.

Let not Martha be censured as shallow in allowing Lizard so strong a hold upon her; it was the depth of cunning: the lawyer was to her a pocket-glass, that she could see through without straining her eyesight, and she could squeeze him as she could a lemon. From that hour the house of the attorney became "a house of call," for she gave him not only her bond, but the sweets of her society;

she was subject to fits of jealousy, which fits came upon her regularly three times a day. Never did Octavius sit down to breakfast, but Martha, seized with fit the first, came in for her share; his chops no longer were in couples, for Martha at his dinner-hour was jealous for the second time, and chopped with him; tea, that meal of slop and scandal, never passed but Martha came for the third time, and sipped the cups of comfort! Shylock's bond was a plaything to this—a pound of flesh! Lizard's was for a rib!

Now Octavius was a lawyer, and, as such, was in the habit of picking others; to *be* picked was contrary to practice. Still he knew not how to complain, as love was the occasion of this tender solicitude upon *her* part, and the cost upon *his*; but then 'twas odd her fits were ever hungry, and always came at meal-times. Should he deny himself to her? should he—? no! fifteen thousand pounds were not to be offended, and Lizard gulped his chops and tea. He pressed her to name a day; Martha blushed, at least she said so; but Lizard, though he had often made black white, couldn't metamorphose a dull yellow into red. Martha, hopeless of living longer upon trust, promised to become Mrs. Octavius Lizard that day month. The month was passed, as many other months had been, in fattening at his expense. The day was at hand, Lizard procured a licence and a suit of clothes. The morning came: Martha was dressed; Lizard, even to his shoe-tie, looked the bridegroom. She called him "naughty man," and hinted at his want of confidence in having "asked her for a bond." He, all excuses, unlocked his iron chest, and selected from a heap of harmless papers her marriage promise. The lawyer made an effort to kneel; but, being stiff-knee'd, preferred shuffling,—as he often did,—and presented her with her bond. He was despatched to the church to see that things were as they should be; she was to follow. The parson stood ready for his task of comfort, for his words were plums, and every one a mouthful. The guests—as guests always are—were open-mouthed, and Lizard open-eyed; he looked, and looked: Martha was dressed when he left her, and now two hours behind the time! Minute followed minute, and wonder came with wonder; but Martha never came at all: for months she had had three meals a day,—one was her usual fare,—and Octavius was outwitted. He stood livid amid the jeers of the standers-by; his fifteen thousand pounds had vanished in a whiff; he had been liberal, and, what was worst of all, got nothing by it; he felt it as a professional affront; and Lizard never after named the name of Martha Mites.

Some thirty years had passed since the last-recorded period in the history of Martha Mites, when an object of some curiosity attracted the eyes and footsteps of the worthy inhabitants of the city of ——. The windows were full of eyes, and heads thrust forth in all directions; the streets were thronged, and many little boys stood yelping in the kennels, as little boys will do. An old broken coach, of some century and a half old, stood in the centre of the High-street. The paint of by-gone years was yet visible in blemished patches; the panels, worm-eaten and bare, bore here and there a trace of what had once been varnish, and a curious urchin counted no less than three different spots, which beyond question had once been gilt;—the mortal remains of a coat of arms. And there it creaked upon the wheels that now, alas! moved not, for the horse had dropped down dead! And there it lay upon the ground, a curious study to the na-

turalist that it should have breathed its last an hour since, when to all appearance it had been the anatomy of a horse for fifty years; profitless to all but the bone-burner, for the hide was worn into holes, and no dog had the vanity to imagine there was a dinner to be had from the whole carcass. An old man, dressed in a strange livery, sat motionless upon the box; the reins, two pieces of rope, hung in his hands, and he looked at the dead beast as though he saw the shillings it had been worth turned into lead! The only faculty left him was sight, and that he fastened upon the skin of bones before him, deaf and senseless!—deaf he must have been not to have heard the accents addressed to him, and in no penny-whistle voice, by a head thrust out from what had once been a window of the coach. The head had a bonnet on it, said to have been found nineteen years before upon a dunghill; and the face looked—yes, it was that of Martha Mites, and in a voice of gentle admonition she shouted to the reverend phantom on the box, “Adam, you brute! why don’t you go on?” Martha half tumbled from the coach,—steps there were none,—and with a shriek convinced the people how keenly she felt the loss of her favourite steed! Martha looked, and for the next ten minutes, like Adam, lived in alabaster!

The chief merit of an historian is distinctness, and we fear we shall not be entitled to assume that credit to ourselves without explaining how Martha Mites, Adam Thornton, and the dead horse, happened to be in the High-street.

The termination of Octavius Lizard’s courtship put an end to the like solicitations from others, and Martha now more than ever “cared for herself.” Many are the tales told of her penurious habits, and the eyes of Simon Plumb would doubtless have been delighted to have seen the dress he gave her thirty years before, now hanging in tatters upon her person. So wretched was her appearance, that numberless were the pence offered by way of charity to the “poor woman;” but Martha had a soul above pity, and on one occasion only, was known to accept of it. In her journey to London in the waggon, the waggoner, a poor man with eight children, struck with her miserable look, refused his fare, and said, “Poor soul! you want it even more than I do;” Martha left him, and an hour afterwards purchased five thousand pounds worth of stock.

Her avarice grew so much upon her, as to cause her to deny herself the necessaries of life. The streets supplied her with fuel, and Martha might be seen with an old rag in one hand and a stick in the other, searching up and down for bits of wood. The crumbs shaken from a table-cloth never feasted the sparrows when Martha saw them fall, and sparrows were not the only things she robbed; wherever she went, something was missed,—threads, needles, bits of tape, nothing was beneath the notice of her acquiring mind.

It was at this time that Martha fell in with old Adam Thornton, a prototype of herself, a wretched being; in fact a man Martha Mites! He had wealth; his money-bags, were to him, wife, friends, children! and with these he held communion as with a second self. His wife the great smiter had cut off but a few years back; and Adam was left a widower with an only child, a son,—a noble, manly creature, in one word, the opposite of his sainted sire. His mother suddenly dead, and with her his means of subsistence, the pen became his refuge, and a garret, of course, his abode.

Martha Mites met with Adam Thornton ; they had but one soul, though perhaps that is too large an allowance : one room will shelter two, one candle light two,—and should they, who knew so well what candles cost, burn two? No! from that hour they burnt but one. Adam Thornton had an old house in the outskirts of the town, and there they lived together. Here was a sop in the pan for scandal! but we beg to assure our readers the reports were unfounded. The house was in ruins ; the doors were without hinges, the frames without glass, and, as Adam liked a free circulation of air, the roof remained unrepaired, but with a wise economy its uses were two-fold, for the well had no bucket, and buckets cost money! The boys who brought the water, asked a penny for a tubful. Adam was opposed to all extortions, and, like his predecessor of the same name, trusted to Heaven for his wants, the holes in the roof supplied them with water for drink ; and it was evident they never applied it to any other purpose. The floors were rotted, the walls bare, and the whole dwelling—if dwelling it might be called—looked desolate and waste! And here they lived, but not in idleness ; for they busied themselves in rearing cabbages, both for sale and home consumption. A patient slave, he trod the path she pointed out, for with all her faults Adam worshipped her ; her footsteps seemed as very light, for she had opened to his eyes the doors of many saving ways, and they loved each other, not perhaps for common virtues, but uncommon scantiness ; and they lived wrapt in each other, delighting in the emulation which could live upon the least, but Martha always bore the palm. One day she kindled with a bright thought—a thought to pave the way to easy riches. Adam had a coach, a relic of his grandfather ; true, it was the worse for wear, but still on wheels ; and wisely did Martha think that by purchasing a horse it could ply for hire as a fly. It was a gaining thought ; and a horse, blind of both eyes, was purchased from a neighbouring nacker's for the worth of as many pounds of dogs-meat. A coachman was only wanting to complete this gorgeous equipage, and Adam, dressed for the occasion, mounted the box ; his upper man was squeezed into the faded trapping of a drummer-boy's coat, the trimmings hung in threads about him, and Adam looked as if he had been a drummer-boy all his life, with only one coat. His lower person, after making allowance for a century's change of fashion, wear, and moths, looked respectable, though in want! Adam mounted the box ; but Martha had a jealous eye, for Adam as a coachman might, as other coachmen do, speculate in sixpences. Seated inside, Martha could tell to a fraction the coming in. Thus then they plied ; but how ill is industry rewarded, not once did they obtain a job! Bob, the horse, was a little feeder, and so was Martha, and Bob's allowance was cabbage-stalks and weeds. A week passed in patient endurance of the jeers of the more fortunate fly-drivers, when, on going up the High-street, the horse, unmindful of what they had paid for him, had the ingratitude to drop down dead!

Bob again became the property of the nacker ; and Martha returned with Adam thoughtfully home. They had lost shillings by their bargain, for the horse weighed pounds less than when the nacker sold it, and Martha justly lamented that so much good food had been thrown away. Adam's coat, too, had been purchased

from a rag-shop; and, what was worse, they refused to take it back! Distresses fell thick upon them, and they returned saddened home. Their surprise may be imagined when, on their near approach, they saw smoke issue from their chimney: Adam rubbed his eyes, and Martha thought it an optical delusion; but no, smoke—real smoke curled from their chimney-top,—a phenomenon scarcely to be believed. Martha hastened home, threw the door open, and started back as she saw the figure of a young man intently occupied in cooking some mutton-chops! Mutton-chops!—Martha hadn't tasted them for years; and to see her hearth desecrated, and a fire in the grate large enough to have cooked a joint by,—a whole year's fuel crackling under two mutton-chops! Human nature was outraged, and Martha burst into the room. What damage she might have done either to herself or the stranger, it is useless to determine; for, rising from his occupation, the young man turned as the door opened, and, spite of the drummer's coat, Sydney recognised his father. But Adam saw nothing but the chops; the sight of food upon his table had overcome him, and he stood rapt and wondering.

Sydney Thornton had, by some strange good fortune, obtained a few pounds for what had cost him months of application and study; and a visit to his father was his first thought. He knew the old man's ways of old; but still, though miserly, Adam was not bad-hearted, and at any other time would have been glad to see his son, but Martha had reformed him from the ways of weakness. Sydney traced his way to the old house, and entered its doors; they were not even latched, for they kept nothing worth stealing: the grate was black, but not with smoke; and Sydney, hungered with his ride, and anxious to see his father on his return home, purchased meat and commenced the task of cooking. He was an author, and knew what chops were too well to slight them! With patient industry he lit a fire from a heap of sticks piled in a corner, and commenced broiling them upon a rusty pair of tongs. His task was nearly done, and so were the chops, when Martha entered the room, and looked her horror of the deed full in the glutton's face.

Little importance as our readers may be disposed to attribute to Sydney's cooking mutton-chops, he had better have thrust his hand into the fire that broiled them; for by so doing he laid the first stone of a ruin that fell and crushed him.

The few days he stayed beneath his father's roof, Martha fastened upon Adam's skirts, fearing the old man might yearn towards his son,—a son, as Martha thought, bitten by the vice of waste; and giving money to his like, was pouring water in a pitcher that was cracked.

Sydney Thornton returned to town, where, we grieve to relate, he married. He fell—not into a ditch, but worse—in love with a beautiful and gentle being, and, like most things beautiful, fragile as she was fair. Sydney married; and Adam from that day writ him down as past redemption.

Old Adam fell sick; the sickness of wasted strength came upon him, for the oil of his life was dry, and his existence flickered like a wasted lamp, there he lay upon his hard bed without nourishment, without those soothing comforts which are to the sick what the sick only know. His days were numbered, his will was made, and Martha Mites left sole executor. Alas! where was Sydney?

Martha was out, and Adam lay sick—dying in his bed. His son! his own and only son!—the old man's brow grew heavy, and his eyes filled. Foolish Martha Mites to leave so rich a man while life was in him! Rich men should never be left to die alone; they seldom are, for loving heirs are always crowding round the couch, to smooth the pillow, or to hold the head: but Martha—

She was returning home, had reached indeed the threshold, when the door opened, and a little old man dressed in black came out; their eyes met, the little man in the kindest manner possible told her that Adam was dying. Martha entered his darkened room, and there he lay gasping for breath, his mouth wide open, and the rattles working within his throat; his hands, bony and dry, clutched up the clothes; his eyes glazed as they stared upon her with a peculiar meaning, and they *had* a meaning; and he sank back—a corpse!

Adam was buried, and at the least possible expense; Martha, as mourning costs money, made her countenance answer a double purpose, “and decked her face in decent sorrow.” The dead man's will was to be read; the room was full of anxious relatives, and others who “expected.” A tall pale-faced young man, dressed in deep mourning, stood within the room; it was Sydney Thornton! The will was read; Adam died worth fifty thousand pounds, and he bequeathed to his loving son, Sydney Thornton, the sum of—he stood breathless with suspense—one shilling! To Martha Mites, all beside; and Sydney was disinherited! His hands were clasped upon his forehead, his clothes were thrown open, his pale face now looked ghastly; he had fainted away: Martha, who delighted in acts of charity, gave him a basin of water! Here was the consequence of eating mutton-chops!

* * * * *

Months have passed, and it is winter when we resume the thread of our history, and we find Martha still in the old house, lying in bed two-thirds of the day to save firing; the rest she passed at a cobbler's shed, where, over a pan of coals, she warmed her blue hands, and munched the crust she had picked up in her way thither. But it was astonishing the friends she acquired!—many, very many families, and of the first consequence in the town, pleased, no doubt, with the singularity of her conduct, invited her to their table,—she was *so* peculiar. And only to think of their condescension!—they would even call upon her, sit by turns upon a three-legged stool, chat with her, and give her various trifles. After this, who shall say people of consequence are proud? we ask our readers, in the simplicity of truth, was *this* a proof of pride?

With the pen for his caterer, Sydney Thornton found his viands scanty, and his meals irregular. The boasted produce of the brain—bread and cheese, failed him in his need; and he, with his sickly wife, often dined without the latter luxury. Fortune looked dark upon him, and he returned to his native town, where he set up school-master. But some, do what they will, plant only to gather weeds: so it proved with Sydney; and he saw his wife, pale, hollow-eyed, and shortly to be a mother, sinking day by day without complaint, without a sigh for his hearing,—but the darkened eye and sunken cheek told him a tale of death. Maddened, he knocked at the door that he had grown beneath, now the dwelling of another; it was

opened, and Sydney Thornton stood before Martha Mites. His wife was dying. Sydney Thornton knelt—knelt to Martha Mites, and with tearful eyes sued for her aid: it was refused, and he was told to do as she had done; “but he was a spendthrift, and wasted where he might make; and now waste on, but not with hers!” Passion subdued his grief, as rising from the ground he seized her by the arms, taxed her with the evils she had wrought on him and his, and lashed by his feeling of desolation, and the knowledge, that through her he had been disinherited, his anger might have hurried him to a deed of violence, when the door of the apartment opened, and the same little man Martha had seen leaving the house on the day of Adam’s death entered the room: Sydney threw her from him, and sank upon a seat!

The little man entered the room, and again his eyes and Martha’s met. There was a feeling of dislike between them, as instinctive as between a dog and cat. There was a pause of a few minutes, during which Sydney sat with his hands clenched upon his brow, and his breast heaving. Martha fidgeted about the room, and the little man in black said nothing; but his eyes, small, black, and piercing, watched Martha, as a snake watches the thing it darts at. Sydney rose to depart.

“Sydney Thornton,” said he of the black suit, in a voice that all-wise Nature had proportioned to his size,—“Sydney Thornton, if you are he, stay where you are.” Then turning, with sudden recollection, to Martha, added, “with this good lady’s permission.”

“Neither he nor you!” was her courteous reply. “My house is no highway for beggars to swarm in; you’ll get nothing here, I can tell you.”

“No matter: we must to business first, and fatten after.”

“Business! what business?” and Martha waxed imperative.

“A little,” was the patient reply; “you are, or I mistake, the heir of Adam Thornton?”

“And this is my house, and the sooner you prate out of it the better,” added Martha.

“I always speak within doors;” said the little man, sitting down upon a stool.

Martha had the will, but lacked the strength; or the poor little fellow would have been thrown from the window. Quietly turning to Sydney, he resumed, “And you were disinherited?”

“Ay,” cried Sydney; “and, with a dying wife, I now want bread to give her!”

“Bread is but a poor comfort to a weakly stomach; will *you* not give him something better?” said he in black, looking like a note of interrogation at Martha Mites.

“A stick to beat you hence!”

“Nay. Sticks are for the master’s hand to beat intruders; have *you* one?” and the small gentleman looked at Sydney.

Sydney paused. Martha said nothing, but fidgeted, as though something were at work which she couldn’t understand.

“Yes, *you*!” said the stranger, laying an emphasis upon the word. “You would be master if you had your father’s will.”

“It’s false!” yelled Martha; and she hurried to the old table, from the false bottom of which she drew out Adam’s will, and cried, “Look at this!”

“ And look at this ! ”—the little man took a parchment from his coat, and, with a laugh, added, “ Adam made it an hour before he died, and Sydney Thornton is not disinherited ! ”

Martha spoke not, but gasped as for a last breath : a moment, and she darted at him with the spring of a wild cat ; and, but for the timely prevention of Sydney, we fear the little man would have been cut short in his days, for the knuckles of Martha fastened at his throat. She was forced back, and Sydney read himself the heir to his father’s wealth ! Adam had repented in his last moments, and, when Martha was absent, made another will, by which his son inherited his all. The careful little Mr. Drip was summoned to his bedside, and Adam signed the parchment but a few minutes before he died. The little man had kept it a secret from a whim ; and, seeing Sydney enter the house, followed him. Here, then, was the meaning of Adam’s last look ; Martha cursed him as she remembered it :—yes ! it *had* a meaning !

Would that our pen might cease its labour without recording the heart-stricken grief of Sydney Thornton, who, on his return to his poor dwelling, so lately without pence, now the heir of thousands, found his wife dead ! For months afterwards he might be seen wandering as a shade by the grave of his buried wife. He lived in solitude, and from the haunts of men ; and Sydney Thornton died a misanthrope.

For days after the discovery of another will, Martha was possessed as by a fiend ; she raved, stormed, howled, and Adam, lucky Adam, was in his coffin, happy in a peaceful death. But as death comes to all, so came it to Martha Mites, and in a pigeon-pie.

The house no longer hers, Martha lived in a garret, and bitter was the pang with which she paid her rent—a trifle, but to her the wealth of worlds ! One day a parcel, directed to “ Miss Mites,” was brought to her ; and as the carriage was paid, Martha took it in, and there discovered a pigeon-pie ! The milk and honey of our forefathers was nothing to this, and Martha gloated upon it with her eyes, as in it she saw a month’s provision ; for Martha was no glutton, and well she was not, for, after a very sparing dinner, she was seized with sickness, violent and painful ! Hearing her groans, the people of the house sent for a doctor, who gave her an emetic, and discovered, to the horror of all present, that the pigeon-pie was seasoned—not with salt, but arsenic ! Now, had Martha been a feeder of any pretensions, her death had followed her meal ; but she ate so little that it only made her sick, and in a few days, though weak, she was sufficiently recovered to hunger after food. The doctor had said that the seasoning of the pie was poisoned, but the crust was good ! The pie was taken from its dark corner-cupboard, and Martha looked upon it as a friend ; with careful fingers she removed all taint of seasoning, and with eager hand ate the crust : and such a crust ! the like had never passed the lips of mortal ! Hunger, that sweetener of fat bacon, was gnawing her, and she smacked her lips, and blessed the Providence that had led her to think of the crust ! In a short time she was seized with pain, and sickness, all the symptoms of poison ; she grew livid with the pangs of death, and an hour after Martha was a corpse !

It was the *crust* that had been poisoned, and not the *seasoning*.

H. HOLL.

FAMILY STORIES.—No. IX. THE NURSE'S STORY.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

THE HAND OF GLORY.

“Malefica quedam auguriatrix in Angliâ fuit, quam demones horribiliter exaxerunt, et imponentes super equum terribilem, per aera rapuerunt. Clamor-
sque terribiles (ut ferunt) per quatuor fermè miliaria audiebantur.”

Nuremb. Chron.

On the lone bleak moor,
At the midnight hour,
Beneath the Gallows Tree,
Hand in hand
The Murderers stand
By one, by two, by three !
And the Moon that night
With a grey, cold light
Each baleful object tips ;
One half of her form
Is seen through the storm,
The other half's hid in Eclipse !
And the cold Wind howls,
And the Thunder growls,
And the Lightning is broad and bright ;
And altogether
It's very bad weather,
And an unpleasant sort of a Night.

“ Now mount who list,
And close by the wrist
Sever me quickly the Dead Man's fist !—
Now climb who dare
Where he swings in air,
And pluck me five locks of the Dead Man's hair !”

There's an Old Woman dwells upon Tappington Moor,
She hath years on her back at the least fourscore,
And some people fancy a great many more ;

Her nose it is hook'd,
Her back it is crook'd,
Her eyes blear and red ;
On the top of her head
Is a mutch, and on that
A shocking bad hat,

Extinguisher-shaped, the brim narrow and flat:
Then, My Gracious ! her beard !—it would sadly perplex
A spectator at first to distinguish her sex ;
Nor, I'll venture to say, without scrutiny cou'd he
Pronounce her, off-handed, a Punch or a Judy.
Did you see her, in short, that mud-hovel within,
With her knees to her nose, and her nose to her chin,
Leering up with that queer, indescribable grin,
You'd lift up your hands in amazement, and cry,
“ —Well ! I never *did* see such a regular Guy !”

And now before
That Old Woman's door,

Where nought that's good may be,
Hand in hand
The Murderers stand,
By one, by two, by three!

Oh! 'tis a horrible sight to view
In that horrible hovel that horrible crew,
By the pale blue glare of that flickering flame,
Doing the deed that hath never a name!

'Tis awful to hear
Those words of fear!

The pray'r mutter'd backwards, and said with a sneer!
(Matthew Hopkins himself has assured us that when
A Witch says her pray'rs, she begins with Amen)—

'Tis awful to see
On that Old Woman's knee

The dead, shrivell'd hand, as she clasps it with glee!
And now, with care,
The five locks of hair

From the skull of the Gentleman dangling up there,
With the grease and the fat
Of a black Tom Cat
She hastens to mix,
And to twist into wicks,

And one on the thumb, and each finger to fix.—
(For another receipt the same charm to prepare,
Consult Mr. Ainsworth* and *Petit Albert*.)

“Now open lock
To the Dead Man's knock!
Fly bolt, and bar, and band!
Nor move, nor swerve,
Joint, muscle, or nerve,

At the spell of the Dead Man's hand!
Sleep all who sleep!—Wake all who wake!—
But be as the Dead for the Dead Man's sake!!”

• • • • •
All is silent! all is still
Save the ceaseless moan of the bubbling rill
As it wells from the bosom of Tappington Hill;
And in Tappington Hall
Great and Small,

Gentle and Simple, Squire and Groom,
Each one hath sought his separate room,
And Sleep her dun mantle hath o'er them cast,
For the midnight hour hath long been past!

All is darksome in earth and sky,
Save, from yon casement narrow and high,
A quivering beam
On the tiny stream
Plays, like some taper's fitful gleam
By one that is watching wearily.

Within that casement narrow and high,
In his secret lair, where none may spy,
Sits one whose brow is wrinkled with care,

* Vide Rookwood, the most spirited and original Romance of the day; Standard Novels, vol. lx, page 16.

And the thin grey locks of his failing hair
 Have left his little bald pate all bare ;
 For his full-bottom'd wig
 Hangs bushy and big
 On the top of his old-fashioned, high-backed chair.
 Unbraced are his clothes,
 Ungarter'd his hose,
 His gown is bedizened with tulip and rose,
 Flowers of remarkable size and hue,
 Flowers such as Eden never knew ;
 And there, by many a sparkling heap
 Of the good red gold,
 The tale is told,
 What powerful spell avails to keep
 That care-worn man from his needful sleep.

Haply, he deems no eye can see
 As he gloats on his treasure greedily,—
 The shining store
 Of glittering ore,
 The fair Rose-Noble, the bright Moidore,
 And the broad Double Joe from ayont the sea,—
 But there's one that watches as well as he ;
 For, wakeful and sly,
 In a closet hard by,
 On his truckle-bed lieth a little Foot-page,
 A boy who's uncommonly sharp of his age,
 Like young Master Horner,
 Who erst in a corner
 Sat eating a Christmas pye ;
 And, while that old Gentleman's counting his hoards,
 Little Hugh peeps through a crack in the boards.

* * * *

There's a voice in the air,
 There's a step on the stair,
 The old man starts in his cane-backed chair ;
 At the first faint sound
 He gazes around,
 And holds up his dip of sixteen to the pound.
 Then half arose
 From beside his toes
 His little pug-dog with his little pug nose,
 But, ere he can vent one inquisitive sniff,
 That little pug dog stands stark and stiff,
 For low, yet clear,
 Now fall on the ear,
 —Where once pronounced for ever they dwell—
 The unholy words of the Dead Man's spell !

“ Open lock
 To the Dead Man's knock !
 Fly bolt, and bar, and band !
 Nor move, nor swerve,
 Joint, muscle, or nerve,
 At the spell of the Dead Man's hand !
 Sleep all who sleep !—Wake all who wake !—
 But be as the Dead for the Dead Man's sake ! ! ”

Now lock, nor bolt, nor bar avails,
 Nor stout oak panel thick-studded with nails.

Heavy and harsh the hinges creak,
 Though they had been oil'd in the course of the week ;
 The door opens wide as wide may be,
 And there they stand,
 That murderous band,
 Led by the light of the GLORIOUS HAND,
 By one, by two, by three !

They have pass'd through the porch, they have pass'd through the hall,
 Where the Porter sat snoring against the wall ;

 The very snore froze
 In his very snub nose,
 You 'd have verily deem'd he had snored his last
 When the GLORIOUS HAND by the side of him past !
 E'en the little wee mouse, as it ran o'er the mat
 At the top of its speed to escape from the cat,
 Though half dead with affright,
 Paus'd in its flight ;
 And the cat, that was chasing that little wee thing,
 Lay crouch'd as a Statue in act to spring !

 And now they are there,
 On the head of the stair,
 And the long crooked whittle is gleaming and bare !
 —I really don't think any money would bribe
 Me the horrible scene that ensued to describe,
 Or the wild, wild glare
 Of that old man's eye,
 His dumb despair
 And deep agony.

The kid from the pen, and the lamb from the fold,
 Unmov'd may the blade of the butcher behold ;
 They dream not—ah, happier they !—that the knife,
 Though uplifted, can menace their innocent life :
 It falls ; the frail thread of their being is riven,
 Yet they dread not, suspect not the blow till 'tis given.
 But, oh ! what a thing 'tis to see and to know
 That the bare knife is rais'd in the hand of the foe,
 Without hope to repel or to ward off the blow !
 Enough ! let's pass over as fast as we can
 The fate of that grey, that unhappy old man !

 But fancy poor Hugh,
 Aghast at the view,
 Pow'rless alike to speak or to do !
 In vain doth he try
 To open the eye

That is shut, or close that which is clapt to the chink,
 Though he 'd give all the world to be able to wink !
 No !—for all that this world can give or refuse,
 I would not be now in that little boy's shoes,
 Or indeed any garment at all that is Hugh's !
 'Tis lucky for him that the chink in the wall
 He has peep'd through so long, is so narrow and small !

 Wailing voices, sounds of woe
 Such as follow departing friends,
 That fatal night round Tappington go,
 Its long-drawn roofs and its gable-ends ;

Ethereal Spirits, gentle and good,
Aye weep and lament o'er a deed of blood.

*Tis early dawn—the morn is grey,
And the clouds and the tempest have pass'd away,
And all things betoken a very fine day ;
But, while the Lark her carol is singing,
Shrieks and screams are through Tappington ringing !
Upstarting all,
Great and Small,
Each one who 's found within Tappington Hall,
Gentle or Simple, Squire or Groom,
All seek at once that old Gentleman's room ;
And there on the floor,
Drench'd in its gore,
A ghastly corpse lies expos'd to the view,
Carotid and jugular both cut through ;
And there by its side,
'Mid the crimson tide,
Kneels a little Foot-page of tenderest years ;
Adown his pale cheek the fast-falling tears
Are coursing each other round and big,
And he 's staunching the blood with a full-bottom'd wig !
Alas ! and alack for his staunching ! 'tis plain,
As anatomists tell us, that never again
Shall life revisit the foully slain,
When once they 've been cut through the jugular vein !

There 's a hue and a cry through the County of Kent,
And in chase of the cut-throats a Constable 's sent,
But no one can tell the man which way they went.
There 's a little Foot-page with that Constable goes,
And a little pug-dog with a little pug nose.

In Rochester town,
At the sign of the Crown,
Three shabby-genteel men are just sitting down
To a fat stubble-goose, with potatoes done brown,
When a little Foot-page
Rushes in, in a rage,
Upsetting the apple-sauce, onions, and sage.
That little Foot-page takes the first by the throat,
And a little pug-dog takes the next by the coat,
And a Constable seizes the one more remote ;
And fair rose-nobles, and broad moidores,
The Waiter pulls out of their pockets by scores,
And the Boots and the Chambermaids run in and stare ;
And the Constable says, with a dignified air,
" You 're wanted, Gen'lemen, one and all,
For that 'ere precious lark at Tappington Hall !"

There 's a black gibbet frowns upon Tappington Moor,
Where a former black gibbet has frown'd before ;
It is as black as black may be,
And murderers there
Are dangling in air,
By one, by two, by three !

There 's a horrid old Hag in a steeple-crown'd hat,
Round her neck they have tied to a hempen cravat
A Dead Man's hand, and a dead Tom Cat.

They have tied up her thumbs, they have tied up her toes,
 They have tied up her eyes, they have tied up her limbs,
 Into Tappington mill-dam souse she goes,
 With a whoop and a halloo!—"She swims!—She swims!"
 They have dragg'd her to land,
 And every one's hand
 Is grasping a faggot, a billet, or brand,
 When a queer-looking horseman, drest all in black,
 Catches up that old harridan just like a sack
 To the crupper behind him, puts spurs to his hack,
 Makes a dash through the crowd, and is off in a crack!
 No one can tell,
 Though they guess pretty well,
 Which way that grim rider and old woman go,
 For all see he's a sort of infernal Ducrow;
 And she scream'd so, and cried,
 We may fairly decide
 That the old woman did not much relish her ride!
 This truest of stories confirms beyond doubt
 That truest of adages—"Murder will out!"
 In vain may the Blood-spiller "double" and fly,
 In vain even witchcraft and sorcery try:
 Although for a time he may 'scape, by-and-by
 He'll be sure to be caught by a Hugh and a Cry!

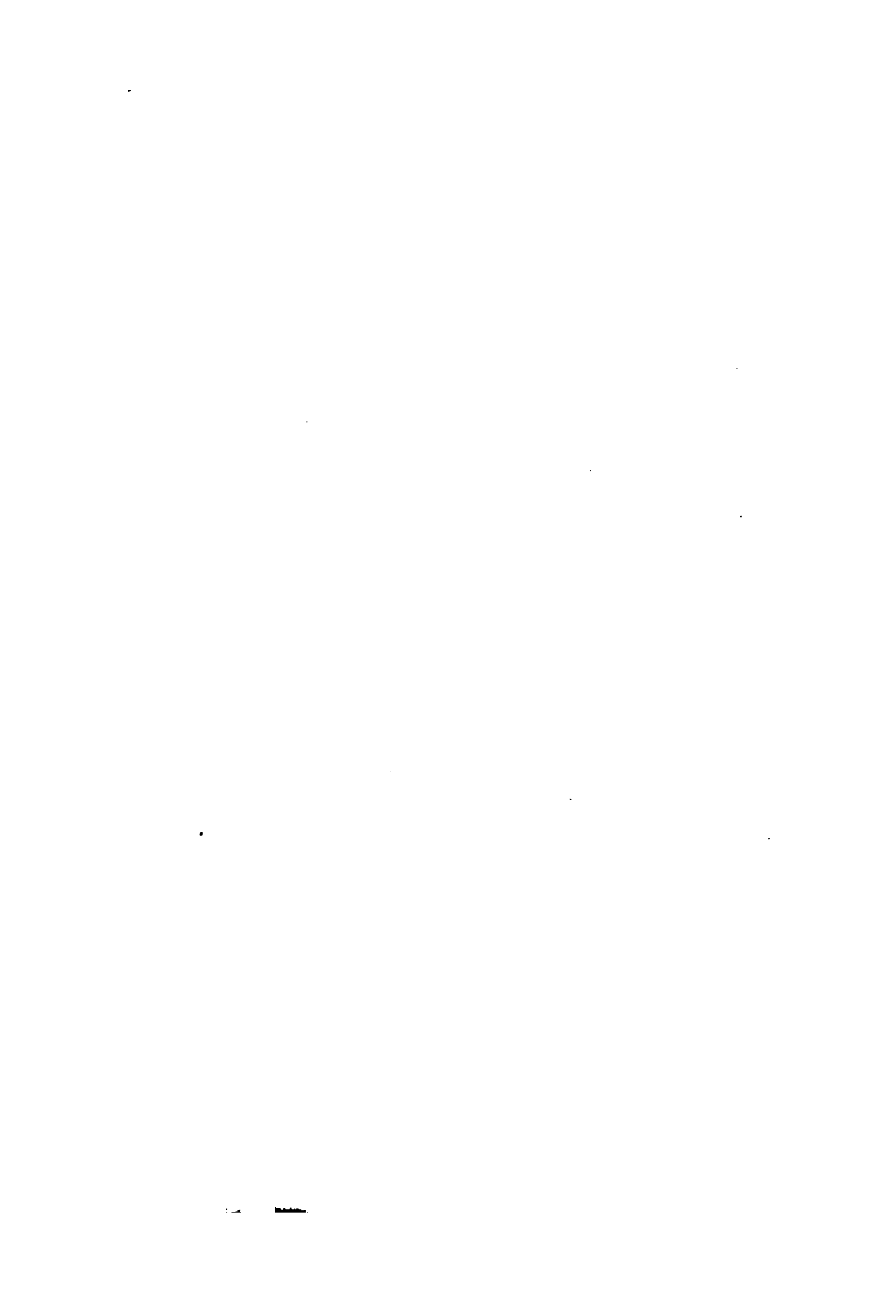
THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

Tappington, Feb. 24.

THE DEVIL.

THE scene, like the day, was a fair:
 The lieges were all in high spirits;
 The puppet-plays, pigs, and the bear,
 Were applauded in turn for their merits.
 Thimblery, and a thousand such things,
 Occupied the grown-up folks' attention;
 Roundabouts pleased the children, and swings;
 And all was delight beyond mention.
 The only exception to this
 Was a mountebank come from a distance;
 Dame Fortune to him was remiss,
 Not a soul seemed to want his assistance.
 "Walk up!" he, in agony, cried;
 "I bring you good news from Verona;
 A wonderful wonder 's inside,
 The devil in *proprî personâ*!"
 His platform was soon filled with folk,
 For sixpence a-head they came slap on it;—
 He then drew a purse from his poke,
 And showed them there was not a rap in it.
 "Tho' you ne'er saw his worship before,
 You'll admit, all, that this is the devil!—I—"
 "The devil it is!" was the roar,
 And they 'd treated him rather uncivilly.
 To his patron they fain would have sent him,
 For their rage was fermenting "like bricks;"
 But he bolted, and they 'd to content 'em
 By pitching his platform to *Styx*!

INVIS. GENT.





The little Grey Man and the Fairies.

London, Richard Bentley, March 1, 1836.

SHAWN GOW AND THE LITTLE GREY MAN OF THE FAIRIES.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

"This night it is our pleasure to get drunk!
And this our Queen shall be as drunk as we."

"WELL, boys, what is it I'm to give ye?" said my uncle Ned, (addressing a group of neighbours who had assembled round my father's cheerful hearth to discuss the merits of a fresh running of *potteen*.) knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and extinguishing the remaining embers with the little finger of his right hand. "I suppose, as it's come to my turn, I mustn't be worse nor another."

"Ned, achorra! tell us the story of Paudieen Buee, that danced a hate with the *good people* for a year an' a day without resting," said my pretty cousin Peggy, stopping for an instant the rapid movement of her knitting-needles.

"No!—Unkey Ned, tell all about the grey bull and his seven calves," exclaimed little Shawneen, a curly-headed urchin, scrambling up his knees, and laying his head against his uncle's bosom: "won't 'ee, uncle Ned?" and his full blue eyes were turned coaxingly on his face.

"Whist, ye little *bouchal dhauna!*" said my father: "leave Ned to his own fancy; I'll be bail it'll be something pleasant."

"Troth, and maybe it'ud be nothing to brag of a'fter all," replied my uncle. "Any how, if I can, I'll rape up an ould story I hard at Syl Rooney's wake, when I was a gossoon; it's about the *Clough an far dhloss*, as they call the big rock that lies across the sthrame below at the stepping-stone: it was wanst,—but that's long ago,—in the anshent times of all, stuck up atop of that other great *corríg* that stands close by, like two of Fian M'Cool's jack-stones; but it was balanced on with so much curocity, that, though this child on my knee could turn it as asy as a quern-stone, it never budged an inch, but stud there for many's the long day, playing *maid-buckety* with every idler that kem the way."

"Stop, Ned!" said my father, interrupting him; "it's dhry work talking,—taste a drop of this, just to wet yer whistle;" and, filling a capacious measure of mountain dew, he handed it to his brother, with, "Come, Ned, honey! *shirra dugh na sheal!*"

"Sweet was your fist, Briney, jewel!" said my uncle, extending his hand for the proffered beverage. "*Slaintha chud oghtha!* and Peggy, *ma cailleenogé*, here's t'wards your *inclinations*, soon an sudent!" and, winking knowingly on the blushing object of his jest, he emptied the noggin at a single breath.

"Musha, Ned, *ma bouchal!* but it'ud be a thousand murdhers to saddle you, an' you sich an iligant fine *draught (draft)* intirely," said Bill Connor, the parish wag.

"Troth and you may say that, Bill, *avourneen!* but that's by reason that I never got a *rough-rider* upon my back yet, praise be to God!" and he looked full at poor Bill, who was notorious for having a little *bantam* wife at home, who *crowed* upon the top-roost. Of course, the gathering laugh which Bill's witticism had engendered, burst with increased momentum on his own head; but my uncle, who sought only the harmless triumph of retorting success-

fully on the licensed jester, relieved his confusion by recommencing his story.

“Well, neighbours, as I said, the *Clough an far dhloss* stud undisturbed out of the memory of man; for there was an ould saying that it was a haunt of the fairies, and that whoever 'ud meddle or make with it, some *meeraugh* 'ud be sure to befall either himself or some one belonging to him.

“At any rate, there lived once upon the Long Bog one Jack Reardon, or, as he was called, *Shawn Gow*, in the regard of his following the accipation of a blacksmith; and it's he that was the wonder of the country all out for strength, for he'd think nothing in life of working two sledge-hammers for the length of a summer's day; and he flogged the divil at pitchin' a bar, lifting weights, and swinging an anvil betune his teeth. But, though he was the bully at such divarsions, he was paiceable as a lamb, and wouldn't milest a fly, let alone a Christian; and it was this made many an upsetting spalpeen, that he didn't value a *scraudeen*, think he hadn't the rale spunk in him: and it was so by Corney Flaherty, the little waiver, who, having a drop of dhrink in him one day, begun aggravating and gibing Shawn, telling him he was no more nor an overgrown Sly-clob, (for Corney was a great schollard,) and, by gor! he wint on, tat in the long run he riz Shawn's temper so, that he gripped the waiver by the collar, with a houlit like his own vice; but, loth to hurt the dawney crather, that he could have ett out of a face, he only doubled a bar of iron that lay in the forge round his slindher throat, and knotting it iligantly afore, in the nathur of a caravat, he left poor Corney, like a pig with a neck-yoke, to be laughed at by all the boys in the parish; and it wasn't untal he went down upon his bare bended knees to beg his pardon, that Shawn 'ud take off his new-fashioned necklace.

“Well, it happened that Shawn Gow was one evening at the christnin' of a neighbour's child, where there was no scarcity of the best of good ating and dhrinking,—white bread, eggs, and the dint of fat belly bacon, lashins and leavins, with *cead mille failthagh*. There wasn't any potteen in them times, for the poor ignorant *scaubogues* in these parts hadn't the knowledge of making it then; but there was plinty of strong meadth and heath beer, and sich as the ould Danes afore Brian Borhoo's time used to dhrink—divil's cure to them! At any rate, what with laughing, and singing, and looking at the other boys dhrinking, bad cess to the one but Shawn got a little onreg'lar,—not much the worse of the liquor to be noticed, only a little hearty-like; and, when all the fun was over, he got out along with some neighbours as pleasant as larks, dancing, and screeching, and cutting capers along the road, tal they kem to the stepping-stones, when one of the boys, to take a rise out of Shawn, says to him, ‘I'll hould you hafe a gallon of the best,’ says he, ‘Shawn Gow, that, for all your bragging, you're not the man to pitch the *Clough an far dhloss* into the strame there.’—‘Done!’ says Shawn, for his blood was up, and he wasn't to be cowed by anything; ‘and, with the help of God, Mike, you'll pay me this liquor, not all as one as the thrate I won off you on the head of lifting Father Doyle, boots, spurs, phwip, and all, into his saddle with one hand.’ But when the thieves saw him putting his shoulder to the stone in earnest, and that it was already tottering before his powerful

strength, the divil a toe one of them would stop near the place, but helter-skelter away they run, as if all the *sheerges* an' *cluricauns* in the barony was afther them, without wanst looking back to see how Shawn was getting on with his work. And a hard job he had of it, sure enough; for, though the stone was quite asy at first, still he couldn't hoist it off at-all-at-all, until, getting a set with his back undher it, he fairly lifted it off its bed, and down it whopped with a noise like tundher into the brook. Immediately the water biled like a pot of praties, and riz up as if there was a mountain swell in the river; and a kind of thick fog curled and gother over the spot where the stone sunk. Shawn, be coorse, got terribly fritened; the courage of the liquor went clane off, and he didn't think his life worth a rush-peeling. But, if he was staggered afore, he was twicet as bad when he pursaved, coming t'wards him out of the mist, a little weazend ould man, dressed quite grand, with a broad-leafed hat and a cock's feather in it; a long grey coat with shining buttons, knee-breeches, and white stockings. Looking mighty wicked at Shawn, he stepped up with the air of a goint (giant), though he was scarce the hoith of a *boughlaun*; and, clapping his arms a-kimbo, says he, 'Shawn Gow, ye dhrunken baste, had ye no regard for yourself or your dacent family, that ye kem here, like a big-boned fool as you are, to throw down the stone that took me fifty long years to get up there? Was it tired of your life ye were?'—'Please your onner,' says Shawn, taking off his bit of a *caubeen*, and making a submission to him, 'I'm at yer onner's marcy intirely, and I beg God's pardon, and yours likewise, sir; and sure if I thought that it was on the head of my pitching off that thrife of a pebble there—'

"'Pebble!' roared the little man; 'd'ye call that rock a *pebble*, or is it game you're making of me?'

"'Well it 'ud become the likes of me,' says the blarneying thief Shawn, 'to make game of a rale jintleman like yer onner, and one that wouldn't think it worth his while to hurt or harm a poor divil like myself, that got a little overtaken with the dhrink—bad luck to it! for it's like to be my ruination at last. Ogh! Molly *asthore ma colleen*, it's little you're dhraming in your snug *settle* what a misfortinet end I'm come to! and, my poor childer, how will they live at-all-at-all?—and Ned Hayes' horse not shod yet. Ogh! wirra, wirra! won't yer onner take pity on me in no ways?' and the *slieveen* let on to wipe his eyes with the tail of his coat.

"'What sarvice will you do me, Shawn?' says the little *manneen*, if I let you off free?'

"'Sarvice, sir? Ogh, thin, anything undher the heavens this blessed night I'll do for your worship; and sure it's myself that 'll pray for long life and a merry wake to your riverence.'

"'Why, thin, Shawn Gow, you're not all out unreasonab; so I'll not be hard with ye, and all I'll ax is for ye to shoe my black mare.'

"'Musha, thin, if myself doesn't put as purty a set of irons undher her feet as ever cut the daisies, may I never strike metal again! But, if I may make bould to ax yer onner, where's the baste?'

"'You'll see her time enough, my fine fellow,' says the little chap; and, pulling out a snuff-box, he took a pinch himself as grand as a lord. He then offered the box to Shawn; but, though

he didn't like to have any dalings with the likes of him, he couldn't make little of his civiltude, so he jist took a deeshy taste be-tune his fingers, and smelled to it: but, by dad! it was the mis-chief's own snuff intirely, for it hardly touched his nose tal he gave three great sneezes that you'd hear on the top of Kilworth moun-tain; and when he kem to a bit, he persaved that he wasn't near the *Clough an far dhloss* at-all at-all, but in a strange place, all alone with the Grey Man, and a little black mare tied to a three.

"'There's your job, Shawn,—shoe that mare afore I let you go; for that's our bargain, you know,' says the *Far dhloss*.

"'Musha! thin, *tare-an-ounities!* sir, isn't it a quare thing to ax a man to shoe a baste without the laste convaynience for the work?' says Shawn, quite vexed, bekase he thought he was made a fool of; but the words were hardly out of his mouth, when all at wanst a complate forge started up by his side. The little chap jumped up, and worked away at the bellows like a thrasher: and though there wasn't a spunk of fire on the hearth, the iron heated quite reg'lar, and Shawn, you may be sartin, wasn't long about making an iligant set of shoes: but when he kem to put them on the mare, if he was to drive fifty nails in, sorra one of them would stick. 'Sweet bad-luck to yez!' says Shawn under his tooth, afther nearly working himself into an oil; 'what am I to do now?' Just then it came across his mind that he had a few ould nails in his breeches pocket. 'It 'll be no harm to thry them, anyhow,' thinks he; and—would you b'lieve?—the very first one he druv, the four shoes fastened on of themselves. When the ould fellow saw the job complate, he looked uncommon angry, and never a word was in his jaw tal Shawn was slinging on his coat; and thin says he, 'Shawn Gow, I'm thinking it's a burning shame you have nothing better to dhrink nor that wake stuff you're used to; here's a bottle of something good; take it with ye, and as long as you keep it, 'twill be always full. But mind what I say, or ye'll rue it: don't dare open it tal all your friends are present, an' let them have share of your good fortune.'

"'I thank yer onner most kindly: it's yourself is the clever dacent jintleman, to give such an iligant present to a poor boy; an' more beauty to your purty face!' says the rogue Shawn, taking the bottle and putting his tongue into his opposite cheek.

"'Now, shut your eyes, and turn round wanst,' whispered the Grey Man. Shawn did as he was desired; but, when he looked about, he was struck all of a hape to find himself standing in his own bawn, and the bottle in his fist, without man or mortal near him; only he thought he hard a kind of gibing laugh fleeting away upon the wind: but then, sure, that might be only the cackle of a flock of wild-geese flying over his head into the bog. The next morning, at cock-shout, there were messengers sent to warn all the Reardons, his own relations, and the Donovans, his wife's people, not to fail, but to come to the Long Bog that evening; and, to be sure, there never was seen afore sich a faction in one place. There they kem by hundreds on horseback an' a-foot, the women on pil-lions and in cars, and the men riding or walking; hapes of clane active boys with shillelaghs in their fists, blue frieze-coats on their shoulders, and rale silk kneckerchers upon them: an' thin the col-leens!—it 's they that 'ud dazzle your eyes, and make the heart leap

in your buzzum with their laughing eyes and rosy cheeks, brighter nor the red scarlet ribbons in their caps. Ogh! it's no use in talking; it's seldom any of us 'll have the luck to see such a sight.

"Well, when they were all gother together, well becomes Shawn but he ups and tells his story, and then uncorked the bottle: be coorse he took the first dthrop himself, and sure enough it was nothin' else but rale fine *potteen*; but he didn't know what the dickens it was—how could he? He then handed a cruiskeen of it to the rest of the company; and though they thought it was the most beautiful dhrink in the world, sorra one of them ever tasted the likes of it afore. Hows'ever, when the bottle went round want or twicet, the boys begun to grow very pleasant, and nothin' 'uds sarve them but they should send for a piper to have a dance afore the door with their sweethearts; and though the studdy ould folks kept their sates, they began to sing songs, and shake hands, an' kiss each other ever so loving. But the poor innocent people warn't used to the strong sperits; the crathurs hadn't no heads to bear it at all, not all as one as us that it's as nathral to as mother's milk; and so afther a while the bad blood begun to stir, and some of the blackguards were casting up ould spites and grudges in each other's faces: this maybe 'ud breed a little scrimmage, and no sooner 'ud it be quelled by the peaceable people nor another row 'ud start up somewhere else. The young men now begun to take part in the disputes, the dancing stopped, and the shillelaghs were flourishing on all sides. A few handy blows were exchanged at first, that brought the blood out of some hot heads; this set the women screeching and the men shouting, and in five minutes there was as reg'lar a ruction kicked up as you 'd wish to see. Uncles, brothers, cousins, and relations were whacking each other for the bare life; for by this time they were all tearing mad dhrunk, an' nothing could stand afore them. Chairs, tables, stools, and crockery-ware were knocked to *smithereens*,—not a pot or kettle escaped; and while some were thrashing away inside, the rest were fighting it out fairly in the bawn,—more glory to them! But the best of it all was, when it got too dark altogether for them to see each other, a gallows bird clapped a coal of fire in one of the corn-stacks, and set it all of a blaze; and sure enough it was a *bright* thought, for it would have been mighty onconvenient, you know, to be striking in the *dark*.

"At length the power of the blows, or maybe the strength of the whiskey, stretched the whole faction, ould and young, bleeding atop of one another, and snoring like pigs in a sty, tal next morning: an' it was broad daylight afore Shawn opened his eyes; and then, by the powers! he could only see through one of them, in respect of the other being dacently closed up by a nate *polthogue* over his left eye-brow: but what he did see put him in no kind of sperits at all, for there was nothin' but rack and ruin around him; his bits of *brillawns* all bruck to smash, an' his haggard one hape of ashes, himself lying at his ase in the ducks' lough, and the piper's carcass acress him. But what kilt him worse nor all, was, the sight of the ould Grey Man sitting upon a stone among the smoking corn, taking a pinch of snuff quite iligant, winkin' an' noddin', an' killin' himself with the laughin' at Shawn. Flesh and blood couldn't stand sich usage, for sure it was all on account of the fairy liquor he gave him,—the spiteful ould thief!—that the contintion was bred among blood-

relations at all; so Shawn up with the bottle that he still had a fast grip of, and threw it with a wicked aim at the little man, who jumped up as smart as a cock at a blackberry, an' cotch it as it was coming t'wards him; then, tucking it undher his arm, he made Shawn a low bow, vanished away with a loud laugh, an' was never seen or hard tell of since in this country. Afther a while, those that were able to crawl, stole home, sore and sorry for their sport; but it was many a long day afore all the heads and friendships broken at Shawn Gow's were haled. Shawn himself worked in his forge tal he was an ould man, though it niver was his luck to come across a *cluricaun's* bottle, or to taste *potteen* again; but, if he had lived from that day to this, he couldn't have met such rale choice stuff as what we're dhrinking at this present merry meetin'."

LIFE.

LIFE has been compared to so many things, that it was held, at a late meeting of the "Nothing New Under the Sun Society," to be impossible to institute a new simile on the subject. The president declared it to be utterly exhausted; and the vice delivered his opinion to the effect that any attempt to meet the demand for a novelty must be hopeless. The secretary, the treasurer, the bottle-holder, and the common members, chimed in with this opinion. They had forgotten the inventive genius of the individual who had formerly surprised them, at a meeting in the Sun Tavern, by roasting bunches of Hamburgh grapes, hung before a great fire by a worsted thread, with a captain's biscuit to catch the drippings, and which was acknowledged to be an entirely new dish! The same person now stood up, and said, "LIFE IS LIKE A WEEK."

"Like a week!" exclaimed the chair.—"Like a week!" squeaked the vice.—"Like a week!" said the secretary.—"Like a week!" whispered the treasurer.—"Like a week!" bawled the bottle-holder.—"Like a week?" interrogatively asked the common members.—"How the d—l can life be like a week?" gabbled they all. "It may be like a day, like a play, like a flash of light, like a shade of night, like a dream, like a stream, like stubble, like a bubble, like a vomit, like a comet, like a ravel, like a travel, like a rattle, like a battle, like a joy, like a toy, like a flame, like a game, like a road, like a load, like quicksilver in a trough, like a musket going off, like a beast, like a feast, like a fib, like a squib, like a viol played upon, like a trial hardly on, like a potion, like a motion, like a flight, like a fight, like the sea, like a tree, like a chase, like a race, like a cripple, like a tippie, like a trance, like a glance, like a muddle, like a puddle, like a vane, like a lane, like a whistle, like a bustle, like a match, like a watch, like a riddle, like a fiddle, like a reel, like a wheel, like a bother, like another, like a tub, like a 'Nothing New Under the Sun Club!' but like a week?—there can be no resemblance!" Nevertheless, life *is* like a week.

Monday.—We know not exactly how it begins; but on Monday, its first day, only look around, and you will see the general pursuit of human kind is suction. It is called *Saint Monday*,—a fit and congenial appellation with the holy innocency of childhood. At this early stage in the division of time the oracle of truth is listened to

with attention as at the sacred well of Rabelais, and faithfully obeyed in his admonition to "trinc, trinc, trinc!" Nature is pliant and pliable: stubbornness of character has not superseded instinct; and, though neither man nor child can walk alone, they are not too proud to receive aid and support in their helpless condition.

Tuesday.—The leading-strings and rocking-chair are gone. We can not only walk, but we can run. Green are the fields beneath our feet, clear is the firmament above our heads; and, lo! the butterflies of spring are dancing and careering before us in the light-some air. This is our day to give them chase. Most escape; but some are caught, of fragile frame and evanescent hues. We hug and admire our treasures,—our first victories in life, the bright rewards of our first exertion and perseverance. The flies are our own. Pity 'tis that the moment of their seizure is the moment of their destruction.

Wednesday.—Ah, how different is the pursuit to-day, yet how much the same! and how little have we learnt by the lesson of yesterday! Love has sprung up in the bosom, and woman is the object of our desire. The purple light of passion enshrines the visible world with a haze, a colour that imparts at once a depth and a glow altering the form and aspect of all things. From one grand and pervading idea within the heart emanates that strange medium which encompasseth whatever the eye beholds, or the senses endeavour to appreciate. In love, by love, with love, through love, the conversion is complete; and the mid-day of life's week is a wonderful phenomenon. But, alas! as on the preceding day, there are many disappointments. Alas! still more; in some instances the triumph is attained. Soon does the purple light become grey, and the visible world return to its own plain and sombre shapes. The butterflies have mouldered into dust; and their successors—. But let us proceed to

Thursday.—Ambition fills the soul. The lethal strife of war; the struggle for pre-eminence wheresoever the mind and tongue of man may be engaged in intellectual conflict; the fierce contention for superior wealth, or power, or fame; the emulation for a place for self, however small in extent, and little in advance; such are the darker efforts of the second mid-day. There is yet a stir in the blood, an excitement in the stormy game, a glory in the final success. If we are not happy, we are busy: if we have no time for enjoyment, we have as little time for discontent. The fires of hope, so far from being extinguished, continue to burn, perhaps more steadily than before; and toil and pleasure, and chagrin and expectation, and failure and stimulus, pass our Thursday hastily away.

Friday.—Avarice, cold, bloated, and selfish, succeeds to the sole command. The greedy is more ravenous; the miser more unnatural; the liberal, parsimonious; and the very prodigal, saving. Gold is the idol of this period; the dross which cannot smooth, but makes the bed of sickness an uneasy bed of care, though it may gild the gaudy coffin, and plume the showy hearse. The voice of wisdom has ceased to have the slightest influence over the mind of besotted man. He grasps with the greater energy at what is the more useless, as he must leave it as soon as clutched. The longings of Monday, of Tuesday, of Wednesday, of Thursday, have all some semblance of reason, and some recommendation for the human race; but the sordid and clinging wretch who at this stage of existence lives only to

oppress and grind his fellow-creatures is a monster to be abhorred, and neither pitied among the weaknesses, nor excused among the follies, nor pardoned among the errors of mankind.

Saturday.—We are tired with the long-continued labour. Our stiffened limbs have forgotten the buoyant activity of the butterfly hunt; our over-laden memories, the mad and dazzling feelings of the succeeding chase; our wearied spirits the agitating impulses of our ambitious day; and our stricken consciences array in dread before us the perdition of our worldly guilt. What seek we now but repose; to return to childhood again, to be quiet, to be sustained, to be nursed and upheld, to be troubled no more?

The Sabbath.—Life and the Week are over. The Sabbath of the grave and of rest is ours. Oblivion has fallen upon the past, with all that has charmed or afflicted, soothed or embittered, blest or wronged its fleeting hours. Oh that looking back thereon may encourage us to look forward with humble confidence! and that we may be able to comfort ourselves with the thought that during this week of life we have done our best to make the paths of our brother-sojourners paths of peace and joy! Did men but do so, how much brighter would be the days, and how much calmer the nights, of all the in-dwellers of the earth!

As it is, we are only aware of the prevalence of such dispositions, and such a system of conduct, in the president, vice, secretary, treasurer, and common members of the "(Nothing?) New Under the Sun Society;" who have unanimously agreed that this paper *is* a novelty, and worthy of Bentley's Miscellany, which, being only a year old, is deserving of being deemed another.

TEUTHA.

SPECIMEN OF ALLITERATION.

SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade;
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Dealing destruction's devastating doom.
Every endeavour engineers essay
For fame, for fortune,—fighting, furious fray:—
Generals 'gainst generals grapple—gracious God!
How honours Heaven heroic hardihood!
Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,
Kinsmen kill kinsmen,—kinsmen kindred kill!
Labour low levels loftiest, longest lives;
Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid moles, 'mid murderous mines.
Now noisy, noxious numbers notice nought
Of outward obstacles opposing ought:
Poor patriots, partly purchased, partly pressed,
Quite quaking, quickly quarter, quarter quest.
Reason returns, religious right redounds,
Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sounds:
Truce to thee Turkey—triumph to thy train!
Unjust, unwise, unmerciful Ukraine!
Vanish vain victory! vanish victory vain!
Why wish we warfare? Wherefore welcome we
Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xaviere?
Yield, ye youths! ye yeomen, yield your yell!
Zeno's, Zarpatus', Zoroaster's zeal,
 And all attracting—arms against appeal.



George Cruikshank

Never Trust at Mr. Maylin's door

OLIVER TWIST;

OR, THE PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS.

BY BOZ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

LOOKS AFTER OLIVER, AND PROCEEDS WITH HIS ADVENTURES.

"WOLVES tear your throats!" muttered Sikes, grinding his teeth; "I wish I was among some of you; you'd howl the hoarser for it."

As Sikes growled forth this imprecation with the most desperate ferocity that his desperate nature was capable of, he rested the body of the wounded boy across his bended knee, and turned his head for an instant to look back at his pursuers.

There was little to be made out in the mist and darkness; but the loud shouting of men vibrated through the air, and the barking of the neighbouring dogs, roused by the sound of the alarm bell, resounded in every direction.

"Stop, you white-livered hound!" cried the robber, shouting after Toby Crackit who, making the best use of his long legs, was already ahead,— "stop!"

The repetition of the word brought Toby to a dead standstill, for he was not quite satisfied that he was beyond the range of pistol shot, and Sikes was in no mood to be played with.

"Bear a hand with the boy," roared Sikes, beckoning furiously to his confederate. "Come back!"

Toby made a show of returning, but ventured in a low voice, broken for want of breath, to intimate considerable reluctance as he came slowly along.

"Quicker!" cried Sikes, laying the boy in a dry ditch at his feet, and drawing a pistol from his pocket. "Don't play the booby with me."

At this moment the noise grew louder, and Sikes again looking round, could discern that the men who had given chase were already climbing the gate of the field in which he stood, and that a couple of dogs were some paces in advance of them.

"It's all up, Bill," cried Toby, "drop the kid and show 'em your heels." With this parting advice, Mr. Crackit, preferring the chance of being shot by his friend to the certainty of being taken by his enemies, fairly turned tail, and darted off at full speed. Sikes clenched his teeth, took one look round, threw over the prostrate form of Oliver the cape in which he had been hurriedly muffled, ran along the front of the hedge as if to distract the attention of those behind, from the spot where the boy

lay, paused for a second before another hedge which met it at right angles, and whirling his pistol high into the air, cleared it at a bound and was gone.

"Ho, ho, there!" cried a tremulous voice in the rear. "Pincher, Neptune, come here, come here!"

The dogs, which in common with their masters, seemed to have no particular relish for the sport in which they were engaged, readily answered to this command: and three men, who had by this time advanced some distance into the field, stopped to take counsel together.

"My advice, or leastways I should say, my *orders* is," said the fattest man of the party, "that we 'mediately go home again."

"I am agreeable to anything which is agreeable to Mr. Giles," said a shorter man, who was by no means of a slim figure, and who was very pale in the face, and very polite, as frightened men frequently are.

"I shouldn't wish to appear ill-mannered, gentlemen," said the third, who had called the dogs back, "Mr. Giles ought to know."

"Certainly," replied the shorter man; "and whatever Mr. Giles says, it isn't our place to contradict him. No, no, I know my *situation*,—thank my stars I know my *situation*." To tell the truth, the little man *did* seem to know his situation, and to know perfectly well that it was by no means a desirable one, for his teeth chattered in his head as he spoke.

"You are afraid, Brittles," said Mr. Giles.

"I ain't," said Brittles.

"You are," said Giles.

"You're a falsehood, Mr. Giles," said Brittles.

"You're a lie, Brittles," said Mr. Giles.

Now, these four retorts arose from Mr. Giles's taunt, and Mr. Giles's taunt had arisen from his indignation at having the responsibility of going home again imposed upon himself under cover of a compliment. The third man brought the dispute to a close most philosophically.

"I'll tell you what it is, gentlemen," said he, "we're all afraid."

"Speak for yourself, sir," said Mr. Giles, who was the palest of the party.

"So I do," replied the man. "It's natural and proper to be afraid, under such circumstances: *I* am."

"So am I," said Brittles, "only there's no call to tell a man he is, so bounceably."

These frank admissions softened Mr. Giles, who at once owned that *he* was afraid; upon which they all three faced about and ran back again with the completest unanimity, till Mr. Giles (who had the shortest wind of the party, and was encumbered with a pitchfork) most handsomely insisted upon stopping to make an apology for his hastiness of speech.

“But it’s wonderful,” said Mr. Giles, when he had explained, “what a man will do when his blood is up. I should have committed murder, I know I should, if we’d caught one of the rascals.”

As the other two were impressed with a similar presentiment, and their blood, like his, had all gone down again, some speculation ensued upon the cause of this sudden change in their temperament.

“I know what it was,” said Mr. Giles; “it was the gate.”

“I shouldn’t wonder if it was,” exclaimed Brittles, catching at the idea.

“You may depend upon it,” said Giles, “that that gate stopped the flow of the excitement. I felt all mine suddenly going away as I was climbing over it.”

By a remarkable coincidence the other two had been visited with the same unpleasant sensation at that precise moment; so that it was quite conclusive that it was the gate, especially as there was no doubt regarding the time at which the change had taken place, because all three remembered that they had come in sight of the robbers at the very instant of its occurrence.

This dialogue was held between the two men who had surprised the burglars, and a travelling tinker, who had been sleeping in an outhouse, and who had been roused, together with his two mongrel curs, to join in the pursuit. Mr. Giles acted in the double capacity of butler and steward to the old lady of the mansion, and Brittles was a lad of all work, who having entered her service a mere child, was treated as a promising young boy still, though he was something past thirty.

Encouraging each other with such converse as this, but keeping very close together notwithstanding, and looking apprehensively round whenever a fresh gust rattled through the boughs, the three men hurried back to a tree, behind which they had left their lantern, lest its light should inform the thieves in what direction to fire. Catching up the light, they made the best of their way home at a good round trot; and long after their dusky forms had ceased to be discernible, it might have been seen twinkling and dancing in the distance, like some exhalation of the damp and gloomy atmosphere through which it was swiftly borne.

The air grew colder as day came slowly on, and the mist rolled along the ground like a dense cloud of smoke; the grass was wet, the pathways and low places were all mire and water, and the damp breath of an unwholesome wind went languidly by with a hollow moaning. Still Oliver lay motionless and insensible on the spot where Sikes had left him.

Morning drew on apace; the air became more sharp and piercing as its first dull hue—the death of night rather than the birth of day—glimmered faintly in the sky. The objects which had looked dim and terrible in the darkness grew more and more

defined, and gradually resolved into their familiar shapes. The rain came down thick and fast, and pattered noisily among the leafless bushes. But Oliver felt it not, as it beat against him, for he still lay stretched, helpless and unconscious, on his bed of clay.

At length a low cry of pain broke the stillness that prevailed, and uttering it, the boy awoke. His left arm, rudely bandaged in a shawl, hung heavy and useless at his side, and the bandage was saturated with blood. He was so weak that he could scarcely raise himself into a sitting posture, and when he had done so, he looked feebly round for help and groaned with pain. Trembling in every joint from cold and exhaustion, he made an effort to stand upright, but shuddering from head to foot, fell prostrate on the ground.

After a short return of the stupor in which he had been so long plunged, Oliver, urged by a creeping sickness at his heart, which seemed to warn him that if he lay there he must surely die, got upon his feet and essayed to walk. His head was dizzy, and he staggered to and fro like a drunken man; but he kept up nevertheless, and, with his head drooping languidly on his breast, went stumbling onward he knew not whither.

And now, hosts of bewildering and confused ideas came crowding on his mind. He seemed to be still walking between Sikes and Crackit, who were angrily disputing, for the very words they said sounded in his ears: and when he caught his own attention, as it were, by making some violent effort to save himself from falling, he found that he was talking to them. Then he was alone with Sikes plodding on as they had done the previous day, and as shadowy people passed them by, he felt the robber's grasp upon his wrist. Suddenly he started back at the report of fire-arms, and there rose into the air loud cries and shouts; lights gleamed before his eyes, and all was noise and tumult as some unseen hand bore him hurriedly away. Through all these rapid visions there ran an undefined, uneasy, consciousness of pain which wearied and tormented him incessantly.

Thus he staggered on, creeping almost mechanically between the bars of gates, or through hedge-gaps as they came in his way, until he reached a road; and here the rain began to fall so heavily that it roused him.

He looked about, and saw that at no great distance there was a house, which perhaps he could reach. Seeing his condition they might have compassion on him, and if they did not, it would be better, he thought, to die near human beings than in the lonely open fields. He summoned up all his strength for one last trial, and bent his faltering steps towards it.

As he drew nearer to this house, a feeling came over him that he had seen it before. He remembered nothing of its details, but the shape and aspect of the building seemed familiar to him.

That garden wall! On the grass inside he had fallen on his knees last night, and prayed the two men's mercy. It was the very same house they had attempted to rob.

Oliver felt such fear come over him when he recognised the place, that for the instant he forgot the agony of his wound, and thought only of flight. Flight! He could scarcely stand; and if he were in full possession of all the best powers of his slight and youthful frame, where could he fly to? He pushed against the garden gate; it was unlocked and swung open on its hinges. He tottered across the lawn, climbed the steps, knocked faintly at the door, and his whole strength failing him, sunk down against one of the pillars of the little portico.

It happened that about this time Mr. Giles, Brittles, and the tinker were recruiting themselves after the fatigues and terrors of the night, with tea and sundries in the kitchen. Not that it was Mr. Giles's habit to admit to too great familiarity the humbler servants, towards whom it was rather his wont to deport himself with a lofty affability, which, while it gratified, could not fail to remind them of his superior position in society. But death, fires, and burglary make all men equals; and Mr. Giles sat with his legs stretched out before the kitchen fender, leaning his left arm on the table, while with his right he illustrated a circumstantial and minute account of the robbery, to which his hearers (but especially the cook and housemaid, who were of the party) listened with breathless interest.

"It was about half-past two," said Mr. Giles, "or I wouldn't swear that it mightn't have been a little nearer three, when I woke up, and turning round in my bed, as it might be so, (here Mr. Giles turned round in his chair, and pulled the corner of the table-cloth over him to imitate bed-clothes,) I fancied I heard a noise."

At this point of the narrative the cook turned pale, and asked the housemaid to shut the door, who asked Brittles, who asked the tinker, who pretended not to hear.

"Heard a noise," continued Mr. Giles. "I says at first, 'this is illusion;' and was composing myself off to sleep when I heard the noise again, distinct."

"What sort of a noise?" asked the cook.

"A kind of a busting noise," replied Mr. Giles, looking round him.

"More like the noise of powdering a iron bar on a nutmeg-grater," suggested Brittles.

"It was, when *you* heard it, sir," rejoined Mr. Giles; "but at this time it had a busting sound. I turned down the clothes," continued Giles, rolling back the table-cloth, "sat up in bed, and listened."

The cook and housemaid simultaneously ejaculated, "Lor!" and drew their chairs closer together.

"I heard it now, quite apparent," resumed Mr. Giles.

'Somebody,' I says, 'is forcing of a door or window, what's to be done! I'll call up that poor lad, Brittles, and save him from being murdered in his bed; or his throat,' I says, 'may be cut from his right ear to his left, without his ever knowing it.'

Here all eyes were turned upon Brittles, who fixed his upon the speaker, and stared at him with his mouth wide open, and his face expressive of the most unmitigated horror.

"I tossed off the clothes," said Giles, throwing away the table-cloth, and looking very hard at the cook and housemaid, "got softly out of bed, drew on a pair of—"

"Ladies present, Mr. Giles," murmured the tinker.

"—Of shoes, sir," said Giles, turning upon him, and laying great emphasis on the word, "seized the loaded pistol that always goes up stairs with the plate-basket, and walked on tip-toes to his room. 'Brittles,' I says, when I had woke him, 'don't be frightened!'"

"So you did," observed Brittles, in a low voice.

"'We're dead men, I think, Brittles, I says,' continued Giles, "'but don't be under any alarm.'"

"Was he frightened?" asked the cook.

"Not a bit of it," replied Mr. Giles. "He was as firm—ah! pretty near as firm as I was."

"I should have died at once, I'm sure, if it had been me," observed the housemaid.

"You're a woman," retorted Brittles, plucking up a little.

"Brittles is right," said Mr. Giles, nodding his head approvingly; "from a woman nothing else was to be expected. But we, being men, took a dark lantern that was standing on Brittles's hob, and groped our way down stairs in the pitch dark,—as it might be so."

Mr. Giles had risen from his seat and taken two steps with his eyes shut to accompany his description with appropriate action, when he started violently in common with the rest of the company, and hurried back to his chair. The cook and housemaid screamed.

"It was a knock," said Mr. Giles, assuming perfect serenity; "open the door, somebody."

Nobody moved.

"It seems a strange sort of thing, a knock coming at such a time in the morning," said Mr. Giles, surveying the pale faces which surrounded him, and looking very blank himself; "but the door must be opened. Do you hear, somebody?"

Mr. Giles, as he spoke, looked at Brittles; but that young man being naturally modest, probably considered himself nobody, and so held that the inquiry could not have any application to him. At all events he tendered no reply. Mr. Giles directed an appealing glance at the tinker, but he had suddenly fallen asleep. The women were out of the question.

"If Brittles would rather open the door in the presence of

witnesses," said Mr. Giles, after a short silence, "I am ready to make one."

"So am I," said the tinker, waking up as suddenly as he had fallen asleep.

Brittles capitulated on these terms; and the party being somewhat re-assured by the discovery (made on throwing open the shutters) that it was now broad day, took their way up stairs with the dogs in front, and the two women, who were afraid to stop below, bringing up the rear. By the advice of Mr. Giles they all talked very loud, to warn any evil-disposed person outside that they were strong in numbers; and by a master-stroke of policy, originating in the brain of the same ingenious gentleman, the dog's tails were well pinched in the hall to make them bark savagely.

These precautions having been taken, Mr. Giles held on fast by the tinker's arm, (to prevent his running away, as he pleasantly said), and gave the word of command to open the door. Brittles obeyed, and the group peeping timorously over each other's shoulder, beheld no more formidable object than poor little Oliver Twist, speechless and exhausted, who raised his heavy eyes, and mutely solicited their compassion.

"A boy!" exclaimed Mr. Giles, valiantly pushing the tinker into the background. "What's the matter with the—eh?—Why—Brittles—look here—don't you know?"

Brittles, who had got behind the door to open it, no sooner saw Oliver, than he uttered a loud cry of recognition. Mr. Giles seizing the boy by one leg and one arm—fortunately not the broken limb—lugged him straight into the hall, and deposited him at full length on the floor thereof. "Here he is!" bawled Giles, calling in a great state of excitement up the staircase; "here's one of the thieves, ma'am! Here's a thief, miss—wounded, miss! I shot him, miss, and Brittles held the light."

"In a lantern, miss," cried Brittles, applying one hand to the side of his mouth, so that his voice might travel the better.

The two women servants ran up stairs to carry the intelligence that Mr. Giles had captured a robber; and the tinker busied himself in endeavouring to restore Oliver, lest he should die before he could be hung. In the midst of all this noise and commotion there was heard a sweet female voice which quelled it in an instant.

"Giles!" whispered the voice from the stairhead.

"I'm here, miss," replied, Mr. Giles. "Don't be frightened, miss; I ain't much injured. He didn't make a very desperate resistance, miss; I was soon too many for him."

"Hush!" replied the young lady; "you frighten my aunt almost as much as the thieves did. Is the poor creature severely hurt?"

"Wounded desperate, miss," replied Giles, with indescribable complacency.

"He looks as if he was a-going, miss," bawled Brittles, in the same manner as before. "Wouldn't you like to come and look at him, miss, in case he should—?"

"Hush, pray, there's a good man!" rejoined the young lady. "Wait quietly one instant while I speak to aunt."

With a footstep as soft and gentle as the voice, the speaker tripped away, and soon returned with the direction that the wounded person was to be carried carefully up stairs to Mr. Giles's room, and that Brittles was to saddle the pony and betake himself instantly to Chertsey, from which place he was to despatch with all speed a constable and doctor.

"But won't you take one look at him first, miss?" said Giles, with as much pride as if Oliver were some bird of rare plumage that he had skilfully brought down. "Not one little peep, miss."

"Not now for the world," replied the young lady. "Poor fellow! oh! treat him kindly, Giles, if it is only for my sake!"

The old servant looked up at the speaker, as she turned away, with a glance as proud and admiring as if she had been his own child. Then bending over Oliver, he helped to carry him up stairs with the care and solicitude of a woman.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH

HAS AN INTRODUCTORY ACCOUNT OF THE INMATES OF THE HOUSE TO WHICH OLIVER RESORTED, AND RELATES WHAT THEY THOUGHT OF HIM.

IN a handsome room—though its furniture had rather the air of old-fashioned comfort, than of modern elegance—there sat two ladies at a well-spread breakfast table. Mr. Giles, dressed with scrupulous care in a full suit of black, was in attendance upon them. He had taken his station some half-way between the sideboard and the breakfast-table, and with his body drawn up to its full height, his head thrown back and inclined the merest trifle on one side, his left leg advanced, and his right hand thrust into his waistcoat, while his left hung down by his side grasping a waiter, looked like one who laboured under a very agreeable sense of his own merits and importance.

Of the two ladies, one was well advanced in years, but the high-backed oaken chair in which she sat was not more upright than she. Dressed with the utmost nicety and precision in a quaint mixture of bygone costume, with some slight concessions to the prevailing taste, which rather served to point the old style pleasantly than to impair its effect, she sat in a stately manner with her hands folded on the table before her, and her eyes, of which age had dimmed but little of their brightness, attentively fixed upon her young companion.

The younger lady was in the lovely bloom and spring-time of womanhood; at that age when, if ever angels be for God's good

purposes enthroned in mortal forms, they may be without impiety supposed to abide in such as hers.

She was not past seventeen. Cast in so slight and exquisite a mould, so mild and gentle, so pure and beautiful, that earth seemed not her element, nor its rough creatures her fit companions. The very intelligence that shone in her deep blue eye and was stamped upon her noble head, seemed scarcely of her age or of the world, and yet the changing expression of sweetness and good humour, the thousand lights that played about the face and left no shadow there; above all, the smile—the cheerful happy smile—were entwined with the best sympathies and affections of our nature.

She was busily engaged in the little offices of the table, and chancing to raise her eyes as the elder lady was regarding her, playfully put back her hair, which was simply braided on her forehead, and threw into one beaming look such a gush of affection and artless loveliness, that blessed spirits might have smiled to look upon her.

The elder lady smiled; but her heart was full, and she brushed away a tear as she did so.

“And Brittles has been gone upwards of an hour, has he?” asked the old lady after a pause.

“An hour and twelve minutes, ma’am;” replied Mr. Giles, referring to a silver watch which he drew forth by a black ribbon.

“He is always slow,” remarked the old lady.

“Brittles always was a slow boy, ma’am,” replied the attendant. And seeing, by-the-by, that Brittles had been a slow boy for upwards of thirty years, there appeared no great probability of his ever being a fast one.

“He gets worse instead of better, I think,” said the elder lady.

“It is very inexcusable in him if he stops to play with any other boys,” said the young lady, smiling.

Mr. Giles was apparently considering the propriety of indulging in a respectful smile himself, when a gig drove up to the garden-gate, out of which there jumped a fat gentleman, who ran straight up to the door, and getting quickly into the house by some mysterious process, burst into the room, and nearly overturned Mr. Giles and the breakfast table together.

“I never heard of such a thing!” exclaimed the fat gentleman. “My dear Mrs. Maylie—bless my soul—in the silence of night too—I never heard of such a thing!”

With these expressions of condolence, the fat gentleman shook hands with both ladies, and drawing up a chair, inquired how they found themselves.

“You ought to be dead—positively dead with the fright,” said the fat gentleman. “Why didn’t you send? Bless me,

my man should have come in a minute, or I myself and my assistant would have been delighted, or anybody: I'm sure, under such circumstances; dear, dear—so unexpected—in the silence of night too!"

The doctor seemed especially troubled by the fact of the robbery having been unexpected, and attempted in the night time, as if it were the established custom of gentlemen in the house-breaking way to transact business at noon, and to make an appointment by the twopenny post a day or two previous.

"And you, Miss Rose," said the doctor, turning to the young lady, "I——"

"Oh! very much so, indeed," said Rose, interrupting him; "but there is a poor creature up stairs whom aunt wishes you to see."

"Ah! to be sure," replied the doctor, "so there is. That was your handy-work, Giles, I understand."

Mr. Giles, who had been feverishly putting the tea-cups to rights, blushed very red, and said that he had had that honour.

"Honour, eh?" said the doctor; "well, I don't know, perhaps it's as honourable to hit a thief in a back kitchen, as to hit your man at twelve paces. Fancy that he fired in the air, and you've fought a duel, Giles."

Mr. Giles, who thought this light treatment of the matter an unjust attempt at diminishing his glory, answered respectfully, that it was not for the like of him to judge about that, but he rather thought it was no joke to the opposite party.

"'Gad, that's true!" said the doctor. "Where is he? Show me the way. I'll look in again as I come down, Mrs. Maylie. That's the little window that he got in at, eh? Well, I couldn't have believed it." Talking all the way, he followed Mr. Giles up stairs; and while he is going up stairs the reader may be informed, that Mr. Losberne, a surgeon, in the neighbourhood, known through a circuit of ten miles round as "the doctor," had grown fat more from good humour than from good living, and was as kind and hearty, and withal as eccentric an old bachelor as will be found in five times that space by any explorer alive.

The doctor was absent much longer than either he or the ladies had anticipated. A large flat box was fetched out of the gig, and a bed-room bell was rung very often, and the servants ran up and down stairs perpetually, from which tokens it was justly concluded that something important was going on above. At length he returned; and in reply to an anxious inquiry after his patient, looked very mysterious, and closed the door carefully.

"This is a very extraordinary thing, Mrs. Maylie," said the doctor, standing with his back to the door as if to keep it shut.

"He is not in danger, I hope?" said the old lady.

"Why, that would not be an extraordinary thing, under the

circumstances," replied the doctor, "though I don't think he is. Have you seen this thief?"

"No," rejoined the old lady.

"Nor heard anything about him?"

"No."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," interposed Mr. Giles; "but I was going to tell you about him when Doctor Losberne came in."

The fact was, that Mr. Giles had not at first been able to bring his mind to the avowal that he had only shot a boy. Such commendations had been bestowed upon his bravery, that he could not for the life of him help postponing the explanation for a few delicious minutes, during which he had flourished in the very zenith of a brief reputation for undaunted courage.

"Rose wished to see the man," said Mrs. Maylie, "but I wouldn't hear of it."

"Humph!" rejoined the doctor. "There's nothing very alarming in his appearance. Have you any objection to see him in my presence?"

"If it be necessary," replied the old lady, "certainly not."

"Then I think it is necessary," said the doctor; "at all events I am quite sure that you would deeply regret not having done so, if you postponed it. He is perfectly quiet and comfortable now. Allow me—Miss Rose, will you permit me? not the slightest fear, I pledge you my honour."

With many more loquacious assurances that they would be agreeably surprised in the aspect of the criminal, the doctor drew the young lady's arm through one of his, and offering his disengaged hand to Mrs. Maylie, led them with much ceremony and stateliness up stairs.

"Now," said the doctor in a whisper as he softly turned the handle of a bed-room door, "let us hear what you think of him. He has not been shaved very recently, but he doesn't look at all ferocious notwithstanding. Stop, though: let me see that he is in visiting order first."

Stepping before them, he looked into the room, and motioning them to advance, closed the door when they had entered, and gently drew back the curtains of the bed. Upon it, in lieu of the dogged, black-visaged ruffian they had expected to behold, there lay a mere child, worn with pain and exhaustion and sunk into a deep sleep. His wounded arm, bound and splinted up, was crossed upon his breast, and his head reclined upon the other, which was half hidden by his long hair as it streamed over the pillow.

The honest gentleman held the curtain in his hand, and looked on for a minute or so, in silence. Whilst he was watching the patient thus, the younger lady glided softly past, and seating herself in a chair by the bedside gathered Oliver's hair from his face, and as she stooped over him, her tears fell upon his forehead.

The boy stirred and smiled in his sleep, as though these marks

of pity and compassion had awakened some pleasant dream of a love and affection he had never known; as a strain of gentle music, or the rippling of water in a silent place, or the odour of a flower, or even the mention of a familiar word, will sometimes call up sudden dim remembrances of scenes that never were, in this life, which vanish like a breath, and which some brief memory of a happier existence long gone by, would seem to have awakened, for no power of the human mind can ever recal them.

“What can this mean!” exclaimed the elder lady. “This poor child can never have been the pupil of robbers.”

“Vice,” sighed the surgeon, replacing the curtain, “takes up her abode in many temples, and who can say that a fair outside shall not enshrine her?”

“But at so early an age,” urged Rose.

“My dear young lady,” rejoined the surgeon, mournfully shaking his head, “crime, like death, is not confined to the old and withered alone. The youngest and fairest are too often its chosen victims.”

“But, can you—oh, sir! can you, really believe that this delicate boy has been the voluntary associate of the worst outcasts of society?” said Rose anxiously.

The surgeon shook his head in a manner which intimated that he feared it was very possible; and observing that they might disturb the patient, led the way into an adjoining apartment.

“But even if he has been wicked,” pursued Rose, “think how young he is; think that he may never have known a mother’s love, or even the comfort of a home, and that ill-usage and blows, or the want of bread, may have driven him to herd with the men who have forced him to guilt. Aunt, dear aunt, for mercy’s sake think of this before you let them drag this sick child to a prison, which in any case must be the grave of all his chances of amendment. Oh! as you love me, and know that I have never felt the want of parents in your goodness and affection, but that I might have done so, and might have been equally helpless and unprotected with this poor child, have pity upon him before it is too late.”

“My dear love!” said the elder lady, as she folded the weeping girl to her bosom; “do you think I would harm a hair of his head?”

“Oh, no!” replied Rose, eagerly, “not you, aunt, not you!”

“No;” said the old lady with a trembling lip, “my days are drawing to their close, and may mercy be shown to me as I show it to others. What can I do to save him, sir?”

“Let me think, ma’am,” said the doctor, “let me think.”

Mr. Losberne thrust his hands into his pockets and took several turns up and down the room, often stopping and balancing himself on his toes and frowning frightfully. After various ex-

clamations of "I've got it now," and "no, I havn't," and as many renewals of the walking and frowning, he at length made a dead halt, and spoke as follows:—

"I think if you give me a full and unlimited commission to bully Giles and that little boy, Brittles, I can manage it. He is a faithful fellow and an old servant, I know; but you can make it up to him in a thousand ways, and reward him for being such a good shot besides. You don't object to that?"

"Unless there is some other way of preserving the child," replied Mrs. Maylie.

"There is no other," said the doctor. "No other, take my word for it."

"Then aunt invests you with full power," said Rose, smiling through her tears; "but pray don't be harder upon the poor fellows than is indispensably necessary."

"You seem to think," retorted the doctor, "that everybody is disposed to be hard-hearted to-day except yourself. I only hope, for the sake of the rising male sex generally, that you may be found in as vulnerable and soft-hearted a mood by the very first eligible young fellow who appeals to your compassion; and I wish *I* were a young fellow that I might avail myself on the spot of such a favourable opportunity for doing so, as the present."

"You are as great a boy as poor Brittles himself," returned Rose, blushing.

"Well," said the doctor, laughing heartily, "that is no very difficult matter. But to return to this boy: the great point of our agreement is yet to come. He will wake in an hour or so, I dare say; and although I have told that thick-headed constable fellow down stairs that he musn't be moved or spoken to, on peril of his life, I think we may converse with him without danger. Now, I make this stipulation—that I shall examine him in your presence, and that if from what he says, we judge, and I can show to the satisfaction of your cool reason, that he is a real and thorough bad one, (which is more than possible,) he shall be left to his fate, without any further interference, on my part, at all events."

"Oh, no, aunt!" entreated Rose.

"Oh, yes, aunt!" said the doctor. "Is it a bargain?"

"He cannot be hardened in vice," said Rose; "it is impossible."

"Very good," retorted the doctor; "then so much the more reason for acceding to my proposition."

Finally the treaty was entered into, and the parties thereto sat down to wait with some impatience until Oliver should wake.

The patience of the two ladies was destined to undergo a longer trial than Mr. Losberne had led them to expect, for hour after hour passed on, and still Oliver slumbered heavily. It was

evening, indeed, before the kind-hearted doctor brought them the intelligence that he had at length roused sufficiently to be spoken to. The boy was very ill, he said, and weak from the loss of blood; but his mind was so troubled with anxiety to disclose something, that he deemed it better to give him the opportunity than to insist upon his remaining quiet until next morning, which he should otherwise have done.

The conference was a long one, for Oliver told them all his simple history, and was often compelled to stop by pain and want of strength. It was a solemn thing to hear, in the darkened room, the feeble voice of the sick child recounting a weary catalogue of evils and calamities which hard men had brought upon him. Oh! if, when we oppress and grind our fellow-creatures, we bestowed but one thought on the dark evidences of human error, which, like dense and heavy clouds are rising slowly, it is true, but not less surely, to heaven, to pour their after-vengeance on our heads—if we heard but one instant in imagination the deep testimony of dead men's voices, which no power can stifle and no pride shut out, where would be the injury and injustice, the suffering, misery, cruelty, and wrong, that each day's life brings with it!

Oliver's pillow was smoothed by woman's hands that night, and loveliness and virtue watched him as he slept. He felt calm and happy, and could have died without a murmur.

The momentous interview was no sooner concluded, and Oliver composed to rest again, than the doctor, after wiping his eyes and condemning them in the usual phrase for being weak all at once, betook himself down stairs to open upon Mr. Giles. And finding nobody about the parlours, it occurred to him that he could perhaps originate the proceedings with better effect in the kitchen; so into the kitchen he went.

There were assembled in that lower house of the domestic parliament, the women servants, Mr. Brittles, Mr. Giles, the tinker, (who had received a special invitation to regale himself for the remainder of the day in consideration of his services,) and the constable. The latter gentleman had a large staff, a large head, large features, and large half-boots, and looked as if he had been taking a proportionate allowance of ale, as indeed he had.

The adventures of the previous night were still under discussion, for Mr. Giles was expatiating upon his presence of mind when the doctor entered; and Mr. Brittles, with a mug of ale in his hand, was corroborating everything before his superior said it.

"Sit still," said the doctor, waving his hand.

"Thank you, sir," said Mr. Giles. "Misses wished some ale to be given out, sir, and as I felt noways inclined for my own little room, sir, and disposed for company, I am taking mine among 'em here."

es headed a low murmur by which the ladies and gentlemen generally, were understood to express the gratification derived from Mr. Giles's condescension; and Mr. Giles stood round with a patronising air, as much as to say, that so long as they behaved properly, he would never desert them.

"How is the patient to-night, sir?" asked Giles.

"So-so;" returned the doctor. "I am afraid you have got yourself into a scrape there, Mr. Giles."

"I hope you don't mean to say, sir," said Mr. Giles, trembling, "that he's going to die. If I thought it, I should never be happy again. I wouldn't cut a boy off, no, not even Brittles here, not for all the plate in the country, sir."

"That's not the point," said the doctor mysteriously. "Mr. Giles, are you a Protestant?"

"Yes, sir, I hope so;" faltered Mr. Giles, who had turned very pale.

"And what are you, boy?" said the doctor, turning sharply upon Brittles.

"Lord bless me, sir!" replied Brittles, starting violently; "I'm the same as Mr. Giles, sir."

"Then tell me this," said the doctor fiercely, "both of you—both of you: are you going to take upon yourselves to swear that that boy up stairs is the boy that was put through the little window last night! Out with it! Come; we are prepared for you."

The doctor, who was universally considered one of the best-tempered creatures on earth, made this demand in such a dreadful tone of anger, that Giles and Brittles, who were considerably muddled by ale and excitement, stared at each other in a state of stupefaction.

"Pay attention to the reply, constable, will you," said the doctor, shaking his forefinger with great solemnity of manner, and tapping the bridge of his nose with it, to bespeak the exercise of that worthy's utmost acuteness. "Something may come of this before long."

The constable looked as wise as he could, and took up his staff of office which had been reclining indolently in the chimney-corner.

"It's a simple question of identity, you will observe," said the doctor.

"That's what it is, sir," replied the constable, coughing with great violence; for he had finished his ale in a hurry, and some of it had gone the wrong way.

"Here's a house broken into," said the doctor, "and a couple of men catch one moment's glimpse of a boy in the midst of gunpowder smoke, and in all the distraction of alarm and darkness. Here's a boy comes to that very same house next morning, and because he happens to have his arm tied up, those men lay violent hands upon him—by doing which, they plac

his life in great danger—and swear he is the thief. Now, the question is, whether those men are justified by the fact, and if not, what situation do they place themselves in?"

The constable nodded profoundly, and said that if that wasn't law, he should be glad to know what was.

"I ask you again," thundered the doctor, "are you on your solemn oaths able to identify that boy?"

Brittles looked doubtfully at Mr. Giles, Mr. Giles looked doubtfully at Brittles; the constable put his hand behind his ear to catch the reply; the two women and the tinker leant forward to listen; and the doctor glanced keenly round, when a ring was heard at the gate, and at the same moment the sound of wheels.

"It's the runners!" cried Brittles, to all appearance much relieved.

"The what!" exclaimed the doctor, aghast in his turn.

"The Bow-street officers, sir," replied Brittles, taking up a candle, "me and Mr. Giles sent for 'em this morning."

"What!" cried the doctor.

"Yes," replied Brittles, "I sent a message up by the coachman, and I only wonder they weren't here before, sir."

"You did, did you. Then confound and damn your—slow coaches down here; that's all," said the doctor, walking away.

ON WITNESSING MR. MACREADY'S PERFORMANCE OF CLAUDE MELNOTTE IN "THE LADY OF LYONS."

Hush the thick breath,—and still the throbbing heart!
 Stir not to break the deep, yet thrilling trance;
 And call not this the actor's hireling part,
 Vision of poesy and young romance!
 The bright creations of the poet's thought,
 In truth and life, with thee Macready dwell;
 By rich and kindred genius, only taught
 To cast o'er us the soul-enthraling spell.

I cannot speak—the over-gushing heart
 Bursts into numbers;—dull perchance and cold.
 Would I could boast the subtle polished art
 And glowing words to paint perfection's mould.
 Actor and bard—your mingled triumph take—
 Stern manhood, even, wipes the tear away—
 For yours the chords of sympathy to wake,
 And old and young, the enchanter's will obey!

March 13th, 1838.

C. T.

A MODERN ECLOGUE.

— Non tu in triviis, indocte, solebas
Stridenti miserum stipulâ disperdere carmen ?

VING. Ecl. 3.

ON a stout bench, that faced "The Pig and Friar,"
Sat Jemmy Doubletouch and Pat Maguire :
Long tubes of clay, with dark Virginian weed,
Crown'd the rude board to serve their present need ;
While, placed by Tapps, the host, between each man
Best double-stout o'erflow'd the polish'd can.
And who were Pat and Jemmy ? some will cry :
" Arcades ambo," is our sage reply,—
" Cantare pares," and if not too weary,
Or else too drunk, " parati respondere."
In fact, they both were chaunters—up and down—
Highways and byways—country and in town—
Traversed the land while loud their ditties rung,
And oft composed the sonnets which they sung ;
And now by chance had met beneath the shade
That Thomas Tapps' wide-spreading beech-tree made.
What glees were troll'd, how many clouds were blown,
What cans were fill'd and emptied, is not known,
(Save by the host,) until, as time flew past,
Though friends at first, they had a tiff at last,
And on this point in anger took their stand—
Who in his craft was deemed the better hand.
" I'll bet," quoth Doubletouch, " four quarts of stout
To one of punch, (but stiff,) I'll serve you out.
But, hark ! my daisy, nothing old won't do ;
So mind your stops, and strike up summat new."
" Agreed !" says Paddy : " Done !" cries Jem, " that's flat !
But for a judge ?—here 's Tapps—now go it, Pat !"

Pat.

Och ! whisky 's the life and the sowl of a man,
So I'll sing its praise first, and as long as I can :
If the *says* were made of it—good luck to the sight !
It's myself 'ud be swimmin' from mornin' till night.

Jemmy.

Oh ! ale is the stuff that will make a dog jolly,
Wot cures them is sick and is got melancholy :
It runs through our gammut than quicksilver quicker,—
I'm bless'd if it ain't the most primest of lickier !

Pat.

St. Patrick's the boy that could turn topsy-turvy
Great Britain and Scotland—so says Father Murphy ;
He bothers the world with his divil-may-care, O !
St. Patrick for iver, the comical *haro* !

Jemmy.

And where is the chap for St. George that won't cheer
Nor swig in his honour a gallon of beer ?
St. Georgy 's the one as a body may brag on ;
Hurrah for the fellor as wallop'd the dragon !

Pat.

I'll sing next of pratees, the boast of ould Erin
What dainty, compared wid 'em, 's worth a red herrin' ?

You may walk from Coleraine to that place they call Hayti,
Bad luck to the thing you will find like a praty.

Jemmy.

Let the Mounseer go boast of his soup made of herbs,—
Of his garlic the Don, vich some stomachs disturbs ;
I knows vot is vot, and I 'm vastly mistaken
If they 're equal to cabbage, when biled with good bacon.

Pat.

Was there iver a boy on the 'arth or the air
Who 's not danced a jig at great Donnybrook Fair ?
The blisshed remembrance e'en now makes me frisky,—
Such crackin' of heads, and such lashin's of whisky !

Jemmy.

Vot a sight as is Bartle'my !—not any part in
Of England collected sich vonders for sartin'.
Here 's the man as will swallow a sword, if he 's let :
Vot a hungry old cove, and uncommon sharp-set !

Pat.

In love I 'm all over wid Katty O'Flannaghan,
For a glance of whose eye often back have I ran again !
Aisy death to me then, but she bates human natur,
The swate little, nate little, iligant cratur !

Jemmy.

Oh ! dear Molly Muggins, vot love is between us !
You 're a regular, no-mistake, out-and-out Wenus !
Sich beauty to pieces would lather the world,
When your hair 's out of paper and dapperly curled.

Pat.

Och, musha ! then sure it 's myself that must pity
The spalpeen that never saw dear Dublin city.
They may talk of their Consthantinople—shoot aisy !—
Whooh ! we could bate them with Ballinacrasay.

Jemmy.

Faix ! Lunnon 's a town vot is desperate fine,
And from all other cities will take out the shine.
There 's the great Leaden Hall, and an Acre vot 's long,
And the Parliament House where they chaffs it so strong.

Pat.

By this and by that, but a wager I 'd howld,
No plant 's like the Shamrogue, so purty and bowld,
Which stuck in our hats on our Saint's day is seen,—
But we stape it, your sowl ! all the night in potteen.

Jemmy.

Your Sawney may chatter and boast of his Thistle,
Taffy talk of his Leek—but I care not a whistle,—
Odd rat it ! what fellor in country or town
As would not give a cheer for the Rose—and the Crown ?

“ Hold, hold, my masters !” Tapps exclaim'd, “ have done !
I thinks as how both bets are fairly won ;
For both have chaunted prime and come it stroug.
Jemmy, the punch is your'n for that 'ere song :
To you I judges, Pat, four quarts of stout,
And, if you please, will help to drink it out ;
So now to work :—but ere you goes away,
Gemmen, I hopes you won't forget to pay.”

TRISTAM MERRYTHOUGHT.

A LOVE STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

— Whence springs this deep despair?
 From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
 And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.
Henry the Sixth. Third Part, Act iii. Sc. 3.

I HAD not seen Russell for many years—nearly a dozen. We were contemporaries in college, but many events kept us asunder. I spent a considerable time on the Continent; and when I returned, it so chanced that my visits to London were short and far between. I heard of him occasionally, but with no minute particulars as to his career. It was merely known to me that he had been called to the bar, and that the expected succession to a tolerably handsome inheritance, by the death of an uncle some few years earlier than it had been calculated upon, made him at first indifferent to his profession, and shortly estranged him from it altogether in everything but name. In fact, I knew scarcely anything about him, and for some four or five years had hardly heard his name mentioned.

Business with which it is needless to trouble any one but those immediately concerned, rendered it necessary that I should pass through London, last month, on my way to America. I had only four or five days to remain in town, and these were busily occupied. On the day before my departure, however, it so happened that all I had to do was got over at an early hour, and I lounged somewhat easily through the streets, diverting myself with their various wonders, when I was saluted by a friendly slap on the shoulder. Turning round, I recognised my old friend Russell. He was not much altered during the twelve years I had not seen him,—much less, in fact, than men usually alter,—and his manner and style of address were as good-humoured and good-natured as ever.

After the usual wonderments, and mutual applauses of our marvellous good looks, we fell into such conversation as might be expected between old acquaintances meeting after a long period of absence. Jack This was dead, Tom T'other was married; Will Smith had got on in the world, Joe Brown had been unlucky. Bright-eyed Miss A. was now sober-eyed Mrs. B. with half a dozen daughters, one to come out this season; brighter-eyed Lady C. the reigning belle of our early circle, was still unmarried. Then there was that shocking story of Mrs. D. and the sad fate of poor Sir Richard E. and so on until we got through the alphabet of our old friends chatting in this manner, as we sauntered along, not caring where. The evening began to set in, and Russell asked me if I was engaged to dine. I answered in the negative, and he therefore made it a point that I should dine with him.

"Must I dress?" said I; "for, as I start for Liverpool in the morning, my luggage is all packed up; so if there be the least ceremony, I must decline."

"Not the least—you may come precisely as you stand, and we are not very far distant from our destination."

I accompanied him, and a few minutes brought us to his house.

It is situated in one of the good streets near Cavendish Square, and among the most spacious of its neighbourhood. We arrived there about six o'clock. He apologised for leaving me for a moment, and I found myself alone in an elegantly-furnished drawing-room. It is hard to say what it is that reveals the presence of a lady in a house, and yet you cannot enter one in which she dwells without being at once convinced of female superintendence. It is not merely order and care, for in the well-arranged house of a wealthy bachelor these may be attained with as much scrupulous rigour as in any *ménage* superintended by a lady. Nor is it necessary that the inexplicable array of those matters in which female taste, or what they are pleased to call industry, should be met with on the tiny tables they so much love, for these we do not always meet with; but the *ensemble* of a room inhabited by a lady has an air strikingly different from that which is the result of the carelessness of a master or the anxiety of a servant. Such was the air impressed on me by my first glance round Russell's drawing-room.

Is he married? I thought. Perhaps.—I never heard so. But then we have been so much asunder.—Would he not have said something about it? But then he might have taken for granted that I knew of his marriage, but nothing of his lady.

My doubts were soon resolved. Russell returned with some slight alteration of dress.

"You are a man of the world," he said, "George,—and, in short, have you any objection to meet to-day at dinner a lady to whom I give my name, but who—who, in fact—never consulted the church about our union? I could not, of course, introduce her to Lady Herbert; but to you—"

"Never mind me," said I, "it is a matter of no consequence—I have seen too many strange things in my travels to start at so ordinary a trifle. Mrs. Russell shall be accepted by me as you introduce her."

His eye gleamed with satisfaction, and murmuring, "Poor Jane!" he diverted the conversation to some common-place topics. In a few minutes dinner was announced; and on proceeding to the dining-room, I found that the lady was there before us.

She was tall and dark, with hair as black as the skies at midnight, and eyes as flashing as the brightest meteors that ever flitted across them. Her features were handsome and lofty, but, I thought, marked by a varying expression of melancholy and sternness. This might be no more than mere fancy, occasioned by my knowledge of the unhappiness of her position. She was dressed in black velvet, which admirably set off her majestic and symmetrical figure. Her gestures and manner were of the highest order of grace and dignity, and the few words of greeting with which she addressed me were marked by a sweetness of tone, and an elegance of style, which acts like a masonic sign to introduce on the instant to each other persons who belong to what Burke calls the Corinthian capital of society. She is indeed a splendid woman. Her age may be about thirty, or, rather, a year or two less.

During dinner, our conversation was of the ordinary kind; her share in it was sufficient, however, to prove that she had mingled in good society, had read much, and had thought more. Russell's conduct towards her appeared to me to be studiously tender—nay,

gallant. In her behaviour she seemed anxious to please him in every manner, but without for a moment bending from the staidness which was evidently her ordinary characteristic. I played my part as if I had no suspicion that Mr. and Mrs. Russell were not united by the most orthodox ceremonies of the rubric.

We had talked ourselves into high spirits, when, almost immediately after dinner, a servant brought a note to Russell. He evidently knew the writing of the address, for, making me a slight apology, he tore open the envelope with a look of the utmost chagrin. Glancing his eye over the contents with the rapidity of a moment, he looked first at Mrs. Russell, and said, "It is what we expected: it must be attended to at once." She turned deadly pale, and made no reply. "Herbert," said he, "I really must beg your pardon. Here is a cursed law business—a consultation, which I *must* attend. The chambers of the lawyers are not very far off, and I shall drive there as fast as I can. I hope that I need not be absent an hour. Will you excuse me? Take care of the claret on the table, and I am sure Mrs. Russell will entertain you in my absence. But I must go for an hour."

"I am sure," said I, "you leave me in good hands: Mrs. Russell, without the claret, would be a more than sufficient inducement to stay."

He laughed. She looked at me, and I returned the look. I do not know how it was, but the equivocal nature of her situation—or, rather, as it was known to me, its unequivocal nature—confused me under her glance: I suppose I looked somewhat puzzled. She coloured. It was clear the secret was known to us both. In a few minutes the wheels of Russell's cab were heard in rapid whirl bearing him off to his destination.

I began playing with the walnuts before me, thinking of a topic to commence upon; but I was speedily saved the trouble.

"Sir George," said the lady, fixing her dark eyes upon me, "you know what I am here."

I paused.

"You know that I am not the wife of Arthur Russell—say it. Your looks have said so already: it is less sorrow to be stigmatised by the tongue, than pitied or despised by the eye."

"Stigmatised! Mrs. Russell," I exclaimed; "who stigmatises you? I am sure I do not."

"You know it, then, from Arthur? perhaps—but no matter. He had a right to put you on your guard against what you would have heard less kindly from all the world. Yet I know *you* will not judge of me hardly."

"Mrs. Russell——"

"No! I know *you* will not. There was a kindness and a good-nature in your tone about women to-day at dinner,—alas! was it affected to console me? It may be so. How can I help it, if it were! If that were the only hypocrisy in the world, how little should I have cause to feel so keenly as I do now!"

"I spoke, Mrs. Russell, as I thought, without reference to anything beyond the subject on which we were talking. Do not agitate yourself to no purpose: I am incapable, I hope, of offering the insolence either of affront or patronage to any lady in the world."

"I do not know. You seem kind, at all events. Do not despise me utterly."

"I do not despise you at all. Why, dear Mrs. Russell——"

"Give me a glass of wine; the fit is passing. I was almost overpowered just now: but I am calm at present,—calm—calm—quite calm." And she bent her head upon her hand and wept aloud.

CHAPTER II.

Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole * * * in few bestowed on her, her own lamentation, which yet she wears for his sake.

His unjust unkindness,
That in all reason should have quench'd her love,
Hath, like an impediment in the current, made it
More violent and unruly.

Measure for Measure. Act iii. Sc. I.

"You have known Russell long?" she said, recovering herself.

"Almost from his boyhood. Circumstances have separated us, but we were most intimate friends in youth."

"I have heard him mention your name with great affection; and in some things which I have heard of you from others, know you acted like a gentleman and a man of honour. Do you care much about Russell?"

"It is an odd question," I answered. "I have already told you that he was a friend of my youth; and though years have elapsed since I last saw him before to-day, I do not think my original feelings towards him are in the slightest degree altered. He was when I knew him, and I am sure he is still, an honourable, high-minded, noble, and generous fellow, full of kindly dispositions, and possessed of the accomplishments which ornament the solid merits of life."

"He is," she said,—“he is all—all—all that you say. If you knew him as I know him, you would say more. He is the most unselfish of men. He has made sacrifices that few men would make—what no man whom I have ever met would make; and he has made them for me—for me, the degraded woman you see before you!”

"Nay, Mrs. Russell, do not use such——"

"Mrs. Russell!—God forgive me! Am I Mrs. Russell—I, Mrs. Russell? Oh! Sir George, Sir George! you know that the name is in itself an insult. Nay, do not apologise; I know you meant none. Is it not another mark of kindness I do not deserve, that even the small respect of that thin-veiled covering of disgrace is granted me by him? Good Arthur! honourable Arthur! kind Arthur! dear Arthur! O that to those words of unfeigned affection I could add, beloved Arthur!"

"And why not?"

"Why not? Oh, sir, ask me not the question! I know not. There is not a noble quality which I should not as willingly, as truly concede,—though concede is not the word—that I should not blazon forth, as the merit of that man. He is a handsome man, too, and fit to win a lady's love. But how little there is in that!—*he* was not handsome."

"Who?"

"No matter for a name," she said with a shudder. "I was talking of Russell. I was saying that all you, his old friend, could advance in his praise, was nothing to what I know of his goodness; but—I love him not."

I felt it was far too delicate a matter for me to interfere about, and I therefore held my tongue, looking as mysterious as I could. In the dilemma I took another glass of claret, and cracked a filbert. She, too, was silent for a short space; but she was again the first to speak.

"It is odd why I should say this—this to a gentleman whom I have never seen before, who tells me that to-morrow is his last day in England, and whom, in all probability, I shall never see again. I say to you, who know nothing of me, who see me only in this melancholy and fallen situation—I say that which must make you despise me for my faithlessness, at least of heart, and my apparent treachery to your old friend who introduced you. But I love another."

Her tears fell fast, and I remained silent and embarrassed.

"I love another, sir," she continued; "as unlike your friend, as darkness to day, as baseness to honour, as falsehood to truth. Bear with me for a moment. I thought nothing more of Russell, some fifteen years ago, than that he was a pretty boy, when I was, as they told me, a pretty girl. We are about the same age—he is but two or three years older; and as our fathers dwelt in the same neighbourhood, we had played together in childhood; but the intercourse between our families was slight. When I first knew him, we had no notion that there were any such things as hearts to lose; and, God knows, I little dreamt of the horrid fate for which I was destined! There was, however, one—a gentleman he was, and he is in the eyes of the world,—he was a cousin of my own—I must take another glass of wine. Mr. Russell is away, sir, and you are not doing as you would have done if he were here; take some more wine.

"It is no use in dwelling on the story. He persuaded me to leave my father's house: I left it. I am of good family—nay, I may say, I am of high family, Sir George, and I left my father's house with *him*. It is a shameful thing to tell: I was wrong—oh! how wrong! and how was I repaid! Smooth and elegant of manner, cruelty and selfishness alone swayed him: he sought but his own gratification, and for a passing whim would sacrifice all the stock of happiness of another. I do not think he ever seriously cared about me—I once thought he did. But, for some reason—maybe he was tired of me, though scarce that, for I was not much more than seventeen, and it was but three months since he had taken me from my father's house;—maybe he had other ladies in view, and that I *do* think, his present marriage is most unhappy, and, God forgive me! I am not Christian enough at heart to be sorry for it;—for some reason, no matter to me what, he left me one morning in furnished lodgings in London, telling me he would return to dinner. Fifteen years have passed, and, save in one or two casual glimpses, I have not seen him since. He left me ruined of name, exiled from my family, with scarcely a farthing in my pocket, a stranger, a beggar, and a word of scorn!"

"He was a scoundrel!" said I.

"So said my brother—my only brother, and he is no more!"

A still bitterer flood of tears followed these words. I shall not attempt to repeat the broken and scarcely intelligible conversation which immediately succeeded. I learned enough to know that her brother had challenged her seducer, and had been shot dead on the spot in the duel which followed; her father had inexorably resolved on not seeing her; the man who was the cause of all this sorrow shortly after married a somewhat elderly lady of large fortune; and my new confidante was, at the age of less than eighteen, flung upon her own resources in the most pitiable condition of helplessness.

CHAPTER III.

One eye yet looks on thee;
But with my heart the other eye doth see.
Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind:
What error leads must err.

Troilus and Cressida. Act v. Sc. 2.

AFTER a while, she continued, in a more composed strain—

"I knew not what to do. My brother's death, occasioned by me—and so occasioned, almost drove me mad. I do not know why I should say *almost*—I think I was quite mad. The people of the house in which I was abandoned, were civil—nay, kind; but I felt that I could not remain much longer. Where to go I knew not. The Serpentine was rising every moment in my thoughts; one plunge, and then adieu to my misfortunes for ever. A still more dreadful suggestion arose; for one of the servants, who was not deceived as to my situation, hinted plainly enough that I might live by infamy. Oh, sir! not even in that time of horror and despair, shameful as you may think—as indeed you must feel my present mode of life to be, not even in thought came I to that!

"But as I wandered, one day—destitute of all; poverty and desperation suggesting the evil thoughts of self-inflicted death, or torturing me with dreaded anticipations of self-inflicted shame—towards the river, mere chance threw your friend Arthur Russell in my way. He knew all my melancholy—all my wicked story, and his heart melted. He brought me back to my apartments, he put an end at once to my pecuniary difficulties. I accepted these favours from him, as from the lad who had been the playfellow of my childhood, without scruple. He interested himself with my angry father, but in vain. He endeavoured to arouse the feelings and sympathies of my false lover, but in vain. He tried everything that the most zealous and the most honourable friend could do to lift me from my sunken position, but in vain. Just then his uncle died. He offered me an asylum in his house. God forgive me! I accepted it. How it is that we are thus living, I hardly know—nor does he. We liked one another's society, and our connexion became daily more and more intimate almost without our observing its progress. I have been a sad impediment to him in his onward course in life; but he loves me. Often and often has he pressed me to marry him. Oh! Arthur, Arthur! I cannot, I cannot!"

"Why not?" I asked: "if he wishes it, it may be easily managed. As for society——"

"Society!" she said, flashing her dark and fierce eyes upon me,—
 "Society! do you think I care for that phantom of folly? Let me be in or out of it, it is nothing to me.—But, sir—Sir George, pardon a woman's weakness! your friend Arthur Russell is all that I can praise,—what he has done for me, what he has offered to do for me, shall never be erased from my soul; *he*—he, my seducer, has deceived me, cheated me, dishonoured me, robbed me, insulted me! by him my father's grey hairs have been, indirectly, brought to the tomb earlier than nature would have demanded; directly by his hand fell my only brother,—but then *he* exposed himself in that, life against life; he has done to me all that can hurt or grieve the heart, all that can humble or crush the feeling of woman; and still I love him! I love him, Sir George, as I loved him the first day I confessed it under the winning lustre of his false, false eyes."

She wept. I could not restrain my tears, though I made a strong effort.

"And yet," she continued, "I tried to check all recollections of my love; and in part I succeeded. I was beginning to be reconciled to my lot, such as it is, and to forget—oh, no! but not to think of what had been. But now the wound is opened afresh, and my heart is torn again from its nest of quietude. I told you *he* was my cousin: it so happened that, in the days of my delusion, I gave him an interest in some estates of which I was to be mistress when I came of age. How I had the right to do so, or how he had the power of converting that right, whatever it might have been, into money, I do not know—I do not care. If it had been my heart's blood, I should then have given it him. Why do I say *then*? I feel I should do it *now*: ay! after all—after all, I should do it again!—But my father died, leaving his property in such a manner as to come into the hands of the lawyers, and it is absolutely necessary that I should appear. O that the estate was sunk at the bottom of the sea! I care nothing about it, I loathe its very name! I have not thought of it for many a long year. And now, I must meet *him*—ay! and alone."

"You distress yourself," I said, "without much reason, dear Mrs. Russell. If you meet this gentleman, it is on business. There will be attorneys, and barristers, and all the regular people of the law."

"No, no! it is quite necessary, on account of one thing in my father's will that no person should be present at first, but ourselves. It is a matter that none out of the pale of the family must know."

"Even so, still it is business. You will talk of family affairs, deeds, wills, bonds, stamps, obligations, and so forth, with all the technicalities of law. There need not be any reference to other events."

"O, sir, sir, sir! that I could think it! I alone with him—I under the glance, within the influence of the magic of that voice, and talk of nothing else but the technical matters of the law! O that I could!"

"Why, Mrs. Russell, you should muster a lady's pride. Without wishing to speak more harshly of him than you have spoken, I think the gentleman's conduct to you has been such as to call up any other feelings than those of regard or respect, far less love. If a

man had behaved to me with so much insolence, putting all other matters out of the question, I should be far more inclined to kick him down stairs than to receive him with even ordinary civility."

"You never loved, Sir George,—you never loved as a woman. I have mustered that lady-pride of which you speak; I have thought of all the wrongs I have suffered,—I have thought of the slight with which he insulted me, the shame he has wrought me,—I have thought of his meanness even in this matter of the money,—I have thought on my dead brother and on my broken family;—I have thought on the unutterable kindness, goodness, gentleness, generosity, the unwearied love, the self-sacrificing devotion, of this dear, dear gentleman with whom I live. I have contrasted it with the cold and calculating selfish heartlessness of the other;—I have summoned pride, anger, contempt, disdain, revenge, remorse, to my assistance;—and, God pity me! I feel assured that all will be defeated by one perjury-breathing accent, one softened look of practised falsehood. Well shall I know that they are perjury and falsehood; but can I resist them, when I know that they are assumed for me?"

"He is unworthy," said I, "of such affection; he is——"

"Hush!" she said; "that is Russell's knock. I must clear my eyes. Do not say anything to him of my strange discourse. It was on that business he went—to have the papers ready for the lawyers: he is himself, you know, at the bar. It should have been done on the first day of term,—it is now the fifteenth,—but I put it off day by day. O that the morning appointed for my meeting him—it must come soon, perhaps to-morrow,—O that that morning found me dead!"

She left the room. Russell returned in good humour. "It was a troublesome job," said he, "about which I went; but I think I have smoothed it. The matter is not worth talking about, nor would you know anything of the parties if I told you. However, I think you will be glad in general to hear that a great scoundrel, and a most heartless scoundrel to boot, will get a trouncing, if some people's scruples can be got over. And I am pretty sure, too, that even without exposing those feelings to pain, it can be done. He is a ruined man to-morrow, as sure as fate!"

"Who?" I asked.

"A person," said Russell, darkening, "of whom you know nothing; but a scoundrel. A month cannot pass over, without his being driven to the pistol, as an escape from the hangman. But where is Jane?"

"She left the room only as you came in."

"Pardon me—I must see her."

In a few minutes she returned, paler than Carrara marble, in company with Russell. She cast her eyes on me as if to say, "Forget our conversation," and, at Russell's request, sat down to the piano, to sing, with sweet and unflinching voice, the romantic ballads and melodies of which he is fond, as if there were nothing in the world to agitate or distress but the poetic sorrows sung in the melting notes that thrilled from her melodious tongue.

MY NIECE'S ALBUM.—No. I.

MYTHOLOGY MADE EASY!

DEAR Minny, mine is but a musty old Muse,
And knows nothing graceful or fine,
Such as flows from the soft Seraph quills of Sky blues
In the Gem or the Annual line.

If you wish for a tale of a horse with five legs,
Or a dolphin in boots and cock'd hat,
A Jew boil'd alive, or a doll that laid eggs,
I could hit it off rather more pat.

Or, supposing we try a short touch at the lore
Of the bearded old Romans and Greeks?
Then muster your nerves for the horrors in store,
And imagine that Hercules speaks.

“Sing row-de-dow dow-de-dow, dub-a-dub-dub,
Tol-de-rol lol-de-rol-lol!
Here I come with my club, some dragon to drub,
Tol-de-rol lol-de-rol-lol!

When, a baby in arms, I came first to the scratch,
With the snakes who attack'd me in bed,
The biters were bit, and met more than their match,
For I throttled and pitch'd them out dead.

My voice was like thunder, my fist was like steel,
And the nurses all dreaded my gripe,
If they cribb'd but a grain from my infantine meal,
A peck-loaf and a bushel of tripe.

I have made my teeth meet through an oaken joint-stool
In my pets, as a two-year-old boy;
At four, I was cock of the county free-school,
But learning was never my joy.

So I grew up a youth of a practical taste,
And very soon felt in the mind
To knock down the monsters who laid the land waste,
And the Ogres that gobbled mankind.

The Nemæan lion made havoc and rout,
Eating shepherds and sheep far and wide;
But I gripp'd him, and squeez'd his tough chitterlings out,
And tann'd me a coat of his hide.

The boar, Erymanthian,—'twas precious tough work
To bring him to bay in the wood;
But I stuck piggy-wiggy, and turn'd him to pork,
And his sausages—oh! they were good!

And Cerberus also, the three-headed brute!—
Who was house-dog and pet to Old Nick,—
I unkennell'd and whack'd him, and tamed him to boot,
And taught him to carry my stick.

I twisted the tail of the mad bull of Crete,
 Jump'd astride him, and gallop'd him dead ;
 I trapp'd the famed stag with the gold horns and feet,
 And show'd him for sixpence a head.

I clean'd out Augeas's yard, a vile slough
 Wherein his best cows had got stuck ;
 But the hunks never paid me a farthing, I vow,
 Pretending I wasted his muck.

I sprain'd both my wrists, and was half stunk to death,
 And was cheated at last by my friend,
 But I learn'd, what I 'll hold with my very last breath,
 Dirty work never pays in the end !

I bagg'd the great Rocs upon Stymphalus' coast,
 Who could swallow a mammoth for lunch ;
 Truss'd a couple and tried them by way of a roast,
 But I found them too stringy to munch.

The Thracian King, Diomed, also I threw
 For a feed to his cannibal stud ;
 And Geryon the bandit, I settled him too,
 Who would laugh as he suck'd up your blood.

My nerve was most tried by the Hydra, a brute
 The most singular under the sun ;
 For, as fast as you cut off its heads, they would shoot
 At the rate of a dozen to one.

Iolaus, my tiger,—a staunch little trump,—
 As I dock'd off each head in the lot,
 Made it hiss a new tune while he sear'd the raw stump
 With a frying-pan heated red-hot.

The Amazon Queen, (for young girls will be rash,)
 Of all men, must needs challenge me :
 I whipt off the girdle that held all her cash,
 And spank'd her well over my knee.

I hoccus'd the Dragon, so watchful and grim,
 Who slept with one eye wide awake ;
 No use were gold apples to dragons like him,
 And what a prime swag they did make !

I now could afford to get settled in life
 As a squire, and gainsay it who durst ;
 So I laid in my cellar, and married a wife,
 But I had to fight hard for her first.

This was well, and I ought to have "let well alone,"
 But as bigamy then was not reckon'd
 A legal offence, in a whim of my own
 I married one day wife the second.

Young men, be advised, and don't envy a Turk,—
 At least, I 'll be shot if I do :
 One spouse was no tax, but 'twas wearisome work
 With the quarrels and freaks of the two.

At last, set on fire by a phosphorus shirt,
 By way of a conjugal jest,
 Like a rocket I flew up to Heav'n at one spirt,
 And there got a quiet night's rest.

Divorced by the circumstance,—fortune be praised!—
 I forgot my sad recent mishap,
 And espoused pretty Hebe, the day she was raised
 To be barmaid of Father Jove's tap.

Now I hunt after land and sea-monsters no more,
 Though from habit I carry Drub-dragon,
 And enjoy myself much in the veteran corps,
 For Hebe ne'er stints my full flagon.

At any spare time, to avoid getting fat
 And keep up my appetite's edge,
 I spar against Mars, whom I floor with a pat,
 Or give Vulcan a turn with the sledge.

By the way, a right honest good fellow is that,
 The comfort and joy of my life,
 Each night *tête-à-tête* we carouse, smoke, and chat,
 But Hebe sha'n't visit his wife.

I could tell you much more that befel me before
 I was finally laid on the shelf:
 But I'm one of few words, and long yarns are a bore,
 Especially tales of one's-self."

Thus spoke a good fellow, the stoutest of men:
 If you wish to continue the stave,
 Take, Minny, your pen, and consult brother N.
 That Grecian experienced and grave.

Whate'er you may light on in Lempriere's page,
 You may thus with small trouble condense,
 And inscribe your joint work to the rising young age,
 As "Mythology made Common Sense."

MUSIC IS SWEET!

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

Music is sweet, at evening's close,
 When pale mists skim the azure sky,
 In some lone spot, where to repose
 It hymns the Day's soft lullaby!

Music is sweet! when stars shine bright,
 Like angel eyes, through heaven's blue screen,—
 When pearly dews weep tears of light,
 As Zephyr sighs, the leaves between!

Music is sweet!—when friends throng round,
 It adds new charms to Pleasure's spell,—
 When kindred links the heart have bound,
 And young Hope rings Life's bridal bell!

But, oh! *most* sweet, when Love's soft tongue
 Breathes through its notes the magic word,*
 Like fabled harp by Houri strung,
 By blessed spirits only heard!

* Alluding to a Mahomedan superstition.

THE SNUFF-BOX.

A TALE OF WALES.

OF all the inhabitants of our isles,—and there are still many distinct tribes whose Celtic, Gallic, Danish, Saxon, and Norman descent can be traced in a moment,—there are none more peculiar in character than the Welsh, or Ancient Britons. You may gull a Cockney, rob a Damnonian, cheat a Yorkshireman, or out-Jew a Scot; but a Welshman is not to be done: a natural and inborn acuteness protects him from the deepest stratagems, and a leek ought certainly to be the symbol of the Goddess of Wisdom.

This is a brief preface to the brief history of a tour of pleasure made by a very accomplished English gentleman into Wales; the interesting mining operations of which country he was desirous to investigate, not only for the promotion of a great scheme in which he was himself engaged, but for the patriotic purpose of rendering them more extensively useful, and disseminating their products of wealth more diffusely over the empire.

Mr. George Hampden was a man who, yet in the early prime of life,—for he was little more than thirty,—had seen a great deal of the world. His fund of information was prodigious; yet so simple was he in speech and manners, and so readily did he lend his ear to what others might truly think the insignificance of common-place intelligence, that no one could suspect his depth, or fancy that he was ought above those easy, good-humoured listeners who, destitute of any precise object of their own, are readily seduced into a passing interest in the concerns of the communicative who choose to make everybody that comes near them a confidant in their bosoms' business and secrets. Quiet, unobtrusive, gentlemanly, and withal good-looking, such was the hero of our tale, Mr. George Hampden. He had travelled far, as we have hinted; but so modest was his nature, that he never intruded the circumstances of his journeys upon society. He had ample materials for the publication of a tour; but he never wrote one.

With the views to which we have alluded, he proceeded by the Quicksilver coach to Exeter; and thence, by the branch, to Truro, where he began his explorations of the rich mines, which, since the days when the Carthaginians used to trade with the natives at Market Jew, *alias* Marazion, were never examined with more philosophical acumen and sagacity. From Falmouth to the Land's-End, and from the Land's-End whither nobody could tell, he descended every shaft, and tried every lode. A dozen of hampers filled with arranged specimens, and a dozen of bags containing the more recent discoveries, vouched for the diligence of his labour, and the extent of his research. He had seen more veins than Mr. Henwood, collected more minerals than Mr. Carne, and examined more mines than Mr. Taylor. He had lead from Llangynog, quartz from Esqyr Mwyry, chlorite from Dolfrwynog, copper from Old Crinnis, silver from Tolcarne, tin from Wheal Vor, fluor from Wheal Gorland, barytes from Lanescol, zinc from Penstruthal, gossan from Gwennap, scovan from St. Austell, capel from Anglesea, iron from Yniscedwin, pyrites from Tresavean, blende from Dolcoath, gold from Glen

Turret, shale from Drwysoed, sulphur from Brynfellin, fluccan from Allipies, killas from Llandidno, elvan from Polgooth, plumbago from Coed-y-Crae; besides cobalt, felspar, talc, calc, serpentine, cyanite, lepidolite, prehnite, laumonite, zeolite, zoidite, wavellite, chrysolite, tremolite, hæmatite, syenite, titanite, chlorite, actynolite, lucullite, augite, anthracite, gypsum, trap, mica, zircon, antimony, alum, calcedony, jasper, schorl, manganese, nickel, and a hundred other *ites* and spars, all labelled in the most precise and curious manner; so that no one could for a moment doubt his prodigious acquirements in the sciences of mineralogy and geology, as connected with the grand operations of mining. Sedgwick's hammer was but an idle toy compared to his: he could have taught Lyell, Phillips, and Murchison, more than they knew.

Thus laden and accomplished, Mr. Hampden at length reached Swansea, where he took up his quarters for a season, to observe the nature of the valuable ores which are stamped and sold there, from every quarter of the globe,—from Chili and from Norway, Copiapo and Treloweth, West Cork and Cobre, Ballymurtagh and Cuba, Carn Brea and Valparaiso. With his usual modesty he took genteel and moderate lodgings, and by no means pressed himself upon public notice. He watchfully attended the mart, to be sure; and, like any other common stranger, pretty constantly frequented the news-room. Here, by degrees, he grew into a slight and partial acquaintance with that class of the inhabitants whose habits led them to a similar mode of passing the time; and, in a few weeks, conversation produced invitation, and he was asked to dine with several of the respectable citizens of the place. Simple in his manners, well-informed and unostentatious, he rose into general favour; and, as familiarity increased, he gradually let out a portion of his private history and present views. One day after dinner, at Mr. Dobbes', he first exhibited the snuff-box which gives a title to our tale, and upon which hinged an event very important to his future destiny. It was indeed a splendid article, shaped like a chest; it was of the finest gold, and so richly chased that the eye would have delighted in tracing the fanciful arabesques which, as it were, flowed over the shining metal, had it not been prevented by the dazzling enrichment of precious stones which nearly covered the ample surface. On the lid, a very bank of large diamonds was surmounted by a regal crown, where sapphires, amethysts, emeralds, and rubies, of almost inestimable size and value, alternated round the coronet; whilst the centre-top displayed a chrysolite hardly to be matched among the royal jewels of Europe. The touch, by the pressure of which the box opened, was a turquoise of nearly equal rarity; and below it, as if forming part of a lock, was a pearl of price. From this, all about the edge ran a wavy circlet of gems; and the bottom was embellished in a similar manner, only that the broad wreath of diamonds round the brilliant initial letters, "G. H." were let in, and embedded more deeply in the golden matrix. To say that no one in Swansea had ever seen such a box, is to say nothing; we question that Rundell and Bridge ever set eyes on its fellow, or that the Queen of England could have such a treasure made for her from all the jewels belonging to her bright inheritance: that which the Pasha of Egypt gave to Sir David Baird, and which Lady F presented to Theodore Hook for his excellent biography o

heroic husband, is a mere bauble to it. No wonder that it was greatly admired, and that curiosity was excited as to what might be its probable worth. To questions of this kind Mr. Hampden answered carelessly, that it had been valued in London at eight thousand guineas; but that, in fact, it was unique. Bursts of wonder how he could risk such a property by carrying it about with him naturally followed: but our hero coolly declared that he had no fears on that head; that he seldom took it from its safe repository; that he had only removed it to-day, as he purposed attending the town-ball on the morrow evening; and that, after all, he prized it more as a testimony of royal friendship than as a thing of intrinsic value, however considerable it really was in that sordid point of view. The spring was now touched, and the lid ascended, as if moved by a gentle lever. Mr. Hampden had the kindness to hand it to Mr. Dobbles for inspection; and the following inscription on the inside was read by him, and all the guests at table:

Presented
by his Majesty, Louis the First,
King of Bavaria,
to
George Hampden, Esquire,
English-Man;
in grateful consideration of his extraordinary services:—
This token,
together with the sum of 20,000 florins,
(the same to be paid to him annually for ever,)
will remain to him and his posterity as a proof of the high esteem of his
Majesty, and of his royal gratitude for the discovery of the
inexhaustible Silver Mine of Kitzpuhl, the prosperous working of which,
commenced A. D. 1837, promises a revenue of incalculable
magnitude to the Bavarian Throne.

Having amused themselves with the indifferent English in which the King of Bavaria had expressed himself, which, however, seemed to add a personal interest to the gift, the company gathered from Mr. Hampden that the inscription was really composed by his Majesty himself; and, that when the box was presented to him in full court, it was accompanied by a deed from the chancery, conveying to him and his heirs for ever a well-secured annuity of 20,000 florins, which indeed might easily be paid, since the Kitzpuhl mine had, within the first three months, produced more pure silver than the Veta Madre of Guanaxuato, the Real del Monte, the Bolanos, the Dolores, the Gallega, and the Zacatecas, the richest mines in Mexico and Peru, had yielded altogether within the compass of a whole year. Mr. Hampden farther explained that his present tour and sojourn in Swansea were connected with this momentous subject; and that, from the experience he had now acquired, he did not doubt but that his royal patron would be enabled to double or quadruple his immense resources by pursuing similar measures at the Wenzel in Furstenberg, which he had by his advice purchased from the proprietors.

From this period, it is needless to state that Mr. Hampden became an object of peculiar attention to the good people of Swansea. At the ball to which we have alluded he danced with Miss Mary Paten, Miss Greenfield, and Miss Betty Bolthose, the three richest heiresses in the county; and the latter, in particular, being already

owner of a lion's share in the famous black tin mines of Charles-
 town, besides a fair slice in the copper of Knockmahon. Chance
 gave Mr. Hampden the happiness of handing this fair Welsh lady to
 the supper-room, and placed him by her side at the refectation. Among
 other topics for chat the snuff-box was not forgotten; and Miss
 Bolthose was gratified with an inspection of the gorgeous, but well-
 deserved, Bavarian present. She was enchanted by its beauty, and
 not less pleased by observing that its owner appeared to be mightily
 struck with hers. Yet she could not be called beautiful; for, though
 her features were tolerably regular, her complexion was rather of a
 coppery colour, and her dark eyes had a dullish cast, not very un-
 like that of black tin. It was strange that her fortune, certainly not
 short of thirty thousand pounds, had not propelled her into matri-
 mony; but the truth was, that old Bolthose, her father, was of a
 very miserly disposition, and had thrown cold water on all the
 suitors who had aspired to his daughter's person and purse. Thus
 she was still in single blessedness at the age of twenty-seven, when
 our hero was introduced to her notice. We will not dwell on the
 ordinary matters which ensued, — on the morning-call after the
 dance, or the intimacy that speedily followed. Suffice it to say, that
 Mr. Hampden contrived to make himself so agreeable to the lady,
 and to all parties concerned in her disposal, that, within three weeks
 after the ball, he was daily received at Tincroft House as the accept-
 ed lover of its fair mistress. Like a skilful miner, he blew up the
 furnace of her affections, and struck while the iron was hot. The
 shaft had reached her heart, and the ore was malleable: in fine, they
 were united in the parish church of Swansea; and Miss Bolthose
 became Mrs. George Hampden, the wife of the wealthy discoverer
 of Kitzpuhl, and thus part-proprietor of the royal box, as he was of
 her handsome dower of thirty thousand pounds.

Fêtes and feasting attended the auspicious union, and a happier
 couple were never tasting honey-moon, when a trifling, but unlucky
 accident happened to jar the harmony and interrupt the felicity of
 the scene. Mr. and Mrs. Hampden, a week after their marriage,
 were giving a small party to their most intimate friends, the Dobbes',
 Pattens, Greenfields, and a few others, (some of the females not be-
 ing over-joyful at the triumph of their late companion,) and the
 wine and glee were contagious of good-humour. Winks, and nods,
 and wreathed smiles played round the social board; and the box
 of boxes passed from hand to hand. At this moment a rude and
 vulgar fellow burst abruptly into the room; and immediately behind
 him followed a still dirtier and more disreputable-looking rascal.
 What was the astonishment of the company when they saw the for-
 mer march up to Mr. Hampden, and, slapping him on the shoulder,
 heard him exclaim,

“Aha, Master Smith! so I've nabbed you at last!”

The bridegroom was almost convulsed with confusion, while the
 ruffian ran on,

—“And, my eyes! I say, Jem, if there isn't the werry box too!
 Vell, my trump! I hope you can pay for it now; but, in order to
 make sure, you vill allow me to pocket it for the meanwhile;” which
 saying, he grabbed the King of Bavaria's diamond crown, just as if
 it had been Birmingham or Sheffield. And, not to keep our readers
 any longer in suspense, it was of that sort. The gold was mosai-

the stones were Bristol, the manufacture London, the inscription Mr. Hampden's. His mining was of the sort called Undermining; his foreign travel had been among the kangaroos; and his present most successful pursuit was entirely the plot which made Swansea his resting-place, and the Welsh heiress of Charlestown, Knockmahon, and Tincroft House, his blooming bride. It was a bad business; but what was to be done? "Of a bad bargain," says the song, "make the best." It was an easy matter to settle with the bailiffs, as the arrest was only for eighty guineas, being nothing else than the price of the snuff-box to a Jew trader in St. Mary Axe; but then came the mortification and disgrace of such a connexion! Miss Patten tittered, and Miss Greenfield laughed at the *denouement*; and poor Mrs. Hampden was obliged to be satisfied with his assurance that her lord and master would turn honest man, and behave like a gentleman,—which, if he does, will be a wonderful change, and worthy of award more real than the fine Bavarian royal box.

THE MARINER'S DREAM;

OR, THE STORM-DEMON.

LOUD roars the blast
 O'er the foam-crested ocean;
 The mad waves are dancing
 In hurried commotion;
 The water-spout bursts,—
 Its dark column uprearing,
 Like a spirit of death
 O'er the billows careering!
 The heavens are all flame;
 The black cloud 's rent asunder;
 The *Storm-Demon* comes
 In his chariot of thunder!
 Spirits,—dark spirits,—
 His summons obeying,
 Now trooping around him,
 Their homage are paying.
 Hark! hark! how they laugh
 As the tempest is telling
 His triumphs aloft,
 To the wild music swelling!
 "Up, spirits! away!
 O'er the flame-crested ocean,"
 The *Storm-Demon* cries,
 "Wake your wildest commotion!"
 Now, shrouded in weeds,
 From their watery pillows,
 Ghosts of drown'd mariners
 Float o'er the billows!
 The phantom-ship bounds,
 The loud tempest defying,
 Crowding sail, and away
 O'er the mad waters flying!
 The pale, ghastly crew,—
 How their eyes roll with wonder!
 And wild is their shriek
 As they plunge 'mid the thunder!

W. E. S.

THE CONVEYANCE COMPANY.

AN ODD INCIDENT.

BY RICHARD JOHNS.

"It is very odd!" said I to myself, running breathlessly up to a Conveyance Company's omnibus that stood before the Nightingale, a well-known public-house near the Edgeware-road.

The reader may ask what was odd; and very kind it will be so to do. It is the man of drum and pandean pipes out of doors, who elicits from Mr. Punch his best sayings. I do not pretend to be such a wag as the wooden Roscius, but I will tell the obliging peruser of this sketch from real life, what *was* odd. Number one appeared on each side the door, where lately I had beheld a † to signify that the omnibus ran past the site of the ancient village of Charing—(I love to do a little bit of antiquarianism when it saves one from tautology). Did I see straight?—Yes! what was to prevent me? We had only a *magnum* a-piece at my friend's of St. John's Wood, and a few odd glasses of whiskey-toddy.

"It is very odd!" said I, throwing myself into the farther corner of the cushions clad in the same plush material which people's arms seem to entitle their servants' legs to wear. "Why does not the cad take care of number one?" Well, that was no affair of mine: so I stuck out my elbows, and squared my legs, to see how much room I could possibly occupy, to my own comfort and the inconvenience of others, when the conveyance got crowded; and well was it I did so, for, one by one, passengers dropped in, till there was no lack of occupants. It was very odd; but I seemed to be acquainted with all these personages, though they knew not me. Not that they were public characters whom everybody takes the privilege of staring at when present; and criticising,—mind, body, and inexpressibles,—when absent. No! these were people whom I seemed to know by intuition. I understood their birth, parentage, and education; together with their secret history, interspersed with characteristic anecdotes. It was very odd. But to commence; nor, like a rusty gimlet, content myself with my penetration, without thinking of coming out for the benefit of others.

The first who entered was a stoutly built, elderly gentleman, with a red face, redundant of obstinacy and apoplexy, attended by a slim youth of some fifteen years' standing. These were father and son, and I set them down at once for an odd pair,—a designation in itself curious enough. The old man was a perfect original, and the boy was coming on; promising fair to equal his father when he was out of his time, for he seemed to serve a regular apprenticeship to his respected parent. Mr. Burley Buskin, and his son Tom, had the greatest affection for each other; and the old saying of "what one says, the other will swear to," was in them beautifully exemplified. I was perfectly aware of all the peculiarities of Mr. Buskin senior. He had seen much of the world, had been many years abroad,—consequently was at home on every subject. In him, the traveller's licence to entertain all listeners with the wonders that earth, air, and water could be made to produce through the medium of a magnifying lens, was about as far exceeded as magisterial authority for music and dancing, granted to the Cat and Fiddle at

Houndsditch, is outraged by the performance of spectacle, opera, tight-rope, fire-eating, tumbling, hornpipe in fetters, and the legitimate drama. Most wonder-tellers are content with having *seen* strange sights, and taken a moderate share in extraordinary adventures; but Mr. Burley Buskin was always the strange sight himself in all his stories at home or abroad,—the actor of all work in every scene on the world's wide stage. A patent did not even secure an invention from his claiming it; he had originated the idea years before the thing was made public,—in fact, had mentioned it to some one who knew another person who was acquainted with the supposed inventor; and Mr. Burley Buskin had good reason to believe his plan had been conveyed to the patentee, who ought, at least, to have acknowledged the fact, and given credit where credit was due. Son Tom accompanied his father's words, *sotto voce*, in a sort of running commentary: without waiting for the old man to cease speaking, he managed to vouch for fact after fact as they were announced, though dated some twenty years before his birth; and when his worthy parent actually came to a full stop, to allow of the listeners' notes of admiration, he invariably wound up his portion of the entertainment by throwing his head on one side, to take a glance at his original progenitor, and exclaiming in a shrill voice, "Just as father says! father's right!"

"Talking of Bengal tigers," said Mr. Burley Buskin one day at a family party,—“when I was in Bengal, I trained two large animals of that species to draw Mrs. Buskin's open carriage; and the governor-general was kind enough to allow two sepoy's constantly to attend her when she drove out, to shoot the beasts if they were inclined to be dangerous,—a proper precaution you will allow: but Mrs. B. was not at all alarmed; and no accident ever occurred, except in the end, when during the night one of the beasts ate the other up, and was found dead the next morning in his stable from repletion. I believe Mr. Davis's idea of representing Cybele, goddess of the earth, as drawn by lions, in his picture at the exhibition, was taken from Mrs. B. and her tigers: the young man was at New South Wales at the time, and the "Astracan" sailed direct for Sidney, while all Bengal was talking about my tigers. I understand the fellow mentions taking his subject from an ancient medal; but I know better, 'twas from Mrs. B. and her tigers; and a very good notion it was, but he might have honestly owned where he got it."

"Just as father says!" trebled young Tom; "father's right! Don't you remember that story about our cat and the ducks?"

"Good, Tom, good! Did you never hear that?" said Mr. Burley Buskin, turning with an inexpressibly self-satisfied smile towards his silent and astonished auditory. "Caught a wild cat in my barn in Devonshire; tamed it completely by shutting her up, and feeding her on bran and barley-water; could do anything with that cat; why, she seemed to teach every other animal to adopt her mode of thinking, and to dwell at peace with all living kind. Got together in a large cage owls, mice, rats, rabbits, terriers, ferrets, and canary birds; kept them on bran and barley-water, and put puss in with them. Had a little trouble at first; but, in the end, nothing could be more amicable than the whole lot. As to that cat,—drowned a litter of her kittens, and gave her six young ducks to rear: suckled them all; and they imbibed so much of her nature, that I remarked,

when they were in high glee in the gutter, they could not quack for purring! By-the-by, the man that looked after my farm at that time I soon after discharged for presuming to say that my new machine for cutting chaff was his invention; he now makes a decent livelihood by showing some of the descendants of the very animals I taught to forget their nature; and the fellow swears he never knew me, and that the conciliation of animals was his own discovery."

"It's just what father says! father's right!" said Tom.

Mr. Burley Buskin had a very pretty taste for zoology; and, if he had not actually established them as facts, had certainly put forth some extraordinary particulars respecting the class quadrumana. But this was a bitter subject to my worthy acquaintance, when much irritated at the ingratitude of the world in attributing the many benefits he had conferred on society to other persons. Getting very red in the face, and striking his cane on the ground with a noise which seemed to warrant the idea that the ferule was a detonating cap, he would exclaim,

"And that Mr. Mackintosh! how has he made his money? Did not I tell his mother years ago that we always knew when the rainy season was coming on in South America by the monkeys tearing the bark of the caoutchouc trees to rub themselves with the sap? I don't mind the fortune he has made; but he might have owned where he got the idea."

"Like the Bear in Piccadilly, I am the original!" seemed for ever descending from Mr. Burley Buskin's mouth; whilst son Tom, his jackal, was ever ready to instigate, applaud, and, after his fashion, to say, "That's the ticket!"

I had hardly made these very acute observations, when my attention was diverted from the Buskins by perceiving that a thin, anxious-looking, middle-aged man had taken possession of the seat immediately opposite me. There was a quick twinkle about his eye, and an impatient rubbing of his hand, as though he were mightily inclined to be actively employed; if only about trifles, still he must be doing. My newly and strangely acquired penetration into matters of character, availed me with respect to Mr. Wasteless Saverley. I saw at a glance he was odd. He had come into the omnibus quite out of breath, and no wonder; he had been very busy all day. Possessed of a gentlemanly competence, good health, a wife that did not contradict him, a family that gave him no trouble, friends that did not want to borrow money of him; a house that was in every way convenient, guiltless of a single smoky chimney; and a garden that boasted the finest fruit, in a neighbourhood the boys of which, strange to say, were not given to speculation; who so happy as Mr. Wasteless Saverley? Ah! gentle reader, that was a very natural conclusion for you to arrive at, but he had a peculiarity which, if it did not actually make him unhappy, brought a host of cares in its train. He could not bear to have anything wasted.

"Use what you like, but waste nothing!"—this was the maxim in Saverley's house; and a very good maxim it is in moderation, but not as my friend, through excess of liking, abused it. I mean not that abuse which is said to be often begot of love, as exemplified in matrimonial disputes and love quarrels; but it was the inordinate use of a maxim, good in itself, which made Mr. Waste-

less Saverley full of troubles. He was not penurious, but he committed a thousand meannesses. When at home, he was a running sentry between the stable, store-room, beer-cellar, and even the pantry: the kitchen he had tried; but "cook," who had been long in the family, was not to be trifled with in her own domain. Here he could only look in now and then, by bringing a head of game from the poulterer's: thus armed, he could sometimes get a rapid survey by walking carelessly in by the back-door to deposit his burthen on the dresser; then, with a single glance, he would pick up enough information to read a lecture on his favourite maxim to the whole house. At table, abroad or at home, Mr. Saverley never made a selection till he saw which dish was most despised by others. "It must not be wasted," thought the anxious man; he consequently dined off the neglected viand, though he might find it unpalatable. He once wore a livery-coat, that would not fit a new groom, instead of a dressing-gown, "that it might not be wasted;" and got his ears boxed in mistake, by his drunken coachman, for not bedding down the horses. Such were the inconveniences he subjected himself to, in pursuit of his darling passion.

His amusements were equally peculiar. His conversions were as curious, and far more numerous than Joanna Southcote's. Broken tumblers became kitchen saltcellars; decanters were cut down into sugar-basins, if only broken conveniently for the change; and woe betide any luckless wight who smashed an article beyond the powers of his master's ingenuity! It was even asserted, that a greyhound having broken his leg, he had tried to cut him down to a turnspit; but this piece of information having been traced to Mr. Burley Buskin, I would rather not vouch for the truth of it.

Many were the benefactions of Mr. Wasteless Saverley to the neighbouring poor, in consequence of the death of some cow in whom vaccination could not prevent disease, or the discovery that a pig had sickened with the measles. But, it must be honestly confessed, that Mr. Saverley would willingly have consumed these dainties at home, could he have persuaded his family to have aided in preventing their being wasted.

The day of our meeting had been an eventful one to my new friend; he had been positively assured by his spouse that an unlucky hare, which, by-the-by, had gained him a glance at the kitchen a week before, would not keep a day longer.

"Well, well, my dear!" said Mr. Wasteless Saverley; "surely you can have it dressed for the servants at once: you know I can't bear to have anything wasted!"

"That is just why I mentioned it," rejoined the lady. "We have more meat in the house than will last us a week, and the hare must be spoilt."

"Never!" exclaimed my careful acquaintance most emphatically. "Sooner than that, I will *myself* take it to my friend Wilkins, at Walworth."

Armed with this determination, and hare in hand, he put himself on a stage, which, rapidly proceeding to town, set him down at the corner of Gracechurch-street.

"I'll walk to Walworth," said Mr. Saverley to himself.

"Carry it for you, sir? Poor boy, sir! Do it for threepence!" cried a squalid stripling, whom our short-stage traveller thought too

ragged to be trusted. "Keep close to you, sir! Take it anywhere you likes!"

"Get along with you, will you!" said Mr. Wasteless Saverley, hurrying onward.

The boy desisted from his importunity, and turned away: had he been employed, Mr. Wilkins of Walworth might have dined off the hare, if he liked high game. Friend Saverley had reached King William-street, when he felt a tug at poor puss; and in a second a fellow darted before him, and dashed away in the direction of the bridge. Mr. Wasteless Saverley was at all times a bad runner; and just then he had on a pair of his eldest son's boots, which that youth having discarded as not being well made, his father, though they were a size too small for him, could not allow to be wasted. Taking these things into consideration, it is not surprising, though each ran his best, that the hare-hunt was a short one. Mr. Saverley did not call out "Stop thief!" He did not like to waste his breath; though it was not much worth saving, since it failed him just as the robber darted down the steps beside the dry arch of London-bridge, and in a moment more was scampering through Thames-street. Now, what did Mr. Wasteless Saverley? He had lost his hare,—of that he was certain: but a new anxiety had taken possession of his breast. Staggering to the parapet, he roared after the thief, in a tone which might have belonged to a crying Brobdignag baby,

"You scoundrel! you scoundrel! If you don't dress that hare *to-day*, it will be wasted!"

Several other passengers had now crowded into the conveyance, which commenced its rumbling course; and, as the light of the inside lamp fell on their countenances, my intuitive perception of who they were, and all about them, was actively engaged. I particularly remarked a would-be-youthful gentleman of fifty, the love-lock curls of whose wig concealed those marks where time had been scratching at his eyes till their lustre was somewhat bleared. But Mr. Lothario Lacklove knew not that the light of his eyes had departed. Life was yet before him, ever new; and yet the last thirty-five years of his existence had been passed in unfortunate attachments. "The course of true love never *did* run smooth;" this has been the lament of thousands, but few have experienced the bitter verity of the adage to such an extent as my new acquaintance.

Mr. Lacklove's position in society was not particularly inimical to his forming a happy alliance: a gentleman by birth and education, a little travel, a handsome person, a good voice, a knowledge of the guitar, and an unencumbered income of four hundred a-year. These qualifications for successful wooing might not only have found many amiable girls sensible of his merits; but even mammas and papas, who had not *very* ambitious views for their daughters, accessible to his proposals. But, no! by some strange fatality, Mr. Lacklove never felt the least affection for any young lady who had not an obstinately cross father or guardian, an immense fortune, an exclusive mother; or who was so far above him in position, that nothing *but* an unfortunate attachment could ensue. From such apparently impracticable fair ones would Lothario elect damsel after damsel to be the queen of his affections; one unfortunate attachment rapidly succeeding another, till Mr. Lacklove's heart must have fallen a victim to compound fractures, had not self-conceit, like Don Quixote's

balsam, cured all wounds. In years gone by, Lothario must have done much mischief as a lady-killer, and many must have been the "scenes" in which he had taken a part. The garden-wall scaled, reckless of spring-guns and man-traps. The stolen meeting in the green-house, and the alarmed flight amid the crash of glass and geraniums; "Men of Ross," "Fair Ellens," and "Commanders-in-Chief," sharing in the general ruin. The solemn interview in the father's library; "You *must* be aware, sir, that your attentions to my daughter are disagreeable to me! I must request, sir, that you will not repeat them! You will favour me, sir, by discontinuing your visits to my house! John, show the gentleman down stairs!"

Such might have been among the *agrémens* of his earlier days; but good looks cannot last for ever. Continental travellers are now more in number than hedge-sparrows. Even a man's voice, strange to say, after a while ceases to be in his own favour; and who, now-a-days, can keep four hundred a-year unencumbered? Mr. Lacklove, before he was fifty, had long found that it was rather difficult to excite *reciprocal* unfortunate attachments; but the habit he had so long indulged continued strong in him, and it was not to be put down by change of circumstances. The higher a young lady's rank in society, so he had but bare access to the circle in which his *innamorata* moved, the more likely was Lothario incontinently to become devoted to her; while every new crack his heart received seemed now, by some strange process, transferred to his head. Even royalty did not escape him: he lived six weeks in Lisbon, a few years back, trying to sigh and ogle, each in her turn, the three princesses of the house of Braganza into unfortunate attachments; and came home in a frantic rage when, after having particularly distinguished the youngest of the royal sisters, that lady had the bad taste to marry a Portuguese marquis.

He had become desperate. He gazed on the long list of his rejections with dismay. Like an angler, when his fish at one bite makes off with the bait, nor affords him even play for his loss, so refusal came upon refusal, not only from mamma and papa,—such he was always used to,—but the young ladies too, who now invariably preferred consulting their parents' wishes. Not a single love-scene could he get up.

He had even formed a romantic attachment for the pig-faced lady; but she declined favouring him with an interview. Since his adventures in Portugal, some ten years had flown over Mr. Lothario Lacklove; but they had not brought him wisdom,—their flight had only made him more fighty.

That very morning had he been standing, as had been his wont for days before, contemplating the many windows which enlighten the royal palace at Pimlico.

"Perhaps she is even now gazing at me!" cried Mr. Lacklove. "Oh, that I could tell from which casement those blue and melting eyes, in pitying softness, regard the devotion of my unwearied love-watch! But yesterday she smiled, and bowed to me, when I raised my hat from off my maddening temples! Not a soul was near me as the carriage passed, save some poor shouting wretches!—idiots! boors! Perhaps they took that look of beaming beauty to themselves! No! it is treasured here! 'Twas mine alone!"

Thus murmured Lothario as he walked before the Queen's palace;

now pressing his hand to his heart; now pausing, and waving a white handkerchief in the direction of the royal dwelling. Suddenly, to his inexpressible delight, a gentleman, who had a short time before left a side-door of the palace, approached him.

"Good Heavens! there's a message for me!" exclaimed Lothario, in the greatest perturbation of spirit, as he thrust his handkerchief into his breast, and hastened to meet the fancied messenger of love.

The court emissary had a blue cloak on, which, thrown back on the shoulders, discovered a coat-collar much ornamented with silver lace.

"You may safely trust me," said Mr. Lacklove, colouring up to his eyes, which sparkled with delight; "I am the gentleman!"

"I know you are!" rejoined the cloaked stranger, producing a silver baton, and beckoning to three of his followers. Alas! for Lacklove, they were new-policemen! "We have been on the lookout for you. You would have thrown a nosegay into the Queen's carriage yesterday, only it fell in the mud. I've got the flowers; and now I've got you, my gentleman!"

The astonished Lacklove was for a while speechless: when he *did* make utterance, it was first to demand if the dignitary of police *really* had authority for what he was doing, and then to beseech that he might not be exposed in a certain public-office at Queen-square; but to this awful tribunal he was conveyed, and only discharged by the intervention of a friend at St. John's Wood, who became answerable for his good behaviour. Lacklove had dined with this obliging person, and, quite cured of his excessive loyalty to our sovereign lady Queen Victoria, was now evidently trying if chance and an omnibus had not happily thrown him in contact with a fair damsel who might supply the recently-formed hiatus in his affections.

This drew my attention towards two other passengers, who had taken possession of seats by my side, and were consequently the *vis-à-vis* of Mr. Lacklove. An elderly matron, of large proportions, clad in the many folds of a plum-coloured silk dress, beshawled with scarlet English cachemire, her brown curly wig entrusted to the care of a black satin bonnet, there slept, unconscious of the rumbling conveyance. Deep as were her slumbers, the old lady imagined herself watchful for the especial guardianship of her daughter, a very pretty and expensively-dressed brunette, who, as if confiding in mamma's protecting eye, had *seemingly* resigned herself to the influence of Somnus; but, in *reality*, was as wide-awake as his cousin Mercury.

"I could a tale unfold" of Mrs. Browne! No! let the old woman sleep; I will not tell tales of her. But how has Mr. Lacklove made his insidious advances to the acquaintance of Miss Arabella Browne? Even through the medium of his pliant foot; which, with gentle pressure, caressed the satin slipper of that young lady, whose full hazel orbs now opened to acknowledge the soft assault. One glance was enough. Miss Arabella looked so excessively marriageable that Lothario was alarmed at his imprudence.

"I beg you a thousand pardons, ma'am!" exclaimed he.

Luckless Mr. Lacklove! in his hurry to retreat from the advances so incautiously made, he at that moment drew the sharp sole of his shoe across the shin of the slumbering mamma!

"'Evens have mercy on me! What's cut my leg?" screamed Mrs. Browne as she bounced from her sleep. "Is it you, sir?" and she fixed her angry gaze on Lothario.

"I beg a thousand pardons!" reiterated that gentleman, quite appalled.

"What's the use of begging pardon? will that mend my leg?"

"Very true, ma'am," interrupted Mr. Burley Buskin; "in St. Domingo it is made capital to rap a native over the shins. Punished with death, ma'am! The negro can't stand it, ma'am!"

"Put me down! put me down!" said Mr. Wasteless Saverley; and the omnibus stopped.

There was a dispute about a bad sixpence.

"What am I to do with it, then?" remonstrated Mr. Saverley.

"Do with it!" shouted the cad. "Why, chuck it in the mud, but don't smash it upon me!"

The disappointed experimentalist produced the required legal coin of the realm. It was very annoying to his feelings; he had gone a mile out of his way home, on discovering that he had a bad sixpence, to pass it on the omnibus cad, that it might not be wasted!

"Why *do* you not drive on?" cried I to the conductor, who was impudently staring in at the door.

"Drive on! that's a pretty go, ain't it?" sneered the fellow. "Where should I drive to?"

"You are an impertinent scoundrel!" said I in a rage; "and I appeal to these ladies and gentlemen!" I looked for my late companions, but they had flown; and mine own position was sufficiently curious. I was regularly embedded in the straw under the lamp at the extreme end of the omnibus!

"Come, come, old gen'lman! don't be calling names! Come out of that, or I'll fetch you! You desERVE three months on it for this, you do! It's a reg'lar act o' parl'amint that nobody's to sleep in the hopen hair; so don't be 'busive! I'm not to be gammoned!"

The cad seemed preparing to draw me, as a terrier draws a badger; so, in spite of my wonderment, I gathered myself up, and walked forth into open daylight.

"Wasn't this the last omnibus?" said I.

"It's the last you comed out on!" grinned the cad most maliciously; "and one that I'm a going to clean for Jemmy Green to drive to the Elephant at eight o'clock. Why, bless your heart! it's been standing here all night. I see your honour's come to yourself now. Half-a-crown won't be much for a night's lodging!"

I gave the fellow his demand, and made the best of my way down the street. Happy was I when the laughter and jeers poured after me by the morning loungers at the door of the Nightingale were lost in the distance! It was very odd! What strange visions my head had teemed with, when I was "in the straw," unconsciously making my bed in a "Conveyance Company's" omnibus!

THE NARRATIVE OF JOHN WARD GIBSON.

CHAPTER III.

(Continued from page 253, vol. ii. and unavoidably postponed in consequence of the Author's indisposition.)

WHEN I recall to memory the circumstances of that terrible night, I wonder that I did not, either by word or action, betray myself. I do not know—for I am no adept at the solution of moral questions—whether men are equally provided by nature with what is termed conscience; but I am certain that there are some who can not only conceal, but suppress it. It was not until many years afterwards, that I was made fully conscious of the enormity of my crime; and then conscience came too late, as it always does.

The child and myself were rescued from the burning ruins without having sustained any very serious injury; but Mrs. Steiner was so frightfully disfigured as to leave small hope of her recovery, and none of her ever regaining her former appearance. She was conveyed, in a state of insensibility, to the house of a neighbour, who had offered Bromley and his family a temporary asylum; and, when the fire was at length got under, I returned to my own lodging with the gratifying conviction that the chief portion of the most valuable property was destroyed.

It is indeed true, that far from feeling any compunction for the sin I had committed, I gloried in its consummation. They who had so often sneered at my dependent condition, who had made their superiority of circumstances a ground for the assumption of superiority in all other points,—to have brought them at last to my own level, it was something. Whilst I confess this, I must, in justice to myself, mention that I was not at the time aware of the dangerous condition of Mrs. Steiner, but concluded that in a few days she would be restored. I was, at least, willing to believe so.

But when the sense of satisfied vengeance began to abate, a feeling of considerable anxiety with regard to myself, and the conduct I ought to pursue, occupied its place. Was it likely—was it possible that they would suspect me? there was no evidence—or rather, was there any?—that could convict me. It now occurred to me that I had not taken all such precautions against detection as, the act once committed, my fears pointed out as necessary. And yet, hitherto, I had shown myself a proficient in the duplicity which they had taught me to practise. But now, a comfortable reflection presented itself; I was even mad enough to imagine that I saw the immediate agency of Providence in the accident which had prevented Mrs. Steiner and the child from leaving London on that evening. The exertions I had made to save them must furnish, at once, conclusive testimony of my innocence: I had nothing to fear from calumny or malicious conjecture. In that certainty I hugged myself, and towards daybreak fell into a sound and refreshing sleep, from which I did not awake until noon.

And yet, notwithstanding the state of composure to which I had succeeded in bringing myself, I felt that it would be necessary to attach myself to Bromley as closely as possible; lest, during my absence, his own thoughts, or the whispered surmises of others,

should breed suspicions against me. I arose, therefore, and proceeded to his temporary lodging.

I found him, as I expected, surrounded by his neighbours and friends, the majority of whom very liberally offered the old man such assistance as is to be extracted from advice. Far from seizing the opportunity, when we were alone, of indulging a vulgar triumph at his expense, I endeavoured to soothe and to console him, to cheer him and to raise his spirits; reminding him (I could not forbear that one luxury) that there was no situation in life that honest industry could not render respectable; that, although this calamity had befallen him, he might yet, late as it was, recover himself, and eventually raise up for himself kind and attached friends—as I had done.

I uttered these last words in a sufficiently marked and emphatic manner; and yet Bromley felt them not, or did not appear to heed them. Indeed, he seemed, as yet, hardly conscious of the extent of his misfortune; merely expressing great anxiety for Steiner's return, as though that event were the only matter to be thought about. His manner to me was as cold, distant, and supercilious as before. I knew, however, that this apathy could not last long,—that the truth must soon find its level; and I was perfectly content to wait till it did do so.

If I had not, long ago, acquired an ingenuity in forging palliations and excuses upon my own heart, I should have been overwhelmed with remorse and horror when the dreadful situation of Mrs. Steiner was made known to me. As it was, I felt deeply shocked; but not more so, I endeavoured to make myself believe, than I should have been, had she suffered in other circumstances: I was innocent of this—I strove to think so; because I had not contemplated it. I argued the case too much with my own mind to have been right.

However this might be, I was much relieved to hear, about a month afterwards, that she was out of danger; but it was added, she was so shockingly altered that I should not recognise her. I was not much concerned at this: I had no wish to perpetuate the memory of a face that had so often looked upon me with undeserved contempt and scorn; and I had ceased to feel the slightest interest in the fate of a person who, owing probably her own life and that of the child to my exertions, had not even repaid me by the common gratitude of acknowledgment. But to return.

During three days that succeeded the fire, I was almost constantly employed in Bromley's business; by which time, a tolerable estimate was completed of the extent of his misfortune. The intervals of my leisure were occupied with the old man; and many occasions were afforded me of watching the gradual operation of the truth, as it silently and surely made its way to his heart. At first, the melancholy state of his daughter was his chief, if not sole affliction; next, the absence of Steiner was deplored; until, at length, the one calamity, the irreparable loss, extending over the future, lay clearly before him. I, too, could see as clearly that my vengeance had been amply fulfilled; and I was satisfied.

Oh! it was a humiliating spectacle to witness the abject creature lamenting the downfall of the base image he had set up, and craving pity on a plea whose validity he had so often denied. He was once more to become one of those who "prey upon the middle classes,"—it was his favourite expression,—for he had no longer "a capital;"

something which, in his opinion, included all the cardinal virtues, and religion into the bargain. I suspect there is a very large sect in this country, holding the same faith.

I had been too much occupied with Bromley's affairs, on the fourth day, to call upon him before the afternoon. As I entered the room, he arose and met me halfway.

"Gibson," said he hurriedly, and in some agitation, "you had better come again in an hour or two: but, stay; I don't know what to say—" he paused; "what is best to be done?"

"What is the matter?" I inquired.

"Mr. Steiner is returned;" and he pointed to a door which communicated with an adjoining chamber.

"Well, sir, I am glad of it, for your sake. You have been anxious for his return."

Bromley looked perplexed, but presently motioned me to take a seat. "You may as well see him at once, perhaps," he remarked.

I bowed. "I shall be very glad to see him."

At this moment Steiner, who, I think, had been listening, opened the door, and, flinging it after him, strode into the middle of the room. There was a kind of white calmness in his face, which I knew well how to interpret.

"Well, this is a very pretty piece of business; indeed, is it!" said he; "what do *you* think, Mr. Gibson?"

"It is a very sad one," I answered.

"Have you no conception how it originated?" he inquired.

"None whatever."

"Do you mean to say," he resumed with quickness, "that you do not know how the fire was caused,—by what—by whom?"

"I do."

Steiner took Bromley aside, and began to talk to him in a low tone. It was a relief to me, his doing so at that moment. A sudden faintness, a desertion of the vital powers, had in an instant reduced me to the helplessness of a child; I dreaded the interview which I foresaw was about to take place. He suspected me, that was certain; perhaps had obtained some clue—some witness against me. I felt that I could not confront him like an innocent man, I had not even strength to endeavour to do so.

"Had you not better be seated?" said Steiner, turning towards me, for I had remained standing motionless.

Steiner sat for a while absorbed in thought, with his eyes fixed upon the ground; but, at length, I could perceive his glance slowly stealing upward from my feet, until it settled itself upon my face. I could not bear the immovable gaze with which he regarded me: in vain did I attempt to withdraw my eyes from his, some horrible fascination constrained me; I could feel that there was not a thought of my soul hidden from him,—that my crime was legibly written on my countenance,—and I was almost tempted to shriek out the confession which was struggling in my throat.

"As there is a God in heaven!" cried Steiner, striking his knee with one hand, and pointing towards me with triumphant malignity, "that man set fire to the premises. Look at him!" he added, seizing Bromley by the arm; "would not that face alone convict him in a court of justice?"

Bromley, I think, arose, and laid hold upon Steiner.

"For Heaven's sake!" said he; "do not be so violent. You don't know that,—we don't know it yet. Speak, Gibson; what do you say? You shall be heard; what answer have you to make to this?"

None. I made an effort to speak,—to say I know not what,—but I could not utter a syllable. How I got out of the room I cannot remember. I must have slunk out, like a beaten hound.

When I recovered myself, I found that I had sunk upon a window-seat on the first landing of the stairs. There was a slight noise above. Steiner had attempted to follow me, but was prevented by Bromley. My presence of mind returned to me of a sudden, and I sprang from the seat. Of what unmanly, paltry weakness had I been guilty! what cause could they have of suspicion? what *right* had they to suspect me? Yes; they knew their persecution of me: they felt that they had earned this reprisal at my hands,—that I was justified in returning evil for evil. And they had extorted a tacit confession, at least, of the justice of their accusation. No—no, I was not to be over-reached quite so easily; that must not be. The blood boiled through my veins, and pressed upon my brain with a dreadful weight. I rushed up stairs, and flung open the door.

I cannot describe the feelings that possessed me at the moment. I had almost brought myself to the belief that I was an injured man, and yet I was aware of the necessity of counterfeiting a violence of resentment which should satisfy my accusers that I was so. At all events, there was that in my face, as I slowly approached Steiner, which appalled him; for he retreated some paces. I flung my open hand from me, and seized him by the collar. I trembled violently, but my words came clearly and distinctly from me.

"Steiner!" said I, "you have said that I set fire to the house; you have accused me of it; you shall prove it—I will make you attempt to prove it!"

Here Bromley rushed between, and besought me to "exercise more temper." I cast him violently from me.

"And you," I said, turning towards him,—“you, who in conjunction, leagued with this villain, have been diligent, have set your poor wits to work, to make my life, after it has been devoted to you, a curse to myself; you wish, at length, to compass my death: but I shall baffle you; I defy you both, as much—I can say no more—as I despise you.”

Steiner, as I said this, released himself from my grasp, and endeavoured to assume a threatening aspect, which, however, failed of its intended effect.

"I have accused you, Gibson," said he; "and I *will* prove it."

I smiled scornfully at him. He was perplexed, and would have appealed to Bromley.

"Did you not see him when I said so?" he exclaimed.

Bromley made no reply, but raised his hands, as though unwilling to take further part in the business.

"Is it not strange," resumed Steiner, addressing me, "that the fire should have commenced in the shop—that it should have made such progress before it was discovered—that nothing whatever of value should have been preserved?"

I turned from him, and approached Bromley.

"Tell him," I said calmly, "for you know it, the lie he has this moment uttered; your daughter, and his child, were preserved by

me, and at the hazard of my life: the thanks you owe me, you may pay—when you pay your other debts.”

Bromley was distressed; I could see that, but I was in no humour to bate a jot of the advantage I had gained. “You and your accomplice,” I continued, “know where I am to be found: I shall be forthcoming, I promise you. Good morning to you!”

It was now no time for supineness, or fruitless meditation. I took advantage of the opportunity they had afforded me, and informed the neighbourhood of the accusation they had launched against me, and of the steps they intended to take. That was wisely done. Who could believe me guilty of this act, who was the first to promulgate the charge? I suborned a favourable verdict before my enemies commenced operations.

Steiner was as good as his word. He obtained a warrant against me, and I was brought before a magistrate. But what could this avail? He had no evidence: not the slightest symptom of guilt was observable upon my face. My worst enemy, even Steiner himself, could extract—could infer nothing unfavourable from my manners or demeanour. I was conscious innocence; and when I collectedly, and with a manifest desire that the circumstances should be minutely related, constrained Bromley to testify to the efforts I had made—the successful efforts to preserve his daughter and her child, a murmur of indignant horror at the baseness of Steiner and himself pervaded the justice-room. I was discharged, not only without a stain upon my character, but with many compliments upon my heroic conduct; and, as I left the office, the admiring plaudits of the multitude, and the yells without with which they assailed my persecutors, sanctioned the justice of the magistrate’s decision.

I need hardly say that I went on my way rejoicing. I had not proceeded far, however, before Steiner overtook me. He tapped me on the shoulder; I was not sorry that he had followed me: I was glad of the opportunity of enjoying my triumph to the full.

“You have escaped,” said he, “for the present; but you shall not escape me. We shall yet,” and he shook his fist in my face, —“we shall yet be too much for you.”

How exquisitely I enjoyed the empty menace! “Steiner,” I replied, “do you intend me a personal outrage? if you do, I’ll have you taken into custody forthwith. Here!” and I beckoned to some men who were already collected on the other side of the street.

He was daunted. “I shall not lose sight of you,” he muttered. “I mean what I have said—I shall see you again!”

“You shall, indeed,” I said calmly; “and that very shortly. You owe me, I recollect, six months’ salary—nearly a hundred pounds: I hope, when I call upon you, it will be convenient to you to pay it.”

Steiner had not expected this. He was dumb. It was an inconvenient circumstance.

“Ho! ho!” I said, with a smile of contempt; “I have, it seems, escaped your malice, and this had escaped your memory. You may keep it. I hope, Steiner, you may live to want it. This one hope of mine I think likely to be fulfilled.”

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN moralists purpose to deter you from vice, they tell you how insidious it is; how it strengthens by encouragement; how it

possible it is, when it has once taken root, to eradicate it: when they desire to reclaim you from it, they say how easy it is to fulfil a good resolution: "throw but a stone, the giant dies;" one conquest gained makes way for another, &c. Convenient moralists!

Perhaps I was not originally formed of such stuff as saints are made of; or, perhaps, the deed I had done, and its results, threw me into a frame of mind in which vice commends itself most easily to one's adoption; for no sooner had I left Bromley and his partner, as I believed, for ever, than I changed my lodging, and, neglecting the opportunities which had been presented to me, surrendered myself to a course of the lowest and most depraved dissipation, until the money I had been years in saving was expended, and the peremptory conditions of existence were once more offered to my acceptance. At this time, the thought of committing suicide entered my mind; but, although I did not encourage it, I take no credit for any religious scruples that withheld me. It is no less true, that the habitual practice of vice unfits a man for death, than that it renders him afraid to die. We all look forward to some amendment of our condition; many place their faith in the world to come, many rely upon their chances in this. I was one of the latter class.

At length, in the last extremity, I applied to Mr. Taylor, of whom I have before spoken. He received me kindly enough, sympathised with my misfortunes, was indignant at the treatment I had experienced from my former masters. But it is one thing to sue, and another to be sought. He would by no means renew the flattering offers he had previously made me. "What a pity it was," he said, "that I had not come to him immediately I left Bromley. And then, although the accusation against me had so entirely fallen to the ground, the world was so censorious — so uncharitable! In a word, however base the world might be, I found Mr. Taylor thoroughly a man of it; and accordingly, like others who drive hard bargains, he thought the most likely way of getting me cheaply, was to depreciate me.

During the two years I remained with Mr. Taylor, I saw neither Bromley nor Steiner. I was aware that they left the neighbourhood shortly after their parting with me, and I knew that neither of them had resumed business. I concluded, therefore, that, having settled their involved affairs, they had proceeded to Germany, where, I had often heard him say, Steiner had many rich and influential connexions. I endeavoured to exclude the remembrance of them; and had begun to look back upon the fire as a calamity which, morally considered, had probably operated with salutary efficacy upon all the parties concerned, except myself. And yet the memory would intrude itself upon me sometimes, nor was I able to dismiss it.

Taylor and myself were mutually disappointed in each other. I found him a low grovelling person, who had originally sought to procure my services, not more to forward his own interest than to pursue an old enmity between himself and Bromley, of whom, conceiving that he had secured a ready listener when I first entered his service, he was always speaking in terms of bitter hostility. On the other hand, I believe he had some reason to complain of me. I had lost all alacrity, I evinced no zeal for business. It had

not only become irksome to me, but I began to wonder how I could possibly have taken an interest in it at any time.

I had been with Taylor two years, when an event fell out that, in a moment, entirely changed the whole aspect of my future life. I was, one evening reading the newspaper, when an advertisement caught my eye. It was to this effect:—"That if any relation of Luke Adams, of Luton in Bedfordshire, were in existence, and he would apply to certain solicitors in Austin Friars, he would hear of something greatly to his advantage." I remembered instantly, that Adams was my mother's uncle, to whom she had written, at my father's death, requesting some trifling assistance. Not to dwell upon this part of my narrative: I waited upon these gentlemen in the city, and after considerable delay, and no small difficulty in proving my own identity, was acknowledged sole heir to his very considerable property, and I took possession accordingly.

I do not think that this sudden change of my condition produced any great moral alteration in me, whether for better or worse. It must be remembered that a man may be virtuous, as the world goes, at a very cheap rate, but vice is an expensive luxury; and to expend money liberally is of itself considered a species of virtue, especially by those who receive it. Without any love of vice for its own sake, or for the sake of any delight it afforded, I plunged once more into dissipation, and pursued the same idle and profitless pleasures with which most men, without other resources than money, are fain to content themselves. That I was not happy, perhaps I need not say; I became more and more conscious every day (I had not felt it so much when I was poor, and compelled to earn my living,) of the grievous wrong I had done to Bromley. Bitterly to repent an injury inflicted upon another is a torment that knows no alleviation—that no time will mitigate. But, although conscious of the wrong, I could not repent it until reparation was made to me: that reparation came at last, and repentance followed, and misery henceforward abided with me for ever.

One day I had taken shelter, under a gateway, from a heavy shower of rain. I had not been standing there many minutes, when a woman, meanly clad, entered hastily, and perceiving me, started back, and involuntarily pronounced my name. I should not have remembered the face—the ravage of *that night* had made a fearful, a hideous change,—but the voice was familiar to me.

"Mrs. Steiner!" I exclaimed; but she had turned from me. The tone in which she had uttered my name was the tone of former years, and my heart was touched. I approached her.

"Will you not speak to your servant, madam?" I said.

"Oh! do not say so, sir," she answered; "I am very glad to see you." She trembled, but offered me her hand.

There is no sight in nature more pitiable, more humiliating than that of self-abased poverty. I could not witness it unmoved; I took her hand and pressed it warmly; I inquired after Bromley, whether he was yet living; and asked if *they* still resided with him.

"I live with him;" she answered, "Mr. Steiner is not with us at present."

"I should very much wish to see Mr. Bromley again," I said earnestly.

Her eyes brightened for a moment. "Should you?" she replied, "but perhaps—" she paused.

"He would not care to see me. Did you mean that? I know his prejudice against me."

"That, Mr. Gibson, has been long ago dispelled. It would make him happy to see you once more, before he dies. He has said so often, but he is ashamed and afraid to meet you."

I prevailed upon her to allow me to conduct her home. She made many excuses, and at length, with a faltering voice murmured something about the meanness of the lodging. Drawing her arm between mine, we proceeded on our way in silence, (my heart was too full to speak,) towards a narrow street in Westminster.

"We live here," she said, with a deprecating blush, as she knocked at the door of a miserable dwelling. "If you will wait below for a moment, I will prepare my father to receive you."

I was shown into a small room, scantily furnished, on the second floor. When I entered, Bromley came forward to meet me,—but very feebly; and, placing his hand upon my shoulder, he gazed long and earnestly at me, whilst the tears rolled down his face.

"And you have come at last to see me, Mr. Gibson?" he said tremulously; "I do not deserve this kindness from you. Oh! boy, I have wronged you,—but, listen,—that villain!" he looked around, but Mrs. Steiner had left the room, "that villain, Steiner, set us against you—both of us; he did—he did!"

I placed the old man in his chair, and sat down by his side. He was verging upon second childhood, but I gathered from him enough to know that I had been the instrument of ruin, of misery, of destitution, and of his present helpless and piteous condition. Steiner had long ago abandoned his wife and child, having converted into money everything he could lay his hands upon, and they had neither seen nor heard from him for years.

I could wish to avoid this part of my confession—I can hardly bear to think upon it even now. More awful circumstances do not so disturb me, as the remembrance of that day. I stayed with them for some hours. We talked of by-gone days—my days of happiness,—but we spoke of them sadly, mournfully, and with regret. At length I informed them of my unexpected possession of a fortune, and abruptly—for I could do it in no other way, expressed my determination of providing for Bromley and his daughter, and of taking the child, who was now grown a fine boy, under my protection.

I can never recal to memory, without agony, the old man, as he tottered from the room, chuckling as he went, to tell the woman of the house, below, that he was a made man again, and that Gibson had brought him back his property; and I groaned in very anguish when Mrs. Steiner fell at my feet, bathing my hand with her tears, and called upon the child to kneel before me, and bless their benefactor. They could not have devised a more dreadful vengeance upon me.

I, too, when I returned home on that night, went upon my knees, not for forgiveness of my crime, but that He would direct me how to atone for it in this world. And I arose, perhaps, a better, if not a happier man.

Peace is, however, preferable to happiness; if it be not in its best

sense the same thing, and if an exemption from external influences may be called peace, I enjoyed it for six years after my interview with Bromley and his daughter.

What I had promised to do for them was done, and done promptly. I settled an annuity upon them, which was continued to Mrs. Steiner after the death of her father, and I sent the boy to a boarding-school in the vicinity of London, intending to realise for him the prospects which had been designed for me by my early protector, Mr. Ward.

The world finds it very difficult in many cases to draw the line, and in some even to distinguish, between crime and misfortune. I am about to enter upon a circumstance in my life which chiefly partakes of the latter. I cannot bring myself to think otherwise. But it will be necessary to state in a few words how matters stood when this circumstance occurred.

I had been living for the space of six years a secluded and an inoffensive life. I occupied a small detached house at Chelsea, and resided alone; the woman who attended upon me coming every morning, and returning to her own home at night. The boy spent the chief portion of his holidays with me; but at other times, with the exception of an occasional visit to and from Mrs. Steiner, I neither went to see nor received into my house any human being. I had no friends.

My early attachment for the boy had been renewed, and he returned my affection. He was now thirteen years of age; and, at the time of which I am about to speak, at school.

CHAPTER V.

I had been expecting a letter from Mrs. Steiner, which she had promised to send me in the evening. It was a letter for her son, to which I wished to add a few lines. It was growing late; my servant had left me, and I was about to retire to bed, when a knock summoned me to the door. Late as it was I concluded that some person had brought the letter. On opening the door a tall, muscular man, with a fur cap on his head, and enveloped in a rough great coat, stood before me.

"Is Mr. Gibson within?" he inquired.

"He is: my name is Gibson."

"You don't remember me, I perceive," said the man.

"I do not."

"Ay!" he continued; "times are changed since we last met: with you for the better; for the worse with me. My name is Steiner."

I stepped back in astonishment.

"You won't know me now, I suppose?" resumed Steiner, "and I believe you have no reason to care much about me; but I have suffered misfortunes since then."

This was spoken in a tone of humility, which almost affected me.

"Nay, Steiner," said I, "I have long ago forgotten and forgiven the past."

"Have you?" he replied quickly. "Mr. Gibson, you have a good heart, and I always thought so; though I didn't always act as if I thought so. But, won't you let me step in? I have a favour to beg of you; and I won't detain you long."

I led the way into the parlour, and he sat down. As he took off his cap, and threw back his great-coat, I at once recognised my old enemy. Time had contributed his usual share to the alteration I detected in him; but sordid wants, and recourse to miserable shifts and expedients, will breed care, even in the most callous bosom; and its effects were observable upon his face. He looked ill, also, and exhausted.

"Will you not take some refreshment?" I said: "you appear faint."

"I am so," he replied. "You are very kind. I will take something. I have not touched a morsel to-day."

I went down stairs, and procured what the pantry contained; which I laid before him.

"You had better take some wine," I said, placing it upon the table.

I watched him in silence as he despatched his meal, wondering inwardly how he had obtained a clue to my place of abode, and what request he was about to make to me. He thrust the tray from him, and helped himself to a glass of wine, which was presently followed by another.

"You seem to have a pleasant place here, Gibson," said he. "Well, this is a strange world! Who could have supposed fifteen years ago that you and I would have been situated as we are now;—but you don't drink."

I took a glass of wine. "It has pleased fortune to bestow her favours upon me," said I; "but, after all, fortune——"

"Ah! well; I'm glad of it!" he cried, interrupting me. "I'm glad of it; you deserve it. Here's your health, old boy!"

"I was somewhat startled at this sudden familiarity. I had never admired Steiner in his gayer mood, especially when it had been induced by drink. I knew it of old as the prelude to an ebullition of a totally opposite nature.

"Will you let me know how I can be of service to you, Mr. Steiner," I said abruptly; "it is growing late."

"So late? not so very late!" returned Steiner. "Why, the truth is, I am poor, very poor, and I want money!"

"You are in want, you say? Well, I can, perhaps,——"

"Perhaps!" said he. "Certainly, I should think. Come, more wine: I see you have some on the sideboard."

"Another glass," I answered, producing with reluctance a second bottle, "and we part. Do you mean to say, sir, you are in positive distress?"

"I do," he returned; "I have nothing left in the world,—nothing? Yes, this. Do you remember it?" and he produced from his pocket a dagger, the sheath of which was curiously chased, and which had ornamented Bromley's shop from my earliest remembrance. "I have kept it by me for years," he continued, "in case it might be wanted." He threw it upon the table, and seized the decanter.

I could see in his eye at that moment the man I had lost sight of for years; the man who had threatened me when I last saw him. But I had no wish to quarrel with him.

"Have you seen Mrs. Steiner since your return to England?" I inquired.

"No. I have not seen Mrs. Steiner since my return to England," said he. "I called at my former lodgings, and they informed me of everything. They told me where I might find you, and I preferred calling upon you first."

"Well, Steiner," said I, rising, "I am sorry to hasten you, but it grows very late."

"Ha! ha!" cried he, not heeding me; "I hear you have done something for the boy, and provided for Louisa. Well, it's generous of you; I will say that. She's altered, eh! not quite so handsome? But you always liked her, you dog! I knew that."

I sat down, in utter and mute surprise at the man's baseness.

"And old Bromley's gone too," he resumed. "Well, we must all go! The law of nature they call it."

"I must beg you to defer your business till to-morrow morning," said I in disgust. "I will not be kept up any longer!"

"No, no," returned he decisively; "I can't do that. If Bromley could have deferred his death till to-morrow he would have done so, I dare say; but he couldn't. I can't defer my business!"

"What do you want?" said I peremptorily.

"Money!" answered Steiner. "Come, Gibson; I know you're a good-natured fellow. I want a hundred pounds."

"A hundred pounds!" and I drew back in surprise.

"No nonsense, my gentleman!" cried Steiner, tapping the table with the hilt of the dagger. "You know, and I know that you set fire to that house in Wardour-street. You ruined us. You reduced us to beggary. I must have this money!—I must—*must!*"

The old feeling entered into me which I had years ago encouraged, and by whose power I had successfully wrought out my vengeance.

"Must?" said I; "must, Mr. Steiner? that is a word I never obeyed in my life!"

"Time you began!" said Steiner with a sneer. "Come, Gibson, you are no match for me; you know it. You tried me once, and you were wanting. You are alone in the house. I have you in my power!"

"What do you mean?" said I, but I was not alarmed. "What do you purpose?"

"This!" cried he, and he unsheathed the dagger.

"Your life," said I promptly, "your life, Steiner, will answer it!"

"What is it to me?" he returned. "What is yours to you is the question! Will you let me have the money?"

"No!"

"You will not?"

"No!" I thundered. "Steiner, I shall sell my life dearly! Never shall a beast like yourself extort money from me by force—by intimidation!"

I said more, but I know not what; and grappled with him. He was a powerful man, but had become enervated by excess. I learnt that afterwards. And the wine he had taken, although it had stimulated his brutal nature, had deprived him of that advantage which is derived from quickness of eye and directness of aim. I, too, had grown stronger since we were last opposed to each other.

He had wounded me in the arm before I closed with him, and

wrested the dagger from his hand. The struggle was then short, compressed, and deadly. We fell to the earth together. Steiner's hold upon me seemed to relax,—a faintness overcame me,—the room appeared to go round rapidly,—and I sank into insensibility.

When I recovered my senses, and arose,—which I did with difficulty, I found the candles burnt out, and the daylight streaming through the shutters. Why was I here? What had happened? It was a hideous dream! I made an effort to approach the window, but I stumbled over something on the floor. It was Steiner,—the lifeless body,—the corpse of Steiner! I had killed him! His neckcloth told me that I had strangled him!

THE DYING CHILD.

“SHALL I meet thee again, my child—my child?

Shall I meet thee again, my child,
Roaming along by the hill side free;
Bounding away with boyish glee
In the evening sunbeam mild?
Oh! down by the flood, in the tufted wood,
Shall I meet thee again, my child?”

“Mother, no; the mountain path
No longer is mine to see;
And the glow of the summer sunbeam hath
No warmth or joy for me!
Oh! never again by cliff or glen
Shall my footstep wander free!”

“And shall I not meet thee again, my child,
Not meet thee again, my child,
Where the holly berries all red and bright,
Down by the copse-wood wild?
Where the nested bird in its joy is heard,
Oh! shall I not meet thee, my child?”

“Mother, no; the young bird's song
No longer is mine to hear;
And the music stream as it rolls along
No longer will catch mine ear;
And the crimson bough of the holly now
Must blossom over my bier!”

“Thou goest to Heaven, my child, my child!
Thou goest to Heaven, my child!
And thine eye is glazed while the spring soft
Brightens the path where so oft and oft
Thy cherub-lips have smiled;
And already they weep o'er thy dreamless sleep,
My loved and my sainted child!

“But, oh! when the bosoms of all forget,
And the hearth rings again with glee,
Then, then, will mine aching lids be wet,
My gallant child, for thee!
When summer with flowers and fruits shall come,
And all are in mirth and joy;
Oh! then, in the midst of the fair earth's bloom,
I'll kiss thee, my darling boy!”

M. F. D.

THE CUISINE MAIGRE.

THERE are in the beautiful cabinet of Monsieur Schamps at Ghent two pictures by Jean Stein, one of those masters whose works show not only that he was a humorist, but a close observer of mankind.

His favourite studies were the lowest beings in the scale of existence, and his subjects generally taken from the *guingette* or the *cabaret*. His boors have a character of their own, and show in every feature the consequences of habitual debauchery and obscenity. He is no great colourist, like most of the Dutch or Flemish school, and seems to have cared little about the finish or *minutiae* of his art. His principal aim and accomplishment being effect, and truth to nature; plain, unadulterated, disgusting, degraded nature, without caricature or exaggeration; struck off at once, and left as struck off. As a moralist he sometimes reminds us of our Hogarth; and to me one of his interiors, with their hard-outlined figures, sketches as they are, is worth more than the mellowest Ostade, or a Teniers with all its silveriness.

But to return to the pictures of which I am speaking. They are called in the catalogue, "The Cuisine gros," and "The Cuisine maigre."

It is to the latter only I mean to confine my remarks. Such was the impression it made on me, that I seem not only to have it before my eyes, but to have been present at the spot whence it was taken.

In a dilapidated *grenier*, with a rafted roof, is a scene such as we have only to go to Manchester, or one of our manufacturing towns to parallel. All the furniture the room contains is some wooden benches and a table. Over this table leans, at the further extremity, an emaciated tall woman, whose age it would be difficult to determine,—for misery has no age,—the wretched mother of a numerous wretched offspring. She has just been attempting to suckle an infant; but, from the appearance of her breasts, which hang down like the dugs of some wild forest beast, and the face of the child, who is evidently crying for food, attempting it in vain.

The husband, seated on the bench, a man of forty, in squalidness and rags, matches well with his helpmate. His countenance expresses none of the deformity of vice, or emaciation of drunkenness, usually seen in Jean Stein's pictures; but is marked by the gripping hand of penury and destitution. We may trace in his fine, manly form and features that he has seen better days; that he has been reduced to what he is, by the pressure of circumstances, by the force of some overwhelming destiny, rather than by extravagance or dissipation. It is no temporary misfortune that has fallen upon him; but for years and years he has been familiar with every extreme of human ill,—with cold, nakedness, hunger, and degradation.

The woman has just handed to him, in an earthen vessel, a dish of muscles; which he is sharing among the half-famished groupe that encircle him.

These faces bear a strong resemblance to his, and are, as it were,

the reflex of his own. They are faces such as I remember at Forli, and other of the Neapolitan mountain villages. Children who had never been young, dwarfish, hard-featured, capable of any crime, exhibiting a premature decrepitude, counterparts of those we sometimes see standing shivering about the purlieus of St. Giles's, or perched against some wall opposite to a gas-light in one of the crowded thoroughfares of the metropolis. Mendicancy has been long their only resource and employment; and it appears probable that the meal they are about to partake, scanty as it is, has been purchased with the earnings of the day. No ingenuity could possibly have conceived any dish less satisfactory — less calculated to assuage hunger,—than the one before them.

The father's right hand is immersed among the muscles, and he is continuing what he has already begun, the distribution of their truly *cuisine maigre*.

In front stands erect a boy of perhaps thirteen, and roars at the top of his voice, which, doubtless, is shrill and piercing. It struck me that he was not to be served; perhaps as a punishment, he having brought no alms home with him,—for he jealously eyes the portion that has just been distributed to his opposite brother, whose back being towards us, we cannot see him devour it. Another, with tears in his eyes, is represented stretching out his skinny hands—more like talons than hands—for his pittance, with all the eagerness of a hawk about to pounce upon its prey. A third wolfish-looking child, with long stringy hair trailing over his face, casts savage glances at his brothers, as though he were equal to any excess in order to appease the gnawings of hunger. Whilst the osseous profile of an old hag, doubtless the grandam,—a match for one of Michael Angelo's Fates,—peeps from under the arm of the mother. She is watching intently the process of distribution; but without any hope or expectation of participating in the meal.

Between the table and the chimney, are lying on the floor two children, a boy and a girl in tattered weeds, who have got between them, and are quarrelling and fighting over the pot in which the shell-fish have been boiled. One is sucking the fingers of her right hand, and dipping the other in the half turned-up vessel; as the brother, breechless,—an urchin of five or six,—brandishes high the wooden ladle, which is about to descend on the head of his sister as a reward for her imputed greediness.

To complete the scene. Over the ashes of the hearth — for there is no fire—I observed, crouching on his knees, a sixth boy, the eldest of the party, who may suggest the fate of the rest. His head is enwrapped in a handkerchief; he is evidently pining with sickness,—perhaps in the last stage of consumption,—and now loathes the food for which the rest are craving.

From this picture it would not be difficult to make a tale, and how true and common a tale let statesmen and politicians guess.

T. MEDWIN.

THE RECONCILIATION;

OR, THE DREAM.

A STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

BY OLD NICHOLAS.

"WILL you give me a penny, sir?" said a little ragged boy, as I passed the step of a door on which he was sitting.

There was something so unbeggarly in the tone and manner of the supplicant, that I stopped.

"Yes," said I, and I took one from my pocket.

I looked the child in the face; there was a degree of intelligence that commanded attention; an expression, too, that for a moment I fancied I had seen before.

As I put the money into his hand I asked him where he lived.

"In a court over the bridge," he replied.

"With your mother?"

"Yes, sir; and father and sisters."

I beckoned him from the main street to learn more. In a few minutes I heard enough to determine me on accompanying him home. We crossed Blackfriars' Bridge, and, after winding through several courts and alleys, on the Surrey side, and close by the river, we stopped at a small hovel, which appeared fit only for the abode of wretchedness and misery.

The child pushed the door open, and we entered. In the centre of the floor, upon what appeared to be the remains of a piece of matting, sat a young woman of apparently five or six and twenty. In her arms was an infant of very tender age; two or three little ones were huddled together in a corner, whose crying my appearance partially hushed.

Their mother raised her head from the baby as I approached her. I apologised for the liberty I had taken in intruding upon her sorrows. She answered not, but burst into tears. I offered her my arm to raise her from the floor, and looked round, but in vain, for a chair or stool,—the walls were bare. She was too weak to stand. I stepped into the adjoining tenement—cottage I cannot call it,—and putting down half-a-crown on the table, begged the loan of an old chair, that was the only furniture of one side of the apartment.

When the poor creature was seated, I asked in what way I could best serve her.

"Oh, sir!" she replied, "food—food for my poor little ones!"

I gave the little fellow who had been my conductor money, and bade him get some meat and bread. In an instant he was out of sight. I comforted as well as I was able the apparently dying woman; told her the accident that had brought me to her, and promised the little assistance that might be in my power. She would have spoken her thanks, but her strength was exhausted with the few words she had already uttered. The children, encouraged by the kind tone of voice in which I spoke, now one by one stole from their corner, and came round me. They would have been fine, healthy creatures, if misery had not "marked them for her own;" but the cheek was hollow, the eye sunken, the lip thin and livid. Hunger was fast consuming them. As I looked upon them my

heart sank within me, and I could not drive back the tears that forced themselves into my eyes. They fell upon the forehead of the tallest of the group; she looked up, and seeing me weep, asked most piteously,

"Are you hungry, sir, too?"

Poor child! with her, hunger had ever been associated with tears; the sight of them put the question into her mouth.

"No," said I; "I am not hungry; but you are, and shall soon be fed."

"And me?"—"And me?"—"And me?" exclaimed the others; their eyes glistening as they spoke.

"Yes, all of you!" I answered.

Some time had now elapsed, and my little messenger did not make his appearance. I grew impatient; for they needed more substantial comfort than words. I moved to the door to look for him. Taking a few steps up the court, I found him leaning against the wall, and crying bitterly: on seeing me he hid his face in his hands.

"What is the matter?" said I; "and where is the money I gave you?"

"Father saw me, and took it away," sobbed he, "just as I was going into the baker's shop."

"Where is your father?" I asked.

"Over in the public-house," he continued, "tipsy; and, because I cried, he beat me;" and here the poor little fellow, putting down his hands, showed me his eye most frightfully cut.

My first impulse was to go over to the public-house; but, reflecting for an instant on the state of those I had just left, I immediately went myself and purchased such ready-dressed food as I thought would suffice for a good meal; and then, having had the child's wound properly attended to, I returned to enjoy the luxury of seeing this starving family comparatively happy and comfortable. When I took my departure I left what money I had about me, and promised to renew my visit before it should be exhausted.

It was my intention to have gone in a day or two; but the following circumstance prevented my doing so for a whole week.

On the next morning early I was sent for by an old gentleman with whom I was on terms of great intimacy, although our acquaintance was not of long standing. He was extremely ill, and wished to make a disposition of his property. I took a pen, and waited for his instructions.

"I give and bequeath," said the invalid, "all monies, houses, lands, and whatsoever else I may die possessed of, to—" He paused, as if considering. Suddenly his countenance indicated a strong internal struggle, as if bitter recollections came upon him, which he was determined to discard. I put down my pen.

"Go on, sir! go on!" said he, hurriedly. "To—to Henry Masters—"

I started with astonishment. It was my own name.

"You cannot mean this, sir!" said I. "I have no claim upon you to such an extent. I—"

"To Henry Masters," he repeated slowly and distinctly.

I approached his pillow. "My dear friend, I have heard that you have a child. Ought not—"

He put his hand upon my arm. "Child! Oh, yes! I know it; but I had forgotten it until this hour. For years I have forgotten it! Why think of it now? I will *not* think of it!" he exclaimed violently; then falling back, and exerting extraordinary self-control, he again repeated more decisively than before, "to Henry Masters."

I could not bear to write down words that would shut out a child for ever without another effort: I commenced in a persuasive manner; but he instantly interrupted me; and his look and tone I shall not readily forget.

"Sir," said he, "I made up my mind on the most important part of this matter years ago, when I had health, and strength, and intellect about me. It is not honest to try and make me waver now that I am an imbecile old man."

I could say no more. He again repeated his instructions, and I reluctantly obeyed them.

For some days I was his constant attendant; indeed I scarcely ever left his bed-side. Occasionally his mind wandered, and then his mutterings—for they were little better—had evidently connection with his last rational conversation—the disposition of his property. Bitter exclamations about his child—his daughter, plainly showed that, though disowned, she was not, and could not be forgotten. Once or twice he became calm and perfectly collected, and on each opportunity I endeavoured to bring him to a reconsideration of the step he had taken; but in vain. It was the only subject upon which he would not hear me. I learned from the physician in attendance that his recovery was perfectly hopeless; but that he might linger some little time. I longed to see my poor dependants again, and, one morning when my patient had fallen into a deep slumber, I took my hat, and, quietly stealing from the chamber, directed my footsteps to their abode. The family were in a state little better than when I first saw them. The woman's husband, a reckless and inveterate drunkard, judging from the food he found at home that from some quarter or other, assistance had been given, forced the fact from his trembling partner, and then nearly the whole of the little money I had left behind; since which violence he had not returned. Again I supplied the poor creatures with refreshment, and attempted to soothe the only one whom food could not alone satisfy—the heart-broken mother.

She briefly told me her story. It was indeed a piteous one.

She was well connected; and, at the time of her marriage, living with her parents in comfort and affluence in New York. They wished her to connect herself with a man with whom she felt she never could be happy, and she refused. She was secretly plighted to another,—secretly, for he was forbidden even her father's house! Her father commanded, her mother persuaded; but it was in vain. Her's was a passion that neither threat nor argument could weaken. She married, and was renounced, they told her, for ever! She turned to the chosen of her heart; and, though the daughter wept, the wife triumphed! But, alas! she leant upon a broken reed. Her love had glossed over faults—nay, vices—which calmer judges had detected, and she had fancied perfection where all was frail. Her husband cruelly neglected her; she was a married widow! Children came about her; they were fatherless! Her mother tenderly

loved her, and this wretchedness broke her heart! Her father was of sterner stuff. In the loss of his own partner, he said, a murder had been committed, and he doubly steeled himself against its unnatural author. Then it was that in utter despair she left her country, long urged to the step by her husband who said he could get employment here; and who solemnly promised that in a new land he would lead another life; and that, once removed from his haunts of ruin and dissipation, he would forswear them for ever, and strive to keep holy that sacred vow which bound him to "forsake all others, and cling only unto her."

On his arrival in England he succeeded in obtaining a lucrative situation, and for a brief period all was well; but soon the demon, Drunkenness, again laid hold upon him, and he was lost for ever.

Friendless, and alone, she struggled against the stream of adversity; her health and strength soon failed her, and she fell into utter destitution,—in utter destitution I had indeed found her!

This was a slight outline of her sad history. At its conclusion she burst into a violent paroxysm of tears. In such moments words of consolation are but caustics, keeping open wounds they cannot cure: I attempted them not. The violence of this fit had in some degree exhausted itself, and I was about to speak of doing something for her children, when a knocking at the door, accompanied by several voices talking in a suppressed tone, made me start from my seat. I undid the latch, and three men entered, bearing in their arms a fourth in a senseless state.

They laid their burden on the floor with but little ceremony, and would have departed without a word.

"Stay!" said I, seizing the arm of one of the party, "Who is this? and what is the matter?"

"It is my husband! my poor husband!" exclaimed the wretched wife, springing forward.

"Yes; and drunk as usual!" added the man in a brutal manner as he slammed the door after him.

I cast but one look at the face of the lost being at my feet. It was enough: distortion was in every feature!

"For God's sake!" said I, pursuing and coming up with the party who had just left us, "fetch me a medical man. Here is money; and I will pay you better by and by."

Money made them Samaritans—they hurried off to obey me. I returned. On the floor, and in a state of insensibility, lay stretched the long-neglecting, degraded husband; and, hanging over him in all the agony of doubt and fear, the neglected, long-enduring wife. It was a picture that touched me to the quick.

"Henry! Henry!" she shrieked. "Oh! speak to me! speak! but one word!" But, he spoke not; his mouth was frightfully distorted; his lips livid and frothy.

"Look at me!" she continued, pressing his hand; "look at me!" and she spoke with a winning affection of tone and manner, that consciousness could not have withstood; but his ears were sealed, and his eyes full and fixed.

A surgeon now came in; he looked at him, and, having made some inquiries as to the length of time he had been in the state he saw, at once pronounced his fears for the very worst. He immediately bled him in the arm, and as quickly as possible cupped

him freely in the neck. During the latter operation his patient showed for an instant some signs of returning feeling, and this, by the look with which he gazed upon his agonised wife. To attempt to describe that look would be attempting that to which no language is equal. I think no pencil could have ever done it, much less a pen. It was one which told that the vision of his past life, concentrated, flashed suddenly before him; a life during which she who was his ministering angel had been a victim to cruelty and neglect: there was an intensity of gaze, too, as if he felt that he was looking his last. It was a lingering spark of affection struggling into light through the dark horrors of remorse. Again and again she breathed comfort and reconciliation into his ear. I know not whether her words reached his heart. I fear that with the exception of that one momentary gleam of reality, there was a prostration of power and intellect which denied him such a blessing. I need not, will not go into fuller detail. He died the same afternoon, some few hours after he had been brought home.

I hired a person to perform the necessary duties to the departed, and to remain with the corpse until I could give orders for its interment. The widow and children I resolved to place with a relative of my own until the funeral should have taken place. I did so. Before taking leave, I begged the heart-broken woman to tell me her family name, that I might write to her friends in America on her behalf.

"Friends," said she, "I have none. My mother was my only friend, and she is gone!"

"But you have a father?" said I.

"I know not," she continued; "I have not known for years. Most likely he is gone too!"

"At any rate I will write—"

"Not to America," she replied; "for when my poor mother died he left it, I know, never to return."

"And his name?" said I, leading her to the point upon which I wished information. "His name was—"

"Jackson," said the mourner.

Why did I start at this single word? Why did my words hurry rapidly on one another as I questioned her as to the Christian name? and why, when I learnt it was Adam—Adam Jackson—did my frame tremble, my countenance change its hue, my heart beat audibly? "Oh, God!" said I, inwardly, "if it should be so!"—

I sent for a coach; and, handing in my still weeping companion, and the little fellow whom I had first seen, desired the man to drive to Mortimer-street. It was the residence of my dying friend. Showing the mother and her child into a room below, I hurried up stairs to his bed-chamber. I had already been absent several hours longer than I had intended. When I drew aside the curtain, the old man turned his eyes towards me; they were deep, sunken, and glassy; his features, angular and emaciated as they had long been, were now perfectly ghastly. I was painfully struck with the advances which death had made towards his victim.

My friend looked steadfastly at me for some minutes without

any token or sign of recognition. I spoke, and my voice aiding perhaps his fast-failing memory, called me to his recollection. He grasped my hand with a convulsive force, so great that his bony fingers actually gave me pain.

"I thought," said he, striving, but ineffectually, to raise himself in bed, "that you had neglected—left me, left me in my last trial. Sit down, and come close to me. I have had a sleep—a long, long sleep, and a dream so horrible, so real, that waking, though it be to die, is happiness! Come closer," he continued, "and I will tell you all. I thought that I saw my long-departed wife; she came to me in sorrow, for our lost, discarded daughter was on her arm. She strove to speak, but could not: again and again she strove, but bitter grief choked her utterance. She took our child by the hand, and led her towards me; but I turned from them. The penitent fell at my feet, I spurned her away. I steeled my heart; but could not close my ears to her supplications. They were the outpourings of a contrite heart; but they touched me not. She spoke in anguish of her little ones—her helpless little ones! and I laughed—laughed at her misery. Still she prayed on; she bathed my feet with tears; she lifted her hands, and would have touched me, but I shrunk from her advances, and heartlessly commanded her to be gone! Her voice was suddenly stilled: I heard no sob, no sigh! I listened; but could not even detect the heavy breathings of sorrow. For an instant I remained wrapped in gloomy and unrelenting anger. I turned to gratify once more the devil that was in me; but she was gone! I sought for and called aloud upon my wife; but she too had departed!"

Here the old man paused; then placing his hand upon my shoulder, so as to bring my half-averted face towards him, "You tremble!" said he, "you tremble, and turn pale!"

It was so; in spite of every effort to appear composed, I could not command my feelings. I was about to speak. He put his finger on his lips as enjoining silence, and continued.

"You are already affected; you will shudder when you have heard me out. I thought that immediately on being left alone I was seized with an icy chillness, which I knew was the touch of death. I looked around for help; but could find none. I prayed for some hand to assist, some voice to comfort me in my dying hour; but I prayed in vain. I heard but the echo of my own lamentations; and was left to go down to the grave unheeded and alone."

Again he paused; and so great were his excitement and agitation, that I little expected he had strength to resume; but, after some minutes he did so, and in these words:—

"I awoke; but in another world, or rather, when this world had passed away. As I rose from the tomb, but one thought, one feeling possessed me; *I was going to be judged!* Every thought, word, and action of my life had shared my resurrection, and stood palpably embodied before me—a living picture. My last interview with my child was the darkest spot there. I shuddered as I beheld it. I strove, but oh! how vainly, to blot it out! An all-consuming fire was already lighted up within me, in the horrible conviction that this, even in its naked self, would endanger my salvation for ever! Suddenly a sound such as mortal ear had never

heard before, burst on the trembling myriads around. It was a sound that filled all creation, calling all those who had ever been to be again, and to wait the word that should bless, or sweep them into endless perdition. Millions upon millions had passed on in judgment; and I thought that tremblingly I approached the throne of grace! Mercy smiled upon me! and I looked with straining eyes after those forgiven spirits who had gone before. I was about to follow, when a witness came against me, at whose presence, conscience stricken, I fell prostrate in despair! My daughter! my spurned and persecuted daughter! No voice of accusation was heard! No look of reproach from her! Yet silent and motionless, dejected and wan, as when I had last beheld her, she told of the early orphanage into which she was stricken by my unnatural desertion! the destitution which my savage vengeance had entailed! I trembled under the weight of these awful charges. I tried to lift my eyes to my child to win her intercession; but I had no power to move them from myself. I tried to speak; my tongue clove to my mouth. How—how could I plead for mercy who had yielded none? Pressed on by thronging crowds yet behind, I advanced as if to enter that blessed path which the happy trod; but suddenly it was barred against me! An angel with frowning aspect waved me aside, among a countless herd as wretched as myself. A cloud passed over us; our souls sank within us: it shut us out for ever from even the glimmerings of hope. I thought that we fell, and fell deeper, and yet deeper, gathering in numbers as we fell! Groans and blasphemies were in my ear; impenetrable darkness above, and hell below! I shrieked madly! I was answered but by shrieks! A thousand times I grasped at objects to stay my fall: I clutched them, but they yielded, and helped me not! Hopeless and eternal perdition was before me! One plunge more, and a lake whose waves were of fire—fire inextinguishable, would engulf me for ever! Myriads beheld it too; and now one universal scream of horror, enough to rend twenty worlds, burst upon me!”

Here the old man was so excited with the recital of these imaginary horrors, that I could with difficulty hold him in my arms. His frame quivered, his eye glared with unnatural power and brightness. I spoke and soothed him.

“The sound is now in my ears!” he exclaimed wildly. Almost instantly after, he added, as calmly. “I awoke! I *am* awake!” and clasping his withered hands together, and raising his eyes to heaven, he said fervently, “I thank thee, God! it was a dream!”

Almost immediately afterwards he fell back on his pillow, perfectly exhausted. Anxious as I was to speak to him once more, to ask him but one question—to satisfy my more than surmises, I could not—dared not do it, as he then was. I watched, oh! how eagerly, to see his eyes open, his lips move, that I might address myself to him, but he lay in a state of complete stupor: I trembled as I gazed, lest he might never move again. After some little time passed in this state of painful suspense, and still no sign of returning consciousness, I grew more alarmed, lest when he did recover, it might be but for a moment, as I knew to be a not unfrequent case, and that I might have no time to inquire into the striking coincidence, to say the least of it, that had so extraordinarily presented itself to me.

With this fear upon my mind, I determined at once upon hurrying down stairs, and satisfying myself in a more direct way than I had at first intended.

When I entered the room in which I had left the widow and her child, I found the former sitting on the sofa, her face buried in her hands—the boy was at her feet. As I approached she looked up: immediately on perceiving me she exclaimed, and her voice trembled with grief and agitation, "For God's sake, sir! where am I? Whose house is this?" then seizing a book from the table, she continued, "this book—this old book was my father's; it was his own bible! Here is his name, written years past by my own hand." And turning to the first page, on which was inscribed "Adam Jackson, New York," she held it to my eyes, standing motionless as a statue.

Confirmed thus suddenly in the suspicion that had crossed my mind on first hearing her history and name, I was so bewildered, that I knew not what reply to make. I feared to tell her at once that she was under her father's roof, that the same walls inclosed them, lest, in her debilitated state, it might prove too much; I could not be evasive, for her whole being seemed to hang on the explanation she waited for.

Tortured by my silence, she seized my wrist violently and repeated in a loud and menacing tone, while her wild and haggard look betokened incipient madness, "Whose house is this?"

"It is the house," said I mildly, "of Adam Jackson."

"My father!" she shrieked hysterically, and fell senseless at my feet.

After considerable difficulty I restored her to comparative calmness; I was then compelled to explain to her the situation of her parent without disguise, for, at first, she imperatively insisted on seeing him. After this, she assured me she would be governed by my wishes. I led her to the sick chamber. As we entered I pointed to a chair by the bed-side, and she tottered towards it. The slight noise we made disturbed the old man, and in a faint voice he called me by my name. I carefully placed myself between him and his child.

"My dear, dear friend!" he began, "I have been some time dying, but I feel the struggle is nearly over."

At the sound of her father's voice, the trembling creature by my side sprang from her seat,—she would have rushed into his arms,—the curtain was between them, and he was slightly turned from her, so that the movement was unseen; with one hand I forcibly restrained her.

She sank down, but a half-suppressed and choking sob, that might have broken her heart, escaped her.

"Do not grieve," said he, affectionately pressing my hand, "rather join me in thankful prayer to the Almighty that I have lived thus long—long enough to renounce as I now do, the deadly sin of unrelenting anger against a fellow creature; a sin which I madly hugged even on the brink of the grave!"

"Do you understand me?" he continued, speaking with difficulty. "My child! my daughter! God—God bless! as I forgive her!"

Had I wished to have delayed longer the meeting between father and child, I could not have done it. With the greatest difficulty I had, up to this moment, restrained the racking impatience of

the latter, until I could discover whether or not the old man's dream had effected what I had failed in. Now that it was obvious that it had done so, I drew aside the curtain. On beholding the emaciated form of him from whom she had been so long parted, and who, but a few hours before, she had never thought to behold again, she stood horror-stricken, paralysed by the conflicting feelings that rushed upon her. Her eyes were tearless, all sounds of sorrow hushed; with hands clasped, her head bent forward, her features fixed, her form rigid and apparently breathless, she seemed a statue of despair rather than a thing of life. I trembled for the consequences when she should speak, or he direct his looks towards her. Never, never shall I forget the agony of that moment!

He moved! He turned as if again to address me. She, whom with his dying breath he had just blessed, and who was probably at that awful moment the sole object of his thoughts, stood in life, if such indeed it might be called, beside him! His half-closed eye rested upon her! the pupil dilated,—he gazed fixedly but wildly; he struggled to raise himself; I supported him in the attempt. Once or twice I heard a rattling in his throat, as if he strove to speak, but could not; then in a piercing voice, which seemed to have struggled with and for an instant escaped the power that was about to silence it for ever, he exclaimed, "This is no dream! it is my own Ruth!—my daughter!" and flinging open his arms, she, thus startled from her trance, sprang forward and fell upon his bosom.

Within a few minutes after this touching scene, I was called to the door of the chamber; I found it was the physician: I took him aside and hurriedly explained to him the events of the last few hours. We then approached the bed: the old man was dead! his arms were extended across his child, whose face was buried in the pillow. On raising her up, a stream of blood rushed from her mouth; a vessel had been ruptured! In less than half an hour her spirit, too, had departed.

THE WELCOME BACK.

Oh! sweet is the hour that brings us home,
 Where all will spring to meet us;
 Where hands are striving as we come
 To be the first to greet us.
 When the world has spent its frowns and wrath,
 And Care been sorely pressing,
 'Tis sweet to leave the roving path,
 And find a fire-side blessing!
 Oh! joyfully dear is the homeward track,
 If we are but sure of a welcome back!
 What do we reck on a dreary way,
 Though lonely and benighted,
 If we know there are lips to chide our stay,
 And eyes that will beam, love lighted.
 What is the worth of your diamond ray
 To the glance that flashes pleasure?
 While the words that welcome back betray,
 We form a heart's chief treasure.
 Oh! joyfully dear is the homeward track,
 If we are but sure of a welcome back!

NIGHTS AT SEA ;

Or, Sketches of Naval Life during the War.

BY THE OLD SAILOR.

No. VIII.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.—THE DYING PRISONER.

IF Lord Eustace had felt gratified at having captured one frigate, how much greater were the pleasure and pride of his heart when he beheld two fine frigates and an armed transport gracing his triumph! Yet, the greatest cause of satisfaction to his noble mind arose from a conviction that two of his lieutenants would be made commanders, and the same number of passed midshipmen would ship the white lapelles, whilst his brave fellows would receive a very handsome sum as head and prize-money.

It was a fine, clear night, with warm weather, and smooth water, and the vessels moved but slowly through it. Lord Eustace was too anxious for the security of his ship to turn in, so he wrapped himself in his boat-cloak, and took an occasional short snooze upon the sofa, visiting the deck at every interval, to make sure that a strict look-out was kept upon the prisoners. Nugent was equally on the alert; for, though he could not expect present promotion, yet the captures they had made would, he was well aware, tell handsomely in his favour on some future occasion; besides, notwithstanding his boasted appliances to book-making, and having what Spurzheim would have called "*da bomp of consheit vera large*," he was a good officer, attentive to his duty, and obedient to the routine of the service. The purser and the doctor, though only civilians, found plenty to do; the former in attending to the French officers, the latter in looking after the wounded. Meanwhile Plumstone and Peabody, the marines, kept watch and watch, visiting the prisoners, and manifesting to them that all attempts at rising would be met with condign punishment. Nor were those *nosegays** of the navy—the warrant officers—less diligent in their stations. The gunner, with his assistants, was down in the magazine filling cartridges. The carpenter and his crew actively employed themselves in debating upon the best mode of plugging a shot-hole; whilst old Savage leaned over his picture-gallery, looking into the blue depths of the ocean, and praying for the gift of Glendower to "*call spirits from the vasty deep*,"—for the boatswain's bottle was empty, and he longed for a "*flash of lightning*" to titillate his throat. By his side stood Jack Sheavehole, wondering what his superior could be thinking on, although giving a shrewd guess at the cause which induced him to *ruminate* so ardently.

It was near four bells in the middle watch (two o'clock in the morning), when old Savage turned round to his subordinate, and

* Called "*Nosegays*" from Lord Melville having pronounced them the very flowers of the service.



The Battle of the Nile

London, Richard Bentley, April 1, 1800.



exclaimed, "Then I'll tell you what it is, Jack; when a fellow's hard up it's d—d onlucky, and that's all about it."

The axiom just suited honest Jack's ideas, and the mathematical precision with which it was uttered,—a precision enforced with all the stamina of a first-rate learned professor in the science, exactly tallied with old Sheavehole's notions of things in general, and he had only to clench it with his Q. E. D. (more properly Q. I. D.). "And, 'cause why, your honour," said he, whilst the boatswain's ears tingled at "*your honour*,"—"if a poor devil arn't got no 'bacca, he can't have no chaw!"

"And if his bottle's empty," resumed the boatswain, in accents half indignant, half sorrowful—

"It stands in good reason that he arn't never got a toothful of stuff to bless hisself with," said his mate, finishing the sentence his superior had commenced.

"Well then, Jack," returned the boatswain with energy, "that's just my predicklement, and I'm — if my inside isn't going round and round, like a spun-yarn winch, and twisting my integrals into foxes!"

"That's almost as bad as a stark calm in the wind-pipe," said Jack, commiserating the situation of his officer; "but I'm thinking, Muster Savage, there's some good stuff in the prizes!"

"No doubt on it, Jack; no doubt on it," responded the boatswain; "and I wish I had a gallon or two here; you should have a stiff 'un to cheer the cockles of your heart, Jack; for arter all, I feels more for others than I does for myself. My bowels of compassion yarns for—"

"A glass of grog, and some biscuits and cheese, on the capstan-head, Mr. Savage, with the captain's compliments," said his lordship's servant, addressing the old man. "It is brought up for all the officers; are there any more on the fore-castle?"

"Can't say," returned old Savage; "it's quite enough to look out for number one, eh, Jack?" and the veteran walked aft.

"Ah, there he goes, with his bowels of compassion, which I takes to be all fiddle-strings!" uttered Sheavehole in an under-tone to Bob Martingal. "Well, I won't be envious, though I should like to—"

"Splice the main-brace, boatswain's mate!" shouted Mr. Nugent from the quarter-deck.

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded Jack, shaking the dust out of his call. "He's just hit it, Bob. Twhit! twhit! Splice main-brace, ahoy!"

Never was summons more cheerfully obeyed. An allowance of stuff was served out to all hands, "that," as Lord Eustace said, "every soul fore and aft might be tarred with the same brush."

Again the yarn-spinners assembled on the old spot before the foremast, and once more they commenced their tough 'uns: their tongues being oiled with the lubricating liquor.

"I say, Bob!" exclaimed Joe Nighthead, "then I'm blessed if we shan't cut the shine out o' all the saacy frigates on the station; and they may get up a gingerbread battle at the theatre, with the thrash-'em-all Spankaway and her prizes!"

"I hope it ull be a better consarn than I once fell foul on in a place they called 'Bart'lemy Fair,'" said the captain of the fore-castle. "Well, I'm blow'd if it warn't out-and-out gammon! D'ye

mind, I was in the owld Goliah seventy-four, in Ninety-eight, at the Nile; and led into the action, although Hood in the Zealous tried d— hard for it; but our skipper, Captain Foley, warn't the boy to let him do the trick, for the Goliah had the heels of the Zealous, and we passed a-head of her, inside the enemy's line, every gun double-shotted: 'Because,' says our skipper, says he, 'we'll take 'em on the in-shore side, as the chance is they'll not expect us there, and that broadside won't be manned;' which in course was all right enough, and just as we found it. Well then, I'm blessed if it didn't look funny to run so close to 'em that you might have seen a moskito wink his eye. We tried first for the French Gorear, but slipped past him to the Conkerant, 'cause the best bower hung in the stopper arter they'd got the cable out abaft. Howsomever, I arn't going to fight the battle over again; ownly at the peace we got long leave, and, having lots of prize-money, I thought I'd go up to Lun-nun, just to see what sort of a place it was, as I'd heard my ship-mates in their watch overhaul a good deal about it. Well, my boys, I just takes a berth 'pon deck in one o' your fly-by-night vehicles from Portsmouth; but, as to what sort of a passage we had, I don't much disremember about it, seeing as I'd had more plush that day than any cook o' the mess in the sarvice. Howsomever, next morning, I finds myself all snug, riding it out in a four-masted thing-'em-he, as they calls a post bed along shore, and the canvas was hanging in the brails; and there was chairs, and a table, and a looking-glass, and t' other thing, all ship-shape; and I'm blow'd if there warn't a beauty alongside o' me: 'Yo-hoy!' says I, 'what ship, my darling?'—'The Goliah, to be sure,' says she; 'don't you know that?'—'I'm blow'd,' says I, 'if you arn't more like a cousin than an acquaintance. How came you in my hammock?' says I.—'You was groggy last night,' says she, laughing like a tickled Venus, 'and so I was afeard you'd rowl out.'—'All right, my precious!' says I; 'but, where's the shot, my darling?'—'All safe in the locker,' says she; and so it was, shipmates, every bit of it, not a stiver missing. 'That's my tight 'un!' says I; and, in course, Bob, we consorts together, and that arternoon we hauled our wind for what she called, 'showing me the city;' but I'm bless'd, ship-mates, if I could see anything for the houses till we got to a place as I said afore was named 'Bart'lemy Fair.' Now, in regard o' Sal's kindness, d' ye mind, I'd rigged her out fore-and-aft, from the keel to the truck, with a spick-and-span new suit o' sails; and, as for colours, then I'm — if she hadn't an ensign and pennant as long as that 'ere craft as swept all the sheep off the Isle of Wight going down Channel. Her gownd was covered with flowers, every one on 'em as big as a cabbage; and her bonnet would have sheltered the frigate's marines in a snow-storm. Then she'd pink silk stockings upon her legs, as warn't like yer kickshaw-spindle-shank sliding-gunter ladies, but a reg'lar pair of good, stout lower-deck stancheons, as 'ud howld up stiff in a squall. She wanted boots; but I thought it 'ud be a sin and a shame to hide such handsome and proper consarns in leather-casings, so I stepped her heels into pink long-quartered pumps with blue sandals, in regard o' the colour o' the jacket. Then she'd a broad red band round her waist, with a fathom and a half of the same towing over her starn, and when the wind caught it, why it blow'd out like a pennant from the peak as a signal for go-

ing to church. She'd blue at the main, and a banging gold watch hanging a cockbill under one of her cat-heads; and a smarter-looking frigate—ownly she was pimped a little about the nose with grog blossoms—I never set eyes on.

“Well, shipmates, so she said she'd show me Lunnun; but, Lord love yer hearts! I couldn't never make out nothing but a big church as they called Sam Paul's, booming up in the air so, as you couldn't see anybody in the tops. At last we got to Bart'lemy fair, and then there was som'ut to look at, for I'm blow'd if they hadn't turn'd the hands up to skylark, or rather to mischief! There was such a halloo-bulloo, and some of the lubbers began to overhaul their jawing gear so as to pay out the slack of their gammon, that I should have been dead flabbergasted if it hadn't been for Sal, who pitched it at 'em again, sometimes sending a long shot a-head, and then giving 'em round and grape from her starn-chasers. As for the shows! well then, I'm bless'd if there warn't a little som'ut of every thing! At last I spies outside one of the booths 'The Battle of the Nile to be seen here!' with some more lingo about machinical figures and tommytons; but, 'Blow me tight, Sal!' says I, 'that 'ere's just what I must see, in regard o' the owld Goliah and Lord Nelson.' So I tips the blunt to a fellow in a box and walks in, with Sal alongside of me, and a woman comes round with a basket of oranges, and axes me to buy. Well, shipmates, seeing as I'd plenty o' dumps, I buys the whole cargo, and sarves 'em out to all hands, young and old, whilst the fiddles struck up 'Jack's alive!' and presently they mans the fore-clew garnets, buntlings, and leechlins, and up went the foresel in a crack, and the music changed to 'Come cheer up, my lads!' and says I to Sal, 'Then I'm — if I don't, owld gal, and so here goes!' and I took a precious nip from a bottle o' rum she'd stowed away in her ridicule. And there was the sea all pretty and picter-like, and the shore beyond; but the devil a bit could I see of the French fleet at anchor, or a craft of any build or rig, till there was a flash o' priming, and then in sails a ship under British colours, and fires a gun; and then, in comes another, and another, till there wur the whole of Nelson's squadron, though they were no more like line o' battlers than Mungo Pearl is like the Archbishop of Canterbury. Still, shipmates, I says nothing; for 'Mayhap,' thinks I to myself, 'it may do all very well for them know-nothings as never seed a seventy-four in their lives.' But, presently, when they'd all hove in sight, in comes the French fleet arter them, just as if for all the world Nelson had run away, and owld Brewy was in chase. 'D— my precious limbs!' says I to myself, 'but that's coming it pretty strong!' and I shies a orange at the French admiral and capsizes him, so that he went down directly. 'Who threw that 'ere?' shouts a man, poking his head up right in the middle of the sea, like a grampus coming up to blow. 'It was I, and be d—d to you!' says I, shieving another at him, that took him right in his bridle port. 'You lubberly son of a sea-coote!' says I, 'when did Nelson ever run from the enemy, you wagabone? And here goes again!' says I; for, shipmates, my blood was up, and I slaps another shot at a Frenchman, and sunk him in an instant. Sal hailed me to sit still, and everybody shouted, and the fellow bobs his head down under the sea again; 'Battle of the Nile!' says I, 'and me one of the owld Goliahs, as had young Muster Davies killed along-

side o' me! Make the French run, and be d—d to you!" says I; 'heave about, and strike your colours! That arn't the battle of the Nile, yer tinkering tailors!' But, finding that they were slack in stays, and that the French fleet were pursuing the English, I couldn't bear it any longer, shipmates; so up I jumps, and boards the stage, and puts two or three of the French liners into my pocket, when the same fellow rouses out again right through the water, and pitches into me right and left; and I lets fly at him again, till a parcel of pollis-officers came in, and there I was grabbed, and brought up all standing. Howsomever, as they axed me very purlitely to go with 'm, why in course I did, carrying my prizes and Sal along with me, afore some of the big-wigs, and 'Yo-hoy, yer honours!' says I, making my salaams in all due civility, 'I'm come to have justice done me on that 'ere gander-faced chap as pretends to fight the battle o' the Nile, and me one of the owld Goliahs!'—'Your worships,' says the man, he 'salted me, and 'salted my ships.'—'And pretty pickle you 've made of it, you lubber!' says I. And then the big-wigs axed what it was all about, and the man ups and tells 'em about the fleets, and my shieing the oranges, and hitting him in the eye, and the whole consarn, even to my having the Frenchmen stowed away in my lockers. And the big-wigs laughed; and one on 'em says to me, says he, 'Now, sailor, let us hear what you 've got to say for the defence.'—'The Defence, yer honours?' says I, glad to find they know'd som'ut about the squadron; 'the Defence,' says I; 'why, yer honours, she came up a-starn o' the Minnytaw, though she arterwards took her station a-head of her, and engaged the Franklin French eighty.'—'All very good,' says the genelman; 'but we want to know what you 've got to say for yourself?'—'Well, yer honour,' says I, 'it arn't altogether ship-shape for a fellow to blow his own trumpet, but I was stationed the fifth gun from chock aft on the lower-deck, and I hopes I did my duty.'—'We 've no doubt on it, my man,' says another of 'em; 'but how come you to attack this man's expedition?'—'Oh, yer honours, if it 's ownly an expedition,' says I, 'then I got nothing to say again it, ownly he 'd chalked up that it was the battle o' the Nile, and there warn't one of the French fleet at anchor, but all under way, and giving chase to the English.'—'He mistakes, yer worship,' says the man; 'I brought the English fleet on first, out of compliment to 'em.'—'And a pretty compliment, too, ye lubber, to make 'em be running away!' says I.—'But, you have done wrong, sailor, in mislesting him,' says one of the big-wigs. 'Let us see the vessels you have taken.' So, shipmates, I hauls 'em out of my pocket; and I'm blessed if they wur anything more nor painted pasteboard as went upon wheels, and 'Here 's the prizes, yer honours!' says I, handing 'em over; 'it 's easy enough to see the wagabone's a cheat.'—'Still he 's entitled to his expedition,' says the mag'strate; 'and I'm sure one of Nelson's tars wouldn't wish to injure a fellow-countryman!'—'Lord love yer honour's heart! no, to be sure I wouldn't,' says I, 'and so he may have the prizes back again.'—'But you have done him some damage, my man; and you're too honest not to pay for it,' says he.—'All right, yer honour!' says I, 'in course I'll pay. What 's the damages, owld chap?' So the fellow pulled a long face; and at last the big-wigs axed him whether ten shillings would satisfy him? and he makes a low bow, as much as to say 'Yes.'—'All square,' says I,

and I pitches a guinea on the table. 'Take it out o' that!' says I; 'and, yer honours, he may keep the whole on it if he'll let me go and have another shy at the French.' But the genelmen laughed me out of it, and the lubber had his ten shillings; and Sal and I made sail for a tavern, where we got all happy, and then bowled home in the cabin of a coach, singing 'Rule Britannia.'

"Ah, you man-handled 'em like a Briton!" said old Jack Sheave-hole. "There's nothing like a shot or two to bring the lubbers to reason."

"Trim sails a-hoy!" went the pipe of the second boatswain's mate from abaft, and every soul was instantly on the alert. The breeze freshened from the northward; canvass was packed upon the frigate and her prizes, and away they danced cheerily over the waters, making a goodly show.

"Everything favours us, Nugent," said his lordship. "I should like to fall in with the admiral, as I make no doubt he would be for keeping the two frigates up the Straits if there was any possibility of getting them manned, and I am certain his best efforts would not be wanting to get Mr. Seymour appointed to one of them. We must look out for another chance for you, Nugent."

"Your lordship is very considerate," returned the lieutenant; "and I hope I shall not be found unworthy of your kindness."

"Well, doctor, and how d'ye find the master?" inquired Lord Eustace, as the surgeon made his appearance on the quarter-deck.

"Much better than I could have expected, my lord," returned the physical functionary. "I hope to set him on his legs again in a week or two. But, my lord, I am here as an ambassador from one of the prisoners who is wounded—mortally wounded, and he earnestly entreats permission to speak to your lordship before he dies."

"Certainly—certainly," said Lord Eustace. "Poor fellow! perhaps some request to make. Where is he, doctor? The colours should make no distinction after an enemy has struck. Pray where is he?"

"He is in the fore-cockpit, my lord," returned the surgeon. "Shall one of the young gentlemen get a lantern?"

"No—no," said his lordship. "I can find my way well enough. The sentry has a light, I suppose?"

"There are plenty of lights, my lord," responded the surgeon; and his lordship having left strict orders for a good look-out to be kept on deck, descended on his errand of mercy.

The number of wounded, and the crowded state of the frigate, rendered it necessary that some place should be entirely appropriated to the former, and here they laid, extended upon hammocks, spread carefully for the purpose, and blocked up in such a manner as to prevent their fetching way, should the ship have any considerable motion. Some of the poor fellows were writhing and groaning with pain; others were venting imprecations in impotent wrath at being maimed; and a few were uttering prayers, as the certainty of death brought with it a stronger conviction of the necessity of imploring pardon for past offences. Every now and then a shout arose of "*Vive la Nation!*" "*Vive la Republique Français!*" which was responded to, by some British tar with "Howld still, ye lubber, do! and don't distarb them as wants to be quiet!" Whilst one more excited ex-

claimed, "D— your weovly nashong! Ould England, and ould George for ever!"

It was a mournful spectacle to see so many brave fellows

"Breathing the small remains of life away."

And, as the rays from the lanterns fell upon many a ghastly countenance, where the sunken eyes were fast setting in darkness, the heart of humanity could not avoid deep feelings of commiseration and regret.

Oh, what a horrible thing is war! an insatiate monster, ever demanding human sacrifice! a moloch, at whose shrine the only offering is blood—blood—blood! By what a slight tenure do the seaman and the soldier hold existence! though the former's is the most precarious, having many enemies to contend against, whilst the latter has only one! What a theme for moralizing does the deck of battle, or the field of carnage, afford! Who has ever looked upon the hundreds of slain, as they lay in the attitude of quiet repose, or were doubled up in all the hideous contortion of a convulsive dissolution, but has shuddered at the strange mystery which separates the still living spirit from the dead corporeal frame! One hour strong, active, full of energy, and high chivalric honour; the next a mangled, deserted corpse, from which we turn away with loathing and disgust!

Lord Eustace looked round upon the wounded and dying, and his manly breast experienced all those sensations of sympathy which are ever the companions of true courage. Several of his own gallant fellows recognised and endeavoured to greet their truly noble commander with a cheer, and the latest, last lingering breath of one escaped his lips for ever, bearing an honest but faint greeting to the ears of the captain, as following the surgeon, he sought the bed of the expiring seaman who had so earnestly requested an interview with his lordship.

He was apparently a young man of some five-and-twenty years of age; the upper part of his person was naked, and his gigantic arms and broad chest evidenced that he had possessed herculean powers; yet, there he lay, helpless as infancy, his physical strength wasted by the loss of the vital current that supplies the fountain of life. The lineaments of his face marked him as one of ardent passions, whether for good or evil, though, by the shade of deep remorse that clouded his brow, an inference might be drawn that the latter had predominated. Still there were the remains of great masculine beauty, and every feature bore ample witness that, though weak in body, and, perhaps, feeling but little pain, his mind remained still strong to suffer, still mighty to endure. A faint smile, like a gleam of sunshine bursting through the dense cloud of a stormy sky, lightened up his features for an instant as he beheld the captain approach him; but the opening from his heart through which that ray of seeming pleasure had emanated was soon closed again, and all was as stern and as gloomy before.

"Voici, monsieur le capitaine," said the surgeon in the best French he could muster. "Dites donc, mon ami."

"Qui que vous soyez, je ferai tout pour vous obliger," uttered Lord Eustace, bending down over the dying man.

"Laissez, laissez," exclaimed the prisoner, waving his hand for

the attendants to stand back, which, at his lordship's suggestion, they immediately obeyed, and the two were left nearly alone. The prisoner remained without uttering a word for a minute or two, whilst heavy groans and ill-repressed sobs shook every limb of his enfeebled body. At length he grew somewhat more composed, and by a desperate effort raised himself so that the light might fall strongly upon his pale haggard face.

"Do you not know me, Eustace?" said he in perfect English, and in a manner that made his lordship, though not given to nervousness, suddenly start. "Am I so altered?" continued the prisoner deprecatingly, and then added, "I have not seen my face for many months, and perhaps it may be so, for such was the brand of remorse on the first murderer, and perhaps the approach of death—" he paused and shuddered.

"You are English then, or, I would hope, American?" said his lordship, eyeing the individual with sensations in which indignation and disgust struggled against pity. "Am I speaking to a traitor?"

"And a murderer! both—both, my lord!" returned the prisoner falling back. "Yes, a traitor and a murderer! I stained my hands with human gore! the blood of one who fondly, fervently loved me. I fled my country—became a wanderer, an outcast, seeking for death, which constantly avoided me till the present moment; but, oh! I little expected, Eustace, that you would be the avenger!"

The noble commander of the frigate gazed with intense eagerness upon the prostrate man, whose face was again thrown into shade, and it was evident, by the working of every feature, that the brave Englishman was greatly agitated. "Can it be possible?" he murmured with a hissing sound between his compressed teeth; "is it —? I hardly dare even think of the name, associated as it is with every bitter curse my heart has ever vented. Yes; I now see—I now feel you are——"

"Maurice Delaney," groaned the man; "your playmate in childhood, your relative, my lord; think of that, and spare the blood of kindred! Yes, Eustace, for I will still call you so, though you may spurn me for it: our early days were passed in infantile endearment; nursed in the lap of luxury together, we grew up as boys who had but one heart and——"

"Villain! detestable villain!" exclaimed Lord Eustace, whose mind was apparently occupied by one single thought which stung him to the quick, and poisoned all the better feelings of his nature, for it prompted him to deadly revenge upon a fallen and a dying enemy.

"Oh God!" ejaculated the prisoner with anguish, as he clutched his fingers together and convulsively wrung his hands, "I have denied thy being; but no power but that which is Almighty could inflict the pangs I suffer in this hour of retribution. I have scoffed at the mediation of Him who died for man's transgressions, and now—oh! no, no! the unrepented murderer can find no redemption here, no prospect of salvation hereafter. I have laughed at the idea of future rewards and punishments, but, oh! I feel that hell has already begun to seize upon my never-dying soul!" He stopped, overpowered by agony of spirit, but in a few seconds proceeded. "Eustace! my lord! say that you forgive me; oh! let me bear the

pardon of one fellow-creature that I have deeply injured into the presence of my Maker; it may plead for me at the bar of Eternal Justice—Eternal Justice!—ay! that is it, and there is no mockery in the words. It is Eternal Justice, and there is—there can be no hope of mercy for me!”

So horrible, so excruciating appeared the mental sufferings of the unhappy man, that Lord Eustace felt his indignation relax, and fervently offering a humble petition for the gift of forbearance, his mind gradually softened down to the chastened tone of Christian charity and benevolence. “Maurice,” said he, and his voice became tremulous with emotion; “cruelly as you have injured me, yet in this hour of dissolution it is no time to cherish malice or revenge. Maurice, may the God of Heaven forgive you, as freely as I forgive you!”

“Your hand, Eustace, my lord, your hand!” uttered the dying man; but his lordship could not avoid a shuddering repugnance that deterred him from compliance. The prisoner was instantly aware of it. “You will *not* forgive me, then? the words are from your lips, and not the honest effusion of your heart:” he folded his arms across his breast. “Well, I merit it; farewell, Eustace! I wished to have spoken to you of my parents—of *her* mother, but—”

The young nobleman extended his hand and grasped that of his traitor captive; the touch seemed almost electric. Lord Eustace sprang from his kneeling position; he looked around and became aware that he was the observed of many eyes, and motioning to the surgeon, he hastily ascended to the deck, whilst the prisoner in accents of wild supplication, implored him to return.

“Doctor,” said the captain, when they had reached the main deck; “you have been witness to a melancholy scene. I loved him once as a brother loves a brother, but the viper nestled in my affections but to sting me!” he ceased for a minute as a silent prayer was breathed for strength to stay the vindictive risings of impetuous passion. “Doctor,” he continued, “will you kindly oblige me by having him removed to my cabin. Is he able to bear it? can it be accomplished?”

“His end is not far distant, my lord,” returned the surgeon, much affected with his commander’s earnestness, after the spectacle he had witnessed; “but I do not think it will be hastened by removal; on the contrary, it is more likely to be rapid by remaining as he is; for, hark! my lord,”—the sound of the unhappy prisoner’s voice was distinctly heard up the hatchway as he raved for pardon,—“his cries will soon destroy him.”

“Be quick, then, my worthy friend,” said his lordship; “bear a hand and have him conveyed aft in a cot. I will go and order the steward to make every necessary preparation;” and the officers parted.

The dying prisoner grew more tranquil and composed when the surgeon informed him of his intended removal to the cabin, where, in a very few minutes afterwards, he was carefully deposited on a capacious couch with a small bag he had brought with him, and which he seemed to clutch with a tenacity as if it were the only thing in life he wished to cling to. “May God reward you, Eustace,” uttered he in a low and scarcely audible voice; “I am

going fast! Say once more that you forgive me; it is like an opiate to my terror-stricken conscience; I know that it will be unavailing to save me from eternal condemnation, but——"

"Maurice, I do forgive you," returned his lordship, as the tears stood trembling in his eyes; "I will think, if I can, of early years alone. But your time is speeding away. Do not then lose one moment in imploring Divine pardon. Pray—fervently pray!"

"Pray!" shrieked the despairing man. "To whom must I pray? To HIM whom I have for years denied? Pray! to the BEING whom I made it my study to deride? Oh! no, no, Eustace. Have you forgotten the words 'I will mock at their calamity, and laugh when their fear cometh!' The period *has* arrived; the scorner is rebuked in his affliction, not pitied; the scoffer is despised in his last moments, and never can be pardoned."

"Do not thus throw your only hope away," said the surgeon, as he smoothed the pillow of the dying man, and gently elevated his head.

"I tell you it is useless!" returned the prisoner, his breathing becoming every instant more and more irregular. "The future is even now opening before me; I see the bar before which I must shortly appear, and there stands the accusing angel ready to bear witness against me. Eustace! my mother! tell me—oh! my lord—tell me of my mother! for years have passed since I last heard of any of my family."

"Your mother, Maurice," replied the kind-hearted nobleman, deeply affected, "is now amongst the spirits of the blessed."

"We shall never meet again!" groaned Delaney, as he sobbed convulsively. "Yet, Eustace—dear Eustace, may she not plead for me—me her unhappy, guilty son?"—his thoughts wandered. "Will she not dissuade Maria from appearing against me before the Judge? I am going, Eustace!—there—there are the terrible agents of divine wrath! I see them waiting for me, and there is no possibility of escape! Chains and a dungeon would be paradise to the place of endless torment; dry bread and water would be sumptuous fare, compared with the burning drought where no drop of moisture will ever cool the parched tongue!" He raised himself a little. "Eustace, dear Eustace, hold me—if only for a few minutes, hold me fast! every moment gained in time, is snatched from an eternity of never-ceasing pain!" His lordship took his extended hand, and the surgeon administered a little weak stimulant that revived him; "I have not an instant to throw away, Eustace," continued he more calmly; "in this bag you will find my brief history, penned by snatches and at intervals; it was the only consolation that my heart knew; do what you will with it. I have suffered—ay! dreadfully suffered, and now—. The priests have told me, '*Ceux qui péchent contre Dieu seul, doivent être punis dans l'autre monde; mais ceux qui péchent contre les hommes, doivent l'être dans celui-ci:*' but I have sinned against both God and man, and as I have been punished in this world, so shall I also be punished in the next. And yet, Eustace, I would fain hear you pray for me—we once mingled our voices together in supplication to the throne of Omnipotence, and though it can never be so again, yet, Eustace, it would calm my last moments to hear you, my much-abused and injured friend, intercede for me."

"Man's intercession is but weak," returned his lordship; "but, Maurice, why will you not look to that which has never failed? The expiring thief found mercy and pardon on the cross."

"You are mocking me," said Delaney, his words becoming less articulate and distinct. "Am I not a renegade to the faith of my fathers, a traitor to the country of my birth, a base assassin, and a murderer? An age of repentance would not suffice to make atonement for the past; and I—there are but a few minutes between me and eternity. Eustace, is my father living?"

"He was, Maurice, when I last heard from England," answered his lordship; "and in good health."

"Never let him know my fearful end, my lord," uttered the dying man; "do not bring down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. And I would ask——"

"She is the same heartless being as ever," responded his lordship, anticipating the question. "But, Maurice, let me entreat you to forget the affairs of this world"

"Will you then pray for me?" implored Delaney. "Speak peace and comfort to my mind—lull me into fancied security, that I may enjoy a few moments' cessation from agony before I enter upon everlasting ages of endless misery."

Lord Eustace requested the steward to bring him the Bible, and he commenced reading one of the penitential Psalms. The prisoner lay perfectly still, and apparently tranquil, as the noble chief proceeded; once, and once only, a spasmodic shivering shook his frame, and when the Psalm was ended, a deep silence prevailed for several minutes; the surgeon was the first to break it; he laid his hand upon the face of the captive; it was still warm, though clammy with the dews of death: he shifted his hand to the seat of life, but there was no throb, no pulsation. The spirit had fled.

"His days are ended, my lord," said the surgeon mournfully; "his earthly sufferings are over."

Lord Eustace shuddered as the thought crossed his mind, that probably the desperate sinner had entered upon a more severe ordeal. He looked upon the corpse of his early playmate and friend, and the lapse of years was forgotten as old associations and old remembrances rose up before him, presenting in the sunshine of boyhood a picture of endearing enjoyment, glowing with those bright tints that colour life but once. Thence the progress to an after period became natural and easy, and the noble captain turned away as a burning flush of indignation, which he could neither suppress nor control, glowed upon his countenance.

"Doctor," said his lordship; "I but little thought, when you requested my attendance upon a dying prisoner, to find in that unhappy man a relative, and one who inflicted upon my heart the bitterest pang it ever knew. Yet so it is; the mysterious events of real life far surpass the imaginary narrations of romantic fiction. He was a cruel enemy: but, peace to his soul! for once I loved him as ardently as youth ever loved a highly-prized companion. The retributive hand of justice has overtaken him!

There is a Providence that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we may!

He spoke of his history in that bag. Shall I peruse it, and tear

open afresh the wounds which time and determination were healing? Would it not be better to consign them with his body to the deep? And yet there are things and occurrences which I long to learn; they may clear up much that is now involved in obscurity; and shall I shrink from the trial? It must be done, but not now—no! not now! I have more important duties to perform." His lordship released the bag from the drawn-up fingers and paralysed hand of the dead and deposited it in a drawer, which he locked. "Doctor, you must know by your own feelings, what my wishes are, and I am fully sensible that I can rely upon your discretion. Steward, let the body remain for the present," and Lord Eustace hastily ascended to the quarter-deck, whilst the surgeon went forward to visit his patients in the cockpit.

The breeze was delightfully refreshing, the sky was beautifully clear, the moon, lessening in its diameter, shed its pale silvery lustre upon the ocean, whilst daybreak, with its first orient tints, was colouring over with fairer lights the intense blue that darkened the eastern horizon. The step of Lord Eustace, as he paced fore-and-aft, was at the outset rapid and impatient; his thoughts were absorbed in one all-engrossing subject; he scarcely noticed the officer of marines, as with a respectful salute he announced "All 's-well." Nugent, also, saw that something had ruffled him, and kept aloof, though he wished to report progress.

But who has ever gazed upon the lovely face of Nature and not experienced a holy calm within his breast? Such was the case with Lord Eustace Dash: the roseate tints of opening day, blending with the pale chasteness of the moon's crystalline light, attracted his attention; he stood with folded arms alone, near the taffrail, and the sweet influences of the scene, the golden castles and palaces, with their burnished pinnacles and shining roofs, tinged with bright vermilion, on the horizon; the tranquillity of the heavens above, the murmuring music of the waters below, imperceptibly stole him from his reverie of sadness, and a soothing sensation of delight and admiration softened the asperity of his feelings till every pulse was peace.

Once more he descended to the cabin, and there in the dubious light might dimly be seen the outline of the corpse, as the white sheet fell in strong tracery over the various parts of the human frame. The noble seaman looked upon it long and ardently; big round drops followed each other down his cheeks, and the unexpressed groan burst from his heart; the victor was sad—the conqueror was overcome.

The prisoner had been taken in the *Ethalion*, and it was with no small surprise that Lord Eustace ascertained from the French captain that, instead of being a humble seaman, his relative was an officer, with the rank of major, in the Republican Army, and much in the confidence of the Chief Consul. Fearing, in his official capacity to be detected as an Englishman, he had, when the frigate found her mistake, hastily assumed the disguise of a foremast-man, and it was only as the colours were hauling down, that he received the fatal wound which shortly afterwards deprived him of existence. Presumed to be no other than he appeared, he had been carried to the fore-cock-pit of the *Spunkaway*, where accident conveyed to his knowledge the approximation of his noble relative. Without a

moment's hesitation he entreated the surgeon to intercede for an interview, and the result has already been shown.

A glorious dawn came streaming through the cabin-windows, and the earliest beams of the rising sun played upon the sheet that covered the cold and lifeless corpse. Lord Eustace opened the drawer which contained the prisoner's bag; he drew it forth, and emptying its contents, found a thick but small book of memorandums, the vellum covers of which were fastened by silver clasps; he took it with eager haste, and seating himself on the sofa abaft, turned over the leaves with considerable rapidity, occasionally stopping to peruse some particular passage which caught his eye, till mustering a firmer resolution, he commenced at the beginning, and the emotion and agitation he evinced as he proceeded plainly indicated the deep impression every word made upon his mind.

"BE QUIET—DO! I'LL CALL MY MOTHER!"

[LEST the author of the following should be accused of plagiarism, he thinks it right to state that in the second volume of the *Parnasse des Dames*, there is a song, the burden of which is, "*Tenez vous coi, j'appellerai ma mère*." It is, however, too gross for translation, and nothing of it has been preserved in the present lines, except the *refrain*.]

I.

As I was sitting in a wood,
Under an oak-tree's leafy cover,
Musing in pleasant solitude,
Who should come by, but John, my lover!
He pressed my hand, and kissed my cheek;
Then warmer growing, kissed the other;
While I exclaimed, and strove to shriek,
"Be quiet—do! I'll call my mother!"

II.

He saw my anger was sincere,
And lovingly began to chide me;
And, wiping from my cheek the tear,
He sat him on the grass beside me.
He feigned such pretty, amorous woe,
Breathed such sweet vows one after other,
I could but smile while whispering low,
"Be quiet—do! I'll call my mother!"

III.

He talked so long, and talked so well,
And swore he meant not to deceive me;
I felt more grief than I can tell,
When with a kiss he rose to leave me.
"Oh, John!" said I, "and must thou go!
I love thee better than all other!
There is no need to hurry so,
I never meant to call my mother!"

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE.

BY TOBY ALLSPY.

"PROMOTION," we learn from irrefragable authority, "cometh neither from the East nor from the West, nor yet from the South:" nor yet (since the time when the great Lord North wielded his pen of office in Downing Street,) from the North. Promotion, like a Will-o'-the-Wisp, whisks about hither and thither,—here to-day, and gone to-morrow,—no one knows why,—no other guesses wherefore. History heaps up her volumes on our shelves, to instruct us why people are born great; but by what magic people have greatness thrust upon them, or achieve greatness, is one of the grand mysteries of life. Bishops have been promoted to lawn sleeves for their dexterity in shuffling the cards at the royal rubber; Welsh Baronets have been translated Irish Peers, to silence their importunity for a key of the royal parks; and English Squires have been belorded and belanded for the judiciously-appropriated hospitalities of their country-seats. We have seen Mirtillo preferred to an under-secretaryship, not that his pen is that of a ready writer, but because Mirtillo hath, 'upon my life, a very pretty wife!' In short, it is impossible to determine by any vulgar form of augury, *which* of our sons may rise to be chief justice, which remain a briefless barrister. Hang over the cradles of your progeny as long as you will, and the wooden spoon or silver ladle which the wise women of Brentford pretend to be born in their mouths, is wholly and absolutely undiscoverable.

Ned Ormond was my schoolfellow, an ugly dog, an ignorant dog, but a *knowing* dog: every possible caninization was bestowed upon Ned, except that of being "a stupid hound!" He was "up to snuff," but always at the bottom of his class. We were dunces of neither Harrow, Eton, nor Westminster; it was our fate to be flogged up the hill of learning along a less distinguished path. Our short-sighted parents thought more of making Greek verses than English connexions; and at fourteen, we quitted our huge red-brick house of correction at Chiswick, knowing nothing—not even a lord.

Unfortunately, I had parents alive—and alive to my deficiencies; for having, in family council, voted me a dunce of the first magnitude, they despatched me to Edinburgh for the completion of my education, under the cross-grained vigilance of an old uncle occupying a professor's chair, who for four ensuing years crammed me with knowledge, and crammed me with nought beside. My kinsman spared everything but instruction; and I accordingly grew up as spare as he was sparing; till I was starved into jockey-weight of flesh, and Johnsonian ponderosity of learning. I quitted Edinburgh at two-and-twenty, as promising a young sprig of a pedant as ever emanated from its humanities.

Ned Ormond, meanwhile, who was an orphan, bullied his guardian into sending him to Cambridge. The expense of such a step was alarming, for his fortune amounted only to six thousand pounds; but Ned represented, and with *connaissance de cause*, that there was no getting on in life without a college education.

Old Russet, the guardian, who already, in his mind's eye, beheld his promising ward playing Paris in an academic gown, making option between the naked charms of "the three black graces, Law, Physic, and Divinity," confessed that there was some sense in the lad's assertion, and it was only when, after being rusticated for his irregularities, Ned Ormond escaped expulsion by prudently withdrawing his name from the university books, that the old gentleman repented his acquiescence.

"You are a ruined man!" cried Russet in a fury.

"I am a made man!" retorted Ned with perfect coolness.

"Your prospects are gone."

"My realities have commenced."

"Henceforward you will do nothing for yourself."

"It is a task I mean to leave to other people."

"You know nothing!"

"I know the world."

"I hoped you would become a steady young man!"

"I always intended to be a rising one."

"You have lost the three best years of your life."

"I have gained three hundred desirable acquaintances."

"You have thrown away your time and money."

"I have picked up time and money's worth."

"That remains to be proved," quoth Russet.

"I wish you may live to see it," was the rejoinder of his hopeful ward; and it was shortly after this colloquy between them that we were launched into our several careers of life; Ned to become a man about town, I, to be a wanderer over the world. Having taken my degree as B.A., I was to commence my *beatific* career as bear-leader to a young nobleman, possessing immense patronage in the church. Appointed to preside over his lordship's travelling-morality, I was compelled to be, if not a field-preacher, at least a road-preacher, against the temptations of the world and the flesh; with a view of installing myself hereafter, preacher to the poor of his lordship's parish, against the temptations of the devil.

We got on admirably together. His noble practice throve under my ignoble preaching. My axioms seemed indeed to possess a sort of negative attraction; for whatever the pedagogue interdicted, the pupil snatched to his bosom. Day after day was I insulted, quizzed, hoaxed, and defied. There would have been no living through it all, but for the living which lay, like a land of Canaan beyond the wilderness, at the end of the prospect. I knew that sufferance was the badge of all my tribe, and submitted without a murmur.

Three long years did I pipe to the dancing of my lordly bear; in France, Italy, Germany, Russia, and Spain; now frozen to death, now stewed alive, now diluted with *soupe-maigre*, now stuffed like a turkey with truffles and moulis; the fiercest extremes of weather and diet were inflicted without remorse upon the poor bear-led bear-leader of a tutor! At length, as the period of my release was approaching, and I felt that in requital for the purgatory I had borne so patiently, his lordship could do no less than conduct me into the Paradise of Granglebe, my noble tormentor was knocked on the head by the morning star of a Dronheim watchman; when my application for preferment to the distant cousin succeeding to the earldom, was answered by a haughty hint that I

ought to have taken better care of my pupil; and that the family wished to hear no further mention of my name.

A deeper humiliation soon fell on my professional career than even that of a toadying tutorship. One day, having been idle enough to attend a meeting of the Geographical Society, I was pitched upon by a gallant Captain Dareall, with whom I had made acquaintance at Malta, to accompany him in an expedition of African discovery. My meek forbearing countenance inspired him with interest. He swore I was the man for his money; promised that I should share his glory—share his gains; baptize the whole kingdom of Dahomey, throw down the idols of half a continent, and write a quarter of his own quarto. The captain was a bold man. He talked with plausibility,—I listened with enthusiasm. Having secured the necessary firmans, and a specific against the plague and the cholera, we embarked with a cargo of blue beads, tin-tacks, caoutchouc-sheets, oilsilk parasols, and a patent freezing-apparatus; and in the course of three years from our landing, confronted stripes, imprisonments, the cheating of consuls, and barbarity of beys, four fevers, two dysenteries, one *coup-de-soleil*, and a variety of cutaneous abominations, too tedious to enumerate; all the plagues of Pharaoh, and, in short, a hundred more! Not, however, to dwell too painfully on my excruciations, suffice it that in the sequel I returned sole survivor of the expedition; having, as I have since been assured, eaten the surgeon of the party baked in a Hottentot anthill, and leaving all that the musquitos had left of the gallant captain, inhumed in the sands of Willah-mallah-assi-boo, two thousand miles beyond Timbuctoo! Nothing remained to me on my arrival in town, but the ragged shirt whereon, with a pin and lampblack, I had inscribed the notes of my African discoveries; which, when transferred to hotpress, the world derided as lies and impositions. The frontispiece to my work, representing the favourite idol of the King of Dahomey, the Quarterly Review held up to shame, as a satire upon the Right Honourable the Lady Helena O'Donoghue.

Meanwhile, as I scudded along the by-ways of the metropolis, bearing my inky dishonours thick upon me, I was one day splashed by a fashionable cab, and hailed by its owner.

"Hallo! Delphic, my fine fellow!" cried a most dandified edition of my old chum, Ned Ormond; "where have you been making it out for the last hundred years?—Can't talk to you in this cursed place,—get in. We've a couple of miles between this and Belgrave Square."

I obeyed; and with the perspicuous brevity attained by having had to condense my tale of woe into one or more memorials to government, I related my strange eventful history.

"Sad business indeed!" replied Ned, as we dashed along. "Cleaned out, turned out, kicked about the world, like fortune's football. But never mind! the tables are turning! I'll see what I can do for you. I'll speak to the Board of Control. I'll mention you to the Colonial Office. They're always wanting a Bishop for India, or a Governor for Sierra-Leone."

"Thankye, thankye!" cried I, "I have had enough of elephantine climates. I should prefer the merest trifle at home; the romance of life is over. Mrs. Centlivre the dramatist, you know, who eloped

with a poet at sixteen, espoused at six-and-thirty the head cook of Queen Anne! Couldn't you recommend *me*, my dear Ormond, as chaplain to the Lord Mayor?"

"To be sure I could; *my* interest is universal. You have no notion how I have got on in the world, since we parted."

"You have had an increase of fortune?"

"Not a stiver!"

"But how do you manage to keep up such appearances on an income of three hundred a year?"

"By living at the rate of three thousand."

"And running in debt?"

"Pho, pho, pho!"

"You *must* have taken up money?"

"Laid it down, you mean."

"You have positively borrowed nothing?"

"Not I! I know better! *My* plan to get on in the world is by *lending*. I began, you know, with six thousand pounds. Four thousand are at this moment lodged in my banker's hands, one thousand of which will be transferred to-morrow morning, to the account of my friend, the Duke of Outatelbows, at Coutts's, as I am now on my road to inform him."

"And the remaining two thousand are lost to you for ever?"

"By no means! I have good security for every guinea; bills or I. O. U. from some of the first fellows in town. My popularity is immense. Every man of a certain standing knows me to have at my command a floating sum in ready money. It has been my fortune to save the credit of many a fine fellow, hard up after a heavy settling-day. It was I who helped young Sir Winham Scamp to carry off his heiress; it was I who lent old Harbottle the twenty-pound note with which he won his *quaterne* in the French lottery; I assisted Sir John to buy the winner of the St. Leger; I enabled Lord William to present that omnipotent pair of diamond ear-rings to Zephyrine; in short, I am the universal friend in need. What follows? That I have dinner invitations for every day in the season, and half a dozen balls per night! I am on the list of four patronesses for Almack's; and it rains opera-tickets on my head. More haunches of venison cross my threshold than that of Birch; and I might stock the Clarendon and Albion with game. My library-table groans with Annuals and presentation copies; my dinner-table with cards, far more to the purpose. So much for London! but when the country-season sets in, show me the county in England in which I may not quarter myself for six weeks, in acceptance of pressing invitations! Dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, lords, and commons, are my obligatees; and burning to throw off the obligation, load me with hospitalities. A single thousand pounds of mine once changed hands so many times in the course of a year, that I conceive it has ever since returned me, in value, an income of two hundred a year. No, no! my dear Delphic! talk no more of *borrowing* as a source of prosperity. Trust me, that one of the best trades going in the fashionable world, is that of a judicious *lender*. Such is the charm which has made my ugly face beautiful in the eyes of society, my pertness pass for wit, my vulgarity, for the frankness of a good fellow. Don't offend Ned Ormond," they say, "he's such a devilish useful acquaintance."

"Ormond is always ready at a pinch;" "Ormond's a friend in need."

I sighed a deep sigh in response; for we had just attained the lordly purlieus of Belgrave Square. In passing Tattersall's, I had seen the hands of half the sporting peerage kissed to Ned; and, in taking off the Stanhope angle of the park, perceived the hats of all the double-lacqued ladyship chariots, doffed to his cab. Thanks to his notes, he had become a man of note; thanks to his guineas, he had won golden opinions from all sorts of men and women. A gold-beater could not have hammered out his substance to cover a greater extent of popularity; a wire-drawer could not have drawn out finer, his means and appliances. Instead of being worshipped as was once the Golden Ball, he was worshipped as *three* golden balls. Nevertheless, I was ashamed of him. I fancied that "Money Lent" was inscribed on the front of his cab; and murmuring between my teeth

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be,"

I took leave of my thriving friend; and mounted cheerfully to my attic, to earn the price of a dinner by dedicating to the public this brief sketch of the money-lender and his friend.

THE VILLAGE BRIDE'S FAREWELL!

My village home! my village friends! farewell!—
 For proud domains I quit your lowly bow'rs;
 But, oh! I feel that memory will dwell
 Upon the scenes where pass'd my childhood's hours!
 The flowery wreath that here so oft I've worn
 As Queen of May, is chang'd for costly pearl:—
 I leave my walks to be in carriage borne,
 But still I am the simple cottage girl!

I know not how I came to be allied
 To one of wealth and proudest dignity;—
He might have found a richer, fairer bride,—
 But where could *I* find such a love as *He*?
He sav'd my life, when no one else would dare
 To snatch me from the rude waves' stormy whirl—
 And is it strange that *I* his heart should share,
 Though *I* was but a simple cottage girl?

My mother dear! my father's soul above!
 My little sisters, yet too young to know
 The easy change from gratitude to love,
 Come kiss me all, and bless me 'ere I go!
 Oh! think not 'tis for grandeur that I leave,
 To be the lady of a lordly earl;—
 'Tis for the riches his dear heart can give—
 For still I am the simple cottage girl.

W.

CRITIQUES ON CRITICS;

OR, A WORD TO THE WOULD-BE SUCH.

Κριτικῆς: Judex.

IN turning over the leaves of any old lexicon, we cannot but be struck by the anomalies that exist between our modern, degenerate, and loose application of many words said to have been adopted from the Ancients, and the purely simple and descriptive meanings they carried in the time of those worthies. For instance:—no profession or calling was more honoured formerly than that of schoolmaster; and deservedly so: for he to whom was intrusted not only the intellectual but the moral instruction of youth, must of necessity have been a person entitled to esteem and respect.

“Hence ’twas a *master* in those ancient days,
When men sought *knowledge* first, and by it *praise*,
Was a thing full of reverence, profit, fame;
Father itself was but a second *name*!”

So said COWLEY. Now-a-days we alliterate “poor pedagogue” with pity or contempt.

TYRANT, too, is another term that has fallen from its “high estate;” for, instead of being applied to Father Jupiter himself, as of old, it serves at present only to designate a despot or a villain in either public or private life. I could mention many more; but, above all, (to come to my point at once,) there is no word so much abused by its modern application as that of CRITIC; which, as the motto to this paper showeth, is, or ought to be, synonymous with JUDGE! Eheu! how many critics do we now see, and how very few judges! Every publication, from a *morning* to a *quarterly*, teems with the mighty fiat of WE in praise or censure of something or other which they, in nine cases out of ten, do not understand. Poetry, painting, music, and the pretensions of their professors, are treated with the grossest familiarity by critics who know not the difference between prose and metre, daubing and colouring, noise and harmony;—or, if by chance they should be so far discriminating, they are not aware how a great artist may occasionally substitute a little of one for the other, and produce the happiest effects by his whim! But, the worst of it is, that the mighty WE, after all, generally consists in nothing more than some diminutive I—by whom were the aforesaid *fiat* issued, not one for every hundred that now fear and respect would be found to regard at all. Were a man in a public room (where most of these ephemeral criticisms are written) to read aloud the dictatorial opinions of his pen, it is a million to $\frac{2}{3}$ that they would be rejected as impertinent and egotistical assumptions. But the moment they appear in print they are treated with blind idolatry.

Tom Snooks is ready to quarrel over a glass of grog with his friend, Jim Dobbs, about some vital affair of the nation.

“You’re wrong, my dear fellow!” says Snooks. “I read it, as I state it to you, at full length in the Morning Paper.”

“In the Morning Paper?” quoth Dobbs chuckling; “in the

Morning Paper, forsooth! Why, I wrote the article myself; all in the way of *business*, you know; but, what's that to do with the plain truth?" Snooks shakes his head, doubts his friend, and still sticks to the *print*!

A few imitations of the modern critical style may not be amiss here.

“COVENT-GARDEN.

“ON Monday night a *new* opera, as the bills announced, was produced at this theatre; author and composer (!!) unknown to the public and to fame also, as WE shall presently show. The plots of operas now-a-days are such abortions that we will not fatigue our readers with a detail of the present attempt: suffice it to say, that it contains no incident or development of character worthy of notice. There is, to be sure, the usual display of expensive costume, scenery, &c.; but a most ‘plentiful lack’ of drama, in the true sense of that almost forgotten word. One of the songs, however, pleased us. We insert it for its touching simplicity.

“Mute and soundless is her harp,
Cold and frozen every finger
That had such pow'r o'er flat and sharp,
And did accord so well with singer!

“Motionless is that sweet voice,
Silent are her auburn tresses;
Nothing can my heart rejoice,
Or wake it till it sleeps with Bessy's!”

“As to the music, the first *coup d'archet* by the *military* band behind the curtain convinced us that the overture was not original: one of Mozart's symphonies (WE think, to Prometheus) terminating with the same chord, if we except a sharp 4 which is introduced by the aspirant as a cover for his plagiary. The great drum and triangle were as usual *out of tune*, time, and, we may add, place; and, moreover, as we seated ourselves *close* to the orchestra that we might hear every thing to the *best* advantage, what was our astonishment to find the clarionetts playing in a key *one whole tone above the rest of the band*! This fact we can safely assert, inasmuch as the overture was in E flat, and *they were in F, one flat*! WE advise Mr. C. to look to this, and ‘reform it altogether.’ The opera contains some pretty bits here and there; but WE must decidedly set our faces against that prevalent vice of foisting in old favourites of other pieces as novelties in new ones. WE have heard at least two *morceaux* of this opera upwards of twenty times in Cinderella. This is an insult upon public confidence, and should meet with unqualified censure.

“Since writing the above, we have learned that the opera is a version of Rossini's celebrated Armida, from the able pen of Mr. Benjamin Borrow-brains, who surpasses all his contemporaries in the tact and judgment with which he adapts the productions of foreign authors to the English stage. The *piece*, no doubt, will *improve* on further acquaintance.”

So much for the critical acumen (generally speaking) of those who attempt to review musical productions. Now for a sample—a taste of their quality whose business it is to give a brief notice of the

last new tragedy; and let the reader be good enough to suppose that to be one of Shakspeare's,—say OTHELLO!

“DRURY-LANE.

“Last night a new tragedy, (bless the mark!) in five acts, was produced at this theatre, entitled *Othello; or the Moor of Venice!* The plot may be briefly told. An old black general (*Othello*) in the Venetian service contrives to win the affections of a romantic young lady (*Desdemona*), who is so bent upon having a husband that she is not nice to a shade, and secretly marries him. This gives a splendid opportunity to *Iago* (a ruffian officer under the general) to revenge a jealousy which he has conceived against the venerable and black Adonis, on account of some indelicate attempts of the latter against the fair progeny of his wife (*Emilia*). He contrives, by the means of a handkerchief (!) — a magic one, by-the-by — to make *Othello* jealous, in his turn, of one *Cassio*, a silly-brained fellow, who is made specially drunk for the occasion. *Othello* at first doubts his wife's guilt; but soon falls into the artful snare of his false friend: frets awhile in great anguish of spirit, but ultimately makes up his mind to take the law into his own hands. He accordingly accuses *Desdemona* of infidelity; turns a deaf ear to all her protestations of innocence: tells her to say her last prayers, and then most dexterously smothers her with a pillow! This murder is scarcely over when he finds reason to become *felo-de-se*, on learning that his wife was perfectly chaste and true; whereupon he suddenly feels the propriety of letting out his own soul at dagger's point,—no doubt to overtake her's with an ample apology for his cruelty and rashness. The other characters have tragical justice done to them, and thus ends the piece. The language throughout is intolerably common-place and indelicate. WE recommend the author to make his exit from dramatic composition, and 'sin no more.' In candour we must say that the house was crowded to excess (no doubt by the friends of the manager and scribe), and the piece announced for repetition every night till further notice amidst the cheers of boxes, pit, and galleries.”

Oh, Shakspeare! immortal Shakspeare! thus might thy noblest work be turned into ridicule by the flippant and self-assured pen of a modern every-day critic!

In painting, too, their smattering is very amusing. A florid vocabulary, in the first place, is deemed essential. Nothing produces a finer effect in their mind than the frequent use of compound epithets: overnice people, like Goldsmith, may call them bombastic; but, nevertheless, they are not only thought elegant, but highly necessary. What can be more touching or descriptive than the following?

“WE are glad to perceive that Mr. A. has profited by our suggestions of last year. He has *toned* down his *distances* into such sweet silvery-softness that the eye is lost in their liquid transparency; no longer have we to complain of his rugged demarcations: his middle tints, however, should be more warmly glowing, and his foreground depths more intense and brownly umbrageous.

“The 'Cat and Snuffers,' by Mr. B., is evidently a copy after Gerard Dow, but, nevertheless, evinces considerable genius and originality. The silent, stealing inquisitiveness of Grimalkin beauti-

fully contrasts with the *repose* of the silver-gilt snuffers; while the smoke of the half-extinguished wick issuing from its semi-closed jaws, gives a *Claude-like* mistiness to the picture, which is quite refreshing.

"Mr. C. continues rapidly to improve. There is a greater *breadth* and freedom of design, with a more correct *handling* both in colouring and drawing, in his 'Dish of opened oysters,' than we have observed hitherto. Let him not, at the same time, trust to the diversity of pigments upon his palette, but to the judicious glazing of his picture. Sir Joshua Reynolds used to paint *in* with simple black and white, and afterwards *glaze*; with what we know not, but we recommend Indian yellow.

"We have not as yet visited the sculpture-room; but are informed that it contains several beautiful *Torsi* by living artists, after the manner of the ancients."

But to be serious. *Segrais* (as quoted by Dryden) has distinguished the readers of poetry (every one of whom *will* criticise after his own fashion,) into three classes. In the lowest form he places those whom he calls *les petits esprits*; such things as are our upper-gallery audience in a playhouse, who like nothing but the husk and rind of wit; prefer a quibble, a conceit, an epigram, before solid sense and elegant expression. These are mob readers, and through their ignorant *criticisms* create a shoal of authors of the same level.

There is a middle sort of readers and critics; such as have a farther insight than the former, yet have not the capacity of judging rightly. "I speak not," continues he, "of those who are bribed by a party, and know better, if they were not corrupted; but I mean a company of warm young men who are not yet arrived so far as to discern the difference betwixt fustian, or ostentatious sentences, and the true sublime. I need not say that *their* authors (the mushroom, but sickly tribe, dependent upon their critical patronage) are of the same taste with their admirers. They affect greatness in all they write; but it is a bladdered greatness, like that of the vain man whom Seneca describes: an ill habit of body, full of humours, and swelled with dropsy."

Thus far with regard to two sorts of judges; who, in my opinion, are answerable for nine-tenths of the foolish performances we every day see exhibited, not only in poetry, but also in the sister arts. They are the mock *Mæcenases* of our time, who are followed by so many phantom *Virgils*!

Let us now turn to the third class—the really judicious: critics of the highest rank and truest understanding. These, alas! are few in number; but still, there *are some*, and, "Whoever" (says our great translator,) "is so happy as to gain *their* approbation can never lose it, because they never give it blindly."

But here, it may be asked, what constitutes a true critic? What are his diagnostics? How is he to be known? In answer to this, I shall briefly set down what I conceive to be requisites of a good critic; fearless of offending the self-love of those who fondly think they daily labour in the vocation.

In the first place, a *good critic* has in all ages been looked upon as a great rarity. This is not to be wondered at if we reflect a moment upon the many and various qualities necessary to form his character.

He must have a mind framed for the ready apprehension of all that is beautiful, just, and regular in art and nature; but, at the same time, ever willing to relax its severity of judgment in favour of original caprice, or intentional eccentricity, wherein no violation of propriety is committed, and the common ends of intellectual greatness attained by circuitous but pleasant deviations. He should be wedded to no standard of excellence already established by others, but rather incline to doubt of any such having been as yet discovered; and, consequently, be accustomed to weigh the pretensions of every new comer in the arena of invention, with the strictest impartiality and circumspection. This latter quality depends in a great measure upon the state of his moral feelings, which should be as pure and generous as his natural endowments are strong and cultivated. He should be the friend of no party except the man of merit struggling in an unequal strife with adversity or oppression; to whom he should hold out the virtues of patience and perseverance as the tutelary guardians of his pilgrimage, and endeavour to excite him by the kindest assurances to believe that, sooner or later, they never fail to conduct true desert to the object of its legitimate ambition! Lastly, he should possess a large stock of general learning to enable him to reason closely and collaterally on most things, and on the subject or matter he undertakes to CRITICISE he must, above all, be *profoundly skilled!* Pope's advice,

"Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring,"

is scarcely so applicable to poets as to critics. But these, indeed, when genuine, are so nearly allied that it would not be worth while to make distinct rules for them. Johnson has beautifully described their relationship when he assigns to criticism the office of handmaid to the Muses, and makes it one of her duties to beat time to their chorus, and restrain their wild dance by the measure of her watchful rhythm! How has she lost her place?

ON DR. COTTON'S RESIGNATION OF THE OFFICE OF ORDINARY OF NEWGATE.

COTTON withdraws, and reckless sons of slang
Say, as law now so rarely life can touch,
The cause must be, since thieves no longer hang,
He could not lately get a *drop too much*.

All *worsted* rogues a friend in *Cotton* lose,
And none the sad impression can resist,
That they will find who brave the fatal noose
No pleasant substitute for *Cotton twist*.

Thou reverend sage! with fond regret, perhaps,
Newgate remembered, in thy bower or grot
Will oft recal the chains, bolts, platforms, caps,
And all the *tyes* that bound thee to that spot!

ADVENTURES IN PARIS.—No. III.

BY TOBY ALLSPY.

THE MANSARDE.

"Why should our themes be all aristocratic?
Rise, honest muse, and sing of the back attic."

POPE, (*Variorum edit.*)

NOTHING can be more distinctive of the difference of morals and manners between England and the Continent, than the discrepancy between your English garret and your foreign *mansarde*. Alike elevated in their views, alike "commercing with the skies,"—the English garret is sacred to the priestesses of domestic drudgery, housemaids, cookmaids, lady's maids, empty trunks, broken band-boxes, foul linen, decayed furniture, young master's old rocking-horse turned out to grass, a smoke-dried patent churn, a bird-organ wanting a handle, and other lumber; which, having served the caprice of the hour, would be thrown or given away but for that avaricious tenacity of human egotism which decrees that "oysters would be deuced good eating, if the shells could be hashed for the servants' hall."

Still, amid all the higgledy-piggledy of a London garret floor, there predominates a homely character of order and decency. It riseth with the lark; it roosteth with other household birds; its curfew is rung (as regardeth its long-sixes, for fire-places it hath none,) somewhere about ten of the clock; and it closeth its task of scrubbing, lying, picking and stealing for the day, with the brief devotion of a paternoster.

Far different the *mansarde*! Though so much nearer heaven that it occupies the seventh or eighth, rather than the fifth floor of the house, its morality is of a more dubious description. Unencumbered by lumber, living or dead, (for every story is bound to give shelter to its own menials and empty trunks,) it is swept and garnished almost as decently as the rest of the mansion. But, being let in single chambers to single men and women, the respectability attendant upon double-bodied individuality is unhappily wanting. I do remember me of having located in one of the first hostels in Vienna, whereof the ground-floor was occupied by coffee-rooms, and a ball-room for the masquerades of the carnival; the second was the habitation of no less a personage than Don Miguel; the third (odds ducats and dollars!) the counting-house and domicile of Baron Rothschild; the fourth, a heterogeneous domicile of tailors, mantua-makers, Jew-brokers, and picture-dealers; while the fifth was a notorious den of thieves! This villanous propinquity between "honourable men," such as your Rothschilds and Don Miguels, and a gang of robbers and brokers, could never have existed in scientific England, which distinguishes its human classes as accurately as Linnæus his vegetable tribes.

Now the attic story, or *mansarde*, of the mansion of the Boulevards Montmartre, if occupied by scamps of a less notorious infamy than those of the R— K—, had (as might be inferred from the

frequent orations of Madame Grégoire, the portress, in honour of the "particularity" of the landlord,) little to boast in the way of exclusiveness. Divided into two sections, as is usual in such altitudes, by a long narrow passage, redeemed from utter darkness by small single panes of glass inserted at rare intervals into the roof, each having a dark green bull's eye in the centre, the better to exclude the light; the flooring consisted of hexagonal tiles, originally reddened and polished, but now jaundiced to a yellow tinge, and loose in their sockets, as the patent mineral masticators of Mademoiselle Berthe. Along this corridor was ranged a succession of dirty and crazy-looking doors, bearing numerals from No. 47 to No. 62, and, consequently, giving access to fifteen lodgers of either sex. By the side of one or two were suspended hare's-foot bell-pulls, beside others handleless and scarcely handleable woollen cords; some boasted only a packthread, others a bare wire, others nothing. For even the *mansarde* pretends to degrees and distinctions among its "thrones, potentates, dominions, principedoms, powers;" and the front attic, looking, or rather peeping, down upon the Boulevards, inhabited by Mademoiselle Toinette, *ouvrière modiste, établie pour son compte et dans ses meubles*, regarded with becoming disdain No. 61, a dark closet, borrowed out of the sloping of the roof, and appropriated to the truckle-bed of poor Guguste, the foot-boy. Between this major and minimus of the *étage* were three rooms, "small by degrees, and beautifully less;" the first a condemned blue chamber adjoining the milliner's, understood in the house to be paid for by Monsieur Bonceur, the deputy, as a lumber-room for the unsightlinesses of his establishment, but which no human being was ever seen to approach during the day, though footsteps were occasionally heard there during the night; the second, a room of especial order and trimness, inhabited by Madame Dosne, "a retired public functionary, living on her means," that is, ex-box-opener of the Ambigu Comique, having a pension from the theatre of one hundred and fifty francs, or six pounds per annum; and thirdly, the less trimly, but far more ornate, *piéd-à-terre* of Mademoiselle Isoline, the deputy-double of the general utility *jeune première* of the minor theatre called the Funambules. The rest of the rooms were occupied by clerks belonging to shops or counting-houses in the commercial quarter of the Bourse; a young law-student, who despising the tone and atmosphere of the Pays Latin, chose to trudge three miles per morning to the endurance of his professional duties; a decayed old gentleman, whose family having risen in the world, had pensioned him off, and compelled *him* to rise also to a den in an attic story; and a young *merveilleux* of the Boulevards, whose daily means enabled him to indulge in a cup of *bouillon Hollandais* for breakfast, an ice and wafer at Tortoni's for dinner, tenpennyworth of fashion and fine-arts at Musard's concerts, a coat and waistcoat from Blin, and an astounding pair of whiskers. Such was the population of the place; and the elements of this chaos, forty feet square, duly considered, the decency and decorum of its legislation, were truly wonderful. No noise, no riot, no confusion, no smashing of windows, or calling of names, as when in England such jarring atoms of humanity meet and ferment together. The familiarities of the upper region proceeded no farther than salutations of "*Bon jour, mon voisin!*" "*Bon jour, ma*

charmante voisine!" "*Ca va bien?*" "*Quel chien de temps!*" "*A revoir!*"

Between No. 49, the residence of the *ex-ouvreuse*, and No. 61, the habitation of the actress, a sort of professional acquaintanceship, however, was kept up, in *jargon de coulisses* almost incomprehensible to people belonging to the world of actualities. One evening, shortly after the commencement of acquaintance between the first and third floors, Madame Dosne was seated beside the slenderly-supplied hearth of Mademoiselle Isoline, having considerably brought with her the classical old *chauffrette* of iron in its walnut-wood case, which, in her palmy days of box-opening was nightly installed under her carpet shoes during the intervals of her busy vocation. On the table between them stood two of those diminutive glasses purporting to contain potables, which being more pernicious than wine, are allowed to poison mankind in minuter proportions; at the bottom of which was a highly-aromatic sediment, the lees of cognac, curaçoa, absinthe, opium, or some other patent medicine administering to ailments of the human mind or body. Beside Madame Dosne lay her horn spectacles, and a crumpled copy of the *Entr'acte*, or universal gazette of playbills for the preceding night; beside Mademoiselle Isoline the copy of her part in the melodrama of "*Inez de Castro*," of which a general rehearsal was to take place at the *Funambules* the following evening. But, as is ever the case where females sit down to study in couples, the labours of the brain were grievously interrupted by those of the tongue.

"Of course, my dear child," observed the pucker-faced lady to one who might have been called young, had her five-and-twenty years have passed in any less corrupt atmosphere or calling than the helotism of a sixth-rate theatre,—"*of course, mon enfant*, nothing can be more praiseworthy than your determination to abstain from equivocal society, and your resolve to be seen no more at the balls of *La Chaumière*, or other Sunday resorts, pleasant but wrong. Only I must permit myself to observe that if these sage projects happen to originate in the hope of fixing the affections of Monsieur Eric, *ce gros tragédien qui ne deviendra jamais grand*, who (*par paranthèse*) was famously hissed the other night at the Belleville theatre, in the part of Sylla, I fairly warn you that your pains are pleasures, as well as labour, lost."

"Monsieur Eric! Monsieur Eric! Will your brains never run on any other topic than Monsieur Eric?" cried Mademoiselle Isoline, pushing from her the dog's-eared theatrical manuscript, indited upon paper the colour and consistency of the *cornets*, which conveyed from the tobacconist to the hand of her venerable neighbour her weekly fivepennyworth of Macouba. "Ever since the day that *le gros tragédien* bribed you with a pound of *chocolat aux pistaches* to convey to me one of his stupid *billets-doux*, (for the wretch writes in prose, without a word to say for himself worth consideration,) you have chosen to surmise that my feelings are influenced by a snuffing, phthisicky *hobbledegu*, for whom it would be charitable in the administration to provide a set of caoutchouc lungs, whenever he has to get through a five-octave, five-act, heroic part of Victor Hugo's or Alexandre Dumas's."

"I had rather surmise as much, *mon enfant*, than fancy you were

throwing away your affections on a tailor's layman, such as Monsieur le Chevalier Hector de Gobemouche, the lodger at 48, who hangs his cambric handkerchiefs and dickies to dry out of the window adjoining mine,—an indecorum which nearly cost me a brace of favourite canaries by a catarrh last season at breeding-time."

"Monsieur le Chevalier will never attract any other attention than his own in the looking-glass!" interrupted Mademoiselle Isoline in a tone of contempt.

"*Pardi!* it can be no other, then, than Monsieur Eugene, the medical student, who sent you the fine *bouquet* of camellias and mimosa the night of your benefit?" cried Madame Dosne, allowing no opportunity to the young deputy-double to defend herself. "Ah, my child! what a falling-off from the rich *marchand de comestibles* of the Palais Royal, on whom you had bestowed your affections when I had first the pleasure of seeing you perform one of the *Zephyrs* in the *Fête de Flore* in a sky-blue petticoat edged with silver, in which, dangling from a cord, with blue-lights charmingly thrown on you from below, you looked like something truly angelic! You were then scarcely sixteen, *mon Isoline*, a pretty, docile, little creature."

"A miserable dupe and idiot!" cried the actress, shrugging her shoulders while a slight blush rose to her face at the recollection.

"During the nine ensuing years, my child," pursued the cunning Madame Dosne, looking wistfully at the empty liqueur-glass by way of hint for replenishment, "you have had opportunities of putting by a comfortable provision for winter times! Humph! The young *milord*, who broke his neck in a hurdle-race in the Bois de Boulogne, was not sparing of his guineas."

"Poor soul! he was the best of good creatures!" said Isoline gravely. "I burn a taper for his soul every *Toussaint* in the church of Notre Dame de Lorette."

"The favourite temple of the arts!" ejaculated Madame Dosne. "It is there, that the talented Elssler has her *prie-dieu!* But, as I was saying, *ma belle*, you have had many good opportunities of writing your name in the ledger of the *caisse d'épargnes*. Humph!"

"Would to heaven I had profited by them!" cried the young actress, with a look of despair which rendered the defeatures of her haggard countenance only more painfully apparent. "For, *entre nous*, Ma'me Dosne, I have not a five franc piece before me; and, so far from rising in public estimation to warrant hopes of an increase of salary, I was all but hissed last week in my favourite part of *Pacquita*; and henceforward *au physique tant qu'au moral*, I am no longer worth a sol."

"You must have been a sad and wasteful prodigal, then, in your time!" replied Madame Dosne, taking a pinch of snuff with a highly-reprehensive air, and contracting her already narrow brows.

"I don't say no," replied Isoline. "It has ever been my maxim to take with one hand, and give with the other."

"*Squander* with the other, you mean!" persisted the old woman maliciously.

"Not altogether. I can scarce call the money *squandered* which for five years went to pay a hundred francs a month for my old father's board in the Hospice de St. Medard down at my *pays* yonder in Burgundy. I can scarce call the money *squandered* which saved

my poor cousin and playmate, Jacques, (we were promised in our childhood before I was mad enough to run away from my apprenticeship to the *lingère* at Dijon with a cart of strollers,) when he had the luck of a black number for the conscription. Neither do I call money squandered which went to take my poor aunt's furniture and the *couverts* out of pledge when—"

"Why, what have you to *show* for it all?" demanded the phlegmatic Madame Dosne. "Tell me that?"

"I have something to *feel*; something that keeps me from freezing these long winter nights, when I have only a couple of *couvertures*, and the embers of the morning's log, to keep out the frost," replied Isoline cheerfully.

"But, what business have you to have fallen so low in the world as to two blankets and a log? I repeat that you have had fine opportunities; and we owe an account to Providence, my dear child, of the talents committed to our charge!" said the *ex-ouvreuse* sanctimoniously. "For example, what can exceed the wastefulness of pinning that splendid cachemire shawl up to the window by way of curtain? I warrant me it did not cost less than three thousand francs?"

"I hung it up only when you talked of spending the evening with me," replied Isoline good-humouredly; "for one of the panes has a hole in it as big as a six livre piece, where that saucy jackanapes opposite, Monsieur Ernest, thought proper to throw in an orange, trying to hit me as I stood curling my hair at my looking-glass. It was out of regard for your rheumatism, Ma'me Dosne, that I pinned up my poor shawl."

"A couple of yards of serge would have served the purpose as well."

"I don't happen to *have* a couple of yards of serge," replied Isoline, carelessly.

"If you choose to disencumber yourself of the shawl, (I know a rich banker's lady in the Rue de Provence who is always looking out for *cachemires d'occasion*, which she passes off as new to her fashionable friends,) you might furnish yourself with creditable mohair curtains, and the odd blanket you seem in want of; besides putting three or four hundred francs into your purse as a nest-egg."

"I don't choose to part with the shawl," said Isoline coldly: "'twas given me by my poor *milord*."

"And will your poor *milord* be the wiser, pray, in his fine tomb up at Père Lachaise, for your having made yourself comfortable this cold winter?"

"'Tis the only gift I have left of his," said Isoline. "The diamond ear-rings went to procure poor Jacques's substitute at the time of the conscription. I won't throw away the last token of a deceased friend."

"You are not going to play sentiment, I trust, *ma belle*?" said the old *ouvreuse* with a hideous sneer. "Keep that, *ma pauvre Isoline*, for the *Funambules*!"

"I shall, —I do! and my shawl for a comfort to my old shoulders ten years hence."

"If that be your nearest need for it, child," persevered the rapacious old woman, (who hoped to come in for a luck-penny on the bargain,) "why not leave it *en attendant* with the *administration*? I know a licensed commissioner of the Mont de Piété who would ad-

vance you a hundred crowns on the shawl, and keep it till better times."

"As if I would insult Milord Greenhorn's memory by sending his gift to so dishonouring a place, or demean myself by wearing it afterwards!" cried Isoline, almost angry. "*Assez là-dessus!* I mean to keep both my temper and my shawl; so let's talk of something else!"

"I see how it is! You will come to die in an hospital!" exclaimed Madame Dosne, shrugging her shoulders. "However, my dear child, I shall always feel comforted by the reflection that you were not lost for want of good advice. And now, good night! for you have your part to study, and my eyes are drawing straws already."

"Won't you hear me repeat it before you go, Ma'me Dosne?" cried Mademoiselle Isoline, snatching up the dog's-eared manuscript, and appealing earnestly to the old hag, whose *bad* advice she well knew had been the origin of all her indiscretions, and half her misery.

"Not to-night, *ma belle*, not to-night!" replied the *ouvreuse*, who had a plan for dropping down a story, in the hope of a glass of something warm with her kinswoman, Mademoiselle Berthe. "'Tis nine o'clock, child; and my neighbour, old Monsieur Dufosse, would be raising a scandal in the house if he heard me out of my chamber at such an unseemly hour!"

And having obtained leave to fill her *chauffrette* with the few remaining embers of her poor hostess, away hobbled the public functionary living on her means, leaving Isoline to her studies and her meditations.

The hearth soon waxed cold; and a December wind, whistling over the roofs of the houses, blew through the aperture in the window, sharp and straight as a discharge from one of Perkins's steam-guns. The young actress at length dragged down the much-discussed cachemire, and flung it over her head and shoulders, as the best mode of self-preservation from the intemperance of the season. She cast a wistful glance around the *mansarde*: on the dirty and distempered walls of which, flickered the uncertain light of a *bougie de l'étoile* stuck in an empty bottle. Perched on a gilt ball of the cracked glass of her toilet, was the silver *toque* and feathers sent by her dresser for approbation, from the theatre, preparatory to the rehearsal of the following night; and on the dirty marble slab below, lay scattered a glittering chain and buckle of crysocol or mosaic gold, a pair of paste ear-rings entangled in a bunch of false ringlets, a rouge-pot in a pasteboard-box wanting a cover, a stick of pomatum, a pair of flesh-coloured gauze stockings, four two-sous pieces, and a *bonbonnière* filled with stale *pâte de guimauve*. On the wall hung, on one side the room, a highly-coloured print of Taglioni in the Sylphide, the Scottish farmer kneeling at her aerial feet, having a bird of Paradise feather stuck knowingly in his bonnet; on the other, a row of pegs, whence depended sundry dirty *peignoirs*, a mock boa, and a splendid satin dress, of the newest fashion. There was nothing encouraging in the survey! Still less, when, on crossing the room to ascertain whether there was so much as a crust left of her breakfast in the *buffet*, to serve for a frugal supper, Isoline discovered nothing within that unsavoury cupboard, but a few chipped plates of *terre de pipe*, a dirty mustard-pot, and a half-empty salt-salver.

On returning to her seat from this fruitless voyage of discovery, the disappointed actress caught a glimpse of her own rueful countenance in the cracked toilet-glass, and laughed outright at its dolorous expression. But after a second glance at the careworn face, to which a complexion, seared by the high habitual painting of the stage, black-dyed eyebrows, hollow cheeks, and, above all, a pair of deep-set eyes, to which habits of dissipation had imparted that indescribable expression which touches the brink of all we hate, Isoline felt almost horror-stricken. The poor, cold, hungry creature read there the announcement that, miserable as were her fortunes, there was a lower grade to which she was inevitably falling. Her youth was deserting her! And to what had that youth been devoted?

Something almost amounting to a tear arose in her eyes. But it was not in Isoline's nature to be sad. Throwing herself back in her straw chair, she cast aside her cares for a time, by resolutely taking up the part in which she was to be perfect by the morrow, and after the lapse of a few minutes, was humming the air of a gay *vaudeville*. For more than an hour afterwards did she stultify her understanding by pondering over the incoherent phrases of a farago of what is called fine writing; till at length, benumbed by cold and weariness, she was on the point of falling asleep.

"If I were to try another *petit verre*?" mused Isoline, starting up and glancing towards the bottle that stood on the *buffet*; "I think there must be one glass left. But no! 'tis a detestable habit in a woman! and a thing he hates and despises!" And rubbing her chilly hands together, to restore circulation, she betook herself once more, courageously to her studies. At length, the candle seemed to dance before her heavy eyes, the book fell from her hands, and the poor shivering actress dropped asleep.

It was impossible to guess what space of time had elapsed when Mademoiselle Isoline, roused by a noise in the corridor, started up to find herself almost frozen with cold, with the candle burning low in the bottle.

"I may as well sleep in bed as *here*," was her reflection; and forthwith she began to prepare herself for her hard pillow.

The stained and rumpled silk gown was soon unhooked at the waist, and appended to its peg; when, just as Isoline was on the point of tying upon her head the Madras handkerchief which served for nightcap, it occurred to her that she had not yet tried on the silver *toque* in which she was to figure the following night as Inez de Castro; and having hastily assumed the ringlets and ear-rings indispensable to give effect to the *coiffure*, the plumes of which already nodded over her brow, she was so dissatisfied with her haggard and wretched aspect, as to seize the haresfoot, and restore by a patch of rouge the false brilliancy wanting to complete the toilet of an actress,—when lo! just as the professional daub had been administered to her icy cheek, a hasty tap at the door claimed her attention.

"Be off with you, Monsieur Eugène!" cried the actress. "You know I have told you fifty times, that if you persist in insulting me by these disturbances, I will complain to the proprietor and Madame Grégoire."

To her great surprise, however, instead of the whispered rer

stances she was accustomed to receive in answer to her harangue, a low, gentle, female voice was heard, entreating admittance. Regardless of her bare shoulders and glittering *toque*, Isoline instantly hastened to the door; on unclosing which, she discovered by the light of the candle in her hand, the slight figure and pallid face of Mademoiselle de Courson leaning against the wall. Instinctively, the child of perdition felt herself to be in the presence of one of the children of light; and mechanically snatching off the gaudy head-dress, she retreated into the room to cover herself decently with the memorable shawl, ere she proceeded to inquire "what there was for the service of mademoiselle?"

"*Pardon, pardon!* I fancy I have made a mistake," cried Claire, retreating in her turn, in utter consternation, "I fancied this was Mademoiselle Toinette's apartment. I came to beg a little *braise* to light my fire."

"Mademoiselle had better knock at the door of Madame Dosne," said Isoline, courteously. "Ma'mselle Toinette is seldom at home at this hour."

"Alas! I have already applied to her," faltered Mademoiselle de Courson. "But she would not even open the door, and bade me get about my business! It is such a dreadful night, and mamma is very ill! I almost fear, God help me! that she is dying!"

"*Dying!* Step in a moment!" cried Isoline, who had often noticed, on the stairs, the interesting countenances of Claire and her mother, for whom she felt the irrepressible respect which vice entertains for virtue. "Perhaps, with a little patience, we may be able to rekindle a few embers on my hearth."

And in a moment she was down on her knees, puffing away with the utmost aid of a miserable pair of bellows, till a few kindly sparks among the ashes began to glow and redden.

"It was very wrong of the *garde* to let a sick person's fire go out on such a night as this!" said the actress, as she proceeded eagerly with her task.

"My poor mother has no nurse but myself," faltered Mademoiselle de Courson. "She had fallen asleep with my hand in hers, and I dared not disturb her to attend to the fire. I tremble to leave her alone for even the few minutes necessary to come up hither."

"No nurse?" cried Isoline. "At *your* age venture to be alone with an invalid in danger of her life. Is not this very rash?"

"It is inevitable," replied Claire, moved by the kindness of the actress, yet unable wholly to divest herself of the repugnance with which she had been inspired by her mother, on some occasion, when the flaunting attire of Mademoiselle Isoline had attracted in the entry the attention of Madame de Courson.

"But consider, my dear young lady, what your situation would be, should anything actually occur to madame? You might be unable to summon assistance!"

"I know it!" faltered Claire, shuddering, partly with cold, partly with terror, and scarcely able to repress her tears. "But we have not the means of hiring proper attendance."

"If it would not be taking a liberty," said Isoline, in spite of her professional hardihood, almost intimidated by the aspect of this holy

grief. "I should be happy to sit up with you for the remainder of the night?"

"Would you indeed? It would be an act of signal mercy! Yet what right have I to accept such a service from a stranger,—destitute as I am of the smallest power of marking my gratitude!" cried Claire, correcting her first eager acceptance.

"Say not a word of gratitude. Mutual service is a debt we poor creatures of clay owe each other in a world of trouble!" cried Isoline. "I am not unhandy in a sick chamber; and since you will allow me to assist you, return at once to the invalid, and I will follow you instantly with the shovel-full of embers."

With repeated thanks, Mademoiselle de Courson accepted the offers and advice of her new acquaintance; and the moment she had quitted the room, Isoline hastened to "wash the filthy witness from her face;" and having assumed the most decent of her caps and *peignoirs*, and enveloped herself anew in her shawl, hurried down stairs, on charitable thoughts intent.

From the length of time that elapsed ere the door was opened, after she had rung the bell, the actress was half inclined to fear that the poor young lady repented having accepted the offers of a neighbour of such indifferent reputation; but when at length admittance was granted, the agitated manner in which Claire announced that she had found her mother in a fainting state, satisfied her that the delay was unintentional. Advancing hastily to the bed, the only article of furniture in the denuded chamber into which she was introduced, the good Samaritan proceeded to feel the hands of the sufferer, and found them cold as death.

"What have you done for her? what medicines has she taken? what are you about to give her?" cried Isoline, alarmed in her turn.

"Nothing! alas, alas! she can no longer swallow!" cried Mademoiselle Courson, wringing her hands; and in a moment, Isoline snatched the light from the table, and beheld upon the countenance of the poor sufferer those lilac streaks and rising dews which appear to be the precursors of death. Still, the actress had seen instances where similar appearances were produced solely by the faintness arising from exhaustion.

"Give me the eau-de-Cologne!" cried she.

"I have none!" replied Mademoiselle de Courson.

"Eau-de-vie, then."

"Alas! there is nothing of the kind at hand."

"*Dieu de dieu!* what restoratives, then, have you been using?"

"This *flacon* of salts! I can have no further disguises with you! We have exhausted everything! We are destitute of even the necessaries of life!"

"Blow up a little fire as well as you can with those embers, and put on some water; I will be back in a moment!" cried Isoline, on hearing this alarming announcement. And long before her companion had succeeded in raising the requisite flame, the actress returned, bringing with her the fortunately spared bottle of cognac. A few drops administered in a tea-spoon to the motionless invalid, and at intervals renewed, at length caused a heavy sigh to burst from her lips, and as her eyes unclosed for a moment, she faltered

with yearning tenderness the name of her daughter. A stone *cruchon*, filled with boiling water, was next placed at her feet; and by the time Madame de Courson was able to express herself in intelligible words, Isoline was ready with a cup of steaming bread *panada*, the only aliment the bare cupboards of either of the little necessitous households could at that moment supply. For the actress had guessed rightly; the poor lady was sinking only for want of food.

"Don't mention my name, let madame take me for a hired nurse," whispered Isoline, conjecturing that her respectable neighbour might entertain scruples at finding her daughter in familiar companionship with a person of her class; and Claire, without understanding her object, silently pressed her hand in token of assent. "A kind neighbour, dearest mother, is come to assist me in nursing you," was all the explanation necessary to be given to Madame de Courson.

"She is very good. Don't let her fatigue herself," murmured the sufferer; and at once revived and overcome by the food and stimulants she had imbibed, she reclosed her eyes and sank into a tranquil sleep very different from her previous insensibility.

"Rely upon it, she will now rest comfortably," said Isoline, drawing the curtain.

"I scarcely hope it!" replied the young girl mournfully. "This is the fifth night I have sat up with mamma, and she never sleeps more than ten minutes at a time. Her nerves are miserably shaken. She starts up, fancying people are in the room, come to take her to prison."

"Have you no physician?" inquired the actress.

"We had one; but finding that he was not regularly paid, he ceased to visit us," replied Claire. "You, whose charity has caused you to be introduced here, so as to view the nakedness of the land, must perceive at once the condition to which we are reduced. Since mamma's illness, I have been unable to take in work. All our property is gone; and unless I should receive a favourable answer to an application I made yesterday, Madame Grégoire has given us warning to quit, and my dearest mother can only be removed to a public hospital. We have seen better days. My mother is—but no matter! She must die! I feel—I feel that she must die in an hospital!"

All this was uttered without tears; but broken by sobbing sighs, such as burst from the bosom of a child after a severe fit of weeping. A tear meanwhile fell from the hollow eye of the actress, but it fell in silence.

"How much do you owe to the proprietor?" she inquired without apology of Mademoiselle de Courson.

"Nearly seventy francs, besides five to the portress!"

"Is there any other pressing demand that alarms you?" resumed Isoline.

"There is the baker," said the young lady, blushing deeply as she glanced towards a wooden tally that lay on the chimney-piece. "And the milkman asked yesterday for the four francs we owe him; but *he*, I fancy, might still be induced to trust us!"

"Be comforted, then," cried the actress. "If this be the worst of the case, I shall myself be able to assist you; and to-morrow

there shall be no further want of food, fuel, or advice. No thanks, *ma chère demoiselle!* It is something that you deign to accept the assistance of such a one as I! And now, lay yourself quietly down at the foot of your mother's bed, and take some rest, I shall be on the *qui-vive*; and if she calls, will be sure to wake you to attend upon her."

Claire suffered herself to be persuaded, for, in truth, the poor girl was scarcely able to stand. She rested her aching head beside her mother's feet; and the light of a grey winter sunrise was gleaming into the room, when again she opened her eyes to the sorrows of life.

"The good lady has stirred but once, and after taking some warm *tisane* from my hand, mistaking it for yours, soon dropped off to sleep again," said Isoline, replying to her companion's looks of terrified inquiry. And on examining the room, Mademoiselle de Courson found with surprise and gratitude, that her new friend had swept up the hearth, set on the *bouilloire*, filled the pitchers with filtered water from the fountain on the *palier*, and tidied up the place. Their one tea-spoon stood in a bright transparent tumbler, the cups were rinsed, the curtains neatly arranged; everything was in order.

"And now I must leave you, for I have urgent business on hand," said Isoline, good-humouredly. "But in an hour or two I shall be here; till when, *ma bonne demoiselle*, keep up your spirits."

It was that very morning, of all the days in the year, that Monsieur le Chevalier Hector de Gobemouche, as he was seething in his chocolate-pot an unctuous compound of honey, olive-oil, and *pommade de concombres*, intended to restore whiteness and smoothness to his chapped hands, at a more convenient cost than the emollients furnished for such purposes by Messieurs Lubin and Co., overheard through the thin wainscot of his room the following discourse between his neighbour, Madame Dosne, and a voice which he did not immediately recognise.

"An't you ashamed of yourself, for having denied your door last night to a poor fellow-creature in distress?" said the nameless speaker.

"*Ma foi!* if one were to open one's doors to all one's fellow-creatures in distress," replied the *ouvreuse*, "one must lodge in the Parais Notre Dame!"

"There came but *one* poor soul, and you refused her. But no matter! I come to ask you a service. You offered to dispose of my shawl for me. Have you any objection to take it to the *commissionnaire* you spoke of?"

"Far better sell it outright to the banker's lady," mumbled the old woman, who had a better chance of profit in an *ad libitum* sale.

"It does not suit me! According to your account, I shall obtain from the Mont de Piété the sum of which I stand in present need; and *then* the shawl may be redeemed and come back to my hands again, some sunshiny day."

"I can't be troubled this morning. This is my cooking-day. I have my *pot-au-feu* to mind," said Madame Dosne, doggedly, *not* inclined to vote for the amendment.

"But *chère Ma'me Dosne!* if I promise to watch the soup while you are gone? I would go myself, only I have still this

part of Inez to hammer into my head; and I could sit by your hearth and con it over."

"Yes; and suffer the broth to spoil for want of skimming!"

"Perhaps you fancy that I think of giving you this trouble for nothing?" remonstrated Isoline. "But pray understand that there will be a crown of *bonne main* for you, if you make a good bargain."

"A crown indeed! I used to make as much when I was a box-opener by every fainting-fit, and nothing furnished for the money but a few civil words and a glass of spring water! Whereas, if I trudge out this wretched morning in the mud, there will be, in the first place, twenty *centimes* to the *décrotteur* for cleaning my shoes, besides the probability of catching cold."

"Make your fee a five franc piece, then, and get you gone, or I will go myself!" cried the indignant Isoline, enforcing her threat by an oath more intelligible to *her* ears and those of the *ouvreuse*, than it would have been to the pure-minded Claire de Courson. Whereupon Madame Dosne, by no means wishing to lose the job, attempted to soothe her, by exclaiming, with a chuckling laugh, "Come come, *ma belle enfant!* not so hasty with your old friend! I'll just on with my cloak. Fold up your shawl neatly in paper; or stay,—best pass a hot iron over it, to take out the creases and make it look like new; and if I don't bring you back fifty crowns within an hour, my name's not Agrippina Dosne!"

"You must bring me back a hundred, or nothing," said Isoline, firmly. "If I can't get that much for it on pledge, I'll take it at once to our manager's wife, who has often offered to purchase it of me for thirty Napoleons."

"I'll do my best, I can but do my best!" cried the hag, shuffling on her fusty old merino cloak.

"Remember! *three hundred francs* or nothing!" cried Isoline, as her ambassadress quitted the room. And, on finding herself alone, she drew forth once more from the pocket of her *foulard* apron, the copy of her luckless part of Inez de Castro; and, sitting down beside the fire, with the skimming ladle across her knee, and her eyes occasionally directed towards the earthen jar, in which simmered a piece of lean beef, tied up with packthread, amid an odoriferous mixture of leeks, celery, carrots, turnips, and burnt onions, she began to recite aloud with becoming emphasis, "*O toi! objet de tant de vœux! Toi! dont la tendresse embaume encore le cœur anéanti de la plus malheureuse des femmes! Toi!*" The floating scum upon the simmering stew-pot here claimed the assistance of the *écumoire!*) *Reçois encore, reçois encore, reçois—* "Now what on earth will become of me!" exclaimed poor Isoline, interrupting herself. "The more I strive to drive this tiresome stuff into my brains the more my thoughts wander to that unhappy daughter and mother on the third floor! If it was poetry, I could learn it in five minutes; *mais la prose, c'est embêtante comme tout!*"

COUNT CASCO'WHISKY AND HIS THREE HOUSES.

A TEMPERANCE BALLAD.

THERE is a demon in the land,
 A demon fierce and frisky,
 Who steals the souls of mortal men,
 His name is Casco'whisky.

Lo ! mounted on a fiery steed,
 He rides through town and village,
 And calls the workman from his shop,
 The farmer from his tillage.

Clutched in his lanky red right hand
 He holds a mighty bicker,*
 Whose polished sides run daily o'er,
 With floods of burning liquor.

Around him press the clamorous crowds,
 To taste his liquor greedy ;
 But chiefly come the poor and sad—
 The suffering and the needy.

All those oppressed by grief and debts
 The dissolute—the lazy,
 Draggel-tail'd sluts, and shirtless men,
 And young girls lewd and crazy.

" Give ! give !" they cry, " give, give us drink !
 Give us your burning liquor,
 We 'll empty fast as you can fill
 Your fine capacious bicker.

" Give ! give us drink to drown our care,
 And make us light and frisky,
 Give ! give ! and we will bless thy name
 Thou good Count Casco'whisky !"

And when the demon hears them cry,
 Right merrily he laugheth,
 And holds his bicker out to all,
 And each poor idiot quaffeth.

The first drop warms their shivering skins,
 And drives away their sadness,
 The second lights their sunken eyes
 And fills their souls with gladness.

* The authorities are against me in the use of this word. Dr. Johnson has it *beaker*, a cup with a *beak* or spout. In the north of England and the south of Scotland *bicker* means a bowl, without any reference to the *beak*. I incline to the belief that Johnson is altogether wrong, and that the true derivation of the word is from the Teutonic *becker*, a drinking cup. However, my rhyme requires it to be *bicker*,—so bicker let it be, as far as the present ballad is concerned. No rhymer can give a more satisfactory answer than the exigencies of his rhyme.

The third drop makes them shout and roar,
 And play each furious antic.
 The fourth drop boils their very blood,
 The fifth drop drives them frantic!

And still they drink the burning draught,
 Till old Count Casko'whisky
 Holds his bluff sides with laughter fierce,
 To see them all so frisky.

"More! more!" they cry, "come give us more!
 More of that right good liquor!
 Fill up, old boy, that we may drain
 Down to the dregs your bicker!"

The demon spurs his fiery steed,
 And laughs a laugh so hollow,
 Then waves his bicker in the air,
 And beckons them to follow.

On! on! he rides, and onwards rush,
 The heedless thousands after,
 While over hill and valley wide,
 Resounds his fiendlike laughter.

On! on! they rush through mud and mire,
 On! on! they rush, exclaiming,
 "O Casko'whisky, give us more,
 More of thy liquor flaming!"

At last he stops his foaming steed,
 Beside a rushing river,
 Whose waters to the palate sweet,
 Are poison to the liver.

"There!" says the demon, "drink your fill—
 Drink of these waters mellow,
 They'll make your bright eyes bleary and dull,
 And turn your white skins yellow.

"They'll cause the little sense you have
 By inches to forsake you,
 They'll cause your limbs to faint and fail,
 And palsies dire to shake you!

"They'll fill your homes with care and grief,
 And clothe your backs with tatters,
 They'll fill your hearts with evil thoughts,—
 But never mind!—what matters?

"Though virtue sink, and reason fail,
 And social ties dis sever,
 I'll be your friend in hour of need,
 And find you homes for ever!

"For I have built three mansions high,
 Three strong and goodly houses,
 To lodge at last each jolly soul
 Who all his life carouses!

" The first it is a goodly house,
 Black are its walls, and high,
 And full of dungeons deep and fast,
 Where death-doomed felons lie.

" The second is a lazar-house,
 Rank, fœtid, and unholy ;¹
 Where, fettered by diseases foul,
 And hopeless melancholy,

" The victims of potations deep
 Pine on their couch of sadness ;
 Some calling death to end their pain,
 And some imploring madness.

" The third house is a spacious house,
 To all but sots appalling ;
 Where, by the parish bounty fed,
 Vile, in the sunshine crawling,

" The worn-out drunkard ends his days,
 And eats the dole of others,
 A plague and burthen to himself,
 An eye-sore to his brothers !

" So drink the waters of this stream,
 Drink deep the cup of ruin !
 Drink, and like heroes madly rush
 Each man to his undoing !

" One of my mansions high and strong,
 One of my goodly houses,
 Is sure to lodge each jolly soul
 Who to the dregs carouses !"

Into the stream his courser plunged,
 And all the crowd plunged after ;
 While over hill and valley wide
 Resounded peals of laughter.

For well he knew this demon old,
 How vain was all his preaching ;
 The ragged crew that round him flocked
 Were too far gone for teaching.

Even as they wallow in the stream
 They cry aloud quite frisky,
 " Here 's to thy health, thou best of friends !
 Kind, generous Casco'whisky !

" We care not for thy houses three,
 We live but for the present,
 And merry will me make it yet,
 And quaff these waters pleasant !"

Loud laughs the fiend to hear them speak,
 And lifts his brimming bicker,
 " Drink, fools !" quoth he, " you 'll pay your scot ;
 I 'll have your souls for liquor !"

THE MEETING.

AFTER THE MANNER OF LUDWIG UHLAND.

ONCE I lay beside a fountain,
 Lull'd me with its gentle song,
 And my thoughts o'er dale and mountain,
 With the clouds were borne along.

There I saw old castles flinging
 Shadowy gleams on moveless seas ;
 Saw gigantic forests swinging
 To and fro without a breeze ;

And in dusky alleys straying
 Many a giant shape of power ;
 Troops of nymphs in sunshine playing,
 Singing, dancing, hour on hour.

I, too, trod these plains Elysian,
 Heard their clear-toned notes of mirth ;
 But a brighter, fairer vision,
 Called me back again to earth.

From the forest shade advancing,
 See, there comes a lovely May,
 The dew-like gems before her glancing
 As she brushes it away.

Straight I rose, and ran to meet her,
 Seized her hand ; the heavenly blue
 Of her bright eyes smiled brighter, sweeter,
 As she asked me " Who are you ?"

To this question came another—
 What its aim I still must doubt—
 And she asked me " How 's your mother ?
 Does she know that you are out ?"

" No ! my mother does not know it,
 Beauteous, heaven-descended Muse !"
 " Then off get you, my handsome poet,
 And say I sent you with the news."

E. N.





George Cruikshank

Charles visited in by the Dow Street Quakers

OLIVER TWIST;

OR, THE PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS.

BY BOZ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

INVOLVES A CRITICAL POSITION.

"Who's that?" inquired Brittles, opening the door a little way with the chain up, and peeping out, shading the candle with his hand.

"Open the door," replied a man outside: "it's the officers from Bow-street that was sent to, to-day."

Much comforted by this assurance, Brittles opened the door to its full width, and confronted a portly man in a great coat, who walked in without saying anything more, and wiped his shoes on the mat as coolly as if he lived there.

"Just send somebody out to relieve my mate, will you, young man?" said the officer: "he's in the gig minding the prad. Have you got a coach'us here that you could put it up in for five or ten minutes?"

Brittles, replying in the affirmative, and pointing out the building, the portly man stepped back to the garden gate, and helped his companion to put up the gig, while Brittles lighted them in a state of great admiration. This done, they returned to the house, and, being shown into a parlour, took off their great-coats and hats, and showed like what they were. The man who had knocked at the door was a stout personage of middle height, aged about fifty, with shiny black hair, cropped pretty close, half whiskers, a round face, and sharp eyes. The other was a red-headed bony man, in top-boots, with a rather ill-favoured countenance, and a turned-up sinister-looking nose.

"Tell your governor that Blathers and Duff is here, will you?" said the stouter man, smoothing down his hair, and laying a pair of handcuffs on the table. "Oh! Good evening, master. Can I have a word or two with you in private, if you please?"

This was addressed to Mr. Losberne, who now made his appearance; and that gentleman, motioning Brittle, to retire, brought in the two ladies and shut the door.

"This is the lady of the house," said Mr. Losberne, motioning towards Mrs. Maylie.

Mr. Blathers made a bow, and, being desired to sit down, put his hat upon the floor, and, taking a chair, motioned Duff to do the same. The latter gentleman, who did not appear

quite so much accustomed to good society, or quite so much at his ease in it, one of the two, seated himself, after undergoing several muscular affections of the limbs, and forced the head of his stick into his mouth with some embarrassment.

"Now, with regard to this here robbery, master," said Blathers. "What are the circumstances?"

Mr. Losberne, who appeared desirous of gaining time, recounted them at great length and with much circumlocution: Messrs. Blathers and Duff looking very knowing meanwhile, and occasionally exchanging a nod.

"I can't say for certain till I see the place, of course," said Blathers; "but my opinion at once is,—I don't mind committing myself to that extent,—that this wasn't done by a yokel—eh, Duff?"

"Certainly not," replied Duff.

"And, translating the word yokel for the benefit of the ladies, I apprehend your meaning to be that this attempt was not made by a countryman?" said Mr. Losberne with a smile.

"That's it, master," replied Blathers. "This is all about the robbery, is it?"

"All," replied the doctor.

"Now, what is this about this here boy that the servants are talking of?" said Blathers.

"Nothing at all," replied the doctor. "One of the frightened servants chose to take it into his head that he had something to do with this attempt to break into the house; but it's nonsense—sheer absurdity."

"Very easy disposed of it is," remarked Duff.

"What he says is quite correct," observed Blathers, nodding his head in a confirmatory way, and playing carelessly with the handcuffs, as if they were a pair of castanets. "Who is the boy? What account does he give of himself? Where did he come from? He didn't drop out of the clouds, did he, master?"

"Of course not," replied the doctor with a nervous glance at the two ladies. "I know his whole history;—but we can talk about that presently. You would like to see the place where the thieves made their attempt, first, I suppose?"

"Certainly," rejoined Mr. Blathers. "We had better inspect the premises first, and examine the servants arterwards. That's the usual way of doing business."

Lights were then procured, and Messrs. Blathers and Duff, attended by the native constable, Brittles, Giles, and everybody else in short, went into the little room at the end of the passage, and looked out at the window, and afterwards went round by way of the lawn, and looked in at the window, and after that had a candle handed out to inspect the shutter with, and after that a lantern to trace the footsteps with, and after that a pitchfork to poke the bushes with. This done amidst the breathless interest of all beholders, they came in again, and Mr. Giles and

Brittles were put through a melo-dramatic representation of their share in the previous night's adventures, which they performed some six times over, contradicting each other in not more than one important respect the first time, and in not more than a dozen the last. This consummation being arrived at, Blathers and Duff cleared the room, and held a long council together, compared with which, for secrecy and solemnity, a consultation of great doctors on the knottiest point in medicine would be mere child's play.

Meanwhile the doctor walked up and down the next room in a very uneasy state, and Mrs. Maylie and Rose looked on with anxious faces.

"Upon my word," he said, making a halt after a great number of very rapid turns, "I hardly know what to do."

"Surely," said Rose, "the poor child's story, faithfully repeated to these men, will be sufficient to exonerate him."

"I doubt it, my dear young lady," said the doctor, shaking his head. "I don't think it would exonerate him, either with them or with legal functionaries of a higher grade. What is he, after all, they would say—a runaway. Judged by mere worldly considerations and probabilities, his story is a very doubtful one."

"You credit it, surely?" interrupted Rose in haste.

"I believe it, strange as it is, and perhaps may be an old fool for doing so," rejoined the doctor; "but I don't think it is exactly the tale for a practised police officer, nevertheless."

"Why not?" demanded Rose.

"Because, my pretty cross-examiner," replied the doctor, "because, viewed with their eyes, there are so many ugly points about it; he can only prove the parts that look bad, and none of those that look well. Confound the fellows, they will have the why and the wherefore, and take nothing for granted. On his own showing, you see, he has been the companion of thieves for some time past; he has been carried to a police-office on a charge of picking a gentleman's pocket, and is taken away forcibly from that gentleman's house to a place which he cannot describe or point out, and of the situation of which he has not the remotest idea. He is brought down to Chertsey by men who seem to have taken a violent fancy to him, whether he will or no, and put through a window to rob a house, and then, just at the very moment when he is going to alarm the inmates, and so do the very thing that would set him all to rights, there rushes into the way that blundering dog of a half-bred butler and shoots him, as if on purpose to prevent his doing any good for himself. Don't you see all this?"

"I see it, of course," replied Rose, smiling at the doctor's impetuosity; "but still I do not see anything in it to criminate the poor child."

"No," replied the doctor; "of course not! Bless the bright

eyes of your sex! They never see, whether for good or bad, more than one side of any question; and that is, invariably, the one which first presents itself to them."

Having given vent to this result of experience, the doctor put his hands into his pockets, and walked up and down the room with even greater rapidity than before.

"The more I think of it," said the doctor, "the more I see that it will occasion endless trouble and difficulty to put these men into possession of the boy's real story. I am certain it will not be believed; and, even if they can do nothing to him in the end, still the dragging it forward, and giving publicity to all the doubts that will be cast upon it, must interfere materially with your benevolent plan of rescuing him from misery."

"Oh! what is to be done?" cried Rose. "Dear, dear! why did they send for these people?"

"Why, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Maylie. "I would not have had them here for the world!"

"All I know is," said Mr. Losberne at last, sitting down with a kind of desperate calmness, "that we must try and carry it off with a bold face, that's all! The object is a good one, and that must be the excuse. The boy has strong symptoms of fever upon him, and is in no condition to be talked to any more; that's one comfort. We must make the best of it we can; and, if bad's the best, it's no fault of ours. Come in."

"Well, master," said Blathers, entering the room, followed by his colleague, and making the door fast before he said any more. "This warn't a put-up thing."

"And what the devil's a put-up thing!" demanded the doctor impatiently.

"We call it a put-up robbery, ladies," said Blathers, turning to them, as if he compassionated their ignorance, but had a contempt for the doctor's "when the servants is in it."

"Nobody suspected them in this case," said Mrs. Maylie.

"Wery likely not, ma'am," replied Blathers, "but they might have been in it, for all that."

"More likely on that wery account," said Duff.

"We find it was a town hand," said Blathers, continuing his report; "for the style of work is first-rate."

"Wery pretty indeed, it is," remarked Duff in an under tone.

"There was two of 'em in it," continued Blathers, "and they had a boy with 'em; that's plain, from the size of the window. That's all to be said at present. We'll see this lad that you've got up stairs at once, if you please."

"Perhaps they will take something to drink first, Mrs. Maylie?" said the doctor, his face brightening up as if some new thought had occurred to him.

"Oh! To be sure!" exclaimed Rose eagerly. "You shall have it immediately, if you will."

"Why, thank you, Miss!" said Blathers, drawing his coat-sleeve across his mouth: "it's dry work this sort of duty. Anything that's handy, Miss; don't put yourself out of the way on our accounts."

"What shall it be?" asked the doctor, following the young lady to the sideboard.

"A little drop of spirits, master, if it's all the same," replied Blathers. "It's a cold ride from London, ma'am, and I always find that spirits comes home warmer to the feelings."

This interesting communication was addressed to Mrs. Maylie, who received it very graciously. While it was being conveyed to her, the doctor slipped out of the room.

"Ah!" said Mr. Blathers, not holding his wine-glass by the stem, but grasping the bottom between the thumb and forefinger of his left hand, and placing it in front of his chest. "I have seen a good many pieces of business like this in my time, ladies."

"That crack down in the back lane at Edmonton, Blathers," said Mr. Duff, assisting his colleague's memory.

"That was something in this way, warn't it?" rejoined Mr. Blathers; "that was done by Conkey Chickweed, that was."

"You always gave that to him," replied Duff. "It was the Family Pet, I tell you, and Conkey hadn't any more to do with it than I had."

"Get out!" retorted Mr. Blathers: "I know better. Do you mind that time Conkey was robbed of his money, though? What a start that was! better than any novel-book I ever see!"

"What was that?" inquired Rose, anxious to encourage any symptoms of good humour in the unwelcome visitors.

"It was a robbery, Miss, that hardly anybody would have been down upon," said Blathers. "This here Conkey Chickweed —"

"Conkey means Nosey, ma'am," interposed Duff.

"Of course the lady knows that, don't she?" demanded Mr. Blathers. "Always interrupting you are, partner. This here Conkey Chickweed, Miss, kept a public-house over Battle-bridge way, and had a cellar where a good many young lords went to see cockfighting, and badger-drawing, and that; and a wery intellectual manner the sports was conducted in, for I've seen 'em off'en. He warn't one of the family at that time; and one night he was robbed of three hundred and twenty-seven guineas in a canvas-bag, that was stole out of his bedroom in the dead of night by a tall man with a black patch over his eye, who had concealed himself under the bed, and, after committing the robbery, jumped slap out of window, which was only a story high. He was wery quick about it. But Conkey was quick, too, for he was woke by the noise, and, darting out of bed, fired a blunderbuss arter him, and roused the neighbourhood. They set

up a hue-and-cry directly, and, when they came to look about 'em, found that Conkey had hit the robber; for there was traces of blood all the way to some palings a good distance off, and there they lost 'em. However he had made off with the blunt, and, consequently, the name of Mr. Chickweed, licensed wittler, appeared in the Gazette among the other bankrupts; and all manner of benefits and subscriptions, and I don't know what all, was got up for the poor man, who was in a very low state of mind about his loss, and went up and down the streets for three or four days, pulling his hair off in such a desperate manner that many people was afraid he might be going to make away with himself. One day he come up to the office all in a hurry, and had a private interview with the magistrate, who, after a good deal of talk, rings the bell, and orders Jem Spyers in, (Jem was a active officer,) and tells him to go and assist Mr. Chickweed in apprehending the man that robbed his house. 'I see him, Spyers,' said Chickweed, 'pass my house yesterday morning.'—'Why didn't you up, and collar him?' says Spyers.—'I was so struck all of a heap that you might have fractured my skull with a toothpick,' says the poor man; 'but we're sure to have him, for between ten and eleven o'clock at night he passed again.' Spyers no sooner heard this, than he put some clean linen and a comb in his pocket, in case he should have to stop a day or two; and away he goes, and sets himself down at one of the public-house windows behind a little red curtain, with his hat on, all ready to bolt at a moment's notice. He was smoking his pipe here late at night, when all of a sudden Chickweed roars out—'Here he is! Stop thief! Murder!' Jem Spyers dashed out; and there he sees Chickweed tearing down the street full-cry. Away goes Spyers; on keeps Chickweed; round turn the people; everybody roars out 'Thieves!' and Chickweed himself keeps on shouting all the time like mad. Spyers loses sight of him a minute as he turns a corner,—shoots round—sees a little crowd—dives in. 'Which is the man?'—'D—me!' says Chickweed, 'I've lost him again!'

"It was a remarkable occurrence, but he warn't to be seen nowhere, so they went back to the public house, and next morning Spyers took his old place, and looked out from behind the curtain for a tall man with a black patch over his eye, till his own two eyes ached again. At last he couldn't help shutting 'em to ease 'em a minute, and the wery moment he did so, he hears Chickweed roaring out, 'Here he is!' Off he starts once more, with Chickweed half way down the street ahead of him; and, after twice as long a run as the yesterday's one, the man's lost again! This was done once or twice more, till one half the neighbours gave out that Mr. Chickweed had been robbed by the devil who was playing tricks with him arterwards, and the other half that poor Mr. Chickweed had gone mad with grief."

"What did Jem Spyers say?" inquired the doctor, who had

returned to the room shortly after the commencement of the story.

"Jem Spyers," resumed the officer, "for a long time said nothing at all, and listened to everything without seeming to, which showed he understood his business. But one morning he walked into the bar, and, taking out his snuff-box, said, 'Chickweed, I've found out who's done this here robbery.'—'Have you?' said Chickweed. 'Oh, my dear Spyers, only let me have vengeance, and I shall die contented! Oh, my dear Spyers, where is the villain?'—'Come!' said Spyers, offering him a pinch of snuff, 'none of that gammon! You did it yourself.' So he had, and a good bit of money he had made by it, too; and nobody would ever have found it out if he hadn't been so precious anxious to keep up appearances, that's more!" said Mr. Blathers, putting down his wine-glass, and clinking the handcuffs together.

"Very curious, indeed," observed the doctor. "Now, if you please, you can walk up stairs."

"If *you* please, sir," returned Mr. Blathers. And, closely following Mr. Losberne, the two officers ascended to Oliver's bedroom, Mr. Giles preceding the party with a lighted candle.

Oliver had been dozing, but looked worse, and was more feverish than he had appeared yet. Being assisted by the doctor, he managed to sit up in bed for a minute or so, and looked at the strangers without at all understanding what was going forward, and, in fact, without seeming to recollect where he was, or what had been passing.

"This," said Mr. Losberne, speaking softly, but with great vehemence notwithstanding, "this is the lad, who, being accidentally wounded by a spring-gun in some boyish trespass on Mr. What-d'ye-call-him's grounds at the back here, comes to the house for assistance this morning, and is immediately laid hold of, and maltreated by that ingenious gentleman with the candle in his hand, who has placed his life in considerable danger, as I can professionally certify."

Messrs. Blathers and Duff looked at Mr. Giles as he was thus recommended to their notice, and the bewildered butler gazed from them towards Oliver, and from Oliver towards Mr. Losberne, with a most ludicrous mixture of fear and perplexity.

"You don't mean to deny that, I suppose?" said the doctor, laying Oliver gently down again.

"It was all done for the—for the best, sir!" answered Giles. "I am sure I thought it was the boy, or I wouldn't have meddled with him. I am not of an inhuman disposition, sir."

"Thought it was what boy?" inquired the senior officer.

"The housebreaker's boy, sir!" replied Giles. "They—they certainly had a boy."

"Well, do you think so now?" inquired Blathers.

"Think what, now?" replied Giles, looking vacantly at his questioner.

"Think it's the same boy, stupid-head?" rejoined Mr. Blathers impatiently.

"I don't know; I really don't know," said Giles, with a rueful countenance. "I couldn't swear to him."

"What do you think?" asked Mr. Blathers.

"I don't know what to think," replied poor Giles. "I don't think it is the boy; indeed I'm almost certain that it isn't. You know it can't be."

"Has this man been a-drinking, sir?" inquired Blathers, turning to the doctor.

"What a precious muddle-headed chap you are!" said Duff, addressing Mr. Giles with supreme contempt.

Mr. Losberne had been feeling the patient's pulse during this short dialogue; but he now rose from the chair by the bedside, and remarked, that if the officers had any doubts upon the subject they would perhaps like to step into the next room, and have Brittles before them.

Acting upon this suggestion, they accordingly adjourned to a neighbouring apartment, where Mr. Brittles being called in, involved himself and his respected superior in such a wonderful maze of fresh contradictions and impossibilities as tended to throw no particular light upon anything save the fact of his own strong mystification; except, indeed, his declarations that he shouldn't know the real boy if he were put before him that instant; that he had only taken Oliver to be he because Mr. Giles had said he was, and that Mr. Giles had five minutes previously admitted in the kitchen that he began to be very much afraid he had been a little too hasty.

Among other ingenious surmises, the question was then raised whether Mr. Giles had really hit anybody, and upon examination of the fellow pistol to that which he had fired, it turned out to have no more destructive loading than gunpowder and brown paper:—a discovery which made a considerable impression on everybody but the doctor, who had drawn the ball about ten minutes before. Upon no one, however, did it make a greater impression than on Mr. Giles himself, who, after labouring for some hours under the fear of having mortally wounded a fellow-creature, eagerly caught at this new idea, and favoured it to the utmost. Finally, the officers, without troubling themselves very much about Oliver, left the Chertsey constable in the house, and took up their rest for that night in the town, promising to return next morning.

With the next morning there came a rumour that two men and a boy were in the cage at Kingston, who had been apprehended over-night under suspicious circumstances; and to Kingston Messrs. Blathers and Duff journeyed accordingly. The suspicious circumstances, however, resolving themselves, on investigation, into the one fact that they had been discovered sleeping under a haystack, which, although a great crime, is

only punishable by imprisonment, and is, in the merciful eye of the English law, and its comprehensive love of all the King's subjects, held to be no satisfactory proof in the absence of all other evidence, that the sleeper or sleepers have committed burglary accompanied with violence, and have therefore rendered themselves liable to the punishment of death,—Messrs. Blathers and Duff came back again as wise as they went.

In short, after some more examination, and a great deal more conversation, a neighbouring magistrate was readily induced to take the joint bail of Mrs. Maylie and Mr. Losberne for Oliver's appearance if he should ever be called upon; and Blathers and Duff, being rewarded with a couple of guineas, returned to town with divided opinions on the subject of their expedition: the latter gentleman, on a mature consideration of all the circumstances, inclining to the belief that the burglarious attempt had originated with the Family Pet, and the former being equally disposed to concede the full merit of it to the great Mr. Conkey Chickweed.

Meanwhile Oliver gradually throve and prospered under the united care of Mrs. Maylie, Rose, and the kind-hearted Mr. Losberne. If fervent prayers gushing from hearts overcharged with gratitude be heard in heaven,—and if they be not, what prayers are?—the blessings which the orphan child called down upon them, sunk into their souls, diffusing peace and happiness.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

OF THE HAPPY LIFE OLIVER BEGAN TO LEAD WITH HIS KIND FRIENDS.

OLIVER'S ailings were neither slight nor few. In addition to the pain and delay attendant upon a broken limb, his exposure to the wet and cold had brought on fever and ague, which hung about him for many weeks, and reduced him sadly. But at length he began by slow degrees to get better, and to be able to say sometimes, in a few tearful words, how deeply he felt the goodness of the two sweet ladies, and how ardently he hoped that when he grew strong and well again he could do something to show his gratitude; only something which would let them see the love and duty with which his breast was full; something, however slight, which would prove to them that their gentle kindness had not been cast away, but that the poor boy, whom their charity had rescued from misery or death, was eager and anxious to serve them with all his heart and soul.

"Poor fellow!" said Rose, when Oliver had been one day feebly endeavouring to utter the words of thankfulness that rose to his pale lips. "You shall have many opportunities of serving us, if you will. We are going into the country, and my aunt intends that you shall accompany us. The quiet place, the pure air, and all the pleasures and beauties of spring,

will restore you in a few days, and we will employ you in a hundred ways when you can bear the trouble."

"The trouble!" cried Oliver. "Oh! dear lady, if I could but work for you,—if I could only give you pleasure by watering your flowers, or watching your birds, or running up and down the whole day long to make you happy, what would I give to do it!"

"You shall give nothing at all," said Miss Maylie smiling; "for, as I told you before, we shall employ you in a hundred ways; and if you only take half the trouble to please us that you promise now, you will make me very happy indeed."

"Happy, ma'am!" cried Oliver: "oh, how kind of you to say so!"

"You will make me happier than I can tell you," replied the young lady. "To think that my dear good aunt should have been the means of rescuing any one from such sad misery as you have described to us, would be an unspeakable pleasure to me; but to know that the object of her goodness and compassion was sincerely grateful and attached in consequence, would delight me more than you can well imagine. Do you understand me?" she inquired, watching Oliver's thoughtful face.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, yes!" replied Oliver eagerly; "but I was thinking that I am ungrateful now."

"To whom?" inquired the young lady.

"To the kind gentleman and the dear old nurse who took so much care of me before," rejoined Oliver. "If they knew how happy I am, they would be pleased, I am sure."

"I am sure they would," rejoined Oliver's benefactress; "and Mr. Losberne has already been kind enough to promise that when you are well enough to bear the journey he will carry you to see them."

"Has he, ma'am!" cried Oliver, his face brightening with pleasure. "I don't know what I shall do for joy when I see their kind faces once again!"

In a short time Oliver was sufficiently recovered to undergo the fatigue of this expedition; and one morning he and Mr. Losberne set out accordingly in a little carriage which belonged to Mrs. Maylie. When they came to Chertsey Bridge, Oliver turned very pale, and uttered a loud exclamation.

"What's the matter with the boy!" cried the doctor, as usual all in a bustle. "Do you see anything—hear anything—feel anything—eh?"

"That, sir," cried Oliver, pointing out of the carriage window. "That house!"

"Yes; well, what of it? Stop, coachman. Pull up here," cried the doctor. "What of the house, my man—eh?"

"The thieves—the house they took me to," whispered Oliver.

"The devil it is!" cried the doctor. "Halloa, there! let me out!" But before the coachman could dismount from his box

he had tumbled out of the coach by some means or other, and, running down to the deserted tenement, began kicking at the door like a madman.

"Halloa!" said a little ugly hump-backed man, opening the door so suddenly that the doctor, from the very impetus of his last kick, nearly fell forward into the passage. "What's the matter here?"

"Matter!" exclaimed the other, collaring him without a moment's reflection. "A good deal. Robbery is the matter."

"There'll be murder too," replied the hump-backed man coolly, "if you don't take your hands off. Do you hear me?"

"I hear you," said the doctor, giving his captive a hearty shake. "Where's—confound the fellow, what's his rascally name—Sikes—that's it. Where's Sikes, you thief?"

The hump-backed man stared as if in excess of amazement and indignation; and, twisting himself dexterously from the doctor's grasp, growled forth a volley of horrid oaths, and retired into the house. Before he could shut the door, however, the doctor had passed into the parlour without a word of parley. He looked anxiously round: not an article of furniture, not a vestige of anything, animate or inanimate, not even the position of the cupboards, answered Oliver's description!

"Now," said the hump-backed man, who had watched him keenly, "what do you mean by coming into my house in this violent way? Do you want to rob me, or to murder me?—which is it?"

"Did you ever know a man come out to do either in a chariot and pair, you ridiculous old vampire?" said the irritable doctor.

"What do you want then?" demanded the hunchback fiercely. "Will you take yourself off before I do you a mischief? curse you!"

"As soon as I think proper," said Mr. Losberne, looking into the other parlour, which, like the first, bore no resemblance whatever to Oliver's account of it. "I shall find you out some day, my friend."

"Will you?" sneered the ill-favoured cripple. "If you ever want me, I'm here. I haven't lived here mad, and all alone, for five-and-twenty years, to be scared by you. You shall pay for this; you shall pay for this." And so saying, the misshapen little demon set up a hideous yell, and danced upon the ground as if frantic with rage.

"Stupid enough, this," muttered the doctor to himself: "the boy must have made a mistake. There; put that in your pocket, and shut yourself up again." With these words he flung the hunchback a piece of money, and returned to the carriage.

The man followed to the chariot door, uttering the wildest imprecations and curses all the way; but as Mr. Losberne turned to speak to the driver, he looked into the carriage, and

eyed Oliver for an instant with a glance so sharp and fierce, and at the same time so furious and vindictive, that, waking or sleeping, he could not forget it for months afterwards. He continued to utter the most fearful imprecations until the driver had resumed his seat, and when they were once more on their way, they could see him some distance behind, beating his feet upon the ground, and tearing his hair in transports of frenzied rage.

"I am an ass!" said the doctor after a long silence. "Did you know that before, Oliver?"

"No, sir."

"Then don't forget it another time."

"An ass," said the doctor again after a further silence of some minutes. "Even if it had been the right place, and the right fellows had been there, what could I have done single-handed? And if I had had assistance, I see no good that I should have done except leading to my own exposure, and an unavoidable statement of the manner in which I have hushed up this business. That would have served me right, though. I am always involving myself in some scrape or other by acting upon these impulses, and it might have done me good."

Now the fact was, that the excellent doctor had never acted upon anything else but impulse all through his life; and it was no bad compliment to the nature of the impulses which governed him, that so far from being involved in any peculiar troubles or misfortunes, he had the warmest respect and esteem of all who knew him. If the truth must be told, he was a little out of temper for a minute or two at being disappointed in procuring corroborative evidence of Oliver's story on the very first occasion on which he had a chance of obtaining any. He soon came round again, however, and finding that Oliver's replies to his questions were still as straight-forward and consistent, and still delivered with as much apparent sincerity and truth, as they had ever been, he made up his mind to attach full credence to them from that time forth.

As Oliver knew the name of the street in which Mr. Brownlow resided, they were enabled to drive straight thither. When the coach turned into it, his heart beat so violently that he could scarcely draw his breath.

"Now, my boy, which house is it?" inquired Mr. Losberne.

"That, that!" replied Oliver, pointing eagerly out of the window. "The white house. Oh! make haste! Pray make haste! I feel as if I should die: it makes me tremble so."

"Come, come!" said the good doctor, patting him on the shoulder. "You will see them directly, and they will be overjoyed to find you safe and well."

"Oh! I hope so!" cried Oliver. "They were so good to me; so very, very good to me, sir."

The coach rolled on. It stopped. No; that was the wrong house. The next door. It went on a few paces, and stopped

again. Oliver looked up at the windows with tears of happy expectation coursing down his face.

Alas! the white house was empty, and there was a bill in the window—"To Let."

"Knock at the next door," cried Mr. Losberne, taking Oliver's arm in his. "What has become of Mr. Brownlow, who used to live in the adjoining house, do you know?"

The servant did not know; but would go and enquire. She presently returned, and said that Mr. Brownlow had sold off his goods, and gone to the West Indies six weeks before. Oliver clasped his hands, and sank feebly backwards.

"Has his housekeeper gone too?" inquired Mr. Losberne, after a moment's pause.

"Yes, sir;" replied the servant. "The old gentleman, the housekeeper, and a gentleman, a friend of Mr. Brownlow's, all went together."

"Then turn towards home again," said Mr. Losberne to the driver, "and don't stop to bait the horse till you get out of this confounded London!"

"The book-stall keeper, sir?" said Oliver. "I know the way there. See him, pray sir! Do see him!"

"My poor boy, this is disappointment enough for one day," said the doctor. "Quite enough for both of us. If we go to the book-stall keeper's we shall certainly find that he is dead, or has set his house on fire, or run away. No; home again straight!" And, in obedience to the doctor's first impulse, home they went.

This bitter disappointment caused Oliver much sorrow and grief even in the midst of his happiness; for he had pleased himself many times during his illness with thinking of all that Mr. Brownlow and Mrs. Bedwin would say to him, and what delight it would be to tell them how many long days and nights he had passed in reflecting upon what they had done for him, and bewailing their cruel separation. The hope of eventually clearing himself with them, too, and explaining how he had been forced away, had buoyed him up and sustained him under many of his recent trials; and now the idea that they should have gone so far, and carried with them the belief that he was an impostor and robber,—a belief which might remain uncontradicted to his dying day,—was almost more than he could bear.

The circumstance occasioned no alteration, however, in the behaviour of his benefactors. After another fortnight, when the fine warm weather had fairly begun, and every tree and flower was putting forth its young leaves and rich blossoms, they made preparations for quitting the house at Chertsey for some months. Sending the plate which had so excited the Jew's cupidity to the banker's, and leaving Giles and another servant in care of the house, they departed for a cottage some distance in the country, and took Oliver with them.

Who can describe the pleasure and delight, the peace of mind and soft tranquillity, which the sickly boy felt in the balmy air, and among the green hills and rich woods of an inland village! Who can tell how scenes of peace and quietude sink into the minds of pain-worn dwellers in close and noisy places, and carry their own freshness deep into their jaded hearts? Men who have lived in crowded pent-up streets, through whole lives of toil, and never wished for change; men to whom custom has indeed been second nature, and who have come almost to love each brick and stone that formed the narrow boundaries of their daily walks—even they with the hand of death upon them, have been known to yearn at last for one short glimpse of Nature's face, and carried far from the scenes of their old pains and pleasures, have seemed to pass at once into a new state of being, and crawling forth from day to day to some green sunny spot, have had such memories wakened up within them by the mere sight of sky, and hill, and plain, and glistening water, that a foretaste of Heaven itself has soothed their quick decline, and they have sunk into their tombs as peacefully as the sun, whose setting they watched from their lonely chamber window but a few hours before, faded from their dim and feeble sight! The memories which peaceful country scenes call up, are not of this world, or of its thoughts or hopes. Their gentle influence may teach us to weave fresh garlands for the graves of those we loved, may purify our thoughts, and bear down before it old enmity and hatred; but, beneath all this there lingers in the least reflective mind a vague and half-formed consciousness of having held such feelings long before in some remote and distant time, which calls up solemn thoughts of distant times to come, and bends down pride and worldliness beneath it.

It was a lovely spot to which they repaired, and Oliver, whose days had been spent among squalid crowds, and in the midst of noise and brawling, seemed to enter upon a new existence there. The rose and honey-suckle clung to the cottage walls, the ivy crept round the trunks of the trees, and the garden-flowers perfumed the air with delicious odours. Hard by, was a little churchyard: not crowded with tall, unsightly gravestones, but full of humble mounds covered with fresh turf and moss, beneath which the old people of the village lay at rest. Oliver often wandered here, and, thinking of the wretched grave in which his mother lay, would sometimes sit him down and sob unseen; but, as he raised his eyes to the deep sky overhead, he would cease to think of her as lying in the ground, and weep for her sadly, but without pain.

It was a happy time. The days were peaceful and serene, and the nights brought with them no fear or care, no languishing in a wretched prison, or associating with wretched men: nothing but pleasant and happy thoughts. Every morning he went to a white-headed old gentleman, who lived near the little

church, who taught him to read better and to write, and spoke so kindly, and took such pains, that Oliver could never try enough to please him. Then he would walk with Mrs. Maylie and Rose, and hear them talk of books, or perhaps sit near them in some shady place, and listen whilst the young lady read, which he could have done till it grew too dark to see the letters. Then he had his own lesson for the next day to prepare, and at this he would work hard in a little room which looked into the garden, till evening came slowly on, when the ladies would walk out again, and he with them: listening with such pleasure to all they said, and so happy if they wanted a flower that he could climb to reach, or had forgotten anything he could run to fetch, that he could never be quick enough about it. When it became quite dark, and they returned home, the young lady would sit down to the piano, and play some melancholy air, or sing in a low and gentle voice some old song which it pleased her aunt to hear. There would be no candles at such times as these, and Oliver would sit by one of the windows, listening to the sweet music, while tears of tranquil joy stole down his face.

And, when Sunday came, how differently the day was spent from any manner in which he had ever spent it yet! and how happily, too, like all the other days in that most happy time! There was the little church in the morning, with the green leaves fluttering at the windows, the birds singing without, and the sweet-smelling air stealing in at the low porch, and filling the homely building with its fragrance. The poor people were so neat and clean, and knelt so reverently in prayer, that it seemed a pleasure, not a tedious duty, their assembling there together; and, though the singing might be rude, it was real, and sounded more musical (to Oliver's ears at least) than any he had ever heard in church before. Then there were the walks as usual, and many calls at the clean houses of the labouring men; and at night Oliver read a chapter or two from the Bible, which he had been studying all the week, and in the performance of which duty he felt more proud and pleased than if he had been the clergyman himself.

In the morning Oliver would be a-foot by six o'clock, roaming the fields and surveying the hedges far and wide, for nosegays of wild flowers, with which he would return laden home, and which it took great care and consideration to arrange to the best advantage for the embellishment of the breakfast-table. There was fresh groundsel, too, for Miss Maylie's birds, with which Oliver,—who had been studying the subject under the able tuition of the village clerk,—would decorate the cages in the most approved taste. When the birds were made all spruce and smart for the day, there was usually some little commission of charity to execute in the village, or failing that, there was always something to do in the garden, or about the plants, to which Oliver—who had studied this science also under the same

master, who was a gardener by trade,—applied himself with hearty good-will till Miss Rose made her appearance, when there were a thousand commendations to be bestowed upon all he had done, for which one of those light-hearted beautiful smiles was an ample recompense.

So three months glided away; three months which, in the life of the most blessed and favoured of mortals, would have been unmixed happiness; but which, in Oliver's troubled and clouded dawn, were felicity indeed. With the purest and most amiable generosity on one side, and the truest, and warmest, and most soul-felt gratitude on the other, it is no wonder that, by the end of that short time, Oliver Twist had become completely domesticated with the old lady and her niece, and that the fervent attachment of his young and sensitive heart was repaid by their pride in, and attachment to, himself.

T H E W R E A T H .

FROM UHLAND.

THERE went a maid, and plucked the flowers,
That grew upon a sunny lea;
A ladye from the greenwood came,
Most beautiful to see.

She met the maiden with a smile,
She twined a wreath into her hair,
"It blooms not yet, but it will bloom,
Oh! wear it ever there!"

And as the maiden grew, and roamed
Beneath the moon so pale and wan,
And tears fell from her, sad and sweet,
The wreath to bud began.

And when a joyous bride she lay
Upon her faithful leman's breast,
Then smiling blossoms burst the folds
Of their encircling vest.

Soon, cradled gently in her lap,
The mother held a blooming child;
Then many a golden fruit from out
The leafy chaplet smiled.

And when, alack! her love had sunk
Into the dark and dusky grave,
In her dishevelled hair a sere
Dry leaf was seen to wave.

Soon she too there beside him lay,
But still her dear-loved wreath she wore;
And it—oh! wondrous sight to see,—
Both fruit and blossom bore.

E. N.

WALTER CHILDE.



“ My master's mention of small beer, in vulgar parlance swipes, reminds me of Old Tom of Oxford's 'Affectionate condolence with the ultras' some years ago.***** I request the Oxford Satirist to accept the assurance of my high consideration and good-will ; I shake hands with him mentally and cordially, and entreat him to write more songs, such as gladden the hearts of true Englishmen.”

The Doctor, vol. iv. p. 383.

DOCTOR,—or am I privileged to use
 A greater, and a more familiar name?—
 I have no trusted secret to abuse ;
 And as for my surmises, they 're the same
 As the whole world's :—but I 've no time to lose
 In vain conjectures, and my present aim
 Is to give proof that I esteem aright
 The flattering honour of your kind invite.

“ *Laudari a laudatis*,”—well you know
 The proverb—has impell'd me to a tale ;
 And, if the reader finds it but so-so,
 I can but shrug, and point to you as bail.
 I gave my first to Blackwood years ago,—
 A sort of thing to chaunt o'er home-brew'd ale ;
 “ The One Horse Chay,”—'twas father'd, I believe,
 On him who chose to sing it, poor John Reeve.

A friend, too, (to digress, and boast, and cackle, are
 The rights of Whistlecraft's irregular school,)
 Told me (of course, I deem'd the fact oracular,)
 He found his German courier on a stool,
 Singing that song, to teach our tongue vernacular
 To the French maid ; but, though I claim a rule
 To egotize a bit, I must not prose.
 Doctor, you 've said the word, and so here goes.

THE LEGEND OF WALTER CHILDE.

I LOVE old County stories,—of the which
 Our fair West Country hath a decent share,—
 Some touching love and leaguer, ghost and witch,
 Attested well enough to make you stare ;
 Some in broad Doric brogue, and humour rich ;
 But all dead letter, till some wizard rare
 Shall a stray shred of Scott's broad mantle claim,
 And give our Cuddies body, shape, and fame.

But, good materials in themselves are nought.
 Love's labour, forming pleasure out of toil,
 Familiar interest, from youth's earliest thought
 Identifying heart with native soil :
 The pride, by old ancestral deeds well-bought,
 Of his own scutcheon, scath'd in Border broil ;
 All these combin'd in Scott, the man inimitable,
 With master-tact, and powers well-nigh illimitable.

Then, too, th' enlarg'd, the candid, manly spirit !
 The upright, downright, heart-of-oak acumen,
 So truly British, which he did inherit
 As a born-gentleman,—which made him view men
 As their God form'd them, and embody merit
 Even in the plainest humblest grade of true men.
 He lov'd his kind ; felt what he nobly taught ;
 "None weareth his great Maker's stamp for nought."

Thus the bright Sun, that true cosmopolite,
 Which warms and lights up all things in his ken,
 Smiling, as 't were from his superior height,
 On the small feuds and freaks of fretful men,
 Attracts and glorifies with rainbow light
 Drops from each village brook, or lowly fen,
 As from the lordly lake ; and colouring gives
 Unto the meanest thing that breathes and lives.

Speak ye, who knew how his frank nature car'd
 For all he met with, "body, beast, and bairn ;"
 Ye who his leisure walks, like me, have shar'd
 From Melrose tower up to the wild swan's tarn.
 If I presume, a nameless bonnet-laird,
 To cast one pebble on your chieftain's cairn,
 'Tis but to say, "This tribute, mighty Scott,
 From one who knew thee, and forgets thee not !"

But to the purpose. When I speak of Wessex,
 Honour'd of yore by Alfred's birth and sway,
 I don't depreciate Yorkshire, Kent, and Essex,
 Which have their charms in much the self-same way
 As regards merit in the great or less sex,
 Society, parks, turnpikes, corn, and hay ;
 But, somehow, at the present time and tide,
 I'm for that stale old thing, provincial pride.

Our Wykehamists feel this, West country folk
 In general, and men of worth and knowledge,—
 Though, as old fashions now are turn'd to joke,
 Town-coterie-wit, with its teasing small edge,
 May cut them up for 't ;—haply, were truth spoke,
 We had some spice of it at Oriel College,
 In Oriel's palmy days ; and none could show it
 More than our guide and friend, our sage and poet ;

He of the* well-known stock of gentle blood,
 As old as Devon's hills, which th' adage quaint
 Blends with the soil, and speaks their lineage good,
 Long ere the days of Norman king and saint.
 If by "out-college men" not understood,
 I shall not more particularly paint
 Him I was proud to call my friend and Mentor :
 So those who choose may guess him at a venture.

This same provincial pride the French well knew,
 Foster'd *esprit de corps*, when cloth'd in words,
 And (though they laugh'd at its excess, 'tis true,
 In Monsieur Pourceaugnac on the stage boards,)
 Would animate with extra fighting *gout*
 Their old crack regiments, brave as their own swords.

* See the Devonshire proverb of the three families whom
 "When the Conqueror came he found at home."

Dauphiné!—Bourgogne, a moi !
à la mitriale!—Vive le Roi !"

Now, I'm told, have set St. Alibaud
In good St Denis' place; do nought for nought,
Now and then assassinate, to show
How well the subject's privilege is taught.
That, whether Louis Quinze, or Mirabeau,
(Rascals alike) this noble nation brought
To such a piteous pass, is yet a mystery
Which they must fight out at the bar of history.

Our Utilists, who labour to extend
The empire of their* mouse-hole, the old† Mountain,
Cry, "Ye provincials, hear us, and amend ;
Centralization is Improvement's fountain."
True ; but they just commence at the wrong end,
(Such slight mistakes not entering their account in,)
And, as those used to them expect of course,
Exactly put the cart before the horse.

Man's sympathies first radiate from his Lares
To old familiar faces early known,
Thence to his townsmen ; (" congregantur pares
Cum paribus," as Cicero well hath shown ;)
Each brother-band thus link'd, their mutual care is
Their common Father-land, and in the throne
Centering at last, these local rays of loyalty
Blend, rainbow-like, in th' Oriflamme of royalty.

The Welsh are proud, but then their self-respect
Is bas'd on " Live and let live," " give and take,"
Bonds for the peace, which one might half expect
That Utilists would prize for cheapness' sake.
They of the Marches, high and low, affect
This wholesome practice,—nay, a business make,—
To spell, without one letter's wrong admixture,
Such names as they esteem a county-fixture.

Give Dod of Edge's surname a third D,
Half Cheshire would be put in an alarum :
Legh sinks the I, and Williams Wynn the E,
From motives which their friends respect, and share 'em.
Pryse of Gogerddan shuns both I and C ;
And should you dare spell Salusbury like New Sarum,
Sir John the Strong and the old Cavaliers‡
Would rise up from their graves to cuff your ears.

* " Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus."

† " La Montagne."

‡ See Pennant's *Wales*, vol. ii. The representative, by maternal blood, of the elder branch of this family, (by whom the priory of Carmelites was founded at Denbigh in the reign of Henry III.) is the present Lord Combermere. The second baronet, Sir Thomas, of Lleweni Hall, grandson of Sir John the Strong, was a distinguished cavalier in the civil wars, and a man of literary talent. In 1646, Denbigh Castle was gallantly defended for four months against General Mytton's parliamentary army, by Colonel Salusbury of Bachymbyd, commonly called Honanau Gleision, or Blue Stockings, and surrendered on honourable conditions. The present baronet, Sir Charles Salusbury of Llanwern, Monmouthshire, is of a younger branch, formerly settled at Bachygraig House, near Denbigh, about the time of the Reformation ; of which was Mrs. Piozzi, the friend of Dr. Johnson.

The Vaughans of Nannau. Hark, yon thundering noise !
 Hither it rolls, all rattle, smoke, and steam,
 The locomotive ! penny-printer-boys
 Cling there by shoals, and shout the parrot theme,
 " Knowledge is power ! " Awake, and taste new joys,
 That beat Oceana's Utopian dream,
 Ye rustics ; rub up your dull minds, and rummage 'em,
 To suit this gold-and-iron age of Brummagem ! "

Well ; granted steam and railroads may arrange our
 Facilities, and glut May-Fair with plenty, 'tis
 In my mind to be fear'd as a slight danger,
 That we may rub off all our old identities,
 And, jumbled in one hodge-podge, rack-and-manger,
 And helter-skelter, sink to mere non-entities,
 Like sons of that high German family,
 Who're not baptiz'd, but number'd, one, two, three.

Not that I mean to hint the least restriction
 On the great Man-Macadamizing plan ;
 'T were prejudice, and love of contradiction.
 So agitate ! print ! centralize ! and ban
 Old landmark, proverb, saw, and pious fiction ;
 Reform and ransack every thing you can :
 Consolidate all funds of school and college,
 And teach with " half-a-crown's worth of cheap knowledge. " *

Make England one great factory, black and leafless,
 Rich, smoke-begrim'd, and bustling,—watch'd and sway'd
 By organiz'd battalions of the Briefless ;
 I've sons, and want to find them all a trade,
 Lest some curs'd chance should leave them bread-and-beefless :
 Down with grand juries, and the Great Unpaid !
 Whate'er costs nothing must be good for nought.
 None will work gratis whose time 's worth a groat.

I must distinctly say that my arena
 Is not political ; I would not gloss over
 Old Tory faults ; nor, like a wild hyæna,
 Or mad bull, run amuck to gore and toss over
 Your Whigling, who is, though astute and keen, a
 Thing I hold " no great shakes " as a philosopher,
 And wish it had, to grace official station,
 Some common sense, and homely observation.

" Hold ! such stray gifts can't clearly be defin'd,
 Therefore exist not. " True, I had forgot :
 Well then, accelerate both steam and mind
 Up to three hundred ! go it hard and hot !
 Pert, peddling Paddingtonians, unconfm'd,
 Shall call in pleasure's aid to boil the pot,
 Vend bubble-shares amid Siberian snow,
 And teach the Hottentots to jump Jim Crow.

Our landlords, too, and working County men, if it
 Be fact that they grow muzzified at home,
 And spoilt for social intercourse, will benefit
 When stript of onerous duties ; and may roam
 Steam-borne, and shuttlecock it off in any fit
 Of fidgets, from St. Petersburg to Rome,
 Bobbing and jerking over land and ocean
 Like clouds of gnats that sway in endless motion.

* For a glorious showing up of the two-penny press, see *Fraser's* March number.

But, oh ! great Whig and factory-lords ! when you go
 Our circuit, doom not Stonehenge by decree
 To mend the roads ; don't ticket, on the new go,
 As " Number One, first section, Commune C,"
 The house of Wyndham ; spare the fine ærugo
 Of relics, which if nought to you or me,
 Delight Lisle Bowles, and the fair nymphs of Castaly.
 So ne'er may your great dynasty die nastily.

If all our follies be not yet surmis'd
 By your profundity, vouchsafe to know
 Such features are unenvied, and yet priz'd,
 By folks of the old school, who long ago
 Pick'd up their whims, however ill-advis'd.
 Like old Corfe Castle, on the mind they grow,
 (Or ours hard by) when every day at hand,
 Or Glaston's pile, the pride of Western land.

Dear land of Wessex ! but the wight an ass is
 Who vents his local prejudice too crudely ;
 I will not say it actually surpasses
 All England, though I may suspect it shrewdly.
 But we have honest men, and lovely lasses,
 Oaks twin'd with roses ; and I just pen rudely
 A sketch, to show that corners here are found
 Matching the classic spots of Border ground.

For instance—in a kind of daylight dream
 I stroll from this old oaken-panel'd bookery,
 And watch the trout shoot down the rapid stream,
 Skirting the ivied elms of my hoarse rookery ;
 Then climb yon upland, where the sunset's gleam
 Lights the lone shepherd's hut in some snug nookery
 Rich in fern, golden broom, and lichen'd thorn,
 And heather, which wild Cheviot need not scorn.

High on yon timber'd knoll—a breezy spot,—
 Yon round towers stoutly bear their weight of years ;
 And scarr'd, not humbled by the Roundhead's shot,
 Record the ancient faith of Cavaliers,
 High hearts and true, whose fame shall perish not.
 Eastward the grey old manor-house appears
 Of my own kinsman, which can also tell
 Its tale of fight and leaguer known right well.

Then, glancing westward down yon woody dell,
 With no projecting point to intercept
 The twice-fought field where noble Falkland fell,
 I mind me that the quarters where he slept
 Were at my burgess ancestor's, if well
 The records of our neighbouring town are kept :
 Far southward a bold outline shuts the view :
 'Tis Hampshire's border-hills, the first I knew.

In the fore-ground stood Chaucer's old oak tree
 Fifty years since ; but who can trace, alack !
 The minstrel's footsteps now ? Albeit to me
 There is a spell in the imagined track :
 I half wish, if again I cross the sea
 For a long term, may hornets chase me back :
 Once in a way see Florence, Naples, Rome,
 But linger not. Remember " Home is Home !"

Would not this scene stir Mary Mitford's muse?
 None else in Berkshire would stand any chance,
 That is, if leisure serves her, and she choose
 To Tillietudlem us in a romance;
 I've read Corinne, and war not with the Blues
 Who laud the crotchets of Almaine or France;
 But give me Englishwomen born and bred,
 With sound old-fashion'd heart, and Attic head.

We'll talk these matters over, when ere long
 She comes to grace my roof, an honour'd guest:
 Meantime, as I've been call'd on for a song
 By Doctor Daniel Dove, I'll do my best:
 To a friend's seat the legend doth belong
 Some miles to th' eastward, where I've crack'd my jest,
 And sipt the cream of hospitable cheer:—
 You'll know it by it's oaks, and stately deer.

I tell the story from the best hearsay;
 And, if I add some touches of a nature
 To me extremely probable, I pray,
 Call not my gentle Muse a lying faitour,
 But grant some small indulgence, such as "Mais
 S'il ne'st pas vrai, il merite bien de l'être;"
 And so we shall jog onward, my good friends,
 In mutual confidence, till this tale ends.

Young Walter Childe saw service by the side
 Of his slain father, ere eighteen years old:
 Thus were his parts and courage early tried;
 And, though not strictly of the Werter mould,
 Which our sweet Annuals would enshrine with pride,
 As a male "Flower" or "Gem," he was, I'm told,
 A lad of lith and limb, and dauntless spirit,
 With some good looks, and much more sterling merit.

Evil and good had mingled in his fate.
 The civil wars, which left him fatherless,
 Had swept in sequestration the estate
 Which he was born to, ere the consciousness
 Of heirship turn'd and maggotiz'd his pate.
 Bold, hardy, studious, he might hope success
 In most departments link'd with peace or war,
 But for his own good reasons chose the Bar.

"My sword," said he, "shall rust ere strike a stroke
 For the rank hypocrites who bear the sway:
 —The Spanish Main—but if yon stranger spoke
 With truth, foul deeds are done there now-a-day.
 The Bar—yes, there, by Patronage's yoke
 Unshackled, I might hope to win my way:
 A dogged purpose masters power and skill,
 And bows all obstacles to sovereign will."

Taming his martial temper down perforce,
 Habit, he found, creates at last new joys,
 Which weak minds know not: carbine, sword, and horse,
 To him, God wot, had not been glittering toys
 For idle show,—a holiday resource
 Much coveted in peace by pamper'd boys;
 But tools he oft had wielded in good earnest,
 Erdear'd by saddening thoughts of strife the sternest.

Brac'd early by Adversity's keen frost,
 Our Childe's high courage bore him well along ;
 A pittance, sav'd from wreck, just paid his cost ;
 His wants were few, his resolution strong :
 No pleasure tamper'd with, no moment lost ;
 Though pos'd 'twixt legal right and moral wrong,
 He oft surmis'd that law, upon dissection,
 Was not quite human reason's last perfection.

In legal fictions, and stale repetitions,
 He saw a maze contriv'd to place awry
 To vulgar eyes facts, doctrines, and positions ;
 And weary out the sceptic who would pry
 Into the secret of the law's omniscience :
 He saw that chancery-suits, as none deny,
 Are held inflictions of heav'n's special ire,
 Out-Heroding blight, murrain, flood, and fire.

Not that he grudg'd a grain of toil expended,
 Or let such shrewd surmises shake his patience ;
 " When I'm Chief Justice, this shall be amended,"
 Quoth he, and back'd such honest affirmations
 With a stray leaguer-oath. 'T was well intended ;
 But, pride of art, acquir'd associations,
 And etiquette's free-masonry, will bind,
 All in due time, the most ingenuous mind.

Well, the point 's not what he might one day do,
 But what he did at our chief county town,
 Th' eventful morn when first the joys he knew
 Of a dear maiden brief, and donn'd his gown
 Like Cæsar's mantle, hoping for his due
 Of long-expected conquest and renown ;
 He deem'd some " tide in the affairs of men "
 Set in to turn his legal mill just then.

It chanc'd the client on the adverse side
 Was an astute old Anabaptist lawyer,
 A man of weight and territorial pride,
 Who rose from nought by swindling his employer ;
 And now, for party services long tried,
 Rul'd Whig committees, and was sole enjoyer
 Of many a fair sequestered possession.
 The present was a case of gross oppression.

Our hero, when he evidently saw
 The judge was biass'd, and the jury pack'd,
 Chaf'd like a war-horse touch'd upon the raw,
 Aply he cited precedent and act ;
 His speech had pith and fire, was sound in law,
 But wretchedly devoid of prudent tact.
 For he swing'd soundly in his peroration
 The man of influence and commanding station.

He hook'd the great Leviathan, and tore
 His ravenous jaws in such unsparing sort
 As tickled the rough clowns to their heart's core.
 Thrice cheek'd, and menac'd for contempt of court,
 His blood was rous'd ; defiance, as of yore
 On the pitch'd field, spoke in his look and port ;
 The bright eyes fix'd on him, the crowd's applause
 He mark'd not, for his heart was in the cause.

He lost his verdict, as was well foreseen
 By the initiate clique, the self-announc'd
 As "waiters upon Providence," whose spleen
 Stung to the quick, predicted him well trounc'd.
 'T was even plain to his perception keen,
 He was look'd shy on by his caste ; denounc'd
 As a mark'd man, who had contriv'd to mar,
 As the times went, his prospects at the bar.

Forde, his best friend, who always took his part,
 Sat with a long face, looking vex'd and worried,
 And cut five pens to stumps in grief of heart.
 His client's own attorney, red and flurried
 At his display of Ciceronian art,
 Pull'd him aside, and with an accent hurried,
 " Good Heav'n, sir, think what you have done !" he said,
 " Run from my strict instructions ; risk'd my bread !

" I took this awkward cause from pure good will,
 Securing first, of course, my own expences ;
 Censur'd I was for it as rash ; but still
 I almost pledg'd you to avoid offences
 Gross and uncall'd for ; 'twill take all my skill
 To clear myself ; and the profession's sense is
 I should be ruin'd, sir, past all relief,
 By ever offering you another brief."

'T was somewhat galling to our Childe, to find
 He risk'd the cherish'd end of seven years' toil,
 But this he reck'd of less ; as when entwin'd
 The wild stag struggles in the boa's coil,
 His soul swell'd, his eye flash'd, to see combin'd
 Rapine and fraud to waste his native soil,
 And justice barter'd. 'T was past human bearing ;
 He wish'd—but he had some years left off swearing.

Now, had this happen'd in the present day,
 Our friend had gain'd his cause, and spoilt my story ;
 For, as to state affairs, whatever may
 Be my convictions as a country Tory,
 Our yeoman juries, in their plain array
 And clear rough judgment, are the nation's glory ;
 Take, too, those judges I have seen the most of,
 Fair samples of a bench we well may boast of.

Keen A——, whose every glance declares
 The Senior Wrangler ; honest Sir John G——,
 He of the falcon beak, whose pinch so scares
 A shuffling or incompetent attorney ;
 C——, with whom a chat on by-gone years
 Were always worth a long grand jury journey,
 Retaining all the traits of well-spent youth,
 The calm, fine temper, and the soul of truth.

The court clos'd ; at his inn, in musing mood,
 Wat ey'd abstractedly his untouch'd steak,
 (Bar-dinners and full toasts his means eschew'd,)
 And pondered inly what next course to take.
 A prospect lay before him bleak and rude ;
 But aye he quell'd his heart's rebellious ache
 With the sure solace of some wilful men ;
 " My conscience says, I'd do the same again.

"Come, *Sursum corda!* as our chaplain said
 When rations fail'd us in that week's hard frost;
 At eight-and-twenty a bold heart and head
 May win fair fortune on some foreign coast.
 —Liv'd there a monarch like Gustavus dead—
 But, courage! none shall say my stomach's lost.
 (Some wine, there, my kind hostess!) eat and drink;
 To-day keep up our hearts; to-morrow think.

"('Tis capital good mutton this of thine,
 Better, perhaps, had I begun it hot;
 (I'm not so skill'd a judge of thy good wine,)—
 —When did I taste wine last? I've clean forgot:—
 The next may be perhaps on the far Rhine,
 Or—but what boots to scan my future lot?
 (Here, take away!) the foolish pang's subdued.
 Thank God for a light heart and wholesome food!

"'Tis clear, friend Walter, in the civil line,
 While these things last thou'rt laid upon the shelf.
 (No, no, I can't eat more, good lady mine;
 Here's to thy health; finish the flask thyself.)
 But what, in truth, should be life's main design?
 —For old campaigners have small need of pelf—
 Why, to serve God, and fill some useful station,
 Where justice and fair play are still the fashion.

"I have it now—New England is my game.
 What's Mohawk, Cherokee, or Catabaw,
 To these rank knaves? I speak it to their shame:
 Our colonists may prize sound English law;
 In any case, my once unerring aim
 May save friend Ephraim from a panther's claw.
 They're good men, too, and kind; and I respect
 And love the good and true of every sect."

Thus ponder'd Walter Childe, the train pursuing
 Of sweet and bitter thoughts, and back-wood visions;
 "Happy's the wooing that's not long a-doing,"
 So says the adage; and our friend's decisions,
 Though most times acted on, were not long brewing,
 And brook'd few after-thoughts, and no revisions.
 His secret was—I speak it here apart—
 Small care of self, sound head, and single heart.

"Now for this ball," quoth he, "though, viewed aright,
 Seems it not tack'd like a fantastic farce on
 To a deep tragic drama? Since the night
 I pray'd with that poor hind condemn'd for arson,
 I've seen the custom in a different light.
 —God rest his soul!—I'm but a sorry parson,
 But meant well. Come, just now I want variety;
 Besides, must take my leave of good society."

"WHY DID MAJOR MUFFIN KEEP A PARROT?"

BY H. HOLL, AUTHOR OF "BIDDY TIBS," "MARTHA MITES," ETC.

THE saying hath it, "Never speak before children!" for children, notwithstanding the wise example set by their fathers and mothers, will speak the truth. Parrots, like children, are of an imitative and truth-loving nature; and in large letters we write upon this page the following caution,—Never speak before parrots!

Major Muffin—why did he keep a parrot?—lived next door to Miss Penelope Crab. He was a man of metal! She was a woman also of metallic influence, only of a different quality. The Major, mounted with brass, was lined, alas! with copper; while Penelope, guinea-faced, had golden pockets—pockets which, in the eyes of Muffin, held mines of wealth! Miss Penelope Crab was the only daughter of a fish salesman, who dying a widower at a good old age, left her the mistress of herself and his fortune. She was now able to buy anything she fancied, and she thought of a husband.

Major Muffin had seen service, and was now living upon his honour—and half-pay. Being a military man, he swore, of course. Penelope, on the contrary, was devout-minded, and, being a lady, swore not,—except when she condemned the souls of the profane, which she did at least a dozen times a-day. Having now performed this usage of polite society, and introduced to our readers Major Muffin and Miss Penelope Crab, we bequeath them to their mercies, while we amuse ourselves by a chat with their servants.

"That master of yours swears enough to frighten a house down!" Such was the confidential communication conveyed by Deborah—for Penelope's maid had a holy name—over the area rails to Molly, the Major's abigail. "And as for his parrot—"

Here a loud chuckling voice told her to be—what nobody wishes to be—and compared her at the same time to a dog. Deborah looked up, and there saw Major Muffin's grey parrot mounted on the outside of his cage, whistling and shouting from the balcony.

"I should like to wring that brute's neck!" said Deborah, as she gave her mop an energetic twirl. The parrot returned the favour by calling her—what she said she wasn't—we think so too; but the major's parrot had a way of calling ladies in the street names they couldn't help thinking personal, and sometimes so familiarly, they thought it must be somebody who knew them.

"Look at missus's parrot," cried Deborah; "he's a dove of a Poll, and sings psalms like a Christian; but that Bob of yours"—such was the unpretending name of the major's parrot—"swears as bad as his master or the—" and Deborah coughed; "there ain't many pins to choose between them." And bang went her mat against the area rails, and out flew a cloud of dust, which enveloped a lawyer's clerk, who was passing, like a blanket. As soon as this feat was accomplished, Deborah vented a fresh shower of abuse upon the bird, and a fresh chapter of praise was lavished upon the virtues of her missus's Poll. "If ever a parrot was a saint, her missus's Poll—Jeremiah by name—" was one!" And no wonder, for Penelope always took him under her cloak to church, where, strange

to say, he never went to sleep, not even during the sermon! “ But that nasty swearing brute of a bird,”—and she shook her fist at Bob, who was quietly cleaning his nails,—“ he ought to have his head twisted off!” Molly, on the contrary, contended that Bob was a good-natured Poll, and tame as a chicken. She confessed to the swearing; but that, she said, was the fault of his “ brought up.” But then he never bit anybody; while Jeremiah, though a saint, was quite as spiteful, and would bite his best friend to the bone. And as for mischief, though a parrot, there never was a monkey like him; for he did more harm in an hour than Bob would in a year, who hopped about the house, played with the cat, and behaved himself like a gentleman, as he was!

The maids, as they could not agree,—and servant maids do not always agree,—began to toss their heads, and call each other “ ma’am,” and in the end descended their area steps in a huff.

As Major Muffin had no other dependence than his half-pay, he could not very well be called a rich man. He was forty, and a bachelor. Penelope was wealthy, and a spinster; while her age might be what a bountiful Providence pleased, for Muffin did not care. Now, strange to say, the Major had taken, we know not why, a mortal dislike to the lady next door,—albeit he had only seen her once or twice, and that in perspective, at the window,—but still he disliked her. Her name sounded of a ten years’ courtship; while her surname, Crab, though a heavenly sign, seemed to him a sign of going backwards. But then her money! Report had trumpeted the thousands she was worth into his ear, and, after some natural qualms of venturing upon matrimony, Muffin determined to lay close siege to his next-door neighbour.

Miss Penelope Crab sat in her drawing-room; her pious Poll stood meekly in his cage, and blinking his eyes, looked as if thinking of a nap. Penelope laid down her book, “ Watts’s hymns,” and leant back in her chair. Were her thoughts of Major Muffin? He was certainly not a bad-looking man; and, being a military man, and a major, not a bad catch for a fishmonger’s daughter. She had often speculated upon the blessing of being married; yet, strange to say, she had never been asked. This undoubtedly argued a want of taste in the gentlemen. Could it be that they thought her too lean, too old, or too holy for their earthly hopes?—For Penelope was pious, and her sanctity was deep as a well! In fact, Penelope was a walking Evangelical Magazine; and, as she sat in her chair, would have made a “ splendid illustration” to that most excellent work; for her dark, dull, unmeaning countenance looked—as an evangelical portrait always looks—a face of clay moulded with the fingers! Major Muffin was her next door neighbour, and she could not help thinking that she should have no objection to become Mrs. Major Muffin. But then they were utter strangers,—they had not so much as spoken to each other! And then again Penelope felt uneasy, when she remembered Deborah vowed that Muffin, though a major, swore like a common trooper. She shuddered, and taking up the book, which the thoughts of Muffin had made her put aside, was soon out of sight of earthly things, and high in the clouds of pious ærostration; yet, strange to say, the words kept jumping about, and, spite of herself, spelt nothing but “ Major Muffin.” She shut her eyes, and looked again, and as she looked saw “ marriage ”

in capitals, written backwards! It certainly was very strange; and if Major Muffin—

A loud knock at the door hurried her across the room to listen at the door. "Is Miss Crab at home?" was asked, and in a gentleman's voice. Penelope shut the book, and threw Dr. Watts upon the sofa. Deborah climbed up stairs, and looked as if the clouds were coming down.

"Who's that, Deborah?" inquired her mistress.

Deborah's mouth opened like an oyster as she said, "Major Muffin!"

"Major Muffin!" There was a pause of more than a minute—each stood open-eyed and open-mouthed. At length Penelope's shut, as she added, "Show the major up."

"Yes, ma'am,"—and Deborah went slowly down the stairs.

There was a creaking of boots along the passage, a hem or two, and Penelope left the door for a chair, where she sat as though she hadn't moved. The door opened, and Deborah once more announced "Major Muffin." Penelope was a full yard shorter as she curtsied. The major made his best bow, and Deborah listened at the key-hole.

"I am sorry, ma'am, if I have intruded;" and Muffin waited as those who say "they are sorry if they have intruded" always do. Penelope said as usual.

"Don't mention it, Major Muffin. Pray take a chair."

Muffin felt bashful to a degree. This may perhaps sound singular, as the major was in the army; but summoning his courage, he began by "hoping Miss Crab was in good health." Her answer delighted him by informing him she was "quite, thank you." And after travelling through the many intricacies of a self-introduction, and that to a lady, the major "begged to assure her of the great respect he had always entertained for Miss Penelope Crab." He had condemned that virtuous lady to the Satanic domains a hundred times, and Muffin hem'd, or rather grunted. His cravat was tight, perhaps, but nevertheless he expressed his sorrow, "that, neighbours as they were, they were not better acquainted; and if Miss Crab—" here Muffin made a dead stop, and Penelope, scarlet with confusion, rang the bell. Deborah, like a prudent maid as she was, moved on tiptoe from the key-hole, and, creeping down the first flight of stairs, walked heavily up again into the room, as though she had just come from the kitchen.

She was told to hand Major Muffin a glass of wine.

The conversation now proceeded more glibly; the gentleman ceased to stammer, and the lady gave over blushing as a bad job, whilst Muffin began to think her a much nicer woman than he had ever believed it in her nature to be. Penelope felt as she hadn't felt for years. Could it be possible she was fated to be Mrs. Major Muffin!

The wise in society, if they wish to ingratiate themselves in the good graces of the mother, always begin by extolling those of her chubby brat;—the female heart opens as to a magic key at every fresh shower of "sweet little creature!" and "how like its mother!" The major, as a man of the world, began by praising, not Miss Crab, little Crab—that was a pleasure to come—but her parrot! Penelope felt the compliment, and commenced enlarging upon his merits,

and Muffin was made sensible that the parrot was a very good parrot, for he said prayers like a Christian as he was, and was as full of good sentences as a pincushion is of pins, in the advent of "a little stranger." In fact Penelope's Poll was a bird of character; he whistled Hallelujah like an organ, and could say the Lord's Prayer as well as an archbishop! The parrot, evidently aware he was the subject of conversation, smoothed his feathers, and fixed his black eye like a gimblet upon Major Muffin, who, taking a chair beside the cage, delighted Penelope by asking Poll "What it was o'clock?" Poll was as correct as a sun-dial, and then, whistling a hymn, convinced Muffin of his powers.

"Some people," and Penelope looked at the major, "teach their parrots to swear. She never trusted her Poll even into the balcony, for fear," as she said, "his morals should be corrupted. *Some* people, she had heard," and she emphasised the word, "were not so particular."

The Major's cravat was again inconveniently tight. Feeling himself slightly pulled, Muffin turned his head, and saw, to his horror, the parrot quietly amusing himself by biting sundry holes in the tail of his coat, new on that day! Penelope started up as if she had been shot at hearing the major d—n so good a bird, as he tried to extricate his coat. But Poll fastened on it with his claws and beak, and fed upon it as if making a meal. A sudden jerk freed the coat, while Poll in a passion shouted several sentences of scriptural condemnations against the major's soul, as with his wings outspread, he fluttered along the perch, and screamed up and down the sides of his cage. Penelope cried, "Ah, you naughty bird!" while the major eyed him with a look of death, and talked of "wringing necks," as he inspected the damage done to his coat. But Muffin was under an evil star, for as his hand incautiously strayed near the wires of the cage, the parrot darted on it, and, seizing one of the fingers in his beak, made the ends meet at the bone. Muffin shouted ten thousand deaths, and dragged the cage half across the room, for pretty Poll held by his flesh like a vice before he could get away. Had Penelope not rushed as she did between the major and his wrath, we fear Jeremiah would have met a bird's death. His neck, however, remained untwisted, and Muffin's finger was bound up in a piece of rag.

The conversation having continued some short time further, Major Muffin rose to depart, assuring Miss Crab, as he did so, and, as he said, "from the bottom of his heart," that she had made him feel a happy man. "You will be sure and come," continued the major; "and perhaps you will bring your parrot with you :"—he looked as if he could have eaten it. "Pretty fellow! he will be a companion for my Bob." Penelope hinted something about "evil communications;" but Muffin maintained the report to be unfounded, and declared Bob to be the best-natured creature under the sun, and never bit anything but his *food*. Here the major rubbed his finger.

Penelope, after the usual number of "good mornings" had passed, opened the drawing-room door; Deborah stood ready at the street one; and Major Muffin, after saying he "should expect her at five," made his bow and his exit, and, as he went down the steps, felt satisfied that he had made an impression upon his next-door neighbour.

Now, Deborah and Molly had tiffed in the morning, while dis-

cussing the relative merits of the rival parrots; but as they were fetching the beer for dinner, it so happened they each arrived at their area gates at the same moment. When a woman has a secret to tell, she forgets even her dislike; and Deborah beckoned mysteriously to Molly with her finger. Now, Molly was still swelling with her forenoon's indignation; but as Deborah had made the "*amende honorable*," she swallowed her pride, as she had often done other things, and waited, jug in hand, to hear Deborah's communication.

"Molly,"—Deborah looked like a prophetess as she added, "who'd a' thought it?"

Molly prepared herself for the intelligence by a long draught of beer. The other had lips only for her secret, as she said, "Who do you think has been to see missus this morning?" Molly looked, as she really was,—ignorant.

Deborah, after sundry telegraphic signals, whispered in her ear, "Major Muffin!"

"Master!" and Molly, who was naturally of a quiet disposition, stood so with astonishment.

"And what do you think?" said the other; "he asked her to go to tea!"

"Miss Crab coming to tea!" Molly gazed with unbelief.

"And her parrot's going as well. I see what it will end in," and Deborah bobbed her head with a most meaning bob. "There'll be a Mrs. Major Muffin before long, I'm thinking. You should have seen how they looked at one another, and how missus blushed!"

"Blushed!—how could you see?" asked the inquiring Molly.

"How did I see?" and Deborah felt surprised that any servant should ask such a question; "why, through the key-hole!"

The bells of both kitchens, after having been rang several times, became at length violently communicative, and the servant maids ran down their area steps, big with the fate, not of Cato, but of their master and missus.

The clock was striking five, when Miss Penelope Crab knocked at the door of her next-door neighbour. Deborah stood on the top step with the cage in her hand. The parrot, like a good bird, sat meekly on his perch, and seemed conscious he was going to pay a visit. The door was opened, and the lady was shown upstairs. Muffin himself met them at the top, handed her a chair, and sat, like a gentleman should, close by her side. Molly, profiting by their example, placed Jeremiah in his cage, side by side with Bob, shut the door, and proved herself a much better servant than Deborah had supposed her to be, for she listened most attentively on the outside.

The parrots, as parrots always do, looked suspiciously at one another with their bead-like eyes, but remained quiet on their perches.

Now, Muffin, although no Jason, saw in perspective a "golden fleece;" for that Penelope *had* gold there was no question: he had fully satisfied himself of that fact, and the vapours of his dislike melted as before a rising sun, that looked upon his poverty, and turned it into wealth! Gold, that true philosopher's stone, which all seek for,—that fruit all hope to gather, made him turn his eyes upon Penelope Crab, who, dowerless, might have lived next door for

ages, and unsought of Muffin; but, laden with a freight of thousands, the man of war hoped to sail in her company upon the sea of Matrimony. But there were hidden rocks he dreamt not of—why did Major Muffin keep a parrot?

Penelope herself could not be called shy upon the question. She was fifty; and wished—as every reasonable woman wishes—to be married; and, if the gentleman should propose, Penelope felt she must say yes. Of one thing she was certain, that she should not say *no*. And Major Muffin, why—why did he keep a parrot?

Tea was brought in; Penelope did the honours. The “mix’d” was plentifully shovelled from the caddy; and the major was sensible of the delicate attention when Penelope disdained the toast, and fastened on the muffins. He looked upon it as a good omen; and hoped ere long to be himself as well buttered! Tea was poured out, and milked by her own hand to his liking; while he returned the compliment by sugaring hers, which he did to a degree of nicety scarcely to be believed; for she looked and smiled, and looked and blushed, “and smiled again.” While the major, like a skilful general, attacked the enemy in the weakest part; and with well-directed volleys of mouth-flattery aimed directly at her heart! While she,—what woman could do otherwise,—she looked as if she must give in, for the major pressed his attacks with so much vigour, and the tea was *so* nice, that Penelope, icy virgin as she was, began to melt before the warmth of the gentleman’s affection! The longest winter, though wrapped in storms and frowns, smiles at length at the young-leafed summer, and Penelope Crab, who had so long nursed herself in maidenhood, felt overjoyed at the prospect of becoming a wife, perhaps a mother! The thought of a little Major Muffin grafted on a Crab, made her heart bound like a shuttlecock, and turned her—what we assure our readers she never was—topsy-turvy.

The parrots—for parrots are wise birds,—seeing what was going on at the other end of the room between the master and mistress, began moving with a sidelong look over their cages, and every now and then muttered indistinct chatterings, as if desirous of a little more familiarity, but neither liking to begin: unlike the major, who pressed Penelope with all the eloquence he was master of, to take “another cup of tea.”

“I’d rather not, thank you, Major Muffin.”

Penelope had already despatched four cups, and vowed “she couldn’t drink any more.”

“Another bit of muffin?” and the major handed the plate.

This was an offer she knew not how to resist; she couldn’t find it in her heart to refuse muffin. Leering in his face, she looked what she spoke, that “she couldn’t refuse Major Muffin.”

He drew his chair a little nearer, and took her hand. Penelope employed the other with a spoon. The major, heaving a sigh like a pavior, declared himself to be an “unfortunate man!” and he shook his head. Penelope also sighed, and endeavoured to fancy herself what we are sure she was not—“an unfortunate woman!”

“Yes,” cried the major, “I am an unfortunate wretch; for I have trifled with my affections until they have left me a man without a heart.” Penelope felt she did not know how. The major continued, “Yes, Penelope, I am a man without a heart,” and he squeezed

her hand. The other was actively engaged with the teaspoon. "This hand," and he gave it another squeeze, "this hand is to me as good as gold!" and Muffin looked as though he had spoken a truth. "Yes, Penelope, future peace and present joy are written in the lines of this little palm!" saying which the major—our pen trembles as we record the fact—ravished a kiss! Penelope was no doubt thinking of something else, or she would have snatched it away; but her mind dwelt on the spoon, which moved in mystic circles over the tea-board, and doubtless drowned the noise of the kiss, though Molly affirms to this day that she heard it outside the door!

A skilful general watches with a hawk's eye for a fortunate chance. The major ought to have been promoted to field marshal; for never did man take better advantage of "the weak invention of the enemy." And, as for a fortunate chance, Penelope, with her wreath of red roses, was to him fortune itself. With one arm gently roving round her waist, he pressed the yielding damsel to his breast, and whispered soft persuasions in her willing ear, "Would she?—would she?—oh! would she?"

"Would I what?" and Penelope looked bashful.

"I dare not ask," cried the major like a hero of romance. "But, if—," her white dress crushed like tissue-paper as he drew her to his side, "if I might venture to propose—" Penelope held the spoon quite quiet, while Muffin looked as much like a Romeo as any man of forty in a blue surtout and brass buttons could, as he added, "dare I venture?—dare I?—may I?"

Penelope looked in his face as much as to say, "he might," dropped her eyes upon the ground, and remained silent.

Silence we all know gives consent. Muffin evidently thought so; and, sinking upon one knee, insinuated in his softest tones, "Oh, Penelope, will you be mine? Say yes!—only yes!—only—only—"

"Ye—" The "s" was only wanting to complete the happy word as Penelope was turning to embrace him; when the major's parrot, in a long, loud chuckle, shouted out, evidently in imitation of his master's voice, "I wish that damn'd old woman next door was dead!" which Miss Crab's Jeremiah seconded by saying, "we beseech thee to hear us, good Lord!"

Penelope started up as if cut out of wood. Her own parrot, the sainted Jeremiah, to pray for such a wish! And the major's parrot, who had no doubt repeated what he had often heard, he to wish her not only dead, but the other thing! and just as he had "popped the question," and she was going to say "yes." Wood!—she was stone!

Major Muffin—yes, Major Muffin knelt, and seemed as he could never rise; but his fault did; he looked upon his error, and saw it written, "Never speak before parrots!"

The end of this tale may easily be conceived. The parrots once started, vied with each other which could speak the fastest. Bob made over the old—we omit the word—next door, not only over to death, but to the dominions of a gentleman who shall be nameless, with an accompaniment of all oaths that are pronounceable. While Penelope's Jeremiah, her sweet Poll, swore at the other, only in a different style—*his* were orthodox condemnations! And thus a

volley of screams and chuckling abuse was kept up between the two birds, who clapped their wings, and shouted as if taking part with their master and mistress.

Penelope—not to be outdone by her Poll—bestowed upon Major Muffin the fruits of her displeasure; and, after calling him “base wretch!” “villain!” “monster!” “brute!” and sundry other epithets which females pronounce so glibly, left the room with a bounce, and the house with a bang, leaving the major still on his knee in a cloud of wonder, rage, and disappointment.

The tea-things flew about the room; and his old favourite Poll, the innocent cause of so much mischief, had a narrow escape; for the poker, aimed with a deadly aim, whirled across the room to the damage of sundry wires of the cage, but not of Poll; who to this day repeats the daily lessons set by his bachelor master, and chuckles out, “I wish that d—d old woman next door was dead!”

Miss Penelope Crab, with twenty thousand pounds, died as she had lived, a virgin.

“Why did Major Muffin keep a parrot?”

EPISTLE EXPOSTULATORY

TO A DEAR FRIEND,

Who has been often kicked, and repeatedly horsewhipped.

DEAR MATT,—It is with deep concern
That I, this morning, “live and learn”
You have contrived somehow to earn
A new horsewhipping!
Indeed, I hear now every week
That, either from revenge or pique,
Your very bones are made to squeak:
The list of shipping,

The price of tallows and tobaccos,
And ripe rums, run from the Caraccas,
And who at Derby are out-backers,
Are hardly more
Posted, and known, and regular,
Than the accounts of where you are,
And what cool Colonel flogg’d you there,
Whilst you kept score!

Why, d—n it, man! od’s zooks! od’s zounds!
It puzzles me—confutes—confounds!—
You pocket blows as they were pounds,
And never pay
One back again upon demand,
Though Thompson has your note of hand
(He who your Windsor whipping plann’d,)
That, some odd day,

Meanwhile the gentleman so stout,
 Who gave the kick that caused this rout,
 Has gone his business about,
 And walk'd a mile!

One grows with age less sensitive.
 I know some men—say, four or five—
 Who're horse-whipp'd twice a week, and thrive,
 And swagger too!
 You cut and slash, and cuff and kick*
 In vain—their hide's so three-soled thick,
 You might as soon hurt wall of brick!
 You split your shoe,
 But jar not their philosophy,—
 A brute indifference, which I
 Might deprecate, but will not try;
 Dear Matt, do you?

I'm sure you often do, and much:
 And yet you take (your strength is such!)
 As much sound beating as your Dutch
 Obdurate cream,
 While slow subduing down to butter,
 'Ere you can be enforced to mutter
 How you dislike it, or to utter
 A craven scream!

In short, you are as great a glutton
 In thumps as Johnson was in mutton.
 What callous armour have you put on?
 A coat of mail?
 No, *male* is what you perhaps should wear,
 For 'tis unmalely thus to bear
 More kickings than can be your share,
 If you keep *taille*.

A little kicking's very well;
 But when you want to "bear the bell,"
 And take more kicks than you can tell,
 'Tis time that I,
 Your tender, fervent, faithful friend,
 Should counsel you to put an end
 To this ambition, and amend
 It totally!

PUNCH.

* But some men have scarcely sensibility enough to know when they are kicked; and others do not understand clearly what a kicking means when they see it afforded. A very polite Frenchman, over here, witnessing, for the first time, "an affair of honour" of this sort, was mightily puzzled as to its import. "Vat is dat you English play wid," he asked the author, "vere one gentilhomme take anoder no gentilhomme by de collar of his coat, and he von't let him; and den de one gentilhomme hit de oder no gentilhomme very hard behind vid his fooks till he say 'D—n it!' and ron away; and den de gentilhomme puts down his fooks, and call after de oder gentilhomme dat run away to stop a bit and have some more, and he von't?" "That is a kicking, Monsieur," was the author's reply; but Monsieur, my friend, did not understand it then.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.—No. VI.

THE CANNONS' ADVENTURES IN BOULOGNE.

WHEN formerly vegetating at Wick Hall, Mrs. Cannon and the Misses Cannon would have been agonised to their fingers' ends had the old gentleman or one of their brothers suffered from a mere whitlow; yet, now their natural guardians and protectors were in peril of their lives; the ladies were—Do not compel me to relate it—let it remain in silence. The Misses Cannon are spinsters, and I might mar their prospects in the matrimonial horizon; yet, as a faithful historian, the truth must out. The ladies were grouped before their looking-glasses, preparing to take a stroll upon the Port with a French cavalier they had met with in the hotel,—a Monsieur de la Blague,—an amiable, interesting young man, with long lanky black hair, short curly mustachios, a fascinating *impériale* or chin-lock,—in fact, a type of the middle ages, although he was but a youth; his neck bared, to display the whiteness of his skin, contrasting with his whiskers like dots on a domino, was not encumbered with a bolstering cravat or a stiff stock, but might have given a lesson of prudence to the young ladies, by displaying that eminence in the throat of man commonly called *Adam's apple*,—no doubt from the very probable tradition that Eve's temptation stuck in our first parent's gullet. But whether Monsieur le Chevalier de la Blague did or did not display his thyroid gland for this moral purpose, or to do the Apollo or the Antinous, I do not pretend to affirm. He looked interesting—he *was* interesting—as interesting as any novel in three volumes post octavo. His language and his conversation were also suited to his appearance. He had interested the ladies with a tale of misery, and excited both their compassion and their generosity in the behalf of a sad child of woe, for whose relief he was collecting all the mites he could. The tale of sorrow was as follows: unfortunately it was a fiction!

A poor foreign woman, without friends or money, had imprudently taken passage on a steamer at Dover to visit France; but, alas! she had not taken out a passport! After having been tossed about in all the horrors of sea-sickness for six mortal hours, the only clothes she had on her back drenched through, she arrived at Boulogne. Her passport was demanded,—she had none! she was too veracious to say she had lost what she never had possessed. The *douaniers* and the *police* were inflexible; they would not allow her to land. In vain she supplicated and entreated—they were callous to her prayers, and she was obliged to remain on board, helpless and penniless,—terms justly and truly synonymous. Thus she had no other resource than to return to England; but there, alas! fresh tribulations awaited her. Her outlandish dress, her unintelligible language, and her gipsy complexion gave her all the appearance of a Bohemian wanderer. In vain she endeavoured to prove that she had but recently left the shores of Britain. The custom-officers swore she was an alien, and, with the same merciless resolution to fulfil their duties, prevented her from landing. Thus had she been kept for six weeks rolling about between France and England,—tossed like a shuttlecock from Dover to Boulogne, and Boulogne to Dover,—not allowed to set foot on shore, and dreaded and abhorred

on board, as the superstitious sailors swore that she was an evil genius, one of Mother Carey's imps, the cause of foul weather and contrary winds, which even the horse-shoe nailed to their mast could not avert. Without any other nourishment than what occasional charity afforded, she often was delighted to hear the sailors talking of heaving her overboard for a witch.

Such was the pitiful object for which Monsieur de la Blague was making a charitable collection, until an order should arrive from Paris to liberate the unfortunate victim of international laws. The application was not unavailing; the purses of all the ladies were unstrung, and each of them placed a napoleon in the hands of the generous advocate of suffering humanity!

This philosophic action was worthy of a reward. The ladies consented to a *promenade sur le Port*; and Mrs. Cannon and Miss Lucy Cannon, leaning on the arm of their new acquaintance, and followed, now in double file, and now in "rank entire," by the other young ladies, the party in stately gait proceeded to the great centre of attraction.

No diorama, or panorama, or neorama, or any other rama, can display as great a variety of motley groups as the Port of Boulogne, more especially when a cargo of fresh importations arrives. A chain of customhouse-officers is formed to separate the new comers from the old stagers, the pure from the impure, the fane from the elect. No quarantine laws in plague or cholera could fix a more positive line of demarcation and circle of action, —to which all and every loungee flocked or rushed with as much avidity as though the great Mogul, or some far-famed plenipotentiary, was about landing. Some, recognised old acquaintances, welcome or unwelcome; others, sought for new acquaintances; mothers pushed forward their daughters, in the hope of a catch at a first-sight love; younger sons of younger brothers pushed forward to catch the eye of some lady, whose splendid pelisse or tippet, whose liveried followers or half-dead page, bespoke rank or fortune; while general practitioners joined in the rush to catch the eye of some poor, sickly, yellow, infirm, half-dead traveller, in search of foreign health and five-franc doctors, who were ready to roar out, "Physic! physic! physic! — who wants physic! — wa wants phee-sick?" — in conjunction with the *commissionnaires* who were thrusting their unwelcome hotel cards in the trembling hands of the passengers, bellowing out, "Hotel de l'Europe,—du Nord,—des Bains—d'Angleterre," —the last ejaculation sent *grating* to the ears of many, since the same dignified title had been conferred upon the town jail.

And then some colonist, returned to his friends, would shake hands with dislocating cordiality, exclaiming, "How do!—What news?—any elopement?—any smash?—who's cleaned out?—who's done brown?—how goes on immortal *écarte*?—all right as a trivet?"

"Well, how does Lunnun look?" replied the resident; "gay as ever?" And then a reluctant sigh might have been heard.

"London!—d—d stupid—all the world out of town; but a *vast* number inquiring about you, I assure you—ha! ha! ha!"

"How are all my friends?" anxiously asked an oculist of a spectre with a green shade over his eyes.

"Your friends!" replied the other, in a sinister tone of voice. "many of them, I assure you, would be delighted to see you again."

And then another kind friend stepped up to a fat malty Englishman, who was trundling along a thin, spare, elderly lady, his worthy spouse, just arrived *in time* to visit their daughter at a boarding-school, and with some hesitation told them, "I am anxious to *prepare* you for an unpleasant bit of news, my dear Mr. Muffin."

"What's the matter? Is Molly sick—got the measles!" exclaimed papa.

The mamma was silent, perhaps from some secret forebodings.

"Nothing very particular," replied the kind friend; "it is only reported that she jumped out of the school window."

"And broke her leg! Oh dear! oh dear!"

"No,—but *broke her fall* in the arms of Monsieur Ronflart, the melodramatic actor."

"How kind!" exclaimed the mother. "The French are so polite!"

"So Miss Molly thought," rejoined the kind friend; "for she has remained in his arms ever since."

"Oh, Mrs. Muffin!" ejaculated the old citizen, "I told you how 'twould be! But I will have satisfaction!—I'll apply to our ambassador!—Parliament shall take it up!"

And now Mrs. Muffin fell into hysterics in the arms of the *commissionnaire* of one of the hotels, who had thus accidentally secured her. Soon a busy crowd of *all sorts* was collected round the disconsolate couple, following them as they proceeded up street, lamenting their mishaps, to the great amusement of the French amateurs of British scandal.

"*Enfoncé la famille des Mouffins!*" cried one.

"*Fameux!*" exclaimed another.

"*C'est pourtant Cadet Ronflart, celui-là qui joue les tyrans dans les pantomimes qui a fait ce coup là,*" tittered a third.

The congregation were now dispersing, and Monsieur de la Blague and the ladies continued their walk towards the sands. Was *La jeune France* making love? Strange to say, no—at least directly—but he was launching his amorous skiff on the troubled ocean of intrigue with a side-wind. The conversation naturally fell upon the danger that the gentlemen were then exposed to; but the gay cavalier allayed the ladies' apprehensions by representing his dear friend Le Comte des Oripeaux as a very *Ægidium* of protection and safety.

"The count," he added, "is one of my dearest friends, and I may say that, without exception, he is the *pearl* of French nobility. Courtied by men, sought after by women, he is justly considered the *coqueluche*, the whooping-cough of the ladies, and the terror of his rivals. Already has he refused the hand of the most distinguished beauties,—beauties who have driven all Paris to despair! He has unfortunately one fault—such, at least, it is considered by Frenchmen, though I am far from agreeing with them. He fancies that his countrywomen are coquettes,—all made up like our dishes; whereas he delights in your English ladies, which, like your cooking, is all *au naturel*;—and he therefore has sworn on his sword and his cross of honour, that an English girl alone can make him happy. Fortune he despises. At the death of an uncle, the Marquis de Saunterre, he will be a *millionnaire*; but all the treasure that he covets is a lovely *Anglaise*, with transparent skin, that allows the hue of

a timid blush to carnation her cheek, whose blue eyes, *fendus en amandes*, 'split like an almond,' (he added, by way of translation,) bespeak their national timidity, combined with romantic love."

All this was expressed in broken English, which made the handsome cavalier still more interesting, as ladies are ever prompted by their natural good nature to assist those who may find difficulty in their language; a reciprocal feeling which the French most fully appreciate. Oh! how the hearts of all the ladies were beating and palpitating! A doctor with a stethoscope would instantly have discovered Cupid dancing and waltzing in their bosoms. But Monsieur de la Blague's looks were fixed upon Lucy Cannon's golden ringlets and azure eyes, which corresponded with his enthusiastic notions of English beauty,—though now and then he stole back a look for her mother,—whose right arm he occasionally pressed against his side, while Lucy's hand he ever and anon drew gently and cautiously upon what anatomists call his cardiac region, *i. e.* his heart, which, by dint of keeping in his breath and accelerating his respiration, he set going like the pendulum of a clock.

This delightful conversation was unfortunately interrupted by a busy throng gathering like a snow-ball round one of Boulogne's newsmongers, who, out of breath, and wiping the dew-drops off his brow, was communicating to the anxious throng some important intelligence. Mrs. Cannon, whose presentiments seemed to anticipate evil, trembled from head to foot. Lucy accompanied her, and all the young ladies exclaimed, "*Dear, what can the matter be!*" as they hurried towards the crowd, when their ears, pricked up in anxious expectation, heard the following astounding sentences.

"Yes; the old gentleman discovered the intrigue, and, like a prime old cock, he called out the fellow."

This the ladies thought alluded to Mr. Muffin; but, alas! they were soon undeceived.

"The parties went out—they fired—the old gentleman fell mortally wounded through the abdomen. His son, a brave lad, instantly rushed forward and shot the Frenchman's head off. The police and the gendarmes interfered; the young gentleman's brother and their servant fired upon them; two gendarmes were killed, and four wounded; and the whole boil of them are coming into town, stretched upon doors and window-shutters."

In a moment the group dispersed. Gentle reader, if you have ever seen truant urchins breaking up school, or a mob dispersed by policemen's staves, or a hue-and-cry after a pickpocket, or a scampering before a goaded bullock, or a race on the falling of a sudden shower, or a run from breaking ice on the frozen Serpentine, or a devil-take-the-hindmost to see a man hanged, or a helter-skelter to behold the Sovereign opening Parliament, or—or—what more can I say?—you may imagine the British population of Boulogne running pell-mell to see the *casualties* of an amorous intrigue brought in upon a door, dead or dying.

M. de la Blague hurried on the ladies, as promptly as their faltering steps could take them, to the scene of dismay and uproar. For, although until this moment the eloquence of their companion had made them forget husband, father, and brother, the horrors of their situation was now exaggerated to a centifold degree at this fearful intelligence.

Alas! I feel that my mode of relating these events may have added to the mischief; for, while I have been conducting my reader in the busy port, and dwelling on idle chit-chat, I left my combatants bleeding on the field, perhaps to death, or to a syncope!

We have seen that in the discharge of Cornelius Cannon and his antagonist's pistols, Mr. Commodus Cannon and Cornelius *vis-a-vis* had fallen. How was this? Commodus had received a gun-shot wound in his *gluteus maximus*, as the surgeons call it; and M. de la Bastringue had a few of his *carpal* bones—probably part of some *metacarpal* ones—blown away. That's no answer. How was this? I'll tell you. It may be recollected that the French *sapeur*, indignant at the aristocratic boast of Cornelius regarding his "Egg's," had proudly loaded his own rusty weapon, and charged it with the same impetuosity as he verbally discharged his wrath; deeming that powder, like words, cannot be too abundant in avenging wrongs as dire as those he had received. Now, under the influence of unruly passion it is as difficult to restrain the current of language as that of a powder-horn; and, while the enraged Frenchman was expending his vocabulary, he was loading his pistol beyond all "proof" or prudence. The consequence was that the barrel parted company with its stock, but with such reluctance that it flew into various and sundry fragments and splinters, which flew into various and sundry portions of the bodies of the contending powers.

Now all this might have been considered "fair play,"—a jewel which every country should appreciate. This was not the case in the present instance. The Frenchman having roared out that he was *assassinated*, forthwith rolled upon the grass, twisting and writhing like an eel! and the gendarmes, who had hurried to the spot, on seeing their countryman thus ill used, proceeded to apprehend Cornelius Cannon, and might possibly have laid violent hands on his father, only the old gentleman was cutting as many capers on the ground as his son's antagonist. Sam Surly would incontinently have brought his blunderbuss into play to settle matters, had he not been also taken up as a *perturbateur et complice* of a base murder. In the midst of this horrible confusion, the gendarmes, accustomed in former wars to bear off wounded, and wishing to return to Boulogne in a picturesque manner, had unhinged the doors of a neighbouring cottage, despite the loud remonstrances of its proprietors, who were silenced by the authoritative words, "*Respect aux Lois et a la force armée!*" for, although they might not have cared a button for the first part of the injunction, they knew better than to dispute the latter argument; and the wounded Frenchman and Commodus Cannon being properly and comfortably stretched upon the said doors, borne by various volunteers, were carried into Boulogne, accompanied by a numerous and variegated *cortège*, preceded by Corney Cannon, duly led a prisoner, guarded by four gendarmes with drawn swords.

Commodus was thus carried to his hotel, Corney to prison, and the wounded Frenchman to the hospital.

Scarcely had the old gentleman been put to bed by his disconsolate family, whom the Comte des Oripeaux and the Chevalier de la Blague endeavoured to console by all possible means, when the *commissaire de police*, attended by the *greffier*, and an *officier de santé*, arrived to draw out a *procès verbal*. When the ladies beheld this

public functionary, with his white sash and enormous cocked hat, escorted by four serjeants, they fancied that he was at least the public executioner.

The official commenced operations by informing old Cannon, that when strangers thought proper to visit foreign countries they became subject to the laws of the land; and he added, that *messieurs les Anglais* were a most lawless set of people. He then drew out writing materials, and ordered the surgeon to report professionally on the nature of *Le Sieur des Cannons'* wound, and the *officier de santé* proceeded forthwith to probe the same, *malgré* the atrocious roaring of the patient, the lamentations of the ladies, the curses of his sons, and the expostulations of their French friends.

After half an hour's poking it was decided that *Le Sieur des Cannons* had received a gun-shot wound by *ricochet*, that had lacerated the integuments, and injured the *glutæus maximus*, within three fingers of its tendinous and aponeurotic insertion in the *os sacrum*, and the *officier de santé* was further of opinion that the said wound had been inflicted by some fire-arm, to the which the aforesaid *Sieur des Cannons* had in all probability turned his back instead of his front; as, in the latter case, by the direction of the projectile, instead of wounding the *glutæus maximus*, it would in all likelihood have injured the *Sieur des Cannons' pubis*.

This wise conclusion having been delivered *secundum artem*, the commissaire dictated his *procès verbal* nearly in the following terms:—

“ *Attendu que le Sieur Commode des Cannons, gentilhomme, natif de Londres, Angleterre, Departement de Vesminster*, did most grievously and wantonly insult and outrage *Le Sieur de la Bastringue, dit La Tulippe, militaire*, by pulling his beard, and endeavouring to degrade him by *voie de fait* in every possible manner; that, instead of giving the said *militaire* the satisfaction of *a brave*, he had deputed his son to meet him, with a destructive weapon of foreign manufacture, bearing the outward appearance of a pistol, but being in reality a fire-arm of a most diabolical nature, loaded with innumerable balls, bullets, slugs, and pellets, whereby the said *Sieur de la Bastringue* had had his *carpal* and *metacarpal* bones singly and severally shattered, battered, and blown off; thereby incapacitating him for evermore from serving the state in the capacity of a soldier, or earning a livelihood by the exercise of his former profession of *artiste en cheveux*. And, *attendu que* the said *Le Bastringue* having received this desperate injury at the very moment he was pulling the trigger of his pistol, the weapon being struck, took a wrong direction, and the ball must have hit a stone, or a tree, or some other hard and resisting substance, whence it had been reflected by *ricochet*, to the injury of the said *Le Sieur Commode du Cannon's glutæus maximus*, within two fingers of its tendinous insertion in the *os sacrum*; but, *vu*, that the said *Sieur Cannon*, and his son, *Corney Cannon*, pleaded ignorance of the five codes, it was recommended that this affair might be settled without reference to the *tribunal de police correctionnelle*; for the which it was necessary, *primo d'abord*, that *Les Sieurs Cannon, père et fils*, should procure a substitute for the said *Sieur de la Bastringue*. *Secundo ensuite*, that a *pension alimentaire* should be settled upon him during his natural life, but transmissible to his heirs natural or unnatural. *Tertio après*, that all the expenses incurred by the surgical treatment of the wounds received by the said *Sieur de Bastringue*, should be

defrayed by Messieurs Cannon, *pere et fils*. And, *quarto enfin*, that all costs of proceedings shall be also borne by them."

In vain was it represented that Le Sieur de Bastringue had blown off his own fingers,—that old Cannon had been wounded by a splinter of his pistol—that the pistol of Cannon *fils* was a lawful and proper weapon. The commissaire replied, that if the matter went before the *tribunaux*, the parties would in all likelihood be sentenced to the "*Travaux forcés à perpétuité*," or hard labour for life; as, in addition to the said offences, the said Sieur Cannon *pere* had been guilty of an *attentat contre les bonnes mœurs*, by appearing in the yard of his hotel in a *costume indécent*. *Vu qu'il était en chemise, et attendu que*, the hotel gate having been thrown open, the *cour* became a *voie publique*; and he further added that he would forego further proceedings, taking into consideration the circumstance of the offending parties being foreigners, whom it was the wish of the French government to treat with the utmost hospitality and favour, bearing in view at the same time the interests and protection of a French citizen.

Messieurs des Oripeaux and De la Blague ventured to expostulate; but the commissaire, with a most significant wink, told them that it would be more wise in them to mind their own affairs. However, they took the official aside, and soon after returned, informing Mr. Cannon that for five hundred francs the whole matter might be arranged; and this amicable adjustment, which they strongly recommended, terminated this mighty affair. In the evening Cornelius joined the family at a merry supper, during which their new French acquaintances were actually (in the eyes of the ladies at least) coruscations of wit.

It has been observed that misfortunes and adventures are like showers, and that it never rains but it pours; such seemed to be the destinies of our peregrinators. Moreover, it has been remarked by learned philosophers that climate has a singular influence on the moral and the physical characteristics of men and nations; and that, under various circumstances, longitude will prompt people to assume a greater latitude in their behaviour. The ingenious Montesquieu, in his disquisitions on this head, has unfortunately fallen somewhat short in his illustrations to prove that we are the creatures of climate. Had he lived at Boulogne-sur-Mer, in the present age, he might have witnessed various proofs of the correctness of his doctrine. For its atmosphere, like that of Paphos, most unquestionably is favourable to amorous emotions; nay, capable of inspiring the most frigid and rigid anchorite with melting feelings. Some physiologists have endeavoured to attribute these circumstances to the keenness of the air, to the use of fish, which occasions weak sight and impaired digestion, and consequent optical delusions, in which the patient sometimes takes another man's wife for his own. Howbeit, this investigation is foreign to the business of this veracious history.

Sam Surly was a man, who, when in his native country, was a perfect stranger to the tender passion. If ever this morbid state of vision visited him, it was in regard to horses, but never when in presence of the fair sex; although for various motives, which we have no business to inquire into, he did occasionally pay much attention to Sukey Simper; whom, as the reader may recollect, he had kindly wrapped up in a blanket, and carried off in safety, when the alarm of fire disturbed the hotel.

How far this feeling was or was not founded on love, platonic friendship, or what is called cupboard affection, is again a matter foreign to the purpose. However, for the first time perhaps in his life, he now felt an inclination to perpetrate an infidelity.

There lodged in the same hotel a sickly lady, with her husband, who were attended by a buxom lass from Normandy, whose silver-tissue grenadier cap greatly enhanced natural beauties that had smitten our Yorkshireman. Marian was truly a handsome wench. By no means of a romantic disposition, she had a joke and a slap for every merry inmate of the house; and as possibly she fancied there might be some variety with foreigners, she by no means discountenanced the pantomimic advances of Sam; who, as far as gestures, and a few broken words of French went, endeavoured, though somewhat rudely, to express his growing affection. This amour afforded no small share of amusement to Marian and the French servants, although it might have been less entertaining to Sukey Simper, had she not, perhaps in a moment of pettish jealousy, encouraged the addresses of a green-coated and green-feathered German *chasseur*.

Wise folks carry on love in a discreet manner, but wise folks contrive to make each other well understood. This was not an easy matter with Sam and Marian; and it was in consequence of a sad misunderstanding that the whole hotel was once more thrown into a horrible uproar, more terrific, if possible, than the last *fracas* of the beard.

M. de la Blague was assisting the fond views of M. des Oripeaux; and the comte rendering him a reciprocal service with the ladies by detailing wondrous feats of courage that would have done honour to Amadis, Roland, and Tristram, in days of chivalric glories, each pretending to be "quite bashful" at hearing his immortal exploits detailed; and their warlike stories were of course followed by troubadour romances, in which the minstrels fondly dwelt on the tender rhymes of *vic, amie, amours, toujours, absence, existence, supplice* and *delice*, when the party were interrupted by the most polyglot row that could ever have broken out amongst the hod-bearers of Babel's tower; the vocal sounds being accompanied by the loud time-keeping of desperate blows, inflicted by some strange-sounding weapon of offence or defence. The party started up with terror, when Sam Surly rushed in, roaring murder, and pursued by a spectre *en chemise*, with a red night-cap on his head, wielding a warming-pan, with which he unmercifully battered Sam's head, while he fervently roared out, "*Pomme cuite—pomme cuite!*" *Anglicè—roast apples—roast apples!*

A host of servants and travellers were following the combatants; it cannot be supposed that a Yorkshireman would tamely submit to such a treatment; and to each blow of the brass weapon, Sam returned a *wallop* of a pewter vessel, which he whirled and twirled about with singular agility and effect; since, if blood was streaming from his skull, his antagonist's nose and mouth were pouring forth a congenial and sympathetic purple stream, interrupting the words "*Pomme cuite—pomme cuite!*" With much difficulty the belligerents were separated. The Frenchman being naturally taken for a maniac, as no one present could associate the idea of baking apples with breaking a man's head with a warming-pan.

Yet we should never be precipitate in forming conclusions; there may be reasons in roasting apples as well as in roasting eggs; and further explanations entered into by the parties, afforded proofs of the sanity of him of the warming-pan. The fact was as follows.

The scene of Sam's amorous declaration to the maid Marian was the kitchen, when surrounded by the usual group that congregates around the savoury hearth, revolving in their minds future gastronomic enjoyments as the heavy-laden spit turned round, and licking their lips as the cook or the scullion basted the said browning joint, dipping his ladle in the *lèche-frite*, or dripping-pan, Sam's conversation and Marian's merriment became the source of much hilarity, occasioned by his constant misapplication of the masculine and feminine articles, and various other mistakes. Sam on those occasions would look volumes of wrath,—an encyclopedia of indignation, and most probably would have used more striking arguments, but for the good humour of his rustic belle. At last an opportune moment offered: he met Marian alone on the stairs. He gave her a silver thimble;—she accepted it. He gave her a kiss; she could not decently return it, although the gift might have been unwelcome. At last he asked for a *rendezvous*, where uninterrupted he might declare his passion. He told her he loved her *fort beaucoup*, and went so far as to propose a supper in her room when all were asleep, which he expressed by laying his head on the palm of his hand, and snoring as loudly as an apoplectic. Then with a deep sigh he said, "*Vous,—montrez-moi, chambre;*" then again he snored, and then he endeavoured to ask her what she would like for supper, when Marian told him that *pommes cuites* were her delight. This intelligence rejoiced Sam. In the first place he also liked them, and in the second place he could not have hit upon a treat more economical. This matter settled, he once more begged to know her *chamber*, which Marian, in fits of laughter, pointed out.

Sam, as night approached, was preparing for this momentous interview. He drank more wine than usual, aided its effects with a few glasses of brandy, purchased the finest apples he could procure, rubbed them, and polished them with his coat-sleeve again and again, fondly comparing the blushing fruit to Marian's rosy cheek; and then he pricked them with a skewer, apprehensive that a steel fork might spoil their flavour; and then he put them before the fire, a little corner of which he claimed in so determined a manner, that no one seemed disposed to dispute its possession. And as the apples cracked, and frizzled, and spat their foamy juices, and he turned them and returned them, blowing off the ashes, while his heart was glowing with as keen a fire, he anxiously waited for the hour of twelve, the appointed moment, when, as he had anticipated, the kitchen inmates dropped off one by one, leaving him in the sole enjoyment of fireside and apples.

And now the apples were done, possibly a little too brown, and, with a heart beating with anxious expectation, he took in hand the apple-roaster, and proceeded to the *rendezvous*.

But who could have thought that so simple a girl as Marian,—a Norman peasant,—could have been as deeply versed in the science or the art of mystification as any Parisian or London coquette! that she could have returned the impassioned expressions of a plain honest Yorkshireman, which, however deficient they might have

been in grammar, were perfectly intelligible in spirit, — by the basest, the vilest treachery, and, after entangling him in her wiles, seek to entrap him in a most fearful toil! It can scarcely be credited—but such was the fact—that instead of her own chamber, she had directed the unlucky Sam to the room in which her sick mistress and her irascible master slept. Sam well remembered the situation and number. The accident of the beard had warned him. Marian told him the door would be on the latch.

Sam Surly ascended with stealthy steps, his shoes off, on tip-toe, holding his breath, for fear of a discovery; his piping-hot apples in hand. He arrived at the door: with a gentle motion it opened—all was silent. A night-lamp was emitting a feeble light, by which he perceived a curtained bed, the drapery half drawn aside. With a fluttering heart he approached the couch—he heard a gentle moan. “Is it possible,” thought he, “that at a moment like this she can sleep!” He beheld her fast on her pillow:—he would have awakened her with a kiss, but he thought the announcement of supper would be quite as effectual, and he whispered in her ear, in tones as amorous as a man accustomed to converse with horses and kitchen-maids could master,

“*Pom quit, pom quit, pom quit!*”

The voice must have been ascending in the scale, for the last *pom quit* awoke the sleeping lady, who gave a loud shriek, which was followed by the imprecation of a stentorian voice, “*Au voleur! au voleur!*”

The terrified lover instinctively thrust the baked apples in the face of the affrighted lady, whose husband, who had been lying by her side, now jumped out of bed, and seized the first instrument of revenge he could find, a warming-pan, while Sam, foreseeing danger, grasped a pewter vessel which he stumbled over, and commenced his retreat, closely pursued by the indignant Frenchman.

Laughable as the adventure was, nothing could appease the furious husband; he foamed and danced about the room, exclaiming that a *scélerat*, a vile *ravisseur*, had broken through the slumbers of his *bobonne*, after taking a *potion calmante* and *anodine*; that to offer roasted apples to a woman of her *condition* was to take her for a *femme de mauvaise vie*.

In vain his countrymen represented to him that it was a mistake, requested him to return to his *bobonne*, as he was not in a *mise décente*, being *en chemise*, and *that*, moreover, of short dimensions, and torn to ribands in the fray. Scarcely could four persons restrain him from making what he called a *hecatombe* and a *catacombe* of Sam, who, squaring himself for a regular set-to, was exclaiming, “If you’ve the pluck of a man about you, you bloody-minded foreigner, come on. Come on, you d—d parley-voo,—come on, and I’ll sarve you out!”

But what irritated the poor fellow more than the blows he had received was the sight of Marian at the door, her arms a-kimbo, and in fits of loud laughter, in which every one joined, with the exception of the parties immediately concerned, while the sick lady up-stairs had rushed to the window, alarming the whole town with shrieks and yells after *mon mari—mon petit—mon pauvre homme—au voleur! à l’assassin*.

Her *pauvre homme* at last was persuaded to withdraw. Sam him-

self while washing the blood off his bushy head, could not help laughing at the adventure, although he was often irritated at the nick-name of *Pomme Cuite*, which ever after stuck to him.

All this time poor Mr. Commodus Cannon, who, as Solomon Gundy said, was not able to "asseyez-vous for a week," was turning and winding in his bed, while his busy thoughts were in a similar twisting mood. He would now and then sigh heavily, and think of Wick Hall, and compare the oppressive laws of England with those of the land of freedom which he now had visited, while daily, nay, hourly demands upon his purse, which necessitated constant drafts upon his banker, convinced him that a French hotel is as expensive to a family as any English establishment of the kind, without any of its comfortable enjoyments. In Shropshire he had been something, although lately eclipsed by a brighter and more attractive star. What was he in France? Less than nothing, in a land where nothingness alone is sought after. He would willingly have retraced his steps, but, like many other persons who do foolish things, he was ashamed to avow his folly.

Such were not the feelings of the ladies. They were enchanted with their new acquaintances, who gave them lessons in French, romance, singing, and guitar, and *écarté* playing. It may be easily surmised that our two *chevaliers* had already selected two of the young ladies, under the impression (perhaps) of their being entitled to a handsome fortune. The Comte des Oripeaux not only trusted to his good luck, but tossed up with his companion for the first attempt to secure the girl's affections. The die was in his favour, and he set to work the following morning.

He proposed to take a ride with Molly Cannon, to which she assented, while Lucy accepted, a similar offer from M. de la Blague. They were to procure horses. A dealer of their acquaintance was applied to, and a consultation was held, when it was decided that Miss Molly should be accommodated with a stumbling animal, which, although he might keep his legs at a gallop, was sure to come down at a trot. The following morning the party set out. Whether it was that Molly Cannon rode tolerably well, or held her miserable jade tight in hand, the beast *would* not come down. But Des Oripeaux perceived that, accustomed to well-trained horses, it was necessary to try her skill on a kicking Rosinante; and therefore, under pretence of tightening a girth and settling a crupper, he did somehow or other contrive to put the animal under the absolute necessity of kicking *ad libitum*. The stratagem had the desired effect; the galled beast began wincing and snorting, and finally played so many pranks, that a rough-rider would have found it difficult to keep his seat. Molly roared, the horse snorted, and at last set off at the top of his speed, until horse and rider rolled in a ditch. The Count, galloped after them; and having succeeded in seizing Molly Cannon's reins, tumbled off his own horse after her, *accidentally* hitting his head against a stone, and covering his terrified companion with his generous blood as he rolled over her, while M. De la Blague was assisting them off the ground, exclaiming, "*Oh, Mademoiselle il vous a sauvé la vie.*" And so thought Molly Cannon, and so thought Lucy Cannon, who, perceiving that her sister had only been slightly bruised, wished in her heart that her horse had played her the same trick.

Miss Molly's horse was gone, the Lord knows where. To return on foot was out of the question. A cottage was nigh. Molly was fainting with fear. Le Comte, supporting her in his arms, called a peasant, who was *told* to run to town as fast as he could for a carriage, while a wink and a five-frank piece, which, strictly speaking, was part of the charitable donation to the shuttlecock alien, intimated to the bumpkin that he was to move as slowly as possible. Miss Molly recovered from her fright, beheld the blood flowing from the generous Frenchman, and, with becoming sentiments of sympathy, could not help sinking on his bosom, when he swore that he should have been proud to have shed the last drop of his vital stream to rescue her from danger.

M. De la Blague, who deemed it necessary to look for the runaway horse, endeavoured to persuade Lucy to accompany him in the search; but she, from various motives, that I shall not presume to question, remained with her sister.

NUTMEGS FOR NIGHTINGALES!

BY DICK DISTICH.

No. I.—SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

FILL, fill up a bumper! no twilight, no, no!
 Let hearts, now or never, and goblets o'erflow!
 Apollo commands that we drink, and the Nine,
 A generous spirit in generous wine.

The rose smells as sweet call it what name you will;
 The right honest heart is an honest heart still;
 Can we find a truer to garnish our bowls
 Than Sheridan, Sherry, or prime Paddy Knowles?

The bard, in a bumper! behold, to the brim
 They rise, the gay spirits of poesy—whim!
 Around ev'ry glass they a garland entwine,
 Of sprigs from the laurel, and leaves from the vine.

A bumper! the bard who, in eloquence bold,
 Of two noble fathers the story has told;
 What pangs heave the bosom, what tears dim the eyes,
 When the dagger is sped, and the arrow it flies.

The bard, in a bumper! Is fancy his theme?
 'Tis sportive and light as a fairy-land dream;
 Does love tune his harp? 'tis devoted and pure;
 Or friendship? 'tis that which shall always endure.

Ye trampers on liberty, tremble at him;
 His song is your knell, and the slave's morning hymn!
 His frolicksome humour is buxom and bland,
 And bright as the goblet I hold in my hand.

The bard! brim your glasses; a bumper! a cheer!
 Long may he live in good fellowship here.
 Shame to thee, Britain, if ever he roam,
 To seek with the stranger a friend and a home!

Fate in his cup e'er'y blessing infuse,
 Cherish his fortune, and smile on his muse ;
 Warm be his hearth, and prosperity cheer
 Those he is dear to, and those he holds dear.

Blythe be his autumn as summer hath been,—
 Frosty, but kindly, and sweetly serene :
 Green be his winter, with snow on his brow ;
 Green as the wreath that encircles it now !

To dear Paddy Knowles, then, a bumper we fill,
 And toast his good health as he trots down the hill ;
 In genius he 's left all behind him, by goles !
 But he won't leave behind him another Pat Knowles !

No. II.—HOURS THERE ARE TO MEM'RY DEARER.

| | |
|---|---|
| Hours there are to mem'ry dearer Than the miser's hoarded pelf ; More facetious, quainter, queerer, Than Grimaldi—Joe himself ! | Nothing now can cross or wrong go, Bless'd with such a fav'ring gale ; Thou art pledg'd in cups of congo, I in draughts of Burton ale ! |
| At the Goose and Thimble, Greenwich, Charming Lydia ! fancy dwells ; When we din'd on lamb and spinage, List'ning to those evening bells ! | Fleeting visions ! dreams delusive ! When I thought my Lydia won ; "Of your courting what 's the use, if I (she whisper'd) wed but one ? |
| Then I thought our vessel anchor'd In love's harbour safe and sound ; Thou, the teacup ; I, the tankard ; Softly sighing, passing round ! | Tibbs Timotheus, top of Vere-Street, He, bold youth, has bowl'd you out." All my hopes are now in Queer-Street, All my spirits up the spout. |

No. III.—THAT ROMAN NOSE.

| | |
|---|---|
| That Roman nose ! that Roman nose ! Has robb'd my bosom of repose ; For when in sleep my eyelids close, It haunts me still, that Roman nose ! | I walk the streets, the alleys, rows ; I look at all the Jems and Joes ; And old and young, and friends and foes, But cannot find a Roman nose ! |
| Between two eyes as black as sloes The bright and flaming ruby glows ; That Roman nose ! that Roman nose ! And beats the blush of damask rose. | Then blessed be the day I chose That nasal beauty of my beau's ; And when at last to heaven I goes, I hope to spy his Roman nose ! |

No. IV.—TELL ME, GENTLE LAURA, WHY.

| | |
|--|---|
| Tell me, gentle Laura, why, When a drop is in my eye, I could laugh, and I could cry, I don't know how, I can't tell why ? | Lovely Laura, nymph divine ! Is it Meux's mug, or thine ? When my muzzy brains begin Like a humming-top to spin, And I carry too much sail, Are <i>you</i> humming, or the ale ? |
| When my blood flows hotter, quicker, Is it love ? or is it liquor ? To decide the point I 'm loth : One or t' other 'tis, or both ! | Now I know what makes me queer, You are spruce, and so 's the beer ; You are fair ; the stout is brown ; That is up, and I am down ! |
| When my peepers wink like winkin', After laying lots of drink in, | |

BOOK-MAKING CONSIDERED AS ONE OF THE FINE ARTS.

COMPOSITION (in Literature) is a metaphor probably borrowed from the printing-office, and, (as the etymology of the word implies) consists in the "composing," or arranging of certain intellectual materials, derived either from the minds of other men, or from a man's own—either abstracted by the memory, or separated by the scissors. Bookcraft, therefore, is to a certain extent to be considered as one of the manual arts; and the productive industry of the country during the last half century, in the article of books, has probably no parallel, except in the article of cotton goods. An extraordinary impetus has recently been given to the book manufacture, by the large consumption of that class of goods denominated "Penny Publications," which are got up with little labour, made of old and coarse materials, and have a rapid and extensive sale, producing a quick return of the small capital employed.

The object of the following pages is to render book-making easy to the meanest capacity; to lay down such rules and principles of the art, as will increase the productive industry of a numerous, and somewhat despised class of men—a class that (with the exception of the hand-loom weavers) may be considered as the most industrious and ill-paid of the working classes—I mean the journeymen book-makers; and I trust that the present essay will be thought worthy of being reprinted and circulated by the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge."

In the practical consideration of our subject, our attention will be first directed to the *market*; for it will be necessary first to ascertain the commodity required, and then the best and cheapest mode of producing it.

Now, the home-consumption of modern books is principally confined to the lighter kinds of goods, and, for some years, the run has been chiefly upon pamphlets, travels, novels, and above all, miniature books of science.

The composition of a pamphlet is one of the most simple processes in the art of book-making. I have known an admirable pamphlet on "Capital Punishments" "made" after supper out of a file of "Morning Heralds," with no other assistance than a few expletives and a pair of scissors! The recent publication of a valuable work called the "Statistical Journal," has greatly facilitated the "composition" of pamphlets by furnishing, with tolerable correctness, those imposing rows of figures which form so indispensable a part of the stock-in-trade of a pamphleteer. The immense number of Parliamentary Reports on various subjects now accessible to the public, furnish also a rich vein of materials for this kind of writing. There is a class of writers that feed almost entirely on this kind of literary offal. Some of these gentlemen like their game "*high*," and may be seen occasionally in the manuscript-room in the British Museum, with their white heads hanging over the state parchments, like moths on a damp garment! At sunset, these industrious creatures (like home-bound bees,) return, laden with the sweets of centuries, to their garrets, to toil through the night at the work of reproduction.

“ Whilst o'er their books their eyes begin to roll,
 In pleasing memory of all they stole,
 How here they sipped—how there they plundered snug,
 And sacked all o'er, like an industrious bug !”

Your “*petit Litterateur*” is indeed, essentially, a beast of prey—he is, moreover, a gross feeder, and decidedly omniverous.

A grave metaphysician of this class will occasionally plunder a thought from Byron's “Cain,” and a hungry small-beer poet will sometimes snatch a mouthful from the “Philosopher of Malmesbury.” I have known a whig-doctor quietly appropriate a leading article from the “Standard,” and a tory parson lay violent hands upon a whole chapter of Jeremy Bentham. It is astonishing how literary materials change and improve under the hands of a skilful workman. The rude old black-letter ballad is polished into an elegant modern lyric, and the stern religious tracts of the grim old puritans, are softened down to the sweet and unctuous manuals of their modern representatives.

I now come to the *book of travels*, which may appear, at first sight, to be out of the reach of the journeyman book-maker; but let it be remembered that the most beautiful descriptions of Italian scenery (those of Mrs. Ratcliffe) were composed by a writer who was never in Italy. How great a latitude of description may be indulged in by a writer, who discourses of the sources of the Nile and Niger, and the manners and customs of Copts and Ethiopians! Who shall gainsay him if he describe an island in the South Seas, the male inhabitants of which lie a-bed and drink cawdle at the “accouchement” of their wives, and who in times of dearth *pickle* their grandfathers to *preserve* themselves?

As to home tours, (as they may be called)—Trips to Paris, Rambles in Spain, Excursions in Italy, or Wanderings in Switzerland, these may be “thrown off” in a fortnight a-piece, (by any one conversant with the most popular models) with the help of a guide-book and a French vocabulary.

It is not my intention to say much on the composition of “the novel.” The models of this kind of writing are so numerous, and yet so uniform, and the materials out of which they may be worked so abundant, as to render any remarks almost unnecessary. I would, however, briefly observe in reference to the manufacture of what is called the “fashionable novel,” that the writer should have an accurate and extensive knowledge of the names and dwellings of fashionable tradesmen, such as pastrycooks, perfumers, coachmakers, &c. &c., and a speaking acquaintance, at least, with the upper servants at a few great houses. The most essential “material” for this kind of writing is the *dialogue*, and great care must be taken to observe the nicest proprieties of *address between persons of rank*, for nothing is so fatal as the clumsy laying on of this part of the material, which should only be used with great discrimination, and at the proper intervals. A great advantage may be derived by the writer from a severe and critical study of the “Court Journal,” and other repositories of fashionable learning: and he should also study nature, occasionally, from the pit of the Opera-House, if he has no *entrée* to the boxes.

The miniature book of science (which may be considered as one of the modern novelties of the trade) is, like the pamphlet, prin-

cipally "worked up" out of old materials with the assistance of the scissors. It is usually published in the *catechetical* form and in small octavo, bound in silk or canvass, (but of this hereafter); and if well done (that is if the *thoughts* without the language of the plundered original be preserved), it has a rapid and extensive sale.

I have studiously avoided saying anything in this essay on the *heavier* productions of the book-trade, because the consumption is so small as to render this branch of the trade hardly worth engaging in, and the little trade there is, is principally confined to Scotland. Alison's "Modern Europe" belongs to this class; a work of undoubted merit, but somewhat too heavy for the market. Little or nothing "is doing" in poetry beyond song-writing for the Magazines. The poetry-market, indeed, appeared to "look up" a few years since, on the publication of the "Omnipresence of the Deity," but suddenly "fell" again on the publication of "Oxford." It is now remarkably "dull," and only enlivened by an occasional "supply" from the Lakes, or a "spirt" from L. E. L.

One of the curiosities of modern literature is what are called *manuscript sermons*. Judging from the numerous advertisements of this article, I should imagine there are as many hands employed in England in transcribing the old Divines, as there are in Turkey in copying the Koran! I have myself seen a copy of MS. sermons which had a considerable run amongst the "hedge-parsons" in Norfolk and Lincoln, that were "composed" (by a little boy who keeps a book-stall in Holywell Street,) out of a volume of sermons addressed to "Charles the First when Prince." The usual forms of "advertising" are as follows:—"To the clergy—fifty-two MS. sermons of a late divine, (adapted to every Sunday in the year), may be had on reasonable terms by applying, &c. &c. &c." "The widow of a deceased clergyman, D.D., is anxious to dispose of a quantity of MS. sermons belonging to her late husband. The sermons are written in elegant language, and are quite sound in doctrine."

But there are other considerations connected with the book-trade, besides the manufacture of the commodity, which it may not be out of place to discuss in this essay; this I shall do under the heads "title," "type," and "binding," "puffing," &c.

The title of a book is, undoubtedly, of considerable importance to its success. Many a book has fallen still-born from the press, solely from having a *bad name*. Never give a dog, or a book, a bad name—you know the rest. Who do you suppose (unless it were some romantic housemaid) would read a book now-a-days entitled "The Bleeding Nun," "The Knight of the White Banner," "The Spectre Bridegroom," or "The Victim of Sentiment." Imagine a religious work published under the title of "A Paire of Stiltes for the Low in Christ," or "Bentley's Miscellany" edited by "Barebones" instead of "Boz!"

Again, as to type and binding. If a pleasant countenance is "a letter of recommendation" in any case, it is doubly so in the case of a book. It would be a curious and valuable inquiry in the "statistics" of "book-making," to ascertain how many successful books have been ushered into the world, "bound in silk and gilt-lettered!" In no case can it be said that "fine feathers make fine birds" so truly as in the mystery of bookcraft. Who do you suppose w

buy "The Book of Beauty" (unless it were some love-sick boy, or some "vieux garçon" for the sake of the pictures,) bound in "rough calf" or "The Drawing-room Scrap-book" in sheep-skin? You may as well expect a lady to admit you to her boudoir in corduroys and lambs-wools, as to place an ill-bound or ill-printed book upon her table. Book-makers too often neglect the "drapery" of their "compositions," from an inordinate vanity about the "figure;" but they should remember that books are not always ordered to be read, but (like the Petition of the Glasgow Weavers,) "to lie upon the table!"

The last subject to which I would call the attention of the craft, is the process of "puffing." When a book is nearly ready for publication, the "discerning" public is prepared for it by this most important process; some of the common forms of which I transcribe from memory (for the benefit of the trade) out of the daily papers.

"We understand that the talented author of — has in the press a most startling work of fiction, the leading incidents of which are said to be founded on the domestic circumstances of a certain noble family, residing not a hundred miles from St. James's Square." Or thus:—

"The novel of —, shortly about to be published, it is said, will contain characters that will be recognised in certain *high circles* as drawn from the life; and that amongst other portraits will be found those of the once famous Colonel —, Lord H— G—, and a celebrated *divorcée* of high rank."

If the book is to be published anonymously, certain dark hints may be thrown out, as to its probable author, in manner and form following:—

"It is rumoured," in the Clubs, "that the novel of — shortly about to be published, is from the pen of a certain noble Lord, holding a high office in the present government;" or less suspiciously, thus:—

"We are authorized to state that the novel of — is *not* from the pen of a certain noble lord, a member of the cabinet."

In laying down the foregoing rules and principles of the art of book-making, I trust I have contributed in some degree to the stock of "Useful Knowledge," and in these utilitarian times my efforts will, no doubt, be duly appreciated. I feel I have by no means done justice to my subject; but if I have succeeded in merely suggesting the possibility of elevating book-making to the rank and dignity of a science, my end is fully answered; and I leave it to abler writers to carry out the principles I have laid down.

Perhaps, by applying the principle of the "division of labour" to this interesting branch of the national industry, the next generation may see books "composed," printed, bound, and published, by the hands now employed upon a pin, a saddle, or a watch!

F. J. F.

THE RAVEN. By G. F. W.

HARK! hark! what is that doleful sound
 That's echoed by the woods around?
 Ah! 'tis that raven's hollow croak,
 As he sits upon yon wither'd oak—
 It sounds so drear
 In the wilderness here,
 As though the voice of a demon spoke!
 The raven is a dreaded bird,
 The stoutest quail when his voice is heard;
 For when, 'tis said, his dismal cry
 Rends thrice the tranquil azure sky,
 'Tis the token
 Surely spoken
 That ravenous death is hov'ring nigh.
 The children on the village green,
 When his hated form is seen,
 Cease a while their harmless play,
 And watch with fear his winged way,
 Until he's seen
 In the sky serene,
 Like a speck in the distance far away.
 The timid maiden in alarm
 More tightly clasps her lover's arm;
 The old man, too, whose form appears
 Bowed and broken down with years,
 Listens with awe
 To the raven's caw,
 As though the summons of death he hears.
 The sufferer, too, whose ghastly cheek
 Doth the approach of death bespeak,
 When this omen meets his ear,
 Still more pallid turns with fear;
 For it seems to say,
 "Prepare to-day!
 The struggle of death is drawing near!"
 He scents the corpses of the slain
 That strew the gory battle plain;
 And where dead warriors mangled lie,
 The pride and flower of chivalry,
 Thither will go
 This bird of woe
 To hold his horrid revelry.
 And then again he loves to be
 Sitting upon the gibbet-tree,
 Where the felon's bones have hung,
 Beaten by winds and tempests long;
 For dainty food,
 Right rich and good,
 Is the mouldering flesh for his gluttonous tongue
 But though the servant of death he is,
 The harbinger of miseries,
 To tell the approach of the fatal blow
 That lays the very giant low;
 Not even he
 From death is free—
 That monster spares not friend or foe.

SHAKSPEARE PAPERS. No. VII.

POLONIUS.

THIS is a character which few actors like to perform. Custom exacts that it must be represented as a comic part, and yet it wants the stimulants which cheer a comedian. There are no situations or reflections to call forth peals of laughter, or even fill the audience with ordinary merriment. He is played as a buffoon; but the text does not afford the adjuncts of buffoonery; and, in order to supply their place, antic gesture and grimace are resorted to by the puzzled performer. It is indeed no wonder that he should be puzzled, for he is endeavouring to do what the author never intended. It would not be more impossible—if we be allowed to fancy degrees of impossibility—to perform the pantomimic Pantaloon seriously in the manner of King Lear, than to make the impression which Shakspeare desired that Polonius should make, if he be exhibited in the style of the dotard of Spanish or Italian comedy, or the Sganarelle whom Moliere has borrowed from them. There is some resemblance in Lord Ogleby; but we cannot persuade ourselves to think that George Colman, elder or younger, could have written any part in Hamlet. I doubt not that both thought their own comedies far superior.

Polonius is a ceremonious courtier; and no more ridicule attaches to him than what attaches to lords of the bedchamber, or chamberlains, or other such furniture of a court in general. It is deemed necessary that kings should be hedged not only by the divinity of their regal honours, but by the more corporal entrenchments of officers of state. In fact it must be so; and in every history of the world we find these functionaries, differing only in name. We know not the internal arrangements of the palaces of the kings that reigned in the land of Edom before there reigned any king over the children of Israel;* but we may be sure that Bela the son of Beor, and Hadad the son of Bedad, who smote Midian in the field of Moab, and Saul of Rehoboth by the river, and Hadar, whose city was Pau, and whose wife was Matred, the daughter of Mezahab, and the other princes of the house of Esau, who appear for a brief moment in the earliest record of human affairs in the book of the world's generation, but to die and make way for others to reign in their stead, had courtiers around them, to whom were allotted duties in fashion different, in spirit the same as those which were performed by the courtly officials of the Byzantium emperors, the togaed comites of the Cæsars, the ruffled and periwigged *gens de la cour* of the Grand Monarque, or the gold sticks and silver sticks of Queen Victoria;—and performed, no doubt, for the same reason—for that *con-si-de-ra-ti-on*, which, whether in the shape of flocks and herds, or land and beeves, or the more easily managed commodity of shekels and sovereigns, when the secret of “a circulating medium” was discovered, has ever been the stimulants of the general herd attracted to a court. It would be indeed travelling far

* Gen. xxxvi. 31—39.

from the purpose of these papers to talk morals or politics on such a subject; but there can be no harm in saying that, in times of difficulty or danger, when "uneasy is the head that wears a crown," it is not to them its wearer must look for zeal or assistance. The dog loves the master—the cat loves the house. The nobler animal who couches not in the drawing-room, and is not caressed and pampered with soothing and officious hand, but who guards the dwelling, and follows to the field, may, if treated with kindness, be depended upon to the last. He will die at the feet of a master returning in the twentieth year—will couch upon his grave—will seize his murderer by the throat. The mere domestic creature, following her instinct, will cling to the house through every change of dynasty, ready to welcome with gratulatory purr whatever hand may rub down her glossy coat, and supply her with customary food, even if that hand should be reeking with the blood of the fallen owner of the mansion in which she had been reared. But the cat is not to be blamed. She acts as nature meant her to act; and what nature is to a cat, habit is to a courtier. Nothing can be more improbable than that the Queen should bother herself—I talk Hibernically—with reading these papers;—nothing is more certain than that, if she does, she will not believe a word of what I am saying. Yet if she lives to the age of the great lady in whose days the creator of Polonius flourished,—and may she so live, equally glorious in her character of Queen, and far happier in her character of woman!—she may be inclined to think that I am right, and that the profession of etiquette, well calculated as it may be to dignify the ceremonial of state, is not to be confounded with the loyalty which inspires

"The manly hearts to guard a throne."

But it is perfectly natural that the professors of the science should set a high value upon it. The chamberlain who gave up the monarchy as lost when he saw M. Roland enter the presence of the king with ribbons in his shoes* was perfectly sincere. It was no part of his business to inquire farther than what he saw before him; he had not to ask into the remoter causes which gave M. Roland the courage or the presumption to violate the laws of court decorum, which the staff-bearer had throughout his life considered to be as steadfast as the laws that regulated the motions of the earth, if indeed he ever condescended to think on such uncourtly trifles. It is easy to laugh at this chamberlain; but he was substantially right. The kingdom of the doomed Louis did not depend upon stockings or buckles; but it depended upon the belief that the person of the king was inviolate, and the breach of decorum was but the first step leading to the scaffold. The clown, who troubles not himself with astronomical, meteorological, or chemical studies, knows well that harvest is to follow seed-time, and prognosticates with unerring certainty that the grain which he is scattering in the ground is to ripen into a golden ear; so our court functionary, who had never dreamt of political speculations, never consulted any philosophical observers—looked not beyond the circle of the Tuilleries, and would not have understood a single word of Mr. Carlyle's eloquent theories—this one grain of disrespect the coming crop of destruction.

* "Roland the Just with ribbons in his shoes."

nothing of his after history—perhaps he emigrated with others of his order; but if he did not originally commit that false step,—and I hope for the honour of so shrewd an observer that he did not—[for what had *he* to do with chivalry?]
—I have little doubt that he found his fitting place among the gold-laced suite of the Emperor,—welcomed with well-trained bows the return of Louis the Eighteenth,—served Charles the Tenth with appropriate ceremony,—and is, I trust, now in his old age discussing the glories of the powdered and rapiered circle of Louis Quinze, beneath the approving smile of Louis Philippe.

Of this race was Polonius. Let not the abstracted sage or the smug sneerer imagine that it was a race of fools. In such courts as those which Shakspeare contemplated they were far from it indeed. They had been bred in camps and colleges—[Polonius had been at the university, where in the dramatic entertainments, usual in the seats of learning in Shakspeare's time, he was selected to perform no less a part than that of Julius Cæsar]
—had acquired the polish of courts, if, indeed, we should not rather say they created it—mingled habitually among the great and the witty, the graceful and the wise;—but, from perpetually confining themselves to one class of society, and that the most artificial of all classes, and deeming all other interests depending upon that of their masters, as they saw all other persons bowing in subservience before them, it is no wonder that their world was bounded by the precincts of a palace, and their wisdom or ability exerted, as everybody's ability or wisdom is exerted, to shine or thrive by the arts which contributed to make way in the world wherein their lot was cast. Their sphere of courtly duty made them appear to be frivolous;—it does not follow that they were so in life elsewhere.

This distinction is admirably kept up in Polonius. In the presence he is all ceremony and etiquette. He will not open the business of Hamlet's addresses to his daughter, while the ambassadors from Norway are waiting an audience.

“Give first admittance to the ambassadours,
Thy news shall be the fruit of that great feast.”

Who could be better qualified to introduce them with due honours?
The king appoints him to the duty at once:—

“Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.”

He performs his courtly mission, and waits its conclusion before he commences to speak on what concerns his daughter.

“This business is well ended;”

and now for a speech.

“My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.”

This is the exordium. We now proceed to the propositio.

“Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief: Your noble son is mad.”

The narratio should follow; but a parenthetical remark cannot be resisted.

"Mad call I it."

You must take it on my assertion—

"For to define true madness,
What is 't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go."

The queen agrees with the orator that it might as well be let go,—for she desires "more matter," with less art. Her chamberlain, of course, like all rhetoricians, disclaims the employment of rhetorical artifice,—

"Madam, I swear, I use no art at all."

and proceeds to the narratio, which is again stopped for a moment by a trick of the art which he denies that he is using.

"That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then: and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes of cause."

[The argument is strictly logical. It being granted that he is mad, we must find the cause of what logicians call effect—which in common parlance, as applied to the madness of Hamlet, would be called a defect,—we must find it, I say; because whatever an effect may be, defective or not, it must arise from a cause.]

"Thus it remains, and the remainder thus perpend.*
I have a daughter," &c.

In due course of reasoning he exhibits his proofs—Hamlet's verses and letter, and Ophelia's confessions. In equally strict order follows the argument, consisting of an elaborately arranged enumeration of the circumstances attendant on Hamlet's madness:

"And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make)
Fell into a sadness; thence into a fast;
Thence to a watch; [and] thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for."

At this period of the speech, if it were delivered in the House of Commons, there would be loud cries of "Hear, hear," and the right honourable gentleman would be obliged to pause for several minutes. If he were a rising member, all his friends would come up to congratulate him on his success, and the impression he had obviously made; if an established speaker, the friends of his party would exclaim, "How admirable!"—"Polonius surpasses himself to-night"—"Did you ever hear anything so fine, so close, so logical," &c. &c. The opposite side would be obliged to look candid, and say that it certainly was clever.

All that remains is the peroratio. Cheered by the success of his arguments, he proceeds triumphantly in gratulation of his own sagacity.

* This line is unnatural. The metre would be right, and the techment of the style more in character if we read,

Thus it remains: remainder thus perpend.

"Hath there been such a time (I'd fain know that)
That I have positively said, 'Tis so,
When it proved otherwise?"

[The king says, "Not that I know"—which is equivalent to
"cheers from the ministerial benches."

"Take this from this, if this be otherwise."

[This is a sample of *gestus*. He points to his head and shoulder.]

"If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre."

The speech is over, complete in all its parts. There is scarcely an oratorical figure which is omitted, and it might serve as an unequalled model for many a crack speech "elsewhere." Who is there that has not heard promises of brevity made preludes to tediousness, and disclaimers of art vehicles of rhetorical flourish? What figure more used than amplification such as that,—prefaced, as usual in such cases, by a declaration that the tale will be short,—in which Polonius employs half a dozen lines to detail the degrees of the madness of Hamlet?—and what practice more common than passionate appeals to the past conduct of the speaker as guarantees for the wisdom and uprightness of the course which on the present occasion he is about to pursue? The speech of Polonius translated into Ciceronian Latin would be worthy of Cicero himself;—expanded into three columns of a newspaper report, would be the topic of conversation the day after its delivery in all the clubs, and the welcome theme of applause or confutation by the leading-article-manufacturers of both sides of the question.

Here Polonius was in his character of courtier and privy-councillor. He had the ear of the King, and he held it fast. His Majesty and his royal consort duly appreciated the merits of the old orator; but, as usual in courts, he does not win the same favour in the eyes of Hamlet. The ministers of the existing prince are seldom favourites with his heir-apparent—his immediate Camarilla never. Youth also generally thinks itself wiser than age; and we wonder not to find in the next scene that Hamlet treats Polonius as a driveller. The old gentleman bears courteously with the incivilities of one whom he considers to be either a mere madman or a prankish jester, and, recurring to the days of his youth, excuses the prince for indulging in feelings which lead to derangement of ideas. Even the recollections, however, of the days when, like his contemporary the gravedigger, "he did love, did love," cannot overcome him to the degree of confessing that he was actually mad. He suffered much extremity; but, after all, he was only "very near madness."*

* Is not this dialogue in blank verse? This speech of Polonius certainly is.

"Still harping on

My daughter! Yet he knew me not at first.

He said, I was a fishmonger. He is

Far gone, far gone; and truly, in my youth

I suffered much extremity for love:

Very near this. I'll speak to him again."

I recommend all future editors of Hamlet to restore the original reading of the passage immediately preceding,—

"For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog,

Being a *good-kissing* carrion. Have you a daughter?"

When the players are introduced, it is only becoming that he who had so long known what was the *mode* should be their principal critic,—and his criticisms are in the most approved style of *politesse*.

in spite of Warburton's magnificent comment, which, according to Johnson, sets the critic on a level with the author. "The illative particle [for]," says the bishop, "shows the speaker to be reasoning from something he had said before: what that was we learn in these words, '*To be honest, as this world goes, is to be one picked out of ten thousand.*'" Having said this, the chain of ideas led him to reflect upon the argument which libertines bring against Providence from the circumstance of abounding evil. In the next speech, therefore, he endeavours to answer that objection, and vindicate Providence even on a supposition of the fact that almost all men were wicked. His argument in the two lines in question is to this purpose. *But why need we wonder at this abounding of evil? For, if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, which though a god, yet shedding its heat and influence upon carrion.* Here he stops short, lest, talking too consequentially, the hearer might suspect his madness to be feigned,—and so turns him off from the subject by inquiring of his daughter. But the inference which he intended to make was a very noble one, and to this purpose: If this (says he) be the case, that the effect follows the thing operated upon [*carrion*], and not the thing operating [*a god*], why need we wonder that the Supreme Cause of all things diffusing its blessings on mankind, who is as it were a dead carrion, dead in original sin,—man, instead of a proper return of duty, should breed only corruption and vices? This is the argument at length, and is as noble a one in behalf of providence as could come from the schools of divinity. But this wonderful man had an art not only of acquainting the audience with what his actors say, but with what they think. The sentiment, too, is altogether in character: for Hamlet is perpetually moralizing, and his circumstances make this reflection very natural."

Surely never before or since was any poor illative particle, *for*, pressed to perform such hard duty. If Hamlet had said all that his theological commentator makes him think, Polonius would have set him down as mad, beyond all hope of recovery. I have often thought, while reading this note, that it was a pity Warburton had not written a commentary on the pleadings of the Lord of Baiseuil and his antagonist before Pantagruel, and on the judgment delivered in the case by that renowned giant. If he discovered an essay on original sin in this illative particle *for*, he would assuredly have dug up a whole Corpus Theologicum in the law-arguments in Rabelais. The *etc.* of Lyttleton, which conveyed so much meaning to the mind of Coke, is not to be compared with the *for* of Warburton. He changed the old reading, "a good-kissing carrion," into "a god kissing carrion."

The meaning of the passage is this. Hamlet suspects that Polonius knows of his love for Ophelia, and that he intends to "loose his daughter to him." He therefore calls him a fishmonger, *i. e.* a purveyor of loose fish. It would not be agreeable in pages which must fall into the hands of the young and fair to follow up the allusion. Polonius interprets the word literally, and is instantly assured that the chances are ten thousand to one if he is as honest as the mere tradesman who sells actual fish. The prince, in his affectation of craziness, proceeds to hint that the consequences of exposing a young lady to the temptations of persons in high rank or of warm blood may be dangerous, and couples the *outré* assertion that the sun can breed maggots with a reference to Polonius's daughter. *Let her not walk in the sun.* Let her not put herself in the peculiar danger to which I allude, and to which her father's performing the part of fishmonger may lead. The sun is a good-kissing carrion—[*carogne*—it is a word which elsewhere occurs in Shakspeare. Quickly, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, is called a carrion, &c.]—a baggage fond of kissing. In Henry IV. Prince Hal compares the sun to a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta; and if the sun can breed maggots in a dead dog, who knows what may happen elsewhere?

There is a troublesome word in King Lear, of which I have never seen a satisfactory interpretation. In the storm of abusive epithets which Kent pours upon the steward, he calls him "a barber-monger." The guesses at the meaning are all insufficient. Perhaps it should read "barbel-monger,"—that is, fishmonger in a peculiar sense. I throw out my conjecture to be rejected at pleasure. I must remark, however, that those who are puzzled by the meaning of a "hundred-pound knave" may find it in Rabelais or Sir Thomas Urquhart. It is a word of reproach addressed to the heavy *pondres-pondres* Germans. It occurs in Bridle-goose's famous story of the pugacious Gascon in the camp at Stockholm. Sir John

When Hamlet speaks his part of the tragedy, of course Polonius compliments him for the good accent and good discretion with which he has spoken it. When the player delivers the remainder of the speech, the critic finds it too long. Rebuked by the prince for his censure, he takes the earliest opportunity of declaring that an affected phrase, which startles Hamlet somewhat, to declare that it is good. In the end, when the player displays an emotion roused by his art, Polonius, according to the rules of *gout*, desires that an end should be put to the performance. When the play is actually performed before the king, etiquette keeps him silent until he sees that there is something in it displeasing "in a high quarter," and then the shrewd courtier stops it at once. It is his voice which directs that they should "give o'er the play." He is throughout the ceremonious but sagacious *attaché* of a palace; and the king and queen accordingly treat him with the utmost deference, and consult him in their most critical emergencies. He dies in their service, fitly practising a stratagem in perfect accordance with the *morale* of the circle in which he has always moved, and in which he has engaged to show his wisdom, devotion, and address.* Hamlet well characterizes the class of men to which the slain courtier belonged in his farewell to the body.

"Thou busy, rash, intruding fool, farewell;
I took thee for thy better,—take thy fortune.
Thou findest to be too busy is some danger."

But Polonius is no fool, though he is so called here. Hamlet is annoyed by his meddling and officiousness, and therefore applies the epithet. He marks his sense of his general respect for the old man, even when he is most pestered by his interference. In a peevish exclamation he styles him a "tedious old fool;" but when he sees that the players are inclined to follow his own example, he checks them by an authoritative command,

"Follow that lord, and look you mock him not."

If he calls him to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern "a great baby, not yet out of his swaddling clouts," and jeers him in their presence, it is partly to show that he is but mad north-north-west, and can know a hawk from a hand-saw when the wind is southerly, and partly to mark that he has discovered the conspiracy against him, and to display his contempt for all engaged in it.

Abstracted from his courtier-character, Polonius is a man of profound sense, and of strict and affectionate attention to his duties. A man whom his children love can never be contemptible. No one, it is said, can be a hero to his *valet de chambre*, because he sees all the

Hawkins, in his absurd life of Dr. Johnson, imagines that it is a word invented by Urquhart, with no more meaning than the ordinary slang words of the day.

In the conclusion of the scene between Hamlet and Polonius, the former exclaims, "These tedious old fools!" Would it not be better, "Thou tedious old fool!"—for it is plain that Hamlet is thinking only of the troublesome old man who has been pestering him.

* "Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax him home.
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech of vantage. Fare you well, my liege.
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know."

petty physical wants and moral defects of his master. How much more difficult to be the object of esteem and devotion in the eyes of those who have turned their eyes upon us from childhood. Natural affection will, of course, do much; but the buffoon of the stage never could have inspired the feelings exhibited by his children, who must have been perpetually grieved and disgraced by antic buffoonery, of which they, from their connexion with the court, must have been constant witnesses. Laertes, a fine high-spirited young gentleman, and Ophelia, the rose of May, the grace and ornament of the circle in which she moved, could not have so deeply revered and so bitterly deplored their father, if he had been indeed a great baby still in his swaddling clouts. The *double* of Pantaloon, whom we see tumbling about in Drury Lane or Covent Garden, would not have roused the blood of Laertes to fury, still less led him to justify assassination in avenging his fall; nor would his death have driven Ophelia to madness. Such a father might be dead and gone,

"And at his head a grass-green turf,
And at his heels a stone,"

according to the inflexible laws of mortality; but his son would soon wipe the natural tears he might drop, and let him lie in his grave without any complaint of

"His obscure funeral;
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones;
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation."

Nor would his daughter, in her broken-hearted insanity, have imagined that at his death violets, the sweetest flowers of the spring, had universally withered. Let me observe, that by this remark I mean no disrespect to our actors, many of the most eminent of whom have performed the part. They yield to long-established custom, and, as the part is not of the same importance in the play as Shylock in the Merchant of Venice, it is not probable that any Macklin will arise to rescue him from buffoonery. Besides, as it is necessary that he should in one part of the play designedly act up to the follies of Hamlet, it would be difficult to make the distinction between the assumed and the natural character; and yet perhaps it ought to be attempted, for, as it is played at present, it is perhaps the least attractive of the prominent *dramatis personæ* of Shakspeare.

Even in the very part to which I have just alluded, where he is fooling Hamlet to the top of his bent, he cannot avoid displaying glances of his habitual shrewdness. He suspects the reality of the madness from the beginning. The insulting taunts addressed to him at second hand from Juvenal only call forth the reflection that there is method in the madness. In the end he plainly considers it as nothing more than a prank. He bids the Queen

"Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your grace hath screened and stood between
Much heat and him."

Neither Laertes nor Ophelia are present while he is engaged in bandying folly against folly, and he therefore does not such before those by whom he most desires to be respected. When alone wit

them, his true character appears;—and what can be more sensible His counsels to his son have never been for worldly wisdom surpassed. The ten precepts of Lord Burleigh, addressed to his son Robert, on which it is generally supposed the apophthegms of Polonius are based, are perhaps equal in shrewdness, but they want the pithiness and condensation of verse. Neither are they as philosophical, being drawn, to talk logically, *à posteriori*, while those of Shakspeare are deduced *à priori*. Take, for example, Lord Burleigh's fifth maxim on borrowing and lending money:—

“Beware of suretyship for thy best friends. He that payeth another man's debts seeketh his own decay. But if thou canst not otherwise choose, rather lend thy money thyself upon good bonds, although thou borrow it; so shalt thou secure thyself, and pleasure a friend. Neither borrow money of a neighbour or a friend, but of a stranger, where, paying for it, thou shalt hear no more of it, otherwise thou shalt eclipse thy credit, loose thy freedom, and pay as dear as to another. But in borrowing of money be precious of thy word, for he that takes care of keeping payment is lord of another man's purse.”

Full of practical good sense, no doubt, as indeed is everything that “wise Burleigh spoke;” but it might occur to minds of smaller calibre than that of the Lord High Treasurer. Polonius takes higher ground.

“Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.”

Lord Burleigh gives us but the petty details,—in Shakspeare we find the principle.

Again, his Lordship's ninth precept is:—

“Trust not any man with thy life, credit, or estate; for it is mere folly for a man to enthrall himself to a friend, as though, occasion being offered, he should not care to become thine enemy.”

It is good advice; but how much better done by Polonius!

“This above all. To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.”

A comparison of all the precepts of the poet and the statesman would yield a similar result. And yet nobody ever thought of exhibiting Burleigh, inferior as he is in dramatical wisdom, as an object of merriment upon the stage for many a year after he had been gathered to his fathers, until it pleased the author of the Critic to put him forward to make his oracular nod. There is no use in moralizing, but we cannot help reflecting that Sheridan would have done better in life if he could have followed the prudential advice of the great minister whom he mocked. It is certain that if he had avoided mimicking him at humble distance elsewhere, and never thought of playing at Parliament,—if, content with winning dramatic honours only second to those of Molière, he had eschewed throwing himself into paths where the half-nods of the less than tenth-rate Burleighs are of more weight than all the wit and genius of the School for Scandal, there would not have been any necessity that his death should be neglected and his funeral honoured, with a contempt and a sympathy equally characteristic of those whom

his lordship calls "the glow-worms, I mean parasites and sycophants, who will feed and fawn upon thee in the summer of prosperity, but in adverse storms they will shelter thee no more than an arbour in winter."

That the austere Lord High Treasurer might have been the mark for the covert wit of the dramatist,—covert indeed, for in his time, or in that which immediately succeeded it, there was no safety in making unseemly jests too openly about him,—is highly probable; and the enemy of Essex and Raleigh* could not be an object of admiration in the eyes of Shakspeare. Lord Burleigh, in his courtly demeanour, was as observant of etiquette as Polonius, and as ready in using indirections to find thereby directions out. The Queen was fond both of ceremony and statecraft: but I doubt much that the old gentleman in Hamlet is intended for anything more than a general personification of ceremonious courtiers. If Lord Chesterfield had designed to write a commentary upon Polonius, he could not have more completely succeeded than by writing his famous letters to his son. His Lordship, like every man of taste and virtue, and what Pope has comprehended in the expressive term of "all that," in his time utterly despised Shakspeare. There is nothing to blame in this. What can we talk on but of what we know? One of the grandest of the herd, Horace Walpole, wrote the *Mysterious Mother*, and therefore he had a right (had he not?) to offer an opinion on *Macbeth*, and to pronounce *Midsummer's Night's Dream* a bundle of rubbish, far more ridiculous than the most absurd Italian opera. Lord Chesterfield wrote nothing, that I know of, to give him a name as an author, except his letters. Of course he wrote despatches, protocols, and other such ware, worthy, no doubt, of the Red Tapy of which he was so eminent a member.

* Even in these precepts his lordship cannot avoid a "gird" at those remarkable men whose accomplishments were, however, much more likely to please poets and adventurers than sober statesmen. We know how Spenser immortalizes the Shepherd of the Ocean, and with what pomp of verse "the general of our gracious emperess" is introduced almost by name in the chorus of Henry V. Shakspeare's most national play, as a fit object of comparison with the hero of Azincour himself. In Lord Burleigh they only appear as suiteth examples to point the moral of a maxim. "Yet I advise thee not to affect or neglect popularity too much, *Seek not to be Essex—shun to be Raleigh.*"

SONG.

WELL, be it so, we meet no more!
I cannot prize so cold a heart;
And, since Love's dreamy life is o'er,
'Tis better that we thus should part.
I do not ask thy love again,
Thy falsehood leaves too keen a pain.

They told me thou could'st never be
Long constant to one idol's shrine;
But I had loved thee—only thee,
And knew how true I was to mine:
I did not deem that one so fair
Could be as false as others were.

THE LEG.

A TALE FROM THE GERMAN.

IN the autumn of 1782 the surgeon, Louis Thevenet, of Calais, received an anonymous letter, requiring his attendance on the following day at a certain house not far from the town, and requesting him to bring with him the necessary instruments for amputating a limb. Thevenet was, at that period, renowned far and wide for his skill, and it was by no means uncommon for patients to send for him from England, in order to be guided by his judgment in cases of more than ordinary importance. He had been long attached to the army, and, though of somewhat uncouth manner, was universally beloved on account of the kindness of his disposition.

Thevenet puzzled a long time over the anonymous communication. Both time and place were indicated with the greatest exactness; at such an hour, and at such a spot, would he be expected; but, as before observed, the letter bore no signature. "A hoax, in all probability," was the conclusion he arrived at, and he resolved not to go.

Three days afterwards he received a similar invitation, though couched in more pressing terms, with the announcement that a carriage would be at his door at nine the next morning, to convey him to the appointed spot.

Scarcely had the clock finished striking the hour of nine, on the following morning, than a handsome open carriage drove to the surgeon's door; he made no further hesitation, but entered it. As he got in, he inquired of the coachman whither he was going to drive him, and the man replied in the English language, "I do not meddle with things that are no business of mine."

"O ho! so I have to do with an Englishman, you surly dog," replied Thevenet.

The coach arrived at length at the appointed house. "Who am I to see,—who lives here,—who is ill?" asked Thevenet of the coachman as he left the carriage. The man repeated his former answer, and was thanked for his civility in terms very much resembling those above quoted.

He was received at the door by a handsome young man, about twenty-eight years old, who conducted him up a staircase to a large room. His accent betrayed him to be a native of Great Britain. Thevenet addressed him in English, and was replied to with much politeness.

"You desired my attendance," said the surgeon.

"I am very grateful for the trouble you have taken to visit me. Pray rest yourself; here are refreshments of all kinds, if you wish anything before performing the operation."

"First of all, sir, let me see and examine the patient; possibly it may not be necessary to proceed to amputation."

"It will be necessary, Monsieur Thevenet. Let me entreat you to be seated. I have the fullest confidence in you—listen to me. Here is a purse containing a hundred guineas, they are yours when

the operation is over, let the result be what it may. If, on the contrary, you refuse to fulfil my wishes—you see this loaded pistol,—you are in my power, and, as sure as God is in heaven, I shoot you dead on the spot.”

“ Sir, your pistol does not in the least alarm me. What is it you require? Tell me at once, without further preface, for what purpose have I been summoned here?”

“ You must cut off my right leg.”

“ With all my heart, sir, and your head as well, if you please: but, if I am not mistaken, your leg appears perfectly sound. You sprang up the staircase just now, with all the agility of a rope-dancer. What is the matter with your leg?”

“ Nothing whatsoever, only off it must come.”

“ Sir, you are a fool!”

“ That, Monsieur Thevenet, is no business of yours.”

“ What sin has that well-shapen limb of yours committed?”

“ None; but have you made up your mind to take it off?”

“ Sir, you are a stranger to me, and I should like to have proofs of your being of sound mind.”

“ Monsieur Thevenet, will you grant my request?”

“ First, sir, give me some sufficient reason for inflicting so wanton a mutilation on you.”

“ I cannot disclose the truth to you at present, I may, perhaps, within a year; but I will lay you any wager, sir, that you yourself will, at the expiration of the twelvemonth, allow that my reasons for desiring to be freed of my leg were most satisfactory and praiseworthy.”

“ I make no bet with you, unless you inform me of your name, your residence, your family, and profession.”

“ All this shall be duly communicated to you, but not at present. Allow me to ask if you consider me a man of honour?”

“ A man of honour does not present a pistol at his surgeon’s head. I have duties to perform even towards you, who are a total stranger to me. Without it be strictly necessary, I will not consent to mutilate you. If you are bent on becoming the assassin of an innocent father of a family—fire!”

“ ’Tis well, Monsieur Thevenet,” answered the Englishman, taking up the pistol: “ I will not be your murderer, but I will still compel you to remove my leg. What my entreaties have failed to obtain; what neither the hope of reward nor the fear of death have succeeded in extorting from you, I will owe to your compassion.”

“ How so, sir?”

“ I will lodge a ball in my leg, here before your very eyes.”

The young man sat down, and deliberately placed the muzzle immediately above his knee. Monsieur Thevenet rushed towards him in hopes of preventing him from effecting his mad design. “ Stir from your seat!” exclaimed the Englishman: “ and I pull the trigger. Answer me once more, will you put me to needless pain—will you, by your refusal, compel me to increase the suffering I have to endure?”

“ Sir, once more you are a fool, but be it as you wish,—I consent to take off that cursed leg of yours.”

The necessary preparations were soon made. Just before the

incision, the Englishman lighted his pipe, and swore it should not go out. True to his word, he smoked on till his leg lay on the ground before him, no longer his own exclusive property.

Monsieur Thevenet showed all his wonted skill, and, in a tolerably short space of time, the patient was restored to health. He gave his surgeon a munificent fee, and felt his esteem for him increase each day. With tears of gratitude in his eyes he thanked him for relieving him of his limb, and sailed for England duly equipped with a wooden leg.

About eighteen months after these events, Monsieur Thevenet received a letter from England, to the following effect:

“ Enclosed is an order on Monsieur Panchaud of Paris, for two hundred and fifty guineas, which I beg you to accept in token of my heartfelt gratitude. By depriving me of a limb which formed the sole obstacle to my earthly bliss, you have rendered me the happiest of mortals !

“ Best of men ! At length shall you be made acquainted with the real grounds of what you were pleased to term my mad whim. You persisted in maintaining that no rational cause could possibly warrant the self-mutilation I have undergone. Well for you that you refused to accept the wager I offered.

“ Shortly after my last return from the East Indies, I became acquainted with perfection, in the person of Emily Harley ; I fell desperately in love with her. Her wealth and family connexions, made my relations as eager for the match as myself, though I saw but her beauty and angelic disposition. I yoked myself to the car of her admirers. Alas ! my dear Thevenet, I was fortunate enough to become the most unfortunate of all my rivals ; she loved me—and me only ; she avowed her affection, and—rejected me ! In vain did I press my suit, in vain did her parents and friends intercede for me,—she remained inexorable.

“ For a long time did I fail to discover the cause of her refusal to become mine:—to make one happy whom she owned to loving to distraction. At length, one of her sisters revealed the mystery. Miss Harley was a marvel of beauty, but, strange to relate, was born but with one leg, and this blemish rendered her averse to becoming my wife, as she feared I might look on her with aversion.

“ My resolution was soon formed. I determined there should be no disparity between us, and, thanks to you, worthy Thevenet, it exists no longer.

“ I returned to London with my wooden-leg, and at once betook myself to Miss Harley. The report had circulated (set on foot by a letter I had previously despatched to England), that I had injured my leg by a fall from my horse, and that amputation was found necessary ; I became the object of universal pity. Emily fainted away at our first meeting. She remained for a long time inconsolable, but at length consented to our marriage. On the day after our union did I, for the first time, disclose to her the sacrifice I had made to gain her hand. Her love for me became even yet more tender. O, Thevenet ! to obtain my Emily, I would lose ten more legs, without the least compunction.

“ My gratitude towards you can only end with my life. Come

to London and pay us a visit, and when once you have seen my angel-wife, I defy you to say again that I am a fool!"

"CHARLES TEMPLE."

Monsieur Thevenet showed the letter to his friends, after having related all the preceding circumstances, and he never told the story without a burst of laughter, as he wound it up with: "He is as much a fool as ever!"

The following was his answer to the above.

"SIR,

"I am obliged to you for your munificent present, for such must I term a sum, so much exceeding the value of my humble services.

"I congratulate you on your marriage with your accomplished countrywoman. True, a leg is a heavy price to pay for the possession of a fair and virtuous wife; yet not too heavy, if the result prove in favour of the change. It cost Adam a rib from his body to be blessed with Eve; many other men, since him, have lost their ribs for their fair ones, some even have forfeited their heads.

"Notwithstanding your protestations, you must allow me to retain my original opinion. Very probably you are right at present, for you are still in all the rapture of the honeymoon. I am right, too, but with this difference, that it requires time to be convinced of the justice of my opinion; for it is ever long ere we are willing to admit the truth of ideas that clash with our own.

"Have a care, sir, for I strongly suspect, that ere two years are flown, you will begin to wish that the amputation had been performed *below* the knee-joint. In three years it will strike you that you might very well have compounded for the loss of the foot only. In four years you will think that the sacrifice of your great toe might have very well sufficed, and before the expiration of the fifth year, you will grudge even your little toe. After six years, I am afraid the paring of your nails will seem to you all that was necessary.

"I have said all this without prejudice to your wife's merits. Beauty and virtue are not so fleeting as the judgment of man. In my youth I would have laid down my life for the beloved one, but I never would have lost my leg for her; the loss of the one I should never have repented, but each day I should have repined over the sacrifice of the other. Had I ever consented to such sacrifice, I should say: 'Thevenet, you were a fool!' and herewith I have the honour, &c. &c.

"G. THEVENET."

In the year 1793, during the Reign of Terror, Monsieur Thevenet, who had been denounced as an aristocrat by some aspiring member of his profession, fled to London in order to escape the equalizing propensities of the guillotine. When there, desiring to increase his acquaintance, he inquired for the residence of Sir Charles Temple.

He was directed to his mansion, and was announced to its master. Seated on an easy chair by the fireside, a foaming tankard of porter at his elbow, and twenty newspapers strewed about him, appeared a portly gentleman whose size would scarce allow him to quit his chair.

"Ha! right welcome, Monsieur Thevenet!" exclaimed the portly gentleman, who was no other than Sir Charles Temple: "do not be offended with me if I resume my seat, but my cursed wooden leg is always in my way. In all probability, my worthy friend, you are come to ascertain if my hour of conviction has arrived?"

"I am here as a fugitive from my native land, and claim your protection."

"You must take up your abode with me, for, of a verity, you are a wise man. By this time, Thevenet, I should have been Admiral of the Blue, if this infernal wooden leg had not incapacitated me from serving my country. Here am I reading in the papers, news of the most stirring kind, and cursing my stars that I can take no part in all that is going on. Come, say something consoling to me."

"Your excellent lady is far better adapted than I to play the comforter."

"Don't mention her. Her wooden leg hinders her from dancing, so she has devoted herself to cards and scandal; there is no possible dealing with her: but she is a good enough woman in her way."

"Then after all, I was right?"

"Most indubitably so, my dear Thevenet; but enough of that. I committed an egregious blunder. Had I but my leg back again, not a nail-paring of it would I part with. Between ourselves, be it said, I was a fool; but keep this piece of truth to yourself."

SPRING.

Oh, joyous spring! thou hast brought once more
Beauty and mirth unto sea and shore;
The free blue waves, and the streams rejoice
To hear the sound of thy glad sweet voice:
The loveliest skies are o'er thee spread,
The moss-turf brightens beneath thy tread;
And the young flowers their incense bring
To greet thy return, oh, joyous spring!

Herald of summer! thou comest forth
A blessing from Heav'n unto the earth!
The glorious light of thy sunny sky
Hath brighten'd the mourner's languid eye.
With the soft breath of thy first-born flowers,
Awake sweet dreams of life's morning hours.
Joy is around thee! Each living thing
Is glad in thy presence, oh, lovely spring!

Alas! there are hearts which never more
Thy beauty and fragrance may restore;
There are eyes, which even thy sun-beams bright
No more shall kindle with joy and light;
But not for the dead we'll mourn. Thy bloom
Shall flush with gladness the silent tomb;
O'er it thy fairest flowers we'll fling,
Emblems of hope, and a brighter spring!

J. A. BROWNE.

ON POPULAR AND NATIONAL POETRY.—No. II.

SWITZERLAND.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

THE natives of an extensive plain, however great their love for the land of their birth, and their respect for its laws, seldom cherish towards it that intense affection, which is felt by those who are born amid the more magnificent scenery of mountain and valley. The natives of the former are more attached to the institutions and the men, the latter to the soil of their country. Thus the Switzer, who has so little nationality, who lends himself out to fight for the highest bidder, and who does not know patriotism in its most rational sense, loves his native hills with a fervour of enthusiasm which neither time nor circumstances can destroy.

This character is impressed upon all the popular minstrelsy of Switzerland. There is little or no poetry of Swiss birth which expresses any attachment to Switzerland from political causes: their songs do not curse or satirize the oppressor; they do not even exult in the glory of their illustrious countrymen. While in Scotland the honoured names of Bruce, Wallace, or John Knox, create a glow even in the heart of a cow-boy or a pig-driver, the Switzer of the same rank knows little of the glorious deeds of William Tell; and if he has heard the name of Calvin, he has never inquired whether he were a Swiss or a Tartar. The Scotch ploughman knows the locality of Bannockburn; but the Swiss drover cannot tell in what canton is the field of Grütli. But to make amends for this indifference to the great men of his country, the Swiss peasant doats upon every inch of the ground of his own village, and celebrates in simple and touching songs the delights of his mountains, his glens, and his lakes. Nearly all the popular poetry of Switzerland is of this pastoral character, descriptive of natural scenery, rural occupation, and the loves of the peasantry.

Among these the *Kühreihen* stand in the first rank, and claim the first notice. The French call them *Ranz des Vaches*, and in English they may be called "cow-songs," although the derivation of the phrase, both in French and German, seems to be from the words "Reihen," and "rang,"—a rank, or drove,—making the literal translation "*Cow-ranks*." The cheese and butter of Switzerland are the greatest sources of its wealth, at least as far as the peasantry are concerned, and the cow is regarded by them with peculiar fondness. Their best songs are sung in its praise, and their finest music is employed to call together the herd scattered upon the hills. Such travellers as have not journeyed in the beaten highway of English tourists, but have turned into the by-ways and villages to make acquaintance with the manners of the people, describe as a most pleasing scene the return of the cows in the evening from their mountain pasture. The cow-herd, with his long Alpine horn, seated upon a commanding spot among the hills, sounds the plaintive melody of the *kühreihe*, and the animals, obedient to the summons, slowly leave their pasture, grazing as they come, and marshalling

themselves around him, are led down to the villages. The music of all the *kühreihen* is sweet and melancholy, and the tones of the horn, re-echoing from crag to crag, and from hollow to hollow, are well calculated to increase the pleasurable effect of the melody. Every district has its its peculiar *kühreihen*. Thus there are the "*Kühreihen of Oberhasler*," of "*Siebethal*," of "*Emmethal*," of "*Entlibuch*," of "*Appenzell*," of "*Guggisberg*," and of "*Zwinger*," in the German districts; while in the French districts there are the *Ranz des Vaches* of the "*Ormonds*," the "*Ranz de Joral*," the "*Ranz of Mount Pilate*," the "*Ranz of the Gruyère Alps*," and one or two others. There are also two which are common to nearly all parts of Switzerland, the "*Kühreihen zum Aufzug auf die Alp im Frühling*," or the call of the cows to the hills in spring; and the "*Kühreihen zur Abfahrt von der Alp im Herbst*," or the farewell to the mountain in autumn. Besides these, there are several others, the airs of which, not being employed to call home the cows, do not come under the appellation of *kühreihen*, but which, being connected with the cow, may be classed under the English term of cow-songs. Most of these describe the pleasures of a drover's life, and his courtship with the milk-maids on the hills. Others again are calculated for female singers; for the lass of many lovers, and for her, more faithful, who has but one; but all bearing some reference to the cow. No marriage is ever contemplated without taking the favourite animal into the calculation. The effect produced on the minds of the Swiss by these songs, when they are far from home in a foreign land, is so powerful as to bring on a deep melancholy, which nothing can remove but the sight of their native glens. It is well known that in Napoleon's army, where many Swiss were serving, he was obliged to issue strict orders that the *Ranz des Vaches* should not be played by the regimental bands. Although they were good soldiers, the thoughts of home, inspired by the music of their childhood, took such an effect upon them, that they deserted by scores, and went home to Switzerland. No punishment could restrain them; the fear of an ignominious death had less terrors for them than the prospect of long banishment from their beloved Switzerland. If they had been fighting in defence of their country, the music would doubtless have nerved their arms to deeds of heroism; but they were fighting for hire only, in the service of a foreign power, and the recollection of home, being dearer than the hope of reward, they forsook their colours without remorse. The *ranz* which thus unmanned them was the "*Ranz des Vaches des Alps de Gruyère*," or of the canton of Fribourg. The words are in the French *patois* of the district, and, as the reader may think one verse curious as a specimen, I subjoin the first, together with a translation of the whole ballad. It runs thus:

" *Lé z'armaillis de Colombetta*
De bon matin se son léha;
Ha! ah! Ha! ah!
Lioba! Lioba! por l'aria!

The chorus repeated at the end of every stanza is

Vinide toté,
Bliantz' et neré;

*Rodz' et motailé,
Dzjouen' et otro,
Dézo ou tshàno,
Io ie vo z'ario,
Dezo ou treinblío ;
Io ie treinzo !
Lioba ! Lioba ! por t'aria !
Lioba ! Lioba ! por t'aria !"*

It may be necessary to remark that the words *Lioba ! Lioba !* which recur so frequently in the following, are used as a term of endearment to the cows. Being altogether untranslatable, I have preserved the original word. It is pronounced in two syllables, and in some districts of Switzerland is written *Loba*.

RANZ DES VACHES OF THE GRUYÈRE ALPS.

"The cow-boys of the Colombetta,
Arose one morn ere break of day.
Ha ! ah ! Ha ! ah !
Lioba ! Lioba ! your milk to draw !

CHORUS.

Under the oak tree
Stands the pail ;
Haste, ye milch-kine,
Down the dale :
Black and brindled,
Roan and grey,
Big and little,
Haste, away !
Lioba ! Lioba ! haste, away !
Haste, away !
Lioba ! Lioba ! haste, away !

When they came to the vale, alas !
The waters were out, and they could not pass,
Ha ! ah ! Ha ! ah !
Lioba ! Lioba ! your milk to draw !

"The waters deep we can't get through—
Oh, what on earth are we to do !
Ha ! ah ! Ha ! ah !
Lioba ! Lioba ! your milk to draw ?"—

"The parson has helped us oft before ;
Let us knock at the parson's door !
Ha ! ah ! Ha ! ah !
Lioba ! Lioba ! your milk to draw !"—

"I know he'll aid us if he can ;
But what shall we say to the good old man ;
Ha ! ah ! Ha ! ah !
Lioba ! Lioba ! your milk to draw ?"—

Perhaps he'll tell us, if we would pass,
That we must hear a solemn mass ;—
Ha ! ah ! Ha ! ah !
Lioba ! Lioba ! your milk to draw !

They went and knocked at the parson's door,
His kind assistance to implore,
Ha ! ah ! Ha ! ah !
Lioba ! Lioba ! your milk to draw !

- ' Oh, reverend father! say a mass,
That we may safe through the waters pass!
Ha! ah! Ha! ah!
Lioba! Lioba! your milk to draw!—
Then answered them that holy man:
' I'll tell you what is the wisest plan,
Ha! ah! Ha! ah!
Lioba! Lioba! your milk to draw!
' Send me a weighty, fine fat cheese,
And you shall pass whene'er you please,
Ha! ah! Ha! ah!
Lioba! Lioba! your milk to draw!—
' If you send us down your servant lass,
We'll give you a cheese that we may pass,
Ha! ah! Ha! ah!
Lioba! Lioba! your milk to draw!—
' My servant lass I cannot spare;
I fear you'd keep her she is so fair;
Ha! ah! Ha! ah!
Lioba! Lioba! your milk to draw!—
' Oh, never fear, thou parson good!
We would not steal her if we could!
Ha! ah! Ha! ah!
Lioba! Lioba! your milk to draw!
' For, if to kiss her we were driven,
Robbing the church is ne'er forgiven!
Ha! ah! Ha! ah!
Lioba! Lioba! your milk to draw!
' So fear not for your pretty lass,
We'll give her a cheese that we may pass,
Ha! ah! Ha! ah!
Lioba! Lioba! your milk to draw!—
' Ah, well! ah, well!' said the holy man,
' I'm sure I'll aid you if I can,
Ha! ah! Ha! ah!
Lioba! Lioba! your milk to draw!
' An *ave* for you I will say;
So remember the cheese when you pass this way,
Ha! ah! Ha! ah!
Lioba! Lioba! your milk to draw!—
That holy man he told them true,
For sure enough they passed right through,
Ha! ah! Ha! ah!
Lioba! Lioba! your milk to draw!

CHORUS.

Under the oak tree
Stands the pail;
Haste, ye milch-kine,
Down the dale:
Black and brindled,
Roan and grey,
Big and little,
Haste, away!
Lioba! Lioba! haste, away!
Haste, away!
Lioba! Lioba! haste, away!'

The original, having no pretensions to elegance, but being valuable merely because it is a song of the olden time, composed for and by the people, the reader will not complain that the translation is rough and unpolished. It has been rendered as closely from the original as the difference of idiom and the exigencies of the rhyme would allow. After all, the "*Eincura*," as the Swiss of Fribourg call the curate, is afraid to trust his pretty servant with the drovers, but prefers to wait for his cheese till they pass that way again. The sly, quiet satire is about the bitterest in popular Swiss poetry; a fact which would seem to show that the Swiss peasantry have but little gall in them.

The *Kühreihen* of Oberhasler is a very lengthy composition, extending to about forty irregular stanzas, or two hundred and sixty lines. The first stanza is the call to the cows, and enumerates the whole herd by different epithets borrowed from their colour or qualities; the black, the white, the brindled, the scant of milk, the full of milk, the frisky, the staid, the curly-horned, the strong-boned, the young, the old, the big, the little, those who rub against the hedges, and those who are always moving their tails! The second stanza refers to a totally different matter, and is sung to a variation of the same air, which, like most of the *kühreihen*, is sweet and plaintive. The third stanza, again, takes up the call to the cows, and the fifth, seventh, ninth, eleventh, and every alternate stanza to the end, continues the subject, and describes the duties of a cow-boy, the passage of the herd to the hills in spring, and their return to the farms when the cold weather sets in. The intermediate stanzas are upon all subjects; some of them are proverbs in rhyme, and others, snatches of old songs, dovetailed in, for no other apparent reason than that they suit the measure of the *kühreihen*. The main subject, which is continued regularly in the alternate stanzas, is thus broken up by these constantly-recurring fragments. Some of the latter are exceedingly graceful. Others, again, by their sudden introduction, and total want of connection, appear absurd. One of them literally translated is,

*"In summer time 'tis sweet to roam
Among the hills so quiet,
Far, far away from wife and brats,
And all their noise and riot!"*

This is evidently the groan of an unhappy husband. The following appears to be the wish of a philosopher in a small way:

*"Six hundred dollars in my sack,
And two score cows upon the hill,
And I'll be happy all day long,
And eat and drink, and take my fill!
But, no! what's life without good snuff?
Give me that, too, and I've enough!"*

The next is a lover's wish.

*"Oh, 'tis sweet in the summer time,
Up on the high wild hills to climb,
To sit upon the fresh green grass,
And talk to thee, my pretty lass!"*

The K uhreihen of the Emmenthal is in the shape of a dialogue between a young drover, whose shoe pinches him, and a young maiden, who kindly lends him a pair of slippers to ease him. Talking of slippers leads to a remark on the pretty feet which had worn them, and, by an obvious train of thought, to the praise of other charms. The charms produce love, love an offer of marriage, and marriage, once mentioned, becomes a question of cows. Without a good stock of these the union would be an imprudent one.

The next class of songs most popular among the Swiss are those expressive of their attachment to their native hills, and of their melancholy or "*home-woe*" when away from them. The following, beginning "*Herz mys Herz,*" is the most graceful and natural of these songs, and the most admired. Goethe has imitated the first line in a song beginning,

"Herz! mein Herz! was soll das Geben?"

and the query has become a great favourite with German song-writers of inferior note. The Germans in fact lay claim to the entire song; but there is no doubt that it is pure Swiss. That in the Bernese dialect is the most popular in Switzerland, and appears to have been the original. It begins,

*"Herz! mys Herz! warum so trurig,
Und was soll das Ach u Weh?
S'ist ja sch on in fr mde Lande,
Herz! mys Herz! was fehlt der meh?"*

Several English paraphrases of this tender little song have already appeared, but they introduce thoughts and expressions which are not to be found in the original, and omit some of the colouring which renders it so national. The following is a closer translation.

SWISS HOME-WOE.

"Heart! my heart! why so dejected?
And what means thy constant woe?
Is't not fair in foreign regions?
Heart! my heart! what grieves thee so?"

What doth grieve me?—all around me;
Quite forsaken here I roam;
True, 'tis fair in foreign regions,
But I'm pining for my home!

Oh, my home! for thee I languish;
Would that I could breathe thine air!
See my father, see my mother,
See thy hills and valleys fair!

Oh, to see the mountain summits,
Down whose side the torrents ran!
Crag, that trod by chamois only,
Scorn the foot of mortal man!

Oh, to hear the sweet bells tinkling
As the drover mounts the hill;
With his kine and lambkins browsing,
Or disporting at their will!

Oh, to see my native village,
Underneath the mountains blue;
With its green and flowery meadows,
And its lake as clear as dew;

And its many-coloured houses;
Oh, to see them all once more!
And to greet the friendly neighbours,
Each man standing at his door!

*No one loves us here, or shakes us
Warm and kindly by the hand;
Little children smile not on us,
As at home in Switzerland!*

Oh, I pine to see the homestead,
Where my happy youth flew by:
Up, my limbs, and bear me thither!
Bear me thither, ere I die!"

The allusion in the seventh stanza to the "*bunte hüsi*" or "many-coloured houses," will be readily understood by the traveller who remembers the fashion so common in Switzerland, Belgium, and some parts of Germany, of washing the cement on the outer walls of different colours; one house being green, the next perhaps red, another white, and another yellow.

The stanza in italics is exceedingly beautiful and simple in the original. Those who have known what it is to be utterly alone in a strange land,—who have come, perhaps, from distant parts of mighty London, without knowing one face out of the million and a half that throng its streets, will feel its force, and acknowledge its truth to nature. It is a poem in itself.

Another very popular song is called the *Heimkehr*, or the return home. It is without rhyme in the original, a peculiarity which I have imitated in the following translation.

THE RETURN.

"In Aargau were two lovers,
Who loved each other well;
And the young man's gone to battle:
When will he come again?

He'll come again in summer,
When forest leaves are green;
He'll come again to Anna,
In hopes to find her true.

He came again to Anna,
When forest leaves were green;
'I'm come,' said he, 'my sweet one,
I hope thou lov'st me still.'

'Oh, no!' said Anna, smiling,
'I've got another man;
A handsome and a rich one,
To buy me jewels fine.'

The young man turned, and left her,
Without another word;
But bitter was his sorrow,
And sorely he did weep.

‘*Oh, my son!*’ said his mother,
 ‘*Why weepest thou so sore?*’—
 ‘*Who could refrain from weeping?*
I’ve lost my darling Ann!’
 ‘*It serves you right for roaming!*’
 Replied his mother then;
 ‘*You’d not have lost your Anna,*
If you had staid at home!’

The following is a love-song of a different description. The original is in the Bernese dialect, and is very popular in all the rural districts where German is understood. A lover, knocking at his mistress’s door, says,

“*Good evening to thee, Brennelie,*
And say how hast thou been?
I’ve much to tell thee, Brennelie,
So rise and let me in.”

There are, it would appear, people in the house whom Brennelie wishes to keep in the dark relative to her love-meetings, and she calls out in a loud voice, so that every one may hear,

“*Go, get you from my door, sir;*
I’ll bolt it in your face;
Or set our poodle at you,
To drive you from the place!”

Lest the lover should misunderstand, and believe her wrath to be genuine, she adds in a low voice, that he alone can hear,

“*Come back again at midnight,*
Thou’lt find the bolt give way!
Come back again at midnight,
I will not say thee nay!”

Many favourite songs are written upon the subject of the “*Abe-setze*,” or daily gathering of friends and neighbours around the fire-side at evening. There are also several extant relative to those rural festivals once common to most European nations, instituted in honour of the spring-time, or the harvest. The stern, hard-featured face of modern civilization has been gradually scaring away from among us all these relics of ancient manners. The may-songs which used to be so merry in England, are now but poor affairs indeed. Instead of the jolly peasant lads and lasses, a few blackguard chimney-sweeps alone celebrate the advent of the month of flowers, looking like the grim ghosts of the hearty festivities of yore. The same effect is produced by the same causes in Switzerland; but as civilization, with her steam-engines, factories, and gas-works, does not penetrate so easily on to the mountains as into the plain, the Swiss peasantry, pursuing their old occupations, still cherish many ancient customs which have become obsolete elsewhere. On the 1st of May the youths and children of the villages deck themselves out in their best attire, and bearing in their hands branches of trees hung with many-coloured ribands, they go about from house to house, offering eggs to the inhabitants, and singing in full chorus,

“*Der Meyen isch kommen u dass isch ja wahr!*”

This song in praise of May is very old, but has little except its antiquity to recommend it. At its conclusion, the singers receive presents from the people; after which they sing a supplementary verse, by way of thanks. It is literally as follows:

“ God thank you, friendly people all!
 God help you in his heavenly kingdom!
 In heaven there is a golden table,
Where sit the angels healthy and fresh.
 In heaven there is a golden throne.
 God give you all an eternal reward!”

Many German poets have written songs in praise of Switzerland in choice Teutonic; but these, although in some instances extremely beautiful, are “drawing-room poetry,” and, as such, do not come within the limits of our subject. The songs of the people, which we have been considering, are the effusions of nameless and forgotten poets,—in all probability of drovers and milkmaids; the more valuable on that account, because so much the more likely to give a true description of the manners and feelings of a class of society upon whom depends, in a great measure, the welfare of a country.

Like to daisies, snow-drops, blue-bells, forget-me-nots, crocuses, and hedge-roses, which the child may pluck as it runs past, and the labourer plant in his bosom, are the fragments of old songs that delight the people. They grow, like them, without culture, in corn-fields and sheep-walks, and are as precious in the sight of the true lover of nature as the rare and costly exotics of the rich man’s conservatory. On another occasion [*Boz volente*] we propose to present the reader with a wreath of such wild flowers gathered on German soil.

C M.

ANACREONTIC.

FILL me, boy, a bowl up!—up!
 Till the wine o’erflows the cup.
 Fresher flowers for me braid,
 These I wear too soon will fade.

Fill, boy, fill the bowl again!
 For, with every draught I drain,
 Brighter dreams my fancy sees;
 Sleep hath no such phantasies.

Fill, boy, fill! My burning soul
 Asks another mantling bowl;
 Brim it to the utmost, boy!
 Ha! ha! ha! I’m mad with joy!

M. L.

THE LEGEND.—No. I.

THE STORY OF ST. NICHOLAS.

in specie puellæ pulchritudinis mitre, et eorum benedictâ armatus, venit, et aspersit aquam sanctam, quam, quasi ardentem, diabolus, nequaquam.

ROGER HOVEDEN.

Abbot! I'd fain confess;
 I burn with woe;
 My heart oppress,
 Whosoever I go!"

"O Maid the beautiful Maid;
 I know, Lord Abbot, to me!"—
 "Daughter," the Lord Abbot said,
 "I doubt it may hardly be;
 I know, and holy Mess John,
 How I ween be they!
 I dwell, in St. Catherine's cell,
 A anchoress old and grey!"

"None of Ambrose or John,
 Prelatancers I trow they be;
 None save the Abbot alone.
 Lord Abbot, I speak to thee;
 I know, though mitre adorn
 My face to shrift of mine.
 Myself born,
 Of old Plantaganet's line.

"I know in lowly array,
 Of high degree;
 Of Eu, and the Lord of Ponthieu,
 My father on bended knee!
 And Dukes a few,
 Came to my father's Hall;
 Lorraine, with his large domain,
 My father beyond them all.

"And Counts a few,
 Married right cheerfullie;
 Lorraine was uncommonly plain,
 That be ne'er should my bridegroom be!
 In lowly guise,
 My God domes and their princely halls;
 I dwell in some holy cell,
 My Convent's peaceful walls!"

"I know that proud Lord Abbot,
 My fair Daughter, withouten fear;
 Duke but shall meet the rebuke
 Who can be seek thee here;
 With all search
 My God ewes and her saintly rams;
 My God mock who would scathe her flock,
 My God woe her little pet lambs.

"I know, thy fears aside,
 That shalt thou dine with me!"—
 "I know," the fair maiden cried;
 "I know, that scarce may be!"

" Friends would whisper, and foes would frown,
Sith thou art a Churchman of high degree,
And ill mote it match with thy fair renown
That a wandering damsel dine with thee !

" There is Simon the Deacon hath pulse in store,
With beans and lettuces fair to see ;
His lenten fare now let me share,
I pray thee, Lord Abbot, in charitie !"

—" Though Simon the Deacon have pulse in store,
To our patron Saint foul shame it were
Should way-worn guest with toil opprest
Meet in his abbey such churlish fare.

" There is Peter the Prior, and Francis the Friar,
And Roger the Monk shall our convives be ;
Small scandal I ween shall then be seen ;
They are a goodly companie !"

The Abbot hath donn'd his mitre and ring,
His rich dalmatic, and maniple fine ;
And the choristers sing as the lay-brothers bring
To the board a magnificent turkey and chine.

The turkey and chine they were done to a nicety ;
Liver, and gizzard, and all were there :
Ne'er mote Lord Abbot pronounce *Benedicite*
Over more luscious or delicate fare.

But no pious stave he, no *Pater* or *Ave*,
Pronounced, as he gazed on that maiden's face :
She asked him for stuffing, she asked him for gravy,
And gizzard ; but never once asked him for Grace !

Then gaily the Lord Abbot smiled and prest,
And the blood-red wine in the wine-cup fill'd ;
And he help'd his guest to a bit of the breast,
And he sent the drumsticks down to be grill'd.

There was no lack of old Sherris sack,
Of Hippocras fine, or of Malmsey bright ;
And aye, as he drained off his cup with a smack,
He grew less pious and more polite.

She pledged him once, and she pledged him twice,
And she drank as a Lady ought not to drink ;
And he pressed her hand 'neath the table thrice,
And he winked as an Abbot ought not to wink.

And Peter the Prior, and Francis the Friar,
Sat each with a napkin under his chin ;
But Roger the Monk got excessively drunk,
So they put him to bed, and they lock'd him in !

The lay-brothers gaz'd on each other, amaz'd ;
And Simon the Deacon, with grief and surprise,
As he peep'd through the key-hole could scarce fancy real
The scene he beheld, or believe his own eyes.

In his ear was ringing the Lord Abbot singing,—
He could not distinguish the words very plain,
But 'twas all about " Cole," and " jolly old Soul,"
And " Fiddlers," and " Punch," and things quite as profane.

Even Porter Paul, at the sound of such revelling,
 With fervour began himself to bless ;
 For he thought he must somehow have sure let the Devil in,—
 And perhaps was not very much out in his guess.

The Accusing Byers flew up to Heaven's Chancery,
 Blushing like scarlet with shame and concern ;
 The Archangel took down his tale, and in answer he
 Wept—(See the works of the late Mr. Sterne.)

Indeed, it is said, a less taking both were in
 When, after a lapse of a great many years,
 They book'd Uncle Toby five shillings for swearing,
 And blotted the fine out at once with their tears !

But St. Nicholas' agony who may paint?
 His senses at first were well-nigh gone ;
 The beatified Saint was ready to faint
 When he saw in his Abbey such sad goings on !

For never, I ween, had such doings been seen
 There before, from the time that most excellent Prince,
 Earl Baldwin of Flanders, and other Commanders,
 Had built and endow'd it some centuries since.

—But, hark !—'tis a sound from the outermost gate!
 A startling sound from a powerful blow.
 Who knocks so late !—it is half after eight
 By the clock, and the clock 's five minutes too slow.

Never, perhaps, had such loud double-raps
 Been heard in St. Nicholas' Abbey before ;
 All agreed "it was shocking to keep people knocking,"
 But none seem'd inclined to "answer the door."

Now a louder bang through the cloisters rang,
 And the gate on its hinges wide open flew ;
 And all were aware of a Palmer there,
 With his cockle, hat, staff, and his sandal shoe.

Many a furrow, and many a frown,
 By toil and time on his brow were traced ;
 And his long loose gown was of ginger brown,
 And his rosary dangled below his waist.

Now seldom, I ween, is such costume seen,
 Except at stage-play or masquerade ;
 But who doth not know it was rather the go
 With Pilgrims and Saints in the second Crusade ?

With noiseless stride did that Palmer glide
 Across the oaken floor ;
 And he made them all jump, he gave such a thump
 Against the Refectory door !

Wide open it flew, and plain to the view
 The Lord Abbot they all mote see ;
 In his hand was a cup, and he lifted it up,
 "Here's the Pope's good health with three !!"

Rang in their ears three deafening cheers,
 "Huzza ! huzza ! huzza !"
 And one of the party said, "Go it, my hearty !"
 When out spake that Pilgrim grey—



A Lay of St. Nicholas

George Cruikshank

The Golden Legend



- “A boon, Lord Abbot! a boon! a boon!
Worn is my foot, and empty my scrip;
And nothing to speak of since yesterday noon
Of food, Lord Abbot, hath passed my lip.
- “And I am come from a far countree,
And have visited many a holy shrine;
And long have I trod the sacred sod
Where the Saints do rest in Palestine!”—
- “An thou art come from a far countree,
And if thou in Paynim lands hast been,
Now rede me aright the most wonderful sight,
Thou Palmer grey, that thine eyes have seen.
- “Ared me aright the most wonderful sight,
Grey Palmer, that ever thine eyes did see,
And a manchette of bread, and a good warm bed,
And a cup o’ the best shall thy guerdon be!”—
- “Oh! I have been east, and I have been west,
And I have seen many a wonderful sight;
But never to me did it happen to see
A wonder like that which I see this night!
- “To see a Lord Abbot in rochet and stole,
With Prior and Friar,—a strange mar-velle!—
O’er a jolly full bowl, sitting cheek by jowl,
And hob-nobbing away with a Devil from Hell!”
- He felt in his gown of ginger brown,
And he pull’d out a flask from beneath;
It was rather tough work to get out the cork,
But he drew it at last with his teeth.
- O’er a pint and a quarter of holy water
He made the sacred sign;
And he dash’d the whole on the *soi-disante* daughter
Of old Plantagenet’s line!
- Oh! then did she reek, and squeak, and shriek,
With a wild unearthly scream;
And fizzled and hiss’d, and produced such a mist,
They were all half-chok’d by the steam.
- Her dove-like eyes turn’d to coals of fire,
Her beautiful nose to a horrible snout,
Her hands to paws with nasty great claws,
And her bosom went in, and her tail came out.
- On her chin there appear’d a long Nanny-goat’s beard,
And her tusks and her teeth no man mote tell;
And her horns and her hoofs gave infallible proofs
’T was a frightful Fiend from the nethermost Hell!
- The Palmer threw down his ginger gown,
His hat and his cockle; and, plain to sight,
Stood St. Nicholas’ self, and his shaven crown
Had a glow-worm halo of heav’nly light.
- The Fiend made a grasp, the Abbot to clasp;
But St. Nicholas lifted his holy toe,
And, just in the nick, let fly such a kick
On his elderly Namesake, he made him let go.

In escaping he tumbled, and fractured his hip,
And his left leg was shorter thenceforth than his right !

On the banks of the Rhine, as he 's stopping to dine,
From a certain Inn-window the traveller is shown
Some picturesque ruins, the scene of these doings,
A few miles up the river, south-east of Cologne.

And, while " *saur kraut* " she sells you, the Landlady tells
That there, in those walls, now all roofless and bare,
One Simon, a Deacon, from a lean grew a sleek one,
On filling a *çi-devant* Abbot's state chair.

How a *çi-devant* Abbot, all clothed in drab, but
Of texture the coarsest, hair shirt, and no shoes,
(His mitre and ring, and all that sort of thing
Laid aside,) in yon Cave liv'd a pious recluse ;

How he rose with the sun, limping " dot and go one "
To yon rill of the mountain, in all sorts of weather,
Where a Prior and a Friar, who liv'd somewhat higher
Up the rock, used to come and eat cresses together ;

How a thirsty old codger the neighbours call'd Roger,
With them drank cold water in lieu of old wine !
What its quality wanted he made up in quantity,
Swigging as though he 'd fain empty the Rhine !

And how, as their bodily strength fail'd, the mental man
Gain'd tenfold vigour and force in all four :
And how, to the day of their death, the " Old Gentleman
Never attempted to kidnap them more.

And how, when at length in the odour of sanctity,
All of them died without grief or complaint ;
The Monks of St. Nicholas said 'twas ridiculous
Not to suppose every one was a Saint.

And how, in the Abbey no one was so shabby
As not to say yearly four masses a head.

THOMAS NODDY, ESQUIRE.

THE Noddys are a very numerous and ancient family. Garter derived Sir Anthony Noddy, who was seneschal to the Duke of Buckingham, *temp Ric. III.*, from King or Duke Nod, great-grandson to Phut, ruler of the land of Nod, and who slept with his fathers, after giving his name to the country, in the fifth generation from the Noachic Deluge. Clarencieux could not, however, trace the race higher than to Guy Noddie of Noddington, Beds. one of the first two knights returned to Parliament for that county A. D. 1265. His great-grandson, Ned Noddy, accompanied Edward the Third in his invasion of Scotland, A. D. 1356, and on the retreat of that monarch was left, as the genealogical tree states, "wounded behind;" meaning thereby that he was left behind, wounded, and without any disparagement of his conduct or courage. This Ned Noddy settled in Ayrshire, and was the founder of the Scotch branch of the family, upon whom was written that famous song by King James the Fourth,

" And we 're a' noddin,
Nid, nid, noddin,
We 're a' noddin
At oure house at hame."

This branch became extinct in Sandy Noddy of that ilk, who deceased about the time of the Union, having suffered long and much from the musical disorder of the country, (which he used to play to the foregoing tune,) and died without any other issue. Of the Noddys of Ireland little is known, except that a small sept of them settled on the edge of the Pail, or Pale, and, after giving their name to a sort of carriage peculiar to the nation, assumed an Irish title with a great O in front of it, and became, by living in Irish air, very restless and distinguished agitators.

The genealogy of Thomas Noddy, Esquire, is thus limited to the English pedigree, and we find it rich in characters, of worth and dignity. Abbot Noddy was the celebrated churchman for whom Cimabue painted his famous picture of Somnus, son of Erebus and Nox (not now in the National Gallery); and Prior Noddy was dispossessed by Henry the Eighth of the Priory of Sleepsley, valued at the time of its dissolution by that dissolute monarch at the annual sum of thirteen pounds four shillings and threepence. In the cultivation of science the Noddys were equally renowned. Notwithstanding the ridiculous claims of Mesmer, Baron Dupotet, and Dr. Elliotson, it is well known that Professor Noddy was the real discoverer of animal magnetism; the idea of somnambulism having occurred to him on witnessing the effects produced, when preaching, by his father, Bishop Noddy.* The manuscript revelation and proof of this fact may be referred to in the British Museum. See *COTTON, Lib. Jul. Cæs. No. III. 483.* Dr. Noddy, author of the "Treatise on Laudanum, with remarks on the cognate qualities of Poppies and Lettuce," was another ornament of the house of Noddy. He was the first after Esculapius to introduce composing

* It was from this holy man and pious divine that assemblies of the clergy were styled Sy-nods.—*Vide* *Archæologia*, vol. i. p. 1.

draughts into the system of physic, and it is confessed that no greater improvement has since been made. Of the Noddys who have shone in the legal profession, we shall only mention Justice Noddy, the immediate progenitor of Thomas, than whom a more respectable judge never sat upon the bench. He lived to a very old age; and his strong opinion, just before he died, against Mr. Wak-ley, the present M.P. for Finsbury, had great influence in deciding the famous cause in which he was plaintiff. His only son, Ralph Noddy, who held the sinecure office of Clerk of the Peace, having been previously cut off by apoplexy, he was succeeded by his grandson Thomas, only child of the said Ralph, by Margery Lazenby, daughter of Theodosius Lazenby, of Lazenby Hall, Linc. who thus became heir not only to the estate of Noddy-cum-Slumbers, but co-heir to Lazenby in the Fens.

Our hero was at this period twenty-three years of age, and, but for an accident which happened to him in his infancy, might probably have been a marvellous proper man. But it seems (as we have it from his nurse) that shortly after her confinement Mrs. Noddy took the baby out with her for a drive in the pony-chaise, when, unfortunately falling asleep in the heat of the sun, she dropt her poor little son Tom out of the carriage, and one of the ponys trampled upon his neck just before a wheel ran over his body. The child lived, but the consequences were distressing. His head was twisted awry, so that whenever he did or said a silly thing, jocular people pronounced it to be turned; and it was besides so oddly and loosely confirmed upon his neck, that he ever and anon, as it were, involuntarily jerked it down with a wink of his eye, the most unmeaning meaning that ever was seen. On the demise of his grandfather he took possession of the fine mansion built by him on the river Mole, near Dorking, (originally Darking,—see *Doomsday Book*,) and resided there during the ensuing summer and autumn. In September and October he attempted the sports of the field; but his exploits in the shooting line were particularly unsuccessful. It is true that when birds rose he shut one of his eyes, and presented his piece in their direction; but the unlucky twist generally occurring at the same instant, though he sometimes hit a tree, a turnip, or a gamekeeper, he never hit a hare, a partridge, or a pheasant. In fishing he was a little more prosperous; for if the twitch happened to coincide with the rising of the trout, the contemporaneous motion hooked him to a certainty, and Mr. Noddy had the pleasure of landing some two or three dozen of finny captives from the Mole and the Thames.

But the rural season closed, and the town season opened. Squire Noddy, like other squires, removed to London, and located himself in Dover Street. Henceforward nothing but misfortunes befel him. His unhappy peculiarity brought him into endless troubles; and, blest with youth, abundance, and the fairest of prospects, ultimately made him the hero of our tale as the last of the Noddys!

It is necessary for us to recount a few of the incidents and adventures which led to this melancholy issue.

The first public act in which, owing to this cause, he figured, was on the debut of Mr. Otway Marlowe in the arduous part of *Hanlet*. The public having been excited into due curiosity and expectation by preliminary puffs and paragraphs, Mr. Noddy was but too lucky

in being able to secure a front-seat in the stage-box for the occasion, paying Mr. Munchausen, the lessee, a guinea therefor. And the price was surely moderate, when it is considered what an excellent son Mr. Otway Marlowe was, and, on that account, how likely to be unparalleled in wringing his mother's heart and avenging his father's murder as the Prince of Denmark. Alas! he was never destined to reach those grand points in the play: he was damned by Mr. Noddy in the very second scene with the ghost. At that interesting moment all eyes were turned towards the stage, and, of course, the stage-box, where sat our hero in his conspicuous position. By a deplorable coincidence, the Ghost stood directly between him and Hamlet, who apostrophizing the solid shadow of his hapless papa, in the agony of his grief, and directing his looks alike to Ghost and Noddy, exclaimed, "Why, ay, ah, ah—"

' If thou canst nod, speak too ! '*

The ludicrous effect was instantaneous, and roars of laughter shook the theatre. It was impossible to restore a tragic sympathy, and poor Mr. Otway Marlowe was the victim of a few unintentional nods and winks. The fuss, complaints, and row of next morning may be conceived by all who are acquainted with theatrical matters. Mr. Noddy was glad to compromise the affair by the payment of one thousand pounds, of which the lessee pocketed eight hundred for the loss incurred by the theatre, and Mr. Marlowe two hundred for the damage he had sustained; and all the newspapers rang with varied accounts of the malignant and unprincipled conduct of an unknown assassin, no doubt employed by the rival management.

Less serious, but hardly less unpleasant, circumstances attended Mr. Noddy's every-day life. When at dinner with a company, three-fourths of whom were absolute strangers to him, he would find himself drinking wine with persons to whom he had never spoken, interfering as a third party between each two who were endeavouring to perform the same social ceremony, and interchanging courtesies of the most intrusive and impertinent kind with every person at the table. It was a nod here, and a wink there. "Shall I have the pleasure of wine with you?" said with a tender voice by a lover-looking gentleman opposite to a beautiful girl by his side, would be met by a willing recognition from Mr. Noddy, and his head interposed would meet the adverse glance, and eclipse the fair one's countenance from the proffered compliment. He was obliged to eat of every dish offered to him; for, always appearing to give his assent, the plates were loaded and handed to him by the servants,—astonished in their turn at the extraordinary politeness of the guest to themselves.

One day Mr. Noddy strolled into Harry Phillips' rooms in Bond Street, whilst that astute auctioneer was selling a valuable miscellaneous collection of china, jewellery, pictures, and plate. From some previous business at Noddy Grove, on the Mole, his person, though not his habit, happened to be known to Mr. Phillips; and when he began bidding like fury for every article put up, it rejoiced the heart of the seller. Competition was vain. Salesmen, brokers, and Jews, gave up in despair. The hammer descended on lot after lot; till, finally, two lovely figures of Chinese Mandarins

* The writer hopes to be forgiven for making a Hamlet of Don Juan, or somebody else.

were exhibited, and as Mr. Noddy, disliking their appearance and action, quitted the room, they were knocked down to his last nod, for twenty guineas. Next day the waggon-load delivered at Dover Street, astonished his servants, who, in the absence of their master, took in and arranged the china, and the pictures, and the plate, and the jewels, in the best manner they could; but their astonishment was nothing to his own when he discovered that he had purchased these bargains to the amount of two thousand three hundred pounds and five half crowns.

Shortly after this Mr. Noddy visited the Surrey Zoological Gardens, to witness an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. In the early part of the evening he walked about nodding at the monkeys, who nodded at him in return, and winking at the owls, who very graciously shut and opened their eyes in reciprocating the salutation. Some of the animals leapt more nimbly from side to side in their cages, as he gazed upon and twitched at them; whilst the cockatoos on their pegs set up their crests and screeched as frightfully as if they had been perched on the top of the burning mountain. But the worst of all took place as Mr. Noddy was wending his way homeward. By an oversight, not altogether unprecedented in London, an opening to lay down gas-pipes had been left unwatched and unlighted in the street through which he was passing. No wonder that, with a very sidelong nod, he fell into the hole, to which his cries speedily brought the aid of the police. He was extricated in an almost senseless condition, when these active and skilful persons, observing the twist of his neck, immediately concluded that it was out of joint, and began to pull it straight with all their might and main. The torture of the unfortunate gentleman was extreme, but he had to endure many a lug by the ears ere he could make his benevolent persecutors understand that they were endeavouring to rectify nature, and not accident. He was confined to his bed for a month.

On his recovery Mr. Noddy attended a levee. He was presented to her majesty by the vice-chamberlain, and gave her such a nod and such a wink, as she had not received since her accession, nor will perhaps meet with again during the whole of her reign. What would Lord Melbourne give to be allowed a like privilege? The Court Newsman was specially enjoined not to report the circumstance; but it was the gossip of the maids of honour attendant upon the queen at night, that she could not have been angry with Mr. Noddy, as, in truth her majesty herself, on being put to bed, both winked and nodded after the very fashion of that loyal subject.

In the ball-room, it must be acknowledged, Mr. Noddy did not shine. There was a heaviness in his demeanour and a gravity which did not accord well with movements on the light fantastic toe. To Almacks, accordingly, he only went once; and was rewarded for his intrusion by the witty Lady * * * *, at whom he winked, observing that the sleepy-headed fool was fit for nothing but *doze-a-doze*.

Going down Regent Street one afternoon, our friend met a good-looking stout lady on the arm of a well-dressed man, who was evincing his perfect independence by smoking a cigar. The fashion of the former, and the superior breeding of the latter, could not restrain Mr. Noddy from his usual trick. A stare at the damsel was

quickly followed by a wicked closure of the left eye and a knowing inclination of the head. A toss of the lady's was the retort. The game was repeated, and a crack over the offending caput from the cane of the smoking bravo was the instant retribution. Mr. Noddy was spread upon the pavement, and his offence being explained to the crowd that soon assembled, the insulted pair walked off in triumph, and he got from the ground to a hackney cab amid the hootings and sneers of the judicious mob.

As he pondered on this, Mr. Noddy felt considerable surprise at the difference existing between different parts of the town. Even so near as the Quadrant, he had winked and nodded at every female he met; and so far from being assaulted by a nod-at-ed stick for it, he had been greeted in return by winks, and nods, and smiles from them all. Liston having cured his broken pate in less time than he reduced Farley's nose to the true Grecian mould, he resumed the tenor of his luckless career.

His last adventure, indeed, approached: the knock down in Regent Street was the shadow before of the coming event. Mr. Noddy was lounging in Hyde Park, when a lovely girl and a military-looking person approached him in deep, low-whispered, and earnest conversation. Attracted by their appearance, he contrived to tip the young lady one of his most powerful winks, and as significant as he had bestowed upon the throned Victoria. A blush was the result; and the wink was re-enacted with the accompaniment of an equally significant motion of the head. Again and again was the affront committed, till the fair one's confusion could no longer be concealed, and her friend was made aware of the annoyance she had suffered. The epithet of insolent scoundrel and a blow was the immediate retaliation, whilst the frightened girl sank fainting on the grass. The spirit of Mr. Noddy was awakened, and the abusive epithet and the blow were returned. A scuffle ensued, and before the unconscious beauty was restored to sense, the cards of the enraged combatants had been exchanged with menaces of future vengeance.

As a gentleman, it now became Mr. Noddy's task to seek out a second, who should see *satisfaction* given for the winking, nodding, wincing, and drubbing, which had taken place. Having laid his case before his third cousin, Peter Lazenby of the Spanish Service, who, by the by, stood to him in the relationship of next of kin and heir-apparent, that worthy undertook the office with the most friendly alacrity. Captain Macfiercedall of the Blues having appointed his next on the list, Lieutenant Piercefield, to a similar trust, it was arranged that the meeting should "come off" at day-break next morning, on the grounds of the Hippodrome, just where the private path is disputed.

Upon this race-course the chance was taken whose race should be run. Captain Macfiercedall and Lieutenant Piercefield were not earlier in their attendance than were Thomas Noddy and Peter Lazenby, Esquires. No attempt was made at explanation or conciliation. The distance was sulkily and shortly measured, and the combatants, pistol in hand, placed in their positions. They were to fire together by signal: the word was given and they fired. Captain Macfiercedall missed his opponent; but one of his twinges occurring just as Mr. Noddy pulled the trigger, he gave a sudden tu

round and wounded his second severely in the shoulder. In spite of this misadventure, so anxious was he for the honour of his principal, he again prepared his pistol for a second shot, and retiring a reasonable way farther out of the possible range of the ball, once more gave the signal to fire. Two flashes were visible, and a curl of smoke mounted over the persons of the duellists, Macfiercedall and Noddy. But, alas! the person of the first was still erect: the body of his adversary was stretched bleeding on the earth. He was shot through the head; and with one wink at the Captain, and one nod at his cousin, he breathed forth his spirit on the contested foot-path. The Captain took the hint, and in three minutes was, with his second, *en route* for Calais. Nor was Lazenby long behind him. Having deposited the body of Mr. Noddy in Dover Street, he also embarked for the Continent till the storm blew over. A ceremonial trial at the Old Baily concluded the fatal business, and it was clearly shown by the counsel that the defunct Thomas Noddy, Esquire, was alone to blame throughout the whole transaction. The jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide, and the judge who tried the cause, as well as the aldermen who sat near him in the court, nodded their entire approbation before they went up stairs to dinner. The remains of poor Tom Noddy, with the bullet in his noddle, were buried at Noddy-cum-Slumbers; and Peter Lazenby, Esquire, succeeded to landed property in Beds. Linc. and Surrey, of no less rental than eight thousand a year.

Having wound up the narrative, it is time that I should conclude, which I the more willingly do since the scribbling has kept me up till long past midnight, and I have been nodding, myself, during the last hour and a half. Of one of my predecessors who wrote with like credit to himself, and much fame, it was said "nunquam dormitat;" and, finishing this my epic, I need not be ashamed to allow that, as Homer sometimes nodded, so at this epoch do I.

TEUTHA.

THE POSTMAN.

BY DR. LICHFIELD.

HIS portrait is an every-day picture of life, and yet not easy to paint. He is the very incarnation of alacrity, the embodied spirit of regularity and precision. Day by day, hour by hour, he is to be seen traversing with rapid step the limits of his own narrow district. The heavens may smile, or frown. Revolutions may shake the land; or peace and prosperity gladden its children. Disease may wave its pestilent torch; or sudden calamity sweep away its victims. But the postman is still at his *post*. A diurnal dispenser of news. A kind of HOPE in the Queen's livery, visiting every one in turn, and welcomed by all. A messenger of life and of death; of gratified ambition, or disappointed desire; of gracious acceptance, or harsh refusal. He is still welcome, for his presence, and that which he brings at least, puts an end to the most cruel of human sufferings—uncertainty.

He is the chief link which unites the past to the present, the present to the future. The mysterious voice which whispers its secrets in every ear, and touches every heart. Like Fortune he is

...penses unconsciously pleasure or pain. ...communicated by his dexter finger and thumb ...tion in every heart. All doors are open to ... forth. Each ear is on the alert to learn for ... And, if emotion comes with him, it ... follows him. And if to-day he brings des- ... part of the empire, full of little passions, little ... quetries, to-morrow this universal plenipoten- ... er time and space, may be the bearer of more ... stirring intelligence, wafted on post-office pinions ... ends of the earth.

... of the *Twopenny*-postman are usually clothed with a ... character than those of his colleague, the General post- ... er may bring the news of distant battle and of death ; ... out by shipwreck, or gained by successful enterprise. ... of the former consists chiefly in being the bearer of the ... files which constitute the business of ordinary life ;—in ... the ball and concert ; notes of congratulation and in- ... *lets-doux*, *coeur de rose*, perfumed with the sweet breath ... folded into fantastic forms, and sealed with devices which ... the secret they try to confine. But still the twopenny post- ... the same smart, assiduous, and steady character, as he of the ... No labour is too heavy for him ; the letter of the mer- ... bearing a bank order of large amount, is as light as the letter ... clerk, full of love and protestation. Like the general post- ... he is the master of every secret, without knowing anything of ... mystery himself. He has all our private affairs in his keeping, ... but never betrays them. He reads by instinct the character of a ... letter without opening it. He witnesses—nay, is a party to,—every ... intrigue, every emotion, every passion of life ; but is so discreet and ... silent that he never alludes to the one or the other. He is equally ... the bearer of the request and the reply ; causes the wound, and cures ... it ; carries at the same time consolation and despair, and is accom- ... panied in his progress by a clamorous concert of complaints, prayers, ... praises, and entreaties ; which, however, do not in the slightest de- ... gree disturb his equanimity.

The postman is also a man of general information. He knows precisely our standing in society, according as we are rich or poor, celebrated or unknown, wise or otherwise. He finds all this imaged in our correspondence ; and in the same clear mirror beholds reflected the extent of our influence, and the character of our understanding, until we are laid bare to his observation in all our native beauty or deformity. Such is the drama of life—so interesting, so striking, so profound,—which is played by the postman every day ; and afterwards complicated and renewed at each succeeding turn of duty.

We may finish the portrait of the postman in a few words. He is active and merry ; for he has no time to be idle and sad. He is honest and trustworthy ; for his reputation, and that of his department, depend upon these qualities. He is civil and obliging ; for the new year must needs come round, with its gratuities and rewards ; and, to crown all, he is faithful and true ; for, though entrusted, as we have seen, with all the secrets of the town, he ne-
dreams of divulging them.

A LITTLE LOT FOR MR. GEORGE ROBINS!

BY JOYCE JOCUND.

HAIL, Mr. Robins! first of auctioneers!
 No envious jeers,
 No rival's clamour,
 Can render impotent your potent hammer;
 Which knocks down
 "CLOUD-CAPT TOWERS"
 (As quickly as your arguments do fallacies);
 "THE SOLEMN TEMPLES, AND THE GORGEOUS PALACES!"
 Nought can withstand
 Your practised hand,
 From peasant's cottages, to
 "FAIRY BOWERS,"
 When needy folk expectant heirs are ridding
 Of "GOOD ESTATES."
 Oh! it is sweet the while
 To mark your smile,
 And watch your keen eye looking out *for bidding!*
 "HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN"
 Might seek to purchase such
 "A SYLVAN SCENE"
 As you describe, with pen of
 "WIZARD'S TOUCH,"
 Transforming in a trice
 Desolate tracts into
 "A PERFECT PARADISE!"
 With all your landscapes, picturesquely showing
 "MEANDERING STREAMS,"
 Through green vales flowing
 And "LOTS" of "WATER-MILLS, for ever" *going!*
 O'erhung by
 "A MAJESTIC WOOD,"
 In shadows *dark*;
 Something of a
 "BLACK FOREST"
 Neighbourhood;
 A sort of
 "MUNGO PARK!"

I ask you, in all courtesy, of course,
 Have you not, Mr. Robins, ever
 Contrived to trace on paper, some
 "BROAD RIVER,
 Which like
 "THE NILE,"
 Had but a questionable *source?*
 And are not many
 "MANSIONS,"
 Country ones, and town,
 But well "puffed up," to be as well "knocked down"?
 And though most cleverly you carney
 The world with tempting offers, such as these,
 Friend Robins, don't you think now that your *trees*
 Remind one vastly of
 "THE GROVES OF BLARNEY?"

BABIOGRAPHY :

BEING A DISSERTATION UPON BABY-MONSTERS.

"Et oris parvalorum," &c.

I AM inclined to believe that the next generation will be distinguished above all that have preceded it, by an extraordinary development of intellectual energy arising from the introduction of infant schools into England. I happen at the present time to be acquainted (in a very limited circle) with at least a hundred juvenile Crichtons and infant prodigies, who promise to adorn almost every station in life,—the church, the senate, and the bar,—the court, the camp, and the counting-house. I have in my mind's eye at this present writing an embryo Lord Chancellor just breeched,—a bluff little Wellington staggering about in a go-cart,—and an indubitable Byron just put into the "*as in præsentia*." It is astonishing that Southey has not noticed this remarkable feature of the age in discussing the "Prospects of Society," or Bulwer in discoursing of the "Intellectual Spirit of the Times." When I consider the present state of infant education, I have little doubt that, when the rising generation shall have "pushed us from our stools," delighted audiences will listen to lisping lectures on political economy, weep over the pathos of pigmy Macreadys, and laugh at liliputian Listons. In our nurseries, "Tom Thumb" will give way to Bacon's Essays, and "Blue Beard" be superseded by Jeremy Bentham; the hoyden, who is now ignominiously employed in licking chalk and craunching slate-pencil, will be transformed into a Joanna Baillie, a Jamieson, or a Martineau: wringing the heart with tragic fiction, delighting with graceful and delicate criticism, or puzzling with essays on population.

I have been led into these reflections from having lately had an opportunity of observing the habits, tempers, and talents of three or four of these baby-monsters in a single family, and who, to my immortal honour, call me by the endearing name of uncle. I am a middle-aged man, of a reserved and somewhat nervous temperament, scrupulously regular in my habits, and critically neat in my apparel. I am exceedingly fond of children, when one is secured from the violence of their affectionate playfulness by an able-bodied nursemaid; though I must confess I should prefer them if they could be exhibited in a glass case, like the beautiful insects in the British Museum.

It was during the last winter that I was invited to spend a few days with a married sister in the country, who has for many years been in the habit of presenting annually to her "adoring" husband one or more of the "little responsibilities" of which I am about to discourse. On entering the drawing-room, I found my sister lying on the sofa, (for she had just been making one of her annual presentations,) surrounded by her young and interesting family. I had a fine opportunity of observing the animal beauty of their person from the various postures and attitudes in which they were displayed. Some were climbing the backs of chairs, some were tumbling and "spread-eagling" on the floor, and others were exhibi

biting (as my sister observed) the original state of human nature, (which, according to the "Philosopher of Malmesbury," is a "state of warfare,") by pulling each other's hair. On my appearance the little rebels all crowded round their mother, and reminded me of Lord Byron's beautiful simile of "cherubs round an altar-piece;" though, from their screams and vociferations on the present occasion, I could only think of that class of "cherubim" of which it is written that they "continually do cry."

When our first salutations were over, my sister hastened to inform me of all those interesting and important matters that so affectingly agitate the maternal mind. Bob had a slight touch of the whooping-cough; Augustus (for syncope Gutty) was just going to be vaccinated; little Emma, it was feared, had caught the measles; "the baby" was to be christened next week; and a tall pale girl, in a pinafore and curl-papers, was about to be confirmed. It was then remembered that I had not seen "the baby," and Bob was directed to ring for it. I confess I felt considerable nervousness whilst awaiting its arrival. In all probability I should be requested to take it in my arms—I am very short-sighted—I might take hold of the *wrong end*—I might let it fall—it might—. But it was useless to harass oneself with these distressing anticipations whilst the "enemy was at the gate." I am not aware that the little stranger (which sure enough was put into my arms) differed in any important particular from the usual specimens of infant humanity. It had a little, puckered, kitten-face, of a pale brick-dust colour, and evinced, on handling, that excess of "radical heat and radical moisture," which I am told is the universal characteristic of early babyhood. I felt considerably relieved when it was removed, though I had suffered no farther inconvenience than a slight derangement of my dress, the little creature having left round my neck a part of its apparel, which I have since learnt is technically called "a bib."

I cannot tell how long I might have been indulged with the playful gambols of my young relatives, had not Bob (who had climbed up the back of my chair, and was amusing himself with the innocent recreation of tugging my hair, and poking a pair of scissors into my ear) at this moment fallen squat upon the carpet, with a sound similar to the *dab* of a young rook tumbling from the nest. The little barbarian stared about him for a moment, just to collect his energies, and then set up a roar that would have roused the Seven Sleepers: it was deemed advisable that the interesting sufferer should be removed. Shortly afterwards the room was cleared, (after a brisk and spirited resistance on the part of the rebels,) by the united prowess of a footman of six-feet-two, and a Patagonian nursemaid. To console me, however, for the loss of their lively society, my sister promised me an exhibition of their various talents, which she assured me were of the highest order, on the morrow.

On the following day I was requested to attend a morning concert, to be performed by the baby-monsters in the school-room. The lean girl in the pinafore and curl-papers presided at the piano. Bob, on being called upon, performed a solo on a penny trumpet, which his mother assured me had been considered by competent judges as promising to rival the best performances of Harper. "Gutty," who was about four years old, delighted us with a fantasia on the Jews'-harp, and afterwards with a very elaborate per-

formance on the bass-viol, which, considering the difficulties under which he laboured, (the instrument being twice as big as the performer,) was certainly as wonderful as the single-string sorceries of Paganini. Emma, who had just cut her last tooth, was "in fine voice," and favoured us with several exquisite little songs, amongst which we were especially pleased with "Little Jack Horner," and "I had a little husband no bigger than my thumb." Of course the baby could not be expected to take any prominent part in the performances; but her mother called my attention to the singular fact of her screaming *in time*, which she justly considered as indicating a strong bias towards "the joyous science."

When the musical performances were over, the two male baby-monsters had a "set-to" with the foils, whilst the young lady in the pinafore and curl-papers executed a waltz with her little sister,—the two exhibitions unfortunately ending in Bob getting a poke in the eye with the foil, which sent him bellowing from the room, and little Emma being gracefully whirled into the fire-place. These casualties put an end to the exhibitions; but I had seen enough to convince me that my sister had formed a very accurate estimate of the talents of her offspring in reference to external accomplishments, and I was soon convinced that she had formed an equally accurate estimate of their mental powers. Before I left the country I surprised little Emma one day, deep in a dog-eared copy of one of Miss Martineau's stories. Bob I found daily absorbed in the study of entomology; he had already made a valuable collection of spiders, blue-bottles, and beetles; and such was his devotion to the cause of science, that he had twice fallen into the fish-pond in a chivalrous attempt to capture a dragon-fly, and had once flattened his nose against a wall when in eager pursuit of a curious butterfly. Gutty had manifested unequivocal symptoms of a talent for poetry, and I was indulged, under a solemn promise of secrecy, with the sight of several sonnets, written in round hand, and addressed to Carlo the pointer, Dicky the canary-bird, and an old scrubby pony called Peter. In consideration of these poetical manifestations, his mother had arrayed the young Petrarch in a suit of black velvet, and had already decided that he should pass through the world without a neckcloth. I take no farther notice of the young lady in the pinafore and curl-papers, who was born before the great era of infant education I am describing. Indeed she had imbibed many of the vices of the old system of instruction, and wasted much of her time in watering the flowers, feeding the poultry, darning stockings, marking linen, and other menial and servile employments, now happily confined to housemaids and humble companions.

I cannot conclude this brief sketch without expressing a hope that I may have drawn the attention of my readers to a very interesting subject. There is, I repeat it, in this happy country an immense fund of infant learning daily increasing. The statesman, the philosopher, and the philanthropist are equally interested in promoting its development. Towards this great end, I would propose the immediate establishment of a baby-college, in connection with the great scheme of national education now in progress. As a necessary part of the discipline to be adopted, I would suggest the total suppression of all games and pastimes which tend to divert the infant mind from the serious pursuit of philosophy and science. In this

there would be no hardship, inasmuch as a statute is still in existence restraining the under-graduate members of the University of Oxford from the comparatively venial recreation of marbles. Professors might be procured without difficulty from the various infant schools throughout the kingdom, and their appointment should be vested in the crown. Proposals should be published for the erection of a suitable building, which should contain within its walls a nursery and a dairy, together with suitable accommodations for wet and dry nurses. When the scheme shall come into full operation, it will be necessary farther to establish a Society for the Diffusion of Infant Knowledge, which shall supply the infant public with cheap and popular works in the catechetical form. But perhaps, anterior to any steps being taken, it might be advisable, in conformity with the general practice in such cases, to issue a *commission*, empowering any number not exceeding ten aged gentlewomen, (to be nominated by the Crown,) to examine on oath all nurses and others employed in the care of children, and report their proceedings to Parliament. I would suggest that the salaries of the commissioners should not exceed three guineas a-week, with their travelling expenses, and half a pound of gunpowder tea.

There are, I admit, some objections to the system I am proposing, owing to a certain eccentricity in infant genius. The most highly-cultivated blossoms will not always bear fruit. He who is a young philosopher at four, will at six frequently return to peg-top and marbles; and the melancholy picture is exhibited of the intellects of one's children progressing in an inverse ratio to their bodily stature, which makes

“ the philosophical beholder
Sigh for their sakes they ever should grow older.”

I have known several instances of the most promising monsters at three or four years old gradually become duller and duller, until at ten they have sunk into a state of morbid obesity and mental stupor, worse than the fat boy in “*Pickwick*.” There is, I fancy, at the present time a stout gentleman walking about town, undistinguished in the crowd, whose childhood was fed with the incense of applauding theatres, and who rejoiced in the flattering title of the “*Infant R—s*.” I say nothing of the melancholy situation of a fat middle-aged man being doomed to bear through life the horribly-ludicrous soubriquet of *the Infant*, when perhaps at the same time he may be painfully conscious of having a wife and ten small children, and of weighing fifteen stone! These cases, however, are to be looked upon as exceptions to a rule, and by no means as representing the infant mind of England in the nineteenth century.

I trust I have now fairly and honestly, however imperfectly, stated my case, which I submit with confidence to “an enlightened and discerning public.”

F. J. H.

THE CONTRAST.

OUR rector in his chariot rolls,
Because he has “the cure of souls;”
Our doctor walks, the cause is, sure,
Because he has no soul to—*cure!*

JOYCE JOCUND.

THE DIARY OF A MANUSCRIPT HUNTER.

"As I do live, my honoured lord, 'tis true."

HAMLET.

THE following narrative is drawn from the papers of the English resident at the court of France during the reign of Henry the Fourth, and if the reader entertains any suspicions of its truth, he may satisfy his doubts by comparing it with the despatches of the same person, still preserved among Secretary Winwood's papers.

I.

HENRY THE FOURTH AND THE PRINCESS OF CONDÉ.

Henry the Fourth of France was a prince comparable to any, in the eminency of his political virtues and the splendid successes of his life. In this he did partake, in a great measure, of Cæsar's constellation, whom, as he resembled in courage, in constancy, in fortune, in wisdom and clemency, and in the suddenness of a violent death, so, above all, was he like the noble Roman in the variety and errancy of his affections.

His marriage at an early age with the sister of Charles the Ninth was solemnized by the massacre at Paris, and the murder of his friends and family, who had been invited for this purpose to be present at the celebration of his nuptials. Detained in a jealous court, not by the strength of walls and fetters, but by the corruption of his servants, by an espionage on his words, countenance, and actions, he abandoned himself to the love of women, not from inclination only, but from industry, that, under the mask of carelessness and pleasure, he might calm the jealousies of the state, and soothe the argus-eyes of those who daily threatened his safety. The conduct of Henry the Third, and the wantonness of the Queen of Navarre, furnished him not only with an excuse, but even a plausibility for his conduct; and when, after an interval of three years, he escaped from imprisonment, to become the head of the Hugonots, his ancient partisans and allies, the lessons which he had learned in imprisonment, he practised with less affectation and publicity, but with more efficacy, and no less assiduity. His wife lent herself a sedulous instrument to his intrigues, as much to colour and excuse her own, as to gain unlimited authority over him: and when her mother, Catharine de Medici, came to visit Henry upon public business, she failed not to take with her the choicest beauties of France, for whom, in the day of his captivity, he had declared his affections. Thus his licentiousness was encouraged not only by natural propensity, but likewise by habit and appetite,—by vanity and political intrigue. Nor could the bitter taunts of the assembly at Rochelle about his mistresses and their children produce any other effect upon him than a distate to themselves; as a little water cast upon a strong fire increases its intensity after a moderate interval.

In the distraction of the times which followed the death of his predecessor, neither the greatness of his hopes, nor the intricacy of his affairs, could prevail upon him to change his course; true to his

former character, those whom he loved in his misfortunes he continued to love when wealth and honour were at his disposal, and even placed them around him as the chief officers and ornaments of his court. Such was Gabrielle d'Estrees, afterwards Duchess of Beaufort, renowned for her singular beauty, and the exquisite sweetness of her temper, who governed his affections with absolute dominion; yet, though she brought him three children, whom he dearly loved, had not death prevented her marriage with him, she had caused a new division in his party.

The happiness of his second marriage prevented him not from entertaining in the interim the Demoiselle d'Estragus, afterwards Marchioness of Veurveil; and, unable to resist the importunaey of his desires, he had entangled himself in some slippery promises of marriage. The haughtiness of the lady, and the petulance of her tongue, compelled him to redeem his promises by proceeding capitally against her and her father; and yet, though she never to her dying day forgave him, nor failed to demand the performance of the hopes she had once conceived, he not only continued his visits to her, treating her with the utmost condescension and attention, but seemed to hear with patience, approaching to delight, the freedom and bitterness of her wit. After this lady he fixed his affections upon the Countess of Moret la Hay, and a hundred others, too tedious and impertinent to mention. We, therefore, passing on to the occasion of our present narrative, intend to take a view of him only in the last years of his life, when he had reached the age of fifty-eight (1609).

At this time he was, for his years, of a strong and sound complexion; a hardy education, continued exercise in peace and war, had seasoned him to labour and endurance: subject to no indisposition but such as an amorous appetite might produce, and some slight fits of the gout; of a moderate stature, a shape well-formed and compact, deficient neither in strength nor agility, nor in beauty of feature, or complexion; of an aspect most agreeable beyond belief, especially when he spoke or moved. For promptitude in his actions, readiness in his answers and retorts, he was inimitable: though sometimes over lavish in his speech, to his own prejudice, but oftener to the prejudice of truth—yet his conversation was not deficient in majesty and awe, tempered with sweetness, equalling himself to the level of the meanest; and yet, when it suited him, expressing such majesty and dignity towards the greatest as made them tremble at his words, and even at his countenance. He still retained, even after his conversion to the Roman Catholic faith, so much of the reformed religion as to place the principal exercise of his devotion in private prayer. He was a zealous attendant at the public exercises of the Romish Church; but failed not to express impatience at any symptoms of hypocrisy or affectation of extraordinary zeal.

Thus stood matters when, in the summer of the year 1609, some overtures of marriage took place between the Prince of Condé and Marguerite de Montmorency, youngest daughter of the Constable of France. The Duchess d'Angouleme, the maiden's aunt, a lady much respected by the king, undertook to communicate with him upon the subject, and to introduce the young lady at court for that purpose. The intended bride was in the morning of her age, not fully

sixteen, of an exquisite shape and beauty; her behaviour and speech so excellently tempered between the confidence of her own value and innocence, and the modesty of her youth and education, that in all company where she came she breathed an air of sweetness and delight, like a choice flower whose disclosing beauties draw the eyes of the beholders, and sheds its beauty and fragrance around. Henry, who was grown weary of his mercenary mistresses, (as kings have the continual dissatisfaction of never being certain that they are loved for themselves,) was instantly set on fire by her presence: and those considerations which should have kept him back,—regard for his reputation, his greatness, his years,—served but to betray him, and to flatter and encourage the vehemency of his passions. He at once grew impatient of every little absence, omitted no occasion to court and entertain her; and, when interrupted by other circumstances, ceased not to pursue her with such intent and devouring looks as if his whole soul had been seated in his eyes. The courtiers, curious to observe the slightest motions of princes, were presently full of whispers on the subject, which busy rumour scattered abroad with increased intensity. The fair Marguerite, whether prompted by her own vanity, or the craft of those about her, failed not to cast a melting and relenting eye upon him; and her friends, who at her first introduction anticipated a difficult and thorny negotiation for her marriage with the prince, now found their proposals accepted with cheerfulness and welcome.

The Prince of Condé, until the king's second marriage, had always been brought up in expectation of succeeding to the crown: and, for greater security, those about him had taken especial care to instil into him a pertinacious hatred of the reformed religion. He was quick and prompt in apprehension, eloquent of speech; but in stature little, and of so bad an aspect as though nature had prematurely stamped upon him an evidence of those vices he had not yet had time to evince. He was now about the age of twenty-two, still retaining some swelling thoughts of his family's ancient greatness and blighted expectations; but his fortunes were miserable, for his father having been the head of a party, all his lands and estates were engaged for the payment of his father's debts, and himself and his mother compelled to depend upon an ill-paid pension from the king for a scanty and precarious subsistence. The king despised and suspected them both; and though divers propositions had been made for the prince's marriage, some with great advantage to his fortunes, the king, not desirous to see princes of the blood increase too fast, had ever found means to break them off. But this motion was begun under so propitious a star that it was eagerly admitted, and found a rapid conclusion, and the dowry of one hundred thousand crowns, which the father gave with her, was employed in clearing the prince's estate. The king promised them his countenance and support, settling upon them for the present a pension of twelve thousand pounds sterling.

I pass over the ceremonies of the affiancing and marriage; it sufficeth to say, all things were concluded as the young lady desired, by whose will the king's heart was absolutely steered.

The court made short and frequent removes, sometimes to Paris, sometimes to places in the neighbourhood, (as men in fevers are impatient of the same posture,) but the king stirred nowhere without

the company of the queen, that he might thus have an occasion of enjoying the presence of the young princess; and wherever she came, as if it had been the journey of Bacchus into India, all was feasting, and music and song, odes and elegies, tilting and running at the ring, above all, dancing, in which the lady exceedingly delighted, and gave a far greater delight to all beholders. In this pastime the ambitious courtiers did lend unto the king's passion, not their expense only and their bravery, but their youth, and beauty, and wit, and he was highly satisfied who could by any invention favour the king's pretences, or flatter his hopes, or make some ingenious report of the Prince of Condé's fears and jealousies.

The prince at first laughed heartily to see the king's unreasonable passion, the alacrity with which he received the notion of marriage and other pretences, so contrary to his former experience; nor was his earnestness for the nuptials in any degree abated, as confident that the king's affection would rather abuse himself than fright *him*: yet, when the marriage had been concluded, and the whispers of those who would insinuate themselves into his graces, and the more open remarks which the world made upon the violence of the king's passions, aroused his suspicions, he began to be very troublesome with his complaints to his wife's friends, importuning her to retire into the country, though, otherwise, he was no very great adorer of women. At last, when all excuses had been exhausted, when such a feast, or such a marriage, (occasions of delay, interposed sometimes by the entreaty of others, or the more absolute motion of the king,) when these and other pretences served no longer, the prince, in the end, carried her away to one of his castles in Picardy.

The king, who had as yet reaped neither fruit nor blossoms from the seeds of his bitter passion, other than what might be attributed to respect, or at most to vanity, was yet so pleased with the object of his delight, that whilst he enjoyed her presence and conversation, he was kept floating on the waves of his own desires; and the heat of his affection resembling the vigour of youth, infused joy and brightness into his eyes and countenance; as the saying is, the tooth of desire bites sweetly. But now that she was gone, without any fixed time being appointed for her return, he sank at once into sadness; his joy and pleasantness were fled. So entirely was his soul occupied with his passion, that there was no business, of never so serious a consequence, but if it came to any long debate, he would draw the mention of the Condé into it, though it were with the most grave and silent of his council. In those rooms where he had enjoyed her presence and conversation, he lingered with a manifest yet ineffectual pleasure, which was no sooner perceived by his assiduous courtiers, than, anxious to anticipate his wishes, they set about undertaking pilgrimages to visit her, in procuring letters from, or reports about her, in making feasts and balls to divert the king's solitude. Poets likewise did expose their abilities in songs and elegies commemorative of her departure, and the king seemed to take a relish in them, contrary to his wonted inclination.

It seems that men who have been successful in the world have a certain period in their prosperity at which, when they have arrived, their felicity ruins itself for want of opposition. Besides, when

outward opposition faileth, in its place succeed envy, hatred, calumny, and secret practices for their ruin. Such was the case with this king, who to his face was exquisitely soothed in his passion, yet everywhere else traduced beyond the truth—his secret actions, words, and very thoughts, represented in a multiplying glass to the prince, by those whom he least suspected.

On the 24th of October, the king came suddenly from St. Germain to Paris, and the next day departed by three o'clock in the morning, leaving directions for some of his guards to come after him to Fontainebleau. There they stayed three days without hearing any news of him, till at length he arrived at Fontainebleau, and thence returned to Paris. The truth is, he took with him his natural son, De Vendome, and four or five other ministers of his pleasures, such as he had formerly employed in these pursuits, disguised like merchants, intending to visit the Princess of Condé at her own house, taking the opportunity of her husband's absence, who had appointed to be at a solemn meeting of the gentry at Picardy, in memory of St. Hubert. Yet, notwithstanding the suddenness and secrecy of this resolution, the prince had received an intimation of it, and had circulated a report that some persons, disguised, had come upon an evil design. This, added to a quarrel which had arisen between two of the chief persons in that province, made a great alarm among the gentry, and messengers were posted up and down to assemble friends and discover the persons so disguised. When the king arrived, he found all in a disturbance and uproar, and was compelled to retire without any fruits of his adventure. But upon his return to Paris, every house and every assembly was full of the strangeness of this action, which was everywhere related with different, and generally with false and malicious, circumstances.

Another occurrence happened at this time, which gave occasion to men's wonder and astonishment.

Signor Foscarini, the Venetian Ambassador, who had formed an intimacy with the Prince of Condé, took occasion to address the following words to the king: "Sire, all the world doth acknowledge of how infinite importance your life is to the well-being and quiet of Christendom, and how much your health, and consequently your life, is concerned in the disquiet you receive by the absence of the Princess of Condé. If your majesty will be pleased to make use of my service, I am confident that there is no man in France can so soon prevail with the Prince of Condé, and persuade him to bring his wife to Paris, as I can." The king was at first abashed by so monstrous a proposition; but suddenly recollecting himself, he said with a jeer, "My Lord Ambassador, circumstances are by no means such as you imagine; but I must beware of you, who, being an ambassador to me from a foreign state, have got so great an interest with the princes of my blood."

Upon the universal murmur which arose at this strange adventure of the king, the Prince of Condé, by these and other complaints, had induced the Duke of Montmorenci, his father-in-law, to write and expostulate with the king, which he did in most respectful terms, yet sensibly enough to give his son-in-law faction, and to set before the king's eyes the scandal which the world entertained at his proceedings; but as bodies corrup-

peccant humours turn all that is nutriment into a contrary quality, so did the king make use of these complaints to feed his passion ; writing to the Prince of Condé, and jesting at the idle complaints and shadows* of his sick imagination, and in the end commanding him to return to Paris, where he should receive satisfaction for these unfounded apprehensions.

THE MISFORTUNES AND CONSOLATIONS OF PEREGRINE TWEETZLE.

MY friend Tweezle has, through life, been the most unfortunate, and yet the most fortunate, of men. Every species of calamity has befallen him, and yet he has never once been unhappy. Misfortune and he have ever been at war : she darting her missiles at him ; and he throwing them back at her, or raising up bastions, behind which he has ensconced himself, and laughed the malicious jade to scorn. Lucky has it been for him that he has been made of such " impenetrable stuff ;" lucky for him that he has had a thick head and a tough hide ; and that, like the tortoise, which, encased in its hard shell, lets the ponderous waggon-wheel pass over it without flinching, he also has been able to let the heavy car of Fate drive right over his back without having a single bone broken by the pressure. Some men, when under the lash of misfortune, suddenly imagine that they ought to be religious, and take to praying most vehemently while the danger lasts ; others again are optimists, and, when the shoe pinches them, console themselves by quoting the hackneyed line of the poet, " whatever *is*, is right ;" while others—poor weak-minded creatures !—fly to the bottle for solace, and make beasts of themselves, because Fate has proved unkind. Tweezle, however, condemns all these methods, and consoles himself in a manner peculiarly his own. Whenever any scowling, ill-favoured fiend, of the many that follow in the train of misfortune, stares him in the face, my friend Tweezle sits himself calmly down and looks at him. He quietly takes the measure of his deformity ; and, if the fiend have by chance any good parts about him, he treasures them in his remembrance. Then he shuts his eyes, and gives loose rein to his imagination ; which, finding itself at liberty to disport, speedily depicts the monster as ten times more hideous than he really is. At this creation of his fancy Tweezle shudders, his hair stands on end, and he thinks himself indeed an unfortunate man, to be in the presence of a misfortune so great and so menacing. This, however, only lasts for a moment, and Tweezle opens his eyes again. The monster is still there. " Ha ! ha !" says Tweezle, pretending to be agreeably surprised, " is that you ? Lord love you ! I thought you were a great deal uglier ; really, you are not half so bad as you might have been. Your face is really pleasant, and your behaviour actually courteous, in comparison with the one I took you for. What a lucky fellow I am that Fate has sent me, in your person, a misfortune that I can put up with. Ha ! my good fellow ! there is comfort in store yet !" and Tweezle, rhapsodizing in

this strain, actually rejoices that a little misfortune has come upon him, because a greater might, with as much justice, have befallen him.

Tweezle and I were schoolfellows, and one trait of his early character will exemplify his peculiar philosophy. Peregrine, being so easy and good-natured, shared the fate of all easy folks, and was always put upon, and became, in fact, the scapegoat of the whole school. If any riotous urchin had committed a fault,—broken a window, knocked down a pie-woman, or drawn a caricature of our pedagogue upon the wall,—Peregrine was pointed out as the delinquent. Straightway the awful ferula was put into requisition, and Tweezle and its thongs became more intimately acquainted than was at all agreeable to the former. Tweezle was at this time but seven years old; but his ruling maxim had even then penetrated into his brain, and become the guide of his conduct and his consolation in distress. Our pedagogue, Mr. Thump'emwell, had a wife, who had a very inordinate notion of her own excellence, both mental and corporeal, and a very supreme contempt for her husband in both respects. Thump'emwell, if rumour spoke truly, now and then experienced from this affectionate partner a few proofs of her superiority, which she manifested by imprinting upon his cheeks the marks of her delicate fingers, and by letting fall upon his eyes the full weight of her dainty fist. One unlucky morning, some satirical rogue—ill-natured, as satirists always are,—drew with chalk upon the wall a very tolerable representation of one of the striking scenes above alluded to, which had on the previous evening agreeably relieved the dull monotony of the schoolmaster's life. When Thump'emwell came down in the morning, his eyes rested immediately upon this sketch of his connubial felicity. He gazed upon it for a minute in awful silence; and then his eyes sparkled with fury, and his face grew so red, and the veins of his forehead so swollen, that we thought he would have suffocated. Clenching his hand, and striking it against his desk, upsetting at the same time an inkstand all over his nankeen nether garments, he, with a still small voice, ordered us all to stand up. The dread summons was obeyed, and we stood in a line across the room. Thump'emwell was always in a tremendous fury whenever he spoke low and blandly, and we accordingly prepared ourselves for an explosion.

"Now, my dear children," said Thump'emwell, "you know I love you sincerely," and the hypocritical wretch seized hold of his ferula as he spoke: "and I should die with grief, if one of you ever came to the gallows. Do you hear?"

"Now," continued he, after a pause, "I was telling you that I loved you all dearly; and, as I love you, I *must* save you from the gallows. Now, the little atrocious vagabond who made this drawing is sure to be hanged; nothing can save him from it, find him out and flog him, and confine him for three days on bread and water. You see, therefore, my dear children," and he, still in the same bland voice, "that my affection compels me to punish the offender. Therefore I ask you who did it?"

No reply.

"Tell me, or I will flog every soul of you, from the biggest to the least. Who is the atrocious little reptile that had the audacity to do it?"

Still there was no reply ; and Thump'emwell lifted his rod, and brandished it in air, passing the fingers of his left hand lovingly through the thongs as it descended.

Still a general silence prevailed : every one looked innocent ; and the real culprit, certainly the most innocent of all.

Again the question was asked, and all eyes were directed towards poor Tweezle, who, though guiltless as the babe unborn, stood trembling at the bottom of the file. His countenance was pale, his eyes were downcast, and his knees knocked together. As the fierce look of the pedagogue was turned towards him, my poor friend thought that he might as well have been guilty, since he was sure to bear the punishment.

"It was you, was it, you incorrigible rascal?" said Thump'emwell, seizing the unlucky Peregrine by the nape of the neck. "Now go, sir, and rub it off."

Tweezle did as he was desired.

"Now, my dear little boy," said Thump'emwell, "come here!"

Tweezle knew it would be of no use to resist, and he went.

In a minute afterwards the instrument of torture ascended and descended in rapid succession, and the screams of the unhappy sufferer resounded through the apartment.

"I'll teach you, you imp, to make sport of your superiors," said Thump'emwell, after he had flogged him till his arm was tired. "And now," he added, "come with me!"

Tweezle still bellowing, as if he had had the lungs of ten urchins, was dragged by Thump'emwell to a little dark, dusty room, used as the prison for juvenile delinquents, and there locked up. We all of us heard him roaring for about five minutes, when the noise gradually subsided, and in a short time he was as quiet as if he had dropped asleep. Feeling acutely for his sufferings, and indignant that he should have undergone such severe punishment for an offence of which he was guiltless, I seized an opportunity to steal away to condole with him upon his wrongs. Tapping gently at the door of his prison, I announced myself, and straightway from the outside began to console him under the pressure of his evil fortune.

"Oh, I am quite comfortable!" said Tweezle, stopping me short in the midst of my lamentations.

"What!" said I, surprised, "after such a beating as that infernal Thump'emwell gave you?"

"Yes," said Tweezle.

"And three whole days yet to be locked up here, and condemned to bread and water. Comfortable did you say?"

"Yes, quite comfortable," said Tweezle; "one thing only troubles me."

"And what is that?"

"That I was not guilty; however, I intend to become so as soon as I get out, and there's comfort in that!"

"Well done, Tweezle! I admire you for that! But is it not cruel, nevertheless, that you should be confined here for three days? Is it not disgraceful?"

"It is rather," replied Tweezle; "but I don't mind it. Three days will pass sooner than a week. It might have been worse!"

And with this small grain of comfort—that his punishment might

have been more severe—Tweezle passed the term of his imprisonment in cheerfulness! Happy Tweezle!

This was one of the troubles of his early life; and in manhood he has not been more fortunate. Ill-luck has always followed him. He has been in love, and been jilted; he has played, and been plucked; he has confided, and been deceived; but still, the more that Fortune has frowned, the more stubborn has he been in his defiance of her, and the more eager to console himself, even in Fate's darkest day, by reflecting "that it might have been worse."

Another adventure in which he was concerned will show his turn of mind. The Hon. Major Fitzfiggins, a gentleman who rejoiced in a great stock of assurance, a tolerably handsome person, and a very accommodating conscience, took it into his head to pay some very marked attentions to Miss Julietta Blossom, a young lady to whom Tweezle was engaged. These gallantries of the major towards the fair Julietta were, of course, not very pleasing to my friend Peregrine; and it may be inferred that no great portion of good-will subsisted between him and the major. Peregrine, being an easy, good-natured man, would never have insulted Major Fitzfiggins; but the latter, being an overbearing puppy, thought fit to apply an epithet towards Mr. Peregrine Tweezle, which, as a gentleman, Mr. Peregrine Tweezle could not do otherwise than resent. I was in consequence commissioned to bear an invitation to the Hon. Major Fitzfiggins to take a walk to Chalk-Farm on the following morning, where he would find a certain person who would be most happy to exchange the politeness of a shot with him. Major Fitzfiggins was too much of a gentleman to reject so courteous an offer, and next morning, accordingly, the meeting took place.

"Sad rascal that Fitzfiggins!" said Tweezle to me as we arrived upon the ground.

"And a good shot!" said I, like a Job's comforter as I was.

"I'm glad of it!" said Tweezle.

I was about to ask him why, when the Hon. Major Fitzfiggins arrived on the field, accompanied by his second. The customary cold and formal civilities passed between the belligerents; the ground was measured by the seconds, and the principals took their places. There was an awful pause. Each man fired, and each man fell! My friend Tweezle was severely wounded in the right arm. I knelt down, and began to bandage up his wound as well as I was able, when the second of Major Fitzfiggins came up to me. Alarm and anxiety were imprinted on his countenance.

"For God's sake!" said he, in a hurried tone, "gentlemen,—lose no time—fly, fly—Major Fitzfiggins is, I fear, mortally wounded."

"Good God!" said I, "I hope not!"

"I fear so," answered the second, shaking his head dolefully as he turned to render that assistance which his friend so imperatively needed. To my unsophisticated mind the aspect of affairs was disagreeable enough. Tweezle saw that I thought so; and, looking earnestly in my face, whispered in a confiding tone, "*It might have been worse!*"

"How?" replied I mechanically, for I was thinking whither we should proceed till the disagreeable business had blown over.

"I might have missed him!" said Tweezle; and he fainted from loss of blood.

I carried him in my arms to a hackney-coach that was in waiting, and we drove away rapidly. Three weeks afterwards we heard that Major Fitzgiggin was slowly recovering from his wound, and that no further fears were entertained for his safety. Not so, however, with poor Tweezle. His wound had proved exceedingly difficult of cure; and at the end of a month he lay in a very precarious state. To add to this vexation, news also reached us that the heart of the interesting and romantic Miss Julietta Blossom had been touched by the dangers which the gallant major had undergone for her sake. Rumour added—and rumour for once spoke the whole truth,—that the gentle fair one had, after a short siege, yielded her heart, and fixed a day when she would yield her hand to the captivating soldier. This news I thought would prove rather too much even for the comfortable philosophy of my friend, and I hesitated about communicating it to him. By some means, however, it came to his knowledge.

“What’s your opinion of my wound, sir?” said he to me one day, after I had returned from a solitary saunter through Boulogne.

“Bad enough,” said I; “but you will recover in three or four months.”

“I doubt it,” replied Tweezle; “but still it might have been worse!”

“If he had killed you outright,” said I, guessing his meaning.

“Precisely so,” replied Tweezle, smiling, and looking quite happy to think he had escaped with life, and had only received a wound which would confine him for six months to his bed.

“And what do you think of womankind in general,” said Tweezle again, “and of Miss Julietta Blossom in particular?”

“They are false in general,” said I, “and Miss Julietta Blossom is false in particular.”

“Ah!” said Tweezle, chuckling, “I am a happy man!”

“I wish you a long continuance of your happiness,” replied I.

Tweezle looked serious for a moment, and then heaved a deep sigh. “I have lost her!” said he.

“Miss Blossom?” inquired I.

“Yes! and a sweet creature she was! rich, beautiful, and well born! and I—I’ve lost her!” Tweezle made an effort to look sad. “*But it might have been worse!*” he added, brightening up.

For my part, I was glad to see him so cheerful; but I could not well see what reasons he had for being so, and I therefore asked him.

“I might have married her!” said Tweezle.

Happy, happy Peregrine!

CONUNDRUM.

As a skater was sporting his elegant make
 In the Regent’s Park, he was ask’d this con.:
 Why is this sheet of ice like a Canada lake?
 Give it up?”—“Because it’s the lake *you’re on* (Huron).”

████████████████████



Geo. Cruikshank

Montis and the Jew

OLIVER TWIST;

OR, THE PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS.

BY BOZ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

WHEREIN THE HAPPINESS OF OLIVER AND HIS FRIENDS EXPERIENCES
A SUDDEN CHECK.

SPRING flew swiftly by, and summer came; and if the village had been beautiful at first, it was now in the full glow and luxuriance of its richness. The great trees, which had looked shrunken and bare in the earlier months, had now burst into strong life and health, and, stretching forth their green arms over the thirsty ground, converted open and naked spots into choice nooks, where was a deep and pleasant shade from which to look upon the wide prospect, steeped in sunshine, which lay stretched out beyond. The earth had donned her mantle of brightest green, and shed her richest perfumes abroad. It was the prime and vigour of the year, and all things were glad and flourishing.

Still the same quiet life went on at the little cottage, and the same cheerful serenity prevailed among its inmates. Oliver had long since grown stout and healthy; but health or sickness made no difference in his warm feelings to those about him, (though they do in the feelings of a great many people,) and he was still the same gentle, attached, affectionate creature, that he had been when pain and suffering had wasted his strength, and he was dependent for every slight attention and comfort on those who tended him.

One beautiful night they had taken a longer walk than was customary with them, for the day had been unusually warm, and there was a brilliant moon, and a light wind had sprung up, which was unusually refreshing. Rose had been in high spirits too, and they had walked on in merry conversation until they had far exceeded their ordinary bounds. Mrs. Maylie was fatigued, and they returned more slowly home. The young lady, merely throwing off her simple bonnet, sat down to the piano as usual; after running abstractedly over the keys for a few minutes, she fell into a low and very solemn air, and as she played it they heard her sob as if she were weeping.

"Rose, my dear?" said the elder lady.

Rose made no reply, but played a little quicker, as though the sound had roused her from some painful thoughts.

"Rose, my love!" cried Mrs. Maylie, rising hastily, and bending over her. "What is this? Your face is bathed in tears. My dear child, what distresses you?"

"Nothing, aunt,—nothing," replied the young lady. "I don't know what it is; I can't describe it; but I feel so low to-night, and——"

"Not ill, my love?" interposed Mrs. Maylie.

"No, no! Oh, not ill!" replied Rose, shuddering as though some deadly chillness were passing over her while she spoke; "at least, I shall be better presently. Close the window, pray."

Oliver hastened to comply with the request; and the young lady, making an effort to recover her cheerfulness, strove to play some livelier tune. But her fingers dropped powerless on the keys, and, covering her face with her hands, she sank upon a sofa, and gave vent to the tears which she was now unable to repress.

"My child!" said the elder lady, folding her arms about her, "I never saw you thus before."

"I would not alarm you if I could avoid it," rejoined Rose; "but indeed I have tried very hard, and cannot help this. I fear I *am* ill, aunt."

She was, indeed; for, when candles were brought, they saw that in the very short time which had elapsed since their return home, the hue of her countenance had changed to a marble whiteness. Its expression had lost nothing of its beauty, but yet it was changed, and there was an anxious haggard look about that gentle face which it had never worn before. Another minute, and it was suffused with a crimson flush, and a heavy wildness came over the soft blue eye; again this disappeared like the shadow thrown by a passing cloud, and she was once more deadly pale.

Oliver, who watched the old lady anxiously, observed that she was alarmed by these appearances, and so, in truth, was he; but, seeing that she affected to make light of them, he endeavoured to do the same, and they so far succeeded that when Rose was persuaded by her aunt to retire for the night, she was in better spirits, and appeared even in better health, and assured them that she felt certain she would wake in the morning quite well.

"I hope, ma'am," said Oliver when Mrs. Maylie returned, "that nothing serious is the matter. Miss Maylie doesn't look well to-night, but——"

The old lady motioned him not to speak, and, sitting herself down in a dark corner of the room, remained silent for some time. At length she said, in a trembling voice,—

"I hope not, Oliver. I have been very happy with her for some years—too happy, perhaps, and it may be time that I should meet with some misfortune; but I hope it is not this."

“What misfortune, ma'am?” inquired Oliver.

“The heavy blow,” said the old lady almost inarticulately, “of losing the dear girl who has so long been my comfort and happiness.”

“Oh! God forbid!” exclaimed Oliver hastily.

“Amen to that, my child!” said the old lady, wringing her hands.

“Surely there is no danger of anything so dreadful!” said Oliver. “Two hours ago she was quite well.”

“She is very ill now,” rejoined Mrs. Maylie, “and will be worse, I am sure. My dear, dear Rose! Oh, what should I do without her!”

The lady sank beneath her desponding thoughts, and gave way to such great grief that Oliver, suppressing his own emotion, ventured to remonstrate with her, and to beg earnestly that for the sake of the dear young lady herself she would be more calm.

“And consider, ma'am,” said Oliver, as the tears forced themselves into his eyes despite his efforts to the contrary; “oh! consider how young and good she is, and what pleasure and comfort she gives to all about her. I am sure—certain—quite certain—that for your sake, who are so good yourself, and for her own, and for the sake of all she makes so happy, she will not die. God will never let her die yet.”

“Hush!” said Mrs. Maylie, laying her hand on Oliver's head. “You think like a child, poor boy; and although what you say may be natural, it is wrong. But you teach me my duty, notwithstanding. I had forgotten it for a moment, Oliver, and I hope I may be pardoned, for I am old, and have seen enough of illness and death to know the pain they leave to those behind. I have seen enough, too, to know that it is not always the youngest and best who are spared to those that love them; but this should give us comfort rather than sorrow, for Heaven is just, and such things teach us impressively that there is a far brighter world than this, and that the passage to it is speedy. God's will be done! but I love her, and He alone knows how well!”

Oliver was surprised to see that as Mrs. Maylie said these words she checked her lamentations as though by one struggle, and, drawing herself up as she spoke, became quite composed and firm. He was still more astonished to find that this firmness lasted, and that under all the care and watching which ensued, Mrs. Maylie was ever ready and collected, performing all the duties which devolved upon her steadily, and, to all external appearance, even cheerfully. But he was young, and did not know what strong minds are capable of under trying circumstances. How should he, indeed, when their possessors so seldom know themselves?

An anxious night ensued, and when morning came Mrs. May-

lie's predictions were but too well verified. Rose was in the first stage of a high and dangerous fever.

"We must be active, Oliver, and not give way to useless grief," said Mrs. Maylie, laying her finger on her lip as she looked steadily into his face; "this letter must be sent with all possible expedition to Mr. Losberne. It must be carried to the market-town, which is not more than four miles off by the foot-path across the fields, and thence despatched by an express on horseback straight to Chertsey. The people at the inn will undertake to do this, and I can trust you to see it done, I know."

Oliver could make no reply, but looked his anxiety to be gone at once.

"Here is another letter," said Mrs. Maylie, pausing to reflect; "but whether to send it now, or wait until I see how Rose goes on, I scarcely know. I would not forward it unless I feared the worst."

"Is it for Chertsey, too, ma'am?" inquired Oliver, impatient to execute his commission, and holding out his trembling hand for the letter.

"No," replied the old lady, giving it him mechanically. Oliver glanced at it, and saw that it was directed to Harry Maylie Esquire, at some lord's house in the country; where, he could not make out.

"Shall it go, ma'am?" asked Oliver, looking up impatiently.

"I think not," replied Mrs. Maylie, taking it back. "I will wait till to-morrow."

With these words she gave Oliver her purse, and he started off without more delay at the greatest speed he could muster.

Swiftly he ran across the fields, and down the little lanes which sometimes divided them, now almost hidden by the high corn on either side, and now emerging into an open field where the mowers and haymakers were busy at their work; nor did he stop once, save now and then for a few seconds to recover breath, until he emerged in a great heat, and covered with dust, on the little market-place of the market-town.

Here he paused, and looked about for the inn. There was a white bank, and a red brewery, and a yellow town-hall; and in one corner a large house with all the wood about it painted green, before which was the sign of "The George," to which he hastened directly it caught his eye.

Oliver spoke to a postboy who was dozing under the gateway, and who, after hearing what he wanted, referred him to the hostler; who, after hearing all he had to say again, referred him to the landlord, who was a tall gentleman in a blue neckcloth, a white hat, drab breeches, and boots with tops to match, and was leaning against a pump by the stable-door, picking his teeth with a silver tooth-pick.

This gentleman walked with much deliberation to the bar to make out the bill, which took a long time making out, and after

it was ready, and paid, a horse had to be saddled, and a man to be dressed, which took up ten good minutes more; meanwhile Oliver was in such a desperate state of impatience and anxiety that he felt as if he could have jumped upon the horse himself, and galloped away full tear to the next stage. At length all was ready, and the little parcel having been handed up, with many injunctions and entreaties for its speedy delivery, the man set spurs to his horse, and, rattling over the uneven paving of the market-place, was out of the town, and galloping along the turnpike-road in a couple of minutes.

It was something to feel certain that assistance was sent for, and that no time had been lost. Oliver hurried up the inn-yard with a somewhat lighter heart, and was turning out of the gateway when he accidentally stumbled against a tall man wrapped in a cloak, who was that moment coming out at the inn-door.

"Hah!" cried the man, fixing his eyes on Oliver, and suddenly recoiling. "What the devil's this?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Oliver; "I was in a great hurry to get home, and didn't see you were coming."

"Death!" muttered the man to himself, glaring at the boy with his large dark eyes. "Who'd have thought it! Grind him to ashes! he'd start up from a marble coffin to come in my way!"

"I am sorry, sir," stammered Oliver, confused by the strange man's wild look. "I hope I have not hurt you?"

"Rot his bones!" murmured the man in a horrible passion between his clenched teeth, "if I had only had the courage to say the word, I might have been free of him in a night. Curses light upon your head, and black death upon your heart, you imp! What are you doing here?"

The man shook his fist, and gnashed his teeth, as he uttered these words incoherently, and advancing towards Oliver as if with the intention of aiming a blow at him, fell violently on the ground, writhing and foaming, in a fit.

Oliver gazed for a moment at the fearful struggles of the madman, (for such he supposed him to be,) and then darted into the house for help. Having seen him safely carried into the hotel, he turned his face homewards, running as fast as he could to make up for lost time, and recalling, with a great deal of astonishment and some fear, the extraordinary behaviour of the person from whom he had just parted.

The circumstance did not dwell in his recollection long, however; for when he reached the cottage there was enough to occupy his mind, and to drive all considerations of self completely from his memory.

Rose Maylie had rapidly grown worse, and before midnight was delirious. A medical practitioner, who resided on the spot, was in constant attendance upon her, and, after first seeing the

patient, he had taken Mrs. Maylie aside, and pronounced her disorder to be one of a most alarming nature. "In fact," he said, "it would be little short of a miracle if she recovered."

How often did Oliver start from his bed that night, and, stealing out with noiseless footstep to the staircase, listen for the slightest sound from the sick chamber! How often did a tremble shake his frame, and cold drops of terror start upon his brow, when a sudden trampling of feet caused him to fear that something too dreadful to think of had even then occurred. And what had been the fervency of all the prayers he had ever uttered, compared with those he poured forth now, in the agony and passion of his supplication, for the life and health of the gentle creature who was tottering on the deep grave's verge!

The suspense, the fearful acute suspense, of standing idly by while the life of one we dearly love is trembling in the balance—the racking thoughts that crowd upon the mind, and make the heart beat violently, and the breath come thick, by the force of the images they conjure up before it—the desperate anxiety *to be doing something* to relieve the pain, or lessen the danger which we have no power to alleviate; and the sinking of soul and spirit which the sad remembrance of our helplessness produces,—what tortures can equal these, and what reflections or efforts can, in the full tide and fever of the time, allay them!

Morning came; and the little cottage was lonely and still. People spoke in whispers; anxious faces appeared at the gate from time to time, and women and children went away in tears. All the livelong day, and for hours after it had grown dark, Oliver paced softly up and down the garden, raising his eyes every instant to the sick-chamber, and shuddering to see the darkened window looking as if death lay stretched inside. Late at night Mr. Losberne arrived. "It is hard," said the good doctor, turning away as he spoke, "so young—so much beloved—but there is very little hope."

Another morning the sun shone brightly,—as brightly as if it looked upon no misery or care; and, with every leaf and flower in full bloom about her,—with life, and health, and sounds and sights of joy surrounding her on every side, the fair young creature lay wasting fast. Oliver crept away to the old churchyard, and, sitting down on one of the green mounds, wept for her in silence.

There was such peace and beauty in the scene, so much of brightness and mirth in the sunny landscape, such blithesome music in the songs of the summer birds, such freedom in the rapid flight of the rook careering overhead, so much of life and joyousness in all, that when the boy raised his aching eyes, and looked about, the thought instinctively occurred to him that this was not a time for death; that Rose could surely never die

when humbler things were all so glad and gay ; that graves were for cold and cheerless winter, not for sunlight and fragrance. He almost thought that shrouds were for the old and shrunken, and never wrapped the young and graceful form within their ghastly folds.

A knell from the church-bell broke harshly on these youthful thoughts. Another — again ! It was tolling for the funeral service. A group of humble mourners entered the gate, and they wore white favours, for the corpse was young. They stood, uncovered, by a grave ; and there was a mother — a mother once — among the weeping train. But the sun shone brightly, and the birds sang on.

Oliver turned homewards, thinking on the many kindnesses he had received from the young lady, and wishing that the time could come over again, that he might never cease showing her how grateful and attached he was. He had no cause for self-reproach on the score of neglect or want of thought, for he had been devoted to her service ; and yet a hundred little occasions rose up before him on which he fancied he might have been more zealous and more earnest, and wished he had been. We need be careful how we deal with those about us, for every death carries with it to some small circle of survivors thoughts of so much omitted, and so little done ; of so many things forgotten, and so many more which might have been repaired, that such recollections are among the bitterest we can have. There is no remorse so deep as that which is unavailing ; if we would be spared its tortures let us remember this in time.

When he reached home Mrs. Maylie was sitting in the little parlour. Oliver's heart sank at sight of her, for she had never left the bedside of her niece, and he trembled to think what change could have driven her away. He learnt that she had fallen into a deep sleep, from which she would waken again either to recovery and life, or to bid them farewell, and die.

They sat, listening, and afraid to speak, for hours. The untasted meal was removed ; and, with looks which showed that their thoughts were elsewhere, they watched the sun as he sank lower and lower, and at length cast over sky and earth those brilliant hues which herald his departure. Their quick ears caught the sound of an approaching footstep, and they both involuntarily darted towards the door as Mr. Losberne entered.

"What of Rose ?" cried the old lady. "Tell me at once. I can bear it ; anything but suspense. Oh, tell me ! in the name of Heaven !"

"You must compose yourself," said the doctor, supporting her. "Be calm, my dear ma'am, pray."

"Let me go, in God's name !" gasped Mrs. Maylie. "My dear child ! She is dead ! She is dying !"

"No !" cried the doctor passionately. "As He is good and merciful, she will live to bless us all for years to come."

The lady fell upon her knees, and tried to fold her hands together; but the energy which had supported her so long fled to Heaven with her first thanksgiving, and she sunk back into the friendly arms which were extended to receive her.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

CONTAINS SOME INTRODUCTORY PARTICULARS RELATIVE TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO NOW ARRIVES UPON THE SCENE, AND A NEW ADVENTURE WHICH HAPPENED TO OLIVER.

It was almost too much happiness to bear. Oliver felt stunned and stupefied by the unexpected intelligence; he could not weep, or speak, or rest. He had scarcely the power of understanding anything that had passed, until after a long ramble in the quiet evening air a burst of tears came to his relief, and he seemed to awaken all at once to a full sense of the joyful change that had occurred, and the almost insupportable load of anguish which had been taken from his breast.

The night was fast closing in when he returned homewards, laden with flowers which he had culled with peculiar care for the adornment of the sick chamber. As he walked briskly along the road, he heard behind him the noise of some vehicle approaching at a furious pace. Looking round, he saw that it was a post-chaise driven at great speed; and as the horses were galloping, and the road was narrow, he stood leaning against a gate until it should have passed him by.

As it dashed on, Oliver caught a glimpse of a man in a white nightcap, whose face seemed familiar to him, although his view was so brief that he could not identify the person. In another second or two the nightcap was thrust out of the chaise window, and a stentorian voice bellowed to the driver to stop, which he did as soon as he could pull up his horses, when the nightcap once again appeared, and the same voice called Oliver by his name.

"Here!" cried the voice. "Master Oliver, what 's the news? Miss Rose—Master O-li-ver."

"Is it you, Giles?" cried Oliver, running up to the chaise door.

Giles popped out his nightcap again, preparatory to making some reply, when he was suddenly pulled back by a young gentleman who occupied the other corner of the chaise, and who eagerly demanded what was the news.

"In a word," cried the gentleman, "better or worse?"

"Better—much better," replied Oliver hastily.

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed the gentleman. "You are sure?"

"Quite, sir," replied Oliver; "the change took place only a few hours ago, and Mr. Losberne says that all danger is at an end."

The gentleman said not another word, but opening the chaise-door leaped out, and, taking Oliver hurriedly by the arm, led him aside.

"This is quite certain?—there is no possibility of any mistake on your part, my boy, is there?" demanded the gentleman in a tremulous voice. "Pray do not deceive me by awakening any hopes that are not to be fulfilled."

"I would not for the world, sir," replied Oliver. "Indeed you may believe me. Mr. Losberne's words were, that she would live to bless us all for many years to come. I heard him say so."

The tears stood in Oliver's eyes as he recalled the scene which was the beginning of so much happiness, and the gentleman turned his face away, and remained silent for some minutes. Oliver thought he heard him sob more than once, but he feared to interrupt him by any farther remark,—for he could well guess what his feelings were,—and so stood apart, feigning to be occupied with his nosegay.

All this time Mr. Giles, with the white nightcap on, had been sitting upon the steps of the chaise, supporting an elbow on each knee, and wiping his eyes with a blue cotton pocket-handkerchief dotted with white spots. That the honest fellow had not been feigning emotion was abundantly demonstrated by the very red eyes with which he regarded the young gentleman, when he turned round and addressed him.

"I think you had better go on to my mother's in the chaise, Giles," said he. "I would rather walk slowly on, so as to gain a little time before I see her. You can say I am coming."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Harry," said Giles, giving a final polish to his ruffled countenance with the handkerchief, "but if you would leave the postboy to say that, I should be very much obliged to you. It wouldn't be proper for the maids to see me in this state, sir; I should never have any more authority with them if they did."

"Well," rejoined Harry Maylie, smiling, "you can do as you like. Let him go on with the portmanteaus, if you wish it, and do you follow with us. Only first exchange that nightcap for some more appropriate covering, or we shall be taken for madmen."

Mr. Giles, reminded of his unbecoming costume, snatched off and pocketed his nightcap, and substituted a hat of grave and sober shape which he took out of the chaise. This done, the postboy drove off, and Giles, Mr. Maylie, and Oliver followed at their leisure.

As they walked along, Oliver glanced from time to time with much interest and curiosity at the new-comer. He seemed about five-and-twenty years of age, and was of the middle height; his countenance was frank and handsome, and his demeanour singularly easy and prepossessing. Notwithstanding

the differences between youth and age, he bore so strong a likeness to the old lady, that Oliver would have had no great difficulty in imagining their relationship, even if he had not already spoken of her as his mother.

Mrs. Maylie was anxiously waiting to receive her son when he reached the cottage, and the meeting did not take place without great emotion on both sides.

"Oh, mother," whispered the young man, "why did you not write before?"

"I did write," replied Mrs. Maylie; "but, on reflection, I determined to keep back the letter until I had heard Mr. Losberne's opinion."

"But why," said the young man, "why run the chance of that occurring which so nearly happened? If Rose had—I cannot utter that word now—if this illness had terminated differently, how could you ever have forgiven yourself, or I been happy again?"

"If that *had* been the case, Harry," said Mrs. Maylie, "I fear your happiness would have been effectually blighted, and that your arrival here a day sooner or a day later would have been of very, very little import."

"And who can wonder if it be so, mother?" rejoined the young man; "or why should I say *if*?—It is—it is—you know it, mother—you must know it."

"I know that she well deserves the best and purest love that the heart of man can offer," said Mrs. Maylie; "I know that the devotion and affection of her nature require no ordinary return, but one that shall be deep and lasting. If I did not feel this, and know, besides, that a changed behaviour in one she loved would break her heart, I should not feel my task so difficult of performance, or have to encounter so many struggles in my own bosom, when I take what seems to me to be the strict line of duty."

"This is unkind, mother," said Harry. "Do you still suppose that I am so much a boy as not to know my own mind, or to mistake the impulses of my own soul?"

"I think, my dear fellow," returned Mrs. Maylie, laying her hand upon his shoulder, "that youth has many generous impulses which do not last, and that among them are some which, being gratified, become only the more fleeting. Above all, I think," said the lady, fixing her eyes on her son's face, "that if an enthusiastic, ardent, ambitious young man has a wife on whose name is a stain, which, though it originate in no fault of hers, may be visited by cold and sordid people upon her, and upon his children also, and, in exact proportion to his success in the world, be cast in his teeth, and made the subject of sneers against him, he may—no matter how generous and good his nature—one day repent of the connection he formed in early life, and she may have the pain and torture of knowing that he does so."

“Mother,” said the young man impatiently, “he would be a mere selfish brute, unworthy alike of the name of man and of the woman you describe, who acted thus.”

“You think so now, Harry,” replied his mother.

“And ever will,” said the young man. “The mental agony I have suffered during the last two days wrings from me the undisguised avowal to you of a passion which, as you well know, is not one of yesterday, nor one I have lightly formed. On Rose, sweet gentle girl, my heart is set as firmly as ever heart of man was set on woman. I have no thought, or view, or hope in life beyond her; and if you oppose me in this great stake, you take my peace and happiness in your hands and cast them to the wind. Mother, think better of this, and of me, and do not disregard the warm feelings of which you seem to think so little.”

“Harry,” said Mrs. Maylie, “it is because I think so much of warm and sensitive hearts that I would spare them from being wounded. But we have said enough, and more than enough, on this matter just now.”

“Let it rest with Rose, then,” interposed Harry. “You will not press these overstrained opinions of yours so far as to throw any obstacle in my way?”

“I will not,” rejoined Mrs. Maylie; “but I would have you consider——”

“I *have* considered,” was the impatient reply,—“I have considered for years,—considered almost since I have been capable of serious reflection. My feelings remain unchanged, as they ever will; and why should I suffer the pain of a delay in giving them vent, which can be productive of no earthly good? No. Before I leave this place Rose shall hear me.”

“She shall,” said Mrs. Maylie.

“There is something in your manner which would almost imply that she will hear me coldly, mother,” said the young man anxiously.

“Not coldly,” rejoined the old lady; “far from it.”

“How then?” urged the young man. “She has formed no other attachment?”

“No, indeed,” replied his mother. “You have, or I mistake, too strong a hold on her affections already.”

“What I would say,” resumed the old lady, stopping her son as he was about to speak, “is this. Before you stake your all on this chance,—before you suffer yourself to be carried to the highest point of hope, reflect for a few moments, my dear child, on Rose’s history, and consider what effect the knowledge of her doubtful birth may have on her decision,—devoted as she is to us with all the intensity of her noble mind, and that perfect sacrifice of self which in all matters, great or trifling, has always been her characteristic.”

“What do you mean?”

"That I leave to you to discover," replied Mrs. Maylie. "I must go back to Rose. God bless you!"

"I shall see you again to-night?" said the young man eagerly.

"By and by," replied the lady, "when I leave Rose."

"You will tell her I am here?" said Harry.

"Of course," replied Mrs. Maylie.

"And say how anxious I have been, and how much I have suffered, and how I long to see her—you will not refuse to do this, mother?"

"No," said the old lady, "I will tell her that;" and, pressing her son's hand affectionately, she hastened from the room.

Mr. Losberne and Oliver had remained at another end of the apartment while this hurried conversation was proceeding. The former now held out his hand to Harry Maylie, and hearty salutations were exchanged between them. The doctor then communicated, in reply to multifarious questions from his young friend, a precise account of his patient's situation, which was quite as consolatory and full of promise as Oliver's statement had encouraged him to hope, and to the whole of which Mr. Giles, who affected to be busy about the luggage, listened with greedy ears.

"Have you shot anything particular lately, Giles?" inquired the doctor, when he had concluded.

"Nothing particular, sir," replied Mr. Giles, colouring up to the eyes.

"Nor catching any thieves, nor identifying any house-breakers?" said the doctor maliciously.

"None at all, sir," replied Mr. Giles with much gravity.

"Well," said the doctor, "I am sorry to hear it, because you do that sort of thing so well. Pray, how is Brittle?"

"The boy is very well, sir," said Mr. Giles, recovering his usual tone of patronage, "and sends his respectful duty, sir."

"That's well," said the doctor. "Seeing you here, reminds me, Mr. Giles, that on the day before that on which I was called away so hurriedly, I executed, at the request of your good mistress, a small commission in your favour. Just step into this corner a moment, will you?"

Mr. Giles walked into the corner with much importance and some wonder, and was honoured with a short whispering conference with the doctor, on the termination of which he made a great many bows, and retired with steps of unusual stateliness. The subject matter of this conference was not disclosed in the parlour, but the kitchen was speedily enlightened concerning it; for Mr. Giles walked straight thither, and having called for a mug of ale, announced, with an air of majestic mystery which was highly effective, that it had pleased his mistress, in consideration of his gallant behaviour on the occasion of that attempted robbery, to deposit in the local savings bank the sum

of twenty-five pounds for his sole use and benefit. At this the two women servants lifted up their hands and eyes, and supposed that Mr. Giles would begin to be quite proud now; whereunto Mr. Giles, pulling out his shirt-frill, replied, "No, no"—and that if they observed at any time that he was at all haughty to his inferiors, he would thank them to tell him so. And then he made a great many other remarks, no less illustrative of his humility, which were received with equal favour and applause, and were withal as original and as much to the purpose as the remarks of great men commonly are.

Above stairs, the remainder of the evening passed cheerfully away, for the doctor was in high spirits, and however fatigued or thoughtful Harry Maylie might have been at first, he was not proof against the worthy gentleman's good humour, which displayed itself in a great variety of sallies and professional recollections, and an abundance of small jokes, which struck Oliver as being the drollest things he had ever heard, and caused him to laugh proportionately, to the evident satisfaction of the doctor, who laughed immoderately at himself, and made Harry laugh almost as heartily by the very force of sympathy. So they were as pleasant a party as, under the circumstances, they could well have been, and it was late before they retired, with light and thankful hearts, to take that rest of which, after the doubt and suspense they had recently undergone, they stood so much in need.

Oliver rose next morning in better heart, and went about his usual early occupations with more hope and pleasure than he had known for many days. The birds were once more hung out to sing in their old places, and the sweetest wild flowers that could be found were once more gathered to gladden Rose with their beauty and fragrance. The melancholy which had seemed to the sad eyes of the anxious boy to hang for days past over every object, beautiful as they all were, was dispelled as though by magic. The dew seemed to sparkle more brightly on the green leaves, the air to rustle among them with a sweeter music, and the sky itself to look more blue and bright. Such is the influence which the condition of our own thoughts exercises even over the appearance of external objects. Men who look on nature and their fellow men, and cry that all is dark and gloomy, are in the right; but the sombre colours are reflections from their own jaundiced eyes and hearts. The real hues are delicate, and require a clearer vision.

It is worthy of remark, and Oliver did not fail to note at the time, that his morning expeditions were no longer made alone. Harry Maylie, after the very first morning when he met Oliver coming laden home, was seized with such a passion for flowers, and displayed such a taste in their arrangement, as left his young companion far behind. If Oliver were behind-hand in these respects, however, he knew where the best

be found, and morning after morning they scoured the country together, and brought home the fairest that blossomed. The window of the young lady's chamber was opened now, for she loved to feel the rich summer air stream in and revive her with its freshness; but there always stood in water, just inside the lattice, one particular little bunch which was made up with great care every morning. Oliver could not help noticing that the withered flowers were never thrown away, although the little vase was regularly replenished; nor could he help observing that whenever the doctor came into the garden he invariably cast his eyes up to that particular corner, and nodded his head most expressively as he set forth on his morning's walk. Pending these observations, the days were flying by, and Rose was rapidly and surely recovering.

Nor did Oliver's time hang heavy upon his hands, although the young lady had not yet left her chamber, and there were no evening walks, save now and then for a short distance with Mrs. Maylie. He applied himself with redoubled assiduity to the instructions of the white-headed old gentleman, and laboured so hard that his quick progress surprised even himself. It was while he was engaged in this pursuit that he was greatly startled and distressed by a most unexpected occurrence.

The little room in which he was accustomed to sit when busy at his books was on the ground-floor, at the back of the house. It was quite a cottage-room, with a lattice-window, around which were clusters of jessamine and honey-suckle, that crept over the casement, and filled the place with their delicious perfume. It looked into a garden, whence a wicket-gate opened into a small paddock; all beyond was fine meadow-land and wood. There was no other dwelling near, in that direction, and the prospect it commanded was very extensive.

One beautiful evening, when the first shades of twilight were beginning to settle upon the earth, Oliver sat at this window intent upon his books. He had been poring over them for some time; and as the day had been uncommonly sultry and he had exerted himself a great deal, it is no disparagement to the authors, whoever they may have been, to say that gradually and by slow degrees he fell asleep.

There is a kind of sleep that steals upon us sometimes which, while it holds the body prisoner, does not free the mind from a sense of things about it, and enable it to ramble as it pleases. So far as an overpowering heaviness, a prostration of strength, and an utter inability to control our thoughts or power of motion can be called sleep, this is it; and yet we have a consciousness of all that is going on about us, and even if we dream, words which are really spoken, or sounds which really exist at the moment, accommodate themselves with surprising readiness to our visions, until reality and imagination become so strangely blended that it is afterwards almost a matter of impossibility to separate the two. Nor is this the most striking

phenomenon incidental to such a state. It is an ascertained fact, that although our senses of touch and sight be for the time dead, yet our sleeping thoughts, and the visionary scenes that pass before us, will be influenced, and materially influenced, by the *mere silent presence* of some external object which may not have been near us when we closed our eyes, and of whose vicinity we have had no waking consciousness.

Oliver knew perfectly well that he was in his own little room, that his books were lying on the table before him, and that the sweet air was stirring among the creeping plants outside,—and yet he was asleep. Suddenly the scene changed, the air became close and confined, and he thought with a glow of terror that he was in the Jew's house again. There sat the hideous old man in his accustomed corner pointing at him, and whispering to another man with his face averted, who sat beside him.

"Hush, my dear!" he thought he heard the Jew say; "it is him, sure enough. Come away."

"He!" the other man seemed to answer; "could I mistake him, think you? If a crowd of devils were to put themselves into his exact shape, and he stood amongst them, there is something that would tell me how to point him out. If you buried him fifty feet deep, and took me across his grave, I should know, if there wasn't a mark above it, that he lay buried there. Wither his flesh, I should!"

The man seemed to say this with such dreadful hatred, that Oliver awoke with the fear and started up.

Good God! what was that which sent the blood tingling to his heart, and deprived him of voice or power to move! There—there—at the window—close before him—so close, that he could have almost touched him before he started back—with his eyes peering into the room, and meeting his—there stood the Jew!—and beside him, white with rage, or fear, or both, were the scowling features of the very man who had accosted him at the inn yard!

It was but an instant, a glance, a flash before his eyes, and they were gone. But they had recognised him, and he them, and their look was as firmly impressed upon his memory as if it had been deeply carved in stone, and set before him from his birth. He stood transfixed for a moment, and then, leaping from the window into the garden, called loudly for help.

LOVE, HOPE, AND JOY.

Love, Hope, and Joy, together born,
Sweet offspring of a heavenly birth,
Forsook the skies one rosy morn,
To wander for a while on earth.

Love was a fair and gentle boy,
And Hope a bright and happy thing,
And, gay as sunlight, laughing Joy
Glanced by them on his reckless wing.

They pass'd through many a sunny scene,
 By fount and valley, glen and grove,
 And every spot look'd more serene
 Where wander'd Joy, and Hope, and Love.

But ere the three had rambled far,
 They met young Beauty on the way,
 With eye as bright as though a star
 Dissolved to form its every ray.

Oh! with what glowing bosom Love
 Drank rapture from those orbs of light!
 The world around, the stars above,
 All save *her* smile to him were night;—

But Beauty heeded not the boy,
 Whose every feeling was her own;
 She gave her heart to laughing Joy,
 And left poor hapless Love alone.

Not yet alone—Hope stayed a while,
 And whisper'd him some future day
 Would bring him back dear Beauty's smile;
 But soon the false one flew away.

Ah! then he was indeed alone,
 With weary heart and tearful eye;
 The sunshine of his day was gone—
 He would—but no, he could not die.

Though press'd by sorrow's heavy load,
 And bending with the weight of ill,
 His bosom yet all fondly glow'd,
 And told he was immortal still.

He droop'd a while—but Memory came,
 Immortal too, with magic glass,
 Within whose strange and wizard frame
 He saw each vanish'd scene repass.

There still was Beauty, young and fair,
 As first she met his raptur'd view;
 Each bygone feeling linger'd there—
 That mirror, at the least, was true:

And on it, as a holy shrine,
 His eager gaze for ever turn'd,—
 While in his heart the ray divine
 Which Beauty kindled brightly burn'd.

But sad was poor young Beauty's fate,
 For Joy was fickle as the wind;
 And soon, alas! but, ah, too late,
 She wept for Love she left behind.

Her smiles no longer beam'd around,
 Her cheek's faint blush had lost its hue,
 Her step forgot its gladsome bound,
 And, ah! her heart was breaking too!

She died. Love heard her early doom—
 He heard it, and with scarce a sigh—
 He saw her placed within the tomb,
 But knew her spirit dwelt on high.

And then, at length, his wing he turn'd
 Back to his own immortal sphere;
 And Love no more forsaken mourn'd,
 For Beauty smiled to bless him there.

WALTER CHILDE.

CANTO II.

I SCARCE can reconcile this ball, I swear,
 With the known practices of Cromwell's court ;
 But now we're in the country, and 'tis fair
 To deem that Noll, who patroniz'd good sport,
 (In fact he bought the famous Coffin mare,)
 And o'er his wine play'd jokes of roughest sort
 On his pet saints, to vent his covert glee,
 Wink'd hard at what he was not forc'd to see.

Besides, as his authority was new,
 'T was meet to throw the whale a tub just then,
 And by concession buy, as was his cue,
 Golden opinions from all sorts of men ;
 So, like the despot of the Lydian crew,
 (As stands recorded by some classic pen,)
 "Let them dance on," said he ; "'t will keep them quiet ;
 I've gain'd my point, and why provoke a riot ?"

It seems to me, who vastly prefer rhyme
 To politics, in which I am a sceptic,
 That power and place may work th' effect in time
 Of generous diet and pills analeptic.
 No doubt that in the Treasury's fostering clime
 "The Tail's" most snarling little sour dyspeptic
 Might grow quite bland and jolly in due season,
 And swell his hide out like a new-boil'd raisin.

But we plain rustics, who have nought to gain
 By party strife, and some small stake to lose,
 Some years of cost in entrance-fees sustain
 When first Jack-gentry fill their betters' shoes,—
 We've just observ'd enough to see quite plain
 That patriotism, though a successful ruse
 To gull the breechless, means, in modern sense,
 Hock, leveès, britschkas, plate, and consequence.

Æsop, although more playful than censorious,
 Was a dry wag, who knew a thing or two ;
 His fable of the Fox and Gnats is glorious,
 And puts Conservatism in its true view.
 "Leave my old friends," said Pug ; "that swarm uproarious,
 Hovering aloft, would suck me black and blue
 If once they found an opening ; those you see
 Are sleek and well-behav'd, and us'd to me."

And thus old Noll, though in his up-hill day
 A most unmitigated knave, I fear,
 When once establish'd firm in regal sway,
 Went on improving still from year to year :
 A gentleman by birth, he shew'd no trait
 Of beggar upon horseback's mad career ;
 Being (although his skull is now Oxonian,)
 A Cantab, and no Brummagem Bezonian.

THE LEGEND OF WALTER CHILDE.

that no small re-action
 Liberals had been wrought,
 length in cant and faction,
 in the end were set at nought.
 now the whole transaction,
 names all for which they fought,
 when they first set out,
 which tempts some men to pout.

was averse
 just kick'd down ;
 and be perverse,
 a forbidding frown.
 still asperse
 See, the Crown
 swell the ball-room's din,
 signal to begin.

in his zeal
 content his mind
 I at once appeal
 competent and kind.
 Carey, or a reel.—
 how are you inclin'd :
 "Oh, ball!"—I did not doubt it ;
 I can't get on without it.

If I must say more,
 of which must appal.
 magnetiz'd "*rapport*"
 these genuine skulls of Noll
 somnambulist, come o'er
 and mystify you all.
 the devil's in it ;
 I'll not wait another minute.

figure, while I try
 Walter ; call no matter what ;
 that your company
 in prudence they ought *not*
 others, and defy
 others : call a jig, gavotte,
 mazurka, or bolero,
 look for my lost hero.

waltz ! I'm master here.—
 High Dutch abominations,
 waltzing.—No, no, my dear,
 have a moment's patience ;
 the chronism, 'tis clear ;
 and such innovations
 you, in a kindred strain,
 Charles's ribald reign.

an hour in the great hall,
 and tapers feebly winking
 most of time before the ball
 and took an hour of earnest thinking,
 were digested all
 were adorning, and men drinking ;
 calm at once ensuing,
 "I'm now quite fit for how-d'ye-doing."

The room fill'd, as his mounting fancy sped
 O'er the broad main, and the free forest's space ;
 He felt him to a new existence wed,
 A giant, booted for a seven-leagu'd race ;
 Buoyant in air, he almost fear'd to tread
 On the poor crowd, bound thralls of home and place,
 And half forgave Whig juries in his heart,
 "St. George, and westward, ho! full blithe we part.

"The serjeant here? I'm in for 't, blam'd, consol'd,
 And laugh'd at in his sleeve. I'll make him stare
 For this morn's baiting."—His design once told,
 The buzz went round; what men call a "white bear"
 Breaks the stiff ice of partners dull and cold,
 When giv'n with "onction," and an earnest air ;
 The subject had not otherwise been heeded,
 But interesting small-talk was sore needed.

It chanc'd the son, too, of his morning's victim
 Made as a county-man his first *debut*.
 His sire, too much engross'd to contradict him,
 Or curb him in his childhood, 'gan to rue
 His past neglect, but fearing to restrict him,
 (Which probably might make but worse ensue
 From a bad temper, arrogant and mulish)
 Fretted at home, predicting something foolish.

Young Hopefull tipp'd the bailiff a French crown,
 (A gift unusual, and for him profuse,)
 Who brought th' High Sheriff's summons from the town.
 He never dreamt of parrying with excuse
 A duty which might give his parts renown.
 The judge's trumpet really fir'd the goose
 With lofty visions; and with pride complete,
 In the grand jury room he took his seat.

He topp'd his freshman's part; put pompous questions
 To draw out petty facts just told before,
 Delay'd each bill while pestering with suggestions
 The dolour-suffering foreman o'er and o'er,
 And having spoilt grand-jurymen's digestions,
 Who curs'd him as their future standing bore,
 Vaunted, when answering to his father's health,
 The old knave's public services and wealth.

This Don Magnifico, with huge desire
 To wind up well his self-triumphant day,
 And sweeten the bad odour of his sire,
 Enter'd the ball-room, bent on mortal fray,
 And made no sort of secret of his ire,
 Threatening (I give the words he chose to say)
 To teach a skip-jack, hardly worth a l—,
 How to malign the honour of his house.

He fronted Childe, determin'd to adhere
 To his avow'd and truculent design ;
 "Sir!" but he halted in his full career,
 For a high Don was speaking:—"Don't decline;
 Consider, Wat, we meet but once a year;
 No help for 't? come at least to fence and dine;
 Shirley and Head look for their promis'd sport
 With the first swordsman in the Inns of Court."

"Poyntz, was not that the son? old Barebone's pet?"
 —"Confound him, yes; the fool that kept us waiting
 During your speech; the foreman on the fret."
 —"Strange! he stood close to us as I was stating
 My forc'd excuse; turn'd short, and off he set;
 'Sir!' he said just before, and seem'd debating
 On something for my ear."—"Can't tell, I vow;
 But Parker may; he talk'd with him just now.

"Frank, can you solve this mystery? come here."
 Young Parker's patience had been in revolt
 At the pot-valiant boasts pour'd in his ear
 Five mortal minutes by an angry dolt.
 His commentary, making all things clear,
 Hit the true version of the sudden bolt,
 Prim'd with the story, the two county wits
 Soon put their coterie in laughter-fits.

Oh, it was glorious! Still in open view
 Stood the crest-fall'n, while round the whispers ran;
 All watch'd th' effects which plainly did ensue
 Upon his outward and his inward man.
 But then occur'd the rational question, "Who
 Is this young Crichton, bit with his mad plan,
 The timely hint of whose gymnastic fame
 Smote the lout's ear like Demogorgon's name?"

Poyntz no great pressing on this head requir'd.
 "A first-rate fellow,—talented—decided—
 As open as the day—but so retir'd
 That you must go out of your way, as I did,
 To know him well; he spoke like one inspir'd
 You say; but I foresaw how things were guided
 By the old clique; disgusted with the law,
 He means to colonize, and wed a squaw.

"'Tis a sad case; the leading counsel, Forde,
 Declares his head is form'd for state employ;
 They say he's quite unrivall'd with the sword,
 And fought abreast with Rupert when a boy.
 I argued with him, urg'd him, nay, implor'd
 To change his hair-brain'd purpose; 'twould annoy
 My soul to see him throw himself away.
 Cromwell ere long will give the law fair play."

Our Childe, grown quite a lion, a monstrosity,
 Wander'd unconsciously 'mid that gay crew;
 He car'd not for the social reciprocity
 Call'd ball-room gossip; his few friends, who knew
 His most peculiar lack of curiosity
 In trifles, ne'er inform'd him who was who,
 And had quite dropt their often-proffer'd duties
 Of introducing him to county beauties.

Some cautious triflers can act well-bred lies,
 And fan, or quench at will, their soft sensations;
 But he, not quite so prematurely wise,
 Prone at his heart to conjugal temptations,
 Had made, like Job, a covenant with his eyes,
 And hoping one day to attain the patience,
 In all things, of that much-enduring saint,
 Kept his own headlong temper in restraint.

He now mus'd thus,—“When in the woods I dwell,
Following, like all around me, Adam's trade,
Some blithe high-mettled lass who just can spell,
Some bright-ey'd, loving-hearted miller's maid,
May prize my faith, and grace my wigwam well.
Yon dainty toys, so nurtur'd, so array'd,
Fit helpmates they to cook a bison's hump,
And dish it on a rough-hewn maple-stump!

Hark!—his own name, and coupled with a sneer!
A great hall pillar chanc'd to intervene
Between him and the speakers, but his ear,
Train'd prematurely, was awake and keen
As the wild Indian's, which a leaf can hear
Rustling far off amid the forest green.
“You heard him, Isolde? know him then by sight?
—An *enfant perdu*—a *tête montée*, quite.”

“I heard him—heard the noble castigation
He gave that wretch, of whom Giles Overreach
Were a faint type!—Dear Coz, discard a fashion
Which, trust me, best were honour'd in the breach.
I loathe the French court-cant; high English passion
They travestie, because they cannot reach.
His project's wild, but speaks no common man:
Cromwell himself was bent on the same plan.”

—“They say he's here; comes he, as it should seem,
Some Berkshire damsel-errant's faith to try,
And lure to join him on his wild-geese scheme?”
—“Kate, if I knew and lov'd him, that would I.”
—“How! this from Isolde Kenrick? sure I dream—
You, whom our gallants call so cold and shy?”
—“Let them; my heart is deeper than my locket,
Which any simpleton might steal and pocket.

“Kate, I don't know or like you, love, to-night;
You're not yourself.”—“Well then, the truth to say,
'T was contradiction, with a spice of spite.
Poyntz, whose high nose turns up at vulgar clay,
Made quite a speech on this his favour'd knight.
Think of *him* warm'd, and carried quite away,
His dry, laconic Spanish courtship! he
Who ne'er vouchsafes a compliment to me!”

—“Oh, Kate!”—“Well, well, he loves me, I believe.”
(Here Walter's conscience half advis'd a move)
“His friend, on whose affairs allow me leave
To say, you're strangely curious grown, my love,
Must be like you—(Isolde, I won't deceive,
A highflyer, with his head in clouds above,
Just one of your own world-defying school;
In fact, a noble creature,—and a fool.

“Heavens, what a look! why all the Cynric blood
Mounts to your cheek,—do I pronounce it right?
Strange, that three centuries of our air and food
Should not have damp'd the wild Welsh spirit quite.
Now, be a good girl—(nay, you're always good,
And I will sift that dear old Forde to-night,
The only one who knows his history here.
'Tis whisper'd, he was a known Cavalier.”

—“Nay, dearest, kindest, you mistake my drift.”
 —“No; we all call you a confirm'd old maid
 Of three-and-twenty.”—“Well, but don't say ‘sift;’
 What can he be to me? yet sure some aid—
 Our cousin Blundell—Ingoldsby—a shift
 By their high interest surely might be made:
 Then Poyntz, so much look'd up to, so sincere—
 But he's too proud to stir a step, I fear.

“Kate, do you understand me now, or not?”
 —“Isolde,—I know you mean whate'er you say.”
 —“Oh, when we aim at good, no matter what,
 Our sex's awkwardness stands in our way.
 Smile if you please: but think, the hopeless lot
 Of worth and talent crush'd by this foul play,
 And doom'd to wither in those savage climes!
 One's mad enough already with the times.

“No more; here come my torments.” Walter now
 Made a flank movement from his former place;
 He thought at last to realize, somehow,
 His favourite Shakspeare models of all grace;
 To match with high-soul'd Beatrice's brow,
 And Rosalind's fine form and speaking face,
 The clear, deep music of that voice, revealing,
 (So Fancy augur'd) deeper thought and feeling.

“I see her now; she listens to young Scrope,
 Th' High Sheriff's heir, an Euphuist fantastic;—
 How the fop fumbles with his plum'd hat's loop!
 He reddens; he divines her smile sarcastic—
 Bows himself off. Now others swell the group,
 And bait her with their compliments bombastic;
 Her calm, fix'd look of patience says, ‘I pray,
 Proceed, fair gentles, and say out your say.’

“Ha! Forde limps up to her. Ay, wit and worth
 Dwell in my poor friend's form, uncouth and lame.—
 She answers—what a look of cordial mirth
 Is there! the calm, still statue's not the same:
 Sure nought so nymph-like treads on this dull earth.
 Her eyes—I ne'er admir'd them, soft and tame—
 Have all the soul and fire of the gay South.
 And what a beautifully well-cut mouth!

“Forde catches now my eye—my name again!
 I know his kindness; but for my own peace
 I've heard and seen too much, which must remain
 Link'd with all future thought till life shall cease.
 Could she—but penury and hopeless pain
 Are in this land my portion.—Why increase
 My ills past cure? To-morrow, then, I go;
 Hold fast, Resolve! St. George! and westward, ho!”

He turn'd abruptly, seeking some excuse
 To shun all that he fear'd and long'd for most.
 “Wyld, keep the book I lent, 't will prove of use;—
 Don't scan me, my dear fellow, like a ghost.”
 Pale as the dead, in truth, he glided loose
 From his astounded friend; the Stoic boast
 Of proud indifference, which sustain'd our hero
 Not half an hour ago, was down at zero.

"Alice, is't thou? plague on't! my good old dame,
 I grieve to think I kept thee up awake."—
 "Lord bless ye! 'tis my custom all the same;
 Now, dear young man, what will ye please to take?
 The flask you left is fresh; there's chine and game."
 "Nothing, dear Alice."—"Not a slice of cake?"
 —"No, nothing, thank ye, nothing; never mind it
 Nothing but rest; (would I knew how to find it!)"

He threw him—no, 't was his habitual use
 To do things rationally—went to bed,
 And thought o'er his lov'd Shakspeare, to induce
 Some train of thought to calm his feverish head.
 The very words betray'd him.—"Idiot! Goose!
 Seeking 'some bright particular star to wed,'
 My reason's like 'bells jangled out of tune,'
 And I a baby, crying for the moon."

Then Beatrice, and Rosalind, and she,
 Gentler, but with like singleness of heart,
 Devoted Imogen, too pointedly
 Brought to his mind their fancied counterpart.
 He turn'd to childhood's home, the chesnut-tree,
 The fields where once he stray'd; but like a dart
 At once the searching question smote him, "How
 Was't I ne'er reck'd of loss of lands till now?"

"Well, fifty years hence, and 't will all be past:
 This fever'd frame will rest a tranquil clod
 In cooling Delaware's savannahs vast,
 By the lone hunter's kindred footsteps trod."
 He stretch'd him as in death; the thought at last
 Of flowing streams, and his long home's green sod,
 Brought a good hour of sleep's unrivall'd balm.
 The early morning found him risen, and calm.

END OF CANTO II.

A PLAIN CASE.

ON HEARING THAT THE VAIN AND UGLY LADY — INTENDED GOING
 TO THE CALEDONIAN BALL AS "MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS!"

WHAT! Scotland's beauty, frail as fair?
 She cannot *countenance* that character!
 Sure modesty must make her rue it;
 I'm certain *she has not the face to do it!*

LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

FICTIONS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE PROFESSOR OF TOLEDO.

UPON the sides of a steep acclivity, surrounded by lofty mountains, stands the renowned Toledo; in days of yore as much celebrated for its school of magic, as it has since become for its manufactory of sword-blades. At one angle of the city, built upon the point of an abrupt and rocky summit, commanding an extensive prospect, is the Alcazar, five hundred feet below which the river Tagus angrily dashes along between rugged precipices, and then rolls away through neighbouring valleys, fertilizing and fructifying the green meadows on its banks. In the Alcazar is a grand public square called the Plaza Mayor, or Socodover, where the inhabitants of the town used to rendezvous and promenade, under stately colonnades and fanciful balconies. There the proud high-blooded noble and the lusty merry-hearted muleteer unconcernedly elbowed each other, and the young and lovely wife, attended by her constant and jealous Cortejo, gazed with the greatest *froidueur* at her superannuated husband; but, when evening yielded the world to night, then began the scene of bustle and romance,—then the gay and amorous cavaliero, imbibing maddening draughts of love from his gentle señora, poured out his soul of song to the tinkling of his light guitar.

On the night of the 1st of April 1208, the moon then shining in brilliant splendour upon the lofty towers of the Alcazar, two cavalieros, concealed in the ample folds of their cloaks, were in earnest conversation in one of the most retired walks of the Socodover.

“Would you have me break my oath, Hermano, and, by offending my uncle, lose his estates and wealth? Know you not that he has sworn at the shrine of the Holy Virgin, if I ever entered the Professor's Tower he would disinherit me?”

“I would be the last man in Toledo,” answered Hermano, “to counsel Don Alberto to act against his conscience; but if he have received a shaft from the frailest and softest thing in nature,—woman's eye, it behoves him to get the wound speedily cured, or it will fester into frenzy.”

“It has done that already,” replied Alberto; “yet must I bear it; for he that wars, hunts, and loves is subject to a thousand sorrows for every pleasure.”

“Nay, nay,” interrupted Hermano, “those are fearful odds. My experience says, one sorrow to a thousand pleasures,—and that, I think, is ample payment,—at least it fully satisfies me; but those who conjure up evils, and play the lover, poet, or lunatic,—for they are all one,—must suffer the penalty of their absurdity and temerity. I have generally observed that a love-shaft pierces through nine hundred and ninety-nine hearts at once, and, being spent, lodges harmless in the thousandth, in the position of which I always contrive, if possible, to place my own. But, to be serious, and recur again to this self-same professor, who is not one of your upstart adventurers, no needy fortune-teller and threadbare juggler, but one who, by his intercourse with spirits of the invisible world, can control the eternal order of the planets, and extort from reluctant demons the secrets of futurity—he can extinguish and recall life, blast creation's fairest works, and either inflame or subdue the strongest passion.”

"I doubt not that he is a wonderful and fearful man; but I hate," said Alberto, interrupting him, "your philtres and amorous potions, and such like baits and tricks, to force affection, turn men's brains, and pervert their judgments. Besides, have I not told you that the girl herself is not insensible to my passion, but returns it? 'Tis her cursed father and religion that stand in my way."

"Well—what of that? Go to the professor," said Hermano, "and if he do not devise some mode of fulfilling, ay, and exceeding too, your utmost desires, call me dotard, or any other name you please. Besides, what harm can listening to his project do you? Depend upon it, Alberto, Dame Nature had some wise end in view in framing ears without those coverts she has placed upon the eyes and tongue. After all, you need not follow his advice; for, by Santiago, that is an article oftener required than adopted."

"Then you sincerely advise me to go, notwithstanding my uncle's vow, whatever be the consequence?"

"I was never more sincere in my life," answered Hermano.

"I will go, then," said Alberto, "be the result what it may."

"And your curses rest upon my head," returned Hermano, "if you repent your resolution."

The friends embraced, — Hermano hastened to his three-deep assignations, and Alberto slowly and sadly passed through the courts and echoing galleries that led to the tower in which the Professor practised his mysterious powers of spells and incantations. Little did Alberto dream that the man whom he was going to consult was no less a person than Roderic Ximenes, archbishop of Toledo, his reputed maternal uncle, (popes, and other dignitaries of the Romish Church, never acknowledging children,) who, by his subtle learning in the occult sciences, had raised himself from comparative indigence to the high office he then enjoyed. He had been educated, under the name of Alfonso Raposo, in the celebrated school of magic in Toledo, where he became such a proficient in the mystic rolls of fate, that he never failed to predict correctly the earthly chances that would befall those who consulted him. So great was his fame, that his sovereign, Alonzo the Eighth, found it his interest to avail himself of Alfonso's advice, and gave the magician apartments in the Alcazar, where he wielded his wand over the diadems of the kings of neighbouring states, and employed his system of unhallowed machinations to hold in complete subjugation the subjects of his master and patron. The sovereign and the magician being thus leagued together in a dark conspiracy to deceive and enslave their species,—as a reward for his valuable services rendered to the former, Alfonso was by his influence elevated to the highest ecclesiastical dignity in Spain; but, in order that the Christian world should not be scandalized by the Professor Alfonso Raposo being enthroned, he changed his name to Roderic de Ximenes. It was, however, one of the conditions of his appointment, that he should still hold the tower in the Alcazar, and once a-week during the reign of Alonzo, or whenever there was occasion, exercise his supernatural influence over the people; for well did both pontiff and sovereign know that a magician in those days had the means of penetrating into more of public and private intrigue than the most dexterous and insidious system of espionage, and that many things would be revealed in a magician's cabinet that would be conceale

even in the confessional. Thus King Alonzo and Archbishop Roderic, favoured by the ignorance of the times, became acquainted with the most trivial occurrences in public and domestic life.

To return to Don Alberto. He came at length to a vaulted corridor, which conducted him to a winding staircase, where there was just sufficient light to make the gloom more than ordinarily imposing. Descending the stairs, he arrived at a door of highly-polished brass, carved and embossed with cabalistical and hieroglyphical figures. Alberto gave a gentle and irresolute tap; but, gentle as it was, it must have been instantly heard within, for the door flew suddenly open with a noise like thunder, and drew both him and the floor upon which he was standing into a place of inconceivable obscurity.

"Powers of Darkness!" exclaimed Alberto, "whither are you conducting me?"

"Into the presence of him whom you seek," was the reply of an invisible speaker; and Alberto instantly felt himself gently raised, with the floor under him, towards the ceiling. After he had ascended about forty feet, his head lifted up a trap-door in the ceiling, and he stood in a circular vaulted room of dazzling light before the Professor of Toledo, who reclined upon a crimson velvet ottoman, of oriental shape, from which a stream of supernal melody seemed to flow. Upon a table, lying confusedly together, appeared various scrolls of parchment inscribed with cabalistic and mystic figures, instruments of quaint forms, books of science, glasses, retorts, alembics. In the room were twelve crystal lamps filled with fragrant oil, which, whilst they delighted the eye with a radiance like the tempered light of day, gratified the olfactory nerves with a delicious perfume.

"What brings the sombre melancholic Don Alberto to the Chamber of the Vates?" inquired the professor, without rising from his recumbent posture.

Alberto started at the sound of his name. "Nay, start not," continued the professor, "at the bare mention of your name. Think you, seignior, that mortal man can enter my laboratory and I not know him?"

"As you know my person," answered Albert, "perhaps you also know my business, and can save me the trouble of explaining it."

"It is the custom for the sick to tell their ailments to the leech, and he prescribes a remedy," replied the professor. "Yours must be a desperate case, which puts in jeopardy your chance of becoming heir to your uncle's vast estates and wealth. Knows he of your coming hither, seignior?"

"Truly, sir," said Alberto, biting his lip, and inwardly cursing his friend Hermano for sending him thither, "I perceive you are familiar with my circumstances, which puzzles me. However, I came not here to talk of my chances of inheritance, but——"

"Surely not for a love-charm, Seignior Alberto!" interrupted the professor, "to philter and bewitch some fickle-minded maiden, — nor for an oblivious baneful draught to dose a successful rival who dims the lustre of your smiles. Nay, seignior, frown not; for it avails you as little as do your nervous nail-nibblings."

"A truce with your banter," said Alberto; "though I deserve it for being such an idiot as to come here."

"The sane," replied the professor, "need not the leech's aid, but those who are sick."

"I am not sick," said Alberto indignantly.

"Then why come to me?" asked the professor.

"To seek thy aid," sullenly replied Alberto.

"As others do," returned the professor, "who, guided by the magnetic influence of hope, that healing medicament for the miserable, come here to seek it amidst the anxieties and mysteries of science; and I, her officiating priest, dispense to the hopeless and despairing that only balm their case requires. But to the point—you love the Jew Mordecai's daughter," continued the professor, casting a searching glance at Alberto's face, "and come to me for advice in your unchristianlike devotion."

Alberto, thunderstruck at the professor's apparent prescience, replied, "Thou hast truly named the object of my desire, to procure whom I sought thee in my desperation. Her father wishes to extort a vow from her never to see me more, and bolts and bars administer to his will."

"And, by the powers I serve," answered the professor, rising from his seat, and angrily pacing the room, "I will administer to *thy* will, Don Alberto! Thou shalt have that Jew's daughter for thy mistress, slave, or aught besides—his usurious heart shall break at thy success! He has crossed my path, spurned my offers, laughed at my spells, and set my power at defiance!"

"Can your mysterious powers and spells gain me admission into his house?" inquired Alberto; "'tis all I want."

"Ay—there, or anywhere," answered the professor, impatiently tapping his fingers on his forehead. "Here, take this reed, and introduce one end of it into the Jew's window; then, speaking through it, tell him to proceed at once to the house of Rabbi Manasseh, where he will find Henriques, who owes him twenty thousand *dobleros*, preparing to decamp at dawn of day. The door once open, the prize is your own."

"And will your scheme open his door?" inquired Alberto.

"The greatest works are often effected with the meanest aid," answered the professor. "Haste thee away—it wants but one hour of midnight."

Alberto warmly thanked the professor, and hastened to try the efficacy of the reed in gaining him admittance to the presence of the idol of his soul. As he passed down the *Calle de la Campinera*, he saw his friend *Hermano* with a chagrined countenance quitting the residence of the parish confessor.

"Holloa!" said Alberto, "who would have thought of seeing the volatile *Hermano* coming out of the Padre's door at this hour of night? Have your sins sate so heavily on your shoulders, that you need a midnight shriving?"

"The hare often starts out of a bush where we least dreamt of her sitting; and then, pondering and doubting on what course she had best pursue to avoid the fierce and bloodthirsty crew that seek her life, she flies from brake to brake, and visits all her well-known haunts to gain security; but," continued *Hermano*, "to speak less sportingly, I have been with the avaricious priest, endeavouring to raise another sum to stop the clamours of the cursed duns that hourly beset me."

"And have you succeeded?" asked Alberto.

"Not beyond a promise," answered Hermano. "The sum is too large, and must be had from Mordecai, that Jewish dog."

"Whatever be the sum you require to meet your present exigencies shall be in your possession before noon to-morrow," said Alberto.

"Thou art a generous soul, Alberto!" said Hermano, embracing his friend, "and I a melancholy spendthrift."

"Tut, tut, tut!—my generosity is like that of most lenders," answered Alberto, "bottomed upon wanting something in return."

Alberto then related to his friend what had befallen him at the professor's tower; and, Hermano agreeing to assist him, by speaking in a feigned voice through the reed, they proceeded together to the dwelling of Mordecai. There, the reed having been introduced into the window, Hermano applied his mouth to it, and exclaimed—

"O, Mordecai, thou son of Hamon! get thee up, and proceed instantly to the house of Rabbi Manasseh, where thou wilt find Henriques, thy subtle debtor, about to decamp with thy money. Arise, I say, arise!"

At the very first sound that issued from the reed, Mordecai started from his sleep, and raising himself from his pallet of straw, listened with terrified soul to the prophetic warning.

"What is it that I hear!" he exclaimed. "Henriques, my principal debtor, that dog of a merchant, about to decamp in my heavy debt? Nay—it cannot be—I have been dreaming—my thoughts are but the forgeries of sleep. I saw him here this noon—there was no guilty intention in his eye. But did he not say at parting, 'Farewell, until we meet again?' There was meaning in those words. Hark!—that sound again!"

"Dost thou hear the voice of thy guardian angel, Mordecai, and yet tarriest in thy bed? Up, Mordecai!—up!—shake off sleep—the sixth part of death—or the day will wake you instead of your waking it!"

"I rise, I rise, O spirits of Abraham and Elijah!" said Mordecai, suiting the action to the word; and he hastily washed his hands, and hurried on his clothes; according to the prescribed rule of the Jews, rinsed his mouth, put on his tephilin, and then pronounced the name of Elohim.

Deborah, who slept in the adjoining room to her father, hearing him getting up at such an unseasonable hour, hastily dressed herself, and came into his apartment just as he was leaving it.

"What ails thee, child?" said the Jew; "get thee back to thy bed. The night was made for sleep, and not for waking curiosity: get thee to sleep again;" and, so saying, he hurried out of his house, carefully locking and double-locking the door after him. No sooner had he turned the corner of the street, and gone fairly out of sight and hearing, than Alberto and Hermano coming from the place of their concealment, knocked loudly at the Jew's door, Deborah, thinking that some accident had befallen her father, ran to the window to ascertain what it was; for she knew that the door was double-locked, and the key in his pocket.

"Light of my soul!" said Alberto, as she appeared at the casement, "if you love me but half as much as you have often sworn you do, fly with me this instant—not a moment must be lost. I will

explain everything to you when we are safely beyond the reach of pursuit."

"Oh, Alberto! what would you have me do? Do not urge me to abandon my father's roof in a manner so abrupt, and to put my name and reputation upon the faithless balances of backbiting and detracting tongues."

"I would root out the mendacious tongue that should profane thy name with lawless ribaldry!" passionately exclaimed Alberto; "but we have now no time for words: stay not here, I implore thee, wasting the precious moments that love has granted us. Hark! I hear the tread of feet—they come this way!—the window is not far from the ground—there is no danger—jump! and my longing arms shall receive thee."

Scarcely knowing what she did, Deborah half jumped half fell into the arms of Alberto, and, followed by Hermano, they hastened to Alberto's house, where, for the present, we must leave them.

Meanwhile, with a hurried and nervous step, Mordecai proceeded to the house of Rabbi Manasseh, where being arrived, his heart responded against his meagre ribs to the lusty and decisive knocks which he gave at the Rabbi's door, so quick and so loud were those noisy appeals, that the whole street echoed and re-echoed with the sounds. The rabbi being a godly man, and of considerable importance in the sanhedrim,—for he was well skilled in the sacred mysteries of the cabali, mishna, and gemera,—thought (especially as he duly estimated himself) that such an authoritative demand of admittance could proceed from no one less than the prophet Elijah,* in one of his nocturnal rambles. Somewhat elated at the idea of so signal and unexpected a favour, the rabbi, without even waiting to put on his garments, rushed from his bed to receive his venerable visitor. The surprise, disgust, mortification, and anger he evinced upon opening the street door, and seeing the disturbed and anxious Jew, can be better imagined than expressed.

"Am I in time?" ejaculated the unhappy Mordecai with an air of distraction; "is he off yet?—Henriques, with my twenty thousand dobleros?—a large sum, rabbi, to trust a Christian with, without a bond!"

Justly exasperated, and perhaps the more so from his disappointment in regard to the prophet Elijah, the rabbi exclaimed,—

"Thou malignant and nocturnal sprite! what dost thou mean by this unseasonable interruption?"—and, without another word, unceremoniously slammed the door in Mordecai's face, then with a ferocious inward oath he hurried back to his chamber.

As Mordecai could fancy nothing else, from the rabbi's strange and uncouth behaviour, but that he was in league with, and affording protection to Henriques, he wrought himself into a desperate and ungovernable rage, and renewed his knocking more boisterously, if possible, than before; head, hands, and feet were all employed in the office of battering-ram against the patient, but steadily-resisting door. The rabbi was unaccustomed to bear with meekness such intolerable insolence and presumption; he therefore opened his window, and discharged without remorse the contents of

* The Jews believe that Elijah is always wandering about the world as an ambassador of God, and visiting the most holy and virtuous rabbis.

a capacious utensil upon the offending head of his bearded besieger. At length the noise occasioned by the bombardment, as earnest as that of Titus against Jerusalem, mingled with the angry vociferations of Mordecai, disturbing the whole neighbourhood, brought the alguazils to the scene of action, who, like most others invested with petty authority, not stopping to inquire into the merits of the case, fell upon the disconcerted and enraged Mordecai, and soon, with handcuffs and fistycuffs, silenced the thunder of his artillery, and led him away captive by the collar to prison. More mercifully and tenderly does an eagle bear away the timid hare in his sharp talons, than did those sprigs of brief authority carry off the poor Jew. They pinched, kicked, and pulled him, first this way and then that, in order that they might the more conveniently and unsuspectedly ease his pocket of its contents.

In the morning he was brought before the alcaidy, who, being an unprejudiced judge, instead of sentencing the miserable Mordecai to death, merely condemned him to pay an exorbitant sum for midnight brawling,—an additional sum because the offender was a Jew, —a farther sum, because he hated the Jews,—and a still farther sum, because the offender was rich, and ought to pay; for it was not often that he dared to condemn a person that could afford to pay. In failure of paying these various fines within twelve hours, the Jew was to be sent to the galleys for ten years, and at the expiration of that term to be brought back to prison, and hanged the following morning at sunrise.

With this mild and merciful sentence Mordecai had nothing to do but comply; and Mordecai was one of those philosophers who think it better to be regarded as a patient ass than an impotent lion; though the payment of such large sums was worse to him than even the loss of his life-blood, yet he knew that in Toledo it was useless to kick against the pricks, for whatever sentence the alcaidy pronounced was unalterable. The poor Jew was conducted to his house by alguazils sufficient in number to keep in awe at least ten robust obstreperous clowns. What was his horror, what his distraction on arriving there, to find his home deserted, his daughter fled! He plucked his hair from his beard, he smote his breast, he stamped his feet; but to no other purpose than the amusement of his gentle and benevolent guardians, who laughed at his sorrows, and seemed to enjoy his agony.

Mordecai now remembered the harsh treatment to which he had subjected his daughter, and was stung to the quick by remorse of conscience. "Where is my daughter," he cried aloud, "for whom I have broken my sleep with anxious thoughts, loaded my soul with usurious crimes, and left myself without a friend? Give me my child, sirs, and you shall have your money without interest—without a sigh! Oh! some bloodthirsty Christian has kidnapped and murdered her! Give me my child, or you will lash me into madness!"

The ravings of the Jew and the merriment it occasioned to his guardians soon collected a crowd round the house; and as even among the Jews, whatever the Christian may think to the contrary, there are kind-hearted Samaritans who pour oil into the bleeding bosom, and assuage the griefs of the sorrowful, some of those humane persons, upon hearing the state of matters from the alguazils, undertook to supply the mulcts inflicted upon their distressed

brother, and in a short time cleared his house of the mercenary crew by handing them over the money: leaving poor Mordecai to the condolence of his friends, who proffered their assistance to find his daughter. What was the effect of their kindness will shortly appear.

It was Easter Sunday, and the Christian inhabitants of Toledo were assembled in the magnificent cathedral to hear high mass performed by the archbishop. Among the catechumens present was a maiden proselyte of surpassing beauty, whose large black corruscant eye darted into the coldest hearts the flames that sparkled in its orb. She was a convert from the Jewish to the Christian faith, and had been the day before* publicly baptised in the presence of the whole congregation. She was now devoutly kneeling at the altar, and seemed absorbed in sincere and humble orisons to the throne of grace, where even the solitary prayer of a contrite heart is more acceptable than the united formal prayers of the fullest congregation collected by mere duty, custom, or necessity.

High mass was completed, and the archbishop in the very act of exposing the host to the veneration of the faithful, all upon their knees, whilst the anthem, "O sacrum convivium," was being chanted, when all was suddenly interrupted by a violent uproar occasioned by the rush of upwards of fifty Jews up the aisle of the cathedral towards the high altar, and upon whose entrance a sudden darkness overspread the building. At this strange and unceremonious intrusion each individual looked aghast at his neighbour, the anthem ceased,—the priests and acolytes were dismayed,—all was confusion. The archbishop alone remained undaunted, though somewhat surprised, his deep-set hazel eye flashing liquid fire, as in his sonorous voice he peremptorily demanded the cause of that unholy and sacrilegious interruption of the worship of God, upon a day pre-eminent amongst the festivals of the Church. The Jewish proselyte, alarmed at the noise, was roused from her pious reverie. She looked up, and beheld her father; for it was Mordecai himself that headed the Hebrew rabble. She uttered a wild and piercing shriek, and fell senseless into the arms of a richly-attired cavalero who was kneeling beside her.

The mouth of Mordecai, as if in the act of speaking, began now to open and shut, "like that of a crow gaping in hot weather,"† and so did the mouths of all the Jewish intruders, but not one sound issued therefrom. The archbishop, thinking that the Jews were mocking him and the service of the church, ordered them all to be instantly seized, bastinadoed, and ejected from the cathedral; but the congregation, men, women, and children, arose simultaneously, as if by an irresistible impulse, and massacred the whole of the unbelieving curs at the foot of the altar. Frightful was the slaughter, and heart-rending ought to have been the dying groans, the gnashing of teeth, and the moans of the poor Jews, who were unable to utter one word of explanation or complaint, for by a miracle they had all become dumb. No sooner, however, were the last gasp for breath and the last death-rattle heard in their throats,

* A day peculiarly appropriated to the baptism of Jewish converts, then and since.

† The words of the contemporary writer are, "Nunc ore patulo, more corvæ aloris æstibus rostra aperientis."

than the unnatural obscurity which had overspread the place on their entrance, vanished; the whole sacred edifice glittered with the brightness of lightning, and a heavenly choir was heard singing. The supernal strains as they died away were succeeded by the howlings and barking of bloodhounds, who (either attracted by the carnal smell of Jewish blood, or perhaps miraculously sent by the saint presiding over the cathedral of Toledo) yelped into the church, and made a gory banquet of the remains of the unfortunate unbelievers.

Twelve months after this memorable slaughter of fifty Jews in the cathedral of Toledo, that being the earliest period which decency permitted, the nuptials of Don Alberto de Ximenes and Christiana (for Deborah at her baptism had dropped her Jewish name, and assumed a new one more appropriate to her adopted belief) were celebrated with great pomp and splendour, on the very spot where Mordecai had been slaughtered. The archbishop, on the conclusion of the ceremony, delivered a long inflated monitory on the subject of disobedience, the necessity and sacred obligation of keeping promises, vows, and so forth, and wound up by declaiming against the wickedness and immense absurdity of a belief in the black art and occult sciences.

Don Alberto felt the full force of his uncle's oration, every word of which came home to his heart, for he had offended in all the particulars about which his uncle had preached; but it was not until forty years afterwards, when the archbishop was unfortunately drowned in the Rhone, that he learnt the truth of the facts stated in this little narrative.

DELTA.

A GLEAM OF THE PAST.

I SLEPT, and o'er my wand'ring senses came
 A scene of childhood, beautiful and bright;
 Methought I rushed again with joyous bound
 To greet the coming of the new-born day,
 And taste her many-scented od'rous breath.
 Fair Nature spread a rich and boundless store
 To charm my sight; the rainbow-tinted flow'r
 Unclosed her virgin beauty to the sun,
 Courting his truant smiles and golden beams;
 And wild-bees tarried on their lazy flights
 To steal with murmured song the luscious spoil:
 Again I looked upon the smiling wave,
 And traced its fairy gambols on the deep,
 Leaping to wanton music of the breeze.
 Wearied at length, methought I found my rest
 In the soft haven of a mother's arms:
 Loving and loved, I basked within the gaze
 Of ever-watchful eye, till misty gleams
 Stole o'er my brow, and pictured to my view
 Those visions of a far and distant land
 That glitter in an angel-revelry.
 Could I but taste that blissful dream again,
 Thoughtless of change, and reckless of the storm,
 That slumbers in the cloud of woe to come!

JULIAN.

THE WIDOW CURED, OR MORE THAN THE DOCTOR
AT FAULT.

It was in the year—, but no matter, I have the most treacherous memory imaginable for dates; when Quarz was at Berlin,—you, of course, know who Quarz was,—if you do not, I'll tell you. He was the celebrated musical composer and musician at the court of Frederick the Great, and, by the way, taught him the flute. Quarz was the pupil of the famous counterpointist, Gasparini; Quarz, in short, was the man who, as he was leaving the orchestre one night, heard a ball whistle in his ear, ticketed for him by the Spanish Ambassador, who was in love with a certain marchioness. I can assure you the aim was a good one, and the maestro might well bob his head, and wink his eyes.

At the time of which I was speaking before I got into these parentheses, Quarz was forty-one: tall, and well made in his person, and of a noble and characteristic countenance, which, joined to a talent whose superiority no one could dispute, gave him free access to all societies, and caused him to be well received everywhere. He was, among others, particularly intimate with one Schindler, a friend of his youth, who had followed the same studies—almost with the same success—what a blessing was such a friend! In his house, after the fatigues and adulations that every coming day brought with it, Quarz passed his evenings. At Schindler's he sought for a balm to the wounds of envy and jealousy, fortified his mind against the caprices of the great, and, above all, from Schindler he was sure to meet with a tribute due to his genius, and praises that came from the heart.

But death laid his cold and pitiless hand on Schindler, and with his terrible scythe cut that knot, which only he could sever.

No record of the time remains to tell us whether Madame Schindler "lamented him sore." There are some sorrows over which we are forced to throw a veil. Perhaps she did, perhaps she did not, shed a tear—perhaps a flood of tears. Habit and long intimacy are mighty and powerful things.

Yet, though Schindler was no more, Quarz still continued his visits: whether from long custom, or particular affection for his lost friend, does not appear, and the young widow continued to receive him with her accustomed welcome.

For a considerable time no particular occurrence happened to interrupt their interviews, the motive of which seemed to be a mutual consolation. It is only by looking closely, and examining events with attention, that we can discover any diminution of their affections for poor Schindler, but by degrees he faded from their memory. They now and then spoke of him, it is true, but less and less, till at last they ceased to speak of him at all. Schindler was allowed to slumber peaceably in his case of wood, "was quietly inurned," *requiescebat in pace*.

For myself, I can perfectly understand all this. I can see no necessity for remaining inconsolable at an irreparable loss, and can conceive no folly greater than his or hers had they doomed themselves to eternal regrets.

Whilst the lamp burns, if ever so feebly, nourish the

means ; but when once it is extinguished, it is a waste of time and common sense to trim or supply it with oil. There is an old French song than runs thus:—

“Quand en est mort, c'est pour long temps.”

Thus, as I said, Madame Schindler had given up weeping, and as every one should have some occupation or other, she bethought herself of getting a new husband in lieu of the old. The idea was not a bad one. Is it not so? With this view she employed herself in repairing the disorder of her toilette—in smiling on her visitors—in coquetting with them a little. And who can blame her? If you know mankind as well as I do, you must be aware that these things, much as we may despise them, go a great way in the world. Depend on it, that if a woman is simple in her manners, and plain in her dress, and without what most people term affectation or coquetry, no one will take the trouble of looking at her twice.

Madame Schindler's house underwent a similar metamorphosis to her own. The venetians, that had for a whole year been carefully closed, began to let in the day, and were draped with more care and elegance than ever. The very furniture seemed to assume a new life. Her doors opened almost of themselves to her former friends or new acquaintances, and more than one guest at a time took his seat at her dinner-table.

Quarz was, as may be supposed, always welcome ; and he had this advantage, that come when he might she was at home to him.

Nothing less could be expected from so old a friend, and no one could possibly find fault with her for that, you will allow.

One day, in the midst of an animated conversation with her amiable favourite, Madame Schindler all at once burst into tears, complaining of a pain in her side, and a violent headache. Quarz was “*aux petit soins*,” and did and said all that might have been expected of him in such a case.

Madame Schindler went to bed, and sent for a physician.

Well, you will say, what is there extraordinary in that? Yesterday I had a stitch in my side and a headache, and what can they have to do with your anecdote?

Don't be impatient—much. As you shall hear.

Quarz was seated by her bedside when the doctor entered. He felt her pulse, and his lips expressed, by a slight but significant contraction, that he entertained no very favourable opinion of her symptoms ; whilst Quarz kept his eye constantly fixed on her pale countenance, where the finger of death seemed to have set its fatal seal. He was sad and motionless, and awaited in silence the stern decrees of Heaven. But the patient had perceived the evil augury of the physician's eye.

“I see,” said she with a feeble voice, “I see, alas! that I am doomed to die. Doctor, I am grateful to you. I had rather know the worst, than flatter myself with a vain delusion.”

“Well,” said he, “since I must—since all the aid of medicine is vain, I leave you, madam.” He cast a melancholy glance at Quarz, who was now really affected.

The patient expressed a wish to be alone, and Quarz and the doctor retired to an adjoining chamber.

Some minutes afterwards, they were again summoned.

“Joachim,” said the dying lady, addressing Quarz ; “you perceive that I am about to leave you. But before I quit this world—

before I take my eternal rest, I have one favour to beg of you—one only—say, will you refuse it on my death-bed?"

You may imagine the reply; Quarz did what you or I would have done in his place. He promised, whatever it might be, to comply with it.

"I hoped it would be so," said the widow, with a voice still feebler; "but dared not rely on it. It is—that before I die, you should make me yours. Call me but your wife. I shall then be the happiest of women, and have nothing further to wish for."

The request was a singular one, but Quarz had promised, and really the engagement bound him to nothing, for, in a few moments, the tie would be broken by the divorce of death.

He therefore consented with a good grace, and sent for a notary public. The deed was drawn up in due form. He signed it. The doctor signed it as a witness. The widow, with a trembling hand, affixed her signature to the paper; and all was over.

But all was not over.

"Doctor!" cried Mrs. Quarz, jumping nimbly, and completely dressed, out of bed. "I am not so near the point of death as you imagine, and have every inclination to live long for my husband."

Now look upon the *tableau*. The astonishment of the two witnesses—the notary, wiping his spectacles, thinking his eyes deceived him—the doctor biting his nails at being deceived, as well as the rest. Only think of a doctor being taken in!

Quarz, who was well pleased with the adventure, said smilingly aside,

"A good actress, 'faith! If I were an author I would write a part for her."

The curtain fell. Madame Schindler was young and pretty, and rich besides.

DARKNESS.

DARKNESS hath bound
 All nature around,
 And the night-queen summons her pearly train,
 Lighting each star
 To its watch from afar,
 O'er a world of visions and dreams again.
 Lulled to its sleep
 Is the mighty deep,
 And hushed the lament of its glutton wave;
 But false the smile,
 As a demon's guile,
 That sports on its bosom, and fades in its grave.
 Trust not the rest
 Of a traitor-breast,
 Billows now slumb'ring shall wake, and be free;
 Their syren chain
 Shall they burst again,
 And the storm-fiend call them to liberty.
 Soon the grey dawn
 Shall usher the morn
 With a tale of woe for her sainted breath;
 Night winds shall rush,
 Torrents shall gush
 O'er the mariner's brow in its ocean-death.

JULIAN.

MR. BUGGINS.

——— quaque ipse—vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui.

ONCE upon a time, an old English gentleman of that respectable grade, which, consule Planco, used to keep hounds and sit for the county, good-naturedly, or, to use a nearly synonymous term, weakly, yielded to the importunities of his wife and daughter, and consented "to go abroad."

The ladies were tired to death of Bath and Cheltenham; Mrs. Foxcote declared that no decent young men were ever to be seen at such places, and affirmed, that poor Emily had not the slightest chance of getting properly married, inasmuch as her obdurate papa would not hear of giving her a season in town.

If poor Emily did not say the same thing, she thought it. All the nice young men in her county went to Eton, and Harrow, and Oxford, and Cambridge, and then travelled, or Meltonized, and lived about town for a few years, to get rid of their superfluous cash and constitution, and finally returned to settle on their paternal acres, having provided themselves with wives at Almack's, so that her sole choice lay betwixt the fox-hunters and the curates. Her personal beauty and probable fortune, entitled her to aspire somewhat higher than to be the wife of a poor curate; and as for marrying a man who rode after a fox six days in the week, and talked about him to the parson between churches and after dinner on the seventh, the very thought of such a thing put her hair out of curl.

Mr. Foxcote had himself been a man about town in his younger days, and very sensibly reflected, that, although he was a great man, and in the very best society in his own remote county, he might very possibly find himself a very small man, and in no society at all, if he revisited London after so long an absence; and that the Duchess of Twingleby, who was so gracious to Mrs. Foxcote, and so fond of Emily, at the Twingleby archery meetings and election balls, might find neither time nor inclination to extend her patronage and affection to them in town: like a wise man, however, he buried these bitter reflections in his own bosom, declined giving Emily a season in town on the less mortifying plea of expense, and eventually compromised for a summer trip up the Rhine into Switzerland.

Excessive was the delight of Mrs. Foxcote, Emily, and Stubbs their maid, at this prospect of foreign travel; yet their joy was not wholly unmixed with apprehension: they knew not how smooth all the beaten tracks of Europe have been worn by constant attrition, how vigilant are the police, how steady the post-boys, how extensive the progress of Macadamization; and visions of bewiskered banditti and precipitous roads suggested themselves occasionally to their heated imaginations. Tom Moore had however sang, and Emily had read, that

"The rarest, dearest, flowers of bliss,
Are pluck'd on danger's precipice;"

she therefore soothed her mother and scolded Stubbs to the best of

her abilities, and they all three ultimately declared that they had made up their minds to put up with everything. How far they adhered to this laudable resolve, will be seen in the course of this short tale.

Mr. Foxcote was by no means equally charmed at setting out on his travels. He spoke no language save his native tongue, was strongly addicted to sound, full-bodied port, and did not much relish exchanging his comfortable home, his books, his horses, and his dogs, for the questionable delights of a continental tour; but having, in an unguarded moment, promised, he felt himself bound to perform; and the whole party, after due preparation, departed from Foxcote Manor. They delayed a few days in London to engage a travelling servant, provide themselves with circular notes, and the last editions of Mrs. Starke, Lord Byron, Sir F. Head, and such like indispensable literary *vade-mecums*; and having succeeded in securing the services of a small, skinny, brown, polyglot edition of an Italian courier, who nevertheless cut a very magnificent figure when clad in his professional uniform, and mounted on an animal whose equivocal name disconcerted the modest Miss Stubbs whenever she heard it uttered, our travellers crossed to Calais, passed the frontiers of Belgium, were exquisitely shocked at an immoral little fountain at Brussels, bought lots of eau-de-Cologne at the unsavoury town of that name, read Lord Byron on "the Banks of the Rhine," and Sir Francis Head at "the Brunnens of Nassau," and after fewer adventures and mishaps than they had anticipated, came to an anchor one fine day at the pretty little Anglo-Swiss village of Interlaken.

Interlaken is a pleasant place—a very pleasant place; I used to delight in it when I was young, gay, and healthy, and even now it has its charms for a treacherous, gouty old man, who can be silent and observant. Still, as the life led by most of its frequenters is somewhat peculiar, it does not do for people to come post haste from Cornwall or Yorkshire, and rush *in medias res* at once; they should be gradually broken in, at the more sedate German Spas, before they participate in the less restrained delights of its society; otherwise the chances are, that being ignorant of the innocence infused into the most vitiated systems by Alpine strawberries and Swiss air, they may depart, astounded at the freedom and easiness of the place, and carry with them erroneous and unfavourable impressions of the manners and morals of its frequenters.

I will endeavour to give you a slight sketch of it.

It is situated in a lovely little plain, surrounded by the most picturesque mountains and lakes in Switzerland.

The village is entirely composed of establishments called Pensions, where travellers are fed, lodged, lighted, and provided with society, for the very moderate sum of five francs per diem. These huge buildings are constructed entirely of wood, and usually contain from fifty to a hundred small cells, fitted up as dormitories with monastic simplicity, and a couple of large saloons, one of which is furnished with a long deal table and chairs as a dining-room, the other with a jingling piano and some settees as a *salon de société*.

The bed-rooms, though calculated to hold only one bed, are sociable dens enough; being built of half-inch plank, unpainted and ill-joined, the traveller soon necessarily becomes as conversant with his right and left hand neighbours' peculiarities

teeth, damming his tight boots, and scolding his wife, as he possibly can be with his own conduct in such respects.

At nine in the morning the *pensionnaires* assemble in the *salle à manger* to breakfast, where coarse tea, and indifferent bread, milk, and butter, are scarcely compensated for by excellent strawberries, honey, and dead flies in profusion. At three "*on dine*," veal in various guises forming the prominent feature of the entertainment, occasionally varied by joints of goat, *travestis en chamois*; beef and mutton are known at Interlaken merely by name. In the evening, tea, strawberries, honey, and flies are again served up.

The society is mainly composed of English, attracted by the beauty and cheapness of the place: by their numbers and behaviour they have rendered visitors of other nations less numerous; there are generally, however, some *penche* Carlist families, who come to learn English; and a sprinkling of Germans, Poles, and Russians.

The English are either excessively reserved, or sociable in the opposite extreme. In the *salons de société*, young ladies are to be found from morning till night, ready and anxious to talk, walk, sing, play, or waltz with the first adventurous pedestrian who, Alpenstock in hand and knapsack on back, penetrates into this happy valley. They astonish their less Europeanized countrymen by marvellous tales of the attention they have received from Prince Max, or of the despair of the rejected Duke Vincenzino di Castel Cicognara. The Polish Princesses and Bavarian Countesses carry their heads high, remain very incog. indeed, (which it is perhaps as well for all parties that they should do,) and patronize an English girl or two. The French look quietly on, and keep a bright look out after their daughters, if they happen to have any.

As for the English papas and mammas, they are excellent people; they look neither to the right nor to the left; don't believe one word of the ill-natured stories circulated respecting the ladies in "*izy*" and "*ski*," who are so kind to their daughters; go to bed at ten o'clock, leaving the junior branches of their families to enjoy themselves, and never know anything of the moonlit walks, *petits soupers*, and other midsummer pranks, which render the place so pleasant to young people. If they did, I am sure they would be extremely shocked, but fortunately they don't.

A number of wondrously whiskered Englishmen,—no prophets in their own country, but immense swells at Interlaken,—and two or three foreign *élégans*, are generally the only stationary cavaliers; but a rapid succession of English collegians, German tailors, and French counts, walk in and walk out of the Pensions daily, making wild work with the susceptible hearts of my fair countrywomen, who are no wise *farouches*, knowing from experience, that unless, to use a Radcliffian phrase, they can "*hurry into one evening the events of a life*," their ephemeral amours would never be brought to anything like a satisfactory conclusion, seeing that the captivating trampers are here to-day and gone to-morrow, playing the Lothario one evening at Interlaken, and sleeping three in a bed on the top of the Faulhorn the next.

At Interlaken, then, did the Foxcotes halt, and having been established by the brown gentleman in the most capacious cells procurable, were informed by him that their best plan would be to join the *table d'hôte* at meal-time.

When Mr. Foxcote was made to comprehend that the said *table d'hôte* was neither more nor less than a public ordinary, where every one, capable of paying three francs for his dinner may take a seat, he waxed wroth at the bare idea of such promiscuous intercourse; and Mrs. Foxcote, glancing significantly at Emily's pretty face, declared that such a thing was not to be thought of.

Dinner was, therefore, unwillingly served to them in their bedroom, through the influence and exertions of the courier, who was a great man in his small way, and when it was served was execrable: the next day it was, if possible, worse.

On the third morning, Mrs. Foxcote, who had heard through her maid great things respecting the *table d'hôte*,—that there were German potentates without number, and French Counts in profusion, and lots of respectable English families besides, to be seen there daily,—began to discourse very sensibly on the folly of not adapting one's self to the customs of the country one happens to be in, and of the propriety of doing at Rome as people do at Rome, and at last proposed plump to Mr. Foxcote that they should just give the *table d'hôte* one trial, adding, that by placing Emily between them at dinner, no possible evil could befall her, and that if they did not approve of the sort of thing, they need not dine there again.

Hunger tames the most savage beasts. Mr. Foxcote, unconvinced, but ravenous, after his late meagre diet, capitulated from sheer starvation, and signified his intention to his courier, who forthwith directed the Kellner to tilt up three chairs for his family in the *salle à manger*, where covers were laid for one hundred and fifty guests.

Dinner-time came. The Foxcotes entered the room, blushing and looking as if they felt they were about to do something rather pleasant, but extremely wrong,—*where they ought not to be*—or as a quaker family would look, if they were introduced into the omnibus-box when Duvernay is dancing the Cachuca, at the elderly lords then and there assembled. They nevertheless took the seats secured for them, ate an excellent dinner, and retired to their rooms, congratulating themselves on having made such a satisfactory experiment. The following day they dined there again, and actually made an acquaintance or two; and, by the end of a week, they had insensibly adapted themselves to that very mode of life which had shocked their prejudiced minds so much at first view.

One afternoon their siesta was broken in upon by the noise of an arrival, an event which invariably causes a great sensation amongst the idlers at a Pension.

Cräck, cräck, cräck—whäck, whäck, whäck—cräck, cräck—whäck, whäck—cräck—whäck, whäck, cräck—*cum. var.*,—a neat green English-built britschka rolled easily up to the door; it contained a gentleman and his valet. The gentleman was young and handsome, wore copious moustaches, and was arrayed in a tasty *blouse* and a highly melo-dramatic straw hat; the valet was wonderfully hirsute,—a regular Esau,—his jacket was of velvet, his vest and cap glittered with gold; in short, he was a very brigandish-looking fellow indeed.

I leave my readers to imagine what a scramble there was that evening for the "Femden Buck," and how disappointed all the young ladies in general, and my young lady in particular, were to

find that the handsome stranger, with the hairy valet, had entered himself neither as Ernest de Beaulieu, or Hubert de Maltravers, but simply as Buggins, Rentice, and suite—the suite comprising the aforesaid valet, and a fat, well-shorn aristocrat of a poodle, as hot-looking and nearly as hairy as the valet, and not unlike him in face and feature. There was one redeeming point indeed—Buggins' fond parents had endeavoured to compensate for the vile name which he had inherited from his ancestors—a long line of dry-salters—by considerately conferring on him at the baptismal font the euphonious prefix of Percy de la Poer; but, alas! the appendage of Buggins went far to annihilate the *prestige* attached to the Norman appellations which preceded it.

The new arrival did not show in the *salon* that evening, but on the morrow, when the *pensionnaires* met at breakfast, Mrs. Foxcote being the penultimate arrival, found herself seated, according to the rules of the Pension, next to P. de la P. Buggins. She felt rather confused at her contiguity to the handsome stranger; but he, evidently a man of the world, soon put her at her ease. He offered her the different dishes as they came round, with a sort of careless civility, remained silent until her hunger was appeased, and then gradually entered into conversation on such subjects as she was likely to be acquainted with. The old lady's heart expanded as she expatiated feelingly on the duplicity of innkeepers and the restiveness of posters, and she began to think that her new friend was a very nice young man.

He made no advances to the rest of the party; indeed he could not see Emily's face on account of the large bonnet which she wore; but both she and her father heard every word of his conversation with Mrs. Foxcote, and cordially coincided in her opinion of him.

Meeting thus at meal-times, the travellers became gradually more intimate; Percy and his poodle generally joined the Foxcotes in their walks, when he was wont to delight and instruct them, by his practical information respecting all parts of the habitable globe known to tourists.

He was conversant with the merits of every hotel and cook on every *carrozzabile* road in France, Italy, and Magna Græcia (as the elderly Starke hath it), and could make love and swear at postillions in seven languages: some persons might have deemed his vocabulary rather limited for the former purpose, but he declared that he seldom failed of success. One was, to be sure, less surprised at his *bonnes fortunes*, when one took into consideration his physical advantages and the heat of the climates in which he had soared.

His courier he described as being as great a phenomenon as himself, in his subordinate sphere; equally successful in making love, and as eminently endued with the gift of tongues; an astonishing propeller of posthorses, and a regular *cordons bleu* besides. *Parbleu, il avait fait ses épreuves*,—he had ridden post in five days from Timbuctoo to Paris, jumping all the turnpike gates on the way to *save time*, combining expedition with economy; and on his arrival, though slightly fatigued, had, to spite *carême* and oblige Percy, cooked a diplomatic dinner for his friend, the Welsh Ambassador, ere he divested himself of his jack boots.

The poodle was an equal genius in his way; if he did not speak

seven languages as fluently as his master, he understood them almost as well, and was, besides, beginning to blaspheme very distinctly in English; and as for making love, *Corpo di Venere!* the less I say on that score the better, for the reputation of half the travelling lap-dogs in Europe.

It will not, I think, appear surprising that, endowed with such physical and moral advantages, Percy de la Poer Buggins should have made his way with Mr. and Mrs. Foxcote, and even with the timid Emily, who had elicited a good deal of his private history through Miss Stubbs, with whom Buggins' Crichton of a courier had forthwith formed a friendship on Platonic principles. He soon became Emily's constant attendant in her morning rambles, and, I lament to say, that the old people relaxed so far as to allow him to sit next her at table, waltz with her when the evenings were dark, and teach her a little astronomy (for Buggins, like the hero of a modern romance, was omniscient,—a dab at everything, from pitch and toss to animal magnetism, from rat-catching to the use of the globes). On all such occasions Percy made the best use of his time,—whispered soft nothings in her ear, squeezed her hand, and ogled her with unerring skill. Emily took it all in good part, doubting not that his attentions were "*pour le bon motif*;" his valet had affirmed that his master, if not actually a *milor*, was as rich as one; that his father was an *Almanno*, and Percy an only son. Things therefore went on to everybody's satisfaction; the old people were pleased, the young ones were happy in each other's society; the brigand valet looked more triumphant, and Miss Stubbs more sentimental, every day.

Mrs. Foxcote could not help lamenting bitterly the time they had, in her opinion, absolutely wasted at such places as Bath and Cheltenham, which might have been spent so much more profitably in foreign parts, where everything was so much cheaper, everybody so much more sociable, where there was so little constraint and ceremony to confine people within their chilling bounds; in short, she declared that she was perfectly amazed that any reason less compulsory than a writ of "*Ne exeat regno*," could keep a soul in such a stupid place as old England.

Time "moved on;" the excursions which Interlaken admits of had been exhausted; every green spot in the neighbouring Alps, every shady landing-place in the sister lakes of Thun and Brienz, had become unromanticized by the *débris* of chickens and champagne bottles; the Reichenbach and the Staubbach had been duly compared; the Wengern Alp scaled; Lord Byron had been judiciously quoted, and every individual of the party had personally afforded a rich repast to the industrious fleas of Grindelwaldt, when on one wearisome afternoon, when even the *Sungfrau* thought fit to veil her chaste beauties in a mantle of mist, an adjournment was moved. I am not quite sure who condescended to be the *Brother-ton* of the party, but the motion was carried without a division; and away they went, Mr. and Mrs. Foxcote, and Emily, and Stubbs, and *Gioacchino*; their tail being further elongated, by the triple joint of Percy, his *Massaroni*, and his poodle. Guided by a brace of rogues attired in the blue frocks of *Et* with Buggins ever at the stirrup of Emily, and thence ensconced in the rude *char à bancs* which convey

her travel-stained bandboxes, they wound their way at length through scenery, as Rousseau well remarks, far too good for its inhabitants, to the beautiful city of Geneva.

In those days that vast municipal speculation, the wide and comfortless barrack, which is now the fashionable hotel there, had not reared its *gazabo* to the skies, and it was at the Ecu that our friends halted; a very comfortable *hostelrie*, notwithstanding its gloomy situation, and its *salle à manger*, swarming with flies and Cockneys.

It was edifying to hear them talk over the dangers they had encountered; they had heard four avalanches; had lunched at a chalet where a wolf had been seen the year before; had passed a lake where a drunken boatman had nearly been drowned the preceding winter. Their successful and sociable escapes had warmed their hearts towards each other, and the loves of Buggins and Emily were now evident to the inobservant and distracted eyes of the Père Foxcote, even without the promptings of his gratified and fidgetty spouse.

Every one of the party had unlearned their prejudices, and no more objected to feeding in public, than do the partakers of shins of beef and plum buns at the Surrey Zoological Gardens. *Tables d'hôte* had now entirely ceased to be objects of aversion to their cosmopolitan souls. One eventful day, they had established themselves at the well-covered board of the Ecu. The old people were intent upon their dinners, as were most of the other guests; people's appetites were savage, as they always are for the first quarter of an hour after sitting down to dinner; not a sound was to be heard, save the clattering of plates and the scampering of waiters. Percy was whispering words, such as women love to hear, into Emily's pretty little ear, from which depended a new and beautiful drop of Mr. Beatte's, the gift of him who spoke. What those words were I never exactly ascertained, but there was a blush on her young cheek, and a tear in her soft eye, which told of proud and gratified feelings. Their interesting conference was suddenly interrupted by a loud and hearty voice from the other end of the table. The speaker was no less a person than Lord Appleby, the M.P. for their county, the son of the Duchess of Twingleby.

Emily was, of course, rather disconcerted at this inopportune recognition, though glad to meet with such a reputable acquaintance, whose good-humoured attentions had, in by-gone days, made him the object of many a young dream. But Percy de la Poer—he grows pale—he faints—there is a scuffle around him,—a commiserating neighbour pours a *carafon* of water down his back, the Kellner deluges him in the hurry of the moment with a bottle of *vin de Neuchatel*, which he has just presence of mind enough to charge in his bill, and Mrs. Foxcote anxiously chafes his temples with the contents of a cruet of Harvey, “for game, for steaks, for fish, or wild fowl,” sovereign,—but not, alas! for unhappy Buggins.

There was but one smiling face in the room, and even that one, Lord Appleby's, was qualified by an expression of annoyance. The fallen hero was borne away amidst the tears of Emily and the anxious solicitude of her parents. After dinner, Lord Appleby sought Mr. Foxcote out, and the fatal disclosure took place,—*Buggins was his tailor*, and his lordship had arrived just in time to spoil a most excellent job for him.

I subsequently heard from the landlord, that there had been a most distressing scene up stairs ; that the young lady had been taken very ill, and that, as soon as she had recovered a little, Mr. Foxcote had sallied out to inquire for Percy, and seemed much disappointed on learning "*que Milor Buggins et suite etaient partis en poste pour l'Italie.*" M. Rufenacht, who gave me this information, added, that the old gentleman seemed considerably agitated, and leant heavily on a thick stick, which he was not generally in the habit of carrying.

It is curious to observe how suddenly, totally, and unaccountably, people's ideas alter. Mr. Foxcote had all along, in his own heart, decided that there was no place like home ; but Mrs. Foxcote had been invariably profuse in her admiration of the manners, mode of life, and *sans gêne* of continental society.

Now, singular as it may seem, after the event which I have just described, not a word more was uttered by that good lady on this her favourite topic ; and when Mr. Foxcote proposed that they should return to Foxcote Manor, no opposition was made to his wishes, neither was the accomplished P. de la P. Buggins ever more alluded to by any of the party.

Shortly after they reached England, Miss Stubbs was led to the altar by a one-eyed groom, whose hand she had scornfully rejected before setting out on this disastrous tour.

I regret that I have also to record, that on the Morning of Miss Stubbs' nuptials, Mr. Foxcote's spaniel produced, to the excessive disgust of the gamekeeper, a litter of fine puppies, less remarkable for the purity of their breed, than for a strong resemblance to the blasphemous poodle whose acquaintance she made at Interlaken.

* * * * *

And poor Emily—after some years of wearisome single blessedness, she has lately taken to confer a good deal on religious subjects with the curate of the parish ; he is a lanky, pale, learned youth, well connected, and, unlike curates in general, is not yet, I believe, engaged to be married. It is impossible yet to tell what results may arise from this new friendship—she might certainly stand out with reason for a better match ; but perhaps the sad *denouement* of her affair with the seductive Percy, may have taught her to "cut her (*petti*) coat according to her cloth."

VASLYN.

FRAGMENT.

ONE glance alone ! and yet my heart
 Welcomed the honey-poisoned dart ;
 One smile ! and yet how fondly giv'n,
 Warm as the sunbeam from its heav'n.

One sigh ! yet wafted on that breath,
 How blissful were the lover's death !
 One love-kiss ! yet 'twas mine, I knew,
 The life-blood of its pulse how true !

JULIAN.

THE BIBLIOPHILIST.

BARCELONA is a handsome and rich city of Catalonia. The capital of that province, it contains many splendid buildings; among which the superb hotel of the Viceroy, (now named Captains general,) the Exchange, and the Custom-house near the port, are remarkable for the beauty of their structure. It is a place of considerable trade, and the industrious zeal of its inhabitants has long been cited as a contrast to the generally indolent habits of their countrymen. Bred to the occupations of active life, this indefatigable population is not less distinguished by its attention to the laws, than by its moral good conduct. Crime is of rare occurrence. A noble emulation to provide for their families, constant employment, and a contented spirit, render them little accessible to temptation, and subdue those baneful passions which originate in avarice, poverty, and idleness. There is, however, no rule without exceptions. With all these claims to general esteem and admiration for the morality of its inhabitants, the town of Barcelona became lately the stage on which a continuation of the most atrocious crimes were perpetrated, without any clue being afforded to detect the source from whence they sprung. Individuals suddenly disappeared, and no tidings were heard of them again by their afflicted relations; bodies were found murdered, and secreted in various places, while the finger of suspicion was unable to point at any individual who could have been influenced, by motives of interest or resentment, to commit such sanguinary deeds. These awful transgressions of the law succeeded each other, too, with such alarming frequency, that the whole population of Barcelona was struck with a panic; and what was the most surprising feature in the case,—what baffled all conjectures, and misled every one as to the motives of these crimes, was, that in no one instance had the unhappy victims been despoiled of their personal property. The people saw with dismay a mysterious conspiracy organised in the midst of them, to which every man felt that his own life might at any time fall a sacrifice, while the sense of danger was daily increased by the continued impunity of the delinquents.

The legal authorities were indignant at this open violation of all laws, both human and divine; the *corregidor* received the strictest orders to redouble his vigilance, and, though hitherto foiled in all his attempts to discover the criminals, he increased the patrols in every direction, and used the most vigorous efforts in his department to detect a source of iniquity, the continuance of which reflected so much disgrace on the efficiency of the police.

We must now go back in our recital to a short period previous to this interesting crisis. It may be as well to give a more succinct account of the events which created so much sensation in the town of Barcelona.

The Arcades, which line the north-west side of the great square, and which go by the name of the pillars *de los Encantes*, are entirely occupied by the shops of brokers and hucksters, who deal in second-hand articles of every description. There are to be found the principal dealers in old books and prints, who attend all the public

sales, and live by the spoils of those libraries which the necessities of the owners bring to the hammer. Augustin Patxot had resided for many years in this quarter, carrying on the trade of a bookseller, which, though far from a lucrative profession, enabled him to gain an honest livelihood. He was a good scholar himself, and intimately acquainted with the value of all publications, both ancient and modern; his opinion was considered of great weight by the amateurs in literature; but their number is become very confined in the present day, when a sword or a carbine is considered of more value than the cleverest book or the most precious manuscript. The professors of the university were his constant customers; but, alas! they had little money to spare, and the book trade appeared to be in a falling state.

As the old proverb says, "There is no ill without producing some good," the pillage of the convents, and the abolition of numerous orders of monks, driven from their pious avocations, much against their will, to mix with the world, brought to light a most valuable collection of ancient manuscripts, illuminated missals, and curious records, which had long lain hid in their dusty coverings on the shelves of the wealthy brethren. These treasures of literature were sold publicly in the most expeditious manner; and, as their value at the first was little appreciated by the multitude, men like Patxot, who were on the alert to make a good bargain, availed themselves of their knowledge and experience to fill their stalls at a low price with the spoils of the monkish libraries. This influx of valuable books into the market revived the taste and spirit of speculation among the bibliophilists; and, as it increased the number of purchasers, its natural effect was to bring more rival dealers into the general competition. Among those who came to establish themselves with this intention in the neighbourhood of Patxot, was a man who, though he wore the secular dress, and conformed to the usual customs of the world, was easily recognized as having formerly belonged to one of the late religious orders. His stern features, his dictatorial air, and his ungainly manner, proclaimed a life passed in seclusion, and little accustomed to the easy habits of modern society. He was in fact the Father Don Vincente, from the convent of Poblet. Bitterly had the poor monk deplored the disasters which caused the ruin and fall of his monastery. It was not that he regretted the ease and indolence of his past life, the wealth and influence of his order, or the thirty livres of Catalonia which the good peasants of Poblet paid as a yearly tax to the holy fathers for permission to dispose of their daughters in marriage to whom they pleased. None of these objects presented such galling recollections to the mind of Don Vincente as the loss of that magnificent library, which one of the last kings of Arragon, in times gone by, had presented to his convent.

Disinterested indeed was this feeling, as he had seldom or never studied himself these sacred reliques; but his eye had been accustomed from day to day in his retreat to gaze with inexpressible delight on these numerous manuscripts, ranged in symmetrical order on their polished ebony shelves, and he knew, at least by hearsay, that they contained treasures of science and literature which were of inestimable value. "Alas!" would he exclaim to himself, "ever since the last fatal war, when the archives of Saragossa and the

sanctuary of San Juan de la Pena were burnt by the enemy, it was in our convent alone that authentic documents for the compilation of our early history could really have been found. Who knows but among those venerable manuscripts might have been discovered the writings of that Arnaldo de Brescia who founded the heresies of the Albigenses? There, without a doubt, were cautiously preserved all the details of that interesting war, in which our king, Don Pedro, performed such wonderful exploits, till he was at last slain by Montfort, his brother-in-law, under the walls of the Castle of Murat. There the future historian might have found the long-lost memoirs of Don Pelagio, or of the interminable struggle between Don Sanchez and his Moorish enemies. Holy Virgin!" repeated the desponding friar, "what a heart-rending idea to think that such invaluable papers should eventually have served to make cartridges! that not a prince should have been found in all Christendom sufficiently enlightened to rescue from destruction those precious relics of former ages. All, all have perished in one common fate!"

It is not quite clear whether these irreparable losses had slightly deranged the intellect of Don Vincente, or whether the painful shock which he had undergone in witnessing the pillage and sacking of his convent had exasperated a passion, or rather a mania, which had always previously existed; but such is the fact, that he now absolutely raved of nothing but books. He never read as a matter of study, but his life was spent in turning over leaves, examining title-pages, collating dates, and scrutinizing editions, till at last he arrived at a wonderful degree of knowledge and experience in the art of estimating the works of ancient writers. He had an inconceivable talent for appreciating the value of an old manuscript at first sight; and, being seldom mistaken in his judgment, it was always received with great deference by his brethren in the trade. In order to indulge this extraordinary mania, he adopted the profession of a bookseller, and his shop was certainly stored with an unrivalled collection of the best authors. Ill-natured people asserted, that while the plunder of his monastery was going on, Don Vincente himself was not idle; but that, seeing every man occupied in seizing that which came first to his hand, he had readily followed the example, and had not been unfortunate in the selections which he made. This, however, was mere suspicion, and had never been circumstantially proved; one fact alone was beyond denial, that his trade flourished, and that he was very successful in attracting customers to his shop. He even pretended to study their tastes and political opinions, offering to their notice as they passed his door those publications which he conceived most likely to suit the one or flatter the other. For example, if he observed among the strollers in the Arcade one of the malcontents of the present day, one of those who are ill-affected towards the government of our innocent and gracious queen, he would address him with, "Por dios! mi señor,"—walk in, I pray you,—"I have something here which you will read with great interest: buy this chronicle of the reign of Johanna the First, of Naples, with this motto from a poet of that period, '*Interitus regni est a muliere regi.*' Or, if you prefer it, here is an imitation of Casti, in the shape of a pamphlet, headed by a quotation from that author,—

sales, and live by the spoils of those libraries which the necessities of the owners bring to the hammer. Augustin Patxot had resided for many years in this quarter, carrying on the trade of a bookseller, which, though far from a lucrative profession, enabled him to gain an honest livelihood. He was a good scholar himself, and intimately acquainted with the value of all publications, both ancient and modern; his opinion was considered of great weight by the amateurs in literature; but their number is become very confined in the present day, when a sword or a carbine is considered of more value than the cleverest book or the most precious manuscript. The professors of the university were his constant customers; but, alas! they had little money to spare, and the book trade appeared to be in a falling state.

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by auction to award a premium to the last bidder but one, calculated on the value of the lot which he was disappointed in obtaining: this remuneration is called *los reales de consolacion*; and as Vincente was always left in this predicament, no words can express his fury at the constant repetition of this disgusting present. From this period may be dated the unqualified hatred which he bore to all the other dealers, as they were no longer guided by a spirit of fair emulation, but attempted by such unworthy practices to foil all his exertions; and Patxot, being at the head of the junta, was of course the object of his more particular indignation.

It is about four months ago that the library of an old lawyer, who had been a great amateur and collector of curious books, was after his death put up to public sale. There was a numerous attendance of all the trade, and great expectations were formed of the result. The object which most peculiarly attracted the attention of Don Vincente was a very scarce edition of an old work, called "*Furs e ordinacion, fetes per los gloriosos Reys de Arago als regnicolo del regne de Valencia.*" It was the first edition, published in 1482 by Lambert Palmart, who introduced the art of printing into Spain. The literary world supposed that no other copy of this edition was now extant.

The emulation among the bidders was very strong and animated. Don Vincente seemed determined this time to defy all opposition; he increased his offers every instant; no sooner was one sum named than he instantly surpassed it; the buyers began to waver, as the lot appeared to have gone beyond its real value; and when Vincente, in an agitated voice, named the considerable sum of four thousand five hundred and fifty-five reales de Arditez,* there was a dead pause in the room: he looked anxiously at the auctioneer, and saw the uplifted hammer ready to seal the contract; one minute more, and the treasure was his own. "Will no one advance on the last bidding?" said the man. "Going—going, for the last time," when the well-known voice of Augustin Patxot was heard, pronouncing deliberately the sum of five hundred and fifty-seven livres of Catalonia.† Vincente gave a deep groan as the lot was knocked down to his enemy. Muttering threats and curses to himself, he rushed out of the sale-room; some of the bystanders even asserted that they overheard him predict that Patxot should not long retain his new acquisition.

Vincente, after this disappointment, shut himself up in his house, and became invisible to his neighbours for two or three days; he then reappeared in his shop, and attended to his business, apparently restored to his usual composure. He was even more than usually cheerful in his address to the passing strangers whose custom he wished to solicit; he attacked them with old Latin quotations to put them in good humour, some of which were not quite in character with the serious profession of his former life. He made no allusion to the transactions in the auction room, no repetition of his menaces, and seemed to have quite forgotten his late eagerness to possess the edition of Lambert Palmart.

It was rather more than a week after these circumstances had occurred, that one night, about eleven o'clock, the peaceful inha-

* About fifty-three pounds English.

† About fifty-three pounds twelve shillings English.

bitants of Barcelona were aroused from their sleep by the cry of fire. A crowd speedily assembled in the great square, where volumes of smoke and flame issued from a house in the north-western Arcade, which seemed to burn with such fury that it threatened to spread in every direction. The drums beat an alarm, the guards from the harbour and from the custom-house, both of which posts were near adjoining to the spot, soon made their appearance, and united their efforts to those of the firemen in attempts to extinguish the flames, which it was ascertained had broken out in the warehouse and dwelling of the bookseller Patxot. It was long before they could succeed in arresting the progress of the devouring element, or force an entrance into the burning ruins, without considerable personal danger; but they at last made their way into the private apartment of Patxot, where, amidst the embers of his half-consumed property, they discovered the lifeless body of the unfortunate tradesman, but so disfigured and mutilated by the action of the fire, that no possibility existed of certifying whether he had been the victim of any previous violence. The idea of a crime did not, however, in this instance suggest itself to the mind of any one, as a considerable sum of money which Patxot had received on the preceding evening was found untouched on a marble table near to his bedside. The fire had evidently originated in this room, and it was concluded that the ill-fated man had fallen asleep while he was smoking; that a spark from his cigar had dropped on the cotton counterpane, which from thence had communicated with the Indian straw, of which his mattresses were made, and then it became easy to account for the rest of the misfortune. There remained only a general feeling of pity for his desolate family, who had thus been deprived by one fatal accident, not only of an affectionate parent, but almost of the means of subsistence.

Nearly about this time some fishermen employed in the harbour found their nets entangled with some heavy substance, which they had great difficulty in drawing to the land: their surprise may well be conceived when it proved to be a human body, stabbed in various places by some pointed instrument, probably a dagger. The officers of justice interfered, and it soon came to light that the corpse was that of a young German student residing in the town, who was well known for his love of the arts, and for his literary acquirements.

These two concurrent circumstances produced an alarming sensation in a town where the tranquil habits of the people were seldom or never disturbed by such exciting incidents; they were the subject of general conversation in all circles, and, being bandied about from one to another, were retailed with all the exaggerated conjectures which fear, and a love of the marvellous, could invent to heighten the description.

This state of public anxiety soon assumed a much more serious character, when a third event occurred of the same distressing nature, and attended with the same unfathomable mystery.

Some peasants loitering one morning early, near the *Atarasanas*, which is the great cannon foundry in that province, stumbled upon a murdered body which had been thrown carelessly into a ditch, and barely covered by some dead leaves raked together in. It proved to be the curate of a neighbouring village, wh

cations frequently called him to the town, where he had several friends and relations. He was a man universally respected for his piety, and it seemed quite incredible that such a peaceful inoffensive character could have incurred the wrath of a secret and so unrelenting an enemy.

The mischief did not stop even here: week after week some new victim was discovered, who had been doomed to death by these insatiable assassins; and their perseverance in these cold-blooded atrocities did not appear less astonishing than the mystery in which they were shrouded, and the impunity which they enjoyed. At one time a body was found in the harbour; at another it was concealed under a heap of rubbish; in one or two instances the ill-fated individuals had been left exposed in some unfrequented lane or alley, as if their murderers had either not had time, or recklessly disdained, to take any precautions for masking their crimes. All seemed to have perished in the same manner, and probably by the same hands.

The public consternation increased to a degree beyond all human tolerance. There was one extraordinary feature in these deeds of horror (to which we have already alluded in the commencement,) which entirely separated them from all ordinary cases of the same delinquency, and proved beyond a doubt that the authors were guided by other motives than those which in general stimulate to such crimes. In every instance, without exception, the victims, whatever might have been their situation in life, were neither plundered nor robbed; their clothes, however valuable, were untouched; their money, watches, and ornaments, however costly, were always left to share the fate of the miserable body to which they appertained. This of itself tended more and more to embarrass public opinion, and render all conjectures as to the origin of this scourge more vague and more nugatory.

There were no grounds to suppose it was the result of vengeance, or jealousy, or any private ill-will, as, in the first place, so many individuals had been doomed to suffer; and, in the second, all were men of such quiet inoffensive characters, that they could never have rendered themselves obnoxious to feelings of that nature. Not one was known to have had a personal enemy; not one could have had the opportunity, much less the inclination, to vitally injure another. Again, it was impossible that these men could have fallen a prey to political rancour. Among the numerous victims might be reckoned Carlists, Christinos, and Exaltados:—one sole distinction seemed to have characterised these unfortunate individuals,—a love of literature. Men only of laborious habits, and generally known by their application to scientific pursuits, seemed to fall under the ban of this formidable proscription. And what could men of science have done to draw upon themselves such unextinguishable hatred? The more this horrid enigma was discussed, the more difficult appeared to be the solution.

If the minds of the citizens were alarmingly engrossed and perplexed by the repetition of such fearful crimes, it may be supposed that the vigilance and exasperation of the police were not less excited at this open defiance of their power. The magistrates were indignant, and issued the strictest orders to the subaltern officers of justice to parade the streets at all hours of the night with an armed force; but, in spite of their exertions, not a clue could be found to

trace out the offenders. Nine individuals had been successively discovered barbarously murdered; amongst these was Don Pablo Rafael de N—, an honorary *alcalde* of the first *sala*, or criminal court, in the province of Catalonia; he was a learned man, and known in the literary world as the author of some very curious researches, which he had published, *on the empire of the Phœnicians in Spain before the Roman Conquest*: his body was found in a cistern near the great square, which so much excited the horror of the neighbours that they never could again be induced to draw water from it. Another victim was an *alcalde mayor* in the town, whose death the regidores had bound themselves secretly by a solemn oath to avenge, in case they should succeed in discovering the author. So great was the general irritation, that every one threatened to inflict summary vengeance on the unknown criminals whenever they might be found.

When all surmises had proved fruitless, the public mind began to speculate in another direction; hints were thrown out of secret tribunals, whose affiliated members, bound by tremendous vows of unqualified obedience, executed the sentence of their superiors, even on their own and dearest friends. All the mysteries of German freemasonry, with the daggers of the *Frey Herren*, were recited over again to account for the desolation which reigned within the walls of Barcelona. Others ventured to assert that clandestine attempts had been made to re-establish the Holy Office, in defiance of all the laws which had passed in the Cortes for its expulsion; that the Jesuits, emboldened by the success of Don Carlos, had re-assembled the familiars of the Inquisition; and that these nocturnal murders were the first-fruits of that abominable system which they were about to revive in Spain.

When everything is doubt and uncertainty, men cling with eagerness to any conjecture which may seem to throw a light on their darkness; and, improbable as it was, this idea of the Inquisition was taken up with much more credulity than good sense. Reports were spread through the town that the emissaries of the Holy Office were at work; and the priests, but more particularly those who had formerly belonged to the monkish orders, were watched with a jealous and suspicious eye. If any of these men were seen communing together in the streets, or meeting in a private house for the most common purposes, they were immediately arrested; and, though nothing could be elicited by their examination, which could confirm the prejudice, it still seemed rooted in the breasts, not only of the people, but of the government.

Among those who stood in this predicament, though his solitary mode of life did not often bring him before the public, was Don Vincente. His former profession of monk in the convent of Poblet was generally known; and the ascetic habits which he still retained amid his dusty records and black-letter editions, pointed him out as a man well inclined to the old system of absolutism, and ready to concur in any plot for bringing back his old superiors to their former position.

If, then, the suspicions were correct that the Jesuits were labouring to introduce the Holy Office once more into Spain, and had already begun to effect their object secretly in Barcelona, it was beyond a doubt that Vincente must be in communication with the

members of the order, and in possession of documents which might be exceedingly useful in detecting the conspiracy. No other complaint was made against him, but the public became clamorous in denouncing him as a secret agent of the hated Inquisition. Vincente heard these accusations whispered about with great indifference; satisfied of their futility, he took little trouble in denying them; and, when he was apprized that the government, yielding to the clamour, had ordered domiciliary visits to be made by the officers of justice to all the persons who were considered as accessaries to the plot, he received the corregidor at his house with the utmost tranquillity and composure.

When this officer had signified the object of his mission, he requested that the keys, not only of the ware-rooms, but of the dwelling-house, should be delivered up. Accompanied by his archers, he strictly examined every corner, and scrutinized the library below as well as the apartment above. Their investigations proved, as might be supposed, entirely fruitless; not a trace was found of any connexion with the partisans of the Holy Inquisition. There were many curious books of mysterious import, which were unintelligible to the comprehension of the corregidor and his satellites; but, as their titles furnished no clue to the object of their search, they were passed over without comment. Vincente, who was anxious to give them every facility, occasionally stepped forward to translate the Latin title of some ancient manuscript, or explain the cabalistic meaning of certain works which became objects of suspicion to their ignorant inspectors.

The premises of Vincente were not spacious; the ground floor, which was entered by a door from the arcade, was lined with shelves, and filled with books for the purposes of trade. A small staircase led from thence to an *entresol* above, which comprised the chamber of the owner, and a small closet adapted to the purposes of his toilette.

The corregidor, then, having strictly examined these apartments, was on the point of taking his departure, with those feelings of disappointment and vexation which men in office generally experience when they have trenched upon the liberty of the subject without gaining any information on the object which they have in view. He was going to descend the staircase when the idea struck him that this closet had never been opened. It contained nothing, on examination, calculated to awaken suspicion; there were no caskets to harbour secret papers, no bureau or writing-desk which might betray a treasonable correspondence; a washing-stand and pitcher were its sole ornaments, save and except a hanging shelf, on which were carelessly arrayed a few old musty books according to all appearance the refuse of the owner's collection. The corregidor cast an unconcerned glance at these relics, when it happened by chance that his eye lighted upon the title of an odd volume, which at once called to his mind the object of his visit. It was a small octavo edition of "*Directorium Inquisitorium*," by the Dominican Eymeric de Gironne.

He thought he had obtained a great prize, a sure key to found an accusation. He eagerly commanded his clerk to take possession of this important document, who, following the impulse of his chief, seized it so roughly that he pulled down with it the book which was

placed next on the shelf. To the astonishment of the corregidor and his suite, this book proved to be the identical work published by Palmast in 1482, which had created so much noise in the town by the singular competition excited at the sale, and the unusually high price at which it had been purchased.

Their first impulse was to question Vincente as to the manner in which he had become possessed of this valuable book; it was fresh in every one's memory how strenuously he had wished to make the acquisition, and not less, how publicly before the world those wishes had been thwarted by the pertinacity of his opponents. Vincente resolutely pretended that the work had been re-sold to him after the auction. This was deemed not only improbable, but impossible. The determined hostility with which the booksellers generally were leagued against him put it out of the question that they should afterwards have ceded to him that which they had previously purchased at such an exorbitant rate in order to deprive him of it.

The corregidor was divided between two opinions; but, seeing ample scope for accusation against Don Vincente from both sources, thought it most advisable to arrest him on the first count as an adherent of the Jesuits; satisfied that if any room for indictment could be deduced from the book found in his possession, it would be very easy afterwards to follow up the matter. Notwithstanding all his remonstrances, and unavailing protestations of innocence, immediate orders were given to convey Vincente to prison. He humbly implored for a few hours' respite, to make some arrangement of his private affairs; but the request being deemed inadmissible, the seals were put upon his premises, and the regidores escorted him to the public gaol.

On the following day an *alcalde mayor* proceeded to Vincente's warehouse, and drew up a formal inventory of all his books. When this catalogue was made public it gave rise to the most horrible inferences, and furnished at once a clue to the mysterious crimes which had so lately filled the city with terror and alarm. The first proof of the nefarious system which had been carried on by the culprit was the discovery in his possession of a work on the Antiquities of Spain and Africa, with marginal notes in the autograph writing of Bernardo Aldrete. It was attested that this valuable book had been purchased of Vincente by Don Pablo Rafael N—— only a few days before his death. Several other works, equally precious, were detected as forming part of his library, which it was known, or rather now recollected, had been disposed of by him to various persons, who had afterwards been assassinated.

The convictions were now so strong that denial was in vain. Don Vincente, after repeated attempts to controvert the evidence, and resting his case solely on flat contradiction, was at last forced to yield, and acknowledge the crimes imputed to him. He was further induced to enter into more ample confessions by the promise that his library, which seemed to be the sole object of his idolatry, should be preserved entire, and kept as a monument of literature for future ages.

The rest of this extraordinary drama will be best explained by a narrative of the trial, which took place in 1836, at the *Sala de los ministros del crimen*, held at Barcelona, the capital of Catalonia.

Don Vincente was a man of short stature, stoutly built, but of a sallow complexion; his air was unembarrassed, and he replied to

all the questions put to him by the authorities in a firm tone, without any hesitation.

The court was crowded to excess, as the thrilling interest excited by the late murders had wound up the public mind to an extraordinary ferment: every one was eager to behold the author, and hear the details of events which for the last few months had filled his mind with constant terror and apprehension. As soon as the *alcalde gobernador*, or chief judge, had taken his seat on the bench, silence was proclaimed, and the prisoner, escorted by a party of *regidores*, was brought into court, and placed at the bar. The numerous witnesses on this trial consisted, first, of those who had been present at the discovery of the murdered bodies; secondly, those who could identify their persons; and, lastly, those who could identify the books which the unfortunate men had purchased of *Vincente* previous to their death: these latter were principally men in the trade, or friends of the deceased. They formed together a train of conclusive evidence, sufficient to satisfy the most sceptical hearer; but, had it not been so, every doubt vanished when the prisoner, being called on for his defence, addressed the court without emotion in the following terms, having first made the sign of the cross on his lips and on his breast, in token of his veracity.

"I have promised to speak the truth, and I stand here determined to make a full confession. I only beg to premise, that if I am guilty, I have been solely influenced by motives which are in themselves creditable and praiseworthy. The convulsions which agitate Spain at this moment, the devastation of the convents, and the dispersion of the valuable libraries contained within their walls, have given a death-blow to the cultivation of literature. It has been my sole object to promote the neglected interests of science, and preserve for posterity those inestimable treasures which the Vandalism of the present age is daily seeking to destroy,—treasures which, once lost, can never be replaced. If I have acted ill, if I have committed crimes with a view to this laudable end, let me then pay the penalty of the law. I ask no favour for myself, but spare my books; they indeed are guiltless. With what justice can you punish the saddle for the faults which the mule may have committed?"

"It was sorely against my inclination that I consented to sell that valuable work to the importunate curate; I was hardly pressed for money, and my poverty prevailed; but I call the holy St. John (that patron of authors) to witness all the efforts which I afterwards made to disgust the reverend father with his purchase. I told him that the type was faulty, that a page was missing, but he paid no attention to my remarks; he counted down the price that was asked, and left my shop. No sooner had he got to the end of the arcade than I found myself beset with an irresistible desire to recover the book which he had carried away. The purchaser had proceeded down the *Calle mayor*. I ran after him with all speed, and overtook him near to the *Atarasanas*; there again I renewed my entreaties to cancel our bargain. 'Here,' said I, 'here is your money; restore to me the book; I have a particular wish not to part with it!' All was in vain; he obstinately persisted in his refusal. I followed him still, as he walked, urging him by every argument in my power to grant my request, without producing the slightest effect. We had arrived at an unfrequented spot, and were quite

alone. I saw that no hope was left of bringing him to hear reason; he even seemed to exult in his obstinacy. This made me angry; I drew out my knife, and stabbed him in the throat: he fell to the ground, vomiting blood at his mouth. I then took out my breviary, and gave him the absolution *in extremis*; after that another stab, and he was dead.

"I managed to throw the body into a ditch, and covered it over with dead leaves,—a precaution which I have not always been in the habit of taking. I brought away my book; here it is; (and the prisoner pointed it out among those which were ranged on a table in the court as evidence for the prosecution.) It is an exceedingly curious work," said he, "*Vigiliæ mortuorum secundum chorum ecclesiæ Maguntinæ*," in quarto gothic, in red and black character, without cypher, but with the catchword."

JUDGE.—"But it would appear that this is not the only murder that you have committed with a similar object?"

VINCENTE.—"Certainly not. You may have observed that my library was well stocked as well as select. As the proverb says—'*Non se gano zamora en un ora*.' Zamora was not gained in an hour."

JUDGE.—"Explain then to the court in what manner you assassinated the other victims."

VINCENTE.—"By the Holy Virgin, and all the saints in Paradise! nothing could be more simple than the means which I employed. In the first place, when I remarked that a customer was intent upon having any particular book which I had no inclination to part with, and the price he offered was such as I could not refuse without injury to my trade, I took care, previous to the delivery, to cut out one or two pages, which I laid by carefully in a private drawer. Little time would elapse before the buyer would return to complain of the faulty edition I had sold him; and, when I had got the book in my hand as if to examine it, I could easily draw an unsuspecting man into my closet, where the never-failing knife, and a stout arm, soon solved all difficulties, and left me again in possession of the coveted prize. When the night came I waited till all were asleep, and then, taking the corpse on my shoulders, I carried it out wherever my fancy suggested, sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another; but seldom, as you may have remarked, taking any trouble to secrete it."

JUDGE.—"Shocked as every one must be at your recital, let me ask you a question. Did your conscience never smite you at the idea of lifting your murderous hand against your fellow-creatures, made after the image of your God?"

VINCENTE.—"Man is mortal: a little sooner, or a little later, God calls them to himself, and life is gone. But scientific books must be preserved above everything; their value is inappreciable. On that account I have always carefully replaced the pages which I had cut out for my own purposes, that no responsibility of that nature might rest with me."

JUDGE.—"You committed, then, all these assassinations from no other motive than to secure the possession of these books?"

VINCENTE.—"Books! books! What else could it be? *Es la gloria de Dios!* It is the glory of God!"

JUDGE.—"There is evidence to prove that you were accessory to the death of Augustin Patxot: do you plead guilty to this charge?"

"It is quite true. I could not allow an object so valuable as the collection in the world of Lambert Palmart to remain in the hands of a scoundrel."

"How did you manage to gain admittance into his shop at an unusual hour of the night?"

"I entered by the window over his shop door; I took advantage of an opportunity when he had left it open on account of the cold which prevailed at that time. I made my way to his bed-room, and found him fast asleep; I slipped a rope, which I had brought for the purpose, round his neck, then twisted it round his hands, and he soon had ceased to exist. My next object was to get the precious work, of which he had so unhandsomely deprived me at the auction. After all, he was a good sort of man, poor as he was, and though he had used me scurvily, I bore him no malice for it. As soon as he was dead, I took off the rope, and laid him in his bed."

"But you, who profess such extreme veneration for the memory of Palmart, could you make up your mind thus to commit the whole of a bookseller indiscriminately to the flames?"

"Oh! as for that, he had none that were of much value, and had taken away the only books which were of any importance. Besides, it was necessary to my plot that the premises should be burnt, otherwise, if the loss of such a work had been suspected, suspicious might have arisen which would have defeated all the objects of my enterprise. It was absolutely requisite for my success that everything which was missing should be supposed to have been burnt in the fire."

"Did you leave all the money on Patxot's table un-"

"Me! I take money! Do you think then I am a"

These explicit confessions, the task of the counsel for the defence was attended with no difficulty; the crimes were so subtle that he had no hesitation in requiring a verdict of guilty. The counsel for the defence then rose, and in a very ingenious manner addressed the magistrates on the bench not to be biassed by the declarations of his client, who had no right in the eye of the law to criminate himself. There are instances, he remarked, of men of morbid feelings, nearly approaching to melancholy, who, in a morbid desire for death, and, though unwilling to commit suicide, are ready to accuse themselves of any crimes, to which they are exposed for the sole purpose of meeting with that fate which they would try to avoid. The very circumstance of a man's being his own condemnation should render his judges very cautious in pronouncing to such unnatural revelations, much less should they be induced to pronounce him guilty on such grounds. This maxim was established, and this principle established, he maintained that he would not criminate his client. The books which had been found in Vincente's possession, might have been easily obtained through other channels than those detailed in the indictment. The opposing counsel observed that it was matter of fact that all literary characters that only one copy of the work was known to exist in 1482 by Lambert Palmart was now left in

justified in that assertion," said Vincente's

counsel to his opponent, "that I can prove the contrary. Here is the catalogue of a bookseller in Paris, which contains another copy of that edition; and, if there already exist a second, we may argue on the probability of finding a third."

This species of defence seemed to have very little weight with the *alcaldes* on the bench; they took a short time to consider the case, and unanimously condemned Vincente to the gallows. During the pleadings of his own counsel, Vincente had hitherto preserved the greatest firmness and composure; but, when this allusion was made to the copy in Paris, he was suddenly seen to exhibit signs of inward pain and vexation; in fact, he lost all command over himself, and burst into tears.

The *alcalde gobernador*, pleased with this late symptom of repentance, said to him in a soothing tone, "At length, then, Vincente, you begin to understand the full enormity of your crime."

VINCENTE.—"Alas! Señor Alcalde, my error has indeed been unpardonable."

ALCALDE.—"It is still within your power to implore the clemency of our gracious Queen Regent."

VINCENTE.—"Ah! if you could but know how miserable I feel."

ALCALDE.—"If the justice of men is inflexible, there is another justice which is tempered with mercy, to which the truly repentant sinner may always look for pardon."

VINCENTE.—"Ah! Señor Alcalde, then, after all, mine is not the only copy?"

THE QUEEN OF SPRING.

HAIL to the queen!—the queen of spring!
 She hath journey'd here on the zephyr's wing;
 Like a young coquette, she hath linger'd a while,
 That we may rejoice in her song and smile!
 But we know she has come, for her perfumed breath
 Hath awaken'd the earth from its seeming death.
 She has spoken the word, and the messenger breeze
 Has whisper'd her will to the shivering trees;
 Their pale green leaves they have all unfurl'd,
 And the *spirit of youth* is abroad in the world!

Hail to the queen!—the queen of spring!
 That has journey'd here on the zephyr's wing.
 Let us twine her a wreath from the sunny bowers
 Of the violet blue and young wild flowers,
 And the valley's lily that grows beside,
 And always looks like the violet's bride.
 But see!—here are roses as white as snow,
 They are fitting to bind on her fair young brow;
 And their deep-glowing sisters, whose hue first begun
 From a blush at the praises their loveliness won;
 While the sun with warm kisses, in whispers the air,
 Still tell the same story, and hold the blush there!

But the roses are come!—*she* must hasten away,
 Or the *southern world* will mourn for her stay!
 On the zephyr's wing she is sailing now—
 She has many a league to cross, ye know.
 For her car she hath taken a warm bright beam,
 And is fading away like a happy dream.
 The sun rides high in the heavens again,
 The flowers have burst from their emerald chain;
 So their beautiful ruler, the Queen of Spring,
 Her sceptre has pass'd to the Summer King.

CAMILLA TOULS

THE BENEDICT CLUB.

BY RICHARD JOHNS.

THE whole town was in an uproar. Mr. Clackett had unfortunately told Mrs. Clackett that the formation of a club-house was determined on by the principal gentlemen of Rareborough; the ladies, old and young, were consequently up in arms.

"Then there's an end to domestic happiness!" said Mrs. Burnside, with a despairing sigh, when little Mrs. Clackett gave her this distressing information. "Burnsides will never be at home. Many a rumpus we have *now* about his staying out so late at night. He shall *not* be a member, or he must choose between me and the vile club. I have money in my own right—he may take his boy, and I the girl;"—and thus did Mrs. Burnside settle the generally difficult question of separation and alimony in one long breath, after the before-mentioned sigh.

"You are surely not serious!" exclaimed Mrs. Green, looking so searchingly into poor Mrs. Clackett's small eyes, that they winked and watered under the infliction.

"But I *am*, my dear," said the circulating medium of Rareborough intelligence, who was now one stage farther on her morning's round; "and, as I told Mrs. Burnside five minutes ago, I like the plan amazingly. What's the use of making a fuss about it? Men will be men, and like to meet each other; and Clackett will be secretary, and able to tell me everything that is going on. It will be quite delightful!"

"Men will be men, and like to meet each other," said Mrs. Green, with a suppressed sob. "I'm glad you are pleased with such arrangements; but it is not only each other they like to meet—they will make it a convenient blind—Going to the club, indeed! You'll excuse me just now, Mrs. Clackett," continued the distressed lady, drawing a cambric handkerchief from her black satin bag; "nothing has so much annoyed me for a long time."

"Oh! my dear, make no stranger of me; I was this moment going. I assure you," said the town gossip. "I had no idea you would have taken the thing to heart so—I have several visits to pay;" and away trotted Mrs. Clackett, while her afflicted friend threw herself on a sofa, and sobbed aloud.

"Oh, Green! Green! cruel man!—is this what a loving wife deserves?"

"It is on purpose to make assignations with that creature the Widow Pitman, that he is going to support this club."

"I dare say they will have two or three entrances to the house, and I shall never know where he is."

"The fellows dare to get up a club in Rareborough!" exclaimed Mrs. Minniken with vehement surprise, when Mrs. Clackett gave her the news of the morning. "Of course the ladies are to have suppers given to them, and archery meetings, and all that

"No, my dear," said her little informant; "Clackett tells me 'tis to be conducted in London style. There is no mention of the ladies—it is only for gentlemen. Everybody is to be balloted for—one black ball to exclude; servants in white and scarlet; old Mr. Thompson's house in High Street to be taken for the present, and the committee will build immediately. No friends admitted at meal times; every one pays for his own dinner; can dine as low as fifteen pence, Mr. Clackett says, bread, and cheese, and table-ale included. As to wines, there will be a sample of each sort in the cellar, but only Marsala for general consumption."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mrs. Manly Minniken, at the top of a voice whose very piano seemed to have a forty-woman power; "and Minniken has become a member of this precious club, you say? Well, *we* shall see. I hope Mr. Clackett doesn't quite depend on him? Perhaps he may change his mind, you know;" and Mrs. Manly Minniken, as if accidentally, glanced at a whip which, with her riding-hat and gloves, lay beside her.

"Oh! I'm sure you won't let Mr. Minniken disappoint my husband—I'm sure you won't over-persuade Mr. Minniken."

"But I'm not quite so sure of that as *you* seem to be," remarked Mrs. Manly, with a significant compression of the lip.

Mrs. Clackett would not believe her;—it would be *such* a pity to oppose *such* a nice arrangement;—the gentlemen would bring them home all the news stirring,—and away hurried the busy little woman to Mrs. Dawdle Darnley.

"La! you don't say so, my dear!" drawled out the lackadaisical lady, when our indefatigable friend had, for the twentieth time that morning, announced the formation of the new club. "What *am* I to do for Harry Dawdle to drive me out, when he is at the nasty club? He shall take me with him, I *do* declare, if I stay at the door in the phaeton while he goes in to read the papers."

"But it is not only reading the papers, my dear," said Mrs. Clackett; "they will dine at the club much oftener than at home,—that you must make up your mind to, like a sensible woman; and then they will have billiards in the morning, and cards in the evening; and Clackett *does* think they will be able to get up a little hazard. It will be quite in fashionable style, I *do* assure you."

"Then Harry sha'n't go," whined out Mrs. Dawdle, with the petulance of a spoiled child. "If he does, I'll cry my eyes out. I don't pretend to be a sensible woman, and he knows it. I'd rather not have your visits, Mrs. Clackett, if you come to tell me that Harry is going to belong to this club. It's all your fault and your husband's."

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed the astonished little newsmonger; "what have I got to do with it? Mr. Dawdle Darnley can surely act for himself—I only came to tell you what was going on; but if my company is not agreeable, I can go where it is more esteemed."

Mrs. Clackett rose from her chair in a pet; and no wonder, for Mrs. D. Darnley would not take the trouble to make an apology, but merely remarked,

"How angry you are, to be sure! La! what *have* I said? Dear me! won't you wait till I ring the bell, that the door may be opened for you?"

But her visitor had found her way down stairs ere the nece

operation was performed on the bell-handle; and then Mrs. Dawdle Darnley, sauntering to the window, looked out, exclaiming,

“That tiresome Harry! I wish he would come back. How I will scold him, if he has anything to do with that horrid club!”

But Harry was a long time before he *did* come back, as he was just then in solemn conclave with many other magnates of the town at the George and Dragon. He was on the committee for the establishment of the Benedict Club.

“We then perfectly understand each other,” said Mr. Burnsides, a large-sized, red, pattern-calico-printer, who had kindly taken the chair on that momentous occasion: he was about to wind up a brilliant harangue of twenty-three minutes’ duration, by Dawdle Darnley’s repeater. “Whatever occurs in this room is never to be mentioned out of it,” concluded the chairman; “and having established it as a standing rule that no member, except the original founders, be admitted that cannot show just cause why he does not find his home agreeable, we will now proceed to hear the claims of proposed candidates from gentlemen of the committee who wish their friends to be nominated. The strictest impartiality will be shown; but it is necessary to make it clear to the female part of the community inimical to clubs, that no man is allowed even to be balloted for by the Benedict Club whose home is rendered comfortable.”

The worthy Mr. Burnsides sat down amid much cheering, and Mr. Green got immediately on *his* legs (not Mr. Burnsides) to propose Mr. Harrass as a fit and proper member of the club.

“This gentleman,” remarked his proposer, a tall, thin, care-worn man, “has very sound reasons for occasionally wishing not to be at home. Well knowing, as our worthy chairman has so ably explained, all that may be spoken here is under the pledge of secrecy, I have no hesitation in saying that Mrs. Harrass is jealous! If her husband venture to look at a woman, she imagines he has an eye upon her for an improper purpose. Not to put temptation in the way of Mr. Harrass, she has surrounded him with a harem of gorgons. The house-maid squints, the nursery-maid is seamed with the small-pox, and the cook is an old crooked woman; but still Mrs. Harrass is uneasy at having so many females in the house. She talks of the cook sleeping out; and has actually given the nurse warning, being distressed at her constantly cocking her eye at her master. Nor is it only the abigails who make this anxious wife fearful of losing her property in the affections of her husband. She has quarrelled or cut with every pretty woman of her acquaintance. If Mr. Harrass offers to see a lady visitor home of an evening, his spouse looks daggers at him, and then, with a painful effort at a smile, turns to the maid, wife, or widow, as the case may be, and blandly remarks, that ‘if the expected servant does not come, their man can accompany her; but she is quite sure her dear friend will not take Mr. H. out, when he is anything but well.’ In vain Mr. Harrass rashly declares that he never was better in his life, and that he should like to stretch his legs after supper; the guest is hurried away, and, oh! the wiggling Mrs. Harrass gives her thoughtless husband! ‘Stretch your legs, indeed, you cruel man!’—sob, sob, sob—‘you like any woman better than your wife!’—sob—‘you’ll break my heart, you will, by your infidelities!’—sob, sob, sob, *ad infinitum*. Mrs. Harrass goes into hysterics, nor will she be pacified

till her unhappy husband shouts at the pitch of his voice again and again, 'Do hear reason!—do be composed!—I tell you that I never *will* offer to see anybody home again, not even Aunt Deborah!' Such scenes are not of unfrequent occurrence in my friend's house," concluded Mr. Green, "clearly proving Mr. Harrass a fit candidate for the Benedict Club."

He was accordingly balloted for, and not a single black ball forbidding his receiving that comfort which the society of brothers in affliction must ever afford, Mr. Clackett, the secretary, entered him "duly elected."

"As the matter is fairly in hand," said Mr. Burnside, the worthy president, rising like the sun in a fog,—for the committee were smoking,—“I shall take on myself to propose Mr. Angersteam as a member of the club. This gentleman, my friends,” continued Mr. Burnside metaphorically, “has unfortunately been unable, even after several years' experience, to dovetail his disposition into the peculiarities of his wife, so as to prevent division in the cabinet. Mr. Angersteam confesses he is passionate; but then he declares his passion's soon over, if his wife does not commence a species of aggravation which perfectly infuriates him. Mr. Angersteam gets in a rage if he be kept waiting at the door; but Mrs. Angersteam will cry out to the servants, 'Never mind—it's only your master! Let him knock till you've taken away the supper-tray.' In comes the husband mightily incensed,—'Why was I kept waiting at the door?—and where is my supper? I won't put up with it!'—'You must put up without it. I have told the servants to go to bed,' remarks the lady, helping herself to a glass of wine; 'I was not going to keep the tray for you, when you were in no hurry to avail yourself of it until you reached the door, and thundered at the knocker. I wish your fingers had been under it!'—'Madam, you're an impertinent woman!'—'Mr. Angersteam, you had better strike me—you would do it, if you were not afraid;'—and, by way of encouraging her spouse to enter into hostilities, this worthy *helpmate* pushes a decanter of mild port from her with a vehemence which despatches a great portion of its contents, together with some few fragments of broken glass, into Mr. Angersteam's bosom."

Mr. Burnside considerably drew a veil over the conclusion of a scene, which he had only touched on to show that his friend, though not perfectly faultless himself, had good reason to require occasional relaxation from family jars. The ballot-box passed round, but a black ball was discovered. Mr. Burnside, getting extra red in the face, surmised in good round terms that there must be a mistake. The candidate consequently again underwent the ordeal, and was this time duly elected; Mr. Minniken remarking, in his peculiarly gentle way, that he was afraid just now he had got into the wrong box.

This knotty point being decided, Mr. Dawdle Darnley begged to propose his friend Sir Felix Fondle, Knight, a candidate who had a peculiar claim on the sympathy of the club, he having a wife so desperately enamoured of him, that if some asylum were not open for his accommodation, such as would be afforded in "The Benedict," the unfortunate gentleman must die the death of a lap-dog in being killed by kindness. Lady Fondle could not bear to have Sir Felix out of her sight. His accidental disappearance for

would fill the house with fond inquiries as reiterated, if not as plaintive, as the bleatings of a lamb after its dam.—“Felix, dear! Sir Felix! has any one seen Sir Felix? Where can he be?”—and then the rapture of a reunion after *such* a separation—“Oh, you truant! where *have* you been? Why did you go away from your Emma? Come, you sha’n’t leave me again for the whole day. I want you to read to me while I work, and then you shall drive me in the pony phaeton; and then we will have a nice *tête-à-tête* dinner; and you won’t go to that disagreeable Mr. Howard Johnstone, with his ‘wits of the age,’ as he calls them—stupid fellows! who can do nothing but write books. You’ll stay with your own wife, and we will play *ecarté*,—won’t we, Felix dear?” Lady Fondle had persuaded her husband to give up London entirely, and take a villa in the neighbourhood of Rareborough, in order that, according to her own sweet turn of expression, she might have “dear Felix all to her own self.” Unless some relief were afforded his hapless friend, Mr. Darnley believed, on his honour, Sir Felix’s senses could not last through the ensuing summer. Such a state of things was really terrible, and Mr. Darnley having wrung a reluctant consent from Sir Felix to be nominated for the Benedict Club, the former gentleman hoped his friend would be elected, as no individual could be more benefited by occasional absence from home than Sir Felix Fondle.

The worthy knight was balloted for, and Mr. Burnsides, on announcing his election, took occasion to remark, that, “so far as the committee had proceeded in their pleasing task, a proud refutation would be afforded to any ungenerous observations from the ladies of Rareborough; observations which the Benedicts must share in common with all club-founders; but he felt it must be a great satisfaction to the gentlemen present to hear, that in no case which had come under their notice the rights of domesticity had been outraged by the part they had acted. The Benedict Club, so far from building itself on the ruin of private hearths, or, if he might be allowed so figurative an expression, raising its structure with hearth-stones, was highly calculated to remedy many evils of domestic life. Members who really required to be occasionally from home, would, when they *did* go home, find that their absence had amended much that was wrong. Ladies could not scold their husbands so often, if they saw less of them; and would be glad to make them comfortable at home, if only out of opposition to the club. Wives would cease to be jealous, as they would generally know where to find their husbands, or get tired of looking after them; and over-fond spouses become accustomed to temporary separation, wholesomely tending to try the sincerity of attachments never before subjected to that most severe of all ordeals, which, to the discredit of human nature, had given rise to the proverb, ‘out of sight, out of mind.’”

Mr. Burnsides sat down amid more applause than ever. Having talked himself out of breath, he now expressed himself “willing to hear any other gentleman who had a friend to propose.”

Mr. Minnick was not long in accepting the courteous invitation. He was a weaselly-looking little man, with a constant habit of glancing over his right shoulder, as though he were expecting a box on his ears.

“I am not going to detain you many minutes,” said Mr. Minni-

ken: "I should only like to propose my friend Mr. Mouseley as a member of the club. Mrs. Mouseley does not act a kind part by him; and if he were now and then from home, I think he would like it much. She is not violent in temper, but what one may call a strong, loud, and determined kind of woman; in short, gentlemen, what I have heard denominated a masculine woman, a gentleman-like lady, gentlemen,—though I take this to be a sort of libel on our sex,—for I cannot see what need there is that a man should be rough and overbearing."

At this moment the meeting was suddenly disturbed by a spirited vocal performance, combining the effects of many voices, mounting higher and higher on the staircase. The lady patronesses of the Rareborough assemblies were expending a torrent of eloquence on Mr. Boniface, the landlord of the George and Dragon, who was in vain begging to be allowed a hearing. Little Minniken trembled, grew white as a cauliflower, and held on by the back of his chair; for one familiar voice was there pre-eminent above all the rest.

"Show us into a room, Mr. Boniface. I suppose you have another besides that which the gentlemen are in? The balls will be discontinued at this house, you may depend upon it!"

"The whole committee of ladies are here!" exclaimed Mrs. Manly Minniken, "and we will make a point of recommending all our friends to The Angel."

"What have I done, ma'am?" responded the astonished landlord,—"how have I offended, ladies?"

"Never mind, never mind," trebled half a dozen ladies at once; "we shall all patronise The Angel in future."

"Oh! *there* they are!" forcibly enunciated Mrs. Manly, as with her bevy of desperate dames she swept by the committee-room of the Benedict Club; "I hear the fellows talking—much good may it do them!"—and the opposition committee took possession of an adjoining apartment.

Then Boniface was sent down stairs, and rung up again, and snubbed, and sneered at, and scolded, and his accounts examined, and disputed, and at length paid:—the landlord having, by sundry hints and inuendos, discovered that he had been guilty of *lese majeste* against the sovereign authority of woman, in allowing the Benedict Club to have a committee-room in his house.

But did that conclave act?—that conclave, the assembly of which had caused such direful wrath in the united female bosom of Rareborough.—Reader, we are ashamed to state. Most of the gentlemen present, in common with Mr. Minniken, had heard the voices of their helpmates mingling in that *flood* of harmony, which, against all the principles of hydraulics, had ascended the staircase, and filled the adjoining room. The individuals comprising the committee of the Benedict Club looked from one to the other, and wished themselves at home.

"Our resolutions are all passed," said Mr. Burnside, with a voice which was rather husky, and consequently not so loud as it had been during the proceedings of the afternoon; "there is nothing to prevent our adjourning?" continued the chairman, appealing to about thirteen gentlemen with their hats in their hands.

"Nothing!—nothing!" responded several committee-men.

"Nothing!" said Mr. Minniken, who had been to the door, and

ascertained that the apartment in which the ladies were assembled was farther up the passage, and that a retreat by the staircase was thus secured to the Benedicts.

No one hinted to his neighbour what familiar household tone had met his individual ear; but, with as little confusion and as little formality as possible, the committee dissolved. Some months have elapsed, but no farther meeting of the club members has taken place. Old Mr. Thompson's house in High Street continues unoccupied, and the "Benedict Club" has not yet been established in Rareborough.

OLD MOUNTAIN DEW.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Away with your port and your fine-flavour'd sherry,
 And fill up with toddy as high as you please;
 We men of the Northland should know ourselves better
 Than pledge her in liquors so paltry as these!
 In whiskey, perfumed by the peat of the heather,
 We 'll drink to the land of the kind and the true,—
 Unsullied in honour,
 Our blessings upon her!
 Scotland for ever! and old mountain dew!
 Neish! neish! neish! hurra!

Mountain dew! *clear* as a Scot's understanding,
 Pure as his conscience wherever he goes,
 Warm as his heart to the friend he has chosen,
 Strong as his arm when he fights with his foes!
 In liquor like this should old Scotland be toasted;
 So fill up again, and the pledge we 'll renew—
 Long flourish the honour
 Her children have won her—
 Scotland for ever! and old mountain dew!
 Neish! neish! neish! hurra!

May her worth, like her lowland streams, roll on unceasing,—
 Her fame, like her highland hills, last evermore,—
 And the cold of her glens be confined to the climate,
 Nor enter the heart, though it creep through the door!
 And never may we, while we love and revere her,
 As long as we 're brave, and warm-hearted, and true,
 Want reason to boast her,
 Or whiskey to toast her—
 Scotland for ever! and old mountain dew!
 Neish! neish! neish! hurra!





Geo. Cruikshank

Slung the Monkey

NIGHTS AT SEA;
Or, Sketches of Naval Life during the War.

BY THE OLD SAILOR.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

No. IX.

THE BURIAL AT SEA.—SLING THE MONKEY.—THE
 PIRATE CRAFT.

My last left the gallant and noble commander of the *Spankaway* sitting in his cabin at early morning, with no other companion than the corpse of his associate and friend in boyhood, and perusing the manuscript book which had been so strangely bequeathed to him. Powerful emotions shook his frame as many an occurrence was revived in his mind by the narration, which was not written in a connected form, but seemed to have been compiled at different times, and under various feelings, for the language evidently expressed and manifested the ruling passion at the moment of committing the record to paper. Had the volume fallen into any other hands than those of Lord Eustace, the whole would have been unintelligible, and the reader would have considered it as the uncurbed demonstrations of some romantic enthusiast, or the production of an unfortunate individual labouring under the horrors of insanity.

A great portion was occupied with abstruse reasoning to prove there was no hereafter—no judge of quick and dead—no future state of reward or punishment. And was the reasoning conclusive? No! it only betrayed the incessant struggles of his mind to crush a belief which was ever present to his conscience; it evidenced the futility of the creature warring against the soul-impressing power of the Creator. He had read the works of Paine, and fancied himself convinced of their truth; but there was a still small voice whispering ever in his heart that overturned the fallacies of the infidel; and though the never-dying soul was strong in believing, the pride of perishing human nature set itself up in array against the spirit, and it was not till the immortal essence was about to return to Him who gave it, that mortality yielded up the palm of victory, and in expiring agonies confessed the existence of the Deity, though with the same foolhardiness it rejected the hopes of his divinest attribute—mercy.

And now there lay the frail body, cold, and rigid, and senseless; the heart could no more say, "I am faint," nor the head that "I am sick;" pain and grief, trouble or remorse, wound or disease, would never again produce corporeal suffering; the inanimate dead would return to dust as it was, and the spirit—

The removal of the dying prisoner to the captain's cabin had very soon become the subject of conversation fore and aft, and various indeed were the conjectures and reports which prevailed, though in one thing all agreed, viz. that in the person of the captive Lord Eustace had discovered a near relation. Amongst the inve-

terate yarn-spinners the most fertile exaggerations were quickly multiplied; and more than one or two pretended that they "had fathomed the whole affair, and were in possession of undeniable facts, which, however, they meant to keep to themselves," whilst at the same time they just let out sufficient to doubly mystify the thing.

The heat of battle no longer raged, and the dead—which, had they expired on the deck during the fury of contest, would have been launched out at the port—were now quietly extended side by side, and their remains covered over with the flags of their respective nations. But the body of Delaney remained in the cabin, and frequently during the day did Lord Eustace stand over it, and gaze long, and sometimes wildly, upon features that had never been forgotten.

Oh! there is a sad and enthusiastic feeling, so solemn, so mysterious, so undefinable, in looking upon some well-remembered countenance that can never smile again, as in the ashy paleness of decaying nature, every muscle is rigid and fixed, and no breath, no sound of breathing, escapes from the pallid lips. Oh! what art thou, Death, that destroys the pride of strength in the vigour of manhood, and strikes down the warrior in his might? Youth and beauty, old age and decrepitude, are alike to thee, and thy leaden finger is remorselessly laid on the bright orb beaming with joy unspeakable, and never-dying love, as well as the dim and sunken eye whose feeble vision can no longer behold the works of creation.

The evening approached,—a lovely autumnal evening, and in that part of the world redolent with glory; the sun was rapidly descending westward, and throwing around him a mantle of brightness as he entered his pavilion of gorgeous clouds, whose tints have ever baffled the painter's art and the writer's skill to describe. Hark! there is the tolling of the ship's bell, and every voice is hushed into a whisper; the ensign and pennant are hoisted half-mast, and the prizes follow the example; a gun is heard booming on the waters, and at the expiration of a minute another, to show that an officer of rank is about to be consigned to his last home. The seamen, arrayed in their white Guernsey frocks and duck trousers, cluster together, and seriously mourning for departed shipmates, each has his anecdote to tell of Jack's worth, Bill's integrity, or Jem's drollery, and frequently the aspiration rose, "God rest their souls!" Such were the English tars.

The French also assembled together in groups, but their sorrow came by sudden gushes, and was violent only whilst the fit lasted. But there was one—a veteran of many years, who sat at the head of Delaney's corpse—silent, and solitary, and sad. No change of countenance betrayed any internal struggle,—not a sigh, not a look, gave evidence that the man had feeling; but there was a sternness on his brow as, resting his elbow on his knee, with his chin buried in the palm of his hand, his eyes were intently fixed upon the deceased—it was the major's confidential servant.

The bell continued to toll, the minute-gun at its stated period sent forth its hollow moan, and the sun seemed to hasten its descent as it approached the verge of the horizon. The officers, both English and French, mixed promiscuously together; but amongst the

whole none manifested a finer sense of the solemn occasion than the *ci-devant* Count de Mille fleur, now degenerated into Citizen Captain Lamont. Indeed nature appeared to have endowed him with every noble quality of mind, to atone for the egregious deformity of his person; for he was truly brave, strictly honourable, amiably benevolent, and strong in his friendships. And now he stood with a moistened eye and a softened heart, contemplating the havoc of war, and mourning to part from his gallant countrymen whose last battle was over.

The sun was near the verge of the horizon, and the western sky blended with the ocean in its crimson, and purple, and gold; whilst to the eastward the sombre shades were gathering on the rear of the retreating conqueror, to throw their dark array over the plains of heaven as soon as he had departed and once more claim the victory. It was at this moment that Lord Eustace ascended to the deck, and every head was uncovered with more than usual etiquette. All revered the noble chief, all respected his sorrows. And there were deep traces of the latter upon his countenance, in defiance of his efforts to appear tranquil; a powerful contest had been going on in his mind as to whether the remains of his once beloved relative should be treated as those of a traitor, or allowed the honours which would have been his due had he been in reality a Frenchman of the same rank. He was still debating the question with himself, when four French soldiers came to carry the body to the quarter-deck. They were all fine-looking fellows; and the careful manner in which they raised the corpse, as well as the stern grief which was manifest in their deportment, showed that the major had been valued and esteemed by his men.

Still Lord Eustace was undetermined, when the first minute-gun was heard, and his lordship was happy to find that Nugent had settled the question for him; for the young lieutenant, not wishing to trouble his commander on every occasion, and at the same time desirous of showing that he knew and could perform his duties,—there might also be, and probably was, a shrewd guess at the dilemma in which his lordship was placed,—had therefore, amongst his other arrangements for the funeral, prepared that every honour should be shown to the victims of national strife. The gratings were laid upon, the gangways covered over with the English and French jacks united, the quarter-masters stood ready, and his lordship, having laid his hat upon the capstan-head, advanced to the spot with the open prayer-book in his hand. In an instant every hat was removed, and the rival seamen mingled together in solemn silence, no other thought pervading their minds than connected with the mournful ceremony in which they were engaged.

A corpse was laid upon the grating, Lord Eustace read the service, and at the words "we commit his body to the deep," the inner end of the grating was raised so as to form an inclined plane outwards, the inanimate remains moved slowly from their position, feet foremost; there was a sullen plunge, the dark eddies gurgled and foamed over the sinking mass, and then resumed their smoothness, scarcely ruffled by the breeze. Another and another succeeded, till the whole, except Delaney, were buried in their ocean grave, and Lord Eustace resigned the prayer-book

to the surgeon, who, as soon as the major was extended on his naval bier, recommenced the burial service, and at the usual words he was consigned to the deep, deep sea, at the very moment that the upper limb of the sun disappeared below the horizon. Nugent and Citizen Captain Lamont stood at the head of the grating, and as the waves closed over the body, the marines fired three volleys, the seamen slowly retreated from the spot, the gangway was cleared, and everything resumed its ordinary routine.

[I might here enter on a memoir of Major Delaney, and give a biographical sketch of the life of Lord Eustace, but I prefer reserving them for a future occasion.]

"Well," said old Jack Sheavehole, as the usual group took up their accustomed position on the fore-castle for yarn-spinning, "well, there's some on 'em drafted into t'other world, and knows a little more about the consarn nor we do, shipmates. Howsomever, may the Lord A'mighty upon 'em, and muster all hands aloft without a single R among 'em."

"I hope we shan't have to send any more the same way, Jack," said Bob Martingale; "I don't mean to Heaven, but over the standing part of the foresheet. There'll be two or three, if not half a dozen, get Greenige, and be laid up in ordinary for the rest of their days."

"And a pretty sprinkling o' cook's warrants, if Lord Youstitch can have his way," chimed in Joe Nighthead: "I'm bless'd if I should mind getting one at the same price."

"What, the loss o' yer precious limb, Joe?" exclaimed old Jack in horror. "Well, then, you get your greasy commission, and let me keep my timbers."

"Why, what's the harm of an ammunition leg?" said Joe. "Lord love your heart! you should see the wooden pins as they have piled up in tiers at Greenige, my boy! I had, and hopes I have still, an ould uncle in the college, a jolly rampagerant ould blade as loves a toothfull o' stuff, and a half-ounce chaw o' pigtail as well as ever he did. He lost both his legs on the first o' June, and now he travels about upon a couple of wooden consarns, hopping the twigs as blithe as a lark. I went to see him about a year ago, and so we got to rambling about among the trees in the park, and one and another joined consort, and ould Nunky was the life of the whole on 'em, and 'Fine sports you have aboard, Joe,' says he; 'none o' yer keelhauling and running the gantline, as there was in my time.'—'Not none in the least, ould boy,' says I, 'barring that ere cat as has got as many tails as she has lives, and that's nine. But a fellow has ounly to do his duty, and the cat's tails may lay and grow till the fur comes as long as a badger's. But I say, ould 'un, did you ever play *sling the monkey*?'—'Indeed have I,' says he laughing; 'and I shouldn't mind having another do at it now, purvided it warn't for my legs.'—'Oh, d—n your legs!' says I, for I thought he

* Sling the monkey is a favourite pastime amongst seamen. A rope with a noose in the lower end is suspended from one of the yards, the main or fore; the "monkey" passes the noose round his body below his arm-pits, and sufficient slack is left from aloft for the monkey to chase his tormentors, who gather round him with knotted handkerchiefs, pieces of rope, &c. which they do not fail to lay on pretty smartly at every opportunity. The only defence of the monkey is a piece of chalk, and if he can mark any of his assailants with it, they are imme-

meant them as had cut his acquaintance on the first of June; 'the wooden pins 'ull do well enough, and a rope over the outrigger o' this here tree, with the soft sweet grass underneath, where there's not no danger whatsomever in a tumble. What do you say, my hearties,—who's for a game of *sling the monkey*?' Well, I'm bless'd if there warn't more nor twenty on 'em all mad for it: some had one leg, some two, carried away; ever so many had lost an arm; and there was a flourishing o' three-cornered trucks, and a rattling among the wooden pins, and 'Who'll get a rope?' was shouted as they danced about the ground. So, d'ye see, shipmates, I got a good scope of two and half' inch, and passes one end over the arm of the tree, that was rigged out like a lower yard, and makes a bowline noose all ship-shape below, and gets a piece o' chalk, and the ould 'uns makes up their handkerchiefs into knots, and at it we got like fighting-cocks. At last ould Nunky gets to be monkey, and I'm blow'd if I didn't warm his starn for him, anyhow. And ever so many nobbs comed to look at us, and so we got 'em to chime in, and one spindle-shank, sliding, gunter-looking chap was cotch'd, and I'm a tinker if he didn't shell out a guinea to get off, and the rest o' the gentry giv'd us some more money; so that arter the game was out we had a jolly sheaveo, and I'm bless'd, shipmates, if we didn't sling the monkey in fine style, and treating the landlud into the bargain."

"I wonder if they plays at sling the monkey in t'other world," said Sam Slick, in the innocency of his heart, and with the utmost gravity of countenance.

"Why, you lubber, to be sure they do," responded Bob Martin-gale, "or else what 'ud such as we have to amuse ourselves with, and be d— to you. I ounly wish I may catch you there, that's all!"

In a few days, without meeting any obstruction or adventure worth recording, the *Spankaway* and her prizes were safe at anchor in Port Mahon, where several of the dashing frigates were then lying, and the captains, with a commendable generosity, yielded up the palm to Lord Eustace. The prisoners were landed, and Lord Nelson arriving soon afterwards, the two French frigates were taken into the service. The largest was given to a favourite post-captain, who was superseded by a master and commander in the ship he had left. Seymour was made acting post into the small frigate, and Sinnitt took the sloop-of-war which had been vacated; and thus Lord Eustace had the desires of his heart gratified as it respected his two senior officers; and, as a matter of course, lieutenants being wanted for the new purchases, his two oldest mid-shipmen, who had passed their examination, shipped the white lapelles.

It was a few days subsequent to this that a small party dined with Lord Eustace, and, to his great pleasure, old Will Parallel, the master, was enabled once more to sit at his lordship's table to

diately transferred to the slings. The greatest humour of the game is that the monkey, in the eager pursuit of his foes, very frequently loses sight of discretion, and runs with such speed as to throw himself entirely off his balance, (the rope being nearly perpendicular, and affording but little check,) he swings up, and then comes bodily down again, where he gets a tremendous buffeting from the rest.

meet an old messmate in the person of Captain Hawser. After the repast, whilst the wine was going briskly round, the scenes and events of former days were amply discussed, and ultimately old Andrew Nipper, or, as he was more generally called, Andy Nipper, a veteran quartermaster of the *Spankaway*, was, at Captain Hawser's request, summoned to have a glass of grog; for he had been Hawser's nautical father hammock-man and drudge when the gallant captain first entered the service as a volunteer of the superior grade.

"Well, Andy," said Hawser, "and how does the world use you now, old boy?"

The veteran drank off his grog at a draught, with a look which spoke, as plainly as look could speak, "Never make two bites at a ripe cherry." "I'm thinking, your honour," said old Andy, "I'm thinking of the times when I was with your honour in the ould Clinkem, eight-and-twenty, in the West Ingees, and we had that bit of a do in the boats arter that devil's own half pirate, half smuggler, the *Thundercloud* schooner, commanded by a picarooning wagabone as they used to say was a nat'ral-born legepitimate child of ould Belzebub, and the niggers used to frighten the children to sleep by ounly naming the name of Captain Blueblazes."

"What was it, Andy?" said Lord Eustace, who greatly esteemed the veteran. "Put the old boy a chair at the side-table, and give him another glass of grog. Let's have the story; and, Nugent, keep your ears open; everything tells in book-making."

The commands were promptly attended to; the old man brought himself comfortably to an anchor, with a rare stiff nor'-wester before him; and then, turning to Captain Hawser, he commenced, "Your honour 'ull mind the time, I'm thinking."

"Why, yes, Andy, I do remember something of what you are alluding to," returned the officer; "but you know I was only a youngster then, had just served my time, and was waiting to pass, and from some cause or other, I forget what, I was not with the boats on that occasion."

"No; good reason not, your honour," responded Andy. "I remembers it well; you were hove down in your hammock, under yellow Jack, and Muster Handsail had the large cutter—the Irish master's mate, you'll recollect, a tall young man, with broad features and precious comical eyes."

"Why, ay, Andy, your description brings him to my mind," assented Hawser; "we were messmates two years: I believe he squinted."

"No, your honour," explained the veteran, "it warn't a squint, nor cro'jack brace fashion, nor yet a leer, nor cross-sighted, but I'm bless'd if I usedn't to think his eyes were knock-knee'd—I could make nothing else on 'em. Well, Muster Handsail had the large cutter; Muster Cocktail, a follower o' the captain's, had the small cutter; and Muster Shauginsea, the second lieutenant, another Irishman, took command in the pinnace, with a twelve-pounder mounted on a slide in the bows, and away we went arter this here wagabone of a *Thundercloud*, right up one of them there narrow creeks in the island of Cuba. D'ye mind we'd chased her for six hours almost within gun-shot, and sometimes throwing the water up close in her broad wake; but, like a d—deceitful two-faced craft as she was, no sooner did we begin to overhaul her, and expect to get her

arter we left the Spaniard and his bits o' ebony, we set to work with a will to pull out again; but what with the strength of the current, and the shattered oar-blades, we made but little headway, and got terribly out in our reckoning, in the matter o' there being a little thousand creeks and channels running into one another, and we couldn't see either to starboard or port for the bush, so as to get any marks on to guide us out of this infarnal hole; and by-and-by it came on towards dark, and a thick haze grew up, and we all took to shivering and shaking like—a-hem!—like a lady's lap-dog in a snow-storm. Well, at last we had dark night—not a star to be seen,—every soul on us chattering with the ague, till the very boat seemed to have caught it too, for she quivered all the same as if she'd been a right arnest Christian,—and there we was, happy-go-lucky, without a drop o' comfort, grog-time over, and not one on us knew one minute where we should shove our noses the next. 'By the powers,' says Muster Handsail, 'it's in the centre of a hobble we are, anyhow, and it's meself as is bothered entirely which way we'll get out of it. If it was a bit of a bog, now, Andy, and I'd a taste or two of whiskey, 'twould be all clear enough; but here we are like wild geese on a herring-pond, and dothering with the could in a fog as thick as ould Father Ballygannon's night-cap.'—'Don't be talking there in that boat!' shouted Muster Shauginsea; 'they'll be after hearing you presently.'—'Faith, and it's ounly me teeth, sir,' said Muster Handsail in reply; 'it's ounly me teeth chattering in regard o' the ague, sir.' Well, your honour, the funder we pulled, the deeper we seemed to get into difficulty; sometimes we got a rattling current in our favour, and then we had it like a sluice dead again us; every two or three minutes we were in among the trees, and the stumps scrubbing our bottom, and then we were fouling each other in trying to get out again, so that we were reg'lar bush-rangers, and I'm blessed if any on us could tell at last what course we were on."

"It is rather surprising that Mr. O'Shaughnessy didn't come to a grapnel," remarked Captain Scud, "or make fast to the trees till it cleared up."

"Why, your honour, he did think o' doing on't," asserted Andy; "but then he said that was next kin to nothing, and by keeping in motion we should be sure to find ourselves somewhere; so we kept our small-arms dry in case of falling in with anything; and Mr. Shauginsea tould us it was best to be in exercise, as then we should keep our blood in free skrimmigation."

"He was right," observed Captain Hawser shivering, although the weather was extremely warm. "I well remember the deadly chills of those horrible swamps; the very thought of them makes my blood run cold."

"Well, your honours, it didn't last very long," continued Nipper, "for just as we rounded a point as sharp as a winch, slap we ran stem on to a schooner-rigg'd craft, and in an instant, without waiting for any word, we jumped aboard; and the first thing I twigged was the long gun, and the next moment I got a crack on the head that filled my eyes with a general illumination, and brought a noise in my ears just like a Merry-Andrew beating a tattoo on the lid of a gunner's salt-box; but I didn't go down, for Muster Handsail cotched hold on me. 'Rouse and bitt, Andy!' says he; and so I

rallied again, and the Spaniards gave us such a warm reception that it soon took the chill off, and at it we went hammer and tongs, the pirates fighting like devils, seeing as they 'd been dropp'd on un-awars, and as savage as blazes, 'cause their owner hadn't time to transmogrify her again,—for I am sartin that it was the same craft we had overhauled in the arfternoon, laying in just the same place at the turn of the point.

“At it we went, howsomever; and, as all our party got fair footing on the Thundercloud's deck, why Jack Spaniard sallied aft, and in about five minutes, or mayhap it warn't quite so long, we 'd driven 'em all, holus-bolus, overboard from the taffrel and quarters, and they were swimming away for the shore. None on us expected such a consarn, for we 'd give up all thoughts of the schooner, and the action was all the pleasanter for being touch-and-go. ‘By the hooky, Andy,’ says Muster Handsail, ‘but this is quare work anyhow! Out o' the fog into the Thundercloud; and, by the pipers, there's a flash o' lightning for us!’ and rattle comes a whole shoal of small-shot from the shore, ripping and rending, and thud-thud they went into the schooner's planking, and whisht-whisht past our ears as if they 'd coax a fellow out o' the world with a whistle! We got good sight o' the flash, though, just astarn; so we slued round the long gun, and sent its contents right in the direction, and we heard a rattling and a screaming as if we 'd pitched the iron into someut, and made the splinters fly. ‘Give 'em another taste o' the metal!’ says Muster Shauginsea, ‘else the fellows 'll think we're playing with 'em! Lay the gun well, and fire when you're ready!’ Slap they had it again, your honors, round and grape, and I'm bless'd but there was a pretty crashing and splitting, though what it was that the shots tould on nobody could guess. Some thought it was a craft, others would have it to be a house, and many said it was oonly the branches of the trees; but then, you know, your honors, them dumb things couldn't screech out. Howsomever, we soon got rid of the ague; and some on 'em as had been overhauling the lockers below, found a breaker of rum, so we spliced the main-brace, and felt all square again. But the Spaniards warn't idle; they kept up a running fire, and presently I heard a little voice alongside o' me say, ‘Andy! Andy! they 've knocked daylight through me! I'm off, ould boy!’ So I looks on the deck, and there lay the poor young gentleman, Muster Cocktail, on his beam-ends. ‘Where 's Handsail?’ says he. So I gave Muster Handsail a hail; but he was pointing the long gun, and ‘Never mind, Andy,’ says the child,—for he warn't more nor eleven years of age,—‘never mind. He promised to hide me with the coult, but I shall cheat him this time. Oh God, Andy!’ uttered he in agony, ‘this is dreadful! but it will soon be over. Put your hand to my back, Andy; it is splitting in two! Oh, my poor mother! this 'll break her heart!’—‘Who 's hurt here?’ asked Muster Shauginsea, coming up.—‘It 's oonly little Cocktail,’ said the youngster. ‘I'm going, sir; I feel I'm going!’ The lieutenant stooped down, and took the lad's hand. ‘I hope not, youngster,’ said he in a voice of kindness; ‘come, come, let me raise you up!’—‘No, no, sir!’ exclaimed the young gentleman; ‘my back's broke, Mr. Shauginsea. I shall never see home again! but, will you tell the captain, sir,—will you tell him that I did my duty, and—’ A spasm stopped his utterance

for a minute or two, as Muster Handsail again sent the contents of the long gun at the Spaniards; and, when the noise of the report died away, 'Cheer up, youngster!' says Muster Shauginsea, 'you're not so much hurt as you think for!' But, your honors, he spoke to a corpse! 'His cable's parted, Andy!' says the lieutenant, laying him gently on the deck, 'but this is no time for snivelling, you d—dould fool!' Now, your honors, I warn't a-snivelling, though I must own I felt someit like spray in my eyes; but the lieutenant *was* snivelling like a child (for we all loved the boy), and so he blow'd me up 'cause I shouldn't take any notice on it. 'Man your boat, Andy,' says he, for I was coxsen of the large cutter, 'and take four marines with you, and be all ready for shoving off.'—'Ay, ay, sir,' says I. So I gets the four jollies and the cutter's crew all ship-shape, when I'm blessed if a large row-boat didn't clap me alongside afore ever I seed a soul nigh hand; and one on 'em—that's the pirate's, your honor—catches me hould by the nape o' the neck to grapple with me. 'Si Signor,' says I, 'not these ten days!' and I whips a ball through his skull, as cured him for ever of the headache; but he held on his death-grip, and souse he had me overboard. I felt his last struggle. I heard the grinding of his teeth. He let go his hould; and I'd just time to swim to the schooner's rudder-chains as I got clear on him, or else I must have gone astarn, and mayhap perished. The noise of the firing put Mr. Shauginsea up to the trick, and the boat was beat off; but five or six others tried to board, some on the bows, and some on the quarter; but our brave lads druv 'em away, though they laid off at a short distance, and peppered us with their small arms, but without doing much execution, in the regard o' the darkness of the night.

"Well, there was a bit of a breeze sprung up, and it blowed a hole in the fog abaft, and they cotched sight of a row-boat pulling up astarn. Now some o' the boys, by Muster Shauginsea's orders, had run out a couple o' cannonades from the starn ports, and they made such a devil of a hullabaloo over my head as I held on by the rudder chains that they couldn't hear me hail for a rope till all was silent just afore they were going to fire, and then the lieutenant looks over. 'It's me! Andy, your honor!' says I.—'Andy!' says he, 'what, not gone down? They tould me you'd walked off arm-in-arm with the Spaniard.'—'They tould your honour a d—d lie, then!' says I, saving your presence, gentlemen. 'Will you let some o' the lubbers heave me a rope, sir?'—'Hould on, Andy,' says he quietly, 'we arn't got time now. Lay that gun well, boy!—Ready!—Fire!' and bang went both cannonades together. My eyes! but there was a scattering o' chips, and a screeching out, and 'She's going down! Hurrah, boys! load away!' shouted the lieutenant.—'Hand us the eend of a rope, and be d—d to some on you!' says I; but they seemed to have forgot me in their hurry to load again, and 'Away, forud, boys,' cries Muster Shauginsea; 'the thieves are boarding us on the bows.' Well, your honors, I felt quite flabbergasted to think there was fighting going on, where every man's arm would tell, and there was I, Andrew Nipper, floundering round the rudder-chains, of no manner o' use whatsoever; so I tries to scramble up, but it was a hopeless consarn, and 'D—the dog that bit the barber,' says I, 'if this arn't a rum go, anyhow!'—'You're right, shipmate!' says a voice just close astarn o' me; and when I felt the hot breath on

my neck I'm blessed if I didn't think it was Davy Jones. 'Yo-hoy!' says I, quite constroperously; 'who the devil may you be?'—'Exactly so,' says the voice, and a hand laid hould o' my shoulder.—'Murder,' thinks I, 'if it should be the ould sinner arter all come to save his craft, why then, Andy, it's all up with you!'—'What cheer? what cheer?' says he, shoving up alongside o' me, and grabbing hould o' the rudder-chains. 'I say, brother, this is a decent night to take a could bath in! Why, what the h—are you looking for? rudder fish?'—'It's no use being daanted,' thinks I, and, 'd—his black muzzle, I never did him any spite!' 'It's not the likes o' you I'm looking for,' says I, 'that's neither fish, flesh, nor fowl!—'Nor good red herring,' he chimes in; 'but, don't be angry, shipmate. You arn't one o' the schooners, I take it? There, side out for a bend, and give us room to *swing*.'—'It's just what I'd wish,' says I; 'but I'm thinking swinging's too good for you, whether picaroon or devil.'—'Come, I like that!' says he, laughing quite unconcerned. 'But, I say, brother, what ship may you belong to?'—'Why, that's a civil question,' says I, 'and nobody shall say I ever given an oncivil answer when properly spoken to, though Davy Jones himself was to ax me. I belongs to the ould Clinkem, twenty-eight'—'Commanded by Captain Killcrack,' says he.—'The same,' says I, struck into a fit of the doldrums to find he knew the craft so well, and still dubersome in my mind whether it warn't Davy Jones arter all. 'Do you know the Hooker?' axed I.—'Yes, brother, I do, well,' says he; 'but I wish they'd throw us a rope.'—'They're better engaged,' says I, quite bould,—for lying alongside of him had spirited me up,—'they're better engaged, as you may hear; unless, indeed, they could drop a running bowline, or a hangman's noose round your neck, for, I take it, you're no better than you should be, or else you wouldn't be here.'—'At all events I've a companion,' says he quite softly and good-humoured.—'And so,' thinks I to myself, 'if it is the devil he doesn't mean me any harm by his fun.'—'We're overboard together, brother,' says he, 'and houlding on by a Thundercloud, which is next kin to hanging by the eye-lids. Natur plays us strange freaks, brother, at times; here we are safe and snug from all danger, unless, indeed, an ugly customer of a shark should be cruising in the neighbourhood. I'm saying, we're secure whilst there's bloody work going on above, and many a poor fellow will lose the number of his mess. But, how came you overboard?'—'It warn't to look for my grog, kid,' says I; 'but, since you axes so many questions, pray what brought you a-swimming to-night?' for I thought I'd try and find him out.—'Revenge!' said he,—indeed he almost screeched,—'and, if I could ounly lay hould of a rope, I'd put Muster Shauginsea up to a move or two.' Well, your honors, I felt quite confusterated when I heard him name the leftenant's name; but I'm blessed if he didn't heave my ideas right slap aback when he adds, quite easy and insinivating, 'Why, I declare, if it isn't Andy Nipper. You must excuse me for not minding you afore, in the regard o' this being a rather out-of-the-way place to meet one's friends.'—'Avast, yer reverence!' says I, 'no friend o' yourn, if you please, seeing as I defy you and all your works!'—'Why, who the devil do you take me for, Andy?' says he, laughing with as much glee as if it was a good joke.—'Who do I take you for?' says I, 'why, Davy Jones, to be sure!'—'Capital!' says he, 'a

most excellent guess ; and ain't you afeard ?'—'Not a bit of it !' says I, for I thought it best to speak out without fear, favour, or affection ; 'not a bit of it, if your holiness will ounly just give me a wider berth,' for he got scrowging again me as if he wanted to rouse me out o' that. 'Well, Andy,' says he, 'be as quiet as a sucking babby ; misfortunes make us acquainted with strange bed-fellows,' and he shouted, 'Pon deck, there ! give us a rope over the starn !' but the uproar of the firing and the fighting prevented anybody hearing, and it struck me comical to think if it really was Davy, why he didn't whisk up without a rope. 'Well, Andy,' says he, just as smooth as varnish, 'there's nothing like patience in this world ; it saves a man from many vexations, and a vast expenditure of animal spirits, as you might have proved, Andy, if, instead of flying in a passion with Mamma Juno at Black-town, when she robbed you of your ticker, you 'd taken it all easy.'—'Well, I'm bless'd !' says I ; 'but your excellency seems to know all about it, anyhow, though it puzzles my edecation to make out why you stops here, when you 've ounly to catch hould o' the taffrel, and jump on deck !'—'Do you think so, Andy ?' says he. 'Why, then, good b'ye !' and I'm blessed if he didn't rise up out o' the water without hardly a heffert, ounly he claps his thieving-hooks upon my shoulders in going aloft, and shoves me under. When I rose, and shook the spray clear o' my daylight, he was gone ; but he 'd thrown a rope's-eend over, and in less than no time I was in the middle of my shipmates. But fighting had made sad havoc among 'em. Some of my ouldest messmates laid bleeding on the deck, and the dead and the dying everywhere met the eye. Mr. Shauginsea stood leaning against the companion-hatch, his head drooping down, and his sword hanging loosely in his hand ; he was severely wounded, and seemed partly onsensible to what was going on : the poor little mid-shipman was lying at his feet. Muster Handsail was at the long gun, and by his side was a queer-looking genius pointing it in a new direction. 'Ha, Andy !' says he ; and I knew it was my companion of the rudder-chains. 'Here I am, you see, hard at it. Muster all hands, my boy, and get ready to jump in the boats !' I supposed it was all right, seeing as he was alongside of the officer. 'Bear a-hand, Nipper, my boy !' says Muster Handsail ; and 'Ay, ay, sir !' says I,—for I know'd obedience to orders is best, let the devil himself be the spokesman. No offence meant, your honours."

"Well, Andy, and pray who was the gentleman after all ?" inquired Mr. Parallel. "You 've been working a long reckoning ; it is time we should know something of the bearings and distance."

"All in good time, sir ; all in good time," returned Andy ; "please let me spin my yarn my own way, unless your honours are tired on 't."

"Oh no, Andy, heave a-head, my boy !" exclaimed Captain Hawser, in which he was joined by the rest ; "we won't interrupt you ; steer your own course."

"Thankee,—thankee, your honors !" said the veteran seaman, pulling out his "bacca"-box, and replenishing his quid. "Well, d'ye see, I mustered all hands ; but, out of forty, we could only number five-and-twenty effective, with three or four not so badly wounded but they might 'tend the schooner ; so, arter firing the long gun, down jumps Muster Handsail and the stranger into the boats,

and away we stretched out for the shore, where, as we approached, I saw looming in the haze a large building like a barracks, and then I supposed we were going to storm it. The stranger took the pinnace, but Muster Handsail stuck by the cutter, and 'Be ready to board in the smoke,' says he.—'If I may be so bould as to ax, sir,' says I, 'pray, who is the strange gentleman in the pinnace?'—'What, don't you know him, Andy?' says he; 'why, he 's the very devil!'—'That just tallies with my idea on him, Muster Handsail,' says I, more nor ever conformed that it was ould Davy.—'Howsomever,' says I, 'it's no matter to me, sir, as long as you're satisfied.'—'Hush, Andy!' says he. 'Keep in his wake, and shove her nose in close to the pinnace as soon as she touches. By the powers, but there's a few of 'em waiting for us!' and, sure enough, the landing-place seemed to be crowded. 'Ready?' shouted the stranger in the pinnace.—'All ready,' says Muster Handsail. 'Men, handle your arms.—Fire!' the thing was done in a moment. The Spaniards gave a straggling volley in return; but, when the smoke had cleared away, we run on to the bank, formed in an instant, and tailed on for the building; but there was no one to stop our progress. The place was deserted, and so we soon set it in a blaze.

"Well, while this was going on, the stranger disappears; but when the light began to flare up, he shows himself almost in the middle of it, shouting out for us to extinguish the flames, for he warn't by when they set it on fire. But, Lord love you! he might just as well have tould us to clap an extinguisher on the sun as to put out the conflagration, the place being built of thin, dry wood, that hissed, and crackled, and burnt like fury. 'What can he be doing there?' said Muster Handsail, 'some devil's trick or other.'—'No doubt on it, sir,' says I; 'at all events he's more in his nat'ral element now than when he was floundering under the schooner's counter, and be d— to him!'—'Andy!' says a voice whispering close to my ear, and so I turns short round, and couldn't see nobody. 'Andy!' it came again, 'show yourself a man if you have a heart, and follow me!'—'Rather not, your reverence,' says I, without turning my head, as I know'd him.—'Plenty of rum,' says he.—'Can't touch it,' says I, paying out as big a lie as ever I tould.—'I shall score you one for that,' says he, and then it struck me how useless it was to think to cheat ould Belzebub.—'Come, nonsense, Andy!' says he, 'I want to catch that wagabone thief, Blueblazes; bring three hands with you, and I'll see you get the reward. Follow me, Andy!'—'What's the use o' being afeard?' thinks I to myself. 'Who knows but the ould chap may stand my friend upon a pinch,' and so I makes sail arter him.—'Where's the other hands?' axes he; 'but, never mind, walk silently, and keep close to me.' So we goes round to the rear of the building, where the bush was pretty thick, and dived down right underground into a dark passage. 'Stay here, Andy,' says he, 'and if anybody offers to come out, take him alive if you can; and, if he shows fight, shoot him. And now,' added he very solemnly, 'May God Almighty assist my search!'—'Then you arn't the devil?' says I, quite gleesome to hear him pronounce the great Name, which none o' them infarnal genius d utter. 'No, Andy,' says he; 'but I haven't time to talk to you now. Halloo! who goes there?' and he dashed onwards, and heard the footsteps of two persons running. Now the passage warn't

broader than just to admit one man abreast, so thinks I to myself I may just as well keep watch at the entrance, and then I shall see how the conflagration gets on. So I pokes my head out o' the aarth, and gets my body half-way up, like a fellow creeping through lubber's hole, and looks at the fire, which was blazing away merrily, and I sees right in the middle of it a sort of large square tower, that look'd some'ut like a chimbley, oonly it was so big; and presently two human beings issued from the very top of it, grappling with each other, and struggling for the mastery. One on 'em I soon diskivered to be my maty of the rudder-chains, and the other was dress'd in a Spanish dress, very dirty and torn. It was an awful spectacle, your honors, to see them, whilst the destructive helement was raging all around, and the flames snapping like coach-whips right in their very faces: I'm saying, it was an awful spectacle to see 'em striving to take each other's life. First one, and then the other, was bent back over the burning ashes, as their arms were twined together with a convulsive clutch that nothing but death could loosen, and each alternately obtained advantage. Their faces were smeared with blood and powder, and they looked fearfully terrific as they wrestled upon that small elevated spot, hanging betwixt life and death. 'He 's no Davy Jones, that 's for sartin,' thought I, 'and yon he 's contending with must be the skipper of the schooner, who they say is one of Davy's nat'ral childer.' At all events I'll try whether he 's flesh and blood if I can but get a good aim.' So I claps the butt of my musket to my shoalder, steadies the barrel upon the aarth, and points the muzzle at the object. Two or three times I slightly pressed the trigger, as I thought I'd covered him; but the stranger bobbed in the way, and happily the trigger was a stiff 'un. At last the stranger, by a shift of the hand as quick as lightning, seized Blueblazes by his shaggy hair, and bent his head back over the flames. It was a captital mark, with a strong clear light behind it; and, though the heads warn't more nor six inches apart, I lets fly, and there was a wild screech that I didn't care about, but it was followed by a laugh—oh, so horrible that it made my blood run could! and then there was a hearty cheer from all hands t' other side of the building. 'You 've done some'ut, Andy,' says I to myself. 'Mayhap aimed at ould Nick, and hit the parson. Well, I did it for the best.' So, when the smoke cleared away, I looked at the chimbley; but there was nobody there. Both on 'em was gone; and, whilst I was a-thinking about it, I heard two persons (for they were talking) coming along the passage. 'Then I didn't hit him at last?' says I, and, dropping my musket, I cocks one of my pistols, and stretches myself out on the long grass just by the hole, so as to command a good sight of it; and the next thing I hears the stranger's voice calling, 'Andy! Andy! where are you, my boy?' and out he comes. 'It 's here I am,' says I, rising up. 'Where 's Blueblazes?'—'The villain!' screeched he; 'I've been revenged; both his soul and his body are in the flames; and, could I tell who it was that fired *that* shot, a hundred guineas should be his reward.'—'Hand it over, then,' says I, 'for it was sweet-lips there,' pointing to my musket, 'that never sent a ball ontrue. But, where did it hit him?' says I.—'Can this be true, Andy?' says he.—'Nay, did you or any one else whatsomever ever know'd me to tell a lie?'—'The reward shall be yours, Andy,' says he.—'Gam-

mon!' thinks I, 'you don't seem to be worth tuppence.'—'Come forth, my love,' says he, looking down the underground funnel; and I'm blessed if there warn't a beautiful young creatur stretching out her hands to him for a help up, and so he gives her a lift, and catches her in his arms; and, my eyes, but he sarved out the kisses in grand style! But she couldn't speak a word of English, being of foreign build;—I think she was French."

"She was, Andy," said Captain Hawser, "and as lovely a girl as ever led a poor devil into a scrape. She was a native of France, located at St. Domingo; but I won't heave a-head of your story, Andy—tell it your own way."

"Well, your honours, we bore up for t'other side of the building," continued the narrator, "and then the stranger says to Muster Handsail, says he, 'The lads have done wrong to fire the building,—it will draw enemies from all parts; though, if Killcrack sees it, and I make no doubt he does, we shall have more assistance from the frigate. But come, bear a hand, my boys; let's man the boats, and see after Mr. Shauginsea and the schooner! This devil's nest is destroyed, however, and the sooner we're off the better.'—'Which boat will your lordship have?' axed Muster Handsail, quite respectfully. And 'Wheew!' whistled I, 'here's a pretty kettle o' fish I've made of it! but I'm blessed if I mayn't log down my hundred guineas as safe enough, anyhow!' And so I goes up close to him, and looks hard in his face as the blazing light fell broad upon it, and, though I hadn't seen him since he was a midshipman, I'm blowed if I didn't know him directly—it was Lord C—ford. 'I shall go in the cutter with Andy,' says he. And 'God bless your lordship!' says I, 'to go for to think I should take you for—' 'Never mind, Andy,' says he; 'get your boat ready, my boy, and do your best for the lady.'—'That I wull, my lord,' says I; 'but ounly think—' 'Bear a hand, Andy,' says he; and then he turns to Muster Handsail, 'Take the pinnace, young gentleman, and shove off for the schooner.' Well, your honors, in a few minutes we were all afloat again, and pulling up in shore; but the tide had changed, and so we stood bouldly off, and we found poor Muster Shauginsea stretched on the deck alongside of the youngster, and we got him into the pinnace, and set the schooner on fire fore and aft; and I'm blessed if the burning didn't drive out a couple o' Spaniards that had stowed themselves down in the run, and we made prisoners on 'em. 'Put one on 'em in the pinnace,' says his lordship, 'and, young gentleman, make him pilot you out. If he refuses, or plays you treacherously, shoot him like a dog. Andy, clap the other in the cutter, and leave me alone to manage him.' So he speaks to them in Spanish, and shows 'em his pistols, and then they were handed into the boats, and their arms braced slap aback; so, being all ready, and the flames climbing up the schooner's masts and rigging, we gave three cheers, and shoved off. Now, I'd picked up some spare duds o' jackets on the deck of the craft, and made a nice comfortable seat for the lady, and his lordship passed his arm round her waist, and she laid her head on his shoulder, and they looked as happy as two cherrybums. We'd the tide in our favour now, and in a very short time we danced out into the open sea, and there laid the frigate at anchor with her lights up; for the fog had quite cleared away, and the moon was stepping out

of her hammock, and there was a fine pleasant warm breeze. "Now stretch out, and beat the pinnace, my men," says his lordship, "so that the doctor may be roused out all ready for the wounded that's in her. Give way, my lads, with a will!" And I'm blessed if we didn't give way, and soon passed the pinnace, where we could hear the poor fellows groaning, and we warn't many minutes in getting alongside. Lord C—ford run up the gangway, and presently he and the skipper came and looks over, and there was orders for the chair. But "Never mind," says his lordship; "Julia can get aboard without slings;" and so he comes down into the boat, and with both our helps she mounts the side-steps, and gets on deck like a rigger. Poor Muster Shauginsea was a long time in danger, and at last was invalided home; but I've seen him since then, when he was first lieutenant of a frigate that fitted out at Deptford; but he died shortly arter. The poor little midshipman was buried with military honours at Port Royal, and the dead seamen (for we brought away both killed and wounded) were sewed up in their hammocks, and consigned to the deep. My eyes! but we'd plenty of grog that night, and no watch; and I got my hunderd guineas as snug as a cockroach. There, your honors, is a bit of a yarn; and now, mayhap, Captain Hawser will tail on to it, and tell you how his lordship came to be there."

"With all the pleasure in life," said the captain cheerfully, "provided that it is agreeable to all hands."

A ready assent was given.

"But I say, Nipper," exclaimed Mr. Parallel, who in all cases was a sort of matter-of-fact man, "I say, you haven't told us how his lordship went aloft from the rudder-chains to the taffrail."

"No more I arn't," returned Andy; "but I can, sir, for I axed his lordship, and he said somebody threw it, or somehow or other a rope came over the stern—it was the end of the boom-sheet; and so whilst I was thinking of someut else, and was rather bothered about Davy Jones, he grabs hold without my seeing it, and souses me under, whilst he went up hand over hand, and when he was on deck he sends it down again for me."

"Very good, Andy,—very good," rejoined the master; "and now, Captain Hawser, if you'll please to favour us, I'm all attention."

SONNET TO —

WHILE conning o'er the lays of olden time,
 I read of forms in poesy rehearsed;
 Descriptions, born of love, by passion nursed,
 And beauty, shadow'd forth in glowing rhyme,—
 These life-like charms invoked in thoughts sublime,
 Embued with such intense but holy fire,
 Were, to my sceptic reason, pictured then
 As love-lorn ravings of the poet's lyre,
 Or essences too pure for mortal ken.
 O disbelief of the poetic quire!
 Dark dream of doubt!—distrust of nature's skill,
 That might have rapt my veiled vision still,
 Had it not waken'd on that star-gemm'd night,
 When thy bright beauty burst upon my sight.—W. H. W.

GRIFFONE.

A TALE OF THE PENINSULA.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL NAPIER, AUTHOR OF THE HISTORY OF
"THE PENINSULAR WAR."

At a short distance from Celorico, and high up on the steep side of a mountain which curves in such a manner as to form a profound basin, stands the village of Des Iras, which is the most beautiful in the world.

The houses, better built than the generality of Portuguese habitations, do not stand contiguous to each other, but are cast in groups most picturesque without and clean and cool within. A spring of water, large enough for the head of a river, gushes out of a rock just above the village, and pours through all the streets in clear gurgling streams one or two feet deep even in summer; and they are so full in winter, that the doors of the houses open upon pathways raised six, and, in some places, as much as ten feet high, to protect the villagers from the freshes. Vines, trained on slender rods which stretch from roof to roof across the street, form an awning of the richest hues, and, besides the beauty and pleasure of the fruit, which hanging in heavy and richly-tinted clusters tempts the hand to gather and the mouth to taste, this many-coloured covering keeps out the sun, and softens the fierce climate to a delicious temperature.

Here and there, also, are open spaces adorned with natural fountains, and waterfalls, and archways, and grottoes, worn through huge masses of a porphyry-coloured sandstone by the never-ceasing streams. In fine the whole village is a labyrinth of vines, and trees, and houses, and fantastic rocks, with everything that is pretty and fresh, and everything that is sublime in form, to delight the eye: to excite the imagination, and to cast the mind into a state of voluptuous sensibility. All around are objects of pleasure to meet the sight. Stately cork-trees, giant chestnuts, and patriarch oaks abound; and amidst grapes, and oranges, and mulberries, and pomegranates, and irregular masses of houses, disposed in the most delightful manner, the pretty peasant girls are to be seen, dressed in bright blue and red, or yellow, after the manner of the country, now sauntering with a slow pace along the windings and wooded pathways, now stopping to converse in groups, or gathering round the fountains in graceful attitudes to wash or spread their linen, while the air resounds with the warbling of birds and with the clear musical voices of the girls singing,—sometimes singly, and sometimes in chorus.

Look down the mountain, and the eye fails to pierce the da-
abyss; but slight silvery streaks of light mark the course
the waters as they wind and tumble through the thick-standi

chestnut and ilex trees, which hang in heavy umbrageous masses on the sides of the basin, the rich green and brown tints of their foliage deepening into blackness as they descend, until day itself is lost in the gulf below, from which, however, an agreeable hum, as if from ten thousand swarms of bees, comes up with a soothing sound.

Look up, and the eye encounters enormous grey slate rocks, peering above the tops of the loftiest trees, while, high over all, the huge Estrella peak though several miles distant appears a part of the mountain on which the village stands, and so nigh that it would seem an outstretched hand might take snow from its hoary head.

This is the valley of "*Des Iras*," which means the Valley of Wrath.

It is so called because formerly a wizard, being offended with the baron of the valley, foretold a violent death, at a certain hour, for the lord's son. To evade this prophecy, the babe was put by its parents into a tower without doors, and guarded with the utmost care; but it was nevertheless killed at the fated time by the malignant wizard, who, changed into a serpent, went up in a basket of provisions, and thus fulfilled his own prophecy. The lord went mad and disappeared, the lady died of grief, and the tower was thrown to the ground by a thunderbolt. None know what became of the wizard, but it was said he could never recover his human shape again, and that he glides perpetually in the gloomy hollows of the basin below. And ever since that time a "*Griffone*," supposed to be the lord, comes every fourth year to the valley of *Des Iras*, and remains for one month. He generally sits upon a large branch of one enormous tree; he is very stately to look at, and very melancholy, but at certain periods of the night he sails slowly over the dark basin with a continual moaning, and finally, hovering for a time over the place where the tower stood, gives two loud, shrill, threatening cries, and returns to his tree. He is a fierce enemy to all snakes, pouncing upon and tearing them to pieces, and he carries a ring of gold upon his right leg, with an inscription purporting that he had been once caught at Constantinople. Whether he escaped from confinement, or was purposely liberated, is not known; but he comes every fourth year without fail to the valley to sail over the gulf, and to make his moan.

In the year 1810, just before Massena's army entered Portugal, an English officer, who had been wounded in the battle of the Coa, was sent to this beautiful and retired village to recover his health, and while there a lively Portuguese boy told him the story of the wizard and the tower, and said he had himself seen "*Griffone*," who would certainly come again in a month, saying that the fourth year had now arrived. Being laughed at, the boy got very angry, and, repeating his assertion, drew a picture of a griffin such as they have them on the coach-panels

in London. He said that was the shape and manner of the bird which he had seen, and that the officer should see it also, if he would wait for a month in the valley. He knew a vulture, he said, and an eagle,—and well he might, for there were thousands of them in that neighbourhood,—but they were not like “*Griffone*.”

The invading French army came up so soon afterwards, that the officer never saw this wonderful bird; yet he did not the less prove in his own person that the time for strange adventures in the valley of wrath had not yet passed away. His wound was in the hip, and, as it was still open, he was unable to walk much, and used, for want of other employment, to pass many hours sitting on one of the natural benches of stone listening to the sound of the fountains around him, and either admiring the extreme beauty of the place, or pondering in his memory the many tales of love and danger which he had read in Spanish romances, and of which his well-stored memory was very tenacious. It was moreover his habit so to abstract his mind on such occasions, that he actually at times believed himself engaged in such adventures, and was nearly as mad as Don Quixote himself. Indeed everything that could excite a young imagination worked in his brain. At one moment, intent upon the war then raging, he saw nothing but French grenadiers, with their fiery eyes, large mustachios, and red tasselled shacos; at another the beautiful scene before him was filled with genii and nymphs, and knights and fairies, with whom he loved to converse, while the material world vanished altogether.

One day, being deeply immersed in reveries of this nature, he was startled by a half-suppressed laugh, and looking up, beheld the arches and openings in the rocks around filled with female faces, all lighted up with smiles, and sparkling eyes, such as he had in his waking dreams given to imaginary nymphs. For a moment he thought it an illusion; but the laugh repeated on all sides convinced him that it was a charming reality, and he sprang forward from his seat to take a nearer view of these joyous beings of the grottoes. Alas! his wound broke with the exertion, a stream of blood flowed down his side, the sudden pain deprived him of power, and he sunk down again at the foot of the seat he had so hastily quitted. A cry of fear and pity was immediately raised by the beings who had thus so strangely and suddenly appeared, and the next instant he was surrounded by eight or nine lovely Portuguese girls, from thirteen to seventeen years of age, and, by their dress, evidently not peasants. Their heads were crowded about him; their long tresses, escaping from confinement, fell upon his arms and shoulders; their eager hands helped him up; their large dark eyes glistened with tears, and their musical voices continually uttered words of condolence and sorrow, such as, “*Muita triste*,”—“*Coitadinho*,”—“*Pobrezinho*,”—“*Sta ferido*,”—“*Senhor Cabo*,”—“*Cabocino*,” &c.

That is to say, "very sorry,"—"poor thing,"—"dear little fellow,"—"he is wounded,"—"Mr. Corporal,"—"poor little corporal."

While thus supported, the officer, who shall be henceforth called Guillelmo, had no desire to appear stronger than he really was, and he leaned and reclined with all possible languor upon their assisting arms; but his military pride was hurt at being called a "*little corporal*," for he was tall; and, being at that time unacquainted with Napoleon's cognomen, rather emphatically assured the girls that he was a captain. They, however, would not believe him, for his wardrobe was but ill furnished, his epaulettes were not on, and his clothes, being the same he had worn in the action where he received his wound, were stained in various places with blood.

"*Ah! Naõ, naõ! No sta capitao,—Sta cabocino;—Sta ferido.* No captain: he is a little corporal. Poor little corporal!—he is wounded!" they all exclaimed at once; and half in earnest, half in frolic, they supported him to his quarters, which were close by, and then, bidding adieu to "*Senhor Cabocino*," they left him.

That night the officer slept little, and when he did sleep he thought he heard voices at times repeating the words "*Cabo, cabocino*," which he vainly endeavoured to turn into *capitao*. The next morning he put on his epaulettes very ostentatiously and repaired to his haunt near the fountains, hoping that he looked pale and interesting enough to attract the nymphs again. But none of the wayward creatures appeared; and as he was unable to walk much he got upon his horse, a little fiery chestnut barb full of fun and wickedness, and who took a strange delight in running open-mouthed after all the ducks, and geese, and hens which happened to cross his path. This propensity, it is true, had been encouraged and fostered by his rider, who was equally fond of throwing the jereed, that is to say the long cane of the country, at the screaming feathered bipeds. But the horse took to the sport kindly; and with a sure foot, and all signs of gladness, would dart at full speed along the narrow winding root-tangled paths of the mountain, snorting, and champing, and turning, and jumping, and prancing, on the edge of the most abrupt declivities, in a way that to anybody unacquainted with his temper and agility, would seem very dangerous.

Mounted on this little fiery animal, the officer felt certain that he should quickly discover his fair laughing acquaintances, and had little doubt that he should easily persuade his intelligent horse to hunt petticoats as eagerly as hens. The first day, however, he failed entirely; and on his return, a new adventure chased the remembrance of the old one clean out of his *head*,—for hitherto it had gone no further or deeper.

When he had dismounted and entered his quarters, he was surprised to find his servant, an eccentric Irishman, sitting

down in the entrance-room, covering his face with his hands, and quite silent. After several questions as to the cause of this unusual mode of behaviour had been put without being answered, the officer took him by the shoulder, and demanded rather roughly what he meant. Whereupon Fagan, such was his name, lifting up a countenance all bruised and bloody, said, "If you choose to let the *padres* murder me, how can I answer you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I am kilt by the *padres*!"

Now, these *padres*, as he called them, and as they shall continue to be called, were three brothers, apparently the masters of the house. The eldest was, however, a *soi-disant* captain of militia, and generally wore a large old brass-hilted sword, and a huge cocked hat. The second brother called himself a *padre cura*, or parish priest. The third was a mendicant friar. They had been all three especially civil and attentive to the officer; but their looks, and some accidental circumstances, had convinced the latter that they were ferocious, passionate men. He had therefore avoided intercourse with them as much as politeness and decorum towards his hosts would permit, and they in return had shown no inclination for greater intimacy.

It appeared that the *Sieur Fagan*, having, like his master, a taste for conversing with nymphs, and not being so fastidious as to require fountains and grottoes for accompaniments, had been paying soft compliments to the kitchen-maid, not more, however, than custom, and the rules of the service,—which good soldiers, (and he was a very good one,) never neglect,—demanded. But the soldier's notions of etiquette did not at all square with that of the *padres*, and they had consequently fallen upon Fagan. The captain and the priest held him, while the friar beat his head with a garden-hoe.

When the officer heard this tale of outrage, and saw proofs of part of the accusation in the bruised face of his servant, who was a very good fellow, he became indignant: moreover his temper was a little crossed by the bad success of his chase after the nymphs, and he had also a secret sympathy with Fagan, upon whom it was evident the beating really weighed little in comparison of the bad figure he had made in the eyes of the kitchen-maid. The officer, I say, hiding a rapid train of associations under cover of a just anger, walked abruptly into a parlour where the *padres* were at dinner, there leaning on the high back of an old oak chair, demanded, in bad Portuguese, why they had ill-used his servant. All three rose, and with that violent gesticulation and vociferation which are common to their countrymen, began to justify themselves; but whether from passion or eagerness their language and manners made the officer think they to insult him, rather than make amends for their previous rage; wherefore he rashly menaced them.

In an instant the ungoverned ferocity of their tempers was developed with astounding violence. The captain jumped forward and seized his great brass-hilted sword, striving vainly to draw forth the rusty blade; the priest swore vehemently; the friar, who was on the farthest side of the table, snatched up a carving-knife, and rushing round came close in to the officer's side, and without a word endeavoured to stab him. Fortunately the latter had his eye fixed upon the tiger-like motions of the enemy, and lifting up the oak chair upon which he was leaning, felled the savage with a blow: the crash was great, for the old chair flew into a thousand pieces, with a loud crackling noise and much dust; and the friar swore gallantly as he went down.

The officer was now in some danger, for he had no weapon, and his wound would not let him move with the activity necessary to avoid the assault of so many furious enemies; but at that moment the indignant Fagan and his colleague the *bâtman*, the latter a large-handed long-armed Yorkshireman, jumped into the room and restored the equilibrium. A brilliant charge against the *padres* took place, and the eldest brother's sword was beaten out of his grasp; but he got hold of an old gun which was hanging upon the wall, and, presenting it at the *bâtman*, drew the trigger. Fortunately it missed fire; whereupon, exclaiming, "*No sta bom,*"—It is not good,—he very deliberately commenced hammering the flint with a key which he took out of his pocket. Before he could readjust his piece, the Yorkshireman knocked him down, and took the gun away. Nevertheless the battle still raged, for the mendicant friar had recovered himself, and though the English fought stoutly, according to their wont, the officer's wound and weakness rendered him nearly useless after the first blow; and the *padres*, being strong lusty fellows, full of courage, were likely enough to win the day; there was also danger of succour coming to them from without;—in short the prospect was not cheering.

Happily, the village contained few or no male inhabitants; the whole of the men had been called out on service, either as militia or *ordenancas*, or to aid the commissioners in conveying provisions. And fortune, strange to say, being for once more favourable to the army than to the church, brought at this critical moment a foraging party of soldiers near the house. The screams of women without, the yells and swearing of men within, together with the clatter of the fight, soon attracted their attention; and their appearance at once put an end to the battle. The *padres* jumped out of the windows, and with surprising agility scaling a garden wall at least twelve feet high disappeared in the woods behind. No pursuit took place, and the officer, having first entreated of the screaming women at the door (amongst whom, alas! he could not discern his nymphs,)

to disperse, as no farther fighting was likely to take place, commenced packing up his baggage, not thinking it either safe or decorous to continue his lodgement in the house after having beaten the owners.

His preparations were completed, his baggage-mules brought round to the door, and he was moving off in offended dignity, when three ladies, the eldest not more than twenty, none of whom he had ever before seen, suddenly came out of a side room and saluted him with formal Portuguese politeness. They asked if he were hurt or tired, and showed an earnestness of manner and an interest in his proceedings, for which it puzzled him to account. The next instant observing his baggage, they hoped that he was not going away. He answered, "Not from the village, only from the house."

"And why from the house, senhor?" said the youngest of the three. "Is there anything here that offends you?"

"Nothing now, certainly; yet it would not be right to stay in the house of persons with whom I have been fighting."

"But you will not do so: this is my house, and you are my deliverer."

"How is that, senhora?"

"No matter how; but it is so."

"Are you then a relation of the men with whom we have been quarrelling?"

"No, senhor, no relation, but their victim. This house is mine,—these ladies are my cousins. We were alone, without protection, when those accursed and false men, taking advantage of the times, came here, got possession of our house, and made us prisoners. You have driven them away, and I am grateful, and earnestly desire you to stop here. This house is yours. It is yours in justice as an English officer wounded in defence of my country, and it is more especially yours as my particular deliverer and the restorer of my rights."

Seeing that the officer smiled rather incredulously, her beautiful face flushed, her eyes sparkled with anger, and she eagerly exclaimed, "It is true. I say it, and it is so! Yes; this is my house, and it is yours. Order your baggage back, and do me the honour to sup with me this evening. Then I will bring some of my neighbours to meet you, who will testify that what I say is true."

To refuse such an invitation was impossible; Don Guillemo, although he was still incredulous, and thought it unwise to stop in the house, could not forego the pleasure of pursuing the adventure. Wherefore, accepting the invitation to the supper, he at the same time declared his resolution to change his quarters, at least for the present, excusing the ungallant decision on the ground of giving the ladies time to arrange their affairs after the flight of the *padres*.

"But, Senhor Capitao,"—for, unlike the nymphs of the

toes, she did not mistake him for a corporal, "the enemy will return if nobody remains to protect us."

Her smile was enchanting; but the officer replied with affected coldness, "No, *senhora*,—no, *senhora*, be not alarmed; I will remain in the vicinity and do myself the honour of visiting you every day. Yes, yes, be assured you shall be protected."

She was not pleased: but Don Guillelmo had still a lurking suspicion that the whole affair was a ruse of the *padres*, and he was resolved to proceed cautiously. A few hours afterwards he was informed that supper was ready for him, and he was ready for the supper; for having considered that three handsome young ladies might be even more dangerous to meet than three wicked *padres*, he carried with him two very young subalterns of his company, who, being quartered at a neighbouring village, had heard of the fight with the usurpers, and came just in time to mix in the adventure. Thus accompanied, he went to the lady, who received him and his friend very cordially and politely. All this was neither very gallant nor romantic: but then Guillelmo was not yet in love, the story was suspicious, the affair had begun seriously, and war occupied his thoughts at least as much as gallantry. The subtlety and revengeful passions of the Portuguese were well known to him, and he had no desire to run the risk of being assassinated, or perhaps entangled in such a manner that a charge of outrage made at head-quarters could only be rebutted before a court martial; and, in the least disagreeable of these supposed cases, the dangers and the glories of the coming campaign would have been lost to him.

The supper was not only well, but elegantly got up; there was abundance of the wines of the country, and even of champagne, and other delicacies which could scarcely have been procured in a large town. How these were obtained, or whence they came, it was hard to say, but the Portuguese had curious hiding-places. Several very agreeable women had been invited, and the ladies of the house, now as cautious and prudent as the officer, had also brought the *padre cura* of the next village, a venerable and good old lively man, to preside over the festivity. The wine moved briskly, the conversation was pleasant and animated; but the two younger officers, not believing one word that the captain had told them, concluded all was meant for the display of his *bonne fortune*, and mindful of the intent for which they themselves had come, made love so earnestly to the two cousins, that the venerable *padre cura*, although himself innocently gay and *debonair* both by nature and from the effect of the wine, frowned once or twice upon them. This was, however, not altogether for decorum's sake. One of the officers had, in the absence of other amusement, diverted himself the day before, with throwing his jeereed at the *padre's*

large hat without considering that the good man's head was in it at the time, and the affront was scarcely pardoned.

The old gentleman's frowns and rebukes, as might be expected, made little impression. The gaiety of the society increased, the lights were brilliant, the air warm and balmy, the doors and windows open, the peasant women outside danced, and the rattling of one or two pair of castanets disturbed the birds, who twittered and chirped incessantly, while the gurgling of the fountain streams, and the more slow and heavy sound of distant waters tumbling in the abyss below, and mingling with the voices of the company around, formed a strange but pleasing harmony. The moon, high and full, shone on the lofty peaks of snow above the wooded belt of the mountain, and cast fantastic shadows and flickering fairy lights upon the trees and rocks of the village. Now and then, too, some notes from the guitar of the youngest lady were heard, and altogether the scene appeared to be an enchantment of the ancient wizard of the valley; the stately, dark-winged, melancholy "*Griffone*" alone was wanting, to soar over the deep gulf, and to utter his wailing moans and threatening cry.

When the lady had played several pretty Portuguese airs, she begged that one of the young officers would sing; and he, whose thoughts were chiefly of war, answered her call with the following camp composition, which he called

THE BIVOUAC.

The chilly dawn, the waning flame,
The bāt mule's savage cry,
The sullen bugle's blast proclaim
The hour of march is nigh.
Stand, stand to arms!

But thick the mist is rolling,
Look out along the hill,
And send some men patrolling
To yonder ruin'd mill.
Stand, stand to arms!

Now all the camp is stirring,
The day begins to clear,
Hard, hard the staff are spurring,
The enemy is near.
Stand, stand to arms!

I see his horsemen sweeping,
Just where the picquet stood;
I see the grey coats creeping
Along that copse of wood.
Stand, stand to arms!

Bright are the bayonets gleaming,
Loud is the trumpet's call,
A marshal's star is beaming
Behind yon cottage wall.
Stand, stand to arms!

Ay, now a single musket rings,
 Swift comes the hissing lead,
 I see the silver eagle's wings
 Above the column spread.

Stand, stand to arms !

The Portuguese guests, with the habitual politeness of their nation, praised this rugged performance ; yet to show how their finer taste was ruffled by such rough music, they immediately entreated the youngest lady of the house to accompany her guitar with her voice. She appeared at first embarrassed, and held down her head as if in deep thought, but in a little time assented, and, taking up her instrument, sung the following impromptu with tones of thrilling sweetness :

Oh ! pale is the Lusitãna's* cheek ;
 The serenader may not seek
 With song to soothe her restless sleep ;
 Her downcast eye is fix'd to weep.

The invader's spear gleam'd o'er the land,
 Her brother fell by Maneta's† brand,
 Her father died in Evora's fight,
 Her mother fled to the angels bright.
 And the Lusitãna lived a thrall
 To the robber priest within her hall.

Oh ! pale is the Lusitãna's cheek ;
 The serenader may not seek
 With song to soothe her restless sleep ;
 Her downcast eye is fix'd to weep.

The lady ceased for a moment, and then, casting a timid glance at Guillelmo, continued her song, but with a more hurried strain of music.

But, lo ! the English warriors came,
 With hearts of pride and eyes of flame.
 On Coa's banks their shouts arose,
 By Coa's stream they slew our foes.
 That fight hath well avenged our dead,
 And now the robber priest has fled ;
 The Lusitãnian girl can smile,
 Her sadness now she may beguile.
 Gone is the paleness from her cheek,
 The serenade she loves to seek ;
 Gone is the Lusitãna's pain,
 If the English stranger will remain.

As the last words trembled on her lips, the lady's eyes again met Guillelmo's ; but apparently disappointed at their expression, she turned her head away, and, touching a few low notes, changed her measure, and sung the following lines :

This is the valley of wrath and sorrow,
 Here no pleasures await the morrow ;
 Griffone, Griffone soars on high,
 And grief attends his mournful cry.

* The ñ thus marked is liquid.

† A name given to General Loison by the Portuguese country people.

When the Estrella's snowy height,
 Seen by the tempest's fitful light,
 Seems to laugh with dreadful glee
 Amidst the stormy minstrelsy,
 While down its sides, with foam and spray,
 The mad'ning torrents leap and play,
 Then Griffone loves to roam
 Round the thunder-shaken dome.

His wide-spread wings appear to sleep,
 As slowly o'er the abyss they sweep,
 But his eye is searching the gulf below,
 Where glides in secret his serpent foe,
 The wizard snake, whose fatal power
 Rendered vain the lofty tower,
 And in that hour, so sad and wild,
 Fulfill'd the spell, and slew the child.
 This is the valley of pain and sorrow;
 Here no pleasures await the morrow.

THE WINDSOR BALL OF THE LATEST FASHION.

WERE this a fashionable periodical, readers would of course expect that our ball was a court-ball, something in honour of the Queen Victoria, or of the birthday of any gay and gallant aristocrat just entering upon the farce of life; but, as our aims are of higher flight, we beg leave to intimate that the present paper is of a sublime, philosophical, and moral character. As a picture of manners it is, no doubt, unique; and our only hope is that it will be found to be *worthy of the age*.

It is impossible that anybody can have forgotten the announcement in the newspapers that there dwelt in one house, situated in the New Road, Windsor, a party, consisting of two females and two males, whose united ages amounted to two hundred and ninety-two years; and that they were about to give their friends an entertainment upon the occasion,—the occasion of their aggregate beating the grand climacteric by ten years. Of that entertainment, of which, strange to say! no mention has ever been made in the *Morning Post*, *Court Journal*, *Morning Advertiser*, or *United Service Gazette*, we are the historians.

Cards having been issued in due form to all the *old* friends of the parties in the neighbourhood, and even so far off as London; the principal room—that called the Methusalem chamber—was tastefully fitted up with evergreens as a ball-room. The time-piece over the mantel was stopped, so that there might be no hint or sound to hurry people away at hours too early for the finished rites of hospitality; and two beautiful plaster figures, bought from a passing Italian artist, were disposed at each end of the saloon, supporting candelabra in the most graceful manner. The first was a Cupid, decorated by the fair hands of the two ladies with a girdle of fig-leaves, formed of green silk, and fringed with a lighter shade of primrose trimming; the other a Terpsichore, about whom was most fancifully arranged by the two gentlemen a highland kilt, at once emblematical of her modesty and dancing propensities.

Thus was the scene prepared by these elderly persons: and, though the young and giddy may laugh at their do-
 but little difference between the follies of seventy a

as a fine old writer sayeth of the world, common to us all, "What is all this worlde? It is nought else but a stage, where every one acts his part, and then makes an eternal retreat withouten returne. Heaven's encloistered powers broken doune, and they see all the dullful tragedies of unrecalled time, and marke the unspeakable wickednesse of mankind. How many follies are acted upon the stage! For the moste parte plays the buffoon, and all their life is but a pleasant comedy; and with the Ethnick they crye oute '*Ede, bibe, dorme; post mortem nulla voluptas*. But when all men have acted their parte on this universal stage, then comes all-commanding deith, and swiftly cryes to every one, 'Awaye! gette you gone! your parte is played!' So, with his imperiall dart he streakest all kindes of creatures withouten respecte, and then with his ruthless hand he draweth the darke curtaiyne of the grave over the pale body of mankinde."

Sensible of the truth of this writing of the moral and somewhat lachrymose Grahame, the inmates of New Road could not but feel that their time to eat, drink, and sleep ought to suffer no postponement, and sooth to say, the majority of their invited friends were much in the same predicament; and the belief that there were no *post mortem* pleasures, was with them a strong inducement to seize the present happy moment for gaiety and enjoyment.

The company was select. Belonging to the navy there were a yellow admiral, a commodore with only one wooden leg, and a retired captain, a shy and bashful junior of sixty-four. The army furnished a more numerous quota of Major and Brigadier Generals, Lieutenant-Colonels and Majors, on half-pay for the last thirty years, since before the Peninsular war and Waterloo. A superannuated clerk or two, who had belonged to public offices, and left on good allowances, an ancient physician, and a variety of other personages of the male sex, made up that division of the party. Of the fair were widows with excellent jointures—highly-insured life annuitants—a class who, it is well known, never die. The former wore generally flaxen wigs, and looked as much as possible in their prime; the latter had darker ringlets, and, though of the same standing, appeared rather older. There were maiden-aunts, whose grand-nieces were beginning to think of the conveniency of husbands, and in short, considering the numbers present, there were as much false hair, as many false teeth, as many points derived from the mantua and dress-maker, as many deceitful busts and bustles, (not to mention the calves on the gentlemen's side,) as could be found in any three rooms of equal size within her majesty's dominions. But dress not being a theme with which we are intimately acquainted, we shall again take leave to borrow the opinions of the quaint and worthy author already quoted, which may be read with benefit by the be-whiskered dandies, old or young, of the present.

"A man is to be commended if he be cleanly, and chiefly in his lins; his haire [*i. e.* if he have any, and of which few of this company had any large assortment] — his haire well dressed, his beard well-brushed, and always his upper lip well curled with a *fresado upstart*, as if every haire would threaten to pull out his eyes; for if he chance to kisse a gentlewoman, some rebellious haire may happen to startle in her nose, and make her sneeze, so by this meanes he applies both physic and courtesie at one time. Then he may freely say 'God bless you, lady;' receiving back the chirping echo of 'I

thanke you, sir.'” How kind and cordial were these ancient manners ; of which the latest remains were witnessed at our Windsor Ball !!

As our sketch must of necessity adopt a desultory form, we shall merely state that as the company arrived, and left hats, cloaks, shawls, and goloshes in the lobby, the extra waiter hired for the occasion, wittily remarked to Martha the charwoman ditto, that she need not care where or how she disposed of these articles, as they were all old enough to take care of themselves ; which jest being quite new at Windsor, gave Martha a fit of laughter and coughing.

Tea and coffee were handed round, and the most beauish and gallant of the visitors had opportunities to display their several accomplishments and qualifications. Nothing, it is true, can be more absurd than a coxcomb beyond youthful years, who fancies that he is not only acceptable, but a conqueror and heart-breaker among girls in their teens, and acts accordingly ; but it is not quite so ridiculous when your girls are sexagenarians ; and, after all, the man who really loves, does not leave off, either naturally or of necessity, its glowing colours, warm feelings, and romance, at fifty or at sixty either.

But to our groups : in one corner you might see Doctor Pulse gravely chatting with the Widow Tancred, whose weeds were not six months old, nor herself much above half a century ; in another, reclining on a sofa, the Reverend Rector of Slow, and the fair Lady Rougemont, one of the wealthiest of the annuitants alluded to ; and in a third, with his timber-toe foremost, “ the gouty old commodore ” entertaining a circle with his sea-jokes and sallies. Let us overhear their conversation.

WIDOW TANCRED.*—“ My eyes are sadly ill, doctor ; horribly ill, since my cruel loss. I have hardly ceased from weeping ; and, indeed, suffer so much that I am sure I could not describe all my disorders to you. No appetite ; no sleep, doctor.”

DR. PULSE (touching her wrist.)—“ Your pulse is not bad, however.

WIDOW T.—“ Alas ! alas ! perhaps it is good. It is much agitated when I speak of this subject. Since I had the misfortune to lose my beloved husband my health has gradually declined. Nor is it to be wondered at ; my life is so changed, so altered ! He was younger than me, my dear George was, and we were so fond of each other. I must confess that he was much given to contradict me, and put himself into fits of passion about almost everything. But our daily quarrels were soon made up, for his heart was so good ! and he was sometimes so tender ! Oh, I shall never, never see him more ! Since the hour of his death my health has been altogether deranged. I am devoured by sorrow and ennui. I have no relish for anything on earth. I fear I never shall be what I was again. What would you advise ? ”

DR. P.—“ Dear madam, do not distress yourself. Your complaints are not incurable. Solitude is not proper for you. You ought to make an effort, and not think of flying from the world and social pleasures. Why, even marrying again (added the doctor significantly, for he was a widower) would be preferable to suffering in this manner.”

“ MRS. T.—“ It is strange ; but, do you know, I have really been thinking of that myself.”

DR. P.—“ And perfectly right.”

MRS. T.—“ In short, my esteemed friend, the m

* Candour obliges us to say that we think we have stolen of dialogue from some French author, but who we forget.

but my long widowhood (six months!) has ruined my health. I have lost my *embonpoint*, and become quite thin. I wish to regain a little of my former appearance. A thin widow! You comprehend me, doctor! I don't like to have the looks of a sick and ailing person. I desire only to recover some of my former freshness and plumpness. There is surely something wrong in my system?"

DR. P. (with symptoms of irritation).—"Yes—yes, ma'am, there is evident weakness about you; but, if you seek regular advice, I am ready to afford it."

Mrs. T.—"And do you think you could make me quite well?"

DR. P.—"No doubt of it."

Mrs. T.—"And the regimen, doctor? and the regimen?"

DR. P.—"Good nourishing food, ma'am. Small supper-parties. Leave off sighing; it occasions pains in the breast. You must calm your mind upon the affair you mention; and, to prevent agitation, it would be quite as well to bring it to a speedy conclusion."

Mrs. T.—"Oh, sir! I am infinitely indebted to you. I would not hurry such a matter for the universe; but now that you think it so essential to my health, I may tell you, between ourselves and the post, that it cannot take place till the week after next!"

And what is the rector descanting on so oratorically? By Jupiter, the subject is love! and his reverence is more eloquent than ever he was in the pulpit, though he is a celebrated preacher.

Hearken how he dissertates like a second Coleridge.

"Why should we not seize every rational and innocent happiness in our power? Why let our pleasures glide away like the sands in the hour-glass, softly, imperceptibly, grain after grain, till all are gone, and only a vacuum is there? In life, dear Lady Rougemont, we cannot turn up the glass."

A gentle sigh from the lady.

"And what is there in life to be compared with those delights which are shared with lovely and faithful woman? I, a divine, speak from a volume of pure divinity. Woman is the chief of creation. 'Adam,' Heale tells us in his *Anatomie*, 'Adam was moulded out of the dusty clay of the earth. Eve was formed of the purified body of man. Neither was she made out of the lowest parts, that so she might seem his inferior; nor out of the highest, that therein she might challenge superiority; but out of the middle of his body, of a rib of his side, that thereby she might appear his equal, and be taken for his fellow-helper. Of a rib also of his *left* side, where the heart as in his privy chamber resteth itself, and which the arm of his beloved darling naturally embraceth. Adam lost, as far as we read, but a bare bone: he received it again branched into many bones, bewrapped up in tender flesh, twisted on curious joints, full of lively spirits, flowing with warm blood, characterized with azure veins, in proportion absolute, beautiful in colour, lovely to be seen, lovely to be talked withal, like in all things.'" No Hamlet that ever graced the stage, delivered the famous soliloquy on the perfections of man in so touching a tone, and so impressive a manner, as the rector poured this his borrowed eulogy on woman into the lady's listening ear. Again and again she sighed, and he went on most sententiously to finish his quotation.

"For as a princess preparing to come into her imperial city, hath her harbingers sent before, her house adorned, her court replenished, her attendants ready, and all things for her entertainment prepared; so it was convenient that before the queen of the world

was created, the world should first be perfected; Paradise, the metropolitan city of her residence, be finished, and all things else ready-furnished to her hands.' The rectory of Slow," continued the reverend gentleman, "is beautifully situated; no villa on the Thames can surpass it; the grounds are sweetly laid out; and its occupier, alas! is alone. Were it the paradise described, it could be no paradise to him. For him Memory, like a chemist, extracts poison from the fairest flowers."—Here a very handsome cambric handkerchief stifled the speaker's voice, but did not impede his hearing, while his ear was gratified by the deepest suspiration that his fair auditor yet had uttered.

"Never married, never will!" exclaimed the old Commodore, "for what is marriage but an agreement between a man and a woman to make each other tired of each other? I have always seen it so; and I believe it always is so—I do."

"You've seen a great deal in your time, Commodore?"

"Why, yes; I guess I have. A much more than twenty dozen of your land-lubbers who have spent their lives asleep ashore. Yet I never could tell a right and fit yarn of what I've witnessed. Do ye know, I am of opinion that a fellow may have seen and known too much of the world and of life to be able to describe it well. At least that seems to be my case. Seems to me as if all I could remember of past years was, that they were made for nothing else but, as the Mounseers say, '*pour passer le temps.*'"

"Then you have had few troubles, Commodore?"

"Few troubles? By jingo! I've had my share. But, what then? If life be a sea of troubles, is not Hope a cork-jacket to keep one up above the waves? and I never was the chap to be choked by a trifle of spray."

"Bravo!"

"No, no, my boys! I enjoyed what was good. I saw people scrape cash together, clap it into the funds, and draw their dividends quarterly. But I invested my pay and prize-money in turtle, and venison, and wine, and something else perhaps; and get my dividends pretty regularly through my toe, for the gout often makes this fellow," kicking his flesh and wooden leg together, "just as sheer a hulk as this other. Every man to his mind, I say!"

Such were the colloquies at this ancient festival; while some played at cards, blind-hookey, &c. &c. and at last the dance was proposed, and led off by the Commodore in despite of his limbs. There were no quadrilles nor flirtations, though flirtations, it must be acknowledged, were carried on under other auspices,—no waltzes, no gallops. A minuet or two were walked, and a country dance or two were done. Liqueurs, compounded of Old Tom, were handed round in profusion; and after supper, when the dancing was resumed, the mirth and fun grew fast and furious, and all was life and jollity.

At this, the very witching time of night, a scent of sickening odour suddenly invaded the room, and a pale blue flickering light glimmered at every aperture. The door was thrown open with a crash, and a hideous figure presented itself to every terrified eye. It is almost impossible to paint the monster. It was an imp about three feet in height. The feet were large enough for a giant. Hands splayed, and peaked up in front, with long clayey points. The hands resembled the talons of a vulture. On t

was a hunch, which, if titles were given in proportion to such protuberances, would have made the bearer a duke rather than a baron lord. The filthy abdomen hung down almost to its knees, paunchy and disgusting. The knees met in overlapping closeness, and, when the creature walked, knocked one against the other. The arms were of Pictish and unhuman length. The head was of the size of a kettle-drum, and much of that shape, the face being on the convex side. And such a visage under the matted hair! Cadaverous and unearthly—no French passport could describe it. The eyes were raw and gleaming; the nose a broken ace of clubs; the mouth wide, cavernous, and set with three or four black stumps of teeth; the ears so long that they flapped the cheeks,—altogether so abominable a wretch never entered to shock a polite assembly. But it was not its appearance alone that appalled the guests as it advanced into the centre of the apartment. The bad began, yet worse remained behind, for on its back becoming perceptible, horror rose on horror, as the affrighted guests read in letters of flame, as large as on puff placard, the terrible name of "INFLUENZA."

To paint the dread and confusion that ensued is impossible. Every heart was struck with the idea of late hours and consequent maladies; of infection, of disease, and of death. They stood not upon the order of their going, but fled as if pursued by the foul fiend, whilst the demon itself grinned ghastly on the disorder it had created.

The Commodore broke his leg (the wooden one) in the hurry of his flight, and the doctor had to bring Mrs. Tancred out of a fainting fit in his arms. The Rector of Slow, in escorting lady Rougemont home, delivered a magnificent application to the subject from St. Chrysostom, and the effect was such, that the lady consented, with a sigh, to console the solitude of the beautiful rectory. That they may not be lost to mankind or womankind either, we repeat the worthy clergyman's reflections. "Why, if we are to die," said his reverence, "is not death the end of all? How finely is it written by one of the greatest of our saints, 'Sweete is the end of the labourer when he shall reſte from his labours. The wearied traveller longeth for his night's lodgings, and the ſtorme-beaten ſhip ſeeketh up for ſhore; the hireling oft queſtioneth when his yeares will finiſh and come out; the woman grete with child will often muſe and ſtudie upon her delivery (a ſhort ſigh from the lady liſtner); and he that perfitly knoweth that his life is but a way to death, will, with the poore priſoner, ſit in the doore threshold, and expect when the jaylor ſhall open.'"

With this it is fit that we ſhould cloſe; and it is only needful to expound the mystery of this vile apparition. He was the creature of certain Wags of Windsor, who, hearing of the entertainment in queſtion, reſolved to have a *lark* at midnight. For this purpoſe they got a deformed dwarf, and perked him out in the way we have deſcribed, preceded by ſmells from the druggiſt's ſhop, and accompanied by blue fires from the chemiſt's. He enacted his part to perfection; and it is the ſole pleaſure we have to record, that no very bad conſequences reſulted from the impudent frolic. The four ancients of the New Road ſtill reſide in harmony together, and what if the cupid was overthrown and broken to pieces; cannot they get a new love, of plaſter, for the enduring gratification of ſo placid and domeſtic a quartette, whoſe united ages have now reached to *two hundred and ninety-eight years!*

TRUTHA.

A CHAPTER ON CLOWNS,

AND SUCH LIKE COMICALITIES.

BY WILLIAM J. THOMS.

WE must leave the subject of domestic fools and jesters for future consideration, and confine ourselves, in the following brief paper, entirely to the clowns of the modern pantomimes, which peculiar species of entertainment, be it observed in passing, is supposed by a learned antiquary to be derived from the old dumb shows formerly exhibited at fairs and inns, in which the fool was generally engaged in a struggle with Death, and which is distinctly alluded to by Shakspeare in his "Measure for Measure."*

To trace the gradual transformation of this dumb show into the splendid pageants now annually provided for the amusement of children of all ages by the metropolitan theatres would be a matter of laborious research, while the results would probably be far from satisfactory. "You shall seek all day ere you find it, and when you have it, it is not worth your search." The character of Harlequin alone has formed matter for weighty discussions among theatrical historians; and so varied have been the proposed derivations of his name, as to justify to the fullest the satirist, who described etymology as *eruditio ad libitum*.

The English stage is undoubtedly indebted to the Italian for Harlequin, as Italy is again to the lively Neapolitans, among whom the majority of what are styled pantomimic characters have assuredly had their rise. The Harlequin of the Italian stage does not, however, bear any very strong resemblance to the agile and parti-coloured gentleman who figures in our Christmas drolleries as the assiduous lover of the gentle Columbine, and the untiring tormentor of the Clown. In Italy he is at the present redolent of satire, full of sportive raillery, and jocosely in the extreme. What he was formerly, let Addison describe.

"Harlequin's part is made up of blunders and absurdities: he is to mistake one name for another, to forget his errands, to stumble over queens, and to run his head against every post that comes in his way. This is all attended with something so comical in the voice and gestures, that a man who is sensible of the folly of the part can hardly forbear to be pleased with it."

Dominico, whose witticisms have been collected into a volume, under the title of "Arlequiniana," was one of the earliest and most celebrated performers of this peculiar character. Dominico was a great favourite of Louis the Fourteenth, and obtained by a well-timed joke permission for the Italian company to perform French plays in Paris. He it was who, going to see that monarch at supper, fixed his eyes so intently on a dish of partridges, that Louis, who was very fond of his acting, said to one of his attendants, "Give

* " ——— merely, thou art *Death's fool*;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st toward him still."

Measure for Measure, act 3, sc. 1.

that dish to Dominico."—"And the partridges too, sire?" was the shrewd inquiry of the Harlequin. Louis, penetrating his art, said, "And the partridges too." *The dish was gold.*

Thomassin was another distinguished performer in this line. But the greatest, perhaps, that ever existed was Bertinazzi, generally called Carlin, or Carlino. Carlino may perhaps be known to some of our readers, by some supposititious letters which have been published, purporting to have been interchanged between this actor and Pope Ganganelli. He was a native of Turin, and the son of an officer in the Sardinian service. He originally followed the profession of his father, on whose death, however, he devoted himself to the drama. The Harlequin of the Bologna company having suddenly taken his departure, to avoid the importunity of his creditors, Bertinazzi, to relieve the manager's embarrassment, undertook his characters unhesitatingly, and this with so much success, that, owing to his mask and costume, it was some days before the public suspected the change. In 1741, he visited Paris as the successor of Thomassin, whose loss the Parisians most deeply regretted; but, though he came before them with great disadvantages, Carlino, for such was the name he now adopted, instantly commanded their admiration. From this time forth, for a period of nearly forty years, during which he not only enacted Arlequin, but wrote very witty arlequinades in which to act, he enjoyed the undiminished favour of the good people of Paris. He was a man of great probity, and so universally esteemed both for his professional talents and private virtues, that it is said the whole city were unanimous as to the truth of two lines in his epitaph,—

"Toute sa vie il a fait rire;
Il a fait pleurer a sa mort."^{*}

There is, we believe, no decided evidence as to the exact time when pantomimes were first introduced upon the English stage; but the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields has been supposed entitled to the exclusive honour of first bringing them forward. The harlequinades which the manager produced there in 1723 seem to have been so successful as to have excited the envy of his brethren of Drury Lane, who endeavoured either to ridicule or eclipse his performances by the introduction of a piece called *Blind Man's Buff*, supported by the *freaks of eight harlequins*. The *Weekly Journal*, speaking of it, says, "The thing was so ridiculous, there was no music to be heard but hissing."

In a pantomimic performance founded on the old story of Dr. Faustus, written by Monsieur Thurmond, with music by the celebrated Galliard, produced at Lincoln's Inn theatre in the December of this same year, and which was so successful, that on the first night of its performance the receipts of the house amounted to two hundred and sixty pounds, "Punch, Scaramouch, and Pierro enter in scholars' gowns and caps;" but though the publications of the day take repeated notice of it, and deem the piece so wonderful as to deserve a full account of the plot, no mention is made of Harlequin.

In a rapid but clever sketch of the state of theatrical amusement between the years 1700 and 1763, communicated to the *London Chro-*

^{*} *Encyclopédie des Gens du Monde*, Tome iv.

nicle, vol. xv, by a writer signing himself Theatricus,* we are told,—“Pantomime first dawned in the year 1702 at Drury Lane, in an entertainment called *The Tavern Bilkers*. It died the fifth night. It was invented by Weaver, a dancing master at Shrewsbury, who, from the encouragement of the nobility, invented a second, called *The Loves of Mars and Venus*, performed at the same theatre in the year 1716, with vast success; which occasioned Sir Richard Steele to write the following lines on the back of one of the play-bills at Button's Coffeehouse,—

‘ Weaver, corruptor of this present age,
Who first taught silent sins upon the stage.’

It was about this time that the taste of the town became vitiated. One remarkable instance I cannot forget. In January 1717, some dancers arrived from France, and with them one Swartz, a German. This man brought over two dogs, whom he had taught to dance the louvre and minuet. They were immediately engaged by Rich at ten pounds per night, and brought above twenty good houses, when the Othello of Booth, the Wildair of Wilks, and the Foppington of Cibber were neglected, and did not bring charges.”

The popularity of these performances seems to have outlived the patience of the admirers of the legitimate drama; and the result was a riot in the year 1744, in which the philosopher of Strawberry Hill accidentally figured as a ringleader, who tells the story in his own admirable and lively style in a letter to Horace Mann.

“It costs me nothing, so I shall write on and tell you an adventure of my own. The town has been trying all the winter to beat pantomimes off the stage very boisterously, for it is the way here to make even an affair of taste and sense a matter of riot and arms. Fleetwood, the master of Drury Lane, has omitted nothing to support them, as they supported his house. About ten days ago he let into the pit great numbers of bear-garden *bruisers* (that is the term) to knock down everybody that hissed. The pit rallied their forces and drove them out: I was sitting very quietly in the side-boxes, contemplating all this. On a sudden the curtain flew up and discovered the whole stage filled with blackguards armed with bludgeons and clubs to menace the audience. This raised the greatest uproar, and amongst the rest, who flew into a passion but your friend the philosopher? In short, one of the actors, advancing to the front of the stage, to make an apology for the manager; he had scarce begun to say, ‘Mr. Fleetwood—’ when your friend, with a most audible voice and dignity of anger, called out, ‘He is an impudent rascal!’ The whole pit huzzaed and repeated the words; only think of my being a popular orator! But what was still better, while my shadow of a person was dilating to the consistence of a hero, one of the chief ringleaders of the riot, coming under the box where I sat, and pulling off his hat, said, ‘Mr. Walpole, what would you please to have us do next?’ It is impossible to describe to you the confusion into which this apostrophe threw me. I sank down into the box, and have never since ventured to set my foot into the playhouse. The next night the uproar was repeated with greater violence, and nothing was heard but voices calling out, ‘Where’s Mr. Walpole? where’s Mr. Walpole?’ In short, the whole town

* Malcolm's “Anecdotes of London in the Eighteenth Century, vol. ii. p. 1

has been entertained with my prowess, and Mr. Conway has given me the name of Wat Tyler."*

But, heigh presto! now for the Clown, and he is sketched in a few words by the pencil of a master, "round-faced, goggle-eyed, knock-kneed, but agile to a degree of the dislocated, with a great smear from his mouth, and a cap on his head, half fool's, and half cook's." No one need ask from whose hand the picture is. There is Leigh Hunt in every touch. Nor who sat for the likeness, for there is Joe Grimaldi in every feature. Before, however, discoursing upon how pregnant with humour were those features, we must, as we have paid harlequin the compliment of inquiring into his family history, do the same by his merrier playmate. And this, too, if for no other reason, at least for that which induced Lord ——'s gardener to put his unoffending son into the stocks by the side of the boy whom he caught pilfering apples, "just, ye see, for the sake o' uniformity!"

But this same family history is as intricate, if not as dry, as a Peerage case in the House of Lords. The Clown of the present day is indubitably descended from one common stock, the Vice of the earlier drama, with Mr. Punch, whose history has been collected with great industry and ability by Mr. Payne Collier, and illustrated by the magic graver of George Cruikshank. Indeed, so lately as the year 1800, the character of Punch was substituted for that of the Clown in the pantomime of "Harlequin Amulet, or the Magic of Mona." Those, too, who had the good fortune to witness Mazurier's admirable performance of Punch at Covent Garden Theatre, some few years since, will see the truth of this proposition.

Again, our clown can undoubtedly call cousins with Scaramouche, a character invented by Tiberio Fiorilli, whose extraordinary abilities may be judged of from one couplet of the verses subscribed beneath his portrait:

" Il fut le maitre de Moliere,
Et la nature fut le sien."

His life published by Constantini, who himself invented the character of Merzetin, and was ennobled for his talents by the King of Poland, is a curious little volume, to which further reference will be made upon some future occasion.

The more immediate relative, however, of the modern clown, is the Pierrot, a character now very rarely introduced upon the stage. Pierrot, who was in the Italian pantomimes nothing more than a simple-minded servant, had his intellects so sharpened upon the French stage, as to rival in wit, mischief, and malice the other heroes of harlequinade. Pierrot still figures occasionally in masquerade scenes, where he may be easily recognised by his flowing white dress, and the extreme length of his sleeves. A Pierrot was very properly produced in that scene of the little piece entitled

* The reader who would wish for further information on the pantomimical characters, is referred to the chapter so entitled in D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, where he will find abundance of materials collected upon the subject. Has Mr. D'Israeli never seen Mr. Collier's observations on the *espee de boys bien dorée*, given by Panurge to Triboulet, (see *Punch and Judy*, page 12,) that no other allusion is made to the "light sword of harlequin, which had hitherto baffled his most painful researches," than that Dr. Clarke had discovered it amongst the dark mysteries of Ancient Mythology?

"One hour, or the Carnival Ball," in which Charles Mathews danced the Tarantëlla so cleverly; and another attended as Clown at an exhibition of rope-dancing, some two or three years since, at Astley's.

The Clown of the present day seems gradually to have appropriated to himself the peculiarities of these three characters, formerly so distinct, and which we have already seen figuring together in Monsieur Thurmond's pantomime of Doctor Faustus.

The first attempt at this incorporation was probably made by Follet, whose performance of the Clown was so highly relished by George the Third, that that monarch is said to have visited the theatre repeatedly, for the purpose of witnessing one of Follet's most celebrated tricks, namely, his swallowing a carrot, and which we may reasonably suppose, from its attraction, to have been a very ludicrous piece of acting.

Signor Delpini, who has been celebrated by Miles Peter Andrewes,

"I'm all for fun and frolic, whim and glee,
Signor Delpini is the man for me,"

was the contemporary of Follet. Originally an actor of Pierrot, he very frequently played pantaloon to old Bologna's clown; this he did in the year 1801 in *Harlequin Almanack*, in which young Bologna played harlequin, and the well-known Mrs. Wybrow, columbine. He does not appear to have adopted the character of the "lean and slippered pantaloon" in his old age only, inasmuch as we find him showing his antics as clown in "*Harlequin Teague, or the Giant's Causeway*," produced in 1782, and in the following year playing pantaloon to old Grimaldi's clown in "*Harlequin's Wedding*."

Delpini, who was indicted, in 1787, for introducing speaking without musical accompaniments, and threatened with

"Water and bread for calling out '*Roast Beef!*'"

roast beef! being literally the offending words, was a great favourite with George the Fourth when Prince of Wales. The Prince generally patronised his benefit; and indeed it would have been difficult for any reasonably good-natured man to have resisted so droll an appeal as Delpini used to make to him upon the occasion. "Ah, Mister Prince, you please come to my benefit. If you no come, I must go live inside your papa's big house!" The King's Bench has had many names bestowed upon it, but none more strictly correct than "your papa's big house."

Laurent, whose graceful performance of serious pantomime—a species of theatrical entertainment now rarely produced—was the admiration of the play-going public at the commencement of the present century, was also a very clever Clown. He has had the credit awarded to him of having given to the character its present shape, or, as it is said, of having *Anglicised* the Pierrot. But it would seem that this had been previously attempted, and with considerable success, by Follet.

Laurent was a very accomplished fencer, and an accident which he once met with in a fencing bout, is so remarkable as to deserve especial mention. It was during the performance of a serious pantomime, when, in the business of the stage, he was engaged in a

attends the horsemanship at that theatre is professionally designated, has, as the reader has before now no doubt painfully experienced, a certain series of standard jokes, which have remained unchanged any time these twenty years. It is, perhaps, not generally known that these jokes were for the most part coined originally by the Westminster scholars. The fact is so, however. The jokes were made by the Westminsters, and brought out at Astley's, where the Clown, having been fee'd and properly instructed how to perpetrate them, used to fire them; the rival makers listening with the greatest anxiety to ascertain which told best. Those which were most successful became of course stock jokes.

What Boswell did for Johnson has *Boz* well done for Grimaldi.

The book which contains his Biography, edited by Mr. Dickens, is a good one; there is no straining after effect, no seeking to elevate the subject into a hero, but it tells with kindly feeling the varied story of a chequered life, and paints very vividly the hopes and disappointments, the histrionic glories and painful realities which fell to the lot of one of the simplest-minded and honestest men who ever won the fair favour of the public.

Alas, poor Yorick! He was indeed a fellow of infinite jest. How surely was every one of his hearty grins re-echoed by a thousand. What magic was there in his quiet mirth, making age and care throw off for awhile all thoughts that overburthened them. His courtships so seductive who could resist! Petty larceny with him were pretty larceny. He did appropriate unto himself purses, strings of sausages, and all such unconsidered trifles as fell in his way, with a grace which would have made the Lord Chief Justice himself sum up for his acquittal. And as for glozing and flattering, noble lords now-a-days need not quarrel for superiority in this respect, for Joe Grimaldi could outgloze them all. If his drollery had at times a smack of vulgarity, a breadth of colouring, the smallest spice, as it were, of that ruder mirth in which our grandfathers delighted, he did so varnish it over with his irresistible humour, that the veriest prude looked on and laughed, without once deeming it essential to hide her enjoyment behind her fan.

In none of his performances was this rare quality, which so distinguished Grimaldi from all other Clowns, more clearly manifested than in the pantomime of Harlequin Gulliver, which, to the best of our judgment, was one of his masterpieces. Cruikshank has immortalized the Brobdignagians of this piece in one of the admirable sketches with which he has illustrated Grimaldi's life; but this pantomime alone would have furnished him with subjects for a dozen such. There was the Brobdignagian Princess Glumdukditch in a go-cart with, if we recollect rightly, poor Joe as her doll. Then, again, there was the gigantic canary, which Grimaldi pronounced, in his unctious voice, to be a "Casso-wa-ry," and with which he sang the duet beginning,

" Say, little, foolish, fluttering thing,
If you 're a cock-bird, why not sing?"

he being all the time quietly seated on a Brobdignagian quartern loaf, into which he might have eaten his way like a mouse into a cheese.

Then who but Cruikshank could paint the inconveniences poor Joe endured from the bayonets of the Liliputian soldiery as they

marched through the palace gate which he was bestriding? or show how, when the King of Lilliput's palace was in flames, he plied the Lilliputian engines, and extinguished the fire in a way which would have delighted Swift? and yet "without any offence in't, only in jest," as Hamlet says.

We ought not, perhaps, to insist so strongly on Grimaldi's merits in Harlequin Gulliver, as we never saw him in Mother Goose, in which he first established his reputation. The European Magazine for January 1807, speaking of this piece, says, "Grimaldi, whom we always believed to possess talents that were not sufficiently called into exercise at Drury Lane, made his first appearance at Covent Garden as the clown in this piece; and his performance astonished us by the variety of his tricks, and the neatness and promptitude with which they were executed."

From this criticism we may justly infer that Grimaldi's humour, like good wine, mellowed with age; for it was long after this period that old Chapman, who was regarded as the best theatrical teacher of his day, and the finest judge of acting, was heard to declare that the greatest enjoyment he knew at the theatre was to go in front, and see Grimaldi in a new pantomime! This was a compliment to Grimaldi's genius, which was not even surpassed by that paid to it by John Kemble; who, standing at the wings one night, watching with great delight Joe's drolleries, exclaimed in his musical and measured phrase,—"My sister never did any thing finer in her life than that man is doing now, in his way—in his way!"

We have said that Grimaldi's humour got richer and racier as he grew older. It was so: but, alas! while the spirits mellowed, the vessel that contained them was rapidly decaying; and, for some seasons before he quitted the stage, he whose nimble wit and ready drollery drew roars of laughter from all who witnessed his performances, sunk as he left the stage into a decrepid and enfeebled man.

And now farewell, Joe Grimaldi! We had thought to have told a tale or two which were once current touching your encounters with those who sought to despoil you. How, after being robbed one night, in those times when there were watchmen upon the face of the earth, thou didst follow the spoiler upon hands and knees until he came to his box, reassumed his great-coat and lantern, and walked forth, like any other guardian of the night, to look after bigger rogues than himself! How, on another occasion, in the neighbourhood of Bagnigge Wells, thou didst escape the fangs of two footpads, who simultaneously clapped thee on either shoulder, by falling suddenly to the ground, and letting thy foes fall with thee, and how thou didst then escape from them by throwing a somerset, while they rightly swore thou must be either the devil or Joe Grimaldi.

But, as thou hast made no record of these tales, we must reject them as apocryphal, and substitute in lieu thereof a quatrain, which we would fain pass off for

JOE GRIMALDI'S EPITAPH.

Great once in *droll* scenes, in a *grave*
He doth now attention crave;
For, since death took Joe Grimaldi,
Who can doubt but we must all die!

W. J. T.

INDEX

TO THE THIRD VOLUME.

- A.
- Adventures in Paris, No. III. The Marsarde, 401.
 "Adventures of an Irish Gentleman," Portrait Gallery by the author of, 150.
 Alembert, d', his attachment to Made-moiselle l'Espinasse, 26.
 Alliteration, Siege of Belgrade a speci-men of, 312.
 Allspy, Toby, The Ups and Downs of Life, and Adventures in Paris, by, 391. 401.
 "All's well that ends well!" (not Shak-speare's,) 72.
 Anacronitics, 284. 493.
 Andermatt, junkeper of, 143.
 Angler's Advyse, Ye, a poem, 134.
 Artists and Works of Art in England, 173.
- B.
- Babiography, a Dissertation upon Baby-Monsters, 507.
 Ballads—The Passage of the Sebeto, 30; Count Casco'whisky and his Three Houses, 413.
 Ball at Devonshire House, 174.
 Barcelona, description of, 564.
 Battle of the Nile, *see Nights at Sea*.
 Benedict Club, the, account of the at-tempt to establish it, 579.
 Be quiet—Do! I'll call my Mother, a song, 390.
 Beranger, M. popularity of his songs in France, 256. 259.
 Bibliophilist, the, story of, 564.
 Bird of Paradise, lines on the, 90.
 Bivouac, the, a song, 609.
 Book-making considered as one of the Fine Arts, 465.
 Bonomye the Usurer, story of, *see Fictions of the Middle Ages*.
 Bossuet, Abbé, (afterwards Bishop of Meaux,) notice of his Sermon on the death of the Duchess of Orleans, 128 n.
 "Boz," Oliver Twist by, 1. 105. 209. 313. 417. 521.
 Bradbury, the clown, remarks on, 622.
 Briggs, Richard, 72.
 Buggins, Mr. story of, 556.
- C.
- Cannon Family, adventures of, in Bou-logne, 150. 452.
 Carloino, the Harlequin, account of, 618.
 Casco'whisky, Count, and his Three Houses, a temperance ballad, 413.
 Chapter on Scals, 78.
- Chapter on Life, 310.
 Chequered Life, lines on, 181.
 Childe, Walter, legend of, 433. 537
 Churchyard, sonnet in a, 208.
 Clowns, chapter on, 617.
 Concert Extraordinary, during the fire at the Royal Exchange, 190.
 Condé, Prince of, remarks respecting, 512.
 ——— Princess of, *see Montmorency*.
 "Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman," Night of Terror by the author of, 33.
 "Comet Club," Shawn Gow and the Little Grey Man of the Faries by a member of the, 305.
 Contrast, the, 510.
 Conundrum, 520.
 Conveyance Company, the, an odd in-cident, 347.
 Critics, critiques on, or, a word to the would-be such, 396.
 Cuisine Maigre, remarks on Jean Stein's picture of the, 367.
 Cupid and the Rose, 65.
- D.
- "Dalton," a tale of Grammarye by, 91.
 Dance, G. Madrigal of the Seasons by, 82; the Laurel, the Rose, and the Vine, a poem by, 120.
 Darkness, lines on, 555.
 Deffant, Marquise du, character and ac-count of, 21; extract from her letters to Horace Walpole, 23; remarks on her death, 24.
 Delphini, Signor, the clown, anecdote of, 621.
 Delta, Fictions of Middle Ages by, 44.
 Devil, verses on the, 304.
 Devonshire House, remarks on ball at, 174.
 ———, Duke of, his collection of medals, 175; in possession of Claude Lorraine's "Libra di Verità," 176.
 Diary of a Manuscript-hunter; Henry IV. and the Princess of Condé, 511.
 Distich, Dick, Nutmegs for Nightingales by, 463.
 Dock-yard Ghost, story of the, 285.
 Dominico, the Harlequin, anecdote of, 617.
 Dream, a, 181.
 Duello, the, *see Nights at Sea*.
 Dying Child, the, a poem, 366.
 Dying Prisoner, the, *see Nights at Sea*.
 Drury-Lane Theatre, account of a riot in, 619.

- E.
 Eclogue, a modern, 329.
 "Elderly Gentleman," the, a Love Story in Three Chapters by, 331.
 England, Artists and Works of Art in, 173.
 English Comforts, from the German of Dr. Francis Kottenkamp, 167.
 Epistle Expostulatory to a dear Friend, 449.
 Espinasse, Mademoiselle l', taken under the protection of Madame du Deffant, 23; account of, 25; extracts from her letters to the Comte de Guibert, 28.
- F.
 Family Dramaticals, 83.
 ——— Stories, No. VIII. Dr. Ingoldsby's Story, 95; No. IX. the Nurse's Story, the Hand of Glory, 299.
 Female Walton, lines on the, 136.
 Fictions of the Middle Ages, No. II. Bonomye the Usurer, 44; No. III. The Professor of Toledo, 544.
 Follet, the clown, remarks on his performances, 621.
 Fragment, a, 563.
 France, observations on the Female Influence in the Government of, 17; Popular and National Poetry of, 251; popularity of Beranger's songs in, 256.
 French Literary Ladies, by George Hogarth, 17.
 Friendship, sonnet to, 158.
- G.
 Geoffrin, Madame, account of, 19.
 Ghost, story of the Dockyard, *see Dockyard*.
 Gibson, John Ward, narrative of, 355.
 Gleam of the Past, 552.
 Golden Legend, the, a lay of St. Nicholas, *see Lay*.
 Grammarye, a tale of, 91.
 Grand Juror, the, or Serving my Country in Grand Style, 260.
 Griffone, a tale of the Peninsula, 601.
 Grimaldi, Joe, the clown, notice of his biography, 623; remarks on his performances, *ib*.
 Guibert, Comte de, letters to, from Mademoiselle l'Espinasse, 28.
 Guiche, Count de, character of, 122.
- H.
 Hampden, Mr. George, story of his Snuff-box, 342.
 Hand of Glory, *see Family Stories*.
 Harlequin, remarks on the character, 618.
 "Headlong Hall," New Year by the author of, 104.
 Henry III. king of England, his persecution of the Jews, 44.
 Henry IV. of France, and the Princess of Condé, from the Diary of a Manuscript-hunter, 511.
 Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, (consort of Charles I.) seeks refuge in France, 121.
 Highlands, Sporting Ramble in the, 137.
- Hogarth, George, French Literary Ladies, and the Poisoners of the Seventeenth Century, by, 17. 121.
 Hogg, Rev. Robert, memoirs of, 182.
 Holl, H. Martha Mites, and, Why did Major Muffin keep a Parrot? by, 290. 442.
 Hours there are to memory dearer, Nutmegs for Nightingales, No. II. 464.
- I.
 Ingoldsby, Dr. story of, 95.
 ——— Thomas, Family Stories by, 95. 299; a Lay of St. Nicholas; the Golden Legend, 494.
 "Invisible Gentleman," the, verses on the Devil by, 304.
- J.
 Jerdan, William, Chapter on Life; the Snuff-box; Thomas Noddy, Esq.; and the Windsor Ball of the Newest Fashion, by, 310. 342. 499. 611.
 Jews, condition of, in the reign of Henry III. 44.
 Jocund, Joyce, "All 's well that ends well!" a Little Lot for Mr. G. Robins, and the Contrast, by, 72. 506. 510.
 Johns, Lieutenant, the Dock-yard Ghost by, 285.
 ——— Richard, the Conveyance Company by, 347.
 Johnson, Ben, criticisms upon, 227.
 Julian, a Gleam of the Past; lines on Darkness; and a Fragment by, 552. 555. 563.
- K.
 Klünchünbrüch, Mr. Julius Shempenfeldt Hackerman Smith, story respecting him, 368.
 Knowles, Sheridan, verses on, 463.
 Kottenkamp, Dr. Francis, English Comforts, from the German of, 167.
- L.
 Laurent, M. his talents as a clown, 521.
 Lay of St. Nicholas, the Golden Legend No. I, 494.
 Legends—Walter Childe, 433. 537; the Golden Legend, 424.
 Le Gros, J. B. Passage of Sebeto by, 29.
 Leg, story of the, from the German, 480.
 Lemon, Mark, True History of the Wedgwood Hieroglyph by, 61.
 "Libra de Verità," (Book of Truth,) of Claude Lorraine, description of, 176.
 Life, a chapter on, 310; Ups and Downs of, 391.
 Lines—To ———, 77; on the Bird of Paradise, 90; on the New Year, 104; on Chequered Life, 181; on witnessing Mr. Macready's performance of Claude Melnotte, 328; on Spring, 484.
 Litchfield, Dr. the Postman by, 504.
 "Lollards," the, the Grand Juror by the author of, 260.
 Lorraine, Chevalier de, his ascendancy over the Duke of Orleans, 126.
 Lorraine, Claude, account of his "Libra di Verità," 175, 176.

Losberne, Mr. 322. 417. 526.
 Love, Hope, and Joy, a poem, 535.
 Love Story, in three chapters, 331.
 M.
 Mackay, C. Popular and National Poetry by, No. I. 251; No. II. 485.
 Macready, Mr. lines on witnessing his performance of Claude Melnotte, 328.
 Madrigal of the Seasons, 82.
 Maginn, Dr. Shakspeare Papers by, No. VI. 225; No. VII. 470.
 Maintenon, Madame de, remarks respecting, 250.
 Mansarde, the, No. III. of Adventures in Paris, 401.
 Manuscript-hunter, diary of a, *see Diary*.
 Mariner's Dream, the, or the Storm-Demon, 346.
 Martha Mites, who cared for herself, story of, 290.
 Medwin, Captain, The Three Sisters, Innkeeper of Andermatt, and The Two Sisters, by, 66. 143. 278; his remarks on Jean Stein's Cuisine Maigre, 367.
 Meeting, the, a poem, 416.
 Merrythought, Tristram, "There's no mistake in that!" and A Modern Eclogue between Jemmy Doubletouch and Pat Maguire, by, 242. 329.
 Misfortunes and Consolations of Peregrine Tweezle, 516.
 Mites, Martha, story of, *see Martha Mites*.
 Monosania—Mr. Klüchhünbrück, 267.
 Montespan, Madame de, character of, 249.
 Montmorency, Marguerite de, description of, 512; her marriage with the Prince of Condé, 514.
 Montpensier, Madame de, her account of the death of Duchess of Orleans, 127.
 Mora, Marquis de, his attachment to Mademoiselle d'Espinasse, 26.
 Morgan, Jenkin, his account of the fire at the Royal Exchange, 135.
 Music is Sweet, 341.
 Muffin, Major, Why did he keep a Parrot? 442.
 Murphy, Mr. ode to, 266.
 My Niece's Album, No. I. Mythology made easy, 339.
 N.
 Narrative of John Ward Gibson, 356.
 Naval Sportsmen, story of, *see Nights at Sea*.
 New Year, lines on the, 104.
 Nights at Sea, or Sketches of Naval Life during the War, No. VII. The Ruse—The Duello—and the Naval Sportsman, 191; No. VIII. The Battle of the Nile—The Dying Prisoner, 378; No. IX. The Burial at Sea—Sling the Monkey.—The Pirate Craft, 585.
 Night of Terror, 33.
 Nipper Andy, story told by, 590.
 Noddy, Thomas, Esq. story of, 499.
 Nurse's Story, *see Family Stories*.
 Nutmegs for Nightingales, No. I. 463; No. II. III. and IV. 464.

O.
 Ode—to Mr. Murphy, 266; to the Queen of Spring, 577.
 Old Mountain Dew, verses in praise of, 584.
 "Old Nicholas," Sonnet to Friendship, Sonnet in a Churchyard, and The Reconciliation, by, 158. 208. 369.
 "Old Sailor," Nights at Sea, by the, 191. 378.
 Oliver Twist, or the Parish Boy's Progress; delivered over to Mr. Sikes, 1; his adventures with him, 7. 12. 15; conversation between Toby Crackit and the Jew respecting him, 119; particulars relative to his history, 209; conversation respecting him, 213. 217; continuation of his adventures, 313. 316; inquiry into his connection with the robbery at Mrs. Maylie's, 324. 417; particulars of his residence with Mrs. Maylie, 425. 521; a new adventure, 535.
 Operative, neglected, One of Many Tales, by, 205.
 Orleans, Philip Duke of, his marriage, 122; suspicions concerning him on his wife's death by poison, 130; remarks on the effeminacy of his education, 132.
 ——— Henrietta Anne, Duchess of, account of her, 121; her death by poison, 129; remarks on her assassination, 130; on the perpetrators, 132.

P.

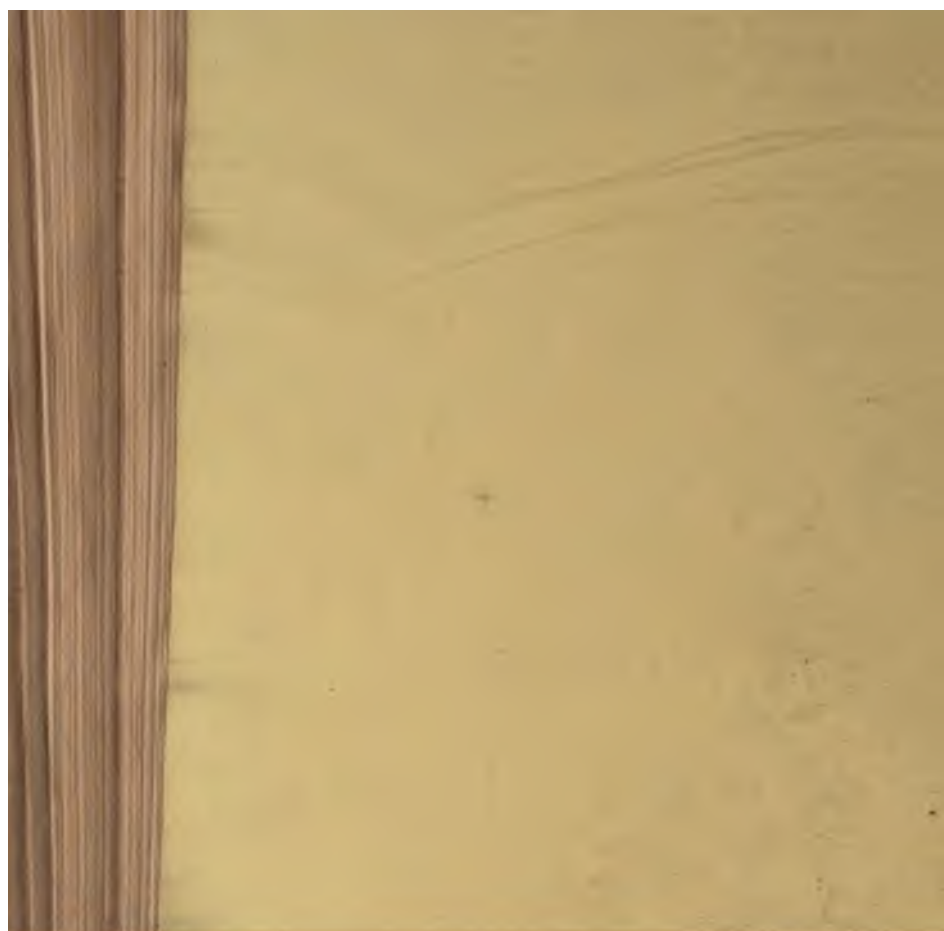
Pantomime, first introduction of into England, 519.
 Passage of the Sebeto, ballad on the, 29.
 Peel, Sir Robert, his collection of paintings, 180.
 Peninsula, a tale of the, *see Griffone*.
 Persian Barber, story of; *see Two of a Trade*.
 Pierrot, remarks on the character of an actor of, 623.
 Pirate Craft, *see Nights at Sea*.
 Plain Case, a, 543.
 Pistazzi, Marquis, story respecting, 196; his duel with Count Lamont, 197.
 Poems—The Laurel, the Rose, and the Vine, 120; The Angler's Advyse, 134; Poet's Frenzy, 149; The Three Damsels, 203; There's no Mistake in that, 242; The Dying Child, 366; The Raven, 469; Love, Hope, and Joy, 535.
 Poetical Epistle to "Boz," 71.
 Poetry, popular and national of Fra: 257; of Switzerland, 485.
 Poet's Frenzy, the, a poem, 149.
 Poisoners of the 17th Century, assassination of the Duchess of Orleans,
 Polonius, criticisms on the character Shakspeare Papers, No. VI. 470.
 Poppy, the, translation from Umland; Popular and National Poetry,—Fra: 251; Switzerland, 485.
 Portrait Gallery, Nos. V. and VI.

- Adventures of the Cannon Family in Boulogne, 150. 452.
 Postman, the, reflections on, 504.
 Private Account of the late Fire at the Royal Exchange, 135.
 Professor of Toledo, story of, *see Fictions of the Middle Ages*.
 Prout, Father, Poetical Epistle to "Boz," by, 71.
 Punch, Epistle Expostulatory to a dear Friend, by, 449.
- Q.
 Queen of Spring, ode to the, 577.
- R.
 Raven, the, a poem, 469.
 Reconciliation, the, a story from real life, 369.
 Robins, Mr. George, a little lot for, 506.
 Reynolds, J. Hamilton, Monosania—Mr. Klünchünbrück, by, 267.
 Romance of Real Life, *see Three Sisters*.
 Royal Exchange, a private account of the late fire in, 135.
- S.
 St. Anthony, temptations of, *see Temptations*.
 Seals, a chapter on, 78.
 Sebeto, ballad on the passage of the, *see Passage*.
 Shakspeare Papers—No. VI. Timon of Athens, 225; No. VII. Polonius, 470.
 Shawn Gow and the Little Grey Man of the Fairies, 305.
 Sheridan, Louisa H. Plain Case by, 543.
 Siege of Belgrade, a specimen of alliteration, 312.
 Sling the Monkey, *see Nights at Sea*.
 Slocomb, Mr., 160.
 Snuff-box, the, a tale of Wales, 342.
 Sporting Ramble in the Highlands, *see Highlands*.
 Spring, lines on, 484.
 Soissons, Countess of, her intimacy with the Duchess of Orleans, 124; exiled to Champagne, 125; her character, 133.
 Songs—National Songs in France, 253, 255, 259; Be quiet, do! I'll call my Mother, 390; a Song, 479.
 Sonnets—to Friendship, 148; in a Churchyard, 208; to —, 600.
 Southby, the clown, remarks on his performances, 622.
 Stanzas on contemplating the Heavens at Midnight, 166.
 Stein, Jean, remarks on his picture, the Cuisine Maigre, 367.
 Stickleback Family, account of the private theatricals of the, 86.
 "Stories of Waterloo," Memoir of the Rev. Robert Hogg by the author of the, 182.
 Storm-Demon, the, *see Mariner's Dream*.
 Sutherland, Duke of, his collection of works of art, 173.
 Switzerland, popular and national poetry of, 485.
- T.
 Tale of Grammarye, 91.
 Tales of an Antiquary, Family Dramaticals, by the author of, 83.
 Tell me, gentle Laura, why, Nutmegs for Nightingales No. IV. 464.
 Temptations of St. Anthony, a poem, 100.
 That Roman Nose, Nutmegs for Nightingales No. III. 464.
 The Laurel, the Rose, and the Vine, a poem, 120.
 There's no mistake in that! a poem, 242.
 The Ruse—the Duello—and the Naval Sportsman, *see Nights at Sea*.
 Thoms, W. J. Versailles, a and a Chapter on Clowns by, 244. 617.
 Three Damsels, the, a poem, 203.
 Three Sisters, the, romance of real life, 66.
 Timon of Athens, *see Shakspeare Papers*.
 Toulmin Camillo, Ode to the Queen of Spring by, 577.
 Tweezle, Peregrine, Misfortunes and Consolutions of, 516.
 Twist, Oliver, *see Oliver*.
 Two of a Trade—the Persian Barber, story of, 159.
 Two Sisters, the, 278.
- U.
 Uhland, translations from, 224. 432.
 Ups and Downs of Life, chapter on, 391.
- V.
 Vallière, Duchess de la, remarks respecting, 248.
 Vaslyn, story of Mr. Buggins by, 563.
 Versailles, palace of, remarks on the Museum in, 244; Napoleon's design of renovating, 246; review of the occupiers, 247; the Duchess de la Vallière, 248; Madame de Montespan, 249; Madame de Maintenon, 250.
 Verses—on the Devil, 304; on Sheridan Knowles, 463; on Old Mountain Dew, 584.
 Vincente, Father Don, the bibliophilist, story of, 565.
- W.
 Wade, J. A., Village Bride's Farewell, and Critiques on Critics, by, 395, 396.
 Wagen, Dr. Artists and Works of Art in England by, 173.
 Walpole, Hon. Horace, his account of a riot in Drury-Lane Theatre, 621.
 Walter Childe, legend of, *see Childe*.
 Wedgewood Hieroglyph, true History of of the one called the Willow Pattern, 61.
 Welcome Back, the, 377.
 Whitehead, C. Narrative of John Ward Gibson by, 355.
 Widow Cured, or more than the Doctor at fault, 553.
 Windsor ball of the latest fashion, 611.

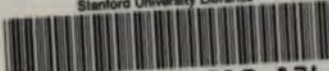
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