NEW PICTURES

AND

OLD PANELS.

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By DR. DORAN,

AUTHOR OF 'TABLE TRAITS AND SOMETHING ON THEM,' 'MONARCHS RETIRED FROM BUSINESS,' 'HISTORY OF COURT FOOLS,' ETC.

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TO

SAMUEL HOWELL,

HUDDERSFIELD, ARTIST,

THESE

New Pictures and Old Panels

ARE DEDICATED;

BY HIS FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

Catalogue of Pictures.

A Picture in Three Panels.

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NEW PICTURES AND OLD PANELS.

A Picture in Three Panels.

RIGHT-HAND PANEL.

A JULY sun can send warmth and apparent gladness even into Hart Street, Crutched Friars. Thus much, at least, was felt by an inhabitant who, early one morning, in the month just named, of the year 1757, stepped into the street from a solemn-looking house, near St. Olave's church, where Pepys so disturbed the congregation by whispering—about the news of the Dutch victory, from pew to pew.

The man who now stood on the causeway was of slight figure, had rather an intellectual than a purely handsome look, though his features were far from plain, and he might have been taken by most people for a clergyman. He had rather a dissipated aspect, and an exceedingly lazy bearing; he yawned languidly as he passed slowly along the street, and walked with both hands thrust into the pockets of a long-waisted black coat, which was stained with wine and punch, singed in several places where burning tobacco had fallen upon it, but which nevertheless fitted him so exactly, and was accompanied by a lace-edged cravat so dazzlingly

white, and by ruffles so extravagantly beautiful,—best seen when the wearer raised his hands to his forehead, which he did frequently, for last night's delights were being dearly accounted for, about that region especially,—that something of the stamp of a gentleman was impressed upon him. He had certainly about him all the characteristics of a rake,—and this was only in keeping, for he was one of the liveliest and "latest" revellers in London. And yet, therewith, he had, in spite of the shakiness of his gait, a composed, self-possessed air, and so much the look of a man accustomed to lay down the law, without being questioned, so much of the glow of satisfaction of a messenger of love, however unlovely his own life, that,—combined with his clerically-fashioned hat, wig, and shoe-buckles, any passer-by might have been pardoned for taking him for a "parson." Nay, he might have been more than pardoned, he would have been justified. The personage in question was the lecturer of St. Olave's. He had been making a night of it at a neighbour's, whence, after a few hours' sleep, and a breakfast where there certainly had been rum on the table, he was now wending his way homeward.

He might have passed for five years older than he really was,—his actual age was eight-and-twenty. For this apparent addition to his age he was indebted to a double dissipation. He was not only addicted to late hours, the society of bucks, tolerably hard drinking, and card-playing, where his tippling had been of the hardest, strongest, and longest, but he was one of the most fashionable preachers of the day. In a few months subsequent to this, and for several years, afterwards, he was perhaps *the* most fashionable preacher, and the rather handsome fellow led handsome women to Satan, just as Chesterfield sent his son in that direction,—with finely turned phrases, highly polished principles, and a rottenness of insinuation and example that were certain in their combined effects.

Now, to become and to remain a fashionable preacher cost this exemplary gentleman as much of his strength, as did his riotous way of life. His old father, the rector of Bourne, in Lincolnshire, was one of those dear, single- but large-hearted parsons and fathers of an earlier day, who probably spent nights in prayer and his little all of saved wealth, that his boy might be an apostolic missionary.

"I would as soon see Will hanged," he used to say, taking his much-loved pipe from his mouth, to charge it again from the tobacco-box which lay on the 'Ductor Dubitantium,' at his side; "I would as soon see Will hanged, as disgrace himself, his family, or, above all, the Church to which he belongs, and the Gospel of which he is now the preacher."

Good old soul! Well for him that he did not survive till 1777,—or he might have seen all that he deprecated, and a scene at Tyburn, at the end of it.

At the present moment, the highly reverend Will had not got further in his light and evil career than the status of a fashionable preacher. To that condition he was led indeed by his carelessness of serious things, his appetite, I may say his gluttony, for gaiety, and his inordinate love of money. He was by no means an idle fellow,—and there was his best chance against the Devil, who can easily take any number of *them* at any time, and with the slightest amount of trouble. Will could work like a galley-slave, and in part proof of my assertion I may refer to the fact of his resolution, ultimately realized, to establish himself and his fortunes by becoming a fashionable preacher.

"It will bring me the money that I love," said Will, "and it will enable me to spend it as fast as I like, and to borrow more, with facility, when the tide runs temporarily low."

As yet, he was only in the beginning of his career of fashion. Hitherto, he had worked variously. He had "jobbed" in the Church. "It pays well," said Will, "and

is not fatiguing," He had taken pupils. "It introduces me to good company," said Will, "and I may find a patron among them." Above all, he had long trusted to his pen. It was a spade which had dug for him a little, no great deal, of the gold of Peru. It was, just at this moment, beginning to do more. His friend, the Reverend Eli Synnamist, had lately started the 'Tuesday Tomahawk;' and Will was Lieutenant under this doughty Captain. They had some eight or ten subalterns,—all of whom were men who pretended to principle,—and nobody doubted the amount of their pretensions. They all affected, in very good language, an immense superiority over all other literary men, publicly denouncing their books, and privately insinuating away their characters. Their own public mistook them for men of standing, because they were continually suggesting that they were so, though three-fourths of them could not, and the half of the other fourth would not, pay their creditors. The paper brought with it certain dangers: the Reverend Eli, himself, most delighted in attacking the books written by women, and had narrowly escaped horsewhipping for bespattering in the 'Tomahawk' the volumes of two sisters on America, whose only male relative Eli had fondly imagined was at Philadelphia, and who was looking for Eli till obliged to give up the search in despair. There were two hungry lads in the neighbourhood of New Inn who depended entirely on the honorarium awarded by their leader, and whose "cue" it was always to sneer at writers who worked their pens for a livelihood. Will's appointed task was to do and say as he was bidden, and well he did it. Had he received a ten-pound note, each time he violated veracity, he might soon have ridden in a coach as grand and uncomfortable as that of George the Second himself.

There was one other task, for which, however, a proper executant was long lacking. The worshipful Eli had almost

as much luxury in attacking men as in assaulting women, but his fears got the better of him. Never did he feel such ecstatic delight as when some one who had been the popular idol of the day, whose talents had been godlike, wit divine, learning profound, virtues numberless and active,—and yet who fell as it were into the dust, by error great or small. Upon such a fallen angel as this Eli could jump with ruffianly delight. He was wise, however, and refrained; but he found a burly representative of his nasty and ferocious spirit in Bucephalus Bull, as he was generally called, though he was a man of many aliases, and who watched for the slips and backslidings of great men with an insane eagerness. Bucephalus was miserable when the world was virtuous, but let only one of its great ones trip, and the unclean fellow swooped down upon him with mad delight. As the filthy vulture lights on the wounded war-horse, so Bull, scenting his quarry, possessed himself of a fallen friend. His beak plunged into the eyes of his victim; his claws tore open the very entrails of the helpless one, and Bull, growing fat on garbage, was lightest of spirit and heaviest of purse, when better men than himself erred in presence of the world—and, what was worse, of Bull. Even Will, despite his love of money, had declared that he would rather be chaplain in Newgate, and ride to Tyburn twice a week with a cart-load of convicts,—by whose deaths he should lose much punch,—than take such a task as Bull's.

Yet Bull died in his bed; and poor Will finally went to Tyburn with the Chaplain,—who left him there, and returned alone.

The work in the 'Tomahawk' was, however, light, compared with that which Will passed through, or endured, in order not only to be fashionable in the pulpit, but out of it,—in fine houses, warm dining-rooms, mysterious bowers, and rollicking clubs. He had spent whole months with Mossop, the actor, who drilled him into reading the Litany

with such witching emphasis, that women went miles only to hear him read the Litany. Mrs. Clive had made him pay rather dearly in dinners and suppers, and mulled claret and earrings, for instructing him in a pleasing delivery of the services for the solemnization of matrimony, the churching of women, and the private or public baptism of children. Palmer had taught him how to read a public notice from the pulpit with effect, and Woodward had enlightened him as to the achievement of distinctness with grace, in enunciating the "Dearly beloved," and in reading an Epistle. For all this, Will was indebted to the players at Drury Lane,—but the necessary money was well laid out. It returned cent. per cent. Covent Garden was not backward in lending him a certain sort of fitness for his calling. The effect was seen on an Ash Wednesday, when Will had to recite the Commination sentences, and on any day set aside for the proclaiming of the creed of St. Athanasius. *Then*, Will's audiences beat Barry's; and Barry had been his master. Week after week, Will had attended at Barry's house, No. 61, Hart Street, Covent Garden, and there the two had gone through the threats and condemnations, till at last, Will seemed to have gained the silver tongue of his instructor, and congregations of some men and many maids and matrons flocked to hear terrible penalties levelled at them, in so exquisite a voice and method, that even they who remembered the "Fly soft ideas" of Miss Brent, in 'Artaxerxes,' thought Arne's pupil not to be compared with Barry's.

Nor was this all that Covent Garden did to make a graceful apostle of him. Smith, that most irresistible of Valentines, addressed himself to Will's carriage, and in a very short time, particularly as the "parson" went every night to the play, and from the boxes, thronged with maccaronies, marked how the actor entered on and walked the stage, he produced such improvement, that half the women, and

sometimes all of them, in Will's congregation, used to slowly and silently rise to watch his graceful movement as he passed from the vestry to the pulpit, or from the latter to within the rails of the "communion." As this was always done to a few notes from the organ, the effect was complete; and when it was over, the silly women fell back in faint ecstasy, each looking in a die-away fashion at her neighbour, and the expression evidently implying all that is meant in a "Did you ever?"

There were others in Will's congregation who always circulated a soft and gentle "hush!"—musically and tenderly sibillated previous to his saying, "Let us pray!" For his unparalleled utterance of this and of the last eight words of the Lord's Prayer, to each of which he seemed to give different emphasis and additional beauty, he was indebted to Shuter, at whose lodgings, in Denzil Street, he took a good deal of instruction, and paid for a vast deal of liquor.

I will say no more of his ecclesiastical studies, except with respect to his preaching. To Mossop, he owed much in this respect, but most to Mr. Serjeant Faucœur, a man who was always engaged in causes where a tremendous philippic was required against immorality and uncleanness, generally or particularly. To call this Serjeant, however, simply a "beast" would be an insult to entire beastdom, where could be found only his superiors. His way, and trick, and thousand little telling fashions, were worth acquiring and improving on; and this was done by Will, who, in the pulpit, was held to be at once the most dignified and crushing adversary that Lucifer could possibly encounter. That bad and brilliant angel, however, good-naturedly thought otherwise. He did not dispute the courtesy nor deny the truths, but he felt that fashionable Will was no enemy of Gehenna.

To acquire reputation exacted one species of labour, to sustain it required work as hard, and the achievement of it demanded a different sort of toil, as wearying and as ex-

hausting. Will had for ever to live in company. He did not dislike it, but it sometimes fatigued him. He occasionally gave out that he could remain nowhere after midnight, as from that hour till three was his only season for study. Revellers laughed at him, and detained him till dawn. The men loved him, for he could sing a good song, knew cards as well as he did his paternoster, took his liquor freely, and was as awake to everything about town as if he had no commission on earth, but to learn and teach it.

Still more was he loved by the women, even by the really serious. To their serious questions he could always give serious and highly satisfactory answers. To these inquirers he seemed something angelic, so bright, so soft, so consoling, was this apostle from the taverns. Women more foolish loved him more fondly and, of course, more foolishly. They sent him bands, and worked slippers for him. The more timid despatched to him leather purses on which they had worked his initials. The more daring offered him braces knitted by their own hands, and dashingly offered, furthermore, to "help him on with them." Married women, who sat near him at dinner, would drink out of his glass, and then wink at and laugh with him. Bevies of girls were in the seventh heaven if they could secure him at some of their games. Solitary adorers discoursed with him in corners. Gifts of value rained upon him; he had only to hint a want that he might have it supplied; and three times his debts had been paid in full by the ladies of his various congregations. The matrons paid them the first time. The maids accepted the liability the next. On the third occasion there was a hot quarrel. The widows claimed the exclusive privilege, but the claim was disputed, as they had previously combined with the matrons, who now asserted their right, by turn. Ultimately the matter was compromised, and ladies of all qualities united, and raised such a sum-total, that the reverend gentleman was not only set free from

debt, but presented with such a sum over and above his late encumbrances, that he became more of the fine gentleman than he had ever been, speculated in marriage, aimed at winning a lady of title and a fortune;—and fancying he had met both at Lord Sandwich's, eloped with the two, and found the lady's title one very common to Drury Lane, and her fortune, a couple of hundred guineas, contributed with alacrity by my lord.

To this desirable lady, Will was now wending homeward, in the same street. It was so common an occurrence for him to be abroad all night, that Mrs. Dodd, for that was her name, received him with little or no manifestation of illwill. Eleven o'clock had just struck as her husband entered. He found her at breakfast, dressed in a loose wrapper; otherwise, she was not what many ladies of her day were at breakfast-time, well-washed and well-attired. She was a handsome woman, with vanity enough for any fair demon in Pandemonium. Her hair was just sufficiently red to have taken some of this vanity out of her, but in the days of powder, Rufa was on a par with any blonde or brunette of them all. There was little of boldness in her expression, but there was *some*, and one could not readily say how highly it might be developed by circumstances. What there was, however, was unquestionable, although apparently small. It amounted to that unpleasant, knowing look, which bronzes itself on the faces of modern young ladies who have gone through the ordeal of keeping stalls at fancy fairs.

"Moll," said Mr. Dodd, "you are late at breakfast. What were you about last night?"

"What's that to you?" remarked the gentle creature. "Mind your own business. When you are a Bishop you shall be the supervisor of mine. Will you have some tea?"

"One cup, Mollinda, with a drop of rum in it. I am not well this morning."

"Nor I neither!" cried Mollinda, with a laugh, "though I have not tried the remedy before as you have done."

"I? O!—"

"Ah! don't call in the vowels to tell lies, because"—and she tittered again—"*you* smell of it;" and, pleased with her very small wit, she went to a cupboard in the room, took therefrom a suspicious but promising bottle, and opening the parlour-door, called to the servant for a cup and saucer and a glass.

The things required were speedily brought by a vixenish-looking maid, dressed in her mistress's fine, cast clothes, and with something of beauty in her features. She was attired for the streets; natty hat and mantle; a tight stocking over a well-shaped leg, and a light but oldish silk dress, of which there was not much on her shoulders, but a wonderful amount curiously draped and disposed of between that and her heels.

"Rum!" was all she said, and that as if making a remark to herself, on entering; and then she added, "I am going out."

Mr. Dodd looked lazily at her; his wife rather angrily,—she did not wait for either to speak, but said, "You were both out all night; and it's the second night I have been kept up, I won't stand it. I'm going to see my cousin Mrs. Bellamy."

"Then Flippy," rejoined Mr. Dodd, with a smile; "you shall take her a letter from me. My dear," turning to his wife, "what's the name of the man who works for Griffiths?"

"Works for Griffiths?"

"Ay, ay, the publisher. You know Mrs. Bellamy told us that he was a poor, clever devil, who had sent her a tragedy of his own composition to read. What *is* his name?"

"I'm sure I don't know, and I'm sure I don't care," said the married lady, handing him his little cup of tea, into which she poured a table-spoonful of rum. Mr. Dodd

pointed to her own cup; but with a lackadaisical "No, I thank you," she shook her head, and proceeded to replace the spirit in the cupboard. Before corking the bottle, however, and when the door was between her and the two other inmates in the room, she put it to her lips, tossed back her head, and swallowed a liberal "half-quartern." As she performed this feat, the back part of her head came in sight from behind the door,—the maid put her hand on Dodd's shoulder, who had commenced writing, and directed his attention to the little accident. Both broke into a loud laugh.

"Missus don't like rum in her tea," said Flippy.

"Molly," said Dodd, "for secret drinking, the Romans used to put their wives to death. Private drinking is mean—"

"Then I 'll take some openly in my tea," replied the lady, suiting the action to the word; "and here, Flippy, to keep you quiet, there 's some for you." She took her own saucer, half-filled it, and handed it to the servant, who imbibed the liquor with a loudness and sureness of suction that would have done credit to any respectable whirlpool. Then turning up her dress, she wiped her lips on the edge of her petticoat, and taking the note from Dodd, departed.

"You are not going to invite any men here, I hope," said Mrs. Dodd, when they were left alone.

"No, my dear: men,—and women too, are in the habit of inviting *me*. The man is a writer whom Synnamist is anxious to engage on the 'Tomahawk,' and I wanted to learn his name, or meet him at Bellamy's tomorrow night."

"Out again then?"

"Out again; and you?"

"Well, I think I may be at Bellamy's too. We can come home together, and that will look as pleasant as Pyramus and Thisbe."

"Better not, Moll," said Dodd. "It will be dry work for

you there. When I am the Bishop you talked about, I will keep a carriage; we will visit in company, and return home in like fashion."

"Bishop, indeed! I shall see you hanged first," exclaimed the charming Mrs. Dodd.

"No you won't," almost as flippantly rejoined Dodd. "I am at work on a pamphlet on the injustice, bad policy, and absolute wickedness of frequent capital punishments. The reasoning is sound, and the effect must be good. At all events, if a fellow the less is not hung, I shall have a few guineas the more; and so a valuable end will be obtained, one way or the other."

"Ah, well, to be sure!" was the profound comment of Mrs. Dodd. "Could you let me have a guinea of it, beforehand?"

"Does your 'Ladyship,' oh la!—remember," asked Dodd, who frequently addressed his wife by this title, "that Mrs. Woffington once reminded Mrs. Bellamy that it was well for her she had a minister to supply her extravagance?—and now you are looking to another sort of minister than Mr. Fox, my Lady, to supply yours. Well, well, hussey, there 's a guinea. What will you do with it?"

"Get some claret—"

"And we 'll have it at dinner, at one o'clock; excellent idea!"

This had not been exactly Mrs. Dodd's idea, but she was a good-natured woman, when any species of pleasant tippling was in question, and she expressed her assent.

"Meanwhile," she asked, "what will you do till dinner-time? It only wants an hour of it."

"I could well sleep that hour," said the clergyman; "but I will not. I have a letter to write to the mother of the man who robbed me last month in the Ealing Road. He will swing for it next week, unless a petition for his life takes effect; and it 's not likely to take much, the old woman says, unless my name is at the head of it."

"That 's easily managed."

"Not so readily. 'Thou shalt not steal,' is a Divine command, and he who breaks it, sins against God, as well as against a human law. The offence is too common. Examples are needed, and—"

"And your pamphlet against the frequency of executions as bad policy, downright wickedness, and rank injustice?"

"Ay, ay, Moll, against the frequency; but this is only a single case;—"

"Well, if they hang ever so many or ever so few men, at a time, I presume, they hang no man twice. Frequency means—"

"You don't understand the question, Moll. I must decline to sign the petition, but I will give all the consolation to the mother that she needs."

"After hanging her son?"

"Nay, it is not I, but the law. Now go away; leave me to my letter; and to finish a sermon I am to preach on Friday."

"For how much?"

"Two guineas, a pint of wine, and fare of a hackney coach. And that, Moll, is infinitely better pay than could be had in my father's early days, in London, by the threepenny curates."

"'Threepenny curates!' What were they? and why 'threepenny'? Was it the worth of the labourer, or the regulated amount of the hire?"

"They were poor devils, my Lady, who had no benefice, not even a lectureship; they were without friends; were often suspected of being Nonjurors, sometimes were so; and who hung about town looking for preferment, just like—"

"The Reverend William Dodd?"

"Come, come," said that gentleman, a trifle irritated, "not quite that; they were little better than mendicants, who read prayers for the richer sort—"

"Like Mister Dodd!"

"And who did it," he continued, without noticing the interruption, "for threepence a time; part in money and part in kind."

"I wonder so large a sum was not paid by instalments. And how was the division of money and kind effected, my dear?"

"Well, ingeniously enough. Twopence of the threepence was always paid in farthings, and the other penny was presented in the form of a cup of coffee!"

Mrs. Dodd laughed, while Mr. Dodd explained, with his hand round the neck of the rum-bottle, that the honorarium and refreshment were only for "praying;" *preaching*, he remarked, was always of higher value.

"And *practice* as good as either," said the lady, "if it were not so unpleasant."

"I 'll make some pretty parallels between them. It would do you good to go to church, for once, and hear my sermon."

"What is the thing about?" asked Mrs. Dodd, very irreverently.

"Why, have you forgotten? It 's the annual charity-sermon, funds for which were bequeathed by Mrs. Fitzmechant, of Whetstone Park, who lost some of her family at Tyburn, and who left two guineas and a trifle over, yearly, for a sermon on the beauty of mercy and the necessity of suppressing the gallows."

"Doesn't it strike you," said the lady, "that—"

"The quotation from Shakespeare? Oh! I thought of it. 'The quality of mercy.' I know. Quotations from the stage, —there are people now who detect them. If it hadn't been for my 'Beauties,' perhaps there would not be many in the congregation who would find me out if I were to deliver the passage as original. However, I will avow its source, and apologize for it; hint that Bossuet once used to visit the theatre, and—but, d—it, Bossuet was a Papist. Never

mind, the head of our Church goes to the play, and I 'll turn the matter so as to make it tell. 'The quality of mercy'—"

Mrs. Dodd left him reciting the superb passage which he could admire, but not apply; and while she was absent he worked hard; answered the mother, leaving her son to be hanged; finished his sermon, for the sake of the lucre, not of mercy; and then penned a few paragraphs for the 'Evening Post,' out of which he extracted a few pounds per quarter.

"Ah!" he muttered, "there is Bielby's book to review. I promised him I would notice his book; and so I will, for I will deceive no man. But Bielby is not of our set; he calls the Tomahawks 'blackguards' and 'impostors,' because, good joke! while we weekly profess to review no book we do not purchase, we denounce every book we cannot obtain *gratis*. Yes, I promised Bielby . . . and," he added, after a moment's thought, "I know what I will do. Tom Midgley, who hates Bielby, has attacked the book in the 'Post-Boy;' now, I will refer to Tom's review, as the best *we* have read on this work, and by this notice I shall have kept my promise." And with this balsam to his conscience, the honest man helped Bielby,—after his fashion.

And then the amiable pair dined, and drank their claret, which, being soon despatched, was followed by rum-punch and cribbage. While Mrs. Dodd then slept, her husband, replenishing his glass, addressed himself to literary work. He went on steadily for a couple of hours, writing and sipping. It was work well paid for, compared with the ordinary literary honorarium in use, for Dodd was well "up to his work." Indeed all that he did was now well paid for; and as he terminated, reckoning his gains on his fingers, he felt so satisfied with himself that he offered, after tea, to take his wife to the play.

The woman of the house, Flippy not having returned, laid out the table, on which was placed the eternal rum,—or

rather, the ever-replenished bottle. There was strong tea, delicate cream, fresh butter, one or two little delicacies, and, these enjoyed, there ensued the dressing of the lady, who came into the room again, a figure such as Sir Joshua excelled in painting—bright, light, speaking, sparkling, not more genteel than Pritchard, but draped like a Duchess, and, in prospect of a play, happy as a Queen, even though she was going thither with her husband.

In the front seat of the very centre of the boxes at the "little theatre" Mrs. Dodd sat, and almost looked the queen to whom I have compared her for happiness. There, however, she was left by the gay lecturer of St. Olave's, who, flitting round the house, or tripping down the private staircase to the stage, stopped to gossip with every one he knew, and he knew everybody, spectator and actor. At one of the wings was that primest of Lord Foppingtons, namely Theophilus Cibber, steeped to the lips in debt and distress, racked by bodily pains, but with so little sympathy for his creditors or himself, as to be brimming over with wit and jollity. After a burst of both, with a very profane savour about them, Dodd remarked:

"You are a very fine gentleman to be named 'Theophilus,' —'lover of God!'"

"Bad translation, Will. God-beloved is more according to fact, and the intention of my respectable godfather and godmother. But, physician, prescribe for thyself. What in Lucifer's name art thou, that thou shouldst object to my name and deeds? Go and hang thyself, or be hanged!"

"If thou thyself come not to that end, Theoph," said Dodd,—

"It will only be because I 'm born to be drowned, according to the terms of the proverb," interrupted the other honest individual—who, a year later, *did* meet with death "by that cold river;"—and then, even the actresses who used to flock to Wellclose Square, to hear Dodd preach for

his Magdalens, were wont to cut unpleasant jokes with him on the drowning of Theophilus and the destiny reserved to himself.

But on this particular night neither of the men thought much of any end but some very particular one in immediate view. When the play was nearly over, and a subsequent supper-party was arranged, Dodd was leaning against the doors of the box in which his wife was seated, when he was touched on the shoulder by a gentleman who was well known as being employed in writing for Government, or seeking writers willing, whatever their opinions, to do the same for a consideration. This gentleman had stood in the pillory, for abusing this very Administration. It was the luckiest thing for him that ever happened, for it enabled him to see the error of his ways, and to put money in both pockets by profiting by his enlightenment.

What passed I will not be so indiscreet as to betray. Suffice it, that at the close of the conversation Dodd was radiant with delight. He escorted his wife to a chair, whispering to her eagerly how his pen was to purchase for him preferment, fortune, luxury, ease, unending happiness. The lady heard it all with sympathizing ecstasy; and when the prelate-expectant told her, on shutting down the roof of her chair, that he was obliged to attend his new patron at a conference, she, who very well knew that he was going to sup with his old associates, asked for another guinea, that she might have revel with her own.

Dodd flung the money in her lap, and hastened towards a neighbouring tavern. Gayest of nights did he there spend; most superb of visions reared themselves in measure as his brain heated;—and as the second short hour "ayont the twal," struck from St. Olave's, a very disorderly-looking person, hat gone, wig awry, cravat with the ends down his back, a leer in his eye, and helplessness in every limb, was lying in a large armchair, trying to be gallant with Flippy,

and very irreverently now rejoicing now cursing that his wife was not in bed, as became a clergyman's lady.

"Curse her," he cried, after tripping thrice at the *c* hard; "Curse her! and only think, Flippy, that woman may be a Bishop's lady."

"Go to bed," said Flippy, "I 've just made it!"

"And I, Flippy," rejoined the Reverend Dodd, "have just made my fortune,"—and therewith, with a half-solemn half-delighted aspect, and a tipsy muttering touching gratitude and unworthiness, he passed to his bedroom, but with not quite so unshaken and majestic a gait as was imagined by the exemplary personage himself.

LEFT-HAND PANEL.

On the following day, old Morgan, the oldest actor then alive in England, might be seen walking slowly into the 'Dunciad's Head,' a dull-looking house in Paternoster Row. It was the residence of Griffiths, the publisher; and that celebrated personage might also then be seen in the parlour behind the shop, seated without his wig, while his wife wiped his head with a cotton handkerchief.

In a closet beyond the parlour was visible a young man at a desk, busily engaged in writing. He was ill-dressed, awkwardly made, and coarse of feature. He had even a heavy stupid look, as he sat intent on his labour. It was only his side-face that could be seen; but as he now and then had occasion to turn full round to Mr. Griffiths in the parlour, or as he did so, from time to time, when some remark attracted his attention, there was an expression on his features and a light in his eye which seemed to give promise of no common man. Still, his slovenly, wearied, and plodding appearance was decidedly against him.

As Morgan entered the parlour, the literary drudge,—for that was evidently his office,—blushed slightly; for Mrs. Griffiths, ceasing to polish the skull of her husband, looked sharply round, and with a voice sharper than her look, bade him "get on with the article in hand, and let her have it for approval and correction when finished." The young man did not answer, although he was evidently irritated. Around his mouth there was an expression as if he had swallowed vinegar. He sat for a moment biting the end of his pen as

vigorously as the great Coligny, when in deep wrath or reflection, used to champ his toothpick. He smiled at last with mournful resignation; and then passing the not-very-clean sleeve of his poor coat over a rather begrimed face, he addressed himself to his toil, with a remark which sounded as if it had reference to the intense heat.

"Why don't you take off your coat," said Griffiths, "as I do?"

This suggestion only made the scribe button that vestment more closely round his throat. The vulgar wife of the bibliopole laughed vulgarly, and made an allusion to the person's linen, or the lack of it. The writer did not look up; but the very tips of his ears were scarlet, and he could be heard, lowly but distinctly, as though he were reading to himself rather than addressing others, uttering these words:—

"Ego cultu non proinde speciosus, ut facile appararet me, hâc notâ litteratum esse, quos odisse divites solent."

"My stars!" said Mrs. Griffiths; "is that a part of your review of Mr. Mallet's 'Northern Antiquities'?"

"No, Madam," answered the young man, with a slight Irish accent; "it is a passage in Petronius Arbiter, a gentleman who was consul in Bithynia, and who also was an officer in the house of Nero, where he lived luxuriously, and died laughing."

And the speaker sighed, as if he envied the destiny of the finest gentleman and the greatest scamp of those gay yet dangerous times.

"I dare say he was a lazy fellow," said Griffiths, at the same time signing to the young writer to go on with his vocation. "And now, Mr. Morgan," added he, turning to the old actor, "what news with you?"

"Well enough with *me*," said the hearty old man, whose memory went back to the days of Mrs. Aphra Behn, "but ill with Garrick, ill with Barry, ill with that exquisite hussey Bellamy, and worst of all with Mrs. Woffington."

"I hate both the women," exclaimed Mrs. Griffiths, sinking into a low chair the while, and putting on an expression of very pretty horror. "But what ails them all?"

The young writer in the inner room looked round, for he was possessed with a taste for theatricals, and had at that moment in his pocket the draft of a tragedy, with fragments of scenes, the whole wrapped up in several sheets of Dublin ballads, of which he was also the author, and which, could they be recovered now, would probably prove to be as well worth reading as half the palimpsests found or forged by the clever Simonides.

"Why, you see," said Morgan, "David is annoyed because he turned away Mr. Home's 'Douglas.' Barry is annoyed because all the tavern-critics continue to laugh at him for dressing young Norval in a suit of white satin. Mrs. Bellamy is in distress because she could only play Almeria once throughout the whole of last season. And finally, poor Peg is ill for a score of reasons, some of which make Bellamy glad: she is ill because she produced so small an effect in Lady Randolph; because she produced even less in Lothario (at which two circumstances her rival dances with delight); and she is dying at the thought that the shriek with which she finished Rosalind last May, when seized with her fit, is the last sound which the public will ever hear from her on the stage."

"All these susceptible ladies and gentlemen," remarked the bookseller, "may recover their healths and their tempers before next season begins. And that reminds me," he rejoined, looking into the inner room. "Pray, sir, where is your promised article on the Scotch parson's play?"

"Sir," said the pale writer, rising, and advancing to the door, "it is nearly finished. But it is not so easy to review a play as it is to read, digest, and judge a few quarto volumes of travels or biography. To enjoy and to judge poetry demands a mind akin to the poet's. Genius lights its flam-

beau at the skies; and mere men of earth must not be over-hasty in pronouncing upon the purity of the fire."

"Oh, stuff!" exclaimed Mrs. Griffiths, turning her fat back on the last speaker, and showing above her low dress, worn in summer-weather, a series of cupping-marks, that seemed to designate a patient with a tendency to the head of more blood than judgment. "You might as well say that it is more difficult to make a cribbage-peg than a walking-stick."

"Not so, Madam," civilly rejoined the young man, standing in the doorway; "and yet you would find it more difficult to make a watch than a warming-pan."

"I never found it difficult to do anything," said the lady, whose conceit was notorious.

"Except to write poetry, Polly," observed her husband.

"And why should I not write verses, if I tried?" asked the lady, rather more shrilly than usual. Her husband shook his head, smiled, and was silent. "I ask," she said, "why a woman, why *I*, should not write verses as well as any other rhymer?"

Her flashing eye rested on the shabby young man in the doorway. And he, fancying himself peremptorily addressed, looked slightly embarrassed for an instant, and then replied:

"Indeed, Madam, I believe only for this reason. Poetesses are generally indifferent housewives. Rhyme does not, in their case, always accord with reason." Having said which, he slowly returned to his work; while the lady looked at him with a puzzled expression, as if she could not very well make out whether he had intended to be caustic or complimentary.

"You doubtless fancy yourself," she said tartly, "as famous as the authors we have hired you to review."

He looked round with a flush on his face made up of hope and conviction of present power to be worked to further ends. "Who knows?" he asked, not of them, but of himself. "Who knows?" he repeated; and old Morgan,

looking in, and gazing at that strange face with interest, saw the tears in his eyes. "Who knows?" he asked for a third time. "There is something *there*," he added, placing his podgy finger on his pallid brow. "Patience! God does not let the tide run up to high-water in an instant. I can wait." And he resumed his task, with this final remark, murmured low to himself: "I can wait. The spring will yet bloom for me. I know that he who cuts the balsam in the winter gets no juice. I can wait; I can wait."

Morgan resumed his seat; and talking in a subdued voice to Griffiths, said: "That young fellow puzzles me. I could almost swear that he was an actor in Tinselrouge and Whytight's itinerant company, with whom I was starring last year. Did you pick him up at Dunstable?"

"The gentleman is a physician," said Griffiths, with mock dignity; "a physician in reduced circumstances; that is, he was so when I found him. He is now a literary man, and has just finished his first article. Poor devil! he fancies he may purchase fame by his pen; but who will know any thing of him a hundred years to come, in 1857? He will no more be known then than he is now. And the droll creature is a physician too! Not many months since he was practising in Southwark. That patch which you see on his elbow was then a hole in his sleeve, which he dexterously hid from his patients by covering it with his hat. Things have improved with him since he has been in my service; for, as you see, his coat is mended. Where did I pick him up? Oh! at Dr. Milner's, at Peckham. I have a nephew at school there, where my reviewer was usher. He dined at table with us. Just fancy, an usher! But Milner declares his father was a gentleman; and that we should not demean ourselves by allowing him to eat with us. And I am not sorry for it, seeing that it was a remark of his which first induced me to believe that I should find in him a capital reviewer, at a very small cost."

"What was the remark?" asked the old player.

"Why, I and Milner had been talking of our mutual regard, when the usher said, 'Modern attachments are often maintained by the same bond which united the twin-brothers, Jacob and Esau, of whom the one loved the other *because* he did eat of his venison.' Pretty, wasn't it?"

"Sharp, certainly," answered the actor; "but I should not have thought that you would altogether have admired it." He looked towards the room where sat the poor hireling, and saw very well that though he was not listening, he could hear perfectly all that was passing, for the young scribe could be heard by Morgan distinctly uttering in subdued tones, an almost parallel sentiment from Dryden's 'Theodore and Honoria:'—

> "He would have lived more free, but many a guest
> Who could forsake the friend, pursued the feast."

There was a smile on his face that made it look beaming with intellect. Morgan was benevolently determined to sustain that smile; and he did so by asking the publisher if the usher had made any other remark that was 'pretty.'

"Oh, ay!" replied Griffiths. "His master and I were discussing the difference between ancient banquets, with their guests, and modern feasts and those who are invited to them. Well, what do you think that dog said? 'Sir,' said he, 'it is the remark of Pliny, that the dinner-givers of his day always served up poppy-seed at dessert. So do many of the hosts of our own time, and long before dessert,—to say nothing of the quantity taken to table by the diners-out.' Now, sir," added Griffiths, "that observation was made in the spirit of a reviewer not unworthy to be of the brotherhood of the 'Whig Monthly.' All that is wanted by him we supply. I make suggestions, and Mrs. Griffiths corrects his articles. She will add some beauties to his first article on Mallet."

"Does he like that?" whispered Morgan.

"Oh, bless you!" exclaimed the publisher, "if the fellow were to grow obstinate against it, Polly would keep him to cold meat and potatoes four times a week, and not much of either. If that were to fail, he may pack off to beggary again."

Morgan looked towards the worker, from whose face a smile was just fading. "Mr. What's-your-name," said he, with an impudent familiarity characteristic of the times, "allow me to congratulate you upon the auspices under which you have commenced your literary life. You are in this much like Midas, gifted, no doubt, in being able to turn all you touch into gold."

"I believe," said the poor scribe, "that I am much more like that royal personage in this respect, that touch what I may, I starve."

"Starve!" said Mrs. Griffiths, who piqued herself on her liberality; "starve, with above a pound a week, bed, and board!"

"Starve!" echoed her husband. "Sir, you lack truth, and want a contented mind. Sir, I fear you did not hear the last discourse of the Rev. Eli Synnamist, at St. Benet Fink. Sir, he told us that content is such a duty, that were a man to be cast into the bottomless pit, his first word on coming to himself should be, 'I am satisfied.'"

"Mr. Griffiths," said that gentleman's retainer, respectfully but firmly, "the Rev. Eli Synnamist is no guide for me to follow. You call him a shining light. Yes; he is like one of our roadside lights, which makes a little shining on earth, but leaves heaven all the darker. I am sorry to say it, but Mr. Synnamist is a hypocrite."

"A hypocrite!" shouted Griffiths, and screamed his wife, "he is white as driven snow."

"My dear Madam," said the undaunted reviewer to the lady, who snorted off the compliment as if there was something nasty in it, "he reminds me of those sheep at the altars

of the ancients, which were whitened with chalk, in order to imitate the purity of the beloved lambs of the gods, which were only to be found on the banks of the Clitumnus. Do you know, Sir," he asked, turning to Griffiths, "that Mr. Synnamist edits the review which weekly professes to be independent by purchasing every book it notices, and which condemns every work which is not supplied to it *gratis?*"

Griffiths was a knave; but his dirty ideas never reached to this heroic height of soaring rascality. He fairly screamed with indignation; and his wife heightened the din by a few notes peculiar to herself. Morgan added to the tumult; and it was at its very height, when a lady appeared at the door, whose coming appeased the uproar in an instant.

She was one of those bright creatures who can scarcely be described, and who defy criticism, except, of course, from a sister. If it be true that Lycurgus set up a graceful statue representing Laughter, and that he bade his Spartans worship the new goddess, this was the deity herself. Eye, lip, cheek, nay, as the poet says, her foot smiled. Praxiteles might have thought himself happy to have had her for a model. Had she been by when Paris had to give away the apple, it would not have fallen into the bosom of Helen. Semele was only a dairymaid in comparison with her; and, then, she wore a saucy look,—inexpressible, seductive, subduing, inimitable,—such as the son of Semele might have worn before he took to ferment his grapes and drink deeply of the liquor. The voice sounded sweet, silvery, and saucy too, as she said:

"Good folks, when your breath comes back, be kind enough to inform me if you have in the house a gentleman of the name of Mr. Oliver Goldsmith?" Before reply was given, she had shaken hands with Morgan, tapped Mrs. Griffiths on the cheek, and after kissing her husband, clapped his wig on his head wrong side before, and broke into melodious peals of laughter, in which every one present would

have joined, had they not of one accord kept silent to listen to the silvery intonations of her own mirth.

"My dear Mrs. Bellamy," said Griffiths, "I am glad to find you well enough to be out. As to Mr. Oliver Goldsmith, there he stands; but may I be bold enough to ask what you want with my servant?"

"Don't be impertinent, Griffiths, nor use false terms. Mrs. Griffiths, you should teach your husband better manners. You can't? Don't I know it, my dear? Mr. Goldsmith, I have read the specimens you have sent me of your intended tragedy, and they will not do. Now don't look downhearted. I commend to you the maxim of our German trumpeter in the orchestra,—'Time brings roses.'"

"Alas, Madam," said Goldsmith timidly, "even if it be so, shall I ever reach them without pricking my fingers with the thorns?"

"Of course not! Why should you? Who does? As long as we can pluck the roses, never mind a scratch or two. Everybody has a thorn. Even wealthy Griffiths here feels the smart of it. Who is Griffiths's thorn; eh, Mrs. Griffiths?"

"Madam," said that lady, who hated Mrs. Bellamy, "I hope she is not."

"I hope so, too, my dear," answered the actress; "and I did not say she was. I only asked a question. And, then, we have all got our pleasant little faults, which we must strive to amend—some day." (This was said with a saucy look.) "Have we anything else that is objectionable, Mr. Goldsmith?"

"Well, Madam," said Oliver, "I dare say we all have—our *vices*, which we surrender, as Lais the courtesan did her mirror, when she grew old, and found no more pleasure in employing it. Our hopes, I trust, we may always retain. Do you bid me keep mine?"

"Bid you! Young man, there is stuff in you that shall make people talk of you centuries to come."

"And love me?"

"And love you. Some of us will be despised, and some forgotten, when you, Sir, will be honoured; but you must not write tragedies. You have the most charming style possible, but no more suited to tragedy than my muslin slip to—to—to Titus Andronicus. What have you done besides making these attempts on stilts?"

"I have only written a trifle," said the author modestly. "It's my first article,—a review of Mr. Mallet's 'Northern Antiquities.'"

Mrs. Bellamy made a comically wry face, shook her head, and then remarked, "I dare say it is as bad as your tragedy."

"Probably," replied the perplexed author.

"And perhaps not," good-naturedly exclaimed the actress. "Will you come and take a dish of tea with a queen, and read this article to her majesty?"

"Queen!" cried the two Griffithses. "What queen? We have no queen since the demise of her most gracious majesty Queen Caroline. *He* take tea with a queen?"

"Ah, dear stupid old folks, Mr. Goldsmith has more wit than both of you; and old Morgan here, I see, knows of a queen in England not yet defunct. Now, Sir," she added, "put your manuscript in your pocket, and come along." She glanced rapidly at his coat, slightly curled her charming and ineffably impertinent nose; and then, with a "pshaw," and a stamp of her little foot, as if annoyed with herself, she exclaimed, "My chariot waits; let us go."

She swept through the shop like a graceful vision; and as Goldsmith, his hour for labour having expired, prepared to follow her, Griffiths put his hand on his sleeve, and asked with great simplicity,—

"Mr. Goldsmith, who is the queen you are going to take tea with, and to read to her your first article?"

"Queen Roxalana," said Goldsmith, with a smile.

"Oh," exclaimed the publisher and his wife, "the cha-

racter she plays in 'Alexander the Great'! It is only herself."

"*Only* herself!" returned Goldsmith. "She, *herself*, is worth to me a throne-room full of queens. She has encouraged me with a hope of fame and the love of a generation to come. The promise is an inducement to labour, and I will endure much for the great recompense."

"Ah, Sir, I see, from the company you keep, you will be a miserable writer of comedies, or some such trash! Sir, you will die in the Mint, and be forgotten a fortnight afterwards."

"I have faith in her promise, and in my own perseverance to make reality of it. This is 1757, and I have written nothing but an article for a review. Perhaps, in 1857, sovereigns may have my collected works in their libraries, and I may be affectionately known beyond the ocean. Perhaps—"

"Now, Mr. Goldsmith!" called the sweet voice from the coach at the door.

"You are stark staring mad," said Griffiths; "but remember, Sir, I expect you here early to-night, and at work by nine to-morrow. There is the article on 'Douglas' to be concluded, and a second is to follow on Mr. Jonas Hanway's book; and I fear that this rantipole company will unfit you for steady labour."

"Cease to fear it, Sir. What I have undertaken to perform shall be accomplished;" and he hurried off to the impatient sovereign lady in the glittering vehicle at the door. She kissed the tips of her rosy fingers to the trio who had followed Goldsmith to the threshold; and many a queen would have given her ears—or, at least, her ear*rings*—to have looked half so imperiously and saucily handsome.

"Humph," said Griffiths, as the carriage drove off with its well-contrasted freight, "Beauty and the Beast."

"Beauty!" cried his lady; "why she 's crooked! They

look like what they are—an impudent hussey and a mastiff-puppy. What do you say, Mr. Morgan?"

"Well, I was going to say, Hebe and Hercules; but I would rather call them Intellectual and Material Beauty."

"Good gracious," cried Mrs. Griffiths, "what nonsense! Mrs. Bellamy, I tell you, is crooked; and Goldsmith is ninny enough to think people will talk of him in 1857. I really shall die of laughing. Dr. Hawksworth *may* be the darling of ages to come; but a half-starved drudge like Oliver Goldsmith—pshaw!"

CENTRE PANEL.

WHILE Mrs. Bellamy and the dazzled yet self-possessed Oliver, who now felt as sure of fame as Mr. Dodd did of fortune, under promise of a benefice if he devoted his pen to the support of the Government of George II., proceeded in the lady's chariot towards Southampton Street, she briefly informed him that, moved by the evidences of his ability in the papers he had sent for her perusal, she had repaired to the house of Griffiths the publisher, with the fixed object in view of effecting, or, at all events, of offering something that might turn out of great advantage to him.

"A clerical friend of mine," she said, "is coming to see me today. He is a literary man; and I may affirm," she added, with the look and voice of a light-hearted and light-principled woman, used to make such affirmations and to attach but little importance to them, "I may affirm that he is rather an ardent admirer of mine—at least he says so. His name is Dodd. He has heard of you. Do you know him?"

Goldsmith shook his head, and then said, "I know his brother, and indeed himself—the one, however, not much better than the other. I met one at a tavern, and encountered the other at church."

"His brother!" exclaimed Mrs. Bellamy, "tell me how, and when did that occur?"

"Well, Madam, it was on Saturday night, a month ago. Chance drove me, by force of a storm, into a tavern in Blackfriars, where I found a score of honest fellows (I dare to say they were) making merry under the presidency of the

jolliest if not the most honest fellow in the room. This chairman, who looked as fine as a lord-in-waiting, but had much more wit in him, drank deeper, laughed louder, swore more variously, smoked more furiously, and sang funnier songs, and made more blasphemous speeches, than any other member of the society. Late at night I saw the handsome blackguard carried, surcharged with more liquor than sense, out of the room, I suppose to his lodgings. I made no comment nor asked any question, for I was a stranger, and knew not whom the comments I could have made might offend."

"But what has this to do with Mr. Dodd?" asked the actress.

"You shall hear, Madam. On the following day, being Sunday, I attended St. Olave's church, where the vivacity, earnestness, and lucidity of the preacher—it was Mr. Dodd—aroused the congregation out of the torpor into which they had fallen under a drowsy reader of the prayers. The preacher had not uttered two sentences before I was struck with a wonderful resemblance he bore to the jocose, uproarious, unclean, blaspheming reveller of the night before. But he looked taller, much less healthy, more modest, and his pallid face and uncertain eye were in strong contrast with the flushed countenance and audacious look of the tavern-king of the night before. They were wonderfully alike; but I was soon convinced, as indeed I wished to be, that of course they were not identical."

Mrs. Bellamy slightly laughed, looked out of the carriage, flung a shilling to a half-starved-looking family, (who immediately descended therewith into the next gin-vault, for the spirit-devil had cellars and not palaces, *then*,) and, with a knowing smile still mantling on her face, said, "Well, I suppose you thought of the two Antipholuses, the pair of Dromios, and the brace of Sosias!"

"I did not know what to think," answered Goldsmith,

"for I became first perplexed and then bewildered. As the preacher grew warm and energetic, his resemblance to the lord of misrule of the night before grew more striking. I rather gazed at than listened to him; and as I gazed, it seemed to me that I heard a confused medley of godly truths and godless songs; that I saw bright openings of heaven and felt fierce blasts from hell; and, in short, so troubled was I, that I did not awaken therefrom, Madam, till I found myself nearly alone in the church."

"And *then?*" said Mrs. Bellamy, kissing her hand the while to a sickly-looking lady in a coach, going in a contrary direction, adding, rather to herself than to Goldsmith, "Poor Peg Woffington! She hates me still; but I have the best of life now, on or off the stage, and I *won't* be uncivil to *her*, poor wretch!" Having thus manifested her courteous charity, Mrs. Bellamy again said—

"And what *then*, Mr. Goldsmith?"

"Then, Madam, I resolved to be enlightened, and repaired to the vestry, requesting permission to speak a word with the reverend preacher. He advanced to meet me, and at once inquired my business. I briefly and rapidly related the incident of the previous night, and added that I had been so astounded by his resemblance to my profane friend of that night that, however presumptuous it might seem to him, I could not leave the church without once more looking on him."

"What did Mr. Dodd say to that?"

"He turned, Madam, to the reader of the morning, and laying his hands on the shoulders of that gentleman, exclaimed, "Fitzroy! do you hear this? Again I am the victim of this detested resemblance! Oh, Sir! oh, my friend Fitzroy! What can I say but 'Alas, my unhappy brother!'"

"You almost seem to smile, Madam," remarked Oliver to Mrs. Bellamy, who was much nearer to absolute laughter; "but it was a shocking circumstance—"

"That it was! shocking enough in all conscience. Go on; I promise you I will not laugh."

"Madam, the gentleman, whose name I then learned was Dodd, looked heartily ashamed of his brother; and as for the other gentleman, Mr. Fitzroy, he too shook with evident emotion."

"So do I, believe me," said the actress, laughing, and from much the same cause. "The wickedness of Mr. Dodd's brother must be very distressing to Mr. Dodd; but I dare say he will get over it. Meanwhile, he—the clergyman, not the tavern-haunter—is anxious to be of use to you, and you will meet him at my house. And here we are, and the Reverend Mr. Synnamist is coming,—you see I keep choice company,—who is still more anxious to serve you than Mr. Dodd. Come along, Sir; come along!"

These last words were a consequence of Goldsmith's evident strong reluctance to enter the house, as soon as he heard the name of that arch-rascal. But who could hang back when Mrs. Bellamy said, "Come along"? Goldsmith could not, at all events, and the silvery voice, the graceful presence, the winning smile, and the pleasantly beckoning finger, subdued him. He followed her into the house, the door of which was opened by a little African boy, with a monkey on his shoulder and a turban on his head.

As Goldsmith entered, he was immediately followed by Mr. Dodd, who had arrived at the house almost at the same moment; and, the former turning round, the two men at once recognized each other.

"Sir," said Oliver, "I hope you are well; and I hope your brother is well."

"Thank you! thank you!" was the acknowledgment of the first part of this expressed hope. A wave of the hand was the pantomimic reply to the second portion. It might have meant a wish that Goldsmith would not inquire after the tavern roysterer, or that Mr. Dodd had done with his

reprobate kinsman, and desired to hear no more on *that* subject. And thereupon, the two individuals advanced further into the house, and were formally introduced to each other by Mrs. Bellamy.

As the Black-boy was closing the door, it was gently pushed open by a clerical-looking gentleman who had an abstracted air about him, and who moved mechanically towards the staircase.

"That must be that rascal Synnamist," thought Goldsmith.

"May I die," said Dodd, "if it is not Mr. Wesley!"

"John Wesley!" exclaimed Mrs. Bellamy; "you charming man! I am delighted to see you. What ever brought you here?"

"Friend," said Wesley, with grave steady voice, and a rather puzzled aspect, "if you be one of the children of this world,"—and his eye calmly passed over her, with a searching mission, and an apparently unsatisfactory result, "you will call it 'chance.' I myself might think I came hither by mistake, for I now see this is not the house to which I intended to come, when I left my own. But there is, doubtless, neither chance nor mistake in the matter. I have been directed hither for some good purpose; which I pray to be enabled to perform. If counsel, caution, or admonition be wanting here,—and where is one or the other not wanting?—I am ready, under reliable guidance," (and here he looked naturally upwards,) "to administer either. Friends, come in!"

And he actually led the way as if the mansion were his own; and Mrs. Bellamy, Dodd, and Goldsmith followed him,—each wearing a different and a peculiar expression. Oliver, susceptible and impressionable, looked at the modern apostle with admiration and envy. "*He* has reaped fame enough, and deserves it!" he murmured; and then he thought that it was a very fine thing to be the counsellor of thousands, and that he himself, were he to try the vocation,

might have his name in men's mouths, or rather in their hearts,—even as was that of Wesley.

Dodd walked after the English Loyola with a feeling of respect which he could not suppress, and a mingled look of ridicule and contempt. "This fellow," so ran his comment, "is making mountains of money; and must be hoarding thousands, for he spends little or nothing. By Jove! I'll see whether I cannot have as many followers in the Church as he has out of it, and make as much money by them;"—and another "by Jove!" implied that he highly approved of the very excellent suggestion.

But it was the sprightly actress who seemed to derive most delight from the presence of the unexpected visitor whom she followed into the drawing-room. Subduing as much as was in her power, a little silvery laugh, she half-covered her face with her fan, felt ecstatic at the idea of John Wesley being in the house of Lord Tyrawley's gay daughter, and taking the whole thing as a most admirable joke, was anxious to thoroughly enjoy it. She too, however, had her comment. "Dear, good, delicious man!" she cried half aloud. "Is there any creature in the world who wins the admiration of millions, as he does? How I envy him! And how I wonder that he does not look the prouder for it!" And now the four individuals, each so widely differing from the others, and each from every other, stood together in the same room.

Wesley's discriminating eye had readily perceived that neither of the men was "at home;" but that the lady was very much so indeed. He accordingly addressed himself to her. "Be seated, Madam," said he, as if *he* were really the master, "you are, if I mistake not, mistress, here."

"Well," said the actress, with an eye that sparkled, one could hardly say whether with a smile or a tear, "*mistress* is, I believe, my most appropriate title; and I am happy to see Mr. Wesley in my poor dwelling."

"What is your name?" bluntly, but not unkindly, asked Wesley.

"Oh, Lord!" cried the Reverend Mr. Dodd, in a tone that set Mrs. Bellamy in a brief convulsion of laughter; "he is going to examine us in the Catechism!"

"Friend!" said Wesley, "there is *one* name that thou shalt not take in vain. The law of God forbids, and I, His servant, denounce such sacrilege. Be silent, if by speaking thou canst only be scurrilous." Mr. Dodd seemed inclined to retort, but happening to look at Goldsmith, he saw such approval of Wesley's course in the hard lines on the face of the literary drudge;—and, turning towards Mrs. Bellamy, observed her gazing with such respect on the figure of the "Methodist," that he contented himself with uttering a little sound of impatience, and then lazily cast himself at nearly full length on a broad high-backed couch, which happened to be near him. He beckoned to Goldsmith to come round to him; but Oliver would not be affected by the signal; he kept looking from Wesley to Mrs. Bellamy, and back again from the actress to the apostle;—and each time with apparent increase of interest.

"What is your name, Mistress?" repeated Wesley, in the tone of a catechist, who a second time addresses himself to a favourite but perhaps heedless child. "What is your name?"

Mrs. Bellamy seemed as puzzled to reply to this simple question, as the poor, brilliant creature would certainly have been unable to answer to the next question in the Catechism, "Who gave you that name?" Nevertheless she was too young, too high-spirited, too much accustomed to carry all things as *she* chose to carry them, to be long daunted. At the present moment, she did Wesley the honour, and her own better feelings the credit, of being ashamed of her name. She was, however, a wonderful adept at evasion,—and she replied, not directly to Wesley's query, yet with strict truth:—

"I am the grand-daughter of Mr. Seale, the Quaker."

Wesley looked pleased. "Ay! ay!" he said, "of the wealthy Friend whose stern virtue was the admiration of all men, even of those who could not approve of either his religious or political principles. But *thou* art not of the Society," he added, with a slight emphasis on the word italicized, and a slight smile as he gave expression to it.

Mrs. Bellamy would not evade any longer the object sought by her visitor. "Sir," said she, steadily, but with nothing of her old, audacious, and seductive manner; "*I* am an actress; my name is George Anne Bellamy; I am twenty-four years of age;—and I believe I care for nothing on earth but admiration!"

She paused, expecting that Wesley would fall into a manifestation of wrath. Dodd too, looked narrowly at him from the sofa, as a Spaniard at a bull-fight may look at a promising bull in the arena, from whose fury he expected no inconsiderable amount of gratification. As for Goldsmith, he moved forward a step or two, and was about to utter a few words of deprecation. All three evidently expected an ebullition of spiritual anger, but all three were deceived; because not one of them knew "the man."

"On earth?" said Wesley; "be it so; though it may be not worth seeking, finding, or holding. Is there no love, child, that thou carest for?"

The lively George Anne had a very impudent answer already on her lips, but she suppressed it. A smile remained there, however, as the ignorant young actress, who was the idol of a bad half of the town, repeated the word, "*Love*, Sir?"

"Ay! the love of the Father; compared with which all worldly admiration is filth; nay, worse, is a snare that draggeth whomsoever is taken by it, down to everlasting Hell."

The four people were silent for a moment. Wesley was the first, however, to speak. Looking at Mrs. Bellamy, he said; "So thou art that godless thing an actress!"

Goldsmith again stepped forward, he had not hitherto seated himself, and, overflowing to the lips with charity, he stammered out, "Spare the lady, Sir, and us who are her friends. If benevolence be a godlike virtue, Mrs. Bellamy is not godless."

"If righteousness be but filthy rags, of what value is mere benevolence alone? Why, man, it is a luxury, and that is not the ladder by which the heights of Heaven may be scaled."

"Hm!" remarked Dodd, from the sofa, "that's an observation which I will develope in my next sermon to the Magdalens in Wellclose Square." He made a note of it, at the time; and a great sensation, therewith, some Sundays subsequently.

"And so," resumed Wesley, "thou art that godless thing an actress! That people of thy wicked calling do not necessarily lack benevolence, even to me and to my people, far be it from me to deny. There is one Mr. Edward Shuter, living in Denzil Street, not far from here,—and *he* giveth largely from his earnings, especially to Mr. Whitfield. The man is a charitable man, but he hath too much humour, which spoileth all. He never brings me a roll of ten guineas, for the poor, without staying thrice as many minutes,—at the end of which time I have a humiliating and exhausting sense of dissipation; he makes me laugh, in spite of myself, and to me his golden balsam is as smitings on the head. But he hath a kindly heart, may it yet be touched by a feeling more divine,—and thine too, young woman!—nay, look not offended at the word; would I were sure that thou art true woman, as that I know thee to be young!"

Mrs. Bellamy here smiled her ineffably impertinent and intoxicating smile.

"*True woman,*" cried Wesley, somewhat more sternly than hitherto. "Woman faithful to the mission that God hath committed to her; or, if erring, repentant as Mary was, whose tears of sorrow were more acceptable where they fell than the most richly scented ointment."

At this remark, Mr. Dodd again entered a note upon his "tablets;" the word *Magdalen* once more falling from his lips, as he slightly altered the lines of Pope,—

"At such words, shall

> '*My* fair ones beautifully cry
> In Magdalen's loose hair and lifted eye.'"

Wesley, as he heard the word uttered, turned to Goldsmith, fancying *he* had spoken, and said, "What of Magdalen? Do I say what may be gainsaid?"

Poor Goldsmith looked exceedingly abashed; stammered, as was often the case with him, when suddenly addressed, and protested that he received with satisfaction every word uttered by Mr. Wesley. "I enjoy it the more, Sir," said Oliver, "that I at first took you for Mr. Eli Synnamist, who is, I believe, a very different person in every respect."

"Who can say?" was Wesley's form of reply;—"and yet I hope we may be different. I know something of the gentleman you have named. When I was last in Lincolnshire, I preached from a tombstone, near the church which he was temporarily serving. It was in the evening, when his own church was closed;—and he came to hear my sermon,—'

"Well then, he was a liberal fellow; why do you speak slightingly of my friend?" asked Dodd.

"—To hear my sermon, and to enjoy what was to come of it. Before I had got half through it, I found myself carried off my legs, conveyed to a pond close by, and was twice dragged through it, while Mr. Synnamist looked on and directed proceedings from the summit of his own steeple."

"By Jove, that was good, and Synnamist is coming here!" cried Dodd, bursting into loud laughter. Goldsmith uttered something very like the word "beast!" but it might have been a strongly accentuated "*Pst!*" At all events, it reduced Mr. Dodd to silence; and Mrs. Bellamy was so grate-

ful for the service, that taking Goldsmith by the hand, she introduced him to Wesley, by name, and added,—

"He is a *protégé* of mine. I have brought him here to-day to make him known to some men of mark, who may help him whither he most desires to go. Mr. Goldsmith, too wise, like me, to care for passing admiration,"—she smiled, as she looked at his homely features, which caused him to smile too, and then he looked still more homely,—"has only one ambition, of fame, now and for ever; here and hereafter."

"A good name here, and its reward hereafter, are worthy objects of desire, if I understand what you say of the young gentleman rightly," said Wesley. "What I understand thereby is a good name on the book of judgment, and a good report on the trumpets of the angels whose brazen instruments will peal over while they direct the way whither man must go, after judgment is pronounced. Is this the fame and recompense which you seek, Mr. Goldsmith? Sit down, Sir."

Oliver dropped into a chair almost unconsciously. Then, recovering from his confusion, he said, "Certainly, that also, that also! I was taught that such were the better reputation and reward to be sought after by men, by my father, who was a clergyman." Wesley nodded approval. "But I confess that I also desire, with all my soul, another sort of fame too. I should be happy if I could feel assured that in a godless and indecent age, my pen should accomplish some work or works, which matrons, maids, and men, might take up, for ages to come, with pleasure and lay down with approval. If I be permitted to achieve one or many works, there shall not be a page of them that shall bring up a blush on any ingenuous cheek, nor give a pang to any honest heart. Oh that I may but effect this end!" And the tears stood in his honest eyes.

Wesley looked moved for a moment; but only for a moment. The old, graceful calm came over him; and con-

scious that there is but one object about which man should be concerned, he enlarged thereon with wonderful eloquence, simplicity, and earnestness. He decried Fame as a vapour that is scattered—an empty sound that dieth away—a circle extending over the face of the waters, only to fade at last—a writing on the sand, that the steps of man or the waves of Time shall obliterate; these and a hundred other figures he employed till he had battered the trumpet of Fame into worthlessness, plucked every feather out of the brilliant wings, and made of the ideal angel so worshiped by us all, such a draggled, humbled, contemptible figure, that Goldsmith himself was half-ashamed of the idol which he daily and hourly reverenced.

"And yet, Sir," he ventured to remark, "man must have an object; the more innocent the better. Surely fame is an honest end in view. I should work to all the more useful purpose if I thought my name might be sounded with honest affection by the lips and in the ears of men in ages to come."

Wesley had compassion on the poor young fellow, but he pressed his heel, nevertheless, on the fair-looking angel whom Oliver had placed erect and was again worshiping. "Friend," said he, "the fame thou dreamest of is not worth the labour bestowed upon it. What thou doest, do for the glory of God, not for thine own glory, of which thou art now thinking. Such fame as that which now occupies thy mind, my good friend, may result in thy name living for awhile on earth, but it will do nothing towards obtaining for thy soul a place in heaven."

"May I not have my mission, too, like other men?" asked Oliver, who, alarmed at the laugh from Dodd, and the smile on the face of Wesley, added, as if he had been too presumptuous, "a small mission, perhaps, yet not a useless one? I have read that the heathen philosophers who inculcated virtue and spoke of a watchful deity, may have only

been fulfilling *their* mission in preparing a corrupt world for a revelation of purity."

Wesley musingly, and seemingly with a critical spirit, repeated the well-known lines:—

> "Then those who followed Reason's dictates right,
> Lived up and lifted high their natural light,
> With Socrates may see their Maker's face,
> While thousand rubric martyrs want a place."

"Yes, it has been said; and *I* will not contradict that. You may have your mission. Abraham was called, Isaac was chosen, Rahab was saved, and David selected. The instruments are nothing; He who employeth them, all and everything. Think then of thy mission, not of thyself; of the glory of God, not of thine own laudation."

"Sir," said Goldsmith earnestly, "I will try to do what you recommend, and hope yet to—"

"Gain fame by following my advice? Is that what thou wouldest say?" Goldsmith blushed and was silent. "Well, well," rejoined Wesley, "accomplish thy best with the means vouchsafed to thee; but if thou wouldest really be a *man*, keep thy love of human glory subordinate."

"And, Socrates!" said Mr. Dodd, looking at Goldsmith, who was ugly enough to have stood as a model to a painter for the plain teacher of ancient days, "Socrates, if thou wouldest be happier here, as well as elsewhere, than the 'rubric martyrs' just noticed, beware of associating thyself with a Xantippe! Eh, Mr. Wesley?"

Wesley could not suppress a slight emotion which betrayed his having been rather rudely touched. In all Christendom there was not perhaps such a complete virago as Mrs. Wesley. Paul had a thorn in his side, and Job had heavy afflictions and an indifferent wife to boot; but the thorn of Paul, the woes of the man of Uz, and even his wife, were positive luxuries and enviable things, compared with the tribulations which overwhelmed John Wesley in the person of his spouse.

The allusion to Xantippe made him wince,—and to conceal a vexation of which he himself was ashamed, he turned to Mrs. Bellamy with an inquiring look, as if he desired to know something of the person who had last addressed him.

"The Reverend Mr. Dodd, of St. Olave's, who already knows you by sight." At this imperfect form of presentation, the gentleman named arose from the sofa, advanced a step or two, receded as many, as if he were about to dance a minuet, and then effected a bow so ceremoniously low that it bore very much the air of mockery. Wesley smiled, extended his hand—not for the Reverend Mr. Dodd to grasp, but with an air of quiet command, implying, "That will do; enough, and more than enough,"—and added his simple but irresistible formula, "Be seated!"

Dodd obeyed, almost with the unconscious and ready obedience which Goldsmith (who was now looking on the scene rather than sharing in it, with Mrs. Bellamy) had rendered to the same command. When he was seated, Wesley, having recovered full self-possession, resumed.—

"Mr. Dodd, you and I are, as I believe, both Lincolnshire men. My father at Epworth, as yours at Bourne, had that almost intolerable, certainly most awful, responsibility, the care and guidance of immortal souls. We both hold the same high office that our fathers have held before us; may we both do so to the saving of those souls and of our own!"

"Excuse me," said the Reverend William Dodd, drawing himself slightly up, and yet assuming that condescending air which pride so often wears, and under which it is doubly irritating and offensive, "excuse me; we are not exactly on the equal terms to which you allude. You are greatly my elder, by a score of years or more, and yet I will be bold enough to remind you that you have not followed the example of your father, for you have created schism in the Church, and instead of bread you have given men nothing but stones. Nevertheless," he added, "we are of the same

county; we should be better acquainted. You have made a vast fortune, and are continually, so fame says, increasing it. I am only at the commencement of building up mine. It will be a splendid one, I hope; and, perhaps, if we are remembered for nothing else, men may talk with wonder, in a hundred years, of the fortunes of the two lads from Lincolnshire. Meanwhile, I shall be happy to see you in Hart Street. Will you dine with me to-morrow?—*When* will you come?"

Wesley looked with mingled pity, wonder, and contempt upon the speaker and his words. He remained silent.

"You are not courteous, Sir," said Dodd; at which speech Goldsmith raised his hands, and looked with some wonder at Mrs. Bellamy, who at the moment was balancing on the point of her foot the slipper which had just fallen from it. "You are not courteous, Sir," repeated Dodd.

"I regret to hear you say so," answered Wesley, "and ask of you to pardon me. I was thinking of my old University days, when I was wont to receive hospitable invitations, like yours just offered to me, by men who did not affect to be my superiors. It was my object to narrowly watch all who came to visit me, and I feared that the majority neither loved nor feared God. I could not expect, therefore, that they would do me any good. When any such came, I behaved, I trust, courteously; but to the question, 'When will you come to see me?' I gave no answer. They came again, perhaps, a few times, but when they found their visits unreturned, I saw them no more."

"Well!" exclaimed Dodd, "and do you not call this discourtesy, that you say as much to me?"

"I call it truth; a lesson; a suggestion; a story with a moral to it. Mr. Dodd had better make the best application he can of all. Let him aim at building up a fortune, as he calls it, in Heaven, where it cannot perish; not one of filthy lucre upon earth, which may give promise of firmness

to-day, and may end in hideous ruin ere the setting sun has all gone down upon it."

"Oh! I know your trick, Sir," cried Dodd, with increasing vexation; "you pretend to the gift of prophecy, and you draw divinations from texts of Scripture fortuitously hit upon. You—"

"Friend," said Wesley, almost sternly, "he who knocks at the gates of that Book, with faith in his heart and innocence on his hands, shall never want for an answer, and that answer shall be everlasting truth." He took out a small Bible from his pocket. "There," said he, "seek, thou shalt find."

Mr. Dodd took the book in his hands, and was about to open it; but he suddenly seemed ashamed, or was afraid. He flung the volume on the table, on which the Black-boy had been disposing a tea-equipage, and he made the cups dance in their saucers. "It would be blasphemy," he cried, "and yet I know not. It is good to treat a fool according to his folly. Come, Sir, since this is the fashion with you, try these *sortes*, mere pagan fashion though it be, try this method yourself, but on my part. Let us see what cross or comic answer may come to such nonsensical questioning."

Wesley was in the act of pouring some water from a decanter into a glass. The latter was half-filled. He laid down the decanter, did not apply his lips to the glass; but he took up the sacred volume, pressed it to his mouth, kissed it reverently, and prayed over it silently, but fervently, with closed eyes.

The Reverend William Dodd looked uneasy. Mrs. Bellamy was evidently awed. Oliver was undisturbed, but greatly interested. He had faith in the prophet, in his method, in his power, and in the volume by which he was about to work. "Now!" said Oliver.

The exclamation was caused by the rapt look which illuminated the ordinarily calm features of the great and new teacher. With head upraised, with arm extended, with the

book held forth, and with a finger slowly reached to the pages, he sought solemnly for the message for which William Dodd had so scornfully asked. The finger, like a divining rod, bent over the leaves, sank between them, opened the volume, and rested on a particular passage.

"Attend," said Wesley, with great gravity; "these are the words of the Lord!"

Dodd sank back in the chair behind him, as if he no longer cared to hear them. Mrs. Bellamy hurriedly let her foot fall to the ground, and pushed it into her slipper. She had not been accustomed to be bidden to give heed to the words of the Lord; and she was affected by something more than the mere novelty of the incident. Goldsmith remained in his chair, grasping its sides vigorously, as if by a show of strength he could conceal a growing nervous weakness which was irresistible.

"Attend!" repeated Wesley, "for these are the words of the Lord; and because they are the words of the Lord, receive them with reverence—*standing!*"

It was a singular sight, to see how instinctively he was obeyed. Actress, author, fashionable preacher, all were alike affected, and all simultaneously obeyed.

"*These*," said Wesley once more, with solemn emphasis, "are the words of the Lord vouchsafed as an answer to our grave inquiry, on the part of the Reverend Mr. Dodd. Thus doth the Lord say unto him:—'And among these nations thou shalt find no ease: neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest; but the Lord shall give thee a trembling heart, and failing of eyes, and sorrow of mind; and thy life shall hang in doubt before thee; and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life.'"

You might have heard a pin drop in that room, as Wesley, with a sigh, re-conveyed the book to his bosom, and looking at Dodd, with compassion, exclaimed, "May the Lord have mercy on thy soul, thou miserable sinner!"

Dodd was as pale as a spectre; but it was partly with rage. Having no faith in the *sortes*, he yet could not help being considerably affected by the solemn passage, solemnly delivered by Wesley, and solemnly followed by the prayer that the Lord would have mercy on *his* soul. The impertinence of the thing, however, as he styled it, affected him still more,—with almost uncontrollable wrath. He could not speak intelligibly, so violent was his agitation. At length, he burst into wild, hysterical laughter, and this was followed by an incoherent tirade, of what *his* expectations were, and how he should rise and enjoy life and grow rich, while the Methodist teacher would still remain a teacher and nothing else,—unless, perhaps, he became a cheat. "I have *glorious* prospects, Sir, before me," he exclaimed. "*Glorious*, I say, Sir. My intercourse with the nobility will lead me to Royalty; the patronage of Royalty will lead me to lasting greatness. I may be a Bishop, Sir! a Bishop, I say, ruling a diocese, while you hold nothing but the ministry of an illegal uncanonical conventicle; where you must tremble at the loss of every individual member, while my fortune will be stable. Tremble you must, I say, Sir; for, why? what for? ah, ah! what are the words, the lines, the sentiment of—what's-his-name, the poet, when he doubtless thought of fools like you,—what are the words?—*oh!*"—with a groan.

"Do you mean," asked Wesley, quite unmoved,—

> 'Fools are more hard to conquer than persuade?'"

"No, no! after that! after that! I have it! I have it!—

> 'Their busy teachers mingled with the Jews,
> And raked for converts e'en the court and stews;
> Which Hebrew priests the more unkindly took,
> *Because the fleece accompanies the flock.*'

'*Because the fleece accompanies the flock;*' good that is! good that is! and applicable, if not to you, to the poor devils

under you, who depend entirely on the voluntary offerings of the deluded."

Wesley seemed scarcely to attend to this nonsense and misapplication. Dodd only raved the more; and the louder he raved, the nearer Goldsmith and Mrs. Bellamy drew to each other to gaze at him. He poured forth, sometimes with a wild sort of eloquence and an insane abuse of logic, sentence after sentence of contempt, reproof, and accusation against the Methodists. He dishonoured his own Church and himself by his unenlightened advocacy of the former, and his egregious praise of his own person and mission. Nothing, at last, could be fouler than the epithets which he flung at his undisturbed opponent; nothing more ridiculous than his concluding assertion that if perfection was to be found on earth, it was—in the Reverend Mr. Dodd.

"Perfection is by grace, and may come suddenly, I allow," said Wesley; "show how thou art perfect!"—and as he uttered the words, he took up the tumbler half-filled with water, and very placidly flung the contents into the perfect Christian's face.

Dodd roared, then danced, then both danced and roared with rage. Wesley would have let him roar, and roar and dance, without interrupting him; but the reverend gentleman fell to swearing,—first fashionable, then some very blasphemous oaths. Wesley stopped him at once, by a movement of his arm.

"Thou art not perfect, poor sinful worm," he exclaimed, "for thou knowest not how to take an offence with meekness."

This remark set Mr. Dodd again in wild motion and lawless exclamation. The combined and contrasted exhibition of wrath and equanimity, of patience inculcated by insult, and insult repeated in the calm remark last made, had various effect on the two spectators of the scene. Goldsmith rubbed his hands in silent ecstasy. Mrs. Bellamy made

the room re-echo with melodious laughter. She clapped her hands, approached Wesley light-footed and lighter-hearted, and, before he was aware, she flung her radiant arms around that almost sacred neck, and exclaiming, "You dear, delicious, incomprehensible man, I *must* kiss you,"—she did what she said there was compulsion upon her to do, and Wesley could not help himself.

She was hanging on his neck, when the door suddenly opened, and on the threshold appeared Mrs. Wesley; behind her, looking over her shoulder, stood Mrs. Dodd.—"*Sensation!*" as the French reporters have it.

Now Mrs. Wesley was an unpleasant woman. She was about to be so *extremely* unpleasant that we are bound to advance something in her behalf. In an immoral age she had the good fortune to be born and brought up in a moral and religious household. But, therewith, she had the misfortune to belong to a family, the heads of which stood, as it were, upon stilts, and made an exhibition of super-morality and righteousness-overmuch to a wicked generation. In that house, every transaction was accomplished by rule, so exact, and by time so duly measured, that a month's life there seemed an eternity of uneasy exactitude. The children found in their parents simply—magistrates. These were not without benevolence, and they were rich in good example most offensively conveyed. The discipline, in short, was penal, after its fashion. There were seasons, when to smile was to infringe propriety; to unbend from the ever stiffly-maintained perpendicular, whether of figure or sentiment, was to outrage decency; independence of action, on the part of the children, freedom of thought, or liberty of speech, was shocking and unfilial rebellion. Expansion of heart was never there allowed; it made children forward. They were permitted to love only at the rate, progress, and measure sanctioned by the parental magistracy. That magistracy made home not beautiful, but weary, to those young hearts,

but then it made such exemplary-*looking* puppets of the children, that the proverbially celebrated husbands of bachelors' wives, and the mothers of old maids' children, pronounced the family to be the most perfectly brought-up family ever looked down upon by the sun.

This particular girl who, now a woman, stands the not silent exponent of rage at Mrs. Bellamy's door, left her home at an early age, and with a bounding heart, for a school where, however rigid and regular its discipline, she knew that, at least, she would be able to commune with her kind,—young heart to heart as young; and *that* liberty, with strangers soon to be friends, she preferred to the monotony of cold love, dull duty, and want of confidence, at home. And here, she might have improved; but the school system became, in another way, as pernicious to her as her home discipline had been. Heavy was the cost to the paternal purse at which she was taught vanity and jealousy. The future Mrs. Wesley was a clever girl, but she had no particular beauty, save the beauty of youth, and was always very plainly, although neatly dressed. She soon observed, and not without pain, perhaps not without resentment, that dress and good looks counted as merits with the school authorities. At church, the maidens with the showiest slips and the prettiest features were invariably placed in the front row;—and more than once, when a Bishop, and even less dignified visitors, honoured the establishment by their presence, it was the girl with the finest sack, or the most resplendent farthingale; the chit with the most sparkling eyes and the highest peach-blossomed cheeks, who were exhibited as model girls. Of course, the young lady with whom we are most especially concerned, began to grow jealous of superior beauty, and to have an inordinate love of dress. She had come to school with a disregard for home, and she ultimately returned to the little-cared-for home with a heart full of bitterness and costly vanity,—the result

of the system by which she had been so grievously injured at school.

Then she found that home no better nor brighter than before. Better it could not be; for every propriety was pedestalled there in the smoothest, hardest, and coldest of marble. Brighter it might have been, had the sunlight of freedom been permitted to shine upon the persons who ate, drank, slept, moved in and out, and existed there,—almost as smooth, silent, hard, and cold as the marble proprieties themselves.

The bright iron cage soon lost its bird. The first wings that fluttered near the bars attracted her attention and won her to flight,—anywhere rather than in that decent, respectable, well-to-do, but awfully dull home. She became the mistress of a rather brilliant home of her own; and, as Mrs. Vizelle, made many "a night of it," at cards. In her husband, however, she found neither guide, companion, nor friend; and when, at an early period of her married life, she had to assume widow's weeds, she did it with exemplary resignation and a dower, highly satisfactory.

Hitherto, she had never really enjoyed the illusory delight of once having completely her own way. When the widow's eye fell upon such a man of mark as Wesley, she made a resolution, and therewith a determination, that it should be realized. She decided to marry the apostle who was the eloquent advocate of celibacy,—as regarded ministers. Perhaps her decision was founded on that advocacy. However that may be, the accomplished fact followed, to the surprise of some, the consternation of others, and apparently to the perplexity of the missionary Benedict himself.

"Brother," said a fellow-labourer to him, once, "tell me, I pray, wherefore you espoused this lady?"

"Curious friend!" answered Wesley, with a touch of the testy humour of Coriolanus about him, "I will inform

thee;—I married the lady, for reasons—best known to myself." And nothing further was ever said on the subject; but under our free constitution of society, there was a liberty of comment among friends and neighbours, that was perfectly astounding.

Never had the world beheld a couple so ill-matched. All the errors of home-training, school-teaching, and world-experience, combined to make a cruel and jealous tyrant of Mrs. Wesley. Her husband could not stir from home without rude questioning, and sharp sarcasm; while away, she watched him from her window, or tracked his footsteps, or set spies on his path. When he returned to his unhappy hearth, the torrent of her passion followed him to the door of the study, into which he locked himself; and even then it spent and shattered itself upon the outside walls. Ay, and to still greater lengths did this ornament of her sex and crown of her husband audaciously extend her destroying passion. There was Mrs. Bellamy, at this very moment, with her fair little plump hands on the scant locks of Mr. Wesley. Well, Mr. Wesley's wife had more than once had her hands in the very same place, but it was to pluck the locks away by handsfull. And this, she now advanced to do, when she beheld the rather exciting spectacle before her.

Let us mention, parenthetically, that Mrs. Dodd had meanwhile slipped past her; and, taking a seat by the side of her still angry husband, whose misfortunes excited no sympathy in her, she intimated to him that Eli Synnamist had just been arrested for debt, and that that dignified person's presence need not be further expected by any of the party at Mrs. Bellamy's.

It was the smart application of Mrs. Wesley's right hand to the young actress's left ear that once more set the attention in one direction. And then, the virago elevated her shrill notes, and grievously therewith assailed the ears of all the audience.

"So," she screamed, and placed herself before Mr. Wesley, "so this is your visit to a sick brother at No. 15. I suspected you, Sir, and watched you to this house, No. 25, and have waited till I was weary, to see you come forth; and now I have entered to force you home. What am I, with your preachings and travellings? Fine preachings, indeed! But *now* I know you." And she advanced towards him with a disgustingly threatening air.

"Know me!" said Wesley, "would that thou didst! Learn to know me, if thou canst; and try to know thyself."

"Know *myself!*" screamed the mad mother of all the Bacchantes, "I say I know thee, thou false one, and this painted woman here—"

At these words, Mrs. Bellamy rubbed her pretty cheeks with the whitest of kerchiefs, and scornfully showed that the passionate woman was in error.

"And I suspect thee, John; thou evil one! who scatterest my means; thy praise is all for others, thy neglect for me,—who, who might have made a figure at Court, and who have wherewith to support the outlay for such a circumstance, but that my funds are squandered in tents and tabernacles!

"I—"

"*Stay!*" gently yet imperiously fell from the lips of her husband; and it checked her. "Learn, I say, to know me better, and to know thyself. Suspect me no more, asperse me no more; do not contend thus foolishly for mastery, power, money, or praise. Be content to be a private, insignificant person, known and beloved by God and me."

"Be content, indeed!" she exclaimed, after her brief fit of patience. "What have I to be content with? You are a great personage, and I in your sight and the world's sight am just nothing, having no character at all."

"Character!" he said, with a slight flavour of acerbity;

"*that* thou hast, good wife. Happy the woman who hath a fair one in the book of God. But of what importance is thy character to mankind? If thou wert buried to-day, or hadst never been born, what loss would it be to the cause of God?"

This question only excited further outbursts of wrath, poured for the most part on Mr. Wesley, but for a warm share of which, Mrs. Bellamy came in, very frequently. Indeed, Mrs. Wesley applied to the latter a term so exceedingly unpleasant, that the ire of the actress was raised.

"Madam," she said, "I wish to be civil to a lady so much my elder, in my own house; but you must not asperse me, nor disparage, by so doing, my own mother, who has more than once sat at the same card-table at Bath, with yourself, when Mrs. Vizelle, and with Mrs. Whitfield, when she was the Widow James."

Wesley looked almost cross; but he could not controvert the truth; he therefore made the best of it;—as indeed George Whitfield himself did, on similar occasions:—"Mrs. Whitfield was, as I have heard, a very gay lady; but now she is one of the despised lambs of God."

Mrs. Wesley had words enough at will, wherewith to pelt Mrs. Bellamy, and indeed they fell for a full quarter of an hour, harsh, heavy, and unsavoury.

It is ill looking at or listening to a woman unwomaned by fury. We will, therefore, content ourselves by saying that Wesley, with his rare tact and patience, perseverance and gentle firmness, at length succeeded not only in pacifying his impracticable wife, but in inducing her to take the hand of Mrs. Bellamy. He even concluded a treaty of peace with Mr. Dodd, and, still with his quiet air of mastery, directed the Black-boy, who had for a long time been looking in at the door, to serve tea.

"Tea!" exclaimed Mrs. Bellamy, "will you take tea here with us?—with *me?*"

"Why not?" asked Wesley with a smile; "I will do so with pleasure; if you will all accompany me to the theatre, afterwards."

The effect of this proposed arrangement can hardly be imagined. All the company repeated the word "*theatre!* with Mr. Wesley!" in various and wonderful intonations.

"Charming!" added Mrs. Bellamy. "I shall be proud to be seen by your side!" and she rattled gaily among the cups.

"By Jove!" added Dodd, "that *is* an idea!" "But it promises fine sport," said his wife.

Wesley looked at *his* wife, but she simply uttered, "Fudge!" He looked at her more earnestly, and then she said, somewhat subdued, "Oh, where you please."

Oliver too had something to add to his exclamation of surprise, and that was the expression of his fear that he should not be able to return to Mr. Griffiths, the publisher's, by nine o'clock.

"You may be there as the hour strikes," said Wesley, "if you mean Mr. Griffiths, in Paternoster Row;—who will, moreover, with his wife, be present."

There was no further objection to be made; and never was there a tea-party where there was so much cheerfulness with so little scandal, or any other evil thing. Wesley attuned everything to harmony (as Dryden said Purcell would have done in Hell, if Satan would have had him), and on this occasion he attuned the ears, minds, and souls of the company to wonderful purpose, for the moment. At length, when Juba had announced the arrival of the hackneycoach, for which he had been sent, the joyous party moved towards it; and Mrs. Bellamy, as she arranged her hood, asked if Foote played that evening.

Goldsmith's eyes sparkled for a moment,—but Wesley simply said he knew nothing of Mr. Foote save that he was to be seen at a house in the Haymarket. "We are going,"

he said, "in an opposite direction, to the 'New Wells,' near the Spa."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Bellamy, as the coach, after much straining and heaving, got slowly under way;—"that 's but a poor house;—and I thought it was closed."

Wesley made no observation by way of reply, except that for five years the theatre, called the "New Wells," near the Spa in the fields, had been under a new and a better management than formerly;—and thereon the conversation took another turn.

At length the coach halted up to and before the house. The building had, and it still has, a right theatrical aspect. The doors for box, pit, and gallery, still remain, still conduct the visitor to various parts of the edifice,—but the edifice itself had ceased, as Wesley had intimated, to be what it formerly had been, about five years. It was in truth a large "Methodist chapel," and strangely enough, that fact had been forgotten by Mrs. Bellamy; was not remembered by Dodd; and had never been known to Goldsmith. The publisher Griffiths, however, who loved excitement, was often there with the partner of his cares and house.

The edifice was entered by Wesley and his companions. The latter did not discover its character till they were seated, and then an imperative gesture, as he left them, kept them in their places,—not silent, neither remonstrant, but pleased, and curious to see the course and end of the novel incident. Dodd, to do that reverend gentleman justice, was a little ashamed to find himself in a conventicle; *he* who was not ashamed to sit in the front row of a Theatre Royal, and whose "brother" was so lively a gentleman at tavern revellings. But the moment came when no one present had eye or thought or feeling or memory for any worldly thing but the individual in the pulpit. *There*, Wesley was altogether another being, resembling only in features the visitor at Mrs. Bellamy's. From the first mo-

ment, he spoke as one inspired, and there was not a hearer in his presence who did not apply some portion of the portentous message as an intimation made especially from Heaven to himself. Griffiths was so touched with a diatribe against meanness, that he looked at Goldsmith and determined to pay him a trifle more liberally. Mrs. Griffiths had a persuasion that, if it did not cost much, she would better the fare of the poor drudge. And in the eyes of that poor drudge, worldly fame was again rendered so contemptible that he felt,—he almost felt, even *he* could despise it. Even Mr. Dodd and his wife were seen to blush at certain passages which seemed to strip the covering from their souls,—at the nakedness of which they shuddered. Mrs. Wesley herself, in a seat apart, looked upon her husband with something like fear as his Ithuriel's spear pointed slowly in her direction. Finally, his eye fell with pity on the brilliant Mrs. Bellamy. For awhile she withstood *that*, and even the words that fell from the speaker's tongue. But these were powers that could not be resisted long. As word fell after word, like coals of fire upon her head, or pierced her as repeated stabs from a dagger might her heart, she wept, sobbed, shrieked; and as glad tidings of love and salvation descended like balm poured gently into torturing wounds, she flung aloft her arms as if to pray to Heaven, or to implore Heaven's messenger, for fewer miseries and more promises of love. Straightway, with arms still uplifted, she fainted—and not she alone, for before John Wesley had closed his discourse, more than one sinner—young, old, hopeful, or despairing—lay senseless before him, testimonies of his wondrous power over the living soul.

With the exception of the preacher and his wife, there were assembled that evening, round Mrs. Bellamy's supper-table, the party that a few hours earlier had left the house for the ex-theatre at the New Wells. Mr. and Mrs. Grif-

fiths were there too, for neither could resist an excellent thing, whether it regarded a sermon or a supper.

I think it was Mr. Justice Tindal who used to say of a pulpit discourse he had heard somewhere on circuit, that it must have been the very best to which he had ever listened, for he had remembered what it was about for more than a fortnight. Mrs. Bellamy and her friends canvassed Wesley's sermon over their punch with a vigour that gave promise of its remaining in their memories for ever; but, in truth, it was already practically forgotten. From the sermon they fell to criticizing the style of the preacher, and then, natural consequence, the preacher himself. Finally, they examined narrowly touching his motives.

"I think," said Griffiths, "he is writing an autobiography; and the more sensation he makes now, the higher will be the price he will ask for his work of us poor publishers."

"I don't know about his autobiography," rejoined Griffiths's *dulcis uxor*, "but I do know that Mrs. Wesley played him a fine trick the other day. She burned half a quire of his private journal. A quarrel and (so I hear) blows ensued; and as man is naturally a brute, I dare say it was Mr. Wesley who beat his wife, and not she who assailed him!"

Having thus pleasantly determined the character of the great reformer, she looked at Mrs. Bellamy; and the actress, lately so terribly moved, could only now expatiate on the value of Wesley's powers to an actor. "It would be worth Peru," said George Anne; "I shall never forget him."

"He is certainly clever," was the unwilling remark of Dodd, whose wife only laughed, asked for more punch, and ventured to suppose that even Mr. Wesley did not dislike the precious liquor in private. "Yes, he is clever, undoubtedly; but he is not perfect. He loves power, and is as proud of possessing it as any of us of holding what is most dear to him."

There was a shade of truth in this, although it fell from

the unholy lips of the fashionable preacher. Those lips were now curled with something like scorn, as he added: "We shall not live to see it; but I will venture to assert, that if Lincolnshire be not under water in a hundred years, the name of Dodd will be better remembered in his native county than that of Wesley. What do you say, Mr. Goldsmith?"

Oliver had risen to depart, alone, humbly. He turned to the company, and with a farewell salutation to them generally, he remarked: "How Mr. Wesley or you may be accounted of in Lincolnshire a hundred years to come there is but One that knows. He has told me how to temper my thirst for fame, and I will endeavour to walk in the light of his counsel, well content if my name be then remembered in England half as well, and my memory be cherished with but a portion of the affection that will hang to his."

The idea of John Wesley and Oliver Goldsmith sharing the admiration and regard of an English posterity in the century to follow, so pleasantly excited all the company, save Mrs. Bellamy—who looked upon the preacher as a man of temporary notoriety, and the poor author as a man of no account at all,—that, with the exception noted, they hailed Goldsmith's departure with shouts of laughter.

He descended, unmoved by the ridicule, to the street, and went his way along the Strand, musingly. "Twice to-day," thus ran his thoughts, "have I been laughed at; twice encouraged;" his hand passed over his brow, and he added, "I have it *here!*" He went on musingly. "I am but a slave," he said, as he reached his own humble apartment, "but there were slaves of old who created glorious names, in spite of their bondage. I will at least try and create an honoured one, in spite of mine."

He dreamed that night of Plautus and Plato and Epictetus, and of a dozen others who had achieved greatness under difficulties. His vision showed him all those illustrious hea-

thens reclining on a green velvety sward in front of the Temple of Fame. An exceedingly swarthy but intellectual-looking gentleman, a Carthaginian, who had written some sparkling comedies in his day, took him by the hand and introduced him to the company. Modest Oliver felt ashamed, even in his sleep, and stammered out to a noble Greek poet, who looked smilingly upon him, that he was only the poor son of a poor Irish clergyman.

"By Jove!" cried the Greek, with an irreverence worthy of Mr. Dodd, "what has that to do with us here! My mother sold water-cress!"

A dozen voices seemed to reiterate the names of humble professions exercised by the speakers, who nevertheless won immortal reputation as authors. Goldsmith was confused by the noise; but at length he heard distinctly the voice of his master Griffiths, rudely summoning the slave to the mill.

He arose and went to his toil, more than hopefully, thinking of Mrs. Bellamy, Wesley, and his dream, and with a confidence in the future which, as Time has proved, was by no means misplaced.

"PORTRAIT OF A LADY."

A COMPANY of artists, some half-dozen from various parts of the world, were contemplating the triple panels on which were painted the picture which has taken the form of words in the preceding pages.

A young French painter, examining the figures there grouped, observed, "Yes, truly, they all struggled in their various ways." Then, taking from his portfolio the crayon-sketch of a lady, he asked those around him to guess her quality.

"She looks like a Duchess," said Mr. Mee Aughton, the only individual present who was not an artist, "a Duchess fond of her dignity, and ease."

Alexandre smiled. "By many degrees," he replied, "she was better than a peerage full of Duchesses. She was one of the heroic strugglers, rather after usefulness than fame; in short, a true heroine in her way."

"Ah!" remarked Mee Aughton, "it was the opinion of Jeremy Collier that it would be better for the world if there were fewer heroes in it. Of the men who had been sufficiently illustrious to claim to be ranked under that distinctive name, there was only one whom Collier acknowledged a benefactor of the human race. This individual was the apocryphal Hercules. 'I scarcely ever heard of any, excepting Hercules,' says Jeremy, 'but did more mischief than good.' He described heroes generally as 'overgrown mortals,' people who 'commonly use their will with their right hand, and their reason with their left.'"

"It must be remembered, however," said Smith, an English artist, "that when Collier thus referred to 'heroes,' he had in his mind warriors only. Fanny Wright, herself something of a heroine, according to her own fashion, made a nicer distinction when she remarked that 'heroes were much rarer than great warriors.'"

"Collier," said Mee Aughton, "discerned that the heroic must be looked for elsewhere than only in the warlike. The pride of heroes, he says, 'is in their title;' and their power puts them in possession. Their pomp is furnished from rapine, and their scarlet is dyed with human blood. If wrecks and ruins and desolations of kingdoms are marks of greatness, why do we not worship a tempest and erect a statue to the plague? A panegyric upon an earthquake is every jot as reasonable as upon such conquests as these."

"Larochefoucauld," observed Alexandre, "may be said to have thoroughly understood the meaning of the term 'hero,' when he remarked that 'there are heroes in evil as well as in good.' Massillon, too, was well acquainted with the worth of the term when he asserted that 'it is easy to be at certain moments heroic and generous; what is really difficult is this,—to be constant and faithful.' He who has courage over himself," he continued, "is a hero; and a 'heroine' is something more than the mere 'bellatrix' and 'virago,' which often pass for its synonyms. There are many better worth knowing than the 'formosæ chorus heroinæ' of Propertius, or the heroines of romance, over whose imaginary miseries so many tears are shed that there are none left for human calamity. Now *my* heroine, Marie Lucille, was just one of those. Look at her portrait as I tell you her history."

One winter's evening, towards the close of December, 1809, the snow was falling thick in the district between La Chaise Dieu and Brionde, in the department of the Upper Loire. A solitary horseman, who had nothing at all of a knightly

aspect, and who looked bewildered, uncomfortable, and disgusted as the flakes fell on his face, was the only human figure to be seen in the dreary picture. The rider bent forward so far beyond his horse's ears, as to give him the air of one anxious to arrive at a cottage in the distance before the steed on which he was mounted.

"If they are savages who live there," murmured he, "they will not have the heart to refuse me hospitality in such weather as this." And therewith, having reached the door, he applied the butt-end of his whip to the panel, and knocked with apologetic hesitation.

"Jump down, Doctor," exclaimed a voice from within; "I will take your horse in half a minute. We have been looking for you this hour. You have come too late, but you are perfectly welcome."

The Doctor was among the first lecturers on therapeutics in Paris, and had not the least idea that he was known, expected, or welcome, in this part of the Upper Loire. He was on his way to Brionde, indeed, to attend a family-festival, the grand portion of which was a christening. The Doctor's brother had been for some years settled in the last-named town, which the professor of therapeutics was about to visit for the first time, for the purpose of standing godfather to a recently-born niece. He had been making a geological tour in the south, and intended to take Brionde on his road back to the capital.

By this time night had succeeded to evening, the snow fell faster and thicker than before; and suddenly a man appeared on the threshold carrying in his hand a blazing pine-stick, which he held aloft while he looked into the dark night.

"Come in, Doctor," said he; "you'll find your goddaughter within, and your brother is not far off."

"My good friend," said the traveller, "there is surely some mistake. My goddaughter—"

"Look you there now," interrupted the man, shaking his pine-stick the while to enable him to distinguish the stranger, "I took you for our good Doctor Gerard, who had not only promised to be here for a birth, but to be sponsor for the baby. His brother, the Curé, too, engaged to give it his blessing, and to taste our omelette and a bottle of the year 5."

The stranger explained his condition, asked for hospitality, and was believed and welcomed without hesitation.

"It is all one," said the host, taking the bridle of the horse. "Go you in; you will find a Josephine within happier than the poor Empress yonder; for she is the mother of a child, and is under the roof of her husband. Go you in; I 'll see to the horse."

The Doctor felt that he had not arrived at the most opportune of moments; nevertheless he was the most embarrassed of the party in the cottage. Under the circumstances, the hospitality which he received was "princely." The house and the inmates were poor indeed, but the latter had large hearts. They were all the happier, too, that their child was a girl. "They can't make a conscript of *her*," exclaimed both the parents, with a feeling which was common at the period, when a girl was born.

On the morrow, before taking leave of his kind entertainer, the Doctor, placing his hand on that of the mother, observed to her, that he should be well pleased to be permitted to be godfather to "mademoiselle" there, "if—" He was about adding more, when mademoiselle herself uttered a cry so shrill, that the speaker paused.

"Pardi!" exclaimed the father, "she agrees, and does not wait for us to give our consent. You shall share the office, Sir, with Monsieur Gerard."

This matter being arranged, the Parisian professor bade his hosts farewell. They promised to find a deputy for him at the ceremony of baptism, and to give him news of his goddaughter, or ask his counsel in her behalf, should occa-

sion arise for either. And therewith he rode away, and very speedily forgot his sponsorial obligations to Marie Lucille.

The child grew—a plain child, with a grave look about her. She stumbled through infancy with tolerable credit and countless bruises. When she could run alone and was able to speak, the companions of her age invited her to share their sports. She crossed her little hands behind her back, and sharply and peremptorily refused. Her unpopularity was established "for ever."

She lay about at the cottage-door, now in the sun, now in the rain, and seemed to care little for either. She was a dreaming child, hardly conscious of what she dreamt or wherefore. She had not the love of her fellows, but she won their respect. All the childish quarrels of the neighbourhood were referred to her for arbitration. People stood near her on these occasions, amused at the gravity of the little judge in a tattered gown. They never found reason, however, to deny the justice of her award. The tribunal of Marie Lucille was an institution in the eyes of little village litigants.

Hitherto her life had been one of unmixed happiness. She did not know that she was poor; and she felt, without thinking about it, that she was powerful. But she was now placed in a position which revealed to her her poverty, and made her sensible of being in subjection to others. She was sent to work in the fields during half the day, and to school during the remaining portion of it.

"She is not worth her salt," said the farmer who employed her to pick up stones.

"She is a fool," said the schoolmistress; "and is always asking questions above common sense."

The fact was, that in the fields Marie Lucille was studying even the stones. These, the herbs, the flowers, and the grasses, were her books; and when she took them to the school and laid them before the purblind Minerva there, she found the instructress could not read them. Her surprise was extreme. "I can teach myself to read," said she; "but

of what use is this woman, if she cannot help me to do what I am unable to do for myself?"

She already saw that there was something imperfect in the educational system. The germ of the reformer was already in course of development in the little person of Marie Lucille.

She remained the only child of her parents, whose ill-health but increased their poverty. The girl, before she was in her teens, laboured with an energy beyond her strength in order to aid her honest but almost helpless father and mother. Within two years she lost both; and at the age of sixteen, the reserved, rather plain, but strongly intellectual-looking girl, was left an orphan, with nothing before her but a life of hard labour, and very delicate health wherewith to meet the burden.

"There is nothing else," said Marie Lucille; "let us make the best of it."

She found even this philosophy, however, of little avail. What she could gain by hard and constant work barely sufficed to keep life within her. Her strength daily decayed; and, worst of all to her, she had not leisure in any way to "learn anything new." She was conscious of an insatiate thirst for knowledge, and her very heart died within her as she discovered the impossibility of slaking that thirst.

"Well," said she half-aloud, as she stood on the little "esplanade" of the village one Sunday evening, looking at the dancers, but thinking of more serious matters,—"well, there *is* something wrong here. It cannot be God's fault. It must, then, be *my* fault. I will go to Monsieur le Curé; he of course will put me right."

Monsieur le Curé, however, could not do what she expected of him. A gentle shower of ordinary and well-intentioned platitudes failed to refresh her. "My child," said the good old man, "it is your duty to be content with the lot which God has assigned to you."

"Monsieur le Curé," asked Marie Lucille, "does God always, as you say, fit the back to the burden?"

"Doubtless," was the reply.

"Then," said Marie, without the least awe at finding herself about to beat the Curé in argument,—"then I am not in the position assigned to me. The burden I carry is intolerable, not because of its weight, but because it does not fit my back. I would labour twice as long as I do, if the work were different from that to which I am now improperly condemned."

The Curé looked at her with the aspect of a pope on the point of excommunicating a rebel prince who had defied pontifical teaching. She stood the look firmly; not audaciously, but with the strength born of the conviction that she was right, that she knew more about the matter than the priest, and that Heaven would help her if she only strove to help herself.

"Go and dance!" said the Curé.

"That is all the comfort that the well-provided ant could contribute to the poor lean grasshopper, who, according to its nature, had passed the summer singing in the grass. I will go to Paris!" said Marie Lucille.

The resolution thus expressed astounded not only the Curé, but the entire village. She was, however, not to be moved from it. She had a presentiment, she said, that her field of labour was in Paris.

"Where they sow sin, and reap tears," was the comment of the Curé.

"As men sow, even accordingly shall they reap," rejoined the young logician. "May it be so with me! Amen."

There was abundance of weeping when the sickly-looking but stout-hearted orphan turned her face towards the capital, and went on her long and weary way. It was a work of many weeks to traverse that long road; and fatigue and want more than once threatened to kill her before she had

accomplished her object. At length she glided into the brilliant city, like a phantom. Scared and bewildered, she looked about her for the first time with a feeling of helpless despair.

Her strong mind mastered her weak body. She had not come purposeless, and she was resolved to carry her purpose out. She had long carried about her her Parisian godfather's address. With an instinct which resembled experience, and which told her that an interview would be more profitable than a correspondence, she had walked to the capital, determined to consult *him* (if he were living), who had promised to give her counsel if she happened to need it. Marie Lucille discovered her godfather's abode, and was laughed at by the porter when she offered to ascend the stairs which led to his apartment.

The pilgrim had not wandered so far to be rudely turned away from the shrine now that her hand was upon it. She stoutly maintained her right; and an altercation ensuing—particularly loud on the part of the porter—as the one ascended the staircase and the other attempted to obstruct the ascent, the doctor himself, somewhat fatter than of old, appeared at the door and demanded an explanation.

"Monsieur le Docteur," said the porter, "this beggar-girl—"

"Godfather!" exclaimed the poor girl, who, hearing the title, concluded that she had reached her desired end, "I am Marie Lucille."

"And who the d— is Marie Lucille?" asked the Professor good-humouredly; "who claims me for a godfather?"

The girl could speak well, and, exhausted though she was, a few sentences, spoken without circumlocution and to the purpose, soon enlightened the Professor. He led her into his little dining-room with a gentle care that puzzled the wondering porter; ordered refreshment for her, consigned her to his *bonne*, and promised to hear her full story,

her experiences, her hopes, and her desires, on the following morning.

When that morning arrived, Marie Lucille looked two or three years younger for her repose; and at the conclusion of a long interview with the kind-hearted Professor, declared, very considerably to his surprise, that she thought she was best fitted to gain her livelihood in the same way that *he* did.

The Professor burst into a fit of laughter, and looked incredulous. Marie herself blushed, as she always did when she or her situation was misapprehended. "I simply mean," she said, "that I should like to teach."

"What do you know?" naturally asked the Professor.

"Nothing," was the reply; and it caused the Doctor to look at his strange visitor most curiously, but with a respectful, an admiring curiosity.

"Nothing!" he repeated. "Do you know, Marie, that your answer does you credit, while it gives me encouragement? I will place you where you will be aided along the first pathways you are eager to traverse. If you answer my expectations, future succour, my good girl, shall not fail you."

"I will answer them," said Marie, "God willing. I think I have discovered the position in which He is pleased that I shall be placed."

Marie not only answered, she exceeded the expectations of her godfather. And yet she was not a quick girl. She was much better than that *merely*. She had intellect, and therewith she had the most abundant patience, the most unflagging perseverance. She was never in a hurry to attain an end, and her object was accomplished all the earlier. Her progress was watched with extraordinary interest by her godfather, and by very many of his friends. It was singular to observe that as her intellect expanded, and her knowledge increased, she seemed to grow beautiful. Her

features remained what they had been, save that they gained in refinement; and over all there became spread an expression so exquisite, that it had a hundredfold the charm of mere material beauty. It was an expression made up of content, gratitude, and consciousness of being victor in a struggle of long continuance. No student ever worked for honour with such zeal as this peasant-girl laboured to accomplish the object of her healthy ambition. At the end of five years of almost unremitting application, there were not many *men* in the capital who were acquainted with more languages than the poor girl from the Upper Loire, nor who had read to more purpose, although they might have read more extensively. At the end of seven years, the silent worker, the laborious student, was recognized as the most accomplished woman in the capital. She was amongst the most graceful also; for she seemed to acquire grace in proportion as she acquired knowledge.

"You are one of our best scholars," said her aged and delighted godfather to her; "what is now your purpose?"

"To repay you for aiding me to become what I am. I still want to teach,—not children, but those who aspire to become teachers. My happiness is to labour; that is the labour which will bring me happiness."

Marie Lucille found both to her heart's content. Her establishment for teaching teachers gained so well-merited a reputation, that when a candidate for a license to become an instructor appeared before the government Board of Examiners with a certificate which described her as being a pupil of the once peasant-girl from the Upper Loire, the examination was made all the more rigid, from the conviction of the examiners that the pupil could distinguish herself by the brilliancy, accuracy, and solid worth of her replies.

Few perhaps have been in the Ile de Paris without having had their attention directed to the fine old cloister-looking mansion in which she whom I have called Marie

Lucille laboured to admirable effect for rather more than twenty years. In 1855 she withdrew from its superintendence with a fortune which she has right nobly earned; but not until she had provided a successor whose qualifications gave warrant that the establishment and its objects should not suffer.

"Why retire thus early?" said a French prelate to her the other day.

"To give others an opportunity of retiring as early," answered Marie Lucille.

If they who were at Notre Dame on the day of the thanksgiving-service for the downfall of Sebastopol remarked a lady, who was distinguished for her grace, collecting contributions from the faithful, and who was evidently an object of affectionate interest to all, such persons have seen my friend Marie Lucille.

"How," said the Archbishop to her, at the *déjeûner* which followed the service,—"how happy you must be in the condition in which it has pleased God to place you!"

"And *that*, Monseigneur, because I discovered a truth which is not universally known, namely, that we may be in places which were evidently not intended for us by Heaven."

"I hope," said the prelate, with his joyous laugh, "that you are not alluding to me."

"I fancy," remarked an octogenarian gentleman, who had been a lecturer on therapeutics in his day, "that our friend was thinking of a curé in the Upper Loire."

"I was thinking of a poor girl there, who once gathered stones in a field for her daily bread, and who has to-day been associated with Duchesses in collecting thank-offerings for victory. The place God expressly intended for her was the one she occupied between those two extremes."

The Archbishop, by an emphatic nod and a sunny smile, gave ecclesiastical sanction to the sentiment of Marie Lucille.

ANDRE CHÉNIER.

A PEN-AND-INK SKETCH.

"THERE is a plagiarism," said Alexandre, as he dropped the portrait of Marie Lucille into his portfolio, "in the picture in words that Mr. Mee Aughton gave us of Oliver Goldsmith. Certainly, *he* may have put his finger to his forehead, and declared that he had something *there*. But the act was really done under grave circumstances by one more struggler for fame, our André Chénier,—and that, not when Hope was new-born, but when she was dying."

There lay on the table before us, De Latouche's edition of André's work; and Alexandre placed there also the *vera effigies* of the sincere and gentle author. Over both there ensued a world of comment, accompanied by expressions of admiration and sympathy. The conversation was interrupted, yet often renewed. Its tenour was an outline history of the hapless young author who exhibited—

"So many graces in so green an age."

The history was in itself complete; and it may, perhaps, be better told here in its continuity, than according to the broken dialogue, out of which it was built up.

André Chénier! Name of melancholy memories! But over the grave of him who bore it, France has made such compensation as she could; and him whom she murdered, it is now her delight and privilege, and her bounden duty, to honour.

The story of Chénier is brief, romantic, and almost inexpressibly sad.

In the year 1762, five years after Goldsmith began to dream of fame, that year of English triumphs, France was represented at Constantinople by a Consul-General who, democracy not being then in the ascendant, was not ashamed to call himself Louis *de* Chénier. He had won the heart of a Greek maiden. Four sons blessed their union. The two youngest were poets. The fourth (with whom we have little to do) was Marie-Joseph, the author of 'Fénelon,' of 'Charles IX.,' of 'Tiberius,' 'Henry VIII.,' 'Brutus,' and other dramatic pieces of merit. The third son was Marie-André. He was born at Constantinople, the 20th of October, 1762. His mother, as we have said, was a Greek; and Monsieur Thiers is the grandson of her sister.

The boy was early removed from the banks of the Bosphorus, which he ardently loved and long fondly remembered. His young years were spent in the enjoyment of a judicious liberty on a soil fertile in gifted sons of a golden lyre—cheerful Languedoc. From this, his second home, he was taken at the age of eleven, and with his two elder brothers transferred to Paris, where he entered as a student into the college of Navarre.

It was a college of great reputation. There, John or Charlier de Gerson, to whom has been ascribed the authorship of the 'Imitation of Christ,' once ruled from the professorial chair; and there Doctor Major wrote his 'History of Scotland,' and dedicated it to his own Sovereign, James V.

It was there, perhaps, that young André first imbibed his strong feeling of hatred against oppression, and his transient sentiment of repugnance against kings. This is easily accounted for. The reigning monarch was, *ex officio*, first Fellow. Jeanne de Navarre would have it so when she founded the college, out of compliment to her husband Philippe le Bel. Now, the kings of France would not con-

descend to accept the revenue arising from the fellowship (it was a very small one); but the popularity they might have gained thereby was all sacrificed by the college authorities, who with the Royal benevolence purchased rods to scourge refractory scholars. The latter thought little of the charity, although they painfully felt the honour.

The Sovereign's liberality never fell upon the studious André, whose career at college was a brilliant one. At sixteen he was a Greek scholar, and composed very tolerable Sapphics. Ere he had reached twenty his fortune took him from the pale cloister and retired leisure, and flung him into the garrison at Strasburg, where, much to his surprise, he one day found himself second lieutenant in the regiment of Angoumois. The change was complete, and it thoroughly disgusted him. He loved refinement, was given to peaceable pursuits, and lofty thoughts, and high aspirings; above all, he was devoted to the profound study of the ancients. In the noisy, crowded garrison of Strasburg, he felt himself alone; and, sickened at heart with the world into which he had fallen, he took off his epaulettes after half a year's service, and returned to Paris, to his books, his gentle muse, and his few but faithful friends—to Lavoisier, who preceded him at the guillotine, to Palissat, and to David, whose art, when devoted to the illustration of liberty, he eulogized in nervous rhymes, and when prostituted to flatter anarchy, he denounced with crushing contempt. Châteaubriand loved him, and Le Brun, the great painter, first marked his rising talent and bade him rush on to deathless reputation. André was in no hurry; he studied early and late, lived modestly, as became him, wrote much, and published nothing. He was as poor as Chatterton, but being more virtuous, he was less friendless. When fever was the result of excessive study, the friends of his infancy, the brothers Trudaine, nursed him into health, and then took him through scenes of beauty by the arrowy Rhône, which strengthened his

mind as well as his body. Subsequently, the Marquis de Luzerne, ambassador to England, brought him over in his suite and abandoned him to penury. He lived among us unknown, solitary, and uncared for. His condition is inexplicable, for he seems to have been undeserving of it. The sins of his own countrymen he somewhat splenetically visited on ours, and denounced an inhospitality of which our fathers were not guilty. He punished them in some very indifferent verses; but he was generous, and afterwards built the lofty rhyme in praise of those English virtues and valour which had secured a constitutional freedom which Montalembert has eulogized, like Chénier, and which France did not then know and has not yet secured.

André returned to Paris just after the meeting of the States General in 1789. He hailed the dawn of liberty with the shout of a young and ardent heart, a shout whose echoes died away in a mournful wail at liberty abused. He now neither hated kings nor aristocracies, but, wishing to reform and not destroy the monarchy, he did hate the boasted creators of freedom, who only murdered the virtuous in order to enthrone hideous vice and bloody idols in their place. His affections were neither with Coblentz nor with the Jacobins, but with his country. His great and honest wrath was directed solely against those who impeded her welfare. He assailed them vigorously wherever they were to be found, not caring whether they stood on "talons rouges" at Versailles, or beneath the "bonnet rouge" of the crapulous faubourgs.

For a time he refrained from interfering in public affairs, devoting himself solely to the improvement of his powers and the worship of his favourite muse. He still published little, but his private friends hailed with some enthusiasm his successful efforts to banish the stilted poetry of the day, and to substitute for it a style founded on the purest classical models from among the ancients.

He could have been well content thus to have gone on daily towards poetical perfection, but the hurricane of politics swept him out of his tranquil and happy haven, into that dark and troubled sea wherein all his countrymen were fiercely struggling, and upon whose face there shone no promise yet of halcyon days to come. He accepted his destiny with a fearless heart, and forthwith addressed himself to a mission which admitted but of absolute success or certain death.

His brother had joined the Jacobins, but André denounced the tendencies of that club of assassins of their country's freedom. On the brow of Charlotte Corday he hung a poetic wreath, giving to that immortal heroine an eternity of fame, and blessing the hand which had done justice upon the most cowardly and most extensive of murderers. He showered down a rain of fiery rhymes upon Collot d'Herbois, who had prepared an ovation in Paris for the Swiss soldiers who had revolted at Châteauvieux, slain their gallant commander, and fired on the Royal troops sent to quell the mutiny. He held Robespierre in supreme horror long before the latter had permanently disappointed the world and earned for ever its undying execration. But, above all, and without caring the less for rational liberty, he had learned to love the King in his cruel captivity, regretting that, in the endeavour to substitute a constitutional for an absolute royalty, he had unwittingly impeded liberty, and for one erring master had helped a hundred tyrants to fatten on the blood of France. To see his mistake was to endeavour to amend it, and when Louis Capet was summoned to answer before judges predetermined to condemn him, André Chénier courageously offered to stand by the old and faithful Malesherbes, and aid him in defending the doomed "Son of St. Louis." The generously-proffered succour was not employed, though it was tearfully acknowledged; and the living Majesty of France was exultingly sentenced to pass under

the knife of the emblem of French liberty—the guillotine. Ere the King met death on the scaffold, he addressed a letter to his judges, appealing from their unjust sentence to the hearts of the people over whom he had reigned. The letter was noble, heart-stirring, and true,—and André Chénier was its author. The implacable judges read it with cool contempt, refused its prayer, set down the writer's name in their bloody tablets, and bade "Monsieur de Paris" rid them swiftly of the "last of kings."

The capital no longer afforded security to the young poet, and he accordingly withdrew from it secretly, and not without difficulty. After various changes of residence, he finally settled privately at Versailles, of which place his brother Joseph was a representative in the Convention. Here he did not hope to be the less undisturbed, because of the proximity of his place of refuge to that tribunal by which to be suspected was to be condemned. It was at length tacitly permitted him to live in safe retirement under his brother's protection. If for a moment he stepped forward into publicity, it was to defend his brother from the attack made upon him by Burke. In all other respects he lived in close seclusion, preparing his immortal rhymes for publication; and, free from all more serious passions, indulging in poetical attachments, musically recorded, with Camille, with Fanny, and with the irresistible, however ideal, Neæra.

Had he confined himself to such *liaisons* he might have survived the tempest which finally overwhelmed him; but he had a heart fashioned for better things than feverishly entertaining imaginary loves. He was a warm friend, and the intrepidity of his friendship betrayed him to death. News reached him in his retreat of the arrest of the companion of many of his happy hours, M. Pastouret. To the residence of the latter, at Passy, Chénier hurried on the benevolent mission of bearing consolation to a hearth which had been visited by sudden desolation. While mingling

his tears with those of the bereaved family, the house was visited by officers of the revolutionary tribunal in search of treasonable papers; and Chénier, so innocently, and so righteously of purpose, discovered on the premises, was arrested as *suspect*, and carried away to the prison of St. Lazare.

His sole hope of ultimate escape lay in the possible forbearance, not of his enemies, but of his friends. The former in the multitude of captives hardly knew where to select their victims. The appeals of friends only served to give direction to their choice. Joseph Chénier has been rashly styled a fratricide for not battling in the Convention for the life of his brother. The republican knew his fellows too well. To bring his brother's name before them was only to drag him more swiftly to death. He knew the value of the proverb current in the Eastern city of his birth, that "Silence is gold," and he now applied it. André accordingly lay in St. Lazare all forgotten, till the anxiety and fatal eagerness of his father brought down upon him the ruin which that father would have fondly averted.

Oblivion was the boon prayed for by all prisoners. Actual liberty could hardly be a greater blessing. In the temporary enjoyment of it, André Chénier formed new and maintained old friendships among his fellow-captives. To one of these, Suvée, the artist, we owe the only portrait of Chénier which we now possess. Suvée, Buffon, the son of the great naturalist, the brothers Trudaine, and Roucher, the poet of the 'Months' (*Les Mois*,) were his most loved associates within the prison. But there was one other more loved than all besides, the young, fair, and innocent Mlle. de Coigny. A captive like the rest, she equalled the boldest of them in the modest heroism of her deportment; her beauty won a universal homage; she moved within the gloomy limits of the prison like something divine; consolation seemed to attend her footsteps; the most dejected looked up and smiled in her presence; all felt that there

was that within her which must secure her from a terrible and ignominious death; and all perhaps bore within their breasts some secret hope that in connection with her there was a promise of life to those around her. To this unconscious enchantress André Chénier appears to have surrendered his entire heart. The most manly worship that ever was paid to female worth and youthful excellence was paid by this doomed prisoner to the young sharer and alleviator of his captivity. From her sprang the inspiration which produced an ode to which France can produce few equals—no superior. In his 'Jeune Captive' there breathes a sense of reality to which no force of mere imagination could ever have attained; and therein also is to be found an intensity of feeling born of experience, and not of a poet's passing fancy. It is the sublime of fond affection hopelessly entertained.

It was but a dream, but in it the sleeper might have remained happy till the morning of his liberty dawned, had not his father, as we have intimated, accelerated the fate of the son, by his too eager haste to yield him rescue. The old man, confident of his son's innocence, and ignorantly believing that innocence could secure his restoration to freedom, so urged upon the authorities the right of allowing André to clear himself by trial, that to the imprudent prayer fatal concession was made, and Chénier was commanded to appear before the butchers, who, in dealing out murder, pretended to be administering justice. On the eve of his trial, the agitated sire flung his arms round the neck of his son, and bade him be of good cheer, urging on the other the courage which he himself now lacked, and tremulously assuring him that his talent and his virtues would gain for him a speedy triumph. "Virtue!" said Chénier, with heroic calmness,—"Father, M. de Malesherbes was virtuous—and *where* is he?"

André knew that the axe was whetted for him, because

of his opposition to the anarchists, and the service he had rendered the King. He appeared before the revolutionary tribunal, but to the absurd accusation of having supported tyranny, and of having conspired to escape, he would not condescend to offer a single word of defence. He calmly waited to hear himself declared an "enemy of the people," and condemned to suffer death on the 7th Thermidor. His bosom companions, the brothers Trudaine, were condemned with him, and they solicited the favour of being permitted to die at the same time. The favour was brutally refused. With an idea of prolonging the agony of those who petitioned for it, the two brothers were condemned to live a day longer than André, and to be carried to the guillotine on the 8th Thermidor. On the 8th Thermidor! On that day the tribunal had lost the power of enforcing its own decrees —the Reign of Terror had closed—the two emblems, of painted wood, which stood opposite to each other on the place of execution, namely, the statue of LIBERTY and the GUILLOTINE, were pulled down; and the morning which Chénier had longed for, but which he was not destined to see, began to dawn.

On the 7th Thermidor, 1794, a few minutes before eight in the morning, Chénier, for the last time, took pen in hand, and recorded this last fragmentary song of his charmed but mournful lyre; at each line he wrote, the wheels of the cart which was to convey him to the scaffold were making their progressive rounds towards his prison-door:—

"Comme un dernier rayon, comme un dernier zéphire
Anime la fin d'un beau jour,
Au pied de l'échafaud j'essaie encor ma lyre.
Peut-être est ce bientôt mon tour;
Peut-être avant que l'heure en cercle promenée
Ait posé sur l'émail brillant,
Dans les soixante pas où sa route est bornée,
Son pied sonore et vigilant,

Le sommeil du tombeau pressera ma paupière!
Avant que de ses deux moitiés
Ce vers que je commence ait atteint la dernière,
Peut-être en ces murs effrayés
Le messager de mort, noir recruteur des ombres,
Escorté d'infames soldats,
Remplira de mon nom ces longs corridors sombres"—
. . . . . .

The hand which had thus been recording the approach of the messenger of death was here stopped, and, as the clock struck eight, the heroic poet calmly seated himself in the spacious vehicle about to carry its last offering to the bloody altar of the Jacobins. His companions were many, in all about fourscore; some reports say, not more than thirty-eight, but the latter number applies to the male victims. There were in addition a crowd of females, of all ages and conditions; ancient matrons of an ancient lineage, whose daughters were themselves mothers—young maidens—pale and trembling, yet God-fearing; girls, noble, gentle, and simple, but all sisters in this solemn hour of a bloody baptism—and some there were, two poor young mothers, utterly friendless, who bore with them to the foot of the guillotine babes closely pressed to the breast yielding its last tribute of loving nature even unto death. Oh, hard destiny! Twelve short hours more, and all might have been saved.

André looked serenely round at his brothers and sisters in affliction. Near him sat De Montalembert, De Créqui, and De Montmorency; close by, that endless sufferer the famed Baron de Trenck; nearer still, perhaps the greatest hero of them all, the aged Loiserolles, who, having heard that morning, his son's name called upon the roll of death, answered cheerfully to the summons, and suffered gloriously in his place—the more gloriously as it was silently. The generous old man buried the secret within his own godlike bosom; and the mistake was not discovered until the sacrifice was consummated.

There was one place yet vacant ere the living load, which three horses could with difficulty drag to death, passed on its mournful way. It was suddenly occupied by Roucher, the poet. "You here?" said Chénier, with a heavy groan; "you, father, husband, and guiltless!" "And you?" said Roucher, "with your virtues, your youth, your genius, and your hope!" "But *I*," added Chénier, "have done nothing for posterity;" and then, striking his forehead, he was heard to exclaim, "And yet I *had* something there!"

As they passed on to death their eyes met those of a mutual friend who had joined the blaspheming crowd, and who accompanied the victims a great portion of their way, as one who would cheer them on their dark expedition, and was reluctant to bid them farewell. This friend heard Chénier, amid the clamour of the mob which insulted courage and innocence, address to Roucher the opening lines of Racine's 'Andromaque.' The older poet answered with readiness, and both were deeply touched when the younger son of song uttered those noble lines in which the speaker declares that the presence of a friend gives a new aspect to fortune, and that by their union their common destiny loses half its harshness.

M. de Latouche, in the life of Chénier prefixed to his works, says that André left St. Lazare in the forenoon. Count Alfred de Vigny, in his 'Stello,' minutely details the scene at the execution, and states that it did not take place till the evening. The two accounts are perfectly reconcilable. The prison was at a great distance from the scaffold, and not only was the longest route taken, so as to render the agony more acute, but the progress of the unwieldy vehicle which slowly conveyed Chénier and his companions in misfortune was constantly impeded, and even stayed, by a multitude of people of a different class to those who were hired to spend their unclean breath in shouts against the defenceless, devoted to death.

The people had got some idea that the Reign of Terror was at its close, that tyranny was wellnigh extinct, and that this last huge sacrifice to its will was a mere huge murder, not *more* atrocious than many which had preceded it, but one more facile of obstruction, more easy to be prevented. They therefore surrounded the vehicle, opposed its progress, checked and frightened the horses; to the confused remonstrances of the half-terrified guards they uttered one terrible, loud, and universal cry, thrice reiterated, of "No! No! No!" Many of the condemned extended their arms to those whom they would fain have looked upon as their deliverers. The latter often so pressed upon the vehicle as to threaten to overturn it. This result was two or three times nearly achieved; and it was only amid difficulty and danger that it was at last brought to its destination—the open space between the two emblems,—the GUILLOTINE and LIBERTY!

The day, up to this moment, had been extremely sultry, and the people had been rendered by it all the fiercer in their resolute attacks against the march to death. They had struggled for hours under a fierce sun, and they were not yet weary. But all at once there came a cloud, and then a slight breeze, and with this some scattering of the dust. The heroic people who had maintained the fight so nobly and so long, dispersed in an instant. They fled in all directions and in utter silence. Their rage was extinguished by the rain which began to fall in torrents. "He who knows Paris," says the Count de Vigny, "will understand this." It is true; from the days of Richelieu and of Cardinal de Retz, down to the empire of Louis Napoleon, a Paris mob that will endure bravely a pitiless pelting of grape, has never yet been known to endure the pelting of a shower of rain. At one of the most critical moments of the old monarchy, when the Cardinal de Richelieu was one night up and watching for its safety, he turned away from a

window he had just opened, saying, "Gentlemen, let us to bed; there will be no conspiracy to-night; it rains."

So at the execution of Chénier and his companions, there was no rescue, because of the wet. The hitherto heroic people fled rapidly and silently. The officers of the law profited by this moment, and the guillotine slowly raised its terrible and sanguinary arm. Thirty-three times it rose and fell, and at each time a deed was done against which God had established his canon, forbidding murder. As it ascended for the thirty-fourth time, André Chénier arose, and stood for a moment erect in his grey coat; he looked once calmly to heaven and earth; the next moment he was bound and prostrate; that irresistible arm again fell, and with his life was extinguished a talent, the product and the proofs of which literary France now holds among her dearest treasures.

Those treasures long lay concealed. France knew of their existence, but was debarred of their enjoyment. They were, for the most part, in manuscript. Their "whereabout" was known to two of Chénier's brothers, but these brothers were in a revolutionary dungeon, and their relatives, although the guillotine was resting from its bloody work, dreaded to agitate a name whose utterance seemed provocative of woe. They gained their liberty only to stand by their father's grave, into which the old man descended after a ten months' agony for his murdered son. The mother endured an agony as acute, but more cruelly lasting; and not until fourteen years of such anguish as bereaved mothers alone experience, did she calmly die in the arms of her son Joseph. Time passed inexorably on, and nothing yet had been done to collect the manuscripts, which had become scattered, and the recovery of which was every day invested with greater difficulty. A quarter of a century wellnigh elapsed before the pious mission was accomplished. The impediments to success were many, but zeal

and affection surmounted them all, and Chénier's poems first appeared in print in 1819. They at once established him at that elevation of which rumour had long pronounced him worthy, and André took a position among the sons of song, in which the severest criticism has only served to fix him with more unassailable security.

His works consist of idyls, elegies (which do not belong to what we popularly understand by elegiac poetry), epistles, odes, poems (rather noble fragments like 'Hyperion' than complete achievements), patriotic hymns, odes, and a few iambics full of majestic melancholy, suiting an inspiration born of the dungeons of St. Lazare. Anonymous critics in obscure papers have either "damned with faint praise" or openly attacked what they would aspire to equal in vain. But the finest intellects in France are agreed as one man upon the rare ability and the rare originality of André Chénier. To this we know no exception; Thiers, St. Beuve, and Victor Hugo, have praised his glorious lines in language rivalling the beauty of that used by the poet whom they crowned. A few years ago, no one could have challenged either of these names as not bearing with it warrant to pronounce. We are however ready to acknowledge that Victor Hugo's praises ring less pleasantly in our ear since we caught the echo of his eulogy sung over the grave of Balzac, where the indiscriminate laudation poured over the novelist's bier, made no distinction between the chaste severity of the 'Recherche de l'Absolue,' and the crapulous obscenity of 'La Cousine Bette.'

In the poems of André Chénier there are not above half-a-dozen lines which we could have desired the editor to expunge. They will give no offence to a classical reader, but a rigid philosopher would object, perhaps, to the possibility of their suggestive action upon youthful minds. After all, if "to the pure all things are pure," the few and scattered lines to which we have alluded may well be permitted to re-

main. The young actors at Westminster and the young students at Eton construe more dangerous lines every day of their lives; and we do not forget that, in a late prologue delivered on a classic stage of the former locality, a warm and most ingenious defence was made of the system which surrendered Terence and Ovid, unmutilated and unveiled, to the contemplation of youth. Chénier is twice as pure as either. He treats of immortal gods and mortal nymphs and rustic swains with the spirit of one born amid flowers watered by Helicon. His nymphs especially are gloriously seductive creations. They stand before you pure and reserved as the lily; or they bound into your presence with Tempe's roses mantling on their cheeks, sparkling with laughter, and fresh with the morning breath of Arcadia. Swains and nymphs occasionally stray into perilous precincts, it is true; but the swains are tempered to refinement, while the nymphs put off no purity with their zones; and, even unveiled, they are clothed with dignity.

The majority of Chénier's pieces, however, are severely grand. His graphic poetical picture of Europa and the Bull may rank with that glorious piece of lyric limning by Keats, describing the coming of Bacchus to Ariadne. His dialogue on Liberty, between the slave shepherd and the free herdsman of the goats, is as epigrammatic and polished as anything in Gray. His Homer in Sycos is worthy of Pope; while the graceful story and the philosophic moral attached to the poem of Cleotas in the House of Lycus remind us forcibly of the Lake poet who sang of Dion, and pictured Laodamia exhibiting her profound love for the shadowy Protesilaus.

And what of the poet's love? What of the young girl whose youth, beauty, and childlike innocence gave sunlight to the gloom of St. Lazare? Mlle. de Coigny survived the terrors of that temple of the doomed. On her re-appearance in a world of liberty she attracted countless ad-

mirers. From among the crowd she selected, not for his apparent rank, but for his seeming worth, the young Duc de Fleurus. She sadly erred. After a brief assumption of the coronet of a duchess, she surrendered it for ever; and with it her husband's name and title. She returned to her father's house, resumed the paternal name, and, finally, died in the year 1820, having lived long enough to witness the fame of him who had sung 'La Jeune Captive;' and in the enjoyment of such testimony she descended to her rest with majestic resignation.

PORTRAIT OF A MORE SUCCESSFUL STRUGGLER FOR FAME.

On another occasion, when the artists and their lay friend were again assembled, the conversation turned on the luckless struggler, whose story has just been sketched. Young Nielson, a student of art from Copenhagen, gave a new subject for discussion at the present *conversazione*, by producing the portrait of a successful soldier in the battle of life. It represented a pleased, placid, thoroughly happy man,—who had struggled for a great prize, had obtained it, and was ready to lay it down at the bidding of the Inevitable Angel. The autobiography of the individual limned, and some odd volumes of his works were looked into, and gave life to the conversation. It is one that need not be reported, save in the form which Mr. Mee Aughton gave to it as he wrote out the story, between midnight and dawn, in his well-kept journal.

In the last quarter of the bygone century, a poor harpsichord player from Holstein, named Oehlenschläger, with a merry heart and much merry music in it, married a thoughtful, loving girl from Jutland. The young couple were richly endowed with hope, and, with that as a portion whereon to meet the troubles of life, they established themselves in the suburbs of Frederiksborg, near Copenhagen, where they waited upon Providence, without anxiety.

By dint of playing the organ, looking after the church, teaching the harpsichord, and fulfilling other little offices,

the manly and light-hearted Holsteiner made a happy hearth in Frederiksborg. A son was soon born, but also soon taken; a welcome daughter succeeded to his short-lived inheritance of love; and on the 14th of November, 1779, a third child, another boy, appeared to claim and receive his birthright of care and affection. He was named Adam. His birth excited no sensation in the royal suburb: his death set a whole empire weeping. Eight years ago, Denmark stood gazing mournfully into his grave, and all Scandinavia deplored the loss of her poet-king.

The family was a joyous and God-fearing family; struggling in content to maintain its modest position, and finally achieving all the greatness of which it thought itself capable, when Adam's father became inspector-general of the suburban palace. With increased means, the stout inspector exhibited increased benevolence. His poor friends hailed with gladness his good fortune; and well they might, for they profited largely by it. The Jutland matron smiled placidly in the eyes of her vivacious partner, and thanked God that the father of her children thought not only of them and of her, but of the sons and daughters whose cold hearth was in the house of affliction.

At a very early age Adam was sent for some hours daily to pick up what instruction he could beneath the academic shade of an old lady with a very susceptible temper. This ancient dame indulged her antipathies by spitefully knocking the heads of more aristocratic pupils with her thimble-armed finger; the skulls of the vulgar she unscrupulously belaboured with a stick. This discipline was made all the more severe by attending circumstances. Movement of body or exercise of voice brought down terrible penalties on the offender. The school sat all silent, gazing into a poultry-yard, and envying its denizens strutting in the dirt and crowing impudently at pleasure. But the stringent crone possessed a pictorial Bible. Out of it little Adam learned

his namesake's history; read breathlessly of Moses and David and Solomon; loved Joseph; perused with tender delight the record of the childhood of Jesus, and felt his whole heart dissolve in inexpressible anguish at the awful sacrifice of the Saviour of mankind. The boy was charmed with narrative; and when in the organ-gallery he led his father's choir, he listened with eager ear to the lessons of the day; but no sooner had the preacher uttered the word "division," and pronounced his "firstly," than Adam and his co-mates disappeared. The seceders assembled behind the organ, and, believing they should not understand what they might hear, betook themselves to read what they could understand.

From thimble and stick of his aged governess Adam passed under the ferule of a sexton who kept a school and committed the conduct of it to a most exemplary usher. The latter was idle, fat, and fond of smoking. From him the boys could derive neither precept nor example worth following. He walked the school with his morning-gown hanging loosely about him, and in his mouth the everlasting pipe. The pupils were not required to do anything, but they were now and then severely punished if they were idle. Adam took to verse-making, and wrote a psalm; the fat usher puffed scornfully at the metre; and lighted the calumet of indignation when the little urchin of nine years old proved that his prosody was unassailable.

His home was saddened by the premature death of a second sister, a blow from which the stricken mother never entirely recovered. His father was a man of many offices, and did not possess the leisure to be grieved. The brother and surviving sister were left much to themselves, and strong love knit their young hearts together. Hand in hand, but accompanied by a faithful servant, the two roamed abroad, in palace, and park, and garden, and wood, and field. The suburb was gay with fashion, and music, and festivity, when

the Royalty of Copenhagen sojourned there for a season. All that was noble and renowned then passed before the eyes of the observant little spectators. When those had disappeared with the coming of autumn, fresh pleasures were found in the society of the artisans who came down to give new beauty to the palace and the grounds. From the pulpit of the royal chapel Adam once delivered a sermon to his sister, whose edification was hardly equal to that of the delighted minister, who was by chance in the vestry. The winter evenings at home would have afforded "interiors" that Mieris might have painted and Balzac have described. They were made up of readings, laughter, prayer, and glad hearts. Adam learned little, but read much. It was for the most part matter of little worth in itself; but matters of little worth often form a basis on which is reared a superstructure destined to endure. At one time his young delight was devoted to "horrors;" the indulgence at length looked for reality rather than description, and Adam, with his sister, gladly accompanied a half-frightened maid who had proposed to take them to see the public rack and gallows. Copenhagen in its criminal policy possessed the spirit of Adam's old schoolmistress, and punished "with a difference." To satisfy the pride of the burghers, a prominent stone gallows was erected in a field of doom, and the wheel stood hard by. These were expressly for the use of the well-to-do citizens. Ignoble vagabonds were fain to be content with being run up to a wooden beam. A stone gibbet was too much honour for your obscure scoundrel! The same pride long distinguished the turbulent cities of Flanders; and a pride similar in quality, but more excessive in degree, prevailed till lately, and perhaps still prevails, in Hungary. In the latter country, no town of note would care to exist without its own peculiar hangman. A criminal might live without even the clergyman; but how could he possibly die without the executioner? It once happened, we are

told, that the inhabitants of Kesmarkt, in the Zips, sent to the authorities of Lutshan, begging the loan of their hangman. "We will do nothing of the sort," said the indignant magistrates to the messenger. "Go back and tell your masters that we keep our hangman for *ourselves and our children;* and not for the people of Kesmarkt!"

In Denmark the gallows at least had equal honour; and this piece of popular machinery, with a burgher on it, was a sight long wished for, and now to be beheld by the anxious Adam. When the little party, at the close of a dull, cold, autumnal evening, drew near the solemn field, Adam's sister and maid refused to proceed; Adam himself pushed boldly on, but with his eyes bent on the ground; and, at length, he found himself at the foot of the dark, weather-beaten gibbet. He looked up; a pale, bloody head grinned down upon him; a human hand lay at his feet. On the wheel lay extended a headless trunk, the arms hanging motionless; worsted stockings were on the legs. The sickened spectator soon had enough of horrors; he turned, and took to his heels as though the hangman were upon him, and he never fetched breath till he had reached his sister and the maid, who tarried for him in fear on the highway.

Adam's father left the care of his son's education to the boy's teachers; the teachers left the boy to himself; and the boy occupied himself only with novels, comedies, and biographies; varying his reading by visits to the theatre, into which he sought admission by any and every means. His bark might now have foundered but for his meeting, in his twelfth year, with a poet and schoolmaster of Copenhagen, named Storm, who undertook to teach him gratuitously, his parents paying only for his board. He studied with some diligence, wrote comedies with a diligence still more marked, acted them with his young friends in an empty dining-room of the royal palace, and was neither rendered vain by applause, nor discouraged by sarcastic

compliment. The little he learned he fixed in his memory by teaching it to his sister. He had a benevolent master in good old Storm, but he found little kindness in his schoolfellows. Their want of charity was founded on his want or abuse of costume. The poverty of his family certainly bestowed on him a garment of ridicule; little Adam went daily to school attired in a cast-off scarlet coat which had belonged to the Crown Prince, with the riding-boots of the King, and nether garments fashioned out of the well-worn cloth of a royal billiard table! The father's perquisites brought the son much perplexity, and unextinguishable laughter attended him wherever he went. He checked the mirth at last by power of the strong hand. When every one who smiled found that he must not only fight but endure defeat after punishment, reverence took place of ridicule, and Adam's motley was treated with a gravity worthy of the majesty whence the motley itself took its derivation.

He was nearly sixteen when he quitted school. Storm had been long dead, and the boys had paid him fitting honour. On the day of the funeral they abandoned the class which the mathematical master insisted on keeping in activity, and went to meet the body on the way from the hospital, where poor Storm had died, to his own residence. They entered the house with it, and standing round, as the face was uncovered they all wept aloud, while Adam took the unconscious hand, and blessed the memory of the master whom the children loved.

And so his school-life ended; and then came some laborious trifling, short flights in literature, and a passion for the stage. His acting in private had gained such approbation from distinguished actors who had witnessed it, that he became fired with a desire to appear in public. After some delay his easy father gave his consent, and Adam Oehlenschläger became one of the royal company, his first appearance being deferred until he had acquired all neces-

sary skill in singing, dancing, and fencing. He studied all three with more diligence than he had ever given to Latin. In fencing, he avowed his preference of the broadsword to the rapier, of striking and cutting to stabbing; in the former he saw heroism, in the latter murder effected by cold-blooded cunning. Achilles, Siegfried, and Thor hewed away like heroes. As for thrusting or stabbing, he designated it as a modern French invention which Bayard would have deeply disdained.

Bayard no stabber! Then tell us, gentle shade of Don Alonzo de Sotomayor, why thy painful spirit perambulates the groves of Elysium with a scented handkerchief alternately applied to the hole in thy throat, and the gash in thy face? Is it not that with cruel subtlety of fence, Bayard ran his rapier into thy neck "four good finger-breadths;" and when thou wert past resistance did he not thrust his dagger into thy nostrils, crying the while, "Yield thee, Signor Alonzo, or thou diest?" The shade of the slashed Spaniard bows its head in mournful acquiescence, and a faint sound seems to float to us upon the air, out of which we distinguish an echo of "*the field at Monervyne!*"

When Oehlenschläger fairly took his place among the Copenhagen actors, he was dubbed by them "the man with the hidden talents." He remained on the stage two years, his father witnessing his *début*, his mother and sister remaining at home in an agony of suspense, and the whole family rejoicing when the experiment was ultimately abandoned. His social position suffered nothing by it; sons of the first families, and children of the clergy, frequently taking to the stage for a few seasons. He was rather disappointed by the melancholy prose of the profession behind the curtain; was disgusted with the managers, who entrusted him with but few leading parts; but, inconsistently enough, he detested committing them to memory when he was cast for them.

A visit with the good brothers Oerstedt, one of whom married his sister, to the library at Copenhagen, decided his future career for a time. In the books and his two studious friends he saw metal more attractive than any the stage could allure him with. He determined to follow the law; he applied himself with moderate zeal to the preliminary studies of Latin and jurisprudence, and scrambled through an examination successfully, but without *éclat*. He was now in his nineteenth year, and in it he endured the first great sorrow of his life, in the loss of his gentle, loving mother. He mourned her sincerely, the more, subsequently, when he had won his imperishable laurels, and thought of the joy which would have visited her heart had she been spared to witness the great glory he achieved. The vacancy in his own heart was supplied by nature and by love. He met, on a visit, with Christiana Heger, a lovely girl of seventeen, of noble carriage, fair complexion, large blue eyes, and with such luxuriance of hair, that when the long fair tresses were unbound they completely concealed her person. When he first saw her she was weaving a garland of corn-flowers as blue as her eyes. He kept the garland till his death, and he loved the weaver of it full as long. The love was told with the hesitation of youth, and listened to with the maiden archness born of expectation; the father quietly joined their hands, and bade them love on and wait in peace.

But love, study, and a life of some joyousness, received a grave check when Parker and Nelson entered the Baltic, and the latter would *not* see the signal of his superior officer recalling him from the strife wherein he was resolved to be the victor. Oehlenschläger, in his autobiography, recounts the history of the attack in the spirit of the lion who had turned painter. He protests that the Danes scoffed at the English, that the Danish floating batteries were uninjured, and that the English fleet was entirely

ruined—"*ganz ruinirt.*" It is treating the battle poetically, but we think that truthful and honest prose tells us, how, after four hours' hard fighting with our gallant foe, the greater part of the Danish line had ceased to fire; how the 'Dannebrog,' in flames, was drifting, and spreading terror among her own line; how, when she blew up, her noble crew owed rescue to English sailors; how seven sail of the line and ten floating batteries were sunk, burnt, or taken; how the English vessels were crippled indeed, but not "*ganz ruinirt;*" and how Nelson succeeded in the mission for which the fleet was sent, and the conduct of which he boldly assumed and successfully carried out. Denmark was separated from the naval coalition which threatened England, and the latter had one enemy the less to contend with upon the ocean.

When the sounds of war had died away, Oehlenschläger again betook himself to study, not so much of the law as of things more germane to the poet than the lawyer. The ancient mythology occupied much of his time, and he studied Icelandic under a gratuitous teacher named Arndt, who was a learned and dirty oddity. For everything modern, Arndt had the most profound contempt. He was a native of Altona, went about filthily dressed, wore two old greasy coats, and let his long and still greasier hair hang down his back between them. He was a miracle of ancient learning. He had been a great botanist, but plants and flowers were too clean, pretty, and modern for his taste. He cared only for old ruins, old manuscripts, old legends, and old languages. He lived in Europe. His home was nowhere. He was once copying Runic inscriptions beyond Dronthiem, when he suddenly walked off to Venice in search of some Greek lines under a statue there, which he thought would illustrate the Runic epigraphs. He was a perfect cosmopolite, taking up his residence where he chose, and often getting turned out-of-doors, and perhaps beaten into

the bargain, for his uncleanliness of speech and habit. He carried his manuscripts in his numberless pockets until the burden was too heavy for him, and then, having no home nor friend, he would conceal them under hedges, in the nooks and corners of old ruins, or beneath heaps of stones. He was a hideously dirty philosopher, with no single attraction save his profound knowledge of antiquity, and particularly of the literature and manners of old northern heroic times. It was this knowledge that rendered this mass of learned dirt and savageness useful for a season to students like Oehlenschläger. Between this period and that in which he reached his twenty-fifth year, his love for poetry became daily more intense, his aptitude for the law daily less. He had been long like one looking into the promised land, but he determined to enter as well as gaze upon it. He manifested his resolution by the production of his 'Feast of the Eve of St. John' and his 'Gospel of the Seasons;' and the public acknowledged the reality of his claims when he gave to them that exquisite inspiration, born of his love for his mother, the dramatic poem of 'Aladdin.' He began to feel the true fire within him, yet hardly knew how to obey its impulses further than to make triumph result from boldly daring. When it was sorrowingly noticed, in a circle of which he was one, that the good old vigorous Danish poesy lay in its grave, he started up, and not only declared that it should rise again, but he swore it with an energy that would have gladdened Ernulphus.

And now he sat at the feet of the wise, and there gathered golden instruction; from Steffens particularly he learned how to shape reality out of resolution, and through him it was that he first tried his flight on a German Pegasus, and wrote a ballad that would have been approved at Weimar. The course was now taken from which he was never again to deviate. He hated the law, and no longer cared to hear the chimes at midnight with the gay Shallows of the capital.

Christiana with the azure eyes smiled with delight at his determination to abandon both, and henceforth to surrender himself wholly to the lyre and love. But absence was to render his homage to each more exalted and lasting; and, furnished with a hundred thalers from the paternal purse, and an annual supply promised him by the Crown Prince from the funds devoted to the public use, he left Copenhagen in August, 1805, and proceeded on his pilgrimage to study men, manners, morals, and metrical cunning.

His pilgrimage lasted four years and a half, during which he proved that the public money had not been royally bestowed on him to a profitless purpose. The first shrine at which he paused was at Halle, where Steffens again gave him rich counsel, where he kissed with proud devotion the hand of the imposing and manly Goethe, where Von Raumer delighted him with historical legends, and where the pious scholar Schleiermacher taught him heavenly wisdom, and gave him a love for the varieties of Greek prosody which he subsequently turned to excellent account in his, if we may so call it, *muscular* tragedy of 'Baldur the Good.' The next halting-place was Berlin, where the philosophers were in martial harness, and Arndt (not him of Altona) was at the head of them, inspiring the nations against the invincibility of Napoleon. Fichte, who was his chief Mentor here, was his own most enthusiastic follower, and used to declare that his broad shoulders and stout calves were the mere natural results of his robust and healthy maxims.

Leaving Berlin he passed on to pleasant Weimar, the princely hearth of the intellectual great, where nobility of soul presided in the ducal chair, and held a court in which rank was measured by power of brain. Half the renown of Germany there kept house, and though Herder and Schiller were dead, their spirits still shed gentle inspiration over the circle of poets and philosophers who made the sunny little city perpetually glad. Among them, *primus inter primos*,

was Goethe, and young Voss at his side, who discovered the seven-footed hexameter in Goethe's 'Hermann and Dorothea.' The poet, however, would not amend the faulty line; his answer to Voss's intimation was, substantially, this—

> "Certainly, 't is as you say, and Voss is an excellent critic;
> But, since the beast has got in, there we will let him remain."

From Weimar, the city of the Muses, Oehlenschläger journeyed to Dresden, the Florence of Germany. It was a happy stage in his pilgrimage. In the noble gallery there of pictorial confusion he selected the masterpieces, and sat before them to steep his soul in their beauties. His emotions were profoundly stirred by many, but chief of all he recognized in the heart-touching Correggio those influences over his poetical spirit which took harmonious shape at a future period. To Tieck, whose library was so profanely scattered after his death, he read his 'Hakon Jarl,' his 'Gospel of the Seasons,' and portions of his 'Aladdin.' Tieck gave them the valuable tribute of his admiration, and their author the advantage of his friendship, two boons which did not, however, subsequently prevent him from mercilessly criticizing the young poet when the latter gave to the world one of the finest of his tragedies, his graceful 'Correggio.'

Weimar had attractions enough to induce him to revisit it, and the pilgrim turned to his favourite shrine, once more to enjoy the perpetual sunshine which, in his fancy, ever poured down on it. But he had not been long there before he found himself locked in by war, and one universal gloom darkening the once happy locality. The kingly fortunes of Prussia had gone down at Jena before the eagles of France; and Weimar was filled with wailing at the past and terror for the future. First rode in the scared fugitives; and after them, in bloody haste, the triumphant victors. With them came rapine, and fire, and cruelty, and the innocent inhabi-

tants lay at the capricious mercy of a heated foe, who wantonly put flame to peaceful dwellings, plundered for plunder's sake, and committed fearful violence with an air of gay ferocity and bloody mirth. Amid all the terrors of those terrible hours which preceded the arrival of Napoleon, who stayed the robbers when they had grown weary with their vocation, the circumstances of human life went on, nevertheless, with a solemn regularity that partakes of the ridiculous. It is perhaps hardly permitted to record among the circumstances of life that death held wide court, and that the brave lay around dying of their wounds, and the timid of their fears. However this may be, we may state, among such circumstances, that when terror was at its greatest, Goethe got quietly, yet somewhat hurriedly, married; and the young wife of Facius, the lapidary, with two children in her arms, and one under her uncomplaining, God-confiding heart, sought refuge from French brutality in the crowded dwelling of Madame Schopenhauer, where to the sound of dread artillery she gave birth to a little daughter, aptly named Angelica Bellona, who now lives honoured and loved in the foremost rank of the artists of Germany.

Oehlenschläger was glad to escape from the theatre of war, and he hurried from it to take up his residence in the capital of him who had evoked the demon. In Paris he sojourned a year and a half, not eating the bread of idleness. He was his country's pensioner, and he proved himself worthy of its fostering benevolence by displaying the growth and the power of his genius in the tragedy which he composed in the French metropolis, and which made Copenhagen ecstatic, under the title of 'Palmatoke.' For Germany he translated his 'Aladdin,' 'Hakon Jarl,' and selections from his minor poems. His hours of relaxation were given to admiration of the glories of the then glorious stage of the capital, to sweet homage and converse sweet at the side of *Corinne*, and to profitable intercourse with all

the learned celebrities dragged from various corners of Europe, like other plunder, and whose office it was to sing the laudatory song of eternal sameness in honour of the imperial divinity who ruled for the hour. Here too once again he fell in with that antique anatomy Arndt, who was still of the opinion of the man in the old comedy, "that nastiness gave him a title to knowledge." The unclean phantom was however as restless as ever, and the spirit of strong savour went off some half thousand miles' distance to consult a valuable manuscript which he had carefully put away beneath a heap of stones in a secluded spot near Lübeck. His end was characteristic of the man. He was one morning found near Moscow, lying at the bottom of a ditch, stiff dead, and dirtier than ever.

With aid from Denmark the poet now left Paris for Switzerland, passing through Germany, and on his way selling his works to Cotta for a price which poets do not often realize. Switzerland to him was a hitherto undiscovered world of beauty; the hills were epics, the zephyrs breathed in measured poetry, and the voice of nature rang on his enchanted ear in new and intoxicating melody. The poet schooled himself beneath the shadow of the mountains, and his spirit grew in strength as he contemplated their everlasting tops. Where beauty dwelt, there was his home for awhile, and where wisdom lodged, there did he sojourn. He conversed with De Staël, and he listened to Sismondi. Of the former he relates that at table her servant always placed a twig of evergreen, a flower, or a blossoming shrub, beside her knife and fork. She generally held it as she spoke, and it appears to have been to her what the legendary thread was to the fabulous advocate's argument.

The spring of 1809 found him in Italy, and he stood by the cradle of poetry when it was thickest surrounded by flowers. From city to city he passed on in rapt admiration; nature and art equally winning the expression of his devout

and prayerful wonder. Everywhere, however, the spirit of Correggio seems most to have beguiled him. What Titian revered and Romano praised was worthy of his homage; and he has put a prayer upon record, offered up by him in the church of San Giovanni in Parma, wherein he petitions to live after death, even as this Antonio Allegri, and that it might be given to the poet, as it had been to the painter, after he was dust, to quicken and inspire youthful hearts by his productions. And thereon, he wrote his 'Correggio,' fitting homage to the heart-wrung Allegri slain by those cruel Canons of Parma! The piece was, as we have said, reviewed with merciless severity by his friend Tieck, just as St. Beuve more recently reviewed 'The English Revolution' of his bosom friend Guizot.

More space is left to enumerate what he did not see in Rome than to tell the contrary. He saw the Eternal City, he heard the proclamation which made of Rome a provincial town in the empire of Gaul, but he did not see the Pope. At that moment the dethroned pontiff was on his way to his imprisonment, with just tenpence in his pocket, and Cardinal Pacca was helping the maid-servant to make his bed in the little inn at Radicofani.

At length Oehlenschläger embraced Thorvaldsen, and set out on his return to the north, where Copenhagen was prepared to greet his arrival by performing in his presence his new and stirring tragedy 'Axel und Walburg.' He reached his native shores, and his country nobly welcomed its darling son, one who had accomplished much, and who was destined to achieve more. The Royal family sat delighted listeners to his 'Correggio,' and amid the honours which descended on him he received none with a more satisfied spirit than the extraordinary professorship of æsthetics in the University of Copenhagen. Fortune was now at his feet, and he was worthy of her favours. Christiana's heart had leaped at his coming; her lover had gone away a candidate

for fame, and returned the favoured child of a European reputation. "Count Schimmerman," says the loving poet, as true-hearted and simple-minded as loving, "had a delightful house called Christiansholm, about a mile and a half from the city, where during the first summer he invited me to reside. Adjacent to this is Gjentofti, a pretty village on the banks of a little lake. To the church of this village one fair spring morning I and my betrothed walked, quite alone. We found there a third person, according to appointment—the clergyman. He united us; and we walked back to Christiansholm, man and wife!" There were those who looked upon marriage as the grave of poetic inspiration. Sir Joshua Reynolds did so. When Flaxman married Anne Denman, Reynolds told him that he was ruined as an artist. "Flaxman," as Allan Cunningham told the story, "went home, sat down by the side of his wife, took her hand, and said with a smile, 'I am ruined for an artist!' 'John,' said she, 'how has this happened, and who has done it?' 'It happened,' said he, 'in the church, and Anne Denman has done it.'" The result proved that Reynolds was no prophet, and so in the case of Oehlenschläger and his Christiana, the union of two hearts strong in love and steady in wisdom only gave additional strength to his poetic fire.

Happiness dwelt at the hearth of the son of the old harpsichord-player, and a group that Correggio might have painted, grew up in loveliness round Adam and Christiana. One son he named William, out of express reverence for the memory of our own Shakespeare. The King knighted him, the people honoured him, and men of little genius envied the powers which they affected to deny. His lectures were attended by admiring crowds; his home was the loadstone of a multitudinous friendship. Sweden sent him a grand cross of chivalry, Norway followed the example, and perhaps the climax of his honours was in the circumstance of his crowning, when Bishop Tegnér, the renowned Swedish poet,

solemnly set the laurel wreath upon his brow, in the cathedral of Lund, and proclaimed him poet-king of Scandinavia!

His labours terminated but with his life, and his old-age was the calm evening of a fair day. He attained threescore years and ten, in November, 1849, and all the greatness and virtue of Denmark sent their delegates to grace the banquet given to him in honour of the occasion. The festival was a farewell to life. Early in January, 1850, he was stricken with apoplexy, and the fine old man went down like a gallant vessel, full of pride and stateliness, before the thunderbolt. As he lay motionless between time and eternity, one of his sons repeated aloud the lines from his 'Socrates,' wherein the sage speaks of the immortality of the soul. The dying poet gave ear to the imperishable truth, exerted himself to speak, and, expressing his unshaken faith in the resurrection and an everlasting future, he fell back, dead.

And instantly all sound of joy was hushed within the capital. The three theatres kept their curtains down upon each mimic stage, and neither there nor in any other public place of amusement, as long as the body of Oehlenschläger remained on earth, was admission sought or given. Above twenty thousand persons followed him to the graveside; around it assembled in tears a multitude embracing every degree, from Royalty downwards; and the whole city assumed spontaneously an aspect of woe,—black flags bordered by silver suspended from the houses typifying the general sorrow. He descended into the grave laurel-crowned, as became a monarch of the realms of rhyme. Equally becoming was the circumstance of his death itself, dying not like the swan singing his own dirge, but, most fitting for Christian poet, to the music of his own harmonious truth which told of future glory abiding with God. With him departed the poetic greatness of Denmark; its history belongs to the past, for never again can its roll be emblazoned with a name whose lustre shall equal that of honest Adam Oehlenschläger.

PICTURES AND PAINTERS IN THE RUE ST. DENIS.

"THAT was a pleasant picture of the Dane which formed the text of our discourse when we last met," said the Italian, Carlo Pompilio. "Can you match it for pleasant interest, in France, Alexandre?"

The patriotic Frenchman, of course, averred that it was to be excelled both for interest and variety, in one single street in Paris. Saying this, he flung on the board of green cloth some architectural photographs of the Rue St. Denis; and therewith a portrait of Carl Vanloo gazing with intense agony on a young girl occupied at an easel. On the same sheet as the last, Alexandre pointed laughingly to a group, consisting of a fair but sorrow-stricken woman endeavouring vainly to carry a rubicund young tipsy artist up a flight of stairs.

"Street, houses, and inhabitants," said Alexandre, "have their respective stories. Approach ye ignorant, and listen to the expounder." And off he rattled, occasionally referring to his sketches,—as might be done by a lecturer.

"There was," he said, "one street in Paris which Voltaire hated above all others, and that was the Rue St. Denis. The Duchess de Richelieu had composed some indifferent verses. Voltaire, then a lad of seventeen years of age, had polished them into something like brilliancy, and the lady had rewarded his handiwork with a purse of a hundred louis. The ambitious youth resolved to set up for a noble. Passing through the Rue St. Denis, he saw the carriage

and horses of a deceased owner being sold by auction. He made a successful bid, purchased the entire equipage, hired the coachman, and at once drove off. Before he had reached the corner of the street his horses ran away, his carriage was overturned, and the philosopher in his teens was rolled into the mud. He resold his purchase the next day at a loss, resolved to go afoot for awhile longer, and cursed the Rue St. Denis to the day of his death.

"At the time in question, gentlemen, the Rue St. Denis was the most fashionable street in Paris. It now abounds with grocers and mercers, and two things which never fail there are nutmegs and nightcaps!"

We laughed.

"The inhabitants," he continued, "are a money-making and a religious people; but it is said that they only worship two saints, namely, St. Egoism and St. Economy! These are the saints who, properly propitiated, build fortunes in the city, and country villas in the suburbs.

"In the olden time, when kings passed this way to be crowned or to be buried, and when there was more of nobility about it than can be found now, the Cemetery of the Innocents was the busiest and the gayest place in the vicinity. Sharp dealers turned the tombs into counters by day, and young lovers or mirthful musicians made seats of them by night. There was more 'fun' in the burying-ground than there was ever in the market which subsequently took its place. 'A night among the tombs' implied assurance of a merry series of hours, from sunset till dawn. In 1484, when the English were masters of Paris, they celebrated the event by a splendid festival in this charming cemetery. Some of them drank till they were nearly as dead, and were quite as senseless, as the dead men they had been previously dancing over. Just three centuries later the old ball- and burying-ground was converted into a market. The *utile* permanently succeeded to the *dulce*.

"The main street is full of strange and 'clashing' associations. There is the antique church of St. Leu St. Gilles. The Chapel of the Tomb, beneath it, was built by the Knights of the Holy Sepulchre. Chapel and church became the property of a couple of Jews, who bought them 'for a song,' at the period of the great Revolution, and converted the building into one huge warehouse for saltpetre. What they did with the relics of the canonized Queen Clotilde, or with those of the imperial St. Helena, I am unable to say. The infidel proprietors, however, made excellent profit of their purchase. When France condescended once more to believe in God, the Jews let the edifice at a high rent, and increased the latter every year, till permanent terms of agreement were signed by both contracting parties.

"Let me add, to the honour of the clergy of this church, that they had the courage to celebrate a mass for the repose of the soul of the Princess de Lamballe, murdered in the streets by the sovereign people. The church may be said to have been constituted at an earlier period, that is, in the seventeenth century, a temple of Virtue. The body of the once celebrated Madame de Lamoignon was deposited here, against her own testamentary directions. The poor of the district, to whom she had been a succouring angel, could not bear the thought of losing her, and, as the inscription on her monument told the story, they took possession of her corpse, and interred it beneath the stones upon which they were accustomed to kneel. A son of hers prayed to be permitted, when dead, to lie at his mother's feet; and a pompous grandson, who had become a very grand personage under the reign of Louis XV., left in his will a *command* to the poor to treat his remains with the same honours they had paid to those of his grandmother; and that was the sole legacy he left them.

"The old glories of the district, the abbey of St. Magloire and the church and hospital of St. Jacques, have now entirely

disappeared. The 'Magdalen' was attached to the old abbey, the female inmates of which took the name of 'Filles Dieu.' One part of their duties, down to a very late period, was of a painful nature. They had to receive all the criminals who were on their way to the permanent gibbet at Montfaucon. They presented to each doomed captive the crucifix to kiss, sprinkled him with holy water, led him to a table, and served him with his last repast—a little wine and bread. This done, they sent him on his dreary way, with a few words of encouragement and hope. The sad memories of the faubourg are indeed numberless. There is the Place Gastine, which commemorates the wealthy Huguenot merchant of the Rue St. Denis, who was burnt alive for daring to read his Bible in society with some friends. The house in which they assembled was rased to the ground. A couple of centuries later the emancipated people strung up Catholic priests and Catholic nobles to the lamps which swung by cords across this 'Place.' The fashion of politics, religion, and capital punishments had undergone mutation without improvement.

"But perhaps the most extraordinary feature of the district of St. Denis was to be found in its long-popular theatrical-religious mysteries. These constituted the 'opera' of the fifteenth century. Near the spot where the old hospital and church of the Holy Sepulchre had stood, and not far from the old gate of St. Denis, was to be seen the 'Hôtel of the Trinity.' This was the sacred theatre in question. It was the only one possessed by the citizens of the capital four centuries ago, and it was crowded nightly. The proprietors were licensed, and the actors protected by the government. They were authorized to represent all the scenes and incidents of the New Testament, from the Annunciation to the Revelation. The neighbouring church furnished the properties and the music; and when vespers were concluded, the worshipers sprang from their knees, and ran in crowds to get good places at the edifying 'spectacle.'

"M. Arsène Houssaye, who once held the sceptre of the Théâtre Français, has, in one of his literary sketches, quoted largely from St. Beuve's 'History of the French Stage,' when treating of this religio-dramatic entertainment. From this we learn that the spiritual theatre consisted of several floors. On the ground-floor, the spectators were entertained with a representation of Hell; the Earth was up one pair of stairs; and Paradise was to be seen in the second story. The back-scene of the Paradise was painted by Guyon le Doux. The simple-minded artist was so struck by the excellence of his work, that, when he had finished it, he gazed on it with rapture, and at last he exclaimed, 'In this world or the next you will never see a Paradise half so beautiful.' On the stage, St. Beuve tells us, that, if there was unity of place, there was not always unity of time. The same mystery represented the Holy Nativity and the Martyrdom of St. Denis. The latter saint walked off, gaily singing, with his head in his hand. 'In the mystery of the Apocalypse,' says the historian of the French Stage, 'the agents of Domitian embark at Rome for Ephesus, where St. John is heard preaching to the multitude. While they are on their way, the stage direction informs us that Hell will speak; namely, Lucifer, Astaroth, Satan, etc., whom the approach of a religious persecution sets in a state of gay delight. As soon as they have laid hands on St. John, they re-embark with him for Rome. Here, while they journey on, Paradise will speak; that is to say, the representatives of the Father, Son, and Virgin Mary.' The whole was received nightly with the most unbounded demonstrations of approbation.

"I have named Guyon le Doux. He was the first of many painters who have made the Rue St. Denis and the parts adjacent famous by their taking up their residence in the district. Hence 'Painters' Alley,' which still exists. The artists seem to have lived here that they might be as

near as possible to the gates of the city, through which their monarchs passed in triumph, and which the artists were called upon to decorate with coloured glories in honour of the occasions. The profession probably protested against the new fashion adopted by the municipality to greet the arrival of Louis XI. That grim monarch was welcomed by a dozen or two of Parisian beauties, who looked down upon him from a gallery, and who were disguised as Sirens; that is, wore no clothing at all. The artists would have had no objection to have painted scores of beauties in similar disguise, but they professed to be scandalized at the real thing; and indeed the entertainment was not repeated.

"But, of all the artists who have shed glory on the street and district, Carl Vanloo stands pre-eminent. There are half-a-dozen of the name who, like Hannibal, were 'pretty fellows in their time.' There was old John Vanloo, the Dutch—and distinguished—father of James Vanloo of Sluys. The latter, in the middle of the seventeenth century was, what Etty was in later days, famous for his nude figures. These were admired more, perhaps, in Paris than in Holland; and in the French capital James Vanloo found ready purchasers for his bathing Dianas, his detected Calistos, and his undraped nymphs generally. His son Louis was less erotic; he took to portrait and historical painting, and chose Aix, in Provence, for his abiding-place. In that locality was born his elder son, John Baptist; and at Nice, in 1705, his still more famous son Carl (the 'Chevalier Carlo') or Charles Andrew Vanloo. John Baptist was a painstaking artist, who found ready patrons in the clergy and nobility; and who finished the achieving of a splendid fortune in the service of the most generous of royal patrons, the King of Sardinia. John Baptist, possessing much, coveted more. He left Savoy for Paris, speculated largely in the Mississippi scheme, and found himself one morning 'not worth a ducat.' But he had his palette, and pencils,

and power to use them; and not only was he largely patronized in Paris, but he became for a season or two the rage in London, painted actors—particularly that very illustrious gentleman Colley Cibber,—and gained goodwill and something better from Sir Robert Walpole. He rapidly reconstructed his fortune, as was to be expected of an artist who could finish three portraits in one day,—left nothing in them that could be objected to on the score of bad taste, bad colouring, or dull execution,—and who was handsomely paid for his pictures. He died at Aix, in 1746, richer than all the counts in the province.

"Carl Vanloo was the pupil, as well as brother, of hearty John Baptist. He, indeed, studied also under Italian masters; and with such effect, that, when only eighteen years of age, he carried off the first prize for historical composition in Paris; and was engaged, with his brother, to repair the paintings of Primaticcio, at Fontainebleau. Never did artist labour more ardently and conscientiously than Carl. Never did painter so readily look for and acknowledge his own defects. The Pope, in a fit of transported delight, made him a knight; but Carl did not accept the distinction as an infallible warrant of his own perfection. So little did his opinion of himself correspond with that entertained of him by the Pontiff, that, after his picture, "Love binding the Graces in Chains," had been publicly exhibited in the Louvre, he took it to his studio, sat down before it, pronounced his dissatisfaction, and, with calm resolution, destroyed it on the spot! His own approval of the Apollo flaying Marsyas, and his Marriage of the Virgin, only gave additional value to those famous productions; and Carl *knew* himself to be a 'foremost man' among artists, before Louis XV. made him 'state painter,' and created him Knight of St. Michael.

"In Carl's house, in the Rue St. Denis, there was one of the happiest circles that could be found in the capital. He

had brought thither for wife the 'Nightingale of Italy,' Cattrina Somis. A daughter and two sons were the issue of this marriage; and, if man ever worshiped human creature, Carl worshiped his fair and graceful, his blue-eyed, dark-haired, his intellectual and angelic-minded daughter Caroline. He would sit looking at her by the hour, as she was sketching on canvas; and as she worked on, unconscious of the admiration she had evoked, the happy father was sometimes heard to murmur, 'O Raphael! Raphael!' as if he was thinking how happy the great one of Urbino would have been to have looked on a face so divine of expression as that of the unparalleled Caroline Vanloo.

"But there was something singular and indescribable about Caroline. The artists called her 'Carl's angel,' and all who looked at her were struck as at the aspect of an unearthly beauty. She, in truth, only half-belonged to this world. They who spoke of her transparent beauty, only thus signified that Caroline was like a delicate flower, fragile, tender, sweet, but destined to be short-lived. Books were her only pleasure. Between these and profound thought she passed her hours, chiefly at her father's side, to whose remarks she often replied, in silence, with a smile. And Carl would look at the smile till he could not see it for his tears.

"She was as pure, as pale, and as fragile as alabaster. She loved her home, had a distaste for worldly pleasures, and, if led reluctantly to where feet were twinkling in the dance, she would smile on the dancers, but would not share in their pastime. As she grew in years, still remaining young, her melancholy grew with her. On *her* it hung as a peculiar and irresistible charm. One would have thought it as natural for an angel to break into rude laughter as for this fair young student to have looked up from her books with anything more strongly hilarious than a smile.

"One morning she entered Carl's studio alone. She was more pale, more superbly melancholy, more thoughtful than

ordinary. She sat down in the artist's unoccupied chair, before a canvas already prepared, but as yet undrawn upon. After a moment or two she arose with a sigh, took a pencil and commenced sketching. Carl had watched her, and from behind one of his own large pictures in the studio he endeavoured to overlook her design. 'She is a true Vanloo,' said Carl, 'and the pencil falls naturally into her fingers.' At the same moment the young girl laid down her pencil, and moved back a step or two to see the effect of her sketch. Carl hurriedly stepped forward for the same purpose. She started, half-screamed, out of pure nervousness, and then faintly murmured, as she extended her hand to him, 'Father, you frightened me!'

"The father was, in truth, much more frightened himself. He shook with emotion as he gazed at the canvas. On it he saw gracefully and touchingly sketched the figure of shrouded Death, under a female form, and the features bearing an unmistakable likeness to those of Caroline herself.

"Carl suppressed as he best could his terrible emotion. He even tried to smile as he said, with broken utterance, yet feigning gaiety, 'Incorrect! incorrect! Mademoiselle; I will show you what you wanted to do, and how you ought to have done it. I will give you a lesson.'

"The 'master' took his pencil and his palette, altered the outlines, converted the shroud into a drapery of cloud, and touching the cold face of the young Death, gave it colour, made it smile, added to it the apparent tips of two bright wings, and metamorphosed it into the form and figure of young Love.

"'There, Caroline,' said the poor father, again attempting to smile, 'is not that exactly what you intended?'

"She put her hand on his arm, looked steadily in his face for a moment, and then, drooping her head, answered, 'No, Father, that is *not* what I intended.'

"Carl saw that she was paler than usual, and, folding his arms about her, he lifted her from the ground, and carried her, weeping as he went, into the apartment of Madame Vanloo.

"The daughter fell on the mother's breast, uttering no other words than 'Death! Death! It was Death I was thinking of.' These were the last words she ever uttered, except wild phrases in a wild delirium, through which she passed before she breathed her last. This agony endured many days and nights, not one moment of which was spent by Carl away from his daughter's side. The attack was inexplicable to the medical faculty, and the disease baffled every attempt made and remedy applied to cure it. The painter neither sighed, nor wept, nor uttered a word during this terrible watching. He simply gazed fixedly, like a figure of stone representing silent despair. His eyes were riveted upon her lips, and, when he saw that the breath had passed between them for the last time, he uttered a wild shriek, flung himself upon the body, and would not be comforted.

"'My life has gone with Caroline!' he used to say; and indeed he was never the same man after her death. He worked, but he worked mechanically, though well. He felt no inspiration, he said, and no delight. He could not look upon a book without an expression of hatred passing over his features. Poor Carl was not a reading man, and 'Books,' he would bitterly remark, 'killed my Caroline!'

I have said that he had been appointed state painter by Louis XV. Carl was often at Court in that capacity. But he was never seen to smile. Many years afterwards he was standing, silent and sad as usual, amid a gay and brilliant throng in the gallery at Versailles. 'Why do you look so gloomy, Vanloo?' asked the thoughtless Dauphin. 'Oh, Monseigneur!' exclaimed Carl, with the tears fast spring-

ing to his eyes, 'I am in mourning for my only daughter.' The canvas on which Caroline had made her last sketch was preserved as a memorial of her, by her father. Under the alteration made in the figure by the latter may *still* be traced, it is said, the outline of the 'Young Death' designed so strangely by the daughter.

"The sons of Vanloo are not known to fame as their sire is; but John Michael Vanloo, a son of Carl's brother, and Master John Baptist, worthily upheld the family reputation in various parts of the world. Just ninety-three years ago he was a great favourite in London, as his father had been some thirty years previously. It was during the residence of John Michael in London (1765) that his uncle Carl died in Paris. It is there that the masterpieces of the poor father of Caroline may yet be seen. They will secure admiration for the artist, as his story will sympathy for the parent.

"An artist of quite another stamp once made the Rue St. Denis joyous. I allude to (in one sense) the French Morland,—gay, dissolute, tippling, and inimitable Lantara. The death of one he loved paralyzed Lantara as it had done Vanloo. In other respects, however, the cases were dissimilar. Lantara was a painter of country scenes, and these he executed amid the din and dirt of the noisiest and dirtiest parts of Paris. He loved nature much, but the bottle more; and he drank the deeper because he could not see more of nature. His soul was a bright gem, and his body was its very coarse and ugly setting. He was for ever expatiating on the loveliness of the country, imagining or painting its beauties, and he the while was tipsily lounging before his palette, or uproariously descanting in dark taverns, or warmly making love to some laughing fruit-seller, whom he loved the more, he said, because she dealt in natural productions. This tipsiest of painters met with the very pearl of fruit-dealers, in a certain Jacqueline, whose voice was like a bird's, and whose smile was like nothing on earth, but—as the wine-

loving artist was wont to remark—but in its bright promise, only like the rainbow in heaven.

"Jacqueline was the friend, mistress, and guardian angel of the painter. She lived in the lower part of the house, in the attic of which the desolate artist had a refuge rather than a home. He was a solitary man without family or kin, and Jacqueline, who reverenced him when sober, and pitied him when drunk, loved and helped him, with all his merits and defects. He would have died of starvation but for the poor fruit-girl, who saw him descend shivering and hungry from his garret, and was delighted to share with him, what he was never very reluctant to take, her *soupe*, *bouillie*, and litre of wine. For dessert poor Jacqueline bestowed on her illustrious and vagabond friend the rarest fruit which she had in her shop. The poor girl strained her very utmost to make Lantara prefer her back-parlour to the public-house, and the careless fellow had just begun to appreciate each according to its real value, when Jacqueline suddenly died. Lantara plunged for consolation into the nearest wine-shop in the street.

"Under his repulsive and fiery exterior there was still some tenderness of sentiment. No pressure of thirst could induce the drunkard to part with a landscape which he had painted on one of his sober days, while Jacqueline carolled one of her rustic lays at his side. In the garret next to that in which Lantara passed his last days there lived an old opera-dancer, almost as drunken, and quite as desolate, as the painter. She saw him one morning crying over this landscape in question. 'I wonder,' said she, 'that you do not sell that country-piece!' 'Sell it!' cried Lantara, not too tipsy to be unsentimental, 'never! never! I can hear Jacqueline's voice in it, coming to me through the foliage.'

"He drank on till wine killed him. In his last illness he was carried to the 'Hôpital de la Charité.' A confessor stood by his bedside, administering what consolation he

could. 'Rejoice, my son,' said the priest, 'you are on the road to Paradise, where, as long as eternity lasts, you will behold the Almighty face to face.' 'Face to face!' muttered the broken-down artist—and he did not mean it profanely,—'face to face! what, never in profile?'—and with this artistic query poor Lantara died."

Old Panels representing Religious Subjects.

I.

VENUS APPEARING TO ASPASIA.

"YOUR Caroline Vanloo," said a Greek artist, or student of art, at our next gathering, "reminds me in her gracefulness of the Aspasia to whom Venus once appeared,—a representation of which, from a painting in a stucco panel at Phocias, I produce as my contribution of the evening. The story, you will remember, is in Ælian."

"Ælian!" exclaimed Smith, "who is Ælian?"

Mee Aughton, ashamed of his ignorance, quoted the poetess.—

> "'Theophrast
> Grew tender with the memory of his eyes;
> And Ælian made mine wet,'—

is a remark which Mrs. Browning puts into the mouth of her last heroine, Aurora Leigh. The epithets, however, do not apply to the respective authors named; for Theophrast is not remarkable for his tenderness, nor is there a line in Ælian calculated to win or exact a tear. But the one may be softening and the other tear-compelling when our memories of their study are connected with loved companions, pleasant incidents, and happy times, which all alike have for ever perished. And so it was here. But in other respects there is no more agreeable comrade for a lone man on a December evening, or indeed on any evening, than this same Ælian. With Gesner's old folio edition of his works,

or Fleming's quaint and racy translation of his 'Various Anecdotes,' duly accompanied by pale sherry, a plate of walnuts, a bright fire, and a luxurious consciousness of owing no man either money or time,—with all these, why, Gray's 'novel and a sofa,' as an antepast of Paradise, assumes the form and feature of the most insipid of Limbos."

"He could never have been of reputation, or I must have heard of him," said Smith.

"Great as was the reputation of Ælian among his contemporaries and their successors," continued Mee Aughton, "his entire works found no editor till the year 1545, when an edition appeared at Rome. Since that period, he has been a favourite with all who know how to esteem a man who has a thousand things to tell, and narrates them all agreeably. His authority has been quoted by Stobæus and Stephen of Byzantium, by Eustathia, Philostratus, and Suidas; and his life has been commented on by Casaubon, Scheffer, and Le Fèvre, by Kuhnius, Perizonius, and Gronovius. Added to these, a portion of his works has been translated by Fleming and by Dacier. The version of the old Englishman is as sprightly as the canary that he loved; but the 'rendering' of Dacier is as dead as a champagne-bottle whose spirit has been three days defunct.

"To this same Ælian," continued the critic, "has been assigned the authorship of a military treatise, and some pretty letters,—notes, rather,—which came from the pen of a namesake. Enough remains of his own to authorize any one to ask something about the writer, and to justify an idle man in devoting a half-hour to partly satisfy the inquiry."

"Tell us, then, shortly, something about the man, and cease to be critical," said Smith.

Mee Aughton thus resumed: "Claudius Ælianus was a merry bachelor of Præneste, and the favourite of a wide and joyous circle. He was a Sophist, and the pupil of Pausanias, whom he surpassed in liveliness, if in nothing

else. He was born in the second, and he wrote in the third, century, in the jolly—rather too jolly—days of Heliogabalus; he was skilled in medical practice; and as Latin was then vernacular and vulgar, while Greek was in fashion with scholars and gentlemen, he cultivated the latter language with such effect as to write it with the idiomatic power and fluency of a native. There were no 'reviews' in those days; nevertheless there were critics who exercised their vocation with admirable acumen. One of these, a certain Philostratus, treating of the Sophists, showered laudation on the style of the Italian who wrote Greek so exquisitely, and he distinguished the author by titles most flattering to authors' ears. The sweetness of expression in Ælian earned for him from Suidas the epithet of *μελίγλωσσος*, or *μελίφθογγος*, the 'honey-tongued writer,'—an epithet which was by no means ill-applied.

"Of this cheerful author with the honey-tongue there have descended to us seventeen brief books of the history of animals; and fourteen pleasant books or chapters which are put together as 'Various Stories,' and which are modestly and appropriately named. These are so pleasant as to make us regret that we have lost the essay *Περὶ Προνοίας* (On Providence), and the *Κατηγορία τοῦ γάννιδος*, or 'Accusation against an effeminate Tyrant.' The loss is the more to be deplored, as Ælian was a high-priest, though no one knows of what deity; and we should be curious to discover how the clerical gentleman in the service of a heathen god, and the orthodox denouncer of Epicurus, treated the subject of a Providence generally. Not less curious would it be to see with what wit, vigour, or indignation, a subject of such a terrible youth as the imperial Heliogabalus would dare to attack effeminacy in a sovereign ruler.

"Ælian," continued the speaker, amid some impatience, and opening a copy of the works of the writer he had named, "was a 'home-keeping youth,' and in some sense

possessed the homely wit which is said to be the characteristic of such individuals. He had never travelled out of Italy, nor was ever upon the water, certainly never at sea, during the whole course of his life. He is therefore, as may be supposed, a trifle superstitious, and not a little credulous. How gravely he asserts the fact that polypi assume the colour of the rocks near which they lie, in order the easier to catch the silly fish! He thoroughly believes that the dogs on the banks of the Nile run as they drink, lest they should be snapped up by the crocodiles. As for that still odder animal, the sea-fox, he knows very well that after the greedy fellow has swallowed the bait, hook, and half the line (which he has bitten in two) of the angler, he often feels incommoded by the barbed weapon sticking in the coats of the stomach. But the sea-fox does not allow it to incommode him long; he simply turns himself inside out, and gets rid of the hook by the accompanying shaking. The wild-boars, too, of Ælian's time are quadrupeds of vast discretion. If one makes himself mortally sick by inadvertently eating henbane, he just trots somewhat rapidly down to the seaside, and cures himself by a diet of freshly-caught crabs. Sick lions, on the other hand, know that nothing will cure them but a feast on a tender young monkey. Invalid stags turn to wild corn, as a specific for cervine ailments; and Cretan goats stanch their bleeding wounds by nibbling the herb *Dictamnus!* With so much credulity, it is astonishing that Ælian has any doubts touching the singing of a dying swan. He has never heard one sing himself, he says; an assertion which leads you to render more ready credence to what he asserts without a *caveat*. One is even half-inclined to accept as indubitable what he tells us of the water-snakes and frogs in Egypt. The former have, he informs us, a passionate liking for frogs, that is, for devouring and digesting them. No one knows this better than the frog; and accordingly, when the two meet in a pond

wonderful is the cunning which ensues. Your water-snake glides up as if intentionless of evil, but our other slimy friend is quite aware of the designs of the passionless-looking snake. He makes for the nearest twig, seizes it, and carries it across his mouth, and then fearlessly approaches the Hydra. The latter now makes at the frog with open jaws; but the twig across the frog's mouth is much wider than the jaws of the snake, and he can by no possibility swallow the much-desired frog. The latter looks down his enemy's throat from the outside, holds fast by the protecting twig, and laughs. The water-snake tries again and again; he glides round his anticipated victim, but the frog always contrives to keep him in view; and the end of every attempt is, that the foiled snake finds the bar carried by his anticipatóry victim lying across his own open jaws, and the frog once more laughing down his throat. The Hydra at length gives it up in despair; and 'froggy,' plumping into a safe spot, where he knows his kindred are assembled, tells his exciting tale, and raises a very din of croaking congratulations.

"Let me add," said Mee Aughton, "that some of Ælian's ladies are as wonderful as the most marvellous of his animals; witness that delicate creature, Aglais, who played on the trumpet and wore a wig, was altogether a strong-minded woman, and, indeed, a strong-stomached, too; for at her delicious conversational little suppers she contrived to get through twelve pounds of meat, eight pounds of bread, and half-a-dozen pints of wine! He must have been a bold man who, after *that*, would have ventured to hold a controversy with her on the subject of metaphysics or the last new poet of the unintelligible school.

"I do not know which contains the most astounding stories, the book on natural history, or the book of anecdotes. They are books which, had there been railroads in those days, would have been placarded at the book-stalls of every

station. I am entirely at a loss how better to describe them than by saying they are a compound of Mr. Jesse and our old acquaintance Baron Munchausen. Perhaps the prettiest of his stories is that Περὶ Ἀσπασίας."

"And that is the story of my picture here," said the art-student from Greece, "which, if my friends will permit, I will recount in my own way."

As every one was tired of listening to the long-winded Mee Aughton, this proposal was received with universal satisfaction. And thus ran the story of Aspasia, Venus, and the Wart.

The birth of Aspasia, the daughter of Hermotimus of Phocias, cost her mother her life. The childhood of the orphan girl was one of poverty and virtuous instruction. The brightest portion of it was her sleeping-time; for then she for ever dreamt of being married to a noble youth of wealth and power. The dream, however, seemed to have little chance of being fulfilled; for there appeared beneath the chin of the tender maiden a "wart," which, to her eyes, took the figure of a wen; and was, in the eyes of her speculative father, a monstrous deformity. The perplexed Hermotimus conducted the much-vexed Aspasia to the most fashionable medical man of his day, whose *spécialité* was "wens." On these, their cause and cure, he had written a treatise, and sent copies of it over all Greece. The fashionable doctor looked at the girl, fingered the wart, declared the case grave, *very* grave; but undertook a certain and speedy cure on the payment of a fee of three staters,—a sum about equalling a couple of guineas. The fact will serve to show that the heathen *medici* were twice as dear as their Christian successors, who make twice the promises for half the money.

"Three staters!" exclaimed Hermotimus. "You might as well ask me for three golden talents. Will you take half a stater and a basket of figs?"

The wealthy physician looked on the speaker with scorn. He glanced for a minute or two at the maiden, but finally and abruptly declared, that without fee there was no treatment; and he whistled aloud for his servant to introduce more respectable patients.

Hermotimus and his pretty daughter returned home together. "O Zeus!" growled the former, "who will marry a girl with a growing wart under her chin?" Aspasia went on silently; but soft and silver showers of tears descended from her incomparable eyes. She touched nothing of the frugal supper prepared that night; and in place of going to bed, she sat disconsolate, with a mirror in her lap, contemplating this unwelcome wart, which, after all, an erotic poet or an admiring youth would have eulogized in lines of unexceptionable measure and loose morality, "O Venus Anadyomene! O Venus Ericyne! O Mother of Beauty and of Love! are my prospects to be crushed by this dreadful deformity?"

It was the prettiest picture in the world to see this fairest of girls looking at the mirror in her lap, and smiling through her tears at the consciousness that her beauty and purity of heart might well excuse so trifling a blot as this wart under the chin. "If it were only a little mole," said Aspasia, "there would not be much to complain of; for there is one on the cheek of Chloris, the priestess of Venus; and the temple is never so crowded as when Chloris officiates and leads the dance." Therewith, however, the girl looked again, sighed, acknowledged it was no mere "beauty-spot," and sank off sighingly to sleep, looking as she lay a perfect "lapse of loveliness."

"I cannot sleep," said Aspasia, after a few minutes had gone by,—"I cannot sleep for that pretty dove that has got into the room, and makes such pleasant fluttering with its wings." The next minute her eyes were fixed in wonder on the bird. She started up, half-reclining on one elbow, half-

leaning forward; and then, with an exclamation of profound reverence and delight, she sprang from the couch, crossed her fair arms over her fairer bosom, and sinking on her knees, prayed that she might not be slain by excess of ecstasy.

The prayer of Aspasia was not ill-founded, for there stood before her a gracious and graceful presence. The dove had disappeared, and the mother of Love herself was looking down in all her radiant beauty upon the trembling Aspasia. She bade the latter look up; and when the Phocian girl, shading her dazzled eyes with one hand, while the other was outstretched in supplication, essayed to look upon the ineffable brightness, Venus smiled and bade her be of good heart, for that she had come to serve the prettiest and the most virtuous girl in all Greece. "Leave the quacks, my charming daughter," said the smiling goddess; "leave them, with their powders and potions and washes and panaceas, by which nothing is cured, and trust to me. Repair to my shrine at sunrise; take a handful of the roses in the consecrated wreaths that lie upon the shrine, and apply them to that which troubleth thee beneath thy chin. The remedy is sovereign for the evil; and so, farewell!"

Aspasia, at early dawn, could not well determine whether she had been dreaming or indulging in waking fancies; nevertheless, at sunrise she stood by the altar of the irresistible goddess, carried off a handful of roses, kissed them heartily, and then, holding them close beneath her chin, ran home breathless and hopeful. She passed her wondering sire at the door, glided swiftly into her chamber, looked into the mirror as she let the roses drop into her bosom, and lo! all was as smooth and polished as a newly-fashioned statue from the hands of the most accomplished of sculptors. For every rose-leaf she had plucked from the shrine, she hung up a whole garland in acknowledgment of her gratitude. "Sister Vermilion," said the young, curled, and

highly-scented priest, who stood by the altar with his dainty fingers just lightly resting on the pale-blue zone of Chloris, —"pretty sister Vermilion,—for such the colour in thy cheeks warrants thee to be called,—for what service rendered by the goddess do you hang up such splendid wreaths?" "For service inexpressible and heartily prayed for," murmured the maiden, as she turned away, somewhat abashed, from the irreverent look of the reverend youthful gentleman who had the "cure" of the temple. The priest watched Aspasia as she descended the white marble steps which led to the street below; and then looking archly at Chloris, simply remarked, "A fair girl, and as modest as she is fair." "She is a bold minx," said the coadjutrix of Venus's fashionable minister; "and I warrant as disreputable as she is bold." Thereupon a lively discussion ensued, during which they pelted one another with roses, and then, "early service" being concluded, the pious pair went behind the altar to breakfast.

The beauty of Aspasia would have been fatal to her, after all, had it not been that she possessed qualities which are more attractive than beauty. The dream of her childhood was not exactly fulfilled as she had expected, when the fortune of war flung the most beautiful girl of her time in the power of the victorious Cyrus. The proud young conqueror was at supper, when Aspasia and four or five other, and almost as beautiful, captive girls were introduced to their lord. A Persian supper was perhaps the most unseemly festival ever held by man; and Aspasia stood petrified by disgust and amazement as she beheld the royal and noble drunkards, some prostrate on the ground, some lying like corpses bent across the couches, and others yet sitting upright and looking like madmen. The Phocian girl stood at the entrance of the royal tent in which the banquet was held, disregarding the invitation to go forward, which her companions in captivity obeyed with an alacrity which was

rewarded by smiles from the King, and by peals of applause from such of the revellers as were sober enough to clap their hands or raise a shout. All compliments paid to these forward beauties,—and some of them were rudely expressed and put in action,—were received by them with a giggle of delight. But Cyrus at last grew weary of the brilliant but mindless group of captive girls who hung about his couch, and, with finger imperiously raised, beckoned to Aspasia. The Phocian moved not a step. She merely crossed her hands on her breast, looked up, and murmured a prayer for protection from the Lady of the Dove. She wore an air of unresisting meekness; but when a Satrap, looking extremely gallant and dreadfully tipsy, was about to lay his huge fingers on her ivory shoulder, in order to urge her towards the great King, the girl raised both her arms in the air, and protested that she would smite the first man who dared lay hands upon her. Cyrus was charmed at this pretty audacity, and, to the profound stupor of all beholders, he himself arose and approached Aspasia. The maiden extended her arm towards the monarch, partly in supplication, partly to keep him at a distance; and within a few minutes she delivered to him so cogent and delicate an argument touching the duty of a true-hearted man towards a defenceless girl, that Cyrus, treating her with a world more of respect than he would have shown to his own sister, declared that her virtue had impressed him even more deeply than her beauty; and that from thenceforward she should be his consort, counsellor, and guide. Perhaps the highest proof of the discretion of Aspasia in her new capacity is to be discovered in the fact that she managed to keep on the most friendly of terms with her mother-in-law; and we all know that the mother of Cyrus was not altogether a *belle-mère* to whom a young wife would pay homage, without a certain measure of mental reserve.

Of all the ladies of the royal household, Aspasia was the

only one who could rule the uncertain humour of her lord. The season of felicity, however, came to an end, when the fatal day of Cunaxa left Cyrus dead on the field, and Aspasia the captive of Artaxerxes. In her altered position she still deserved and retained the name of Aspasia the Wise; and even as the wife of Artaxerxes she wore the mourning which she had assumed after the death of her benefactor Cyrus.

One day, when Artaxerxes was in a rare fit of good humour, he told his son Darius that he might get a new turban made with the great crest. Darius was beside himself with delight; for by this form he was declared the successor of his sire, as well as his coadjutor in the government. Another custom was, that when a reigning king thus erected the peak of his son's headpiece, he was bound also to grant the first request made by the new heir. Darius claimed performance of the old rule; and no sooner had his claim been allowed than he struck his father into ungovernable rage by demanding of him that Aspasia might be bestowed upon the newly-recognized heir-apparent. We have had family quarrels enough in royal households since the period in question; but never was domestic dissension followed by such terrible consequences as in this case. Artaxerxes made the person of Aspasia sacred by creating her a priestess, either of Diana or of the Sun. In the temple of either deity she was safe from outrage, and free from any chance of effecting her escape. Darius, therefore, turned all his rage against his sire; but his treason being defeated, he was put to death with as little ceremony and as much cruelty as were common in the Persian Court when the Sovereign was angry.

Aspasia was seated by the altar of the deity whom she was doomed to serve, her mind floating away on old and sunny memories, when she heard of the catastrophe in the household of Artaxerxes. "After all, then," she said, "I

have been a fool; I have brought ill-luck to others, and am punished for my vanity. Had I had patience to endure a pimple, and been content with my lot, I should not have known my splendid misery. And yet I followed the light that was offered me, and I trusted to my goddess. *Goddess,*" she repeated with an air of proud scorn; "have I not deceived myself?" And the beautiful priestess, striking in two her gilt wand on the angle of the altar, as though she defied the false divinity to whom it was raised, sank to the ground in tears, weeping in painful perplexity, feeling that there must be somewhere a more powerful deity, but unknowing where to seek or how to invoke Him.

II.

OUR LADY OF BOULOGNE.

AFTER A CARVING BY ST. LUKE.

In contrast with the old spirit of pictures and details connected with the manifestation of celestial beings to earthly creatures, the following legend descriptive of the once famous work of art, and of the consequences of setting it up, was the next evening's contribution of the over-zealous Mee Aughton, who thus ran through the eventful and little-known story.

It is exactly twelve hundred and sixty-two years ago, since Clotaire II. compounded for the commission of "sins he was inclined to," by erecting on the shores of the sea at Boulogne, a little church (which bore no comparison with the amount of its founder's failings), in honour of Our Lady, and the royal builder's own and unusual liberality. The liberality was of a very equivocal character it must be confessed, for the rough monarch robbed his subjects of the money wherewith he sought to illustrate the intensity of his own religious feelings.

The edifice was raised, but for upwards of a quarter of a century its chief glory, or rather what should have been its chief glory, was wanting. The chapel, or church, contained no counterfeit presentment, no *eikon*, of the sacred object especially sought to be honoured. Connected with this want was the determination of the King to erect no image over the altar he had raised that bore not with it warrant of a "speaking likeness" of the original. The ori-

summation so desired was not compassed in the lifetime of Clotaire. "Dagobert of the turned hose" was safe upon his throne, and St. Eloie was discussing with him some pleasant matters that did not concern the papacy, when the news first reached the French Court that the desire of Clotaire was accomplished. It appears that one ruddy evening in autumn, one of those evenings when the golden set of the weary sun "gives token of a goodly day to-morrow," the worshipers of Our Lady were assembled beneath the bullrushes wherewith the little church was thatched, when their religious service suffered interruption from the sudden presence among them of a transparently-clad female. Such divinity did hedge her form that the congregation were not slow to make acclaim that among them stood the Virgin herself. The acclaim was ratified by the object of it, who, further, graciously and with some lengthiness of detail that smacked much of tedious mortal birth, informed the rapt audience that she was no less than that for which they took her, and that she had come among them on no idle errand. The shout of welcome that ensued was oddly hushed by the curé's impressive solicitations for silence. When that was obtained, the Lady proceeded to say that she had just arrived off the port in a vessel,—whence she had come was not intimated; perhaps from Shakespeare's celebrated "sea-port in Bohemia;" and on board that there was the very richest of freights, nothing less than a statue of the Virgin, carved in wood by St. Luke, and of the fidelity of the likeness of which to the original they would be able to judge. Her desire was, in return, that the statue should be raised on the spot where she then stood. One other stipulation was made, to the effect that the congregation should urge on those who had the means, the necessity of erecting a structure of more grandeur than the original building of Clotaire, which, as was confessed, had a very fishy smell; and of increasing

the stipends of those who served therein to a degree specified and agreed upon. Indeed the people were in a condition to agree to anything. In their ecstasy, they rushed down to the shore, boarded the mysterious ship, found the figure as described; it was three feet and a half in height, and held the INFANT in its arms, the which, embracing in their enthusiasm, they carried away, and reverentially deposited in the spot assigned for it. The monitress who heralded this miraculous coming had disappeared; but the last words uttered by her was a charge to remember her injunctions respecting the new church, and a recommendation to "fouir" if they would speedily accomplish it. The cacophonous dissyllable signifies to "poke into," and the word "pockets" was delicately left to be understood "per ellipsin."

The church was erected and the shrine was raised, and marvellous was the confluence that set in irresistible tide thitherward. The treasure amassed in consequence was wonderful too; but, wonderful as it was, the keepers of the shrine were not altogether satisfied therewith. The cause of the dissatisfaction may be traced to the circumstance of there being at the same time in Boulogne other shrines, enriched with relics which brought to their respective owners a wealth which was very much coveted by those who watched and thrived at the altar of Our Lady.

A consequence ensued that was considered, by the party who profited therefrom, as nothing short of miraculous. The Normans paid to the Boulonnais one of their very unwelcome visits. Their coming had been no sooner expected than Arnold, Count of Flanders and Boulogne, one morning carried off from the town every holy relic it possessed, and swept clean every shrine save that of Our Lady, which was declared from the first to be inviolable. He took the sacred treasures with him to Ghent, where they were deposited for better security. The *raid* was not accomplished

without opposition on the part of some of the inhabitants of the town, who appeared in arms, and who established in the matter a "nodus vindice dignus,"—a dilemma to which was found a fitting solution in the declaration of a maiden named Torcile, and who affirmed that she was commanded by Our Lady of Boulogne to intimate that the object of Count Arnold was one which met with her especial approbation. Thereon all impediment ceased, and the ruthless Flemish commander conveyed to the city of three hundred bridges the spoils of more than thirty shrines. They were "rich and rare." Among them are enumerated the bodies of four Saints with very painful names; a piece of the true cross; memorials of the condemnation, passion, and death of our Saviour; a portion of one of the pitchers in which, at Cana, the water was changed into wine (this fragmentary pitcher, if I remember rightly, is now at Cologne); a branch of the tree into which Zaccheus climbed when he would see the Lord pass beneath; a bed and cloak which once belonged to St. Peter; and finally one or two fingers of St. Killian. The inhabitants of Boulogne followed the relics as far as the hill of Audemberg, and then left them to go on their way, with some ceremony of anthem and of prayer. I have not transcribed the entire catalogue, but of those I have named I may say, with the historian of the imperial and hard-drinking Macedonian, "Equidem plus transcribo quam credo."

The result of this proceeding was increase of fame and fortune to the inviolable shrine of Our Lady of Boulogne. For seven hundred years its reputation grew, and with its growth brought profit. Its miracles attracted the infirm wealthy, even from the distant east; and these celebrated their recovery by founding hospitals in the vicinity, for the accommodation of poor pilgrims visiting the shrine. For pilgrims from England there was erected a house at St. Inglevert, near Calais; some vestiges of it yet remain. The

convent of the Annonciades, in the "upper town" at Boulogne, occupies the site of the old hospital of St. Katharine, erected for the use of sick visitants; while the "house" at Andisque was founded by a married lady who had reason to feel sympathy for such female pilgrims as might be suddenly summoned, while on their way, to endure what an inexperienced poet has been pleased to call "the pleasing pains that women bear."

In the year 1099, Godfrey of Boulogne deposited as a gift upon the altar the crown which he had worn as King of Jerusalem. The shrine was also resorted to by criminals of state. These visits were compulsory on those who made them, being paid in obedience to orders from offended potentates. Thus William of Nogaret was condemned by Clement V. to go in penitential pilgrimage to this shrine, and leave there a specified offering of no trifling worth. His offence was some alleged shortcoming of respect, of which he had been guilty, towards Pope Boniface VIII. What Boniface had condoned, Clement would not look over, and Nogaret paid one Pope a very heavy penalty for an offence pardoned by another. These *penal* visits, if I may so call them, continued down to the age of the French Revolution of 1789. Some of our grandfathers may have contemplated the figure that was contemporary with Dagobert.

The monks who had the care of the shrine of Our Lady continued to flourish for a long season without opposition. The latter was occasionally threatened, but no harm resulted. The community had rather powerful protectors, and few cared to attack the wealthy men of peace who possessed what would be called in Ireland "a very good back," that is, an abundance of friends with prodigality of strength, and unlimited goodwill to use it when called upon. Mischief, however, came at last. It fell out through a lady with expectations, and a somewhat unscrupulous gentleman, captured by "les beaux yeux de sa cassette," and desirous of

espousing the owner. The story, briefly told, runs after this fashion.

William, Count of Boulogne, was slain at Toulouse in 1169. With him the male line of his house became extinct. He was blessed in one fair sister, and pious as fair. This was the Lady Mary, Abbess of the solemn sisterhood of Romsey in England. Her vows and her dignity were obstacles to her succession to the rank and fortune of her sire. The lady, being a nun, belonged to the Church, and all that she might inherit passed over to that ownership also. Matthew of Alsace, a man of great rank and small means, fell to pondering on this subject, and, being a person of expedients, he soon discovered how he might save the property, serve the lady, and benefit himself. He resolved upon secularizing the Abbess by running off with her; and, this accomplished, the property, he argued, would follow the lady's condition—become secularized too, when it might be justly taken possession of by the owner, or her representative in right of marriage. I do not know if the ballad of 'Le Comte Ory' was extant at this time, as its editors aver it to have been, but there is a certainty of Count Matthew having been in as much perplexity as the gallant gentleman who wanted to get into the abbey of Farmoutier, and waited for love to show him the way.

> "Holà, mon page, venez me conseiller;
> L'amour me berce, je ne puis sommeiller;
> Comment m'y prendre, pour dans ce couvent entrer?"

"Sire," said the page,—

> "Sire, il faut prendre quatorze chevaliers."

And this was precisely what was done by Matthew of Alsace; he took fourteen stout gentlemen-at-arms, crossed the Channel, sent herald of his coming to the lady "nothing loath," and carried her off while the moon smiled above them, and the cavaliers stood by to keep off intruders. It was a merry ride back to the coast, and if the parties turned pale for a

season while crossing the Channel it was certainly not for remorse at what they had done. All was joyous again when they shook their feathers and smoothed their silks as they once more stood on firm ground within the territory of the Boulonnais. Matthew of Alsace took his bride to the chapel of Our Lady, but the wooden presentment there shook with virtuous indignation at the sight of a married Abbess, and was so overcome as to be unable to perform any miracles while the unblushing runaway remained in the vicinity. The young couple betook themselves to St. Wilmer, but that male Saint, through the priests who waited on him, manifested a less forgiving spirit even than the powers who presided at the chief shrine in Boulogne. Finally, Sanson, Archbishop of Rheims, excommunicated the pair, and declared that he did so upon representation of their unrighteous doings made to him by the ecclesiastical authorities in the Boulonnais. Matthew of Alsace, now boldly calling himself Count of Boulogne in right of his wife, no sooner found himself so scurvily treated by the Church than he resolved to practise retaliation. He summarily ejected the monks from their homesteads, shut up the monasteries, boarded up the shrines, and openly defied the Church. He defied, however, a power which he could not vanquish, and, after maintaining the struggle for three years, during which two daughters were born to the disputed inheritance, he was compelled to surrender, confess himself in the wrong, "*meâ maximâ culpâ*," and betake himself to a wandering life. He soon after perished at the siege of Neufchatel, in Normandy. The mother was as severely dealt with. She was cloistered up for life in the convent of St. Austrebertha, at Montreuil, while the Church kindly took care of the two daughters and their patrimony. The former were secured in a nunnery, and the latter in the treasury of St. Peter.

When these irreligious people had been thus satisfactorily disposed of, the miracles that had been so long suspended

again began to be performed, and that with an abundance and an increase that compensated for all lost time. The shrine recovered its pristine glory, and wealthy palmers resorted to it so commonly that the roadsides for miles round were beset with sturdy beggars who categorically asked for alms at the butt-end of an *escopette*. As people naturally love excitement, these perils of the way formed additional attractive reasons for its being taken, and one result was that shrines were multiplied in the Boulonnais in proportion with the increased number of dupes. Each shrine could boast of miracles warranted as genuine as those performed at the proto-altar, and no doubt they were; while for the accommodation of such Mahomets as could not come to the mountain, the mountain was removed to them; that is to say, a *double* of the Boulogne shrine was opened at the village of Mences, near Paris. The village thereon took the name of Boulogne, a name which, with its famous wood, it still retains. The first pilgrimages thither were those of Longchamps. Those pilgrimages continue under the ancient appellation unto this day, although the old object has long ceased to exist. Where penitents once walked in gloomy, never-ending lines, the Corydons and Chloes of the capital now are borne in gay barouches, and the vows now paid in the classical vicinity have only this similarity with those of old, in their being quite as speedily broken.

In presence of the original shrine in Picardy a marriage ceremony took place, of importance in itself and of singular interest to those who were allowed to view the gorgeous celebration. I allude to the royal nuptials of our unhappy Edward II. and that somewhat warm-tempered lady the Princess Isabella of France. Seldom has a royal marriage been performed in presence of so many representatives of royalty. On this occasion three queens lent encouragement to the bride, and four kings, with fourteen princes of the blood royal, swelled the gallant train of the happy bride-

groom. The proverb says that "happy is the wooing that is not long a-doing." There is an exception, however, to every rule, and we meet with one here by way of illustration. Isabella was by no means so bad as her enemies have painted her; but, in spite of so much being urged in her favour, the legends of Berkeley and of "Mortimer's Hole" beneath old Nottingham Castle are not without some foundation in truth. The result of this marriage, by whomsoever caused, might well have deterred many other lovers, royal, noble,or plebeian, from seeking this particular shrine whereat to find most perfect union and most probable felicity after it. The reputation of the shrine, however, continued undiminished. To ask favours, lovers flocked to it in never-ending pairs, but they were seldom found, it is mischievously said, returning to it to offer expressions of gratitude. The shrine grew richer and richer nevertheless, and there appeared no possible limit to the growing increase, until one fine morning in May—the very "Month of Mary" too—intelligence reached the keepers of the shrine that the wicked English at Calais were talking very loudly and irreligiously of rifling the treasures and carrying off the image. The priests, however, were confident in the power of the image not only to protect itself, but also the town and all contained therein. They would not surrender the conviction till the battery at Marquetra rendered their vicinity thereto particularly unpleasant; but they had hardly confessed to the disagreeable fact, when those horrid English were in the town, their flag flying on the ramparts, and a roystering camp pitched upon the spot occupied later by the theatre and adjacent streets. These perfidious sons of Albion had no respect for Virgins. They accordingly seized Our Lady of Boulogne, and, with the clock and organ of the great church, carried their spoil over to Canterbury, and set the whole up in the cathedral there, as a trophy of victory.

How long the timepiece and the music were retained at

Canterbury I have not been able to discover. The image of the Virgin was soon restored. The French king purchased the town of Henry VIII., and the English monarch courteously threw the miraculous figure into the bargain, without its being stipulated for.

The glory of the shrine was all the brighter for the temporary eclipse, and an auriferous Pactolus seemed to be continually bearing gold to its feet. One of the most liberal contributors was that very pious lady, Catherine de' Medici. She deposited at the shrine "a chapel," or a model of one, made of solid gold. She at another time gave a silver lamp, dresses for the priests, of splendid texture, and altar-decorations of such magnificence as to make the dazzled eyes wink that dared to look at them. The privileges conferred upon the royal lady in return are to be traced in her deeds, and in the chronicles thereof. There is an old epitaph on this princess, composed by I know not whom, and never engraved upon her tomb, but it is so graphically correct, and so just in its award of praise and blame, that it might have found favour even with a Spartan government, whose objection to the πολύμυθα τάφα, or "talkative tombstones," I need not call to the remembrance of classical scholars. In the case before us, the eloquent epitaph-writer rather resembles the Athenians, who indulged in long descriptions of character, till the indulgence went beyond all reason, and was checked by the law of Demetrius Phalareus, which abbreviated laudation by setting a limit to the measurement of the tombstone. The epitaph proposed for Catherine runs, upon translation, thus:—

"Here lieth a Queen who was angel and devil,
One who knew what was good, and who did what was evil,
Who supported the state, yet the kingdom destroyed,
Who reconciled friends, and who friendships alloyed;
Who brought forth three kings, thrice endangered the crown,
Built palaces up and threw capitals down;

She made some good laws, many bad ones as well,
And merited richly both heaven and hell."

The next lady whom I detect as making an offering, out of that species of gratitude which is pithily said to exist in a sense of favours to come, is the famous, or the contrary, Diana of Poictiers. She presented a silver lamp, and found her reward in being able, at the mature age of forty-seven, to subdue the somewhat unimpressionable Henri II.

The silver lamp was a favourite oblation. One was offered by the gallant Francis of Lorraine, Duke of Guise. It was presented in grateful acknowledgment of his escape from the expected consequences of a grievous wound received by him in one of the stricken fields of Picardy. The Marquis de Bouillé, in his History of the Dukes of Guise, does not mention the offering (of which there is record by the local historians), but he chronicles the wound. The latter is circumstantially detailed by the duke's surgeon Ambrose Paris, who had as little love for battle-fields as could be felt by one who was compelled to be in them constantly. "My good lord the Duke of Guise," he says, "was wounded before Boulogne by a thrust from a lance, which, entering above the right eye, descended towards the nose, and came out on the other side between the nape of the neck and the ear. He was struck with such violence that the iron head of the lance, with a portion of the wooden staff, was broken off and remained in the head, from which it could be extracted only by employing immense violence, and making use of a farrier's pincers. But, notwithstanding this unheard of violence, as there was no fracture of bones, nor rupture of any nerves, veins, arteries, or any other part, the grace of God conferred an entire cure on my said good Lord, who being always accustomed to go into battle with his face uncovered, thus afforded a passage to the lance to pierce him through and through."

Subsequently to this miraculous cure, the image one

morning was suddenly missed from the shrine. For forty years there was consternation in the town, for ill luck reigned where Our Lady used to bring fortune. At length a sick old Huguenot, who had turned Romanist, confessed on his death-bed to having stolen the graven image, and flung it down the well of his château of Honvault. There it was found and identified by a scar on the nose, dealt it by a heretic English soldier. The only persons who did not rejoice when it was restored to its old greatness, were the monks of St. Wilmer, who had long been passing off a figure of their own as the original Virgin, but who were satisfactorily proved to be impostors by a sound cudgelling administered to them by the brethren of Our Lady.

The Huguenot's well, however, had damped the ardour of worshipers, as well as damaged the beauty of the very ancient work of St. Luke; and the figure of Our Lady remained in complete neglect until the year 1793, when it was only noticed for the sake of devoting it to destruction. The Revolutionists of this period took it down from the shrine, and tying it to a stake erected in the market-place, they there burned it to ashes amid a chorus of howls that was intended by the performers as a Hymn to Reason!

Such was the end of Our Lady of Boulogne, the handiwork of St. Luke; and it must be acknowledged that if the figure was set up by power of a pious fraud, the zeal that tore it down was based upon a lie tenfold as destructive to the soul. And so concludeth this little-known legend of Our Lady of Boulogne.

III.

THE UNGRACIOUS ROOD OF GRACE;

AND

PROFILES OF ST. GRIMBALD AND ST. ROBERT.

WITH an illustrated Lambarde, sketches of the Rood, and small profiles of the Saints, with golden glories, as if their heads rested on old two-guinea pieces, the presiding officer at the artistic meeting thus illustrated the English portraiture of divine and earthly creatures, brought together for the nonce.

Lambarde, in his 'Perambulations of Kent,' says truly enough, that "abbaies do beget one another." Thus Boxley, founded in 1146, was the "daughter" of Clairvaux, and, in 1172, became the mother of the abbey of Robertsbridge, in Sussex. The white monks of Boxley acknowledged as their founder a gallant captain of King Stephen, named William de Iprès, to whose liberality they were indebted for the handsome yearly revenue of two hundred and four pounds.

Boxley remained for some time in the enjoyment of its income, and of much peaceful obscurity therewith. The period however arrived when it would fain achieve distinction, and this it effected in something of a marvellous manner. It happened that an English carpenter, serving in our early wars with the French, was taken prisoner, and in order to lighten the heavy hours of his captivity, and accomplish an end that should purchase his ransom, he bent his ingenuity to the task, and, after much labour, "compacted of woode, wyer, paste, and paper, a roode of suche exquisite

arte and workmanship that it not onely matched in comelynesse and due proportion of the partes the beste of the common sorte, but in straunge motion, varietie of gesture, and nymblenesse of ioyntes, passed all other that before had beene seene." This wonderful rood, if it could not carry on an argument like the Androide of Albertus Magnus, which logically foiled Thomas Aquinas,—could do all but that. It could raise or seat itself, could hold head erect or move with body bent. The office of motion was familiar to every limb. It could roll the eyes, "wagge the chappes," frown portentously when displeased, or smile mirthful as sunshine when the cloud had passed. Scorn, contempt, indifference, earnestness, joy, sorrow, anger, or content, all sped over its face in successive phases of emotion, according as temper marked the time.

The cunning artificer of this dainty work not only compassed his liberty, but took with him into freedom and his native land the wonderful image itself. He journeyed therewith through the smiling fields of Kent. A sorry jade bore the marvellous rood on its back; while the author of the work followed his production humbly afoot. There was good ale to be had in Rochester in those days; and when the weary and thirsty carpenter had arrived in that city, he entered a well-reputed inn, without intent of tarrying longer than would suffice for him to get at the bottom of a tankard. In the meanwhile he left sorry steed and glorious burden to wend slowly on their western way through the admiring city. The horse, however, was no sooner committed to his own responsibility than he adopted an independent course. Suddenly turning southward, he broke into a miraculous gallop, and never stopped till he had reached the abbey-church-door at Boxley. He assailed the gates there with such vigorous application of his heels, that the entire brotherhood, after an exclamation of inquiring astonishment, rushed to the portals. There they were

nearly all ridden over, as the horse charged through them, brought himself up, with a congratulatory neigh, at the foot of a pillar, and intimated thereby that he had selected that spot whereon the rood should be at once raised to challenge the general wonder and enrich the fraternity. The monks thereon addressed themselves to their assigned work with alacrity, and they were in the act of unloading the carpenter's steed, when the owner himself rushed impetuously into the church, clamorously claimed his own, and went to loggerheads with the monks, who disputed the fact of his proprietorship. Being at length satisfied upon this head, they bade him take his own, if he could, and depart therewith. The smile on their radiant faces interpreted an inward conviction that there had been a miraculous transfer of proprietorship, and that the saints above, who had witnessed the transaction, would support them in their question of right. The carpenter, meanwhile, troubling himself not at all with subtleties of any quality whatever, quickly strapped his handiwork on to the back of the horse, and forthwith, by tugging at the bridle, showering down encouraging, deprecating, menacing, or blaspheming epithets, endeavoured to pull brute and burden to the portal. But the brute refused to stir, and the burden urged it to maintain its obstinate resolution. The artificer then unstrapped the figure from the beast's back, thinking so to carry it out of the church, and then to return and lead his horse into the high-road. But when he had placed the image on its feet upon the ground, it would no longer consent to be moved at all. All the united and persuasive strength of the owner and the monks, who affected to do their utmost in seconding the efforts of the carpenter, availed nothing. Thereupon the good brothers asked if the owner could any longer resist belief in what before was sufficiently palpable, namely, that the divine figure had ridden down to Boxley church of its own accord,—yet divinely impelled? The carpenter shook

his head with a very sceptical air, and was little moved by the appeals made to his religious sensibility. Logical conviction, however, descended upon him when the Abbot put into his glad palm a purse full of new-minted coin. He at once thereupon saw and believed; and he readily left the work of his hands to stand and exact reverence as "the great god of Boxley." Such is the legend of the Carpenter's Rood.

To few shrines was there greater resort than to what in after-years became known as the "Ungracious Rood of Grace." This epithet was especially attached to it, less out of disrespect, than as illustrating the difficulty by which it might be approached, and the cost at which alone favour at its hands might be purchased by visitors.

Access to the rood was only permitted to those who were of pure life. The necessary ordeal to prove this purity was a strange one. It was one that seldom allowed substantiation of proof but to those endowed with substance of purse, and liberality to dispense it. The rood only smiled upon the wealthy. The more humble and destitute sinner was fain to be content with hearing of the miracles which he was not worthy to witness.

The mission of testing the claims of those who hoped to gain advantage from worshiping before the rood at Boxley was confided to St. Rumbald and a confederate; and between the two it was performed to perfection.

Rumbald, Rumwald, Rombault, Raimbaud, or as the English were more given to call him, Grimbald, was the son of a Northumbrian king, with a name full of *burrs*. His mother was the daughter of Penda, King of the Mercians. The Northumbrian prince was a heathen, and obstinate to boot. His wife was a Christian, and in obstinacy was a perfect match for her husband. So long as he persisted in his heathenism, the lady who had condescended to espouse him maintained a haughty reserve, *à mensâ et thoro*.

This course having convinced the King as to the excellence of his consort's faith, the result was satisfactorily illustrated by the birth of Rumbald, whose little eyes no sooner beheld the light than, according to his biographers, he clapped his little hands, and startled all the people of Sutton by crying cheerily aloud, "Christianus sum! Christianus sum!" The gossips stood looking on in admiring perplexity, which was not diminished when the "parlous" infant bade them be stirring, and bring to him a huge stone that stood near (for his premature birth took place by the roadside), and which he would fashion into a font in which he might be baptized. The standers-by bent themselves to their work with hearty goodwill and abundant faith, but the ponderous mass refused to move. The child gazed at their fruitless efforts, with a smile, and then hilariously ordering them to stand aside, he walked to the stone, lifted it with ease, gave it a toss or two, out of very wantonness and exuberance of spirits, into the air, and finally, when tired of his sport, turned the stone into a font, wherein he was forthwith baptized by Bishop Widerin, who happened to be at hand, one of whose attendant priests, named Eadwold, served, for the nonce, as godfather. This Eadwold deposited in an early grave the boy for whom he had stood sponsor at the miraculously provided font. The child had intimated his desire that his body should remain for the space of one year at Sutton, two at Brackley in Northamptonshire, and permanently, after the expiration of the latter period, in the town of Buckingham. This was done according to his desire. Widerin translated his remains to Brackley, where the woolstaplers who lived among the *brakes* held the Saint in especial esteem. The entire county of Buckingham paid him no less honour; and consoled itself for being without a city, upon the plea that the relics of the deceased were worth a wilderness of living bishops.

To the shrine of St. Rumbald, in the county town, pil-

grimages were made that Walsingham might have envied. The "hundreds" sent up their devotees. Princes visited it from Brill, and lordly friars from pleasant Burnham. The Colne sang its eulogy in flowing murmurs, and Ouse and Ousel rippled perpetual praise. Long Crendon generally, and Notley Abbey in particular, resounded with ecstatic acknowledgment of the merits of the Saint. The Cistercians at Medmenham took up the theme, the Augustine canons of Great Missenden joined in the chorus; the rich brothers at Asheridge helped to swell the strain; and the Benedictines of Wyrardisbury, when their time came, kept alive the renown of the grandson of Penda, by unsparing panegyric.

The community of Boxley, ever famous for being wide awake to its own individual interests, at an early period of its existence raised within its precincts a figure of this St. Rumbald, on which they conferred a power of working miracles such as would have become the Saint himself; and all those who were desirous of passing into the presence of the Rood of Grace had first to undergo an ordeal before the image of St. Rumbald. This ordeal consisted in moving the figure of the Saint from a heavy stone to which it was attached. The figure was neither high nor heavy. They who were able to remove it were pronounced pure. They who failed were sent away in disgrace. A child would often succeed where strong men strove in vain; and notorious sinners lifted the Saint, when honest maidens, upon failure, were driven from it in blushes and in tears. The cause of this seeming caprice in the Saint lay in the priest who stood by to regulate the turn of those who came to the ordeal. All who approached for that purpose were called upon, at three several barriers, to pay a triple fee. They who gave of their substance liberally, invariably succeeded at the ordeal, while churlish givers tugged in vain; the image was as little to be moved as the mother of Rumbald herself

when her heathen consort failed to stir the Christian heart of his reserved and orthodox bride. The priest who presided at the ceremony looked carefully to the proper working of these several results, all of which were accomplished according as his hand or foot loosened or fastened the spring by which the mute and counterfeit presentment was held to the stone. The secret was not discovered till that daylight broke in upon Boxley which dispersed other superstitions as little able to endure the invasion. When this occurred, the Kentish Men and the Men of Kent severally maintained, amid inextinguishable laughter, that the delusion had been too strong for the one party and had been long seen through by the other. Each side attributed to itself the wisdom, and to the opposite side the folly. Both agreed as to the community against which the charge of knavery might be laid without gainsaying.

With regard to the relics of St. Rumbald, part of the remains of a saint of that name now lie gorgeously enshrined above the chief altar in the cathedral church at Mechlin. Some assert that these are the remains of the English saint, born at Sutton. Whether this be so or not, I am not able to assert. An ancient custom of the married women of Mechlin would seem to support the idea. The custom to which I allude was this. For many years the wives of Mechlin, when the time of their confinement was near, used to pass into the territory of Brabant that the birth might take place when, like the mother of Rumbald, they were absent from home. I suspect, however, that the privileges attached to being a born Brabançon might have had something to do with this custom. The moving fashion, on the other hand, was extended to other ladies besides the married ones, who resided in the "city of pigs' feet and costly lace," under the guardianship of St. Rumbald. Thus in the old convent which formerly stood near the gate of Saint Katharine, there was then a sisterhood of not less than fifteen

hundred nuns; with a pupilhood, if I may so speak, of nearly five thousand boarders. The sisters of this monastery enjoyed the privilege of receiving and paying visits, within or without the monastery, and at whatever hour it so pleased them. They could lodge in the town, if they were so inclined, and might marry, if proposals were made which they chose to accept. I do not know if this was the convent which broke out into open revolt when the government deprived it of the *privilege* of having soldiers quartered upon it; but that such revolt has occurred more than once is matter which may not be denied.

St. Rumbald in England is found under his more popular appellation of Grimbald, in Grimbald Crag, a rock which overhangs the Nidd exactly opposite to St. Robert's cave, where Eugene Aram and John Houseman, in 1745, murdered Daniel Clarke, some half-mile from Knaresborough, in Yorkshire. The crag is said to have been the residence of a saint, but I think he must have been too old for Rumbald of Sutton, and I am not inclined to believe that he is to be identified with that Grimbald whose memory is celebrated in the old English calendar on the 10th of July, who was living in 882, and whose grave in the Abbey of Winchester was near that of King Alfred himself. The festival of Rumbald of Sutton is kept on the 3rd of November. Brackley has not even yet quite forgotten the anniversary of the translation of the Saint's remains, on the 26th of August.

There were few localities more picturesque and more suited for meditation than those selected on the banks of the Nidd by the Yorkshire Grimbald and his brother-hermit St. Robert. The crag itself is a majestic portion of a picture where the majesty of beauty abounds, a beauty which varies with the seasons, but which ever exists. There is inspiration to be caught from such a spot, though I am far from saying that I have succeeded in seizing that of a suitable quality in the following lines born of the memories of the scene.

Hail, noble crag! the honours of thy brow,
When wreath'd with verdure, or when crown'd with snow,
Still shine the same; half solemn and half sweet,
As when the rippling Nidd first kiss'd thy feet.
How many a weary year since then hath shown
Its varied gifts to man; while passing on
Far into Time's wide ocean; like the wave
That hast'neth past thee, and can scarcely lave
Thy rocky base, ere—type of human lot—
'T is lost in wider streams, and there forgot!

Still changing but in hue, unchanged in form,
Thou smilest with the sunshine; while the storm
Draws from thee but a beauty more severe,
When the wild thunder leaps in his career.
But ever beautiful thou art; and he
Who stands to contemplate thy majesty,
Might almost dream he saw thee, smiling, greet
Each playful wave that breaks against thy feet,
As Cathay's tuneful shores, they say, once gave
Payment in song for kisses from each wave.

Yes, beautiful; and eloquent, though mute!
Almost defying Time: what sense acute
Feels not emotion in the breast of man
Who thinks how many their short race have ran
(All record of them being that they died)
Since here thou 'st stood; now full of strength and pride
As when the storm first thundered o'er thy head,
Or on thee Summer her first glories shed!
Think then, O thou who turnest from this scene,
Man's chequered life how brief; himself how mean!

Of the saint who has given his name to the cave, and to the chapel a little higher up the river, on the side opposite to that where beetles Grimbald Crag, I will add a few words by way of conclusion. St. Robert of the Nidd did not, like his namesake of Brittany, drive courtesans to church or queens into nunneries; nor, like Robert of Auvergne, build monasteries, though like him he loved retirement; nor was he noble, like Robert of Molesme, who founded the Cistercians; nor was he the Robert who was the Abbot of New-

minster, near Morpeth, and who died in 1159. To this last Robert, Butler has assigned some of the circumstances that belong to the biography of Robert of the Nidd. The latter is known to have been visited by King John (after Robert of Newminster was dead) in the beginning of the thirteenth century. He was probably a younger brother of the Abbot of Newminster, where there were assuredly two brothers of the name of Floure, and, though they could not both have borne the same Christian name, it is certain that the two men have been diversely celebrated under one name. Tocklese Floure was a tradesman in, and mayor of, York. His wife's name was Sminceria. Robert of the Nidd, their son, entered the church, became a sub-deacon, and at Whitby gratified the nuns of "High Whitby's cloister'd pile" by his various exercises, religious or otherwise. He was afterwards a member of the Cistercian brotherhood at Newminster, of which I believe his own brother to have been abbot. He subsequently wandered about from one community to another, edifying all by his piety, his meekness, and his mortifications. He was particularly popular at Spofforth and Rofarlington; but, self-denying as legend asserts him to have been, there is evidence, yet extant, of his having been as Hamlet says, "spacious in the possession of dirt,"—in other words, a landed proprietor. His "banks were all furnished with bees," and his barns with corn. He maintained four serving-men, who alike looked after his farm, his interests, and their own. He had a sharp eye after land. William Estoteville, lord of the forest of Knaresborough, had designated him as "the protector of thieves," and thereon Robert contrived to terrify him into the surrender of all the land which now lies between St. Robert's cell and Grimbald Crag. He rescued his mother from purgatory, foiled the Evil One in various encounters, and was visited with the religious indignation of the unwashed and more orthodox hermits, because he practised the comfortable virtue of

cleanliness. His own valet, if a saint could have such an officer, was a Jew! and master and man used occasionally to quarrel after the most mundane fashion. The chapel and cell, cut out of the rock by the Nidd, possess little architectural decoration, yet they are not without a certain beauty, always excepting the three heads said to be emblematical of the Trinity, and a sculptured portrait of St. John the Baptist, which is a startling libel upon humanity. Robert died in the full odour of sanctity, and the monks of Fountains endeavoured in vain to get possession of his remains. From his grave there flowed, it is averred, a medicinal oil that would have made the fortunes of half the unsuccessful quacks of this degenerate age. Many a story is told of its miraculous effects, and the virtues of the saints of the Nidd are still talked of at the hearths in the vicinity of St. Robert's chapel and St. Grimbald's Crag.

IV.

THE FLOWERY LEGEND OF OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE.

"WHAT did your Rood of Grace resemble," said Juan Yriarte, a Spanish votary, "after the days of the Reformation?"

"A sorry picture it made," was the reply of a guest. "They who are curious in that matter may consult the Reports of the Commissioners to Henry VIII.; and they who find access to such reports difficult, will do just as well, and learn as much, if they look into Mr. Murray's 'Handbook of Kent and Sussex.'"

"Well," said Yriarte, and he uncovered the picture of an exquisite Madonna, surrounded by flowers that seemed to live, "here is something more graceful than your heathen Anadyomenes, your French Madonnas, and your lumbering English Roods,—look at that,—'Our Lady of Guadalupe the Proud.'"

"Why 'the Proud'?" asked Smith.

"Ah! for a reason! You see that almost all localities are rich in some quality attached to their name, or some proverbial allusion; all, except England. For example, 'See Naples and then die!' shows the Italian pride. Russia is not far behind in pride when she writes on the gates of one of her cities, 'Who can resist God and Novgorod the great?' It is the people of Lombardy who have applied to Genoa the stereotyped phrase that *there* are 'men without faith,

women without virtue, sea without fish, and hills without trees.' "

"Well," said Smith, "in a more self-laudatory sense, the natives of Kilkenny say of their city that in it are to be found 'fire without smoke, air without fog, water without mud, few women without beauty, and a town paved with marble.' "

"Fray Cujuello," continued Yriarte, "has declared of his beloved native town, that 'when the curse was laid upon the earth, heaven excepted the five miles round Valencia.' Other Spaniards have showered other epigrams upon the brow of the Iberian city. 'It is,' says one, 'full of everything but substance.' Of the people, sings a second, 'As light in head as in body.' While a third more sweepingly declares that at Valencia 'the meat is grass, the grass water, the men women, and the women nothing.' "

"He might have said of the latter," remarked Smith, "that they were proud, as an epigrammatist has said of the citizens of Newry, in this distich:—

'High church and low steeple,
Dirty streets and proud people.' "

"Ah! for pride, I know nothing," resumed Juan, "that goes beyond the Persian inscription, which declares of one of its capitals that 'Ispahan is half the world!' But this is not much less modest than the topographer's lines on Seville:—

'Quien no ha visto Sevilla,
No ha visto maravilla.'

Which may be roughly translated into—

'Who has not in Seville been,
Has never yet a wonder seen.'

"For this one saying on Seville, the capital of the kingdom has a triad. First there is 'Donde esta Madrid, calle el mundo,' or 'Where Madrid is, let the world be silent.' The calm, deadly air of that city sometimes makes half of

its own citizens silent. Exemplification thereof is to be found in the popular dictum that 'the air of Madrid kills a man, when it does not extinguish a candle.' The city appears to me to have been more equitably treated by the witty Pedro da Costa Perestulta, who said—

'Quien te quiera no te sabe,
Quin te sabe no te quiera.'

Literally—

'He who likes thee does not know thee;
He who knows thee does not like thee.'"

"Which," said Alexandre, "I hold to be truer than the mural inscription once proposed for a statue of the City of Paris, and which intimated that he who had not seen that city had seen nothing: 'Qui n'a vu Paris n'a rien vu!'"

"How much more modest," remarked Mee Aughton, proud for the honour of England, "is the Scotch device for the city of St. Mungo, 'Let Glasgow flourish!' And how savage must have been the writer of the old book on the rural suburbs of London, who affixed to a Kentish village a saying, which has never ceased to be applied to it, and which alliteratively describes it as 'long, lean, lousy, lazy, lanky Lewisham!' From such a district it is pleasant to get away, and travelling westward, hear a native say, 'As sure as God is in Gloucestershire,' a very popular saying when monasteries were plentiful there, but not the more applicable on that account—not more so than 'the Paris of the Levant' is applicable to Smyrna, or 'the Flower of the Levant' is applicable to Scio.

"Old Fuller will show what local proverbs we have in England," continued Mee Aughton, "and Murray's Handbooks, those of our counties respectively. I find the characteristics of eight of *them* set down in half as many lines:

'Derbyshire for lead, Devonshire for tin,
Wiltshire for plains, Middlesex for sin;
Cheshire for men, Berkshire for dogs,
Bedfordshire for flesh, and Lincolnshire for hogs.'

"Poor Middlesex is scurvily treated in this *quatrain*, written when malefactors used to be drawn by the half-dozen every Monday from Newgate to Tyburn. But even at that day the greatest thieves were not always those who stood outside the shop-windows. Then, as now, the splendid insolvents who drank champagne and rode in carriages while they cheated their creditors, were worse than the petty-larceny rascals on the *pavé*, and not to be mentioned with the Arab who lives by plunder—upon principle."

Amid general conversation it was then remarked that "Manchester weather" is known to mean rain; and Benares is called "the lotus-tree of the world," because it is always pleasant (which it is not) to reside therein. Not unlike Manchester are two French towns, of whom a disgusted military officer has said—

> "Dieu me garde de garnison
> A Gravelines ou Besançon."

"It were pleasanter," said a guest, "for a man to be in Dresden, 'the Florence of Germany;' and even were he in Bembouk he might console himself by the thought that he was in what rather imaginative topographers have designated as 'the Peru of Western Africa.' And talking of Peru reminds me that it was a native thereof with whom originated the remark, 'Strip a Spaniard of all his virtues, and you make a Portuguese of him!' And of all Spaniards, few, perhaps, were ever so irredeemably wicked as those of a place where wickedness is illustrated in the Andalusian proverb of 'Kill your man and fly to Olbera.' There is another epigram of comparison between the peninsular people, which says, 'If to a Spaniard's vices you add hypocrisy, you make of him a perfect Portuguese!' Spain, however, if it has not much to boast of in the way of innocence, rejoices in one locality famous for its salubrity, and touching which it is descriptively said that 'At Ronda a man of eighty is a boy!' This

sounds like an echo of the Bedouin proverb touching the district wherein once dwelt the tribe of Reuben, 'You shall never find any country so good as the Balka!' wherefore, one cannot say; for the wise saw is not so succinctly explanatory as that which says of Shiraz that it is 'the Gate of Science,' or of Khorassan that it is 'the Sword of Persia,' or of Algiers that it is 'Algiers the warlike,' or conquering. As to the profession most popular there, down to a comparatively recent period, it is sufficiently hinted at in the local proverb, which says, that 'If Algiers were at peace with all the world, its inhabitants would die of hunger.'"

"Enough, enough!" cried Yriarte, "gaze now enraptured on my 'Lady of Flowers,' and lend ear to the droll legend therewith connected." There was silence, and he began.

"The city of Mexico has often been called 'the city of the Virgin of the Guadalupe,' and the origin of this name I am about to explain by narrating the tradition from which it has sprung. Not only the city, but very many men as well as women in the old city of the Aztecs, bear the name of *Guadalupe*, and how this name became so popular I will now briefly tell.

"There is, about a league to the north of Mexico, the *mamelon* of a ridge of hills looking towards the city, and which once bore the unmusical name of Tepeyacar. It is a rugged bluff, difficult of access, yet more frequently climbed than any other height in the vicinity.

"In old days an altar to the Mexican Juno or Venus stood here. It was rather the former, for she was called the 'Mother of the Gods.' It has been replaced by one in honour of 'the Mother of God.' So in old Rome, the shrine of Venus Victrix was converted into one in honour of the Virgin Triumphant. The story of the Mexican transformation is so evidently that on which the Virgin of La Salette was recently founded that it is worth the telling, were it only to fix the plagiary.

"On the 9th of December, 1531, at early dawn, a converted Indian labourer, known as Juan Diego, was on his way to first Mass, when on crossing the mountains he heard a celestial concert from invisible birds in the clouds above him. Juan stood (like your Aspasia) with face upraised in ecstasy, and his surprise was not diminished on perceiving a small, brilliant light in the distant heavens, which increased as it came closer, and which almost blinded him by the resplendent power of its glory. Now Juan Diego not only saw, but heard. He heard a voice calling him by name, and when he again, with both hands raised to shade his dazzled eyes, looked upwards, he was conscious of the presence in the air of a self-supporting lady, dressed in white robes which shed a more than electric light, and who came sliding down towards the hard-set earth, after the pretty manner of what is histrionically known as a 'femme volante.'

"Juan Diego prepared to run for it, but the sweetest voice in the world bidding him remain, he held his breath and his position, and awaited in a sort of rapt patience, the pleasure of the Lady of Light. She soon dispelled his fears, for who could be afraid when the voice speaking was sweeter than the very music of the spheres? The command conveyed by it was that Juan Diego should repair to the Bishop and other ecclesiastical authorities, and inform them that it was her wish that an altar in her honour should be erected where once stood that in honour of the mother of the Mexican deities. Juan thought that he was but an unworthy carrier to be charged with the porterage of such a command, but the Lady of the Silver Tongue told him he was as fit for the office as though he had been a Hidalgo—which was very true; and, on being further assured that if he went forthwith upon his mission, Heaven would not be hard in striking a balance of his accounts, away sped Juan Diego, and told the whole matter to the Bishop.

"But Don Francisco de Zumerraga was, for the moment, as careless about the honour of the Church as Mr. Bright and his patriotic school are for the honour of England. The wish expressed to him by the Virgin was as much worth as if she had suggested his own canonization. Well, he dismissed Juan Diego with as little ceremony as English Government-officials dismiss men who offer invaluable service. He was told that the matter would be 'taken into consideration.'

"Juan flew back to the mountain with the speed of a winged Mercury, lighter of foot than the vivacious valet of Fortunatus. He found the lady waiting for him; and, with something of anger in his voice, he recounted his scurvy reception, adding his suggestion that if a better-dressed man were employed, he probably would be more readily believed. 'As for me,' said the modest Juan, 'I am as ugly and ill-shaped as one of Montezuma's pet dwarfs. I wonder your Ladyship should have pitched upon such a poor dev—.'

"'What *is* to be done?' asked the perplexed spirit.

"'Done!' exclaimed Juan; 'send a member of any of the governing families in Mexico, and, though he were the biggest ass that ever came from Spain, he will be heeded.'

"'That's true,' murmured the lady; 'but we are still inclined to think you the most fitting agent. The reigning families have neither grace, wisdom, nor understanding, and yet the Church prays for the triple gift daily. And you, my good Juan,' she added, 'you certainly look but a sorry messenger. Yet what can otherwise be done?'

"Juan, astounded at his own audacity in presuming to render advice where it could not be wanted, remarked, with some diffidence, that 'Perhaps if the lady would speak to the Bishop herself—'

"But no; for some reason or other, no doubt sufficient and satisfactory, the visionary lady would not hear of it. It was decided that Juan should once more bear the original message.

"'I will wait here, to learn the reply,' said she.

"'Is your slave wiser than the Queen and Star of the Sea?' asked Juan. 'Await to learn the reply! Why *I* already know what answer I shall bring back. The Bishop has no more regard for the glory and welfare—' and here he went muttering on his way; but his comparison was as irreverent and not to be disputed as if one were to affirm that the Bishop cared for the glory and welfare of his Church no more than the men who, not being place-hunters, trade on patriotism, care for the fame, prosperity, honour, and safety of England.

"The following day, being Sunday, Juan waited patiently till Mass was over, and then presented himself for admission at the gates of the episcopal palace. He intimated that he was the bearer of a suggestion which would be the making of the Church in that district. He was dismissed as rudely as if he had gone to a First Lord of the Admiralty with an infallible specific for the destruction of an enemy's flotilla.

"But Juan Diego was a persevering—the Bishop called him an obstinate—man. Not a foot would he move except in a forward direction towards the room in which the prelate was sitting. He was admitted, as the easiest means of finally getting rid of him; and he was no sooner in the diocesan's presence than once more he told his wondrous story, and put it at once to Don Francisco, if he saw anything more difficult therein than was to be found in any page of the Church's annals?

"Don Francisco would not answer in the affirmative, but he was not, on that account, any the more inclined to accept the story told him by a wretched Indian.

"'Go back, good fellow,' said he, 'go back to this wonderful lady, and if thy tale be a true one, she will, at my asking, give you a sign, whereby I and all men shall know that she is Our Lady indeed—a queen, whose commands it is a privilege to obey.'

"'Suppose,' said Juan, 'your gracious Reverence were to accompany me to the illustrious lady, yourself?' Now, this request, from such a vagrant, to so exalted a personage, was as incongruous as if the Fulham beadle were to ask the Bishop of London to occupy the pulpit of a Ranters' meeting-house,—and accordingly, in wrath, the prelate bade him without further ceremony go to—the divine messenger from whom he professed to have received his credentials. The Indian obeyed. He had no sooner disappeared than Don Francisco made the same exclamation uttered by the Bishop of Ferns, after reading 'Gulliver's Travels.' 'I don't believe,' said he, 'I don't believe one-half this fellow tells so plausibly.' Thereupon he blew shrilly upon his silver whistle, and the signal was obeyed by a couple of young gentlemen who had been playing at dice in the antechamber, and who were studying for the Church.

"'Follow that vagabond Indian,' said his uncourteous lordship to them, 'and see with whom he holds converse on the hill of Tepeyacar. Hear, if possible, what passes between them; have memories as long as your ears, and return forthwith and report all you see and hear.'

"The brace of aspiring students rushed forth, like greyhounds from the slips. They never stopped to recover breath till they had surmounted the hill in question, and having got there they looked round and saw nothing.

"The lady had, of course, caught Juan Diego up into a cloud; but this natural and simple conclusion never struck two gentlemen, otherwise irreproachably orthodox. They returned to the episcopal palace with their personal testimony that Juan was a knave who deserved whipping.

"As they were descending the hill, on their way homeward, the cloud opened, and the lady let the Indian lightly drop upon the earth. 'These calves,' said she, in allusion to the curates-expectant, 'have detained us till it is too late. Come hither to-morrow, and the Bishop shall have signs

enough by way of warrant for our authenticity.' The Indian thought that a long time was being employed for so small a matter, but nevertheless, and although the next day was Monday, and a holiday, he promised to attend.

"But promises are proverbially made, with other things, to be broken. On the Monday, Juan's uncle, Bernardino, was taken grievously ill, and if there be any analogy between the unpleasantness of his disease and the Indian name for it, his inward man must have ached indeed. He was afflicted with the CACOLIXTH, and no wonder a malady with such a name defied the doctors, who cannot cure much more simply-catalogued diseases, and that a priest was soon required to shrive him to whom the medical men could bring no relief. Juan had spent a whole day and night by his side, for his uncle had something to leave, and now on the Tuesday morn he was hurrying along a bye-path, in order to avoid his lightly-robed friend, in search of the holy man in question.

"On his way there was a fountain playing, and on the summit of its diamond columns Juan saw the lady dancing, just as smaller figures do upon the tiny jets in Mr. Lipscombe's warehouse. 'I am caught,' thought the Indian. 'You are only encountered,' said the lady, who knew his thoughts; 'uncle Bernardino is now no longer ill—'

"'No longer ill!' murmured the disappointed nephew.

"'He is even now gone afield,' said the lady, 'and needs no further help. And now for the sign called for by the Bishop. Juan, run up the hill, and fill your blanket with the flowers you find growing there.'

"'Flowers!' exclaimed Juan, 'why there is not an inch of mould on that hard rock for flowers to grow in.'

"'Go forth, and pluck freely,' was the reply, 'and bring what you gather, here to my feet, beneath this palm, and learn further.'

"Juan hastened to obey. He found the summit, which

was twice as hard and almost as arid as the mounts of Nineveh in winter, as gay, fresh, and glorious with flowers of every description, as the same mounts, with their peculiarly petalled denizens, in the bright time of spring. He rolled himself in them with delight. They were wet with dew, and when he arose he was better washed and more pleasantly odorous than he had ever been in his lifetime before. He filled his *tilma*, or blanket, with the precious flowers, and hastened with them to the lady beneath the palms.

"She smiled, expressed her satisfaction, and, saying that that was sign enough, she bade him go boldly therewith to the palace of Don Francisco. Joyfully did Juan obey, boldly did he demand admission, and rudely was he repulsed.

"'The fellow smells!' said a monk not remarkable for a celestial ichor, 'as if he had been drinking. Sirrah, what dost thou carry in thy blanket?'

"A gift for his Eminence,' said Juan, who sought in vain to keep his flowery tribute hidden in his garment. The attendants at last tore it open, and were lost in ecstasy at the sight and scent which were before them. To see and to smell was followed by resolution to possess, and they thrust their hands into the rich heap with a felonious intent which met with signal failure. The flowers ranged themselves on the sides of the blanket, and the Indian's garment looked, for all the world, as if it were of a floral pattern, the gayest that ever issued from the School of Design. If the astonishment of all was great, it grew into something more indescribable, when, in the very centre of the blanket, amidst surrounding flowers, appeared impressed the daguerreotyped portrait of the lady herself. The admiration was so loud-tongued, that the Bishop rushed forth, and, beholding what had caused it, began to shout as admiringly as the rest.

"He then reverently took the blanket from the neck of

the Indian, and, in proof that the whole story is true, this blanket, with the portrait and flowers painted thereon, is still to be seen in the church of Santa Maria de Guadalupa. For the church, of course, was erected, and Bernardino was the architect, at the express command of the lady who had, or who had not, been seen by Juan Diego. The Bishop was a little nettled that *he* had not been permitted to hold communication with the principal; and he was a little puzzled at beholding painted, rather than real, flowers. But, on the other hand, Juan protested they had once been real, the Bishop's own servants indorsed the protest, and Bernardino, the architect, asserted that the lady had not only expressed a wish that a church should be built, but that *he* should be the builder. Taken altogether, nothing could be more conclusive for those who like to jump to conclusions, and never was saint more warmly acknowledged, or shrine more multitudinously attended, than that of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

"Half Mexico will tell you that the sacred edifice was reared within a fortnight. Others declare that the church was not built within two years and five months. These latter, however, I fear were sceptical persons. As if there were any more difficulty in believing that the structure which now contains the miraculously-flowered blanket was raised in a fortnight than that the flowers painted on the blanket were once real, and the face that glows among them was the 'presentment' of a divine lady. Surely one story is as worthy of belief as the other.

"That thousands *do* yield credence to the tale is proved by the multitudes who ascend to the church on the hill, on the return of every second of December. That day is one of the high festivals in the old land of the old Aztecs. The blanket and the holy spring are then visited by citizens of all classes, from the highest in the land to the lowest in condition. If there be folly in the act, there may be in the

motive a sincerity worthy of being respected. At all events, it seems that a good-humour reigns there that may be fairly envied; and when an assembly is more than ordinarily joyous, it is spoken of as being as mirthful as a meeting on the hill of Tepeyacar."

A PICTURE OF ENGLAND A CENTURY AGO.

"I AM weary of your old panellings, your roods, and your Madonnas," said Smith; "let us get back to London. Here I have been turning over Sylvanus Urban, of 1752, being minded to detect a flaw, if possible, in your "Picture in Three Panels."

Mee Aughton, to whom this was addressed, smiled as if he defied Smith, or was indifferent whether flaws could be pointed out in his sketches, or not.

"I see you are right," added Smith, "touching Wesley and the conversion of the New Wells Theatre into a chapel. But the volume contains some more touches of English life than that."

Without asking whether we were willing or not to view his word-pictures of England a century ago, he continued, sometimes speaking, at other times reading, after this desultory fashion.—

During the first quarter of the year in which Mr. Wesley first preached at the New Wells Theatre (1752), the English public appear to have been very considerably occupied with two terrible murders, and with some lively Methodist riots at Norwich. Both the murders alluded to were committed allegedly for "love," but assuredly for "money,"—a fact which renders them barbarously prosaic. In the first case, Miss Blandy, of Reading, "rather plump than slender," and with "sprightly black eyes," killed her "papa," by poisoning his gruel. She had fallen in love with Captain Cranstoun, "an officer in the army, a sort of people who live in

an eternal state of real hostility with the female sex." The Captain was no Adonis: "his stature is low, his face freckled and pitted with the small-pox, his eyes small and weak, his eyebrows sandy, and his shape no ways genteel, and, as a diurnal writer observes, he has nothing in the least elegant in his manner." Upon the desires of this pair the father looked favourably enough, and used to boast that he might yet die the grandsire of a lord. Till his death, however, there was to be no dowry, and the Highland Captain declined accepting the lady unless she brought with her a fortune equal in amount to what she was expected to inherit at her father's demise. The lovers accordingly grew impatient, and unwisely thought to expedite matters by drugging the paternal potion. The Captain sent a packet of powders from Scotland "for cleaning pebbles." The lady chose to consider them as a love-elixir, and dropped them into her sire's gruel, for the innocent purpose of compelling his affection to bend towards the man she loved, and who very much loved *her* prospective fortune. The harmless end was not accomplished; the father died, the Captain evaporated, and the lady was transferred to close keeping in Oxford Castle. She was tried, condemned, and executed. I am not about to talk out of the Newgate Calendar (said Smith), and therefore avoid details; but I select circumstances which will serve to show that there was something highly *Fieldingian* in the quality of the society of the period. Her first attorney does not appear to have been at all shocked at the circumstance of the murder, but he very incautiously expressed his surprise to her that she should have committed such a deed for the sake of such an ugly little rascal as the Captain. This aspersion on the lady's taste nettled her, particularly as it came from a man who was quite as ill-favoured, low-statured, and, as she intimated, even more of a rascal than the Captain. Thereupon the officious attorney was dismissed, and a rival lawyer summoned to her assistance.

Miss Blandy's spiritual counsellor was a thorough-bred gaol chaplain, after the fashion of their portraiture limned by the author of the 'True History of Jonathan Wild the Great.' This official was named Swinton. To him the wretched criminal confessed that there were sins of her early days which came rushing into her memory in that, her supreme hour. Mr. Swinton at once administered an emollient, "by telling her that the devil frequently presented former sins as much more heinous than they really were, to even some of the best of Christians when they were upon the confines of eternity, in order to ruffle and discompose them, and that therefore, probably, the scene that at present seemed to disturb her was nothing more than some of his illusions!" The chaplain was not even original in the composition of his emollient. The "Gospel Preachers"—an early offshoot from the Wesleyans—were much given to this style of soothing over-anxious souls, and the trouble they gave to John and Charles Wesley was a matter of laughter to the Reverend Mr. Dodd. Like Mr. Chaplain Swinton, they had a salve for bruised sinners, even for those who had fallen from a pretended perfection, and they called by the name "animal nature" what had been more correctly designated as "animal devil." I may add that Miss Blandy was hanged, "dressed extremely neat in a black bombazine short sack and petticoat, with her arms and hands tied with black paduasoy ribbon." As she ascended the ladder she said, "Gentlemen, don't hang me high for the sake of decency." She asserted her innocence, did not shed a tear, and, as she stood on the rounds of the ladder, merely expressed a fear lest she should fall. Up to the day of her death, she took much interest in the fate of Miss Jeffreys, the heroine of the second murder I have alluded to. This last lady lived with her uncle, a wealthy retired tradesman, at Walthamstow. She was what she called "in love" with the servant lad; and the two murdered the man who stood, as they thought, between them and a

rich inheritance, when, in truth, by their own act, they only removed him to find that he had stood between them and the gallows.

I have just spoken to you of the *Gospel Preachers*. Let me now as briefly speak of the terrible riots that were (in 1792) devastating Norwich. The chief of these preachers was the cause of these riots, and in the record of the illegality of the rioters, no mention is made of the immorality of the greater offender. His name was Wheatley. He was at the head of a party which had not indeed separated from Wesley, but which had been in constant opposition against him. The Gospel preachers called the true Wesleyans the "legal wretches," because they had some respect for the Church established by law. Wheatley went down to Norwich to preach. His success was immense with the women, but he rendered the men ferocious and frantic. He was a spiritual mesmerizer, and his first object was to fling into profound sleep the moral faculties and sensitiveness of his female hearers. He was of the class of men against whom the apostle cautions Timothy: "Of this sort are they which creep into houses, and lead captive silly women, laden with sins, led away by divers lusts." He argued with women as Tartuffe did with Elmire:

> "Le ciel défend de vrai certains contentements;
> Mais on trouve avec lui des accommodements."

He was a luscious preacher, quite of the Chatband school. He quieted fears that he might awaken love, a love of a very particular and objectionable sort. If he professedly cultivated the sympathies for virtue, he said nothing to maintain antipathies against sin. He was full of the promises, but was silent upon the threatenings; and he held that "love one another" was an apostolic injunction which only concerned himself and his individual female followers, married or single, good-looking and under forty. When I read Mr. Urban's record of the riots caused by this crafty hypocrite in Nor-

wich, I wonder not that the rioters did so much, but that their well-founded and healthy rage did not impel them to something more. The husbands, fathers, brothers, and true-hearted lovers of Norwich were simply indignant against a villain who had, in return for hospitality, endeavoured to corrupt every woman in the town who came in his way and had but ordinary attractions. Charles Wesley declared that he had done more to prevent for ever the reception of the Gospel in that locality than if Satan himself had occupied the place with a legion of unclean angels. He was an unsavoury traitor against society and its laws, and if ever the ungodly united in fury against him, he got but his deserts. Wesley himself hastened to expel him from the community which his talents might have adorned, but which his vices disgraced. It was the excesses of Wheatley which stirred up the people of Denbigh also to serious rioting. These, failing to hang the Methodist ministers who went among them to teach a knowledge that was sadly lacking then in Wales, executed a couple of the "Gospel preachers" in effigy.

It is amusing to find that in 1752 churchmen were as divided on the question of Convocation as they are now; and that all men are as unanimous now as they were then in the reasonableness of taxing anybody but themselves. The aggrieved taxpayers then forwarded their petitions to a mysterious power hinted at as "St. Steph. Ch–p–l." A century ago Ramsgate Harbour was in its first course of construction, and the "many were of opinion that the labour and expense will be thrown away;" a singularly unlucky opinion, as we now well know. At the former period our prisons were crowded not only with criminal, but with acquitted persons, proved innocent, but kept in durance till they could pay their gaolers' fees! As for the criminals, a suggestion was made to decrease their number by suppressing diversions and shutting up infamous houses: a suggestion against the first half of which Mr. Urban very decidedly protests. But

criminals themselves must have been puzzled with the logic of the law which executed on the same gallows "Rachel Beacham, for the murder of a girl four years old, by inhumanly cutting her throat out of revenge to the mother, with whom she had a quarrel;" and luckless John Dickenson, a petty larceny rascal who robbed his master of a handful of money, and might as well have murdered him, for any the worse the law would have visited the offender.

Mr. Urban's Chronicle for 1752 further shows that society was then, if possible, deeper sunken in iniquity. When we read that a nobleman's ears are cut off by a friend whom he had criminally assaulted, and that serious essays are written against a practice which called down destroying fire from heaven upon two cities of old, we see that vice reigned sovereign over virtue in the land. The consequences of vice were never more frightfully illustrated than by the details given of the condition of the Lock Hospital. It was half filled with children, but the nature of the hellish superstition which brought them there I really have not the heart to tell. Mr. Urban and his public of 1752 had far stronger stomachs than they have now.

In a subsequent number, a correspondent states that the Algerine Turks, unclean and vicious as they might be in some things, never "presumed to take the name of God in vain, nor add it by way of decoration to their ribaldry." He adds, that they never gamble, but play chess "for coffee, sherbet, or some such trifle;" and he thinks that a knowledge of these facts may be serviceable to such Christian readers as Mr. Urban may happen to possess.

A hundred years ago country ladies had a fine time of it at charity sermons; the contributions were gathered from pew to pew, but the box was never offered to the fair sex. This exemption from charitable impost excited the ire of a man of Kent, and perhaps to him is owing the innovation of general collections. It was a year, however, when universal

England was, for the most part, aghast at the very idea of innovation. "A country gentleman," for instance, is in a fever of indignation at the idea of inoculation for the small-pox. "It has lately become a practice in my neighbourhood (Kent) to cut a hole in the flesh of young children, and inject poison, in order to produce small-pox." He has himself, he says, "three pretty young girls," whom he will not lightly submit to the new system. I have no doubt that they all were allowed to take the disease in the natural way, and that after being kept in a heated room, drenched with mulled port, and swathed in scarlet flannel, they duly died, to the melancholy satisfaction of their father, the "country gentleman," who was not inhuman enough to have "a hole cut in their flesh" and poison therein injected! And common men were to the full as disinclined for all improvement as their betters. In the December number for 1752, I find a very earnest paper on the execrability of the old huge ruts called roads, and the advantages of mending the ways generally. "The M——gh coachman" (as the Marlborough whip is designated, as though he were a member of "the H—se of L—ds") resolutely refused to take to the new turnpike road, by which he might have driven some forty miles in nine hours, but stuck to and in the old "waggon track called *Ramsbury*." He lost half his passengers, but still he kept on dragging through the slush. "He was an old man," he said, "and relished not new fantasies. His grandfather and father had driven the aforesaid way before him, and he would continue in the old track till death!" Staunch old conservative! How vexed must his obese spirit be if it happen to visit the pale glimpses of the moon when an "express" is rushing down the Great Western. Why, in the days of the M——gh coachman a London citizen, as Mr. Urban tells us, thought as little of travelling into the far west for mere pleasure as he would of going to the deserts of Nubia. For the few of gentle blood who

went tottering in huge family coaches along the waggon tracks, and who made their journey to London after the fashion of the Wronghead family, for these even the slow and stolid waggoner had a profound measure of contempt. What does the Blandford waggoner say on the question of roads? Why, "that roads had but *one* object, namely, waggon driving. That *he* required but five feet width in a lane, and all the rest might go to the devil! That the gentry ought to stay at home and be d—d, and not run gossiping up and down the country. But," added Jack, "we will soon cure them, for my brethren have made a vow, since the new Act, to run our wheels into the coach quarters . . . . No turnpikes! No improvement of roads! The Scripture is for me; Jeremiah, vi. 16." Anxious to see upon what authority Jack of Blandford supported his opinion, that people, as he would then have expressed himself, "didn't a ought for to done what they didn't use to did!"—Smith turned to the Prophet, and there found that the Blandford waggoner was an astute theologian: *ex. gra.* "Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see and ask for the old paths where is the good way, and walk therein; and ye shall find rest for your souls." The waggoner, no doubt, compared the gentry who declined the old way, to the children of Benjamin, who answered to the above injunction, "We will not walk therein." Mee Aughton took the opportunity of noticing that this chapter had been made to serve before this period the purposes of political prophecy. In "the '45" country clergymen held that in the first verse, the words, "Evil appeareth out of the North, and great destruction," had evident reference to the Pretender and his march into England! It was not a worse application of Scripture, said he, which, during our wars with France, read the destruction of our Gallic adversary in the assurance that Heaven would "cast down *Mount Seir!*"

Smith was not correct in stating that all innovations in

1752 were met with hostility. Garrick made one that was at least partially approved, and which was also noticed by Mee Aughton. On the ninth of November (Lord Mayor's day), at Covent Garden was represented, according to immemorial custom, "that scandalous piece," 'The London Cuckolds,' but Garrick, at Drury Lane, first broke through the use, and gave 'The Merchant of Venice.' Mr. Urban commends Garrick, but adds nothing by way of explanation. It is well known that the city authorities had ever been on angry terms with the players. The dramatists united with the actors, and not only did every new piece exhibit a citizen husband who was anything but a *cocu imaginaire*, but this express piece exhibited on Lord Mayor's Day held up every London husband as being as badly off as "Georges Dandin" himself. The play was coarse enough to call up a blush on the face even of Etherege, but our great-grandmothers in their youth listened to it from behind their masks, and laughed consumedly! The satirists however were the first to give way, and the citizens remained masters of the field. At this day there is not a theatre in the *city* of London; and even if the players in the city of Westminster were to carry on, as they did down to Garrick's days, the dramatic *vendetta* bequeathed them by their predecessors, the satire would be susceptible neither of relish nor application.

Smith now rapidly turned over the volume, and as rapidly commented thereon. Still more rapidly let us make a summary for him, and remark on the chief points in this picture of 1752. Take the law. In February it is recorded that a robbery was committed near Chester by five Irishmen. No sooner was the robbery known to the Cheshire and Lancashire magistrates, than they made a seizure of *all* the unlucky Irishmen upon whom they could lay hands, through their deputies the constables,—and such of the astounded captives as could not prove their respectability

were soundly scourged and thrown into prison, "there to remain until they be transported!" This was justices' justice with a vengeance! No word of indignant surprise follows on the heels of the record. It seems like satire to find a gentleman in the succeeding number jauntily discoursing upon the corruption of *ancient* times! Yet this is somewhat mended by a second correspondent, who, with an eye to the then modern times, had come to the conclusion that Isaiah iv. 9, was applicable to his contemporaries, among whom there was more a desire to pass for than to act like Christians. But all society seemed to have been in some confusion; or would the inhabitants of Selby, in Yorkshire, have been summoned, one May morning, by the public bellman, to bring their hatchets and axes at midnight, "to cut down the turnpike erected there by Act of Parliament"? The thing was done, and, *when* done, the magistrates began to look to it. Where there was such disrespect for law and parliament we need not wonder at finding scant reverence for Mr. Urban himself. One of the writers in this very number addresses him with the blustering familiarity of "Dear Syl.!" One would as soon think of addressing the Lord High Chancellor in open court as "Dear Fred!" That there were men abroad desirous of reforming irregularities of all sorts may be seen perhaps in a simple entry, the fact relating to which was noticed in the 'Picture in Three Panels.' It is as follows:—"Sunday 17, the theatrical edifice called the *New Wells*, near the *London Spaw*, was preached in for the first time by a clergyman Methodist, it being taken by the Rev. *John Wesley* for a tabernacle." The old house is still well frequented.

The number for June, 1752, is curious, as giving an account of proceedings which had occurred in Parliament (a word which Mr. Urban dared not print in full) early in 1751. It is communicated as a great favour by "A. B.," who warrants his report as "not such an imposition upon

the speakers and the public as some that have appeared in other monthly collections. The report is that of two speeches of W. Th—nt—n, Esq., against a standing army, and in favour of a militia, which speeches A. B. is anxious should reach the honourable gentleman's constituents through Mr. Urban. They are brief, sensible addresses, but the following paragraph is that in which there is most interest: "He believed it true, plaid waistcoats had been worn by some wrong-heads in the country; but in the parts where he lived he saw no occasion for an army to correct them; for some that had attempted it had been heartily thrashed for doing so."—Such were the last expiring efforts made by Jacobitism.

A more striking illustration of the times (and yet such illustrations are furnished by men in all times) is afforded us by a writer who asserts that inoculation for the small-pox is irreligious! The illustrious obscure author maintains that Providence had wisely ordained small-pox to be fatal, and human science to be unavailable against it! The greatness of His power was thus contrasted with the weakness of our frames! Small-pox, as this conservative gentleman conjectures, "amongst other purposes, is sent as a severe *memento* of *mortality*, and a *close* and *seasonable* check to that *pride* and *overfondness* with which a beautiful face is too apt to inspire the giddy owner; and also to teach the boasted *sons of science*, humility and reverence!" Such is the argument, italics included, with which the pious advocate for small-pox according to nature inveighs against the inoculators. He holds that inoculation is a human scheme in opposition to the wise designs and dispensations of Providence both general and particular, "which all Christians, and especially instructors of youth, should prudently avoid." If this writer survived till the period of Jenner and vaccination, he was probably the author of the caricature which represented Jenner's young patients all becoming calf-headed!

If this shows one sort of midsummer madness, we have a sample of another species recorded under the head of Thursday, June 4. On that day there was an installation of Knights of the Garter at Windsor, followed in the evening by a grand dinner and a ball. In connection with the former we have the following delicious trait of manners and customs at court. "The populace attempted several times to force their way into the hall where the Knights were at dinner, against the Guards, on which some were cut and wounded, and the Guards fired several times on them with powder to deter them, but without effect, until they had orders to load with ball, which made them desist." When Douglas Jerrold's play was presented at Windsor before the Queen, what a sensation would have been raised had a London audience rushed down and insisted upon being admitted to witness "a first representation," and had they been repulsed by Captain Augustus Lane Fox at the head of a party with loaded barrels and fixed bayonets!

But abroad, as well as at home, it was the fashion to act with murderous vigour; so here we read of a young gentleman of Montpellier being hanged by order of the Popish authorities for attending a Protestant religious assembly; and of a poor nun solemnly devoted to hell in her dying hour, because she was suspected of Jansenism, of reading the Scriptures on the strength of her own private judgment, and because she would not declare damnable the 101 propositions of Father Quesnel condemned by the Pope. She might have pleaded guilty to the first two, but with regard to the last, she had no more read the propositions than had the Pontiff who pronounced them "hellish and worthy of damnation." The propositions condemned are not to be found in Quesnel's book. But it was the idle custom of the day for pontiffs and prelates to affix their signatures to declarations and addresses of which they were incapable of being the authors. "Have you read my last

charge to my clergy?" said the Archbishop of Paris once to Piron. "No, my lord," answered that wicked wit, "*have you?*"

While the Romish clergy abroad were braving Parliament and the law, at home the law was severely visiting the clergy. In the number for July we are told that "a clergyman of Essex has lately paid the penalty of £100 with costs of suit into the Stamp Office, for marrying without a license, according to the Act 10 *Anne* for preventing clandestine marriages." There would appear to have been a distaste against proceeding too rapidly in anything at this time. Not only must not persons marry in a hurry, but they must not die in a hurry. A humane correspondent deprecates the general custom of summarily smothering in hydrophobia in order to prevent further mischief. The disease may be incurable, but he discerns a lack of courtesy in so despatching the patient. Our fathers too had been characteristically slow in giving credit to "Mr. Franklin's project for emptying clouds of their thunder," but now, "learned gentlemen of the Academy assure us that the experiment had been very lately tried with success." The matter is discussed in several numbers, and a faint and dreamy idea prevailed that electricity would one day be available for some purpose or another; but there is a delightful uncertainty as to what. No one was then insanely wicked enough to conceive the electric telegraph, or to suppose that Shakspeare and Puck could be beaten, and that if the latter could put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes, a time was coming when man would be able to accomplish the feat more rapidly still. If it cannot be said of 1752 that then "everything had done happening," it may in some respects be asserted that there was nothing moving but stagnation!

We must not, however, flatter ourselves that we have in all things progressed as we certainly have in some. In the latter numbers of the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1752, the

question touching Convocation was again being discussed, and the question itself stands now precisely where it did then. Some are with Hoadley and his friends, while others follow Sherlock and *his* disciples. Another subject which seriously troubled our great-grandfathers, as it is now doing their descendants, was as to what was to be done with convicted felons. The Australia which we have overstocked was not then thought of. An ingenious philanthropist, however, suggested a remedy. He proposed that our felons should be sent to Barbary and exchanged for Christian slaves. He does not fix a tariff, but probably would have consented to have given at least three thieves as the "small change" for one honest man.

Another question common to the people of both periods is the corn question. A hundred years ago we produced ten times the quantity of wheat we could consume! So it is certified by Mr. Urban. As long previous as the reign of the Emperor Julian, English ships carried rich freights of corn to the cities on the Rhine, but it may be doubted if, even then, the difference between what we produced and what we consumed was so great as it is stated to have been in 1752. It is, however, a very singular fact that prices were about the same under Julian as they were under Anne, George I., and George II. In the time of the philosophic and dirty Roman Emperor, English corn was sold at the rate of thirty-two shillings a quarter, and that was the average price during the first sixty-four years of the last century. In 1752 objection was made to exportation, as cheapening bread to foreigners and raising the prices of it at home. How different is the case a hundred years later, and how seemingly strange under that difference are present prices! We import now to almost the extent we exported then, and yet average prices are not much higher now than they were then. Indeed, if we as purchasers take into account the difference in the value of money, we are buying bread at a far lower rate

than our great-grandsires sold it at. We may also confess to being struck with the singularity of a remark made by "Mark Landlove," to the effect that the French landed-interest might well be the envy of Englishmen. He is one of those very anxious to shift all taxes from land to fund-holders, partly out of disgust that the national debt had reached the "monstrous and alarming" figure of eighty millions! It is now about eight hundred millions! and we are, in fact, none the poorer for having such an account upon our books. Further, in 1752 we were exporting gold and silver bullion to the Continent, not indeed at the rate we are now importing it, especially the former, but still in quantities that seem almost incredible. The metal-import question, as it stood then, excites a smile in those who read it now; as, for example, in the case mentioned thus:—"A parcel of waistcoats, embroidered with foreign gold and silver (which were lately seized at a tailor's house, who must pay the penalty of £100 pursuant to Act of Parliament) were publicly burnt in the presence of the custom-house officers and others."

This strange application of stranger laws must have puzzled the people almost as much as the change then effected from the "old style" to the "new." "I went to bed last night," says one perplexed correspondent, "it was Wednesday, September 2nd, and the first thing I cast my eyes upon this morning at the top of a paper was Thursday, September 14th. I did not go to bed till between one and two. Have I slept away eleven days in seven hours, or how is it? For my part, I don't find I'm any more refreshed than after a common night's sleep!" The confusion that temporarily ensued is pleasantly narrated, and there is something novel in the suggestion whereby it might have been obviated. "February has been scratched off a day or two these many years; suppose you apply to have the eleven days added to the end of that month, and so, for once, make it consist of

nine-and-thirty or forty: it's only calling them the 3rd, 4th, etc. of September, and we are all right again!"

Mr. Urban's correspondents in October seem to have successfully exerted themselves to provide variety for his readers. One tells how that electricity had so far progressed as to be made available in cases of ague and in mining. Philosophy, divinity, agriculture, and criticism each has its separate place. We are entertained by some writers who treat of the effects of eating walnuts, by others who touch upon the state of husbandry, the fisheries, or who deal with Linnæus or Shakspeare; who attack the thirty-nine articles, suggest reformations in the Liturgy, and explain how to kill bugs and make a lithontriptic. The medical correspondents were, particularly in the fall of the year, as numerous as the theological; and while the one showed what medicines were most efficacious in numerous diseases,—how a horse's cough might be most quickly cured,—and how the British race was degenerating because even low-born mothers were adopting the high-born fashion of not suckling their children, which was a species of murder,—the other class of correspondents fought sturdily for or against the Hutchinsonian opinions, showed how church authority was abused, and decried, as heartily as if they were living in 1852, the system of pluralities. That the canons are defective is admitted, but Mother Church is well cared for,—and an essay to show that the inspired Liturgy is not to be mended by human abilities, follows characteristically upon the method of brewing good October, and directions for making unexceptionable cider,—matters upon which as many of the clergy of 1752 were interested as they were upon the questions of grace, free-will, and original sin. The mixed character of much of the divinity (or rather of many of the divines) of that time perhaps influenced the productions of the laureate, Colley Cibber. At all events, in the concluding lines to his ode on the King's birthday, we discover a little of the spirit of piety, but more of that of potation:—

"That long his days high Heaven may spare
Is our first fervent morning prayer;
To this we quaff the evening bowl,
Till suns beneath our ocean roll,—"

When one would imagine, the poet and his *cantatores* must have been in a rolling condition too, or they would hardly have seen more suns than the almanac and custom daily authorize. However, as Dryden said when a friend remarked that he thought Durfey could never write a *worse* play than his last, "You do not know what Tom can do in *that* way," —so Cibber might have declared that, if his ode was execrable, Eusden, when engaged in "eking out Blackmore's useless line," and ere he "slept with the dull of ancient days," had written others doubly detestable.

In the number for December, 1752, the opening article on Tillotson may still be read with pleasure. The following anecdote told of him, is worth repeating:—"Though he used what in his time was called conceived prayer, and greatly excelled for the readiness and pertinence of his expression, yet, as if this was really a peculiar gift, he could never preach but by reading; and, having once attempted to deliver an extempore discourse on the most copious text he could select, 'We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ,' he was obliged to leave the pulpit, after spending ten minutes in hesitation, repetition, blushes, and confusion." The succeeding articles treat upon Welsh lead, the Jansenist disputes between the French clergy and parliaments, horizontal windmills, the cherubim, Sunday hymns, and English highways. The paper next in succession touches on the alleged miracle at Bishop Fisher's grave, namely, that grass would not grow around it. The writer easily accounts for so facile a miracle:—"Thus, we are told, the popish priests in King Henry VIII.'s time, poured sope-ashes on Mr. Petit's grave in the churchyard, to prove him an heretick, affirming that God would not suffer grass to grow on an

heretick's grave. (Strype's Memor. vol. i. p. 203.)" Between the disquisition on Fisher and a phi'o ophical description of Mount Vesuvius, we have a recipe for curing the glanders in horses; and a similar literary sandwich is served up in a Yorkshire anecdote of dolorous tragedy which is spread between an essay on electricity and a heavy article defending the bounty on exported corn. Magnets, orreries, and the grinding of concave glasses—touching which latter we know something more than is vouchsafed by our friend of a century ago,—theories on the aurora, observations on eclipses, glances at contemporary satire, reviews of new ideas on natural philosophy and the stone, with some music of merit, some poetry without it, and some notices in the Historical Chronicle that have a peculiar interest,—these form the staple of the number that was issued above one hundred years ago, "by E. Cave, jun., at St. John's Gate." In the Miscellaneous department there is "A Literary Bill of Mortality for 1752," which, if it be witty enough to be composed by Swift, is also filthy enough in part to have been from his pen, or to have raised his excessive laughter. Mr. Urban would not admit it now, however lightly he may have thought of it in his younger days; but

> "The bard to purer fame may soar,
> When first youth 's past,"—

and that reputation has been gained by our venerable friend. The list referred to affects to give the "casualties among books in 1752." Among them we have "Abortive, 7000; stillborn, 3000; old age, 0." 320 are set down as dying suddenly; and the trunkmaker, sky-rockets, pastrycook, and worms are chronicled as having destroyed between three and four thousand. Not less than 2079 are recorded as having perished in a way and by a malady that only Swift would have thought of, and an admirer approvingly have copied. The casualties of the year among authors show as much wit as those among books. They are numbered as close upon

three thousand, more than a third of whom are disposed of under the head "Lunacy." A still greater number, some twelve hundred, are entered as "Starved." Seventeen were killed by the hangman, and fifteen by a hardly more respectable person, *themselves*. Mad dogs, vipers, and mortification swept off a goodly number. Five pastoral poets died of "Fistula," and under the head of "Surfeit" we find a zero, which contrasts strongly with the numbers said to have been starved.

Altogether, an artist might have a worse subject than an *interior* of 1752, with a quaint reader admiringly looking over his 'Sylvanus Urban.'

PICTURES OF ENGLAND BY FOREIGN SKETCHERS.

"THE next curious thing to contemplating a picture of England by English artists a century ago, is to look at sketches of England of the present day, as drawn by foreign sketchers."

To this observation of one of our company, the German artist expressed a conviction that foreigners generally, and Germans in particular, described the appearance, manners, and morals of England, better than the English themselves. —But though we do not always understand ourselves, we are assuredly less understood by strangers.

A short time previous to the first arrival of Mr. Layard at Nineveh, the locality had been visited by a well-known and highly esteemed clergyman of the Church of England, the Rev. J. P. Fletcher. This worthy minister found himself one day in the house of a Yezidee, or "Devil Worshiper," where the conversation of host and guest was interrupted by the appearance of a crowd of visitors, at the head of whom was the priest of the Papal Syrians. The leader of the invasion was rich in self-sufficiency. He was lengthy of speech, short of stature, and about as pompous as a pumpkin. The visitors were no sooner seated on the ground, than they began to describe to the astonished Englishman the manners and customs of his own countrymen. "They have no religion; wonderful to say!" exclaimed one. A second and more enlightened stranger questioned this assertion, except

in as far as it applied to "not believing in our Father the Pope." "At all events," remarked a third, "they have no churches!" The Yezidee, master of the house, here courteously struck in to the assistance of his foreign guest, by asserting that he had seen our service performed in the British chapel at Mosul; where, he said, there was consecration every Sunday, and prayers every day; and he had read in a book, he added, that the English also fasted *occasionally*. The general chorus of visitors shouted that even if it were so, there was a bad object at the end of it. The Yezidee was afraid of offending the priest, at whom he looked timidly while he ventured to make the apologetic remark, that "they are a good people!" At this observation, the pipe departed from between the lips of the priest; at which sign of approaching oracular eloquence all were silent, for all felt that the priest, having been in Europe, could "speak by the card;" and as he was well versed in Arabic, Syriac, Chaldee, and Kurdish, he was of course, and as a necessary consequence, well skilled also in all that concerned those far-off infidels, the Britons; and this was his daguerreotyped description of our very worthy selves.

"The English," said he, "*are* Christians, and have churches; but they only go to them once a month, and take the Lord's Supper once in twenty years. On the latter occasion," he continued, "the priest stands on a high place that he may not be torn in pieces by the crowd, who rush tumultuously forward, snatch the consecrated bread out of his hands, and scramble for it. They are also allowed," said this faithful depictor of our morals, "to marry as many wives as they please, and some of them have more than twenty. They are a poor and beggarly people, and have a heavy debt, which they are unable to pay. They are obliged to borrow large sums of the King of France, who has obtained by this means a kind of dominion over them." And he clinched this rough nail, driven through our reputation

by coolly turning to Mr. Fletcher, and asking, "*Ma hu saheck?*"—"Is it not true?" The English minister calmly took *his* pipe from his mouth, and replied, "It is a great falsehood!" An assertion which by no means disposed the majority of the company to put faith in it.

"That is an amusing instance," said Smith, "of an English portrait painted by a Syrian hand. For such an artist some allowances may be made; but what excuse can be offered by travellers nearer home who profess to draw English portraits and English landscapes from nature, and who *do* in one sense draw them a very great way indeed from nature?"

One instance occurs in the case of M. Alexandre Dumas, an accomplished gentleman who gilds refined gold, paints the lily, alters the catastrophes of Shakspeare's plays, and enriches 'Hamlet' with a new and original (very much so indeed!) fifth Act!

"Take care!" said Alexandre, "think of De Mirecourt's pistol at the head of the Newcastle editor!"

"M. Dumas," continued Smith, "is the author of a story called 'Pauline,' a story which has been translated and dramatized in England. It is exciting, dramatic, and improbable; the heroine therein is married to a gentleman who is a compound of Faust and Mephistopheles, of Juan, Charles Moore, Werther, and the Corsair; who is half savage, half soft, and who rejoices in the name of Horace de Beauzinval. He is a delicate creature who kills tigers, slays wild boars, sings rumblingly in bass, thrillingly in counter-tenor, and who, though in Paris the glass of fashion and the mould of form, occasionally retires to an old dilapidated château in Normandy, where, in conjunction with two friends, Henry and Max, he contrives to play the brigand and murderer, without detection. Pauline, in feminine alarm at a somewhat protracted absence of her husband, determines to leave Paris and look for him in Normandy. Her unexpected arrival leads to a chaos of incidents, among which the two

fearful nights of her sojourn, the sorcerer-like attendance of the wild Malay, and the scenes of debauchery and assassination which reveal to her the true occupation of her husband, are told with a power familiar to the readers of the most highly-spiced of M. Dumas's romances.

"Horace, dreading betrayal on the part of his wife, shuts her up in a vault with 'a cup of cold poison,' and a civil letter of apology. He gives out that she has been assassinated; and he buries in her stead the body of a young English lady whom he shoots for that especial purpose. Pauline is discovered by an old lover, Alfred de Nerval, who carries her to England as his sister, and who returns temporarily to France to kill Horace in a duel, for having dared to aspire to the hand of a kinswoman of Alfred's. Pauline lingers on in ill health, and does not allow her own mother to be conscious of an existence which she feels must soon terminate,—and by a knowledge of which her mother would only have to mourn a second time. She finally dies in Italy.

"Now the comicality in this story of horrors lies in the grave portion of it which has England for its scene, and only some twenty-four years ago for its period. The lovers conceal themselves in a cottage orné in Piccadilly! They have the good fortune to find in that retired spot, 'a pretty little house, very simple, and quite isolated.' It is 'a charming little cot, with green blinds, a little garden full of flowers, an exquisite lawn, gravelled walks encircling' all; and a 'banc au-dessous d'un platane magnifique qui couvroit de sa tente de feuillage une partie du jardin!!!' All this, it must be remembered, is described as existing in Piccadilly in 1834, within view of a person turning out of St. James's Street, and which latter circumstance would fix the precise locality of this isolated cottage as somewhere about the solitary purlieus of the romantic White Horse Cellar, or the picturesque and uninhabited wilderness tenanted by 'the Black

Bear.' An absurdity scarcely less remarkable on the part of M. Dumas is that of fixing the residence of a very hard-working apothecary in one of the patrician mansions in Grosvenor Square! And yet the author has been in London, and has even, like Voltaire, commented upon our language. The sum, indeed, of his observations thereon amounts to the fact that Englishmen have abandoned the old expletive of 'Godam,' and that their throats are now generally engaged with discharging the cacophonous echoes of 'Oh, ah!'

"The French dramatists use us very little better—in many instances worse—than the novelists. They sell ladies by public auction in Smithfield Market, while half the house of Peers stand by to witness the sale, and celebrate its conclusion by a conglomerated hornpipe. A French feuilletonist who came among us taking notes, in the year of the Exhibition, gravely certified to his countrywomen that the gin-palaces of England were mainly supported by the middle-aged and elderly Peeresses of the realm. There is on the French stage a drama, the scene of which is laid in the mountainous region that lies somewhere between Hyde Park and Richmond. In this piece there is an ancient castle, with a very wicked lord, who maintains his evil eminence by the power and produce of forgery, and whose fair daughter, on her saint's day, is presented with bouquets presented to her processionally by all the grateful people of Brentford and Kew. The ruined château itself is on the romantic banks of the 'St. George Canal,' and near it is a village, the inhabitants of which have the laws interpreted to them by an alderman of London, who is made ruler of the district by the special appointment conferred on him by 'His Excellency the Lor' Maire.'"

Smith having run himself out of breath, Mee Aughton remarked that a certain Max Schlesinger was a limner of another quality. "He has seen what he describes; and he

paints well that which he has observed with the mental as well as the visual eye. Accordingly, he does not, like French *littérateurs*, represent us as something different from all other existing human nature. We may not always feel flattered by his portrait, but we cannot deny the resemblance, nor the good-humoured spirit which influenced the hand by which it is drawn."

"It is something pleasant," said Smith, "to turn from the misrepresentations of writers, however temporarily amusing they may be, to contemplate portraits of ourselves dashingly and good-humouredly, philosophically and candidly sketched by such an artist as Max Schlesinger, in his 'Saunterings in and about London.' There is originality in the dramatic form in which many of the author's raciest observations are made. A Doctor Kief is generally charged with the duty of cutting us up; and on one occasion, when something stronger than usual is required to be flung at us, a French gentleman performs the office with a vigour and an absence of veracity that are highly entertaining. Schlesinger, however, does not appear to have employed this form because he had suspicions of our being an over-sensitive people, for he now and then hits us smartly and stingingly, severely and deservedly enough. He has adopted the form because it gave him latitude of observation and expression. One thing is certain, that there is no nation under the sun that so good-humouredly bears being laughed at as our own. The heartiest enjoyers of 'Les Anglaises pour Rire,' have ever been those at whom the satire was levelled; and throughout Germany the broadest grins called up by Kotzebue's 'Sir John,' mantle on the faces of British auditors, who are perhaps more tickled by comic evidences of ignorance than by the wit levelled at their own habits and morals."

"The Saunterer," said Mee Aughton, "paints both our in and out-door life with, generally speaking, very great correctness. And this general correctness cannot be gainsaid,

because he often looks upon us and our doings from a point of view whence we have never considered them ourselves. A determined difference of opinion often, indeed, springs up in the mind of the reader; but when he has meditated for a moment upon the light in which the artist has limned his picture, he is compelled to conclude that the details are not exaggerated, and that the light in which they are shown does sometimes illumine them, and is more likely to be seen by a stranger than by ourselves, who are less curious on the matter."

"Perhaps," remarked a Tory professor of History, "it is with the author's political sentiments that we should be least inclined to agree. When he insinuates that the Continental revolutionists, who in 1848 advocated license and thought it was liberty, were men who were performing as patriotic a duty as that performed by Russell when he gloriously conspired against an illegal government, it is only the ultra-radicals among his readers who will indorse the sentiment. They who made an accomplished fact of our Revolution never perilled the general liberty which they sought to establish. They who in 1848 let loose the deluge against the thrones of Europe, swept away with it the freedom which they professed to support; not that there was not among them many a bold and honest, hopeful and enduring heart, whose aspirations were for that liberty which allows unconstrained action for all, save where it may be injurious to any. Max Schlesinger very aptly meets one objection made in England by a remark which is worth quoting:—'These English sages,' he says, 'do not consider how much easier it was for their ancestors to bring the contest with the power of the Crown to a successful issue. The English patriots were not opposed by large standing armies. The contest lay between them and a single family and its faction, and—this is a point which has never been sufficiently dwelt upon—they had no reason to

fear a foreign intervention.' This is true, yet not wholly so. It is, however, sufficiently correct to be allowed to pass unquestioned. The author compares liberty as it is abstractedly viewed by English, French, and German. The first resolved to possess, and have manfully held by and progressed under it. The second seize it, let it slip through their fingers, and recapture it only again to lose what they shed oceans of blood to obtain. The Germans, he evidently thinks, would accomplish all that the English have done had they but our advantages—insular position, and security from external false friends as well as declared foes. This reminds one of how the same three people are described by Heyne as estimating liberty, and which description may be thus abridged, to edification:—

"The Englishman loves freedom as he does his lawful wife. He possesses her, and if he does not treat her with any ostentatious show of tenderness, yet does he know, should the case require it, how to defend her like a man. *Then*, woe-betide the intruder into her holy chamber of rest, be it as gallant or be it as knave. The Frenchman loves freedom as he doth his betrothed bride. He glows for her. He burns for her. He throws himself at her feet with the most exaggerated adjurations. He fights for her, despising death for her sake; and in her name he commits no end of follies. But the German loves freedom as he does his venerable grandmother! . . . The splenetic Briton perhaps wearies of his wife, and disposes of her in the market-place; a halter round her neck, and Smithfield the locality. The fluttering Frenchman probably turns faithless to his bride, and goes dancing and singing after some court lady in the royal palace. But the German will never turn his venerable grandmother into the street; he will ever grant her a corner by the hearth, where she may tell to his listening children her old wife's tales for ever."

By this it is clear that Heyne reproaches his countrymen

as possessing a superabundance of sentiment and lacking the spirit of action. Max Schlesinger, on the other hand, appears to think that they want nothing but opportunity. The two opinions, however apparently incompatible, may nevertheless be reconciled. But let us go with the Saunterer from politics to the Battle of Waterloo, as it is fought by the light companies, on a gala night at Vauxhall. Here are the author's opinions upon what he saw, put into the ever-conveniently-open mouth of Dr. Kief.

"National prejudice is like a pig-tail, you can't see it in front. It is scandalous how they teach history in your schools. This new friend of mine is a well-bred man, but he has never heard of Blucher. We looked at the Duke of Wellington riding over the field of Waterloo, and I said, 'Could n't you find a place for our Blucher?' 'Blutsher!' said he, 'who is Blutsher?' He knew nothing whatever of Blucher and the Prussian army; and when I told him, but for the Prussians, Wellington would have been made minced-meat of at Waterloo, he actually laughed in my face! Now tell me how do they teach history in your schools?"

It may be answered that history is taught after another fashion than Dr. Kief and prejudice would require. Lamartine, Jules Maurel, and, moreover, Baron Müffling, have done justice to Wellington and the completeness of his victory ere the indeed long-wished-for Prussians arrived to pursue the routed columns of the Gaul. And as to Blucher's name not being known in this country, it is immortalized in one way among us, exactly as Wellington's has been, by giving a distinctive appellation to a certain form of British boot. To deny the Duke the undoubted merit of his great deed is only to treat him as he has been treated by that stricken wit Heyne, who says of him, with incredible profanity and malice, that the name of Wellington, in connection with that of Napoleon, will go down to posterity as that of Pontius Pilate in connection with Jesus

Christ. This is worse than our merely forgetting Blucher, even if we had been so ungrateful. But this we were not. When the allied monarchs arrived in England in July, 1814, Blucher was (as far as our public was concerned) "the king amang them a'." The popular enthusiasm of the people for him who had boldly faced the common enemy of Europe when others had fled before that foe, was so intense, that when the hero set foot on shore at Dover, he was nearly suffocated with embraces, and his cloak was torn into fragments. The excitement of ladies in the capital was not inferior to that which reigned in the provinces. Moore, in his 'Fudge Family,' has incidentally noticed this agitation of love in the letter wherein Miss Biddy informs her friend Dorothy that she has found a suitor who was

> "No less than the great King of Prussia,
> Who 's here now incog.—He who made such a fuss you
> Remember in London, with Blucher and Platoff,
> When Sal was near kissing old Blucher's cravat off."

And the last-mentioned lady was but one of a thousand who contended for the honours of a kiss from the pipe-flavoured lips of the veteran. At Oxford, he was created Doctor of Laws, in full convocation; and to the old soldier's very great astonishment. "If they make *me* a Doctor," said he, "they are bound to make Gneisenau (the general of artillery) an apothecary; for, if I wrote the prescription, he certainly made up the pills!" After Waterloo, Blucher pronounced a candid criticism on himself, which posterity will receive with respect. "For what do you commend me?" said he to a flatterer, whose praise disgusted him. "It was my recklessness, Gneisenau's cautiousness, and the great God's loving-kindness!"

But leaving the consideration of this subject, let us see how Schlesinger and Heyne can paint a street-scene, in Cheapside. Here is what the first thinks of that place where people most do congregate:—

"Friend stranger, stand for an hour or two, leaning against the iron gates of Bow Church in Cheapside, or take up your position on the steps of the Royal Exchange. Let the waves of the great city rush past you, now murmuringly, now thunderingly; now fast, now slow, as crowds press on crowds, and vehicles on vehicles, as the streams of traffic break against every street-corner, and spread through the arterial system of the lanes and alleys; as the knot of men, horses, and vehicles get entangled almost at every point where the large streets join and cross, to move, and heave, and spin round, and get disentangled again, and again entangled. After such a review only can you realize the idea of the greatness of London. It is this which, after a prolonged stay in London, so moves our admiration, that there is no stop, no rest, no pause in the street-life throughout the busy day."

Heyne's painting is something to the same purpose, but with a dash more, perhaps, of the picturesque:—

"As I, aroused from my meditation, again looked out upon the roaring street, where a varied knot of men, women, children, horses, coaches (and among them a hearse), made their way to and fro, swearing, crying, creaking, and groaning, then it seemed to me so as if all London was a large Beresina bridge, where every one, in frantic anxiety about his own little bit of life, sought to force his own way onward; where the bold rider tramples down the poor fellow afoot; where he who falls to the ground is for ever lost; where the hitherto truest comrades become selfish, and climb over each other. There thousands faint to death, and bleeding cling vainly to the planks of the bridge, only to drop off into the cold abyss of death below."

Risk Allah, in his 'Thistle and the Cedar of Lebanon,' paints in similar tone and colouring, street-life in London:—

"What are all these people come out to see? is your first natural inquiry. Is there a fire? or has there been an earth-

quake? or are all the suburban villages and towns pouring in their multitudes to witness some grand spectacle? *Wallah yah efendem.* If Stamboul were in flames, and all the Sultan's harem burning, there could not be a greater concourse of people than may every day be encountered between the hours of three and five in one single street of London; and all the other hundred streets are almost equally well filled."

Assaad y Kaylat, in his 'Voice from Lebanon,' sketches full as vividly the *pavé* sights and incidents of London. There is, too, some delicate painting in his picture of Kensington Palace. He was delighted with his reception there by the then heiress to the throne and her goodly company; but he will not administer to the public curiosity thereon. "I will rather," he says, "follow the advice of the Oriental proverb:—'He who enters the presence of kings should go in blind and come out dumb.'"

Max Schlesinger, in painting the English people, will by no means allow of their being considered as, in any way, a musical people—that is, as a people producing great composers;—all the great names, from Purcell to Balfe, "to the contrary notwithstanding." This is a very vulgar error. We think less of our heroes than do the French, and less of our musicians than do the Germans. But we are as plentifully provided with both as our good friends who protest to the contrary. We only talk less about them. It could never be remarked of us as a Prussian student once said of his own country, that, "in Berlin, people talked only of Thalberg and God!" We have other ways of viewing religion and music,—though we may be inferior in both, nevertheless, to those who view them differently.

HISTORICAL PORTRAITS BY ROMANTIC PAINTERS.

"THE register of the destiny of authors, the last touch in the picture of England a century ago, and what has been said on the peculiarities of foreign sketchers of English characteristics, reminds me," said Mee Aughton, on a subsequent circle-night, "of the way in which both English and foreign romancers have treated real personages in touching and retouching them for the purposes of their historical pictures."

"The Real!" said the German.

"Romance!" cried the Spaniard.

"Romance and Reality are very good things in their way. What about them, most learned Theban?" asked Smith.

"This much," answered Mee Aughton, first addressing himself to the French artist, Alexandre. "In discussing the question of romance either as the amuser or the instructor of mankind, your countryman, Roussel, rather sweepingly remarked that romances, by depicting man with exaggerated features, only prepared readers to be inevitably disgusted with life. The logic does not seem sound; and, if the description of what romance itself causes be not incorrect, its alleged effects may be very reasonably disputed. At one time the reading of romances was considered as the occupation of those who had nothing to do; the business of those who had none. Certainly, if young people looked into romances only to make study of life, the authors were bound not to mislead them. But taking the old ro-

mances for whatever writers or readers accounted them, they could not be otherwise than dangerous. There was peril in the exhalations of vice and corruption which arose from them; and there was peril equally great in the phantoms of ideal life which they presented to the imaginative and the impressionable. The true romance reader was not a citizen of this world; he belonged to another sphere. Either Mr. Edgeworth or his daughter has somewhere remarked, that a woman who has her head full of romances, fancies that she will be able to find the heroes of them in society. This saying was applied to the old social romance. As for the historical romance, a French author has truly said, that it was born of truth violated by a lie.

"Our good Queen Charlotte had a profound contempt for romances. It was her majesty's maxim that the mind once surrendered to the charms of the imaginative, never cared for what was serious and real. She had a suspicion, or rather a dislike, of romance writers; and yet, so inconsistent are, ay even queens, that the royal lady, who hated romances and their writers, could very complacently sit surrounded by her daughters, and listen to Miss Burney reading aloud that dirty farce by the elder Colman, called 'Polly Honeycombe.'

"It was objected against the old romances that the reading thereof could enrich a man neither with knowledge nor wisdom. The more modern historical romance (if that can be called modern of which there are so many in old classical literature, and of which the most splendid, though not by far the most ancient example, is that brilliant book which its author, Quintus Curtius, chose to call a 'Life of Alexander the Great')—the more modern historical romance yields however but little knowledge, and is not calculated to produce wisdom. Indeed the latter treasure comes not by reading, but by meditation over the knowledge acquired through reading. But more than meditation

is required. Lord Bacon recognized what 'more' was requisite, when he said, that 'Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing a correct man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need of a great memory; if he confer little, he need have a present wit; and if he read little, he need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not.'

"Jeremy Collier, whose canons of criticism however I am not at all inclined to indorse without some reserve, has one undeniably true remark upon the uses and abuses of reading. 'A man,' he says, 'may as well expect to grow stronger by always eating, as wiser by always reading. Too much overcharges nature, and turns more into disease than nourishment. It is thought and digestion which makes books serviceable, and gives health and vigour to the mind. Books well chosen,' he adds,—and he had no bowels for aught but what was real,—'neither dull the appetite nor strain the memory; but refresh the inclinations, strengthen the powers, and improve under experiments. By reading, a man does as it were antedate his life, and makes himself contemporary with past ages.' Jeremy was alluding to history, and not to romance.

"The early writers of romance were probably as purely-intentioned as Mrs. Barbauld herself when she composed her 'Lessons' for young children. Indeed, even in these matter-of-fact lessons there is much of the manner of the romances, inasmuch as that the latter affected to teach one thing by the description of another; by allegory, in fact. So Mrs. Barbauld employs a false image very often to convey a distinctly different thing. The Edgeworths very reasonably object to her romance of the boy who, having tormented the robins, was devoured by a bear. But this lesson was given in days when young people had not yet ceased to peruse the 'Seven Champions of Christendom,' and similar probable histories. The Edgeworths, in their work on Edu-

cation, are perhaps too carping or too strict against poor Mrs. Barbauld in some of her phrases, but they acutely enough discern the romantic instead of the real, in such expressions as, 'The moon shines at night, when the sun is gone to bed.' The latter part of the sentence undoubtedly conveys a false idea, and it is condemned accordingly. Such a style is truly the first step towards making romance readers. If Mrs. Barbauld's pupils could be brought to believe that the sun went to bed, they might easily, at a later period, see in St. George the nurse-child of the witch Kalyb, the slayer of the dragon, and forget therein the clever bacon-dealer and the popularly-elected Bishop of Alexandria. The young lady in the 'Children's Friend,' whose nurse had told her stories of hobgoblins, of course screamed herself hoarse at the sight of a chimney-sweeper.

"But the writers of old romances have inflicted less injustice upon individuals than harm to their readers generally. My meaning will, perhaps, be better understood, if I say that, while they have imagined incidents for imaginary heroes, they have not applied to one person a real glory belonging to another. The authors of historical romances have been far less careful. A striking example of how the merits of one person are made over to another, is to be found in Mr. James's novel 'Richelieu.' Few who have read that work will have forgotten Pauline de Beaumont; and these, perhaps, will not like to be told that, instead of being the unexceptionable young lady of the novel, she was an exceedingly mischievous and mischief-making maid of honour. Mr. James, moreover, has attributed to her an action of merit which was really performed, and that most disinterestedly, by another person.

"It may be recollected that Pauline de Beaumont, in 'Richelieu,' executes the perilous mission of disguising herself, and taking a letter to be delivered to a prisoner in the Bastille. In the novel, that prisoner is the Count de

Blenau, the lover of Pauline herself. Many spirited young ladies would, under the circumstances, have done as much.

"She who really accomplished this then desperate feat was impelled, however, only by duty. The person in question was Mademoiselle de Hautefort. The Queen, Anne of Austria, was placed in a position of serious difficulty by the imprisonment of her faithful servant Laporte; and when the idea was first entertained of conveying a letter to him, with instructions from his royal mistress, the few persons who were in the Queen's confidence recoiled from the dangers attendant upon any attempt to realize the royal idea. Mademoiselle de Hautefort alone experienced no fears, and boldly offered to assume a disguise, and bear the missive from the Queen to her confidential servant. The offer was accepted, the feat was most successfully performed, and the life of Laporte was saved in consequence.

"The above is an example of the wrongs which reality sometimes endures at the hands of romance. Many other instances might be cited, but I will confine myself to an example of another sort of error, as it will afford me time to notice one or two matters which are illustrative of past times, acts, and actors. To do this I go back to a work which appeared some years previous to that of Mr. James, but which treats of the same period, and has portraits of many of the same personages that are to be found in 'Richelieu.'

"As a misrepresentation, both of fact and character, I know nothing equal to that achieved by Alfred de Vigny, in his portrait of Marie de Gonzague, the heroine of the romantic novel, 'Cinq-Mars.' The readers of that now tolerably well-known work will remember that the Marie of the author is a gentle young lady, fairly wooed and pleasantly won by Cinq-Mars; she is faithful to him amid terrible trial, and after his execution compelled, sorely against her will, to marry a man whom she had never seen, and for whom she of course had no particle of affection—namely, the King of Poland.

"But if reality be put against this romance, what do we discover? One or two historical incidents that may be worth reproducing.

"In the month of October, 1645, the French Queen, Anne of Austria, repaired to Fontainebleau, with a splendid retinue of ladies, to witness a marriage which had been long in preparation, and which was expected to be more than ordinarily joyous, seeing that the two principal personages concerned were of royal condition or extraction.

"The old King of Poland, an elective monarch, and who was at the period in question heir to the crown of Sweden, had offered his hand to 'Mademoiselle.' The latter imperious princess had treated with great scorn an offer which came to her from a gouty, purblind, aged prince, whose person was the reverse of attractive, and whose country was considered, in France, a mere nation of barbarians. The rejected king turned to Mademoiselle de Guise, who was somewhat *passée*, but who was blooming youth itself, compared with her wooer. She was, however, averse to the match; but, had she been as much inclined to it as she was otherwise, the marriage would not have taken place, for it was opposed by the Queen and the all-powerful Cardinal. The perplexed King of the Poles then bethought him of the daughter of the deceased Duke of Mantua, Marie de Gonzague. She had, in earlier days, been promised to him by her father; and his majesty, refused elsewhere, submitted himself to woo again the betrothed of Cinq-Mars. His offer was received with a grateful acknowledgment which demonstrated the alacrity of her who made it.

"Marie de Gonzague was at this time by no means so young as she is represented to us in the novel, when the Queen exclaims, 'Ma pauvre enfant, vous êtes reine de Pologne.' The bloom was very decidedly off the peach. She had been the object of the adoration of Gaston, Duke of Orleans; and this love-passage was the talk of the whole

court. The duke was then heir-presumptive to the crown, and the lady was not insensible to such a wooer. The Queen, Marie de Medicis, however, took another view of the subject, and to further that view poor Marie de Gonzague was shut up in the castle of Vincennes, and Gaston had altogether forgotten her before she came out again. When the prisoner recovered her freedom, she hated her old lover implacably, and she would gladly have accepted the King of Poland then, out of mere spite, but that sovereign, not caring to wait for her when she exhibited some symptoms of dallying, rendered the match impossible by uniting himself to a German princess.

"Marie de Gonzague would not break her heart for any man. She was at heart her own mistress; and she lived a gay life in Paris, although she had but a small fortune. Her wit and manners caused many to pay her homage, but nothing presented itself in the shape of a husband. Every one liked her charming suppers, but no man cared to make himself responsible for the payment of them, till Cinq-Mars, the master of the horse to the King, offered her his hand, and was at once accepted.

"Such was the fashionable and somewhat *fanée* lady who, as the beloved of Cinq-Mars in the novel, is painted as a miracle of simplicity, reserve, youth, beauty, and overabounding love. She was proud, for her father had been sovereign Duke of Mantua; and Cinq-Mars was partly the victim of that pride, for it urged him on to great designs against men in power, and made him aspire to be Constable of France, that he might be more on an equality with the daughter of a sovereign prince. Cinq-Mars, however, was simply a conspirator, and he lost his head on the scaffold. His *liaison* with Marie de Gonzague was looked upon as a derogation on the part of the lady, and caused a little scandal. She perhaps cared for Cinq-Mars more than she did for any other of her lovers; but, despite her attachment,

she was very soon comforted after his death, and assuredly thought the prospect, which now opened to her, of being Queen of Poland, as one very pleasant to contemplate, and not again to be missed.

"Cardinal Mazarin was resolved to be rid of a lady who was a little addicted to dabble in politics, in a way not compatible with his interests; who was, moreover, poor; somewhat depressed; had squabbles with her old lover Gaston, between whom and herself a mutual and intense hatred existed; and who wore a mourning air, out of compliment to Cinq-Mars, who had been executed in the days of Richelieu, and to think of whom was ridiculous in the days of Mazarin. The Cardinal, accordingly, despatched ambassadors to Poland, and the royal widower there sent his envoys in return to bear his compliments and affectionate greetings to the lady of many lovers.

"The first homage was, however, rendered to the Queen, Anne of Austria; and it was at Fontainebleau that the ambassadors were received with all the gorgeous ceremony that could be devised by the solemn officers charged with such matters.

"The scene was a singular one. The representatives of the Polish king came ostensibly to ask for the hand of 'the Princess Mary,' as she was called. Etiquette required that she should not be present; but she was naturally curious to hear the speech, see the sight, and enjoy the conclusion. When the address had been uttered by the envoys, who appeared as thoroughly French as any gallant in court, one ambassador asked the other where the Princess Mary was. A gentleman in the suite, who had been in Paris before, and knew the lady by sight, recognized her standing behind a royal duchess, where, like a gentleman 'below the bar,' she formed no part of the illustrious assembly, but could see and hear all that passed. As the ambassadors and their suite retired, they distinguished the half-concealed lady by making

the very lowest bows in the direction in which she stood; and they even treated her with a 'your majesty' as they murmured their homage in passing near her.

"Thenceforward, public homage was rendered to her by all parties, particularly after the signing of the contract. This necessary form was gone through without much ceremony, but at night the ambassadors were entertained at supper by the young king. I suppose there had previously been some jollity in the kitchen, with much obliviousness, for when the guests sat down to table it was discovered that the chief dishes had been forgotten. There was neither *soupe* nor *bouilli;* and the banquet was a failure. Nor was this all. When the ambassadors retired, they were conducted by the chief officers of the court to the grand staircase; but on reaching that honourable passage it was found all in darkness, and the ambassadors and gentleman-ushers had to grope their way to the bottom, cursing the *lampistes* who had neglected to illumine them. The queen-mother was disconcerted at first on hearing of this misadventure, but she afterwards laughed heartily; declaring that France never managed matters rightly, either in great things or small; but that the only remedy was patience.

"These shortcomings put the Poles on their mettle. In the following winter, the Palatine of Posen and the Bishop of Wermia, despatched by the King of Poland to execute the marriage by proxy, with a gorgeous gathering of Sarmatian nobles, all in their national costume, entered Paris, and by the grandeur of their equipments and carriages quite extinguished the complimentary deputation sent to receive them.

"Madame de Motteville, in her Memoirs, speaks of this entry into Paris with the ecstasy of a lady fond of grand sights. The ambassadorial procession entered, she tells us,—'by the gate of St. Antoine, with abundance of solemnity, and the best decorum in the world. First and

foremost came a company of foot-guards, dressed in red and yellow, with great gold loops upon their clothes. They were commanded by two or three officers richly apparelled and very well mounted. Their habits were very fine vests, after the Turkish manner, over which they wore a great cloak with long sleeves, which they let fall loosely by their horses' sides. The buttons of both their vests and cloaks were rubies, diamonds, and pearls; and their cloaks were lined with the same as their vests. After this company there came another in the same order, commanded by officers whose habits were richer than the former. Their vests and mantles were of the colour of their heydukes, of green and gold. We saw two other companies on horseback, with the same liveries as those which were on foot, one of which was red and yellow, and the other gold and green; only those wore richer stuffs, the harness of their horses was finer, and they had more precious stones.'

"Madame de Motteville proceeds to say that the French Academicians followed this fine and foreign array. The lady is very severe upon the *savants*, who, she says, went out to do honour to the strangers, but dishonour to themselves. They must, indeed, have looked very like mountebanks, for they wore shabbily-gay dresses, covered with ribbons, had feathers in their hats, and were mounted on sorry hackneys, which they hardly knew how to manage. They contrasted with the body of Polish noblemen who followed: these were attired in dresses of stiff brocade and silver, were splendidly mounted, and each was attended by a man in uniform. 'Their stuffs were so rich, so fine,' writes the lady already quoted, 'and their colours so lively, that nothing in the world was so agreeable. Their vests glittered, too, with diamonds; yet,' adds the true French lady, 'for all their richness, it must be confessed there is something in their magnificence which looks very savage.' It was not in the magnificence, however, in which, to our

thinking, the 'savageness' consisted. We rather detect the 'barbarian' in a subsequent passage, which says of these splendidly attired Poles that 'they wear no linen, and do not lie in sheets like other Europeans, but wrap themselves up in furs. Their caps,' she adds, 'are furred, their heads shaved, except a lock upon their crown, which hangs down behind. They are for the most part so fat and slovenly that they are loathsome.' Some of them appear, nevertheless, to have been extraordinarily attractive in the eyes of this lady, who particularly admired the Polish officers of a superior grade, who wore three cock's feathers in their caps, and the heads of whose horses were made gay with the same distinctive adornment. Some of their horses, like Mr. Martin Van Butchel's pony that was a Sunday spectacle in the park some half-century ago, were painted, chiefly red. The lady very justly calls this an odd fashion, but yet 'not a disagreeable sight.'

"The Palatine of Posen and the Bishop of Wermia came last, surrounded by Polish and French nobles, all on horseback, brilliant as finery could make them, and followed by the carriages of the palatine and bishop—handsome equipages, having silver wherever iron was employed in French carriages, and looking, with the fine plump steeds which drew them, not in the least as if they had made the long journey from Poland.

"All Paris was afoot early to see the entry, and even the young king and queen-mother placed themselves at a window of their palace to see them pass. But before the procession reached that point darkness had set in, and the sight-seers, royal and noble, gentle and simple, were disappointed, and blamed the blameless; just as many did at the entry of Queen Victoria into the French capital. The ambassadorial party was lodged and boarded at the king's expense, in the palace of the exiled Duke de Vendôme.

"If there was discontent at the entry, there was still more at the marriage. There was an intention to perform this ceremony with every possible splendour, but there arose such acrid dissensions resting on points of precedency, every prince and noble claiming to be better than all others, and these dissensions were accompanied by such intemperance of speech and action, that the Queen finally determined that there should be no public marriage at all. The renewed disappointment was universal; but it was not heeded, and the ceremony took place privately, with scarcely any one present but the bride, the representative of the 'groom,' and court officials.

"It was well that this was the case, for there was something indecorous in the appearance of the black-eyed, black-haired, and still handsome bride. She originally designed to wear the royal Polish mantle, white, covered with 'flames of gold,' over a robe corresponding therewith. The ceremony being, however, a private one, the Queen insisted that the mantle should not be worn. Thereupon Marie de Gonzague also laid aside the robe, and appeared at the altar in her 'corset' and petticoat, 'which being made,' says Madame de Motteville, 'to wear under another, was too short, and not grave enough for the occasion.'

"Singular as she must have looked, the Poles who saw her cross a terrace to proceed to the Queen's apartment, previous to the marriage, shouted for joy at the sight of their own future queen. She did not want for brilliancy of adornment; for Anne of Austria had covered her with crown jewels, lent for the occasion. The service would probably have been all the more gratefully acknowledged if Anne had not forbidden Marie to wear the closed crown until after the ceremony was concluded. The 'forbidding' should, perhaps, be rather called a 'counselling,' but, '*défense*' or '*avis*,' it was obeyed, and the marriage was at length concluded in due form. Although Madame de Motte-

ville says there was nobody at it, she enumerates such a number of the royal family and attendants as must have constituted a very numerous company. She especially notices the presence of the Duke of Orleans, the old lover of Marie; and she evidently thinks that the form which made a queen of the latter in presence of an old admirer, must have been wormwood to the duke, and something sweeter than all Hybla to the lady; indeed, the latter had more triumphs than this on the eventful day in question. She took, or rather was allowed, precedence of the Queen of France during a brief portion of the day; and Madame de Motteville, to whom such privileges seemed an antepast of paradise, thought that the bride must have been raised thereby to a condition of ecstatic delight which it would be impossible to describe.

"The banquet which followed the ceremony was a stately, lengthy, and tedious affair, and, as it appears to me, very dull when compared with the smart things that were said, not at, but after it. There was no lack of aids to wit, in the form of 'creature comforts' and sparkling wines, but there was little mirth although much magnificence, and perhaps *because* of much magnificence. In the evening the bride was conducted, as became a queen, to her residence in Paris, where her escort of princes and nobles took leave of her, each with a separate compliment. The lady's ex-lover, the Duke of Orleans, was not there, but he was represented by the Abbé de Rivière. When this gentleman approached to take leave, he maliciously whispered that he thought she had done better if she had remained in France with the simple title of 'Madame;' meaning 'Duchess' of Orleans. 'God,' said the Queen of Poland, 'has given me that of Majesty, and therewith I am very well content.'

"The brilliancy of the court balls on this occasion made compensation for the disappointment caused by the late entry of the Poles into Paris, and the privately-celebrated

marriage of Marie with the proxy of the royal husband, who was quietly expecting her arrival at Warsaw. The new queen was the 'Cynthia of the minute.' Crowds followed her in the streets, as if she were a great stranger, and not one whose face was familiarly known to most, at least, of those who hurried to gaze upon her. She was unchanged by her fortune; and the fact of her being Queen of Poland, or of her having danced with the then young King of France, caused no difference in her towards her friends. This is spoken of as something highly meritorious on her part.

"The journey, through Flanders and Germany, into Poland was a glorious ovation, and the last which she enjoyed. When she reached Warsaw there was scarcely any one in waiting to greet her; there was no state reception, no private happy welcome: and when she was led into the presence of the old king, fretful at the time from a sharper than ordinary attack of the gout, both parties were disappointed. The king did not think her so handsome as he had found her pictures represent her to be; and poor Marie, looking upon a man as old and twice as ill-looking as the 'König in Thule,' shuddered at her lot.

"The scene was altogether an extraordinary one. The meeting took place in the cathedral. The old king was seated in a chair, and when Marie approached and knelt, and kissed his hand, he neither rose to receive her nor stooped to raise her, but, turning to one of the French gentlemen, he said, roughly and aloud, 'Is this the great wonder of which you have made so much to me?' Never was there a more melancholy marriage. Each party seemed to wish to avoid the other. Not a word was said by either but what the ceremony required; and, when the sorry ceremony itself was concluded, the poor queen sank into a chair quite unable to thank the king, as was expected, for the great honour he had done her.

"The banquet which followed disgusted the gastronomic French. There was nothing there, they said, but what was disagreeable; and the indifferent festival was construed almost into an insult to France. Later in the evening, the unhappy queen whispered to Madame de Guebriant that she wished to heaven she could return with her to France. At length, weary and vexed, she was conducted to her solitary chamber; and the king, when he had seen the banquet fairly to a close, was carried to his own apartment, in another part of the palace.

"What the French ladies thought of the ungallantry of the king may be seen in Madame de Motteville. Suffice it here to say, that they talked high and loudly, for days, of the honour of France; and they succeeded so well that everybody at last was satisfied that the honour of France had been properly regarded.

"It was but a three years' splendid misery, and all was over: not for Marie, but her harsh old husband, who died in 1648. He left a wealthy widow, however, who was, in her very weeds, courted most assiduously by a younger brother of the late king. Marie had little interest now in France, and the prospect of helping her lover, by her wealth, to be elected King of Poland, and sharing the throne with him, was one which affected her most agreeably. There were many difficulties in the way; but these were all surmounted. Even the obstacle presented by the parties being within the forbidden degrees was easily got rid of, and money purchased from Rome a license to break the ecclesiastical law. All ends were thus accomplished. The lover was elected king, and the widow of the old king became the bride of the new. He was not so ungracious a consort as the defunct monarch, but he did not scruple to speak of the wife whose money had bought his election to the crown, as a very estimable person indeed, yet one by marrying whom he had sacrificed a good deal, and materially injured

his prospects. He was an ungrateful fellow; but probably did not mean all that he said. Be this as it may, Marie was 'as happy as a queen' could be; though no one who reads her history will recognize in this clever woman the simple little piece of prettiness who is the heroine of De Vigny's 'Cinq-Mars,' and whose portrait, as 'the wife of two brothers,' is still to be seen in more than one collection in Polske."

FOREIGN SCENES DRAWN BY ENGLISH HANDS.

"AUTHORS who build up stories out of the Romance of History are like landscape and indeed portrait-painters also, they only copy nature as far as it pleases them; they throw in 'high art' and 'effects,' for the sake of reputation and profit. Now," said the Briton Smith, "I too have been in Arcadia,"—and here, to the profound horror of the club, who thought he was about to read his own verses, he took out a manuscript volume, which proved, however, to be only a diary. "Here," added Smith, "are an Englishman's sketches of foreign scenes. Will you look at or listen to them?"

"Turn over the leaves, and give us of the briefest, if not of the best," cried various members of the club, as they lit their cigars, and with their mind's eye contemplated the scenes and incidents unfolded in Smith's Diary.

Iglau.

I was quietly one morning, and, for the fiftieth time, enjoying the wonders of the Imperial Zeughaus at Vienna; I had glanced at the suit of armour of that little hero, the second Louis of Hungary, he who came into this breathing world some months before he was welcome, and who supported his character for precocity by marrying at twelve, and becoming legitimate owner of all the honours of paternity just as he entered his teens; who, moreover, maintained his consistency by turning a grey old man at sixteen; and,

finally, terminated his ephemeral course on the field of battle before he became of age. I had turned from this immature hero to the riper warrior who fell at Lützen, and, as I looked with increasing interest at the buff elk-skin coat of the great Gustavus, and marked, with a sigh, the inlet and the issue of the assassin pistol-shot which dismissed a soul to the hall of heroes, and gave an impetus to theological controversy, I heard the voices of two pretty German friends inviting me to approach and contemplate a splendid panoply of steel which had never hitherto excited my particular admiration.

"Did you ever see such a shoe?" said Lottchen.

"Or ever hear of such a woman?" asked Alvina.

"It is a very remarkable shoe indeed," said I; "and I have no doubt that the fair but stalwart wearer of it, who did not disdain to stand upon a very considerable portion of ground, was a no less remarkable woman."

"She invented all the riddles that we asked you yesterday at Durrenstein," said the lively Lottchen.

"And had more lovers than there are days in the year," sighed the pensive Alvina.

"Sundays and all included!" exclaimed the younger sister.

"And she loved fighting, building, hunting, coursing, thieving, law-making, wool-work, the violin, and drinking," cried the biographical elder.

"And her name," said I, "was Libussa: we know her by those signs. And that very long dagger-like point to her shoe was placed there for a very lady-like purpose. This Amazon general of an army of virgins possessed the hearts and slew the bodies of more than four hundred lovers. The opposition lady who lived in the Tour de Nesle and despatched a fresh lover and her breakfast at every returning dawn, was incarnate innocence compared with this romantic and powerful butcheress."

"*Ach, du lieber Gott!*" cried my young friends simultaneously.

"When a knight-errant," continued I, "became captive to the bright eyes and the general charms of this magnificent she-wolf, his errantry was consummated, and his knighthood crumbling into the grave. The usual course of events was for the lady to invite the chevalier to her castle or bower, for she lived before the period of nerves, morals, or your German Mrs. Chapone; and he was welcomed by groups of beauties all attired in 'very thin clothing, and but little of it,' such as received Sir Arthur in the *Bridal of Triermain;* and he bathed luxuriously in rose-water; and he fared sumptuously at the banquet; and he drank deeply, after the fashion of his age; and he saluted Libussa repeatedly; and he swore to love her everlastingly; and, in short, like a knight, he behaved very improperly, slept after a heavy supper very uneasily, awoke swearing consumedly, drank Seltzer water immeasurably, took his breakfast hurriedly, walked out immediately, and then disappeared unaccountably and invariably."

"And," said Lottchen, "it was discovered subsequently?"

"Even as you know," I resumed. "The lady was wont to conduct the knight to the edge of a precipice that hung over a yawning abyss. While standing there together, she would point out to him the diversified beauties of the view lying, like a lapse of loveliness, at their feet; the steamer running up to Prague,—or that would have been running had steamers then been invented; but this couldn't be, because it was otherwise. But she would engage him in conversation on all the most approved topics of the day,—infant-schools, the new opera, *Le Journal des Modes*, and young Napoleon; and then, while the unsuspecting youth was thrown off his guard, the cruel inconstant would hurl him into the abyss below by a single kick in the side from that dagger-pointed shoe; leaving him an example, young ladies,

and me a moral for my tale, illustrating the evil consequences that are likely to fall on young gentlemen who stay out at nights!"

Now, if I have stepped back from this little frontier town to talk of the masculine Queen Libussa, it was done in order that you might not be entirely unacquainted with the sovereign lady who once held undisputed sway over the country into which I have just stepped with a light knapsack, a cherry-stick pipe, some half-dozen score of thalers, and an ambitious desire of doing the pedestrian.

I was about writing the name of the village in which I pen this; but, after many fruitless attempts, I abandon an undertaking so rash. Every one here, that is to say, the three persons who can write, spells it after a fashion of his own. It is a name in which the vowels and consonants are at issue; and the nearest approximation you will make towards pronouncing it is by sneezing five times, and then adding *iski!*

I am here located for a few days in the comfortable quarters of a worthy priest whom I met at Iglau; and who, seeing a foreigner looking on at the rapid way in which corn and hemp were being sold in the spacious market-place of that town, entered into conversation with him, and, finally, invited him to his cottage in this utterly unpronounceable place. He is a healthy, happy old man, of "cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows;" a man who, while he is bold enough to relish Zadig, is also persevering enough to have read the 568 sermons of Balthasar Kerner. He showed me two folio volumes by that indefatigable writer, which actually contained 364 sermons on the brief scriptural history of Tobias. I also counted thirty-four on the short Epistle of Jude, and sixty on that of St. James. Another volume contained thirty-two on

Ruth; and a rather gaily-bound tome enclosed a hundred and five *Marriage Pearls*, as they were called, being as many sermons preached at the marriage ceremony, when it is customary for the bride to furnish the preacher with a special text for the occasion.

How unlike the Yorkshire clergyman, of whom poor Morritt once told us, who, having composed the mystic triple three, or nine sermons, preached his small sample over and over about twelve times in the course of the year!

"I hope," said my good host, as we were together looking over the ponderous sermonist, "that old Kerner will not be exposed in the next world to the fate which, according to tradition, all mortal authors must undergo."

"What is that?" I inquired.

"Why, they say," he replied, "that there exists a special purgatory for authors, where all their works go with them; and they no sooner enter than all the types are changed into gnats, which prey upon them with a violence in proportion to the *ennui* which their victim inflicted on his patient public."

"Well," I observed, "that is a retribution of mere feather-weight compared with that which is to visit inactive clergymen."

"Ah, ah!" exclaimed my friend with an inquiring smile, "pray what may that be?"

"The unrighteous ministers of all denominations will be condemned in the next world to pass their time in reading all the bad sermons which have been written in this!"

And my host very naturally turned pale, as he remarked, that such a penalty was beyond anything human to bear.

"But," said he, "it is only that witty infidel Heyne who says so."

"Nay," said I, "Heyne expressly declares that Satan told him so."

"Oh!" cried the priest, somewhat irreverently, as I

thought, "Satan is by far too well-bred a person to entertain so unreasonable an idea!"

Teutsch Brod.

Bohemia is like an old soldier, but not the comfortable, healthy, and soberly joyous veteran that may pass for the allegory of other places. Bohemia, after centuries of warfare, and still abounding as she does in agates, topazes, and emeralds, more nearly resembles the man-at-arms who has stoutly slain his foes, but who is himself lying on the field of battle, decked in all his bravery, and dying of the wounds which he has received in the fray. In so poor a condition is Bohemia, and so little is done for her in her need. The emperor, indeed, occasionally rides to Prague, and then forthwith rides back again to Vienna; but Bohemia derives no advantage from this brief imperial curative process; the exhausted warrior does not recover at the mere sight of the doctor.

This country possesses, however, one thing in uncommon abundance—a respect for titles. This is carried to an extent beyond anything I ever witnessed in any other country. I asked a man yesterday, whom I met on the road, how far I was from Stecken, and his reply was, "Saving your title! about two miles;" meaning thereby, "As I have not the honour to be acquainted with your rank, excuse me if I do not call you *Allerdurchlauchtigst und Unüberwindlichst*—exceedingly serene and very invincible!—or you *may* be *Grossmächtigst und Gnädig*—uncommonly powerful and tolerably gracious; but, as there is nothing of that quality apparent about you, excuse me if I do not expressly name it; nevertheless, you are about two miles from Stecken."

In the same spirit inns announce "Good accommodation for [P. T.] travellers;" the letters in brackets doing duty for *præter titulos!* and implying, "Pardon me, all you who are high-noble born, immeasurably worthy, widely commanding, much beloved, very favourable, greatly to be honoured,

high and worthily esteemed, or simply, gracious sir,* pardon me if I do not distinguish such travellers by their titles; but you are all, notwithstanding, welcome to the Dun Cow and Muckslush Heath!" Lord Burleigh's celebrated dramatic nod bore not half so much meaning in it as do the letters P. T. on the signboard of a Bohemian inn.

Such is the feeling here for titles, things which resemble village ghosts; every one knows there is nothing in them, and yet bumpkins and children stand open-mouthed in their presence.

In support of my statement that life in Teutsch Brod is of much the same quality and hue as in other provincial towns, I send you a specimen of the local scandal of our *petite ville.*

Gottlieb Sacks is a miller, well to do in the world, with his mill, his mansion, and his hopes, all fixed on the Sazawa river. In his mill are three honest men and an abundance of grist; in his mansion a pretty young wife, who brought him a fortune with some additional gentility; and in his hopes there was nothing that a thriving miller might be ashamed of. His mill went round merrily, his house was the abode of cheerfulness, and his hopes were all gradually realizing themselves, when the arrival of a philandering young abbé, remarkable for his love of lobster-salad and clean linen, brought a change over the spirit of the dream of Gottlieb Sacks. The miller was a rough, honest, rich fellow, ignorant of the entire universe outside his own parish. The abbé had been to Paris, could speak French, and condescended to talk to Frau Sacks of Biarritz and the Empress Eugénie. Now Frau Sacks, having a soul, like the negro's, considerably above buttons, soon began to experience more pleasure in listening to the abbé's stories of the

* Hochedelgeboren, hochwürdigst, höchstgebietend, vielgeliebt, hochgeneigt, insonders geehrt, hoch-und-werthgeschätzt, gnädiger Herr, etc.

Tuileries, Versailles, and Montalembert, than to the uninteresting details that were occasionally imparted to her by her husband, touching markets, merchandise, and military masses at Prague. The visits of the abbé to the lady, in the absence of her lord, became more numerous and of longer duration; and though a few of the good-natured *Fräuleins* of the vicinity maintained, on the strength of their innocent ignorance, that these visits were entirely spiritual, and for the soul's good of Frau Sacks, the older ladies of the neighbourhood declared that they boded no good to any of the parties, and that they were especially threatening to the peace of mind and worldly welfare of the honest miller. As for the men, they were as much divided in opinion as were their wives and *Geliebten;* the bachelors looked upon the abbé as a bold, impudent young fellow, whose gown covered a multitude of things of which the church takes no cognisance, or only notices to condemn; the married men, on the other hand, laughed at the treason, but hated the traitor; and as the poet's "damned good-natured friends" abound on the Sazawa, even as they do on more homely streams, so honest Gottlieb soon found himself bewildered by hints, innuendoes, fierce allusions, counsels to keep his heart up, and a load of gratuitous advice to keep his choler down; and then such meaning smiles met him at house-doors, and he encountered such expressive looks at street corners, and such low whispers of grave import reached him from cottage windows, that the jolly miller suddenly and unexpectedly found himself labouring under a disorder, two of the symptoms of which were a strong mistrust of connubial fidelity and an overpowering suspicion of the virtue and respectability of the Catholic Church.

At all the suburban parties of Teutsch Brod, *extra muros*, the abbé was the lion invited; the miller, simply the miller, tolerated; Frau Sacks, the cynosure of the small circle, amiable because she was rich, and sought after because of

her own self-declared superiority to every earthly thing and sublunary mortal that found themselves in her neighbourhood. In truth, poor Sacks was a man to be pitied.

> "Semper habet lites, alternaque jurgia, lectus
> In quo nupta jacet."

He had married a fortune, which is certainly no subject for commiseration; he had done his best to increase it, in which there is still less cause for pity; his wife, moreover, was descended, or would have you believe so, from Charlemagne, and this might have been a source of some pride, but it was so everlastingly rung in Gottlieb's ears that he at last knew her pedigree better than his *paternoster*, and profoundly anathematized the great German Kaiser, as well as every branch of his imperial genealogy. But it was in *this* respect that Sacks was the son of tribulation, and worthy of the sympathy of his contemporaries, as well as of all posterity; his lady was in one thing a perfect domestic fiend, who, having discovered the most sensitive part of Sacks's mental person, never missed the opportunity of scratching it with a rusty nail whenever she deemed herself provoked, and this was in wounding his pride and self-esteem by telling him, with an insufferable air of conviction, that her money had made a gentleman of him, and that there was not a spoke in the wheels of any one of his waggons that did not come out of her pocket. When this draught of wormwood was offered him he swallowed it, it is true, but not without a volley of those expletive remonstrances which are only born in the excited bubbles that run riot in the veins of Germans and Irishmen. It was after one of these occurrences which light up homes with a fiendish glare, and where a suspicion of brimstone takes place of the perfume of domestic felicity, that Gottlieb and his chain-companion attended a *soirée*, marked, as all those intellect-slaying things are, by cold tea, small talk, bad music, worse singing, lying compliments, and an impatience to go home again.

And there, too, was the abbé, all smiles and smooth chin,—his attentions becoming divided between administering them in small doses to the married ladies generally; and in very full measure, according to old physical practice, to Frau Sacks in particular.

The miller wished himself a very damp body, three days old, at the bottom of his own mill-dam.

And then he reflected, that, as everything was wisely ordained, it was, doubtless, better that he was not lying on his back in the mill-dam; and that Heaven had probably preserved him from such a locality, in order that he might live to horsewhip the abbé.

Now Sacks scorned to take an undue advantage of any man; and, becoming religiously convinced that Providence had destined him to be the instrument of castigation to the priest, he took the opportunity of whispering the same into his ear, as the latter was engaged in whispering something more tender, and less terrible, into the ear of the lady of the mill.

The abbé turned upon the miller a glance like that which the archangel Michael vouchsafes towards his former friend Lucifer, in Guido's picture of the rebellious angels,—a look which seems to say, "I'm sorry for you; but you *would* have it! It is with extreme regret that I lend you this irresistible and undeniable kick; but why did you disturb me? You have come across my path, and, upon my honour, it is my intention to thoroughly beat you, in consequence."

Sacks felt that quite as much as this was legible in the cool, contemptuous, and decided look of the tonsured Lovelace; but he sought to arm himself by thinking of every wronged miller in history, and how their biographers declare that they avenged themselves. His course of reading, however, not supplying him with examples, he went home with his wife, and a fixed determination to fashion a precedent for himself.

Sacks's ideas of precedents do not appear to have had much affinity with those which you may purchase at Mr. Butterworth's Law Library: they turned rather towards shaping a crabstick, not according to the line of beauty, which is said to be a graceful curve, and which certainly does not apply to backs, but in a menacing, rigid, straight line, such as Nature abhors; not merely the lady so called, but that peccant, personal nature of the man who sees a weapon, and is conscious that he merits chastisement.

Having done this Sacks put his precedent up the chimney of his best stove, to season it.

And then the gods who cause extremes to meet, and who had been for some time watching the course of events, of which Sacks was the centre, speedily effected a proximation, and finally a conjunction, between the offended virtue of the miller and the impudent boldness of the abbé; while Frau Sacks looked on at the collision with the feeling of a railroad constable who sees two trains run into each other, knows that it has happened through his own neglect, and is uncomfortably certain that the consequences will fall upon his own head.

In spite of the miller's innuendo, the young abbé still resorted to the *zweytes Frühstück*, the luncheon, the lobster-salad, and the Hungarian wine of Sacks's wife; but, whatever gloss he affected to give to these morning calls, and however quietly and furtively they were resorted to in the absence of Sacks himself, the future cardinal could as little conceal from himself as from the vigilant public of the vicinity that he was most uncomfortably in love, and did not know how to extricate himself.

But Fate and the miller lent each a hand to help him out of his difficulties.

One pleasant morning, when Sacks and the sun were both out,—the former supposed to be halfway on his road to Prague, and the latter felt to be looking out from his home

just over their heads, the priest and the lady were seen crossing an "English garden," as they call such places here, but in reality an enclosure, which, for want of a better comparison, I may say very closely resembled Sion Park. The abbé was in advance of the lady, far enough off to induce unobservant persons to imagine that he was on horseback with regard to principles, yet near enough to converse with the *post equitem* fair one,—a curious arrangement of character, but you must remember that one of the *dramatis personæ* was a son of the church, and that such a person ought to recoil from all dangerous bits of muslin, as I did ten days since from the bed to which I was shown by an obsequious waiter of a village inn, who informed me that it was perfectly clean, as no one had slept in it but his own grandmother, an old crone of ninety-two, whom I had noticed sitting in the sun at the door, struggling with dirt, disease, lengthened days, and threatening death.

While the half-happy, half-frightened pair were thus crossing the park, another couple, Sacks and his crabstick, were reclining against a tree with evident symptoms of agitation about both of them. The only steady portion of the proper person of the miller was his eyes, and these were fixed with a basilisk gleam upon his "Poll and his partner Joe." He was no sooner seen than the priest telegraphed the lady to go back; and as this signal denoted a foregone conclusion, was *miching mallecho*, as Hamlet says, and meant mischief, Sacks at one bound was at the side of the abbé, his crabstick on the side of the abbé's head, and the abbé himself on *his* side upon the ground. The lady shrieked, called her husband a brute, and then tenderly adjured him, by her virtue, to desist, and for her baby's sake not to agitate her; but the miller made a reply which, if interpreted, would signify that she had not any, used with a reference less to babies than to virtue. In the meantime the abbé, who was no Sir Geoffrey Hudson, having resumed the per-

pendicular, gave his antagonist a taste of the horizontal; but Sacks was up again like a cork, and away they went at it like French Falconers. The "femme malheureuse, innocente et persécutée" rushed between; but mortal women do not come off from such interferences more successfully than goddesses; and as Venus herself was wounded by that Ætolian gentleman whose wife Ægiale was a mythological Frau Sacks, so the latter retired from the struggle despoiled of a portion of her woman's finery and three false curls. The abbé picked up the latter, kissed them, and fled; the miller, well contented with his victory, turned down to his mill; and the lady hired a *chaise de poste*, and started in high indignation and damp straw to Trautenau. She had not, however, proceeded a league when a strong inclination possessed her to indulge in hysterics; but, reflecting that there was no one by to witness her performance, she ordered the chaise back, with the intention of getting up a strictly private family exhibition at home. On her arrival there, she found the children in bed, and her husband not returned; and then came another reflection, that the place looked so comfortable, and the babies so rosy, that it would be a pity to leave them; whereupon she put her feet in warm water, drank a comfortable *lait de poule*, and went to bed, with the fixed determination of acknowledging to her *lieber Mann*, that she had been more foolish than criminal, and was heartily sorry for it. And this determination appears to have been followed by salutary effects; and it was quite exemplary to see the bearing of the reconciled couple next morning at mass, which was celebrated neither by the abbé nor in his presence. *He* has been formally denied access to the church; and a pious *Herzoginn* of the vicinity has declared that she will withdraw her patronage from divine service should he ever appear there again. His ecclesiastical principal is kind-hearted enough to be desirous of copying the forgiving propensities of the miller; but, not-

withstanding this, the young abbé will be ruined; for his superior is of that order, that he dare not run counter to the commands of a duchess: he is a grave, excellent man, and fond of the church, but so under the slipper of the Herzoginn, that, were she to require it, he would stand on his head on the steeple, throw a summerset three times, and grin through a horse-collar.

Hlinski.

I have come thus far out of my way to hear a mass, a distance something short of that performed by the Iberian who went on foot from Spain to Padua, only for the purpose of looking upon old Titus Livius. The companion of my journey was a stout young descendant of that mysterious tribe which a few centuries back inundated Europe,—coming men knew not where, and going themselves knew not whither; a tribe which, like our old familiar friend the crow, is the visitor, the wayfarer, or the dweller in all lands, and yet is unlike honest John Corvus in never having trodden down a blade of grass throughout the whole length and breadth of that happy Hibernia which "rose from out the azure main," with an innate antipathy to frogs, toads, serpents, gipsies, modesty, and Saxons.

A stalwart, honest, good-humoured labourer was my young gipsy. If he loved anything supereminently, it was schnapps; next to that, he had an affection for a pretty girl called Zulnicq, who came from Hungary, and who, having never lived in a house, was fearful of uniting her fate with my friend Czatoschek, who possessed a hut with a roof to it, lest the confinement, and the new habits of life attendant on it, should cause her death.

Czatoschek amused me greatly with his description of Zulnicq; but he interested me still more by his tales and reminiscences of old gipsy life. The number of his brethren in Bohemia is now but small; in his grandfather's time they formed a very large and menacing body. [*Plena omnia*

gypso!] One of their very strange methods of taking possession of a district was to appear in it totally naked, and thus drive the more delicate inhabitants from the neighbourhood; they would thus brave the terrors of a Bohemian winter, as hardy as the monks in Russia mentioned by the great Lord Bacon, who, for penance, would sit a whole night of mid-winter in a vessel full of water, till they were more inextricably frozen in it than was the brewer of Brentford's steamer in Boothia Felix.

"Strangers who saw them at early dawn," said Czatoschek, "rising thus naked from their couch on the bare ground, thought that the Resurrection had commenced; so gaunt, grisly, and ghastly was the appearance they made. But they soon convinced," added he, "those who tarried to watch them, that their business was more at present to commit violence than to be judged for it; and the curious often paid dearly enough for what they saw or strove to see."

"And I conclude," said I, "that such a life was death to them."

"Death!" exclaimed the gipsy; "they would *never* have died, had not the accursed law slain them."

He thrust his hand deep into the bosom of an undervest, and, taking thence a soiled piece of leather, which enclosed a time-coloured and time-worn square of paper, he placed the latter in my hands.

"There," said he, "is the instrument which cleared Bohemia and Saxony of my ancestors, the sons of the spirit. My own great-grandfather tore it from the church-door, when he was liable to be shot like a wolf for simply appearing there; as it was, they only chopped his hands off, and burnt him alive, for having touched their temple with his polluted fingers. May misery cling, to the last generation, round the souls and bodies of the descendants of all who were concerned in conceiving or executing the wrong that was done to my fathers!"

I took the paper from the hand of my not too Christian-like companion, and I thought he might have put an additional qualifying adjective before his grandfather, as I read the words and date, "Most gracious decree, A. D. 1722." This decree, so styled, went on to inform the Saxons, that a band of gipsies, amounting to 1500 men, had lately withdrawn from Hesse, and taken refuge in the Thuringian forest.

"These," said the exceedingly gracious decree, "with all their possessions and valuables, are not only given up as prizes, prey, and plunder, to all Christian men, but all good Saxon subjects are strictly enjoined to shoot them down wherever they may be found, or in any otherwise slay them; and for this no man shall call any of our loving subjects in question. On the contrary, wherever and whenever these robbers appear, we command all good men and true immediately to strike the church and alarum bells, that the militia and Jägerey may assemble, and unite with all faithful citizens, in hunting down, and doing these heathen bandits to death."

"And this was done, too," cried Czatoschek, as I finished reading; and he looked at me as if he would fain ask what I thought of it.

"A most savage and inhuman decree!" said I. "Your ancestors might have been reclaimed by gentler means. However, the severe remedy has been productive of its good results; for, if you be less in numbers, you have the increased enjoyments of civilization."

"Ah!" exclaimed the gipsy, with a grim smile, "that's true! we have gained by civilization,—famine, taxes, contempt, and the conscription. Before we were civilized, we had plenty, for we took it. We owed no man tribute, for we levied it. We incurred no contempt, for we inspired fear. And *they* needed no conscription who were willing soldiers against all who looked defiance at them, and the foes of all men whose fathers had despoiled us, by leaving

their sons more wealth than was healthy for themselves, or right in the eye of gipsy law."

"Well," thought I, as we came in view of this little town, "there are two classes with whom there is no arguing; the half-educated, who are too conceited to be convinced, and the half-savage, whose truths are more than half-drunken, and cannot be wholly gainsaid."

Hlinski.

Czatoschek and I took our way leisurely to this place, where we arrived just in time to be present at the mass, the *assisting* at which was the purpose of my journey. I say we, but the truth is that the gipsy was engaged in an occupation that would have shocked Father Mathew, and the entire convent at Hammersmith, while I was attending a celebration in honour of St. Apollonia and her teeth. At the great church, I found an unusually full attendance, made in honour of a saint who, properly invoked, can shame the powers of Gregorian paste in her well-attested cures of the toothache, and before whom whole hogsheads of soothing elixirs become powerless compared with what this canonized lady can do in relieving pains which have taken up a position in that hollow membranous portion of the human frame divine, which is placed mostly in the left hypochrondrium, immediately under the diaphragm, and in an oblique position between the liver and the spleen. I hardly thought it astonishing that a defunct lady, who engages to effect so much as the fair Apollonia does, for the small outlay of a few paternosters and a little faith, should be honoured by such a train of supplicating followers. They who had had the toothache during the preceding year, and had recovered therefrom, went to bless the lady for their recovery. They who had never grinned beneath that pleasant infliction went to thank the saint for their happy exemption. While the actual sufferers, with venomed anguish, cheek swollen, and

gum throbbing, groaned forth their impatient prayers for delivery, and perspired with pain, out of the two millions, three thousand, and four hundred pores which perforate the becullendered surface of us and our fellow-men.

It was a thing to smile at, to hear the service begin with the "Domine Misereatur," and some two thousand victims, naturally cry, as they gnashed their incisors, "O Lord, have mercy!" That none might forget the object of their prayers, a figure of St. Apollonia was exhibited in the body of the church. This representative of the lady of Alexandria was a wax doll of some four feet in height, painted and dressed as nothing of humanity ever was painted and dressed,—except, perhaps, the aristocracy of those demoiselles in Paris, whose names are inscribed at the *dépôt* of the prefecture, and who look like figures from the 'Journal des Modes' run mad with exaggeration. The face was painted up to the eyes of a brickdust vermilion, and the eyes had a leer in them very unbecoming a saint. The dress consisted of a bright yellow poplin skirt,—the gift, perhaps, of some Irish sufferer, who had tried creosote in vain. From the hem of the skirt to the height of the knees ran a border of gigantic sky-blue, light green, and scarlet flowers; the body was of bright cherry-coloured satin, covered with dust, and coming down in front to a point, like the boddice of our old friend Mrs. Quickly, of the Boar's Head, Eastcheap; and there was sham lace enough at the top of it to fill half-a-dozen pairs of wide-spreading buskins of even Lauzun himself, when he was at the very high top-gallant of his foppery. A coquettish cap surmounted the head. In one hand she bore what may have been a sword, or a leek, it imitated nature so abominably; the other held an awful forceps, grasping a still more awful tooth. With this graphic curiosity addressed to the eyes, and with a distinctly delivered biographical sermon addressed to the ear, and which served as a running commentary on the counterfeit representation, I contrived

to learn that the original of the figure before us was a native of Alexandria, and that she was by no means to be confounded with the Apollonia of Rome, who was gifted with no power in cases of dental anguish, and with whose establishment the dark Egyptian wished it to be expressly understood there was no connection whatever. Neither was she to be mistaken for the modest young saint of Cologne, one of the ten thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine who perished with St. Ursula, rather than connect themselves with their Hunnish admirers by a species of marriage which had as little of holiness about it as a modern union vamped up in a Whig registry office.

In the year 252, according to the best authorities, said our rotund little preacher, were the heathens of Alexandria incited, by a devil's messenger of a sorcerer, to rise and exterminate the large number of Christians, who then openly professed their faith in that celebrated city. Among the number of the latter was our Apollonia, whose pious father had been previously hacked in pieces, and *afterwards* supererogatorily, as it seemed to me, stoned to death, her mother having experienced an equally comfortable end at the hands of her fanatic persecutors. By these parents, who were of noble condition, the young candidate for canonization was educated in that faith which, in those days, generally brought death with it to its professors. When her hour of trial had arrived, her residence was attacked by a furious mob, who burnt the house, plundered the property, and carried the mistress into painful captivity. Here, as she cursed their gods, and refused to acknowledge any but Christ the Lord, they attacked her with stones, struck her with clenched fists, and used her otherwise so *unmenschlich*, as the preacher declared her biographers to assert, that her lips swelled monstrously, the blood flowed from her mouth and nostrils, her eyes were beaten black and blue, and her teeth were loosened in their sockets. After a pause to refresh their zeal, these

amiable upholders of their own faith renewed their arguments to prove the soundness of their opinions, by tearing open her lips and cheeks; her teeth were knocked out of their gums, some, as we were gravely told, being driven down her throat, and some falling out on the ground; and, at this moment, with her mouth and lips in such an undeniable condition for singing, she struck up "mit frohlochender Stimm," a cheerful hymn of defiance to her enemies, and glory to God.

As she still continued recusant and obstinate, a stake was erected, and a fire kindled; but Apollonia, anticipating the intentions of her merciless tormentors, and recommending to God all who should thenceforward call upon her name, leaped into the flames, and died, like the phœnix, to rise still more gloriously out of her ashes.

If only half this story were true, such a victim would deserve, at least, the respect of posterity; but the Romish Church founds its honour of the saint rather in what followed her death than on what they say preceded it. According to Valentinus Leucthius, her friends found her body, perfectly uninjured, among the remains of the fire;—and, if they did, they were well justified in their admiration thereupon, though they treated it themselves with less regard than had been shown by the discriminating flames, for they cut off the head and despatched it to Rome, while her teeth were distributed among a score of religious houses and churches in various parts of Europe, among which the holy Roman empire was presented with two, an incisor and a grinder; the foretooth I had the felicity of seeing at Bonn; the *dens molar* makes Hlinski for ever, and still after, glorious. This once useful and ornamental occupier of a portion of the alveolar process of the young Alexandrian was, on the termination of the sermon, solemnly exhibited to the faithful and the suffering, who had assembled to do honour to the festival of the saint. In front of the figure stood a young

priest with the sacred relic, properly protected, in his hand; and the whole of the congregation, reverently passing between the doll and the deacon, kissed the glass *chasse* in which the tooth lay, the priest raising it to the lips of the worshipers with his left hand, and, after each kiss of hope, gratitude, or deprecation, gently wiping the surface with a napkin which he held in his right. And so the assembly separated, in full confidence that a lady, who could not preserve her own teeth, is perfectly capable of preserving those of other people. Bollandus even says that she is an infallible stomachic corroborative; and if all the cures he cites be well attested, all that I have finally to remark is, that galangals and pimpinella are nothing to her. A good word from her is more effective than canella alba, or cardamoms. If she be but propitious, carduus benedictus and the four carminative seeds are leather and prunella in comparison; and if *she* smile, you need purchase neither daucus creticus nor sweet nitre, nor will you be called upon to borrow from a neighbour any of the soothing compounds, whether essences, tinctures, sal volatile sylvii, or the real stomachic elixir. Another of her profound biographers declares that she may be very safely invoked in cases of headache, as well as in other afflictions, which I do not choose to mention; and that she can cure *them* as easily as she can the pains of a raging tooth,—and, truly, I believe she may!

Prague.

My journey from Hlinski to Prague was, after all, not performed in pedestrian fashion. Being afraid of growing over-luxurious, I engaged a place in a public vehicle, which I suppose is patronized by the Roman Catholic government of Bohemia, that its subjects may perform penance without losing time. There is not a country in the world so primitive in its travelling arrangements as Bohemia; roads, inns, vehicles, and horses, are all as they were two centuries ago;

nothing has flourished in old Böhmerland but the manufacture of glass and a hatred towards Austria. As long back as 1571, the authorities undertook to improve travelling, but the undertaking has never been carried into effect; and where a few advantages *have* crept in, it has been owing to the chapter of accidents and the spread of civilization. In the good by-gone days, public carriages ran (no, not ran, for of that enormity a German conveyance was never guilty), crawled rather, but at the periods of the great fairs of Frankfort and Leipzig. And then the departure was a scene indeed. Even now the starting of Teutonic trains of travellers has something exciting and mysterious about it; but, a century or two back, there was only the assembling and marching of a somewhat undisciplined army that could be compared to it. At the periods to which I refer, the respective governments of Germany paternally undertook to see their subjects safe to the great emporiums of commerce; they defended them from peril as long as they travelled on business, but they left them exposed to the dangers of the route whenever they were unwise enough to leave their stove-sides and roam over the land, for pleasure. Now, fancy a morning near fair time, of any year between 1571 and 1806, the Leipzig or Frankfort visitors all assembled at a given hour, and having paid their debts at the inn, and their dues to the landlord's voluminously petticoated womankind, congregated in front of the Palace of the Fürst, to whom they owed allegiance, or thanks for safe conduct. While standing about in knots, and groups, and all other ways into which crowds are apt and accustomed to divide, a very portly troop of over-fed horses and plethoric dragoons, who had been prescribed equestrianism for their health's sake, rode on to the Platz, and looked down with a very sufficient and reasonable degree of contempt on the honest people for whose escort they had been chosen, and in whose behalf they were bound to draw their swords, provided only that their horses would

stand steady, and their short arms could get far enough round their punchy bodies to enable them to extricate, by dint of good pulling, the dreaded weapons from their venerable sheaths. These military gentlemen having taken their places, and recovered their breath after five minutes' trotting from the stables, general attention and reverence were excited by the appearance of the fat, asthmatic waggon-coaches advancing with all their honourable last year's dust upon them, and, after perambulating the grand square, to the great admiration of the civilians, and the professional indifference of the pursy Paladins, settling down with great gravity and some difficulty, beneath the very windows of the father of his people. And then ensued a solemn moment! The bedroom-window of the good-natured prince was seen to open, and that august individual himself stood in the presence of his people, anxious sympathy in his heart, and a white cotton nightcap, tied round with a cherry-coloured ribbon, on his head. By his side stood the people's mamma, equally primitive, both in costume and feelings; while the olive-branches of the family were peering through the blinds of an upper window, all wonder and delight at the magnificence of the family to which they belonged, and the multitude of subjects over which that family exercised its paternal sway. A momentary silence ensued, after which the adventurous travellers took their seats, with due observance of precedency, and the prince having given them a paternal blessing, and bidden them a friendly adieu, the caravan set out with grave enthusiasm for its destination.

In the personal journey of which I am now to speak, we had much fun. A very joyous company we were, though some among us were invalids. We formed a train of five stout-built, heavily laden diligences; we exchanged civilities, grapes, books, puns, and newspapers, on the road; we were as good-natured neighbours when driving gently by each other; we became acquaintances when we all dismounted to

ascend some hill, more discernible to the eyes of our tasselled, feathered, and be-bugled postilions than to ourselves; acquaintances ripened into intimacies before we resumed our well-worn places; and when we all met at midday to dine, we were as old friends meeting after a long separation; and we had snatches of song in all tongues, and jokes in a thousand dialects, and mysterious communings with hostesses, and smiles from the *mädchens*, and good humour from the hosts, who invariably slapped *him* on the shoulder whose Teutonic power of speaking was small in itself, and execrable in manner, swearing that he spoke German like the very angels, who, as is well known in Deutschland, speak nothing else.

Of the half-dozen individuals who occupied the interior and *quorum pars* (intermediate) *fui*, two were English; one was from Hungary; the fourth was a Jew, who knew every stone of every city in Europe, and was cousin to all Duke's Place, with a touch of consanguinity not far removed from St. Bevis Marks; the fifth was a pretty, talkative girl of eighteen, journeying to Leipzig, with good will, equal qualifications, and a score of golden Fredericks, to undertake the office of governess in a family distinguished by the undoubted *von*, and untarnished by a suspicion of the genuineness of its nobility. The sixth person was a slender young man, attired, like Hamlet, in a suit of sables, cut in theatrical fashion. He was a most amusing companion, for he had not only been everywhere, but he recollected all about it; he had read everything, and remembered it; and seemed equally conversant with every subject, from the architecture of the heavens to the raising of artichokes. He was pretty severely tried too, particularly by the Hungarian, whom, on getting into the coach, I took for a runaway journeyman tailor, who had committed some horrid crime, and, in his eagerness to escape, had forgotten to condescend to the vulgarity of washing himself. I never had been more mistaken, for the

wretched, sickly-looking being was a professor in a German college, and had a mind as brilliant as the case in which it was enshrined was begrimed, unseemly, and worthless. He seemed to be familiar with all languages; to know every written history; to have imbibed, and to have been mentally nourished by, every philosophy; to have loved the poetry of all nations, as well as the citizens who dwelt in them. He quoted Horace with as much fluency, gusto, and rapturous delight, as James Hannay; he sang whole odes in ecstatic enthusiasm; he seemed, indeed, to have a passion for the old Roman tongue, for in the course of one day he sang not less than some hundred lays, principally touching the Falernian and the fair ones, and from sources of every degree of inspiration.

I shall never forget the scene which occurred at the door of an inn between Kuttemberg and Kolin. Just as our carriage halted, he was yet singing a modern Latin anacreontic, that has been for years the delight of all German students. A group of these very scholars were assembled in front of the inn, watching our arrival; they no sooner heard the well-known lay, than their voices were instantly raised in chorus. They rushed to the carriage, from the window of which the *chétif* Hungarian had thrust himself that he might salute as he sang. To tear open the door, carry him out, and seat him at their table, was but the work of a moment. The five diligences were tenantless in an instant; the company within the house thronged to take part in the scene without. A glass was now in every hand, corks were flying in every direction, wine was sparkling in every glass; the toast was given ("Es lebe Deutschland!—Deutschland soll leben, hoch!")—the wine was quaffed—the song was renewed—the host was paid, and within five minutes we were all again in our carriages, which departed under a salutation of choruses (fired from on all sides) of the song which had given rise to the joyous episode. We

were far on our way when we could still hear its echoes, and we raised our own voices in answer to them, shouting—

> "Gaudeamus igitur juvenes dum sumus!
> Post jucundam juventutem,
> Post molestam senectutem,
> Nos habebit, nos habebit, nos habebit tumulus!"

The excitement must have continued for a long time on the side of our young friends, for when we had got about a league on our way, we heard the song approaching, and shortly after some dozen of these madcaps galloped up on horses they had possibly seized for the very freak, and after shouting the *gaudeamus igitur* till their delight seemed perfectly uncontrollable, they darted ahead, once more returned, and finally left us with a *feu-de-joie* of salutations. "Vivat Pannonia!" was screamed at the very top of their glad voices, in honour of our Hungarian; "Vivat Britannia!" was awarded as loudly to my humble self; and we having duly acknowledged the compliment by making the expected reply, "Vivat mater Germania!" the troop rode away, after looking our Hamlet-attired companion steadily in the face, and shouting, "*It is he!—it is he! May the king of his art live for ever!*"

If our theatrical-looking friend had been the object of our speculations before, he of course was doubly so now; and our curiosity about him was certainly excited to a high pitch. But he evaded all the attempts we could, consistent with civility, make; till at length, in our despair, and tired of trying innuendo in vain, I charged him openly with being Madame Dudevant; but a very senseless, gross, and groundless accusation was comprised in such a charge,—for our fellow-traveller was modest, and neither smoked nor indulged in any of the refined coarseness by which we are apt to distinguish the *femme errante*, who loves to make virtue look like vice, and after composing pages of magnificent sentiment, counteracted by more stupendous vice, unblushingly

signs her venomous production with the name of George Sand.

My "Great Unknown" did not even negatively shake his head; but he quietly smiled, as you have often seen him smile: and he smiled still more, but enlightened us nothing, as we pronounced him in turn to be Abd-el-Kader, the President of the United States, Mr. Gladstone, going to the Ionian Islands, or the patriarch of Constantinople. But all was useless, and we were fain to be satisfied with the assurance, that before we reached Prague he would afford us some solid reason for guessing more narrowly at the identity of one who had evidently been the object of a wager among the gay sons of study who had lately ridden after us to convince themselves, by once more looking upon him. After this assurance, we again fell into our old course of alternately talking, reading, singing, asking riddles, and profoundly bowing, while we uttered the word *Prosit!* when any one of our little society indulged in the pleasant extravagance of a sneeze. It was then that, taking advantage of a lull in the conversation, the pseudo-Dane addressed himself to the young lady who was going to Leipzig; and, after speaking with her on different and indifferent subjects, he, by a natural course of converse, got upon the much-vexed questions of the various coins in Germany, and the loss incurred by taking them into states where they were not current. The dialogue terminated by the young lady exhibiting her stock of gold Fredericks, and asking him his opinion as to her probable gain or loss by taking them into Saxony. He looked gravely at them for a moment, as they lay in her lap, and then, taking up a dozen, as gravely pronounced them to be perfectly worthless; an oracular sentiment which was followed by his (even more gravely still, if that were possible) flinging them, one after the other, out of the window, into the road. If the lady was so thunderstruck that she could not scream, we, on our parts, were

so astounded, that we saw the dazzling pieces pass by our eyes on to the highway without an attempt to check him. Grave as he was, this atrocious act was performed with some rapidity; yet every piece was thrown out singly, and counted as it flew. Our surprise and our silence were great, but both had an end; and then the unfortunate lady screamed in such earnest, and we ourselves stormed so loudly, that the *coupé* was startled from its propriety. The whole train of coaches stopped, and the passengers poured out with inquiring sympathy and short pipes to know the cause of the turmoil. The scene was *impayable:* we were all so agitated by various impulses and emotions, that the truth was imparted to the inquirers only by jerks, as it were; and our agitation was not diminished by the fact, that when it was at its greatest, and we could scarcely find utterance, the felon himself quietly put in a sort of prompting word to help us on with our story. Babel was nothing to the uproar which ensued; some stormed, some threatened the rascal with the police, some offered the lady *eau de Cologne;* one presented her with a peach (the impudent criminal himself committed this aggravating piece of gallantry), and others were occupied groping on the dusty road for the lost coin. No money, however, was to be found; but in exchange there was a great deal of indignation; the gentlemen talked of summary vengeance; the Hungarian recommended something in every language, but was not intelligible in any; the poor lady sobbed aloud, and in a fit of grief, thoughtlessness, and thirst, took a bite at the peach, which she had hitherto held unconsciously in her hand. In an instant her mouth was full of Fredericks, and unimaginable expletives of joy; she nearly swallowed two in her surprise, though the latter was not so great but that, amid the roars of laughter which pealed and echoed around, she found time to count her store, and with a doubtful look, half fear, half fun, she pronounced four missing. All eyes were turned upon the

necromancer, who dramatically pointed to a pursy little gentleman who had been loudest in expressing his indignation, and bade us shake him. This we did with right good will, and down dropped the fugitive pieces from the legs of his lower dress. The laughter did not overturn the coaches, but it was quite loud enough to have shaken Olympus. The magician asked us what we deserved for having stopped a quiet traveller like him on his way; and we answered by unanimously condemning ourselves to a penalty of champagne at our dinner quarters; solemnly inflicting a double fine upon the stumpy gentleman upon whose person the Fredericks had been discovered.

And oh! the joyous dinner that followed this freak! the droll things that were said! the more wonderful ones that were done! the champagne-wisdom of our explanations to account for the ocular deception of having seen the money flying out of the window! and the sagacious folly of accounting for its presence in the unbroken peach, or in the pursy little gentleman's trousers! On one thing, however, we were agreed, with a unanimity that would have done honour to the *dramatis personæ* of the 'Critic,' and that was, that this feat we had witnessed could only have been performed by one being out of Germany, and by one man in it, —the former is the spirit who has more *aliases* than an Old Bailey initiate, the latter the then wonder-working Döbler.

Loudly we toasted the wonder-worker by the latter proper name; but he modestly shook his head, and only returned thanks, on our quaffing our pickle-dishes of champagne in honour of "the king of his art."

"It *was* Döbler," said the little man to me, as we met a day or two afterwards in Prague.

"Or Cagliostro," said I, "or Julius Agrippa, or Albertus Magnus—"

"Or the devil!" interrupted he.

"Most likely of all," said I; "and when we go to see

him to-night at the *Schauspielhaus*, we will clear up the doubt by the shape of his hoofs and the fashion of his tail."

When a traveller begins to fall short in the article of adventure, the next best thing that can possibly happen to him is to meet with those who have been more fortunate. This is somewhat my case since I have been in Prague; events have been scarce, but I have those around me who have experienced a more abundant share. Two brother-wanderers who have been botanizing in Dalmatia are my fellow-lodgers, and we dine daily at the table of our landlord, who is a sort of barber-surgeon by profession, and who was born with a double endowment from the hands of that fairy who is said to preside at the birth of every Bohemian. It is customary, on the recurrence of family events so interesting as the latter, for the said sprite to endow the young stranger at once with intelligence; and having done this, and made him capable of comprehending the alternative about to be submitted to him, she gravely shows him a violin in one hand, and a purse in the other. According to the choice made, so does the newly-born *Böhmer* become a thief or a musician; stays at home to filch purses, or in course of time goes over to the Philharmonic in London, and buries for a time all the Ernsts, Potts, Joachims, and Prospère Saintons in temporary oblivion. But our host showed himself at his birth a Bohemian of ambitious spirit; he seized both purse and fiddle; and Guxzaia (for so is he called) has been ever since a continually improving and most rascally genius. Full of contradictions is the fellow; he is tall, lean, close-cropped, and as ugly as the *ci-devant* city chamberlain; and yet, like that incarnation of horror, he is, *par excellence*, an admirer of the fair sex, and lays his devoirs at their feet with all the grace of a donkey. He is called a *magister* or *patron* of surgery; high-sounding terms which are given to the very lowest practitioners. *Low* as his

degree is, it puzzles any one but himself to know how he reached it; and I verily believe that even *he* is puzzled to know how he maintains it. It was but the other day he pronounced an old lady to have died of asthma; on opening the body, it proved to be something with a deceptive name, tending to apoplexy. "Apoplexy or asthma," said this self-possessed man of science to his medical colleague,—"apoplexy or asthma is precisely the same thing; laborious respiration, disturbance of circulation, danger of suffocation, will equally render the types of one or the other; and he who dies of pulmonic asthma may be said to be deceased of apoplexy also; antepileptics, antihysterics, and antispasmodics, are of as little use to the moribund dying of the one as arteriotomy, scarification of the occiput, and the actual cautery, are to an individual dying of the other,—*ergo*, the conclusion is evident, that apoplexy and asthma differ but in name." The medical colleague smiled; and as Guxzaia, with a look of infinite meaning, remarked that he (the colleague) would say nothing to the friends of the deceased of apoplexy, as *he* had first uttered the word asthma, my friend wished him a good morning. Guxzaia was nothing abashed; he coolly reiterated, "They are the same thing; but the prejudices of ignorant people are worse than both."

His knowledge of the fine arts is about equal to that he possesses of the sciences. He has, by some means or other, obtained a Berretini; according to his own style of reasoning, there is very little doubt about the matter, and it is as much a Berretini as apoplexy is asthma. It is a large picture, perfectly invisible to the delighted eye of the amateur, the subject of which might be called *anything* by *everybody*. But Guxzaia maintains it to be a Berretini, and by admirable logic; as, for example, all Berretinis are in a dilapidated condition: this is very dilapidated; consequently, *this* is an excellent Berretini. Now our patron barber-surgeon, under the impression that he can cover canvas

more advantageously, has, ever since he has been in possession of the so-named production of the great artist of Cortona, been smitten with an idea that he can excel him. He has certainly outdone himself, and several times too; for, having but one canvas to paint upon, he has no sooner covered one, given it a name, and exposed it for a month to the wide-mouthed approbation of the *cognoscenti*, than he paints it out, and commences another subject. The 'Rape of the Sabines' has given way to the 'Battle of Alexander;' and if the latter had not the ease of honest Peter, the former went far beyond him in freedom. The king of Sardinia has no such 'Annunciation of the Virgin' (fortunately) as Guxzaia summoned me and my fellow-wanderers to admire, nor would any one hesitate between the 'Flight into Egypt' of the latter, and that which the Principe della Torre was wont so amiably to exhibit to the ecstasy of his Neapolitan friends. You will recollect that the church of the Capuchins at Rome has Berretini's 'Restoration of Sight to Paul by Ananias:' you may take my word for it, that it is not the least like Guxzaia's!

Mediocrity of talent and marked plainness of person are too often accompanied by no inconsiderable share of conceit. In this characteristic Guxzaia is by no means deficient. His ruling idea is, that he is handsome; his conviction, that he cannot help it; and his inward feeling, that the ladies find it irresistible. A physiological treatise on the female heart would, I believe, puzzle all the philosophers who ever wrote. Certainly the mystery of that particular organ is as profound in Germany as anywhere else; and I am at a loss to account for the influence which my very ugly friend evidently exercised over his little circle of female acquaintances. Perhaps his very ugliness was considered by the fair portion of German creation as a preventive to scandal; and that where there was nothing handsome, there could be nothing suspicious. However this may be, he had not a female

who, according to his own report, was not most inconveniently attached to him. There is not a house nor a purse under female dominion of which he is not entirely free to use or abuse. His intrigues are as complicated as worsted-work, and twice as ingenious. We ourselves witnessed the termination of one, in which the gaunt Lothario had well-nigh wrecked his fortunes. He was at the same moment engaged in making serious love to two women,—one the widow of a cavalry *Obrist*, the other a lady who had never been married. His inclinations were with the latter; the more solid advantages were promised by a union with the former. The widow had more years, but she had more thalers also. Her rival was younger, but poorer besides. Guxzaia wavered between the two, till he had nearly lost both. His romance inclined for youth, his reality for substantial profit; and he opportunely pronounced for the widow just as the latter was about to fling herself into the arms of an oberburgmeister of a neighbouring town. The unmarried lady saved her honour by dismissing her mercenary suitor before he resigned, and she has philosophy enough to look upon the preparations for the approaching nuptials of her mature rival and her faithless satyr with exemplary equanimity. Guxzaia is grievously offended at this absence of feeling, and he has just adopted a very effectual method of making her remember the love-passages that have passed between them, by charging his wooing visits as medical calls!

As small applause followed Smith's reading, he directed the conversation back to the subject of Marie de Gonzague, and this led to a new series of pictures, in a group of Queens unqueened.

A GROUP OF QUEENS UNQUEENED.

"THERE was something like Romance, indeed, in the Reality of the life of Marie de Gonzague," remarked Smith,—"a private lady becoming queen almost in spite of herself! But the Reality and the Romance may be surpassed in pictures of the lives of some of our English queens, who have voluntarily descended to the condition of private ladies."

Saying this, he exhibited a fanciful group, said to have been sketched by Richardson, the favourite painter of George II. and Caroline, in which a number of ladies were seated at table, like Candide's group of monarchs retired from business, at the *table d'hôte* at Venice;—and every lady had a crown for a footstool. The exhibition gave rise to an animated conversation, the substance of which, "Queens unqueened" being the text, is given below.

"Les reines ont été vues pleurant comme de simples personnes," says Châteaubriand,—"Queens have been seen weeping like common women." Why not? Happy for them that they have one thing in common with women generally—the privilege of tears. It is a privilege which the sisterhood have often converted into a perilous weapon, and many a king, and many a commoner, have yielded to tears what smiles could never win.

We associate tears with misfortune; but as loss of greatness is not invariably a calamity, so has it often been accepted with no other resistance or reproof than a vain sigh. Such of our queens,—and let us include good Mrs. Cromwell

among them,—such of our queens as have lived to exchange the sceptre for the distaff have been dignifiedly resigned or cheerfully submissive. They appear to have accepted the sentiment in Marlowe's 'Jew of Malta,' and to have been perfectly aware that

> "Things past recovery
> Are hardly cured by exclamation."

Of the queens-consort of England, always including brave and buxom Mrs. Cromwell, wife of as sovereign a master as ever dated a decree from an English palace, not less than fourteen lived to see themselves unqueened. Of these, five voluntarily descended from the royal estate to re-marry in a degree below them. Two were divorced. Three died in exile. Two voluntarily cloistered themselves up, and one was imprisoned in spite of herself. Mrs. Cromwell was by no means treated like a lady by those at whose mercy she lay; while Caroline of Brunswick, like Sophia Dorothea, never shared the throne of her husband, and therefore neither princess is included in the roll of fourteen unqueened queens. They were simply crownless consorts, and they stand alone, enjoying a sorry distinction.

Our queens who passed from the sides of their deceased lords to wed with men less in degree than the defunct Cæsar, were Adelicia of Louvain, relict of Henry I.; Isabella of Angoulême, the widow of John; Isabella of Valois, who had been the little sister rather than wife of the luckless Richard II.; Katharine of Valois, who took as successor to her late lord, Henry V., honest Owen Tudor; and Katharine Parr, who, having grown sick of administering lotions and applying poultices to the legs of Henry VIII., was glad to seek repose, and disappointed not to find it, on the bosom of Sir Thomas Seymour, the great Lord Admiral. The above record may be amended by stating that the second husband of Adelicia of Louvain was Sir William de Albini, a gentleman who bore the rather impressive sur-

name of "Strong-i-th'-arm," or *Fortenbras;* Isabella of Angoulême remarried with a gentleman "spacious in the possession of dirt," a Sir Hugh de Lusignan; and her charming namesake of Valois, not stooping quite so low, became Duchess of Orléans, and was as miserable under a coronet as beneath a crown.

Let us glance, briefly, at these royal ladies who voluntarily made sacrifice of their dowager-royalty. It may be said of them that their first matches were matters of constraint, their second were more in consequence of their own tastes and of the force of honest wooing. They were not so fickle as Lucy Percy, Countess of Carlisle, who was faithless alike in love and loyalty, was with the crown to-day and the commonwealth to-morrow, and slumbered with equal satisfaction in the arms of royalist Strafford, or on the bosom of republican Pym.

As the condition of these ladies regards us only in its uncrowned capacity, we need to touch but lightly upon the earlier portions of their respective histories. ADELICIA, the Fair Maid of Brabant, was as proud as a princess had a right to be in whose veins ran the blood of Charlemagne. She was the second wife of Henry I., who became so addicted to swearing, after the death of his first consort Matilda, and the destruction of his children at sea, that, to relieve himself and those around him from the peculiar and little agreeable expression of his grief, he was counselled to marry "Alix la Belle," as she is called by some of her contemporaries. The king consented, the marriage was celebrated in the year 1120, and luckily, as political matters then stood, it brought no heirs to the inheritance of Henry. During the fifteen years of its continuance, Adelicia enjoyed moderate happiness, and was sufficiently proud of her husband to project a completion of his biography, as the work of her widowhood. But, like some other widows, meeting with more grateful solace, she forgot her old sorrows, and

gave up the biographical vocation with an alacrity that was quite remarkable.

Who knows pleasant Wilton knows a more than ordinarily pleasant place. There Adelicia wore her earliest weeds; but she was lady too of Arundel Castle, the possession of which alone, it is popularly said, carries with it an earl's coronet. Castle and *châtelaine* soon attracted the eyes of the strong-headed William de Albini, Lord of Buckenham, and the warmth of his wooing soon dried what tears may be supposed to have lingered on the lids of Adelicia. The lovers were speedily plighted, but not so speedily wed. Three years were allowed to intervene between the demise of the royal husband and the second marriage with the knight. Meanwhile, the latter visited Paris, and was so attractive a gentleman that he won the regards of another Adelicia, the queen-dowager of France. That lively lady was bold enough to woo the knight; but the cupbearer of England excused himself, on the ground that he was engaged to a mistress of equal rank, then awaiting him in her bower at Arundel. Three years after the death of the royal "Beauclerc," Adelicia and William the cupbearer were espoused, and two persons were made supremely happy. Adelicia became a country lady, and kept such a quiet house that there was little to vary the routine of the course, save the *nearly* annual arrival of the "monthly nurse." Seven times, during the eleven years which this second marriage lasted, did that eminent official render successful service, and gave first welcome into this bustling world to four sons and three daughters.

Adelicia never condescended to visit the court of Stephen; but that prompt-spirited and ill-appreciated monarch once paid a sudden and unwelcome visit to the castle of Adelicia. She was entertaining there her stepdaughter Matilda; and Stephen, very naturally concluding that there was peril to his throne when such a claimant as "Maud" was holding

intercourse with her father's second wife, demanded the surrender of her person. The demand had weight given to it by the presence of an armed force; but Adelicia, nothing daunted, protested that it was shameful thus for two ladies so related to be annoyed, and declared that the required surrender would never be made but under compulsion. Ultimately there was a compromise, and, the visit over, Matilda was escorted by Stephen's own guard to Bristol.

At the age of forty-eight, Adelicia took a step which astonished the unmarried ladies of England, who longed to have castles of their own, or rather under lords. She had a brother who was a monk in the monastery of Afflingium, in Flanders; and to the nunnery connected with his monastery Adelicia herself retired,—her husband cheerfully consenting. Had a shadow fallen upon the household of Arundel? Was the knight "gay," or the lady ill-tempered? Record does not enlighten us. We only know that, quiet as Adelicia was, she would occasionally mix herself up with the political questions of her time; and we suspect that William, her husband, compelled her to observe a silence thereupon, especially in his presence. Did she leave him because she could not speak her mind? Was he content to lose her rather than listen to it? Something of this may be the case, for the Lion of Louvain, adopted by William, has been a tongueless lion since the period in question, and remains so to this day on the shield of the Howards, lords of Arundel.

The second unqueened queen, ISABELLA OF ANGOULEME, was of the class of strong-minded women. John first beheld her in France, when she was betrothed to Hugh de Lusignan, and, as she happened to please that contemptible monarch, he forthwith carried her off, little loath. He was but a scurvy husband, despite his admiration; and ladies will feel nothing but scorn for him when they hear that the beautiful Isabella of Angoulême never asked for a moidore to

pay a milliner's bill, without being churlishly refused, or having to endure a "scene." John, indeed, was by no means gentle in any of his ways; but he was jealous, and exceedingly unpleasant in the demonstration of his jealousy. Thus, two gentlemen having paid some courteous attention to Isabella (nothing of any moment; perhaps offered her some hypocras, and conversed with her while she sipped it), the king had them both killed the same night; and when Isabella retired to her dormitory she was prepared for pleasant sleep by the sight of the two bodies hanging above her bed. When John himself passed violently away, Isabella only wept for fashion's sake. At that time her old lover Hugh was betrothed to her own little daughter. Isabella was still a fine woman, and a clever one. She posted to France, had an interview with her old adorer, talked to him of old times, convinced him that she was worth a dozen such dolls as her daughter, and forthwith married him, without the privity or consent of the King of England, her son. The latter, Henry III., a precocious boy, some fourteen years old, was delighted at the opportunity this step afforded him to deprive his mother of her dowry. He stripped her of every possession upon which he could lay his hands; and then urgently implored the Pope to do him the little favour of excommunicating his mother. The family quarrel was not adjusted without difficulty; but Isabella called Heaven to witness, as married widows are apt to do, that she was induced to accept a second husband, not for her own pleasure, but for the sake of her darling boy. The peace that was within her reach was destroyed by her own ambition. The Countess de la Marche, as she was called, was, like a dowager-duchess who marries a major, for ever descanting on her former greatness: and she was permanently mortified that pert princesses took precedence of *her* who had been a crowned queen. By quarrels with the King of France, her husband lost all his landed property, and Henry

III. suffered ingloriously by intermeddling in the fray. Finally, the saint-king Louis received them into his grace; whereupon the La Marches made an attempt upon his life by poison. The lady, perhaps, alone was implicated, but she put a bold face upon the matter; and, when a sort of trial was proceeding without her presence, she would impudently trot her palfrey up to the court door, and inquire how they were getting on. It was on one of these occasions that she caught sight of a witness whom she thought had been otherwise disposed of. Before he had given *his* evidence, she had pushed her pony safely beneath the portals of the sanctuary of Fontevraud, a refuge from which she never again issued, for she found a grave within its walls.

And now we come to the pretty little ISABELLA OF VALOIS, the daughter of Charles VI. of France. This princess was married to our Richard II., when the bride was scarcely nine years of age, and the bridegroom was about four times as much. Richard espoused her for the sake of the alliance with France; and he treated her paternally, petting her like a lamb, giving her sweetmeats, and telling her fairy tales. He was fond of the child, and *she* of the gentle and melancholy king. When he departed from Windsor, on the outbreak of the rebellion of Bolingbroke, he left a kiss upon her brow that was impressed with the profound sadness of a father, separating perhaps for ever from a beloved daughter. It was with the feverish partiality of a child that Isabella espoused his cause; and after death descended on him so terribly, and she was taken back to France, it was long before she could lay down the trappings of her woe, or allow her young heart to be consoled for the loss of her old protector. Questions of state, however, again made of her a wife. In 1436, when she was only in her fourteenth year, her hand was given to Charles, the Poet Duke of Orléans, then only eleven years of age. Three years subsequently, she gave birth to a daughter, and at the same time yielded up her own life,—that brief life, the happier for its brevity.

Of KATHARINE OF VALOIS, if Shakspeare has not enlightened us much upon her early calamities, he has been over-liberal in showing how she was, or was not, wooed by the conquering Henry V. The very honeymoon of this royal pair was obscured by the smoke and affected by the thunders of the battle-field. The married life of Henry and Katharine, its incidents, its glories, and its woes, need not here be recapitulated. Henry had conquered France: its crown was the dower of Katharine; and how strange the result! England was soon after stripped of her possessions in France; the son of Henry lost his life and the crown of England; and the throne was ultimately occupied by a descendant of the French princess Katharine through her marriage with Owen Tudor, a brewer of Beaumaris! Our English line had been unjust to, and triumphant over, France and Wales; but, in the person of Henry VII. the descendant of the Welsh Owen and the Gallic Katharine ascended the English throne, and the sovereignty of England was transferred in this case, indeed, "with a vengeance."

Owen Tudor was a brewer, according to tradition, but, being Welsh, he was in no want of a lineage. He was descended from the mountain-prince Theodore, whose corrupted appellation of *Tudor* has given a name to the reigns of five sovereigns. His father, the younger son of a younger son, carried a shield in the service of the Bishop of Bangor, —for even in those days bishops stood in need of some protection. The father of Owen fell into some trouble through the small matter of slaying a man, and being obliged, with his wife, to fly for it. Owen may be said to have been born in a very vagabond condition. However, he had Owen Glendower for a godfather, was, of course, brought up to live by the sword, and he thwacked so lustily with it at Agincourt, that Henry V. made him a "squire;" and, in course of time, Henry's queen first saw him mounting guard at Windsor, over the cradle of a child (Henry VI.), who was cursed that he did not die in it.

When the queen was first sensible of an interest in the handsome guardsman is not known; but she had not long been queen-dowager when Owen, who was famous for "making a leg," was summoned to dance before the court at Windsor. In doing so, with more zeal than caution, he slipped, and fell into the queen's lap; and Katharine excused the lapse of manliness with such graceful emphasis, that her ladies, as the favour increased, warned her against such degradation, and qualified poor Owen as an awkward savage, who had no more ancestry than Melchizedek. When the enrapt queen-dowager noticed this alleged fault in his pedigree to the Welsh guardsman, the latter not only declared that he was a gentleman by descent, but had no lack of gentle relatives to keep him in countenance. "Up with a brace of them to court, Owen," said the queen; and in a month the descendant of Theodore introduced two of his cousins. They were gigantic young fellows, with long names, about as stout and accomplished as a couple of "navvies," save that they could not speak English. Welsh was their only tongue, and nobody was able to dispute with them upon the question of their genealogy. Katharine was content, and Owen was clearly gentleman enough to be gazetted as "clerk of her wardrobe." Without entering into details as a foundation for such a course, a law was soon after passed, denouncing terrible penalties against any man who should dare to marry a queen-dowager without the consent of the king and council. Owen and Katharine smiled: they were already married; but when, where, how, by whom, or in what company, has never been ascertained. Suspicion seems to have been slowly aroused by the successive birth of three sons; but as the queen-dowager chose to observe some measure of concealment, and to make very little remark, whatever was thought, little was said; and the clerk of the wardrobe continued to serve her majesty in all things pertaining to his office. Time went on, and a little

princess, Margaret, had just breathed, been baptized, and died, when Katharine was suddenly immured in the convent at Bermondsey, and Owen clapped into Newgate. This blow killed the queen-dowager, principally because it was attended by the separation from her of her children. She speedily died, bequeathing a hope to her son that he would act "according to his noble discretion and her intents." He probably did both, by his subsequent care of her three sons. Meanwhile, Owen broke prison, fled to Wales, was enticed up to London on safe-conduct, very hesitatingly quitted sanctuary at Westminster to hold an interview with the king, and finally effected a reconciliation. He was, however, recaptured without the king's knowledge, and after again and again breaking prison, with the dexterity of Jack Sheppard, and with little respect for the body of his gaoler, King Henry once more became his friend, and appointed him, like a worn-out soldier, park-keeper in the royal demesne at Denbigh. Two of the sons of Katharine and Owen were ennobled. Edmund was named Earl of Richmond, and Henry married him to Margaret Beaufort, the heiress of the house of Somerset. It was their son who picked up and wore the crown which the usurping, but able, Richard dropped on the field at Bosworth. The second son, Jasper, was created Earl of Pembroke; and Owen, the third, as a sort of scapegoat, was compelled to be a monk. Henry found faithful servants in his "left-handed" relatives. Edmund indeed died early; but Jasper fought nobly on the Lancastrian side in the wars of the Roses: and the elder Owen left his park-keeping to take up arms on the same side. Less fortunate than Jasper, the Yorkists captured the old soldier, and beheaded him in the market-place at Hereford. Awaiting a monument, the loose-covered stone coffin of Katharine remained in Westminster Abbey unburied until the year 1793. The body could be seen by those who would disburse a brace of copper coins for the

enjoyment of such a sight. Samuel Pepys, at the cost of twopence, kissed the lips that had been kissed by Henry of Monmouth; and many of our fathers, at as small an outlay, have pinched the cheek that had once been pressed by the conqueror of Agincourt.

KATHARINE PARR was the wife of many husbands. She was a learned young lady, with some sprinkling of royal blood in her; and was wooed by Lord Scrope, married to Lord Borough, and became a widow before she had completed her fifteenth year. Neville Lord Latimer admired her, her understanding, and her needlework, and forthwith espoused her, to speedily leave her again a widow. The handsome Sir Thomas Seymour, most gallant of admirals, next offered himself for the acceptance of this accomplished young lady, but his pretensions were set aside by the irresistible courtship of a king who had divorced two wives, beheaded two more, and killed a fifth by his cruelty. She had no choice, but to take thankfully the terrible gift imposed upon her; and Katharine became the last and the luckiest, and perhaps the wisest, of the wives of Henry. She was a tender mother to his children, an incomparable nurse to himself, and was so esteemed by him that she only *nearly* lost her head. She had touched upon religious questions, and probably, had not the king recollected that it would be difficult for him to find her match at rubbing in a lotion, all her submissiveness would not have saved her from the scaffold. What a happy woman she must have been when she again became a widow, and her old lover, Seymour, once more came with the offer of his hand! Katharine accepted it because she thought that there was not only a hand, but a heart in it. What a jovial wooing must that have been when Seymour hurried down to Katharine's suburban palace on Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, and beneath the trees in the secluded garden there persuaded her that he had remained a bachelor for her sake, and induced her to consent

to wed him, before her royal husband was well buried at Windsor! The lovers had to keep the matter secret for a good half-year. At the end of that time, weary, perhaps, of the little restraint which they were compelled to observe, Seymour addressed a note to the Princess Mary, praying for permission to marry with the queen-dowager. Mary replied with a fair admixture of dignity, satire, and good humour. She affected to believe that interference in such matters little became her as a maiden; presumed to imagine that Katharine herself might have too lively a recollection of whose spouse she had been to care to wed with an inferior mate: and finally left the enamoured pair to follow their own inclinations, as she very well knew they had already done, with her blessing or good wishes upon any conclusion which they might honestly arrive at. The private marriage was soon after made public, and Seymour, with his fine person, heavy embroidery, and light head, had no further occasion to creep to the postern at Chelsea by sunrise, and leave it again, all his day's wooing completed, by seven o'clock P.M.

The marriage was not a happy one; and the first trouble was about money. The Protector Somerset, brother of Seymour, withheld the ex-queen's jewels, and sublet her lands, to the great disgust of the bridegroom, who, with marital complacency, looked upon these things as his own. Further, Katharine was made to feel her altered condition by the proud Duchess of Somerset, who refused any longer to bear the train of one who was now only her sister-in-law, wife of her husband's younger brother. The haughty duchess talked of teaching "Lady Seymour" better manners, and, in short, the two ladies kept up so unwearied a quarrel, that all people prophesied that ill would come of it. The brothers themselves were at as bitter antagonism as their wives.

It was not a very godly house which Katharine kept at Chelsea; but this circumstance was not exactly Katharine's

fault. She had resident with her the Princess Elizabeth, then a lively young lady in her sixteenth year. At first the ex-queen encouraged her husband to rather boisterous play with that by no means reluctant young lady. But she grew jealous as she found the play running to extremities which she had not contemplated. From romping in the garden, the admiral and Elizabeth got to romping and hiding in the house. Thus we hear of tickling-matches, and a world of consequent laughter and screaming. Seymour grew so fond of this sport that he would rush into Elizabeth's sleeping-chamber ere she had risen, tickle her till she was speechless, and then kiss her to keep her from complaining. Occasionally she would conceal herself, or her attendants would remonstrate, whereupon he would revenge himself by chasing, tickling, and embracing the maids. Altogether, such a household was a scandal to Chelsea, and Katharine did well when she got rid of Elizabeth, and, with Lady Jane Grey in her company, went down to Gloucestershire to inhabit Sudeley Castle. Her chief occupations here were in making splendid preparations for the little heir that had been promised her by the star-readers, and in observing a grave demeanour. She had prayers twice a day, to the great disgust of her husband, whose union with her in this respect was as ill assorted as would have been a marriage between Lord Chesterfield and Lady Huntingdon. While Parkhurst was reading prayers, Seymour was winking at the dairy-maids, and poor Katharine was sorely vexed at the ungodliness of her mate. At length a girl was born, shaming the soothsayers, and bringing death to her mother. That mother left all she possessed to her very graceless spouse, with some hints, natural to a wife who had been so tried, that such generosity on her part was more than he deserved. And so ended the year-and-a-half's unqueened condition of Katharine Parr. In another half-year the admiral himself had passed under the axe of the executioner, his brother the

Protector having driven him thereto under the double persuasion that Seymour was a very bad man, and that Somerset was virtuous enough to be his heir. Latimer appears to have thought so too, for he said as much, or rather much more, in a sermon before King Edward, for which he has been censured by Milton and Miss Strickland, each of whom seems to have forgotten that Seymour was the greatest libertine in England, and that Latimer had good ground for the hard truths uttered by him.

Let me add a word of little Mary Seymour, the only child of Katharine and the admiral. By her mother's forgetfulness and her father's treason, the poor, tender orphan found herself stripped of her inheritance. Her relatives, however, exhibited a great alacrity, not to serve her, but to cast the little burden each upon the other. The only reluctance they felt was in extending charity to her. She was grudgingly entertained by a harsh grandmother, and was scurvily treated by a close-fisted uncle. But, amid the trials of a gloomy youth-time, the little bud went on growing into full bloom, till finally attracting the eyes and affections of one who cared for her far more than any kinsman, the daughter of Queen Katharine married a Sir Edward Bushel, and settled quietly down into (we hope) a happy country lady. The grave of her mother at Sudeley has been disturbed more than once; but Death has conferred upon the unconscious queen a crown of his own,—and yet, not Death, but Life. The irresistible ivy has penetrated into the royal coffin, and wound a verdant coronet about the brows of her who sleeps therein.

Our *divorced queens* were wives of the same husband, Henry VIII. The two whose divorces were not made complete by the axe were Katharine of Arragon and Anne of Cleves, women as opposite in character as they were in attractions. When, after a union of more than twenty years, Katharine was ordered by her imperious husband one June

morning of 1531 to quit Windsor, she obeyed without fear as to worse following. When Anne of Cleves, in 1546, after less than half a year of wedded life, was informed that she had outgrown her consort's liking, she was prostrated with terror. Katharine retired to Ampthill, and concerned herself about the education and welfare of that daughter, Mary, whom she was not permitted to see even when ill. Anne still kept court at Richmond, and there had this same Mary for her little companion. When the divorce of Katharine and Henry was completed in 1533, the former refused to accept the conclusion, scorned to be called Princess Dowager of Wales, and, refusing the title given to her of the king's beloved sister, declared that she was nothing less than his lawful wife, and would receive no service at the hands of her attendants but what were offered to her as queen. Not so the Flemish lady. She returned thanks for every indignity; resigned greatness with alacrity; stripped herself of her titles with eagerness; was extremely grateful for a pension granted to her as the first lady in the land, after the royal family; and sent back her wedding-ring to Henry with such a quick and joyful obedience as to rather nettle the monarch, who thought much of his own merits, and considered himself an Adonis not to be resigned without a sigh.

The Spanish princess, leaving Ampthill, spent some months at insalubrious Buckden, where she led a monastic life, worked like Dorcas, spoke of Anne Boleyn with pity, looked after the poor, and was beloved by the people. When she desired to remove from Buckden, she was peremptorily ordered to reside at Fotheringay. The latter place was less healthy than the former, and she intimated that she would never go thither unless she were dragged there by ropes. Of course Suffolk and the other ministers of Henry's will called her the most pestilently obstinate woman they had ever encountered. But she was too much for them, and

they were fain to agree to a compromise, and the unqueened lady, protesting the while that she alone was queen and wife in England, was sent to Kimbolton. Once there, as much of vengeance was inflicted on her as Henry could well fling at the only woman in the world, save his mother, for whom he entertained a grain of esteem. He detained her garments, diminished her annuity, paid the decreased allowance irregularly, dismissed half her servants, stole her jewels, imprisoned her priests, and burned her confessor. She bore all, not without remonstrance or protest, but still with dignity; and when she died, in 1537, she left behind her a memory which Henry himself could not blacken, but of which he would have despoiled her if he had been able. Failing in this, he defrauded her heirs, by seizing as much of her property as he could lay his lawless hands on.

Matters went quite otherwise with the placid Anne of Cleves. She did all she could to meet the wishes of her ex-husband, renounced family and country, and became an English lady with landed property. Henry was so delighted, that, instead of executing her, he paid her cozy little evening visits, even after he had married her successor, and the divorced pair had merry little suppers together, and abundance of jollity. Still Henry could not entirely give up the indulgence of certain foibles, and, being in too charming a humour to kill his ex-wife, he only beheaded Cromwell and burned Barnes, who had counselled him to marry her. Against this proceeding Anne had nothing to say, but continued to entertain Henry whenever he chose to look in upon her at Richmond, until Henry himself ceased to visit her, owing to the jokes made by the lady's-maids, and the reports that went floating about touching the issue of such pleasant meetings. Anne was still resigned; the same resignation was evinced by her when she heard of Henry's death. She then removed to the old palace at Chelsea, and there and at one or two country residences

she spent her time in the exercise of good housewifery, enlivening her dull hours by private cooking. Like the old Duchess of Orléans, she had a delicate stomach, that could only be set right by sausages; and, like Caroline of Brunswick, when in Italy, she could eat with double relish the dish which she had herself cooked. Anne died, as she had lived, placidly, and in a matter-of-fact way, at Chelsea, in 1557. She made no parade of sentiment, and appeared to be desirous of passing away without making or exciting remark. She had appeared occasionally at young Edward's court, but she had not been seen in public since the coronation of Mary, to which ceremony she and the Princess Elizabeth rode in the same coach. The Lady Anne caused more "talk" after death than she had done living, for, by her will, it was found that Cromwell's Protestant princess had become a professed Papist.

The cloistered queens hardly come into the category of unqueened ladies, for honours little short of what was due to royalty, and greater than were usually paid in convents, appear to have been rendered to them. Mrs. Cromwell was as good a queen and ex-queen as any of them. When she fled, after the downfall of her son Richard, she carried off a few valuables, to which the Crown laid claim, as "his Majesty's goods," and seized without ceremony at a fruiterer's warehouse in Thames Street.

There have been not only queens unqueened by marriage, but many royal marriages which must have increased the number of heraldic anomalies. Thus Charlemagne had two consorts, but neither of them was raised to the rank of empress; and Mary Stuart, the widow of Francis II., married two gentlemen, neither of whom was king. The mother of Francis I., Louisa of Savoy, in her widowhood, espoused Rabaudange, her own *maître d'hôtel;* and Queen Elizabeth would have been very glad of an excuse to marry *her* own Master of the Horse. But these could not be described as

such *mésalliances* as kings have entered into. Thus Christian IV. of Denmark married Christina Monck, and made her Duchess of Holstein; Frederick IV. made a queen of the "demoiselle" Ravenalm. Denmark affords other examples, and that very recently, of similar connections. Victor Amadeus, too, espoused a Marchioness of St. Sebastian; and similar instances might be cited from other countries.

It was at a pause which ensued that Alexandre murmured the words "Maria Louisa;" and, in truth, when unqueened queens are being spoken of, it were unjust to pass over that eminent lady,—she who was born in the purple and became the bride of Napoleon—who reigned Empress of the French, and who, without a sigh, descended to exchange her dignity, on the fall of her husband, for that of imperial duchess of three cheese-making districts in Italy. She could not have sunk to a lower antipodes had she become only Queen of Man; or shared with the Donegals the high-sounding appellation of "Sovereign of Belfast."

But Maria Louisa ever manifested an alacrity in sinking. At the overthrow of the heroic Corsican, she flung from her brow the imperial crown, and she curtsied when there was thrown to her, in return, a copper ducal coronet. So, no sooner had the breath of life flown from the lips of the father of her child, the young and guiltless King of Rome, than, in the character of wife, she hurriedly entered the humble household of an undistinguished German soldier. The Teutonic man-at-arms was something like Mark Anthony—he accepted, with modest thankfulness, the "cold piece left dead on Cæsar's trencher."

In person, as in dignity, there is a corresponding change. To see the unintellectual, ill-dressed, and solitary woman moving moodily, as she was often seen, among the motley yet noble crowd at the baths of Ischl, it is with difficulty one can believe that to such a complexion could have

come, at any time, the original of that marble divinity, which the courtly Canova created, and before which the world of art stood breathless and admiring.

She was yet a girl at Schönbrunn, and with something more than the common loveliness of mere youth about her too, when the modern Charlemagne planted his eagles before Vienna, and threatened with annihilation not only the imperial city but the dynasty. The warlike Dukes of that dynasty swore to bury themselves beneath the ruins of the ramparts rather than surrender; and, with discreet valour, they forgot their vow. But while the ruin was enacting, the young Duchess, Maria Louisa, kept her retirement in calm frigidity at Schönbrunn; and, that the imperial dove might not be fluttered, the rough wooer, who was working the destruction of her father, ordered the brazen throats of his artillery to maintain but a *sotto voce* chorus near the locality inhabited by the self-possessed daughter of the German Cæsar. If her *impassible* heart were ever touched, we may suppose it to have been so by this rude attention; for, soon after, she was on her way to share that glittering couch which Napoleon had spread for her out of the marriage-bed of the humble Josephine.

From that hour the Empress neither knew greatness worth enjoying, nor the Emperor triumphs worth their cost. Had the former died, as she so nearly did, in giving birth to the King of Rome, she would have descended to the grave secure of the sympathies and of the grateful memories of mankind; but she lived long enough to forfeit both. Her nature was not equal to the high position in which she had been placed by the accident of her own birth. The character entrusted to her on life's vast stage was above her grasp—perhaps beyond her comprehension. At all events, in none of the eventful passages through which lay her course—in none of the dark storms which swept around the throne of her husband or of her father—can we discern

in her person any of the characteristics of true greatness. An intense selfishness alone appears offensively brilliant to the eye that would fain discover something more akin to the virtues which reside in nearly every female heart. After a brief occupation, for we cannot call it enjoyment, of such state as the ex-Lieutenant of Artillery could give her in his imperial character, we see her at Rambouillet, calmly passing over to the Austrians, and co-operating in stripping her son of his harmless yet regal dignity. She might have endured, but it was beyond her duty to consent. The boy might have remained for ever without a kingdom; but it was unnatural for his own mother at once to strip him of a title, and even to denationalize him. It is said that she never evinced for him any affection, but this is almost incredible, for Agrippina loved even Nero; and Maria Louisa might well have found a place in her heart for the love-desiring Napoleon Francis.

PORTRAITS OF THE DAUGHTERS OF CHARLES I.

"WELL!" observed Alexandre, "it would perhaps have been a happier thing for Maria Louisa had she died young, like your Princess Elizabeth."

"There again is a story," said Mee Aughton, "which has more of the marvels of romance and the sternness of reality than that of any queen or lady yet mentioned."

"Do not the histories of all the daughters of Charles I.," asked Smith, "abound in both romance and reality?"

This question led to an earnest research among Mr. Colnaghi's portfolios for portraits of those celebrated children of a luckless king; and it was while endeavouring to trace their characters in their physiognomies that a discussion ensued, which is here thrown into the form of a narrative.

Crashaw, the poet and *protégé* of Henrietta Maria, appears to have striven with much zeal and entire fruitlessness to catch the laureate crown, which Ben Jonson had worn with rough but glittering dignity. Never did any patented "Versificator Regis," from Gualo to Davenant, so praise princes and princesses, born or expectant, as Crashaw did. The Carolinian births were the active stimulants of his muse. The coming of the heir-apparent was hailed by his "In Sanctissimæ Reginæ partum hyemalem." The first wailing cry of the little Duke of York was celebrated in the "Natalis Ducis Eboracensis." His prophetic muse waxed bold during a later pregnancy of the Queen, and the *vates*

confidently predicted the addition of another prince to the family circle of Charles. Nor was he wrong: the ode "Ad Principem nondum Natum, Reginâ gravidâ," was apt welcome for the unconscious Duke of Gloucester, who lived to be the simple "Master Henry" of the plain-spoken Puritans. The zeal of Crashaw went so far, that he even rushed into metre to make thankful record of the King's recovery from an eruption in the face. The rhymer's "In Faciem Augustissimi Regis à morbillis integram" pleasantly portrayed how his sacred Majesty had been afflicted with pimples, and how he had been ultimately relieved from the undignified visitation.

The poet would seem to have somewhat ungallantly neglected the daughters of Charles and Henrietta Maria. His poetic fire never blazed very brilliantly for the princesses. His inspiration, like the Salic law, favoured only the heirs male. The young ladies, however, were not undeserving of having lyres especially strung to sound their praises. There were four of them,—namely, Mary, born in 1631; the heroic little Elizabeth, born in 1635; the happy Anne, in 1636-7; and the celebrated Henrietta Anne, in 1644.

Of these the Princess ANNE was by far the happiest, for she had the inexpressible advantage of gently descending into the grave at the early, yet sufficiently advanced, age of three years and nine months. It was some time before the birth of "happy Anne" that Rochester Carr, brother of the Lincolnshire baronet, Sir Robert, publicly declared, in his half-insane way, that he would fain kill the King if he might only wed with his widow. When this offensive sort of gallantry was reported to Henrietta, "she fell into such a passion as her lace was cut to give her more breath." Thus the storms of the world blew around "felix Anna," even before her little bark entered on the ocean over which, angel-led, she made so rapid a passage to the haven of the better land.

MARY, the eldest of the daughters of Charles, had some-

thing of a calculating disposition; she possessed a business-like mind, had much shrewdness, and contrived to secure, in her quiet way, as much felicity as she could or as she cared to secure. Her mother had an eager desire to rear this favourite child for the Romish communion. Charles himself is said by the Queen's chaplain, Gamache, not to have cared much about the matter. The priest says of the King, that the latter held that salvation did not depend on communion, and that, if he expressly desired a child of his to be a Protestant, it was in some sort because his people accused him of being too favourably disposed towards the faith of Rome. However this may have been, Gamache did his best to undo the teaching of Mary's orthodox instructors. He boasts of having impressed on this child—by command of her mother—the necessity and the profit of knowing and practising all that was taught by Roman Catholicism. The little girl's eyes sparkled as the remarkably honest fellow suggested to her that she would probably marry a great Catholic potentate, the King of Spain, the Emperor of Germany, or, greater than both, the Grand Monarque of France. There were no other thrones, he intimated, much worth the having; and, if she hoped ever to hold a sceptre on one of them, the first necessary qualification was to become a Romanist at once, and to say nothing about it for the present! Our Mary did not choose the better part. She stole to Mass, with the delight of Madame de Caylus, who told Madame de Maintenon that she would turn Roman Catholic at once it she might only hear the Royal Mass, listen to the music, and smell the incense daily. It was "so nice," she remarked.

Well, Mary had much the same opinion of all this, particularly as there was a choice selection of consorts at the end of it. A little "Catholic" maid was placed about her person, who received from Father Gamache instructions similar to those given by Brother Ignatius Spencer for the guidance of all Romish servants in Protestant families, and

the little maid fulfilled her office admirably. Mary, though she outwardly wore the guise of a thorough Protestant princess, wore also a rosary in her pocket; and nothing gave her greater glee, or more delight to Father Gamache, than when she could display it behind the back of her father's chaplain, and, after kissing it, hide the forbidden aid to devotion before the Protestant minister could divine why the Queen and Father Gamache were smiling.

But, after all, the mirth and the machinations of this worthy pair were all in vain. A wooer came in due time, not from the Romish pale, but from stout Protestant Holland; and before the warmth with which Prince William of Orange plied his suit, the Catholicity of the lady melted like morning dew beneath a May sun. The princess was touched, and her sire approved; and in 1643, when Mary was but twelve years old, she was conducted across the seas, by Van Tromp and an escort of a score of gallant ships-of-war, to the country of her future husband. The greatest joy she had after her early marriage was in 1648, when she welcomed at the Hague the Duke of York (who had escaped from St. James's in female costume) and her other brother the Prince of Wales, who had gone to Helvoetsluys, where there ensued much intrigue, little action, and less profit.

A brief two years followed, and then this youthful wife found herself a widow, and a mother expectant. Her husband suddenly died of the scourge that then commonly destroyed princes and peasants—the small-pox. She remained in dignified retirement at her house near the Hague, where, says Pepys, "there is one of the most beautiful rooms for pictures in the whole world. She had here one picture upon the top, with these words, dedicating it to the memory of her husband:—'Incomparabili marito, inconsolabilis vidua.'" Poor thing! the "semper mœrens" promised by mourners has but a stunted eternity. Our last year's dead are beyond both our memory and our tears.

At the Restoration, Mary repaired to England to felicitate her worthless brother on his good fortune. She there once more met her mother; and the Court was in the very high top-gallant of its joy, when the Princess was suddenly seized with small-pox. Henrietta Maria was desirous that her daughter should at least die in the profession of the Romish faith, but she was deterred from entering the apartment of her sick child either by the malignity of the disorder or the jealousy of the Princess's attendants. Father Gamache takes it as the most natural and proper thing in the world that, conversion not having been realized, the disease was made fatal by Divine appointment! However this may be, the death of the Princess (on the 21st December, 1660) was laid to the incapacity of Dr. Farmer and the other medical men to whose care she was entrusted; and we hear from Evelyn that her decease "entirely altered the face and gallantry of the whole Court." Burnet, by no means so good authority in this particular case as Evelyn, gives a different view of the effect produced at Court by the demise of the Princess Royal, following so swiftly as it did on the death, also by small-pox, of her young and clever brother, Henry, Duke of Gloucester. "Not long after him," says Burnet, "the Princess Royal died, also of the small-pox, but was not much lamented." Burnet acknowledges, however, her many merits,—that she had been of good reputation as wife and widow, had lived with becoming dignity as regarded herself and court, treated her brothers with princely liberality, and kept within the limits of her own income. The same writer says of her, that her head was turned by her mother's pretence of being able to marry her to the King of France,—a prospect that turned the heads of many ladies at that time, the niece of Cardinal Mazarin among various others. Burnet roundly asserts that to realize this prospect she launched into an extravagant splendour, the cost of which not only injured her own income, but tempted her to deal

dishonestly with the jewels and estates of her son, held by her in a guardianship, the trusts of which she betrayed. He adds, that she not only was disappointed in her expectations, but that she "lessened the reputation which she had formerly lived in,"—a strange epitaph to be written by him who found a benefactor in her son, and of her who is allowed to have been, with some faults, gentle, forgiving, patient, affectionate, and firm-minded.

Of her younger sister ELIZABETH, Clarendon has given a perfect picture in a few expressive words. She was, says the parenthesis-loving historian, "a lady of excellent parts, great observation, and an early understanding." The whole of her brief but eventful life gave testimony to the truth of this description. The storms of the times had swept her from the hearth of her parents, as they had indeed also divided those parents, and extinguished the fire at that hearth. She had successively been under the wardenship of Lady Dorset and of old Lady Vere, and was transferred from the latter to the custody of the Earl of Northumberland, who was already responsible for the safe keeping of her brothers York and Gloucester. In the good Earl they had no surly gaoler, and he shared in the joy of the children when, in 1647, they were permitted to have an interview with their unhappy father at Maidenhead, and to sojourn with him during two fast-flying days of mingled cloud and sunshine in Lord Craven's house at Caversham, near Reading. The house still stands, and is a conspicuous object seen from the Reading station. It is in the occupation of the great iron-master Mr. Crawshay.

Some of the touching interviews which were held in Caversham House are said to have been witnessed by Cromwell, and Sir John Berkeley states that Oliver described them to him as "the tenderest sight his eyes ever beheld." "Cromwell," adds Sir John, "said much in commendation of his Majesty," and expressed his hope that "God would be

pleased to look upon him according to the sincerity of his heart towards the King."

The prison-home of the Princess Elizabeth and her brothers was Sion House, at Isleworth,—the house of ill omen from which Lady Jane Grey had departed by water for the Tower, to seek a sceptre and to find an axe. The monarch visited his children more than once at the house of the Earl of Northumberland, at Sion. With the boys he talked, and to them gave counsel; but if he advised Elizabeth, he also listened with marked and gratified attention to her descriptions of persons and things, and to her clear ideas upon what was passing around her. His chief advice to her consisted in the reiterated injunction to obey her mother in all things except in matters of religion,—"to which he commanded her, upon his blessing, never to hearken or consent, but to continue firm in the religion she had been instructed and educated in, what discountenance or ruin soever might befall the poor Church at that time under so severe prosecution." She promised obedience to her father's counsel, and imparted joy by that promise, as she did two years subsequently, when, in 1649, she lay on her sire's bosom a few hours before his execution, and made him alternately weep and smile at the impression which he saw had been made upon her by the calamities of her family, and at the evidence of advanced judgment afforded by her conversation. As the young girl lay on the father's heart,—that heart that was so soon to be no longer conscious of the pulse of life,—he charged her with a message to her mother, then in France. It was a message of undying love mingled with assurances of a fidelity strong unto death. The little message-bearer was never permitted to fulfil her mission, and the mother to whom she was to have borne it found, it is said, a pillow for her aching head on the sympathizing breast of the Earl of St. Alban's. The wife of Cæsar stooped to a centurion.

"If I were you, I would not stay here," was the speech

uttered one day by Elizabeth to her brother James. They were both then, with the Duke of Gloucester, in confinement at St. James's. The speech was at once an incentive and a reproach. Elizabeth urged him thereby to accomplish the flight which their father had recommended him to attempt. The young Duke of Guise, heir of the slayer who was slain at Blois, escaped from his prison by outwitting his keeper at a childish game. The royal captive children of the Stuart, for the same end, got up a game at "hide and seek," and they were still in pretended search of James, when the latter, disguised as a girl, was awkwardly, but successfully, making his way to temporary safety. For their share in this *escapade* the little conspirators were transmitted to Carisbrook, where they were kept in close confinement in the locality where their father had so deeply suffered in the last days of his trials. The Princess bore her captivity like a proudly desponding caged eaglet, whom grief and indignity can kill, but who utters no sound in testimony of suffering. The utilitarian government of the period designed, it is said, to have apprenticed this daughter of a line of kings to a needle or button maker in Newport! Providence saved her from the degradation, by a well-timed death. "Elizabeth Stuart" sickened, died, and was buried. The very locality of her burial even perished with her from the memory of man. It was only discovered, more than two centuries after, when kings were again at a discount and ultra-democracy was once more rampant.

It is somewhat singular that, whereas among the inhabitants of Newport it became forgotten that the body of the young Elizabeth lay in their church, the villagers of Church Handborough, near Whitney, boasted of possessing the mortal remains of her father Charles I. This boast was founded on a very magniloquent inscription on a tablet within the church, and which the parishioners took for an epitaph. He was a hearty old cavalier who wrote it, and

though the villagers comprehend nothing of the robust Latin of which it is constructed, they understand the sentiment, and to this day consider it as testimony to the fact that they are as guardians round the grave of the Charles—who is *not* there interred.*

The young Elizabeth died about a year and a half after her father's execution. In the year 1793, the year of the decapitation of Louis XVI. and of Marie Antoinette, ultra-democracy was again raising its head in the England where Charles had been stricken. Gentlemen like Dr. Hudson and Mr. Pigott drank seditious healths at the London Coffee House, and rode in hackney coaches to prison, shouting "Vive la République!" Libels against the Queen of France, like those of mad Lord George Gordon, were flying about our streets "thick as leaves in Vallombrosa." The Rev. Mr. Winterbottom was fined and imprisoned for preaching treasonable sermons; and so high did party spirit run, that good Vicesimus Knox had wellnigh got into serious trouble for delivering from the Brighton pulpit a philippic against going to war. The discourse so ruffled the plumage of some officers who happened on the following evening to meet the Reverend Doctor with his wife and family at the theatre, that they created a patriotic riot, before the violence of which the celebrated essayist, his lady, and children, were fairly swept out of the house, the loyal audience in which celebrated their

* The following is the inscription. It might have been written between a volume of Walker's 'Lachrymæ Ecclesiæ' on the one hand, and a flask of Canary on the other. Thus rolls its thunder and thus sighs the strain:—"M. S. sanctissimi regis et martyris Caroli. Siste viator; lege, obmutesce, mirare, memento Caroli illius nominis, pariter et pietatis insignissimæ, primi Magnæ Britanniæ regis, qui rebellium perfidiâ primo deceptus, et in perfidiorum rabie perculsus, inconcussus tamen legum et fidei defensor, schismaticorum tyrannidi succubuit, anno servitutis nostræ, felicitatis suæ primo, coronâ terrestri spoliatus, cœlesti donatus. Sileant autem perituræ tabellæ, perlege reliquias vere sacras Carolinas, in queis sui mnemosynem ære perenniorem vivacius exprimit: illa, illa" (*sic*) "Eikon Basilike."

triumph over as loyal a subject as any there, by singing "God save the King" and "Rule Britannia."

Amid this noise of contending parties, Royalist and Republican, a quiet sexton was tranquilly engaged, in October, 1793, in digging a grave in the chancel of Newport church for the body of Septimus Henry West, the youngest brother of Lord Delaware. The old delver was in the full enjoyment of his exciting occupation when his spade struck against a stone, on which were engraven the initials "E. S." Curiosity begat research, and in a vault perfectly dry was found a coffin perfectly fresh, on the involuted lid of which the wondering examiners read the words—"Elizabeth, 2d daughter of ye late King Charles, dece^d^ Sept. 8, MDCL." Thus the hidden grave of her who died of the blows dealt at monarchy in England was discovered when like blows were being threatened, and at the very moment when the Republicans over the Channel were slaying their hapless Queen. The affrighted spirit of Elizabeth might well have asked if nothing then had been changed on this troubled earth, and if killing kings were still the caprice of citizens? The only answer that could have been given at the moment would have been, in the words of the adjuration, "Vatene in pace, alma beata e bella." Turn we now to the sister, who was of quite another complexion.

On the site of Bedford Crescent, Exeter, there once stood a convent of Black or Dominican friars. At the Reformation the convent property was transferred to John, Lord Russell, who made of the edifice thereon a provincial town residence, which took the name of "Bedford House" when the head of the Russells was advanced to an earldom. As further greatness was forced upon or achieved by the family, the old country mansion fell into decay. There are still some aged persons, verging upon "a hundred," whose weary memories can faintly recall the old conventual building when it was divided and let in separate tenements. It was taken

down, to save it from tumbling to pieces, in 1773, and on the site of the house and grounds stands, as I have said, the present "Bedford Crescent." "Friars' Row" would have been as apt a name.

In the year 1644 the shifting fortunes of Charles compelled his queen, Henrietta Maria, to seek a refuge in Exeter, in order that she might there bring into the world another, and the last, heir to the sorrows of an unlucky sire. The corporation assigned Bedford House to her as a residence, and made her a present of two hundred pounds to provide against the exigencies of the coming time. In this house was born a little princess, who was the gayest yet the least happy of the daughters of Charles. The day of her birth was the 16th of June, 1644. She was shortly after christened in the cathedral (at a font erected in the body of the church under a canopy of state), by the compound name of HENRIETTA-ANNE. Dr. Burnet, the chancellor of the diocese, officiated on the occasion, and the good man rejoiced to think that he had enrolled another member on the register of the English Church. In this joy the Queen took no part. It is said that the eyes of the father never fell upon the daughter born in the hour of his great sorrows; but as Charles was in Exeter for a brief moment on the 26th of July, 1644, it is more than probable that he looked for once and all upon the face of his unconscious child.

The Queen Henrietta Maria left Exeter for the Continent very soon, some accounts say a fortnight after the birth of Henrietta Anne. The young Princess was given over to the tender keeping of Lady Morton; and when opportunity for escape offered itself to them, the notable governess assumed a somewhat squalid disguise, and with the little Princess (now some two years old) attired in a ragged costume, and made to pass as her son Peter, she made her way on foot to Dover, as the wife of a servant out of place. The only peril that she ran was from the recalcitrating objections made by

her precious and troublesome charge. The little Princess loved fine clothes, and would not don or wear mendicant rags but with screaming protest. All the way down to the coast "Peter" strove to intimate to passing wayfarers that there was a case of abduction before them, and that she was being carried off against her will. Had her expression been as clear as her efforts and inclination, the pretty plot would have been betrayed. Fortunately she was not so precocious of speech as the infant Tasso, and the passengers on board the boat to Calais, when they saw the terrible "Peter" scratching the patient matron who bore him, they only thought how in times to come he would make the mother's heart smart more fiercely than he now did her cheeks. Peace of course was not restored until Lady Morton, soon after landing, cast off the hump which marred her naturally elegant figure, and transforming "Peter" into a princess, both rode joyously to Paris in a coach-and-six—as wonderful and as welcome as that built by fairy hands for the lady of the glass slipper, out of a portly pumpkin.

The fugitive princess had scarcely reached Paris when Henrietta Maria resolved to undo what Dr. Burnet had so well done at Exeter, and to convert Henrietta Anne to Romanism. Father Gamache attempted the same with Lady Morton, but as the latter, though she listened, would not yield, the logical Jesuit pronounced her death by fever, many years subsequently, to be the award of Heaven for her obduracy! He found metal far more ductile in the youthful daughter of the King of England. For her especial use he wrote three heavy octavo volumes, entitled 'Exercices d'une Ame Royale,' and probably thought that the desired conversion was accomplished less by the *bonbons* of the Court than the reasoning of the confessor.

The royal exiles lived in a splendid misery. They were so magnificently lodged and so pitiably cared for, that they are said to have often lain together in a bed at the Louvre

during a winter's day in order to keep themselves warm; no fuel having been provided for them, and they lacking money to procure it. They experienced more comfort in the asylum afforded them in the convent of Ste. Marie de Chaillot. Here Henrietta Anne grew up a graceful child, the delight of every one save Louis XIV., who hated her mortally, until the time came when he could only love her criminally. Mother and daughter visited England in the autumn of the year of the Restoration. Pepys has left a graphic outline of both:—"The Queen a very little plain old woman, and nothing more in her presence, in any respect, nor garbe, than any ordinary woman. The Princess Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectation; and her dressing of herself, with her haire frized short up to her eares, did make her seem so much the less to me. But my wife standing near her with two or three black patches on, and well-dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she." Death, as I have before stated, marred the festivities. Love mingled with both; and Buckingham, who had been sighing at the feet of Mary, Princess of Orange, now stood pouring unutterable nothings into the ear of her sister Henrietta Anne. When the latter, with her mother, embarked at Calais on this royal visit to England, they spent two days in reaching Dover. On their return they went on board at Portsmouth, but storms drove them back to port, and the Princess was attacked by measles while on the sea. Buckingham, in his character of lover, attended her to Havre, displaying an outrageous extravagance of grief. Philippe, the handsome, effeminate, and unprincipled Duke of Orléans, her affianced husband, met her at the last-named port, and tended her with as much or as little assiduity as man could show who never knew what it was to feel a pure affection for any woman in the world. The Princess felt little more for him, and still less for Buckingham, on whose forced departure from Paris the daughter of Charles was

married to the brother of Louis, the last day of March, 1661, in full Lent, and with maimed rites—a disregard for seasons and ceremonies which caused all France to augur ill for the consequences.

"Madame," as she was now called, became the idol of a Court that loved wit and beauty, and was not particular on the score of morality. All the men adored her; and the King, to the scandal of his mother (Anne of Austria), was chief among the worshipers. Her memoirs have been briefly and rapidly written by her intimate friend, Madame de La Fayette. The latter was an authoress of repute, and the "ami de cœur," to use a soft term, of the famous La Rochefoucauld. This lady wrote the memoirs of the Princess from materials furnished by her Royal Highness, and thus she portrays the delicate position of Louis le Grand and Henrietta d'Angleterre:—"Madame entered into close intimacy with the Countess of Soissons, and no longer thought of pleasing the King, but as a sister-in-law. I think, however, that she pleased him after another fashion; but I imagine that she fancied that the King himself was agreeable to her merely as a brother-in-law, when he was probably something more; but, however, as they were both infinitely amiable, and both born with dispositions inclined to gallantry, and that they met daily for purposes of amusement and festivity, it was clear to everybody that they felt for one another that sentiment which is generally the forerunner of passionate love."

"Monsieur" became jealous, the two queen-mothers censorious, the Court delighted spectators, and the lovers perplexed. To conceal the criminal fact, the poor La Valière was selected that the King might make love to the latter, and so give rise to the belief that in the new love the old had been forgotten. But Louis fell in love with La Valière too, after his fashion, and soon visited her in state, preceded by drums and trumpets. "Madame" was piqued, and took

revenge or consolation in receiving the aspirations of the Count de Guiche. "Monsieur" quarrelled with the latter, confusion ensued, and the ancient Queens, by their intrigues, made the confusion worse confounded. Not that they were responsible for all the confusion. How could they be? since they only misruled in an *imbroglio* wherein the King loved La Valière, the Marquis de Marsillac loved Madame, Madame loved the Count de Guiche, Monsieur affected to love Madame de Valentinois, who loved M. de Peguilon, and Madame de Soissons, beloved by the King, loved the Marquis de Vardes, whom, however, she readily surrendered to Madame, in exchange for, or as auxiliary to, Monsieur de Guiche; and this chain of loves is, after all, only a few links in a network that would require a volume to unravel, and even then would not be worth the trouble expended on it. They who would learn the erotic history of the day, may consult the memoirs by Madame de La Fayette. The story is like a Spanish comedy, full of intrigue, deception, stilted sentiment, and the smallest possible quantity of principle. There are dark passages, stolen meetings, unblushing avowals, angry husbands who are not a jot better than the seducers against whom their righteous indignation is directed, and complacent priests who utter a low "Oh, fie!" and absolve magnificent sinners who may help them to scarlet hats and the dignity of "Eminence." The chaos of immorality seemed come again. "Madame" changed her adorers, and was continually renewing the jealousy of "Monsieur," but she in some sort pacified him by deigning to receive at her table the "ladies" whom he mostly delighted to honour. The lives of the whole parties were passed in the unlimited indulgence of pleasant sins, and in gaily paying for their absolution from the consequences! Old lovers were occasionally exiled to make room for new ones, or out of vengeance, but the "commerce d'amour" never ceased in the brilliant Court of Louis le Grand.

There was scarcely an individual in that Court who might not, when dying, have said what Lord Muskerry said as that exemplary individual lay on his deathbed,—"Well, I have nothing wherewith to reproach myself, for I never denied myself anything!"

At length, in 1670, Henrietta once more visited England. It was against the consent of her husband. She had that of the King; and her mission was to arrange matters with her brother Charles II., to establish Romanism in England, and to induce him to become the pensioned ally of France! To further her purpose she brought in her train the beautiful Louise de Querouaille. This was a "vrai trait de génie." Charles took the lady and the money, and doubly sold himself and country to France. He made a Duchess (of Portsmouth) of the French concubine, and Louis added a Gallic title to heighten the splendour of her infamy, and that of the monarch who, for her and filthy lucre, had sold his very soul. There was some horrible story referring to himself and Henrietta which was probably only invented to exasperate the husband of the latter against her. There is probably more truth in the report that the young Duke of Monmouth gazed on her with a gallant assurance that met no rebuke. A few days afterwards, on the 29th of June, 1670, she was well and joyous with Philippe, no participator in her joy, at St. Cloud. In the evening she showed some symptoms of faintness, but the heat was intense; a glass of chicory water was offered to her, of which she drank; and she immediately complained of being grievously ill. Her conviction was that she was poisoned, and very little was done either to persuade her of the contrary, or to cure her. The agony she suffered would have slain a giant. Amid it all she gently reproached her husband for his want of affection for her, and deposed to her own fidelity! The Court gathered round her bed; Louis came and talked religiously; his consort also came, accompanied by a poor guard of

honour, and the royal concubines came too, escorted by little armies! Burnet says that her last words were, "Adieu, Treville," addressed to an old lover, who was so affected by them that he turned monk—for a short time. Bossuet received her last breath, and made her funeral oration; of the speaker and of the oration in question, Vinet says, "Since this great man was obliged to flatter, I am very glad that he has done it here with so little heart, that we may be allowed to think that adulation was not natural to his bold and vigorous genius." The oration could do as little good to her reputation, as the dedication to her by Racine, of his 'Andromaque,' could do to her glory.* As to her ultimate fate, it was difficult even at the time to prove that she was poisoned. The chicory water was thrown away, and the vessel which contained it had been cleansed before it could be examined. There were deponents ready to swear that the body betrayed evidences of poison, and others that no traces of it were to be discovered. All present protested innocence, while one is said to have confidentially confessed to the King, on promise of pardon, that he had been expressly engaged in compassing the catastrophe. No wonder, amid the conflicting testimony, that Temple, who had been despatched from London to inquire into the affair, could only oracularly resolve that there was more in the matter than he cared to talk about, and that at all events Charles had better be silent, as he was too powerless to resent the alleged crime. And so ended the last of the daughters of Charles Stuart,

* The funeral oration contained the following passage:—"She must descend to those gloomy regions" (he was speaking of the royal vaults at St. Denis) "with those annihilated kings and princes among whom we can scarcely find room to place her, so crowded are the ranks." When the body of the Dauphin, son of Louis XIV., was deposited in these vaults in 1778, it was remarked with a "vague terror," as Bungener says in his 'Un Sermon sous Louis XIV.,' that the royal vault was entirely full. There was literally no place for Louis XVI. in the tomb of his ancestors.

all of whom died young, or died suddenly,—and none but the infant Anne happily.

At the hour of the death of Henrietta, there stood weeping by her side her fair young daughter, Maria Louisa. The child was eight years of age, and Montague, on that very day, had been painting her portrait. In the year 1688, that child, who had risen to the dignity of Queen of Spain, and was renowned for her beauty, wit, and vivacity, was presented by an attendant with a cup of milk. She drank the draught and died.

Henrietta Maria left her heart to the Nuns of the Visitation, to whose good keeping James II. left his own, and confided that of his daughter Louisa Maria. The heart of the King was finally transferred to the chapel of the English Benedictines in the Faubourg St. Jacques. During the Revolution, the insurrectionists of the day shivered to pieces the urn in which it was contained, and trod the heart into dust upon the floor of the chapel. They did as much to the royal hearts enshrined at the "Visitation." The very dust of the sons and the daughters of Stuart was again an abomination in the eyes of democracy.

THE THINGS WE DON'T KNOW.

When our party had again assembled, the fortunes of the great personages who have been grouped in preceding pictures were more than once alluded to. "Few of them, probably, ever foresaw," said Smith, "whither the chariot-wheels of destiny were carrying them."

"*C'est comme moi!*" exclaimed Alexandre; "here I have sketches on canvas, commenced without particular design, and ending, as you see, in pictures that seem to have a story. Here is a French Admiral, there an opera-dancer, —they had, originally, no reference one to the other; but now they remind me of Bougainville and Coralie."

We looked at the group, pronounced it pretty, and asked for the story.

"If I were to give it a name," said Alexandre, "I should call it 'The Things We Don't Know.'"

The name led us into some conversation on various people and events which might be illustrated by such a title. Summarily, here, it may be said on such a text that our ignorance, compared with our knowledge, is as the giant to the dwarf in the fable. They walk through the world together, sensitive Knowledge getting all the blows, while stalwart Ignorance swaggers on with withers all unwrung. Ignorance is the sea, and knowledge the bright evening-star shining over it in clear, chaste, and circumscribed purity: ignorance is sometimes better than knowledge, and the end of knowledge, after all, is but the confirmation of ignorance. "I would give all I have," said the waterman's

boy to Dr. Johnson, "to know about the Argonauts." That jovial crew of classic days were to him one of "the things he didn't know;" in exchange for an acquaintance with which he would have given what he possessed, thereby truly illustrating that ignorance is a good thing to be got rid of at any sacrifice.

Yes, "the things we don't know" present a wide realm for the imagination to soar over; boundless it lies in the immensity of space. Earth, air, and skies, and the waters under the earth, are all of this kingdom. Morals, philosophy, and physics, are portions of this unlimited region; and the sum of what we know is less than the wart when weighed against the Ossa of our ignorance. What, even yet, know we of the secrets of the earth? Not more than he knows of geography who has never seen anything relating to it but what he could learn from an outline map. And this in reference of its mere surface. We have a ponderous Universal History; and, wrapped up in the mantle of our ignorance, we complacently congratulate ourselves on our intimacy with the story of man in all ages and countries. But who can reveal to us the tale of those nations who lie unsung, even by the wild harp of tradition, beneath the diversely shaped mounds of North and South America? Myriads of men are there entombed with evidences about them of an advanced civilization; and yet we, who have probably profited by their discoveries in art and science, are ignorant even of their names; and we stand by the side of their mouldering skeletons, unable to say more than, Here lies the shell of the flown bird!

When we hail each modern discovery as a testimony of modern superiority, we are unconscious of the fact, that not only have all our witty things been said before us, but that all our great things were once in action, ere we struck upon our so-called original thought of inventing them. Painting in oils is no discovery of the Van Eycks; the steam-engine

and the railroads are said to be recoveries,—their principles, at least, were in daily activity before the eyes of Egyptian summer tourists in the days of Psammetichus and the Twelve Kings. The English *omnibi* that traverse the isthmus of Suez excite more surprise now in our own plagiarizing eye than did the iron-traced road and the steam-funnel in the minds of the sober citizens of Sais when they made their trips to Memphis; or, more adventurously, like cockneys on the Rhine, hurried through the Heptanomis to the City of Crocodiles, to Ptolemais, or to Thebes; or, bolder still, explored the Thebais itself up to the very Cataracts. So little know we of men, and of the habits of men who have dwelt upon the surface of the earth. So little, and even less, know we of the earth itself. We prick the hide of the elephant with a pin, and then pronounce upon its anatomy; even so have we scraped the dust from the first coating of the globe, and, like Sir Oracle, who when he opes his mouth bids no dog bark, have we talked most foolish wisdom, and most unstable certainty, of all that we do *not* know beneath it. Nay, the very history of our times is no longer a thing known to us. We had thought that Rufus had been slain by that wicked Walter Tyrrell; we had fondly dreamed that Cœur de Lion was no coward; we had even conjectured that Mary Stuart and Anne Boleyn were personifications of innocence, that Gloucester was hunchbacked, and that King Charles had sat in an oak, gilding apples for posterity. But modern authors doubt all these things, and a thousand others besides; they are sceptical academics on all they write; they tell us that we don't know if such things were; and, in short, they will reduce us to the unpleasant necessity of writing a book that shall be entitled, the Art of Not Knowing History.

If, as Shakspeare says,—and, as that sweet "Swan of Avon" *has* said it, there can be little doubt attached to *that* matter,—a good deed shines in a naughty world, so it

is a fact, of which we are not always cognizant,—a thing, in short, which we do not know, or, knowing, forget,—that an evil deed bears more ills in its train, and continues its baleful influence over a more extended period of time, than he who thoughtlessly gave the example, contemplated at the moment when he perhaps devoted myriads of beings to destruction. The women who quarrelled over the making of Queen Anne's bed caused a war in which thousands perished. Had either of these Abigails only known one thing, —"the soft answer which turneth away wrath,"—it is hardly too much to say that the face of Europe had not presented the aspect which we now see her wear. When the dispute commenced about the size of a window in the palace of Versailles, how little did Holland know, while the Grand Monarque and his minister were bandying words, in breadth and odour smacking more of the stable than the saloon, that it behoved every Dutchman to be up and buttoning his—that is buckling on—his armour; every word in that dispute threatened the States with fire and sword; every angry affirmation of the King cost the United Provinces a town; and, if there be any truth in the poetical influences of sympathy, the smoke that rose from every Hollander's pipe on that eventful day must have taken wreathed forms, speaking to his affrighted sense of rapine menacing his amphibious cities, and ruin impending over his dairies, his dollars, and his daughters! How very little did Louis VII. imagine that, by cultivating the growth of his too celebrated beard, he was in the course of perfecting a war that was destined to ravage France during three long and disastrous ages. This prince—who had one day amused his leisure hours (of which, like Heyne's archbishop, he had four-and-twenty daily) by burning four thousand peasants of Champagne who had taken refuge in the church of Vitry —had the unusual weakness, at some subsequent period, of feeling a little regret at having so treated fellows who, in

their character of mere common men, were beneath the remembrance and the remorse of royalty. The families of the martyrs were uncommonly flattered and gratified by this mark of the monarch's attention; and, as it was the only return they enjoyed for being deprived of their protectors and friends, they were right to make as much out of it as they well could. The sense entertained by the Church at this funny little escapade of the King's was manifested in the jocular penance imposed on him by the Archbishop of Paris, who demanded that he should sacrifice his beard as an expiation for his slight irregularity. Louis consented with good grace; and, to complete the frolic, the venerable prelate himself took his Majesty by the nose, and performed all the functions of an accomplished Figaro. The King, having thus cut his beard and his remorse, thought the joke at an end; but the Church, which had expressed itself perfectly satisfied with getting the monarch's beard, was very much astonished, and, indeed, displeased, at finding Heaven determined to exact a little retribution for its own share; and truly that unpleasant person whom the ancients yclept Nemesis sued him in a very remarkable fashion. The sovereign's wife, Eleanor of Guyenne, conceiving a sudden antipathy for a beardless husband, and being shocked, moreover, at the indelicacy of an uncovered chin, renounced her liege lord's couch as readily as *he* had done his beard; she then speedily obtained a divorce, and with it the restitution of her dowry, which, with the addition of herself, she flung into the arms of Henry of Normandy. When the latter encircled his brows with England's mark of sovereignty, he employed the portion of his bride in carrying on a war with France, which lasted till the reign of Charles VII., and which war, or rather series of wars, fought under various pretexts, though they were signalized by such triumphant days for England as those of Crecy, Poitiers, Agincourt, Verneuil, Mons-en-Vimeux, Crevant, and the glorious

festival of Herrings, at Rouvrai, terminated somewhat less than agreeably to us, when a combined religious and superstitious fear of the Maid of Orléans chilled the stout hearts, and palsied the brave arms, of England's boldest warriors.

A very important illustration of the title, "The Things We Don't Know," may be found in the never-ending evils which a man may almost unknowingly cause by a light word spoken against religion, virtue, or morals. The system which takes in this poison may transmit it to generation succeeding generation. He who wrote sportively in support of the assertion, that killing was no murder, may be morally responsible for the last public assassination that polluted our streets. What he wrote in jest, the reader of a later period, not having the context of the times to weigh against each phrase, may have taken for sad and sober earnest; till, in the course of events, its reasoning may have recommended that as a virtue which its author would never have thought of contemplating but in its worst view as the worst of crimes. It is, indeed, impossible to trace the extent and duration of wrong caused by evil example; it is not only continuous through a long line of succeeding ages, but is often productive of instantaneous consequences,—consequences of which, perhaps, he who has caused them dreams as little as did the Mogul Khan, who reigned on the borders of China,

"Son nom est Temugin; c'est t'en apprendre assez,"

of having lowered the price of herrings in the English market. No one now requires to be told that this close connection between the sublime and the ridiculous occurred in A.D. 1238, owing to our market being glutted, from the northern nations not sending over their ships to purchase our herrings, through fear of the Tartars, who were about invading Europe.

This mention of the word Tartar reminded Yriarte of an

event, appertaining to the subject, which he once witnessed in the market-place of the town of Cashgar.

"A poor devil of that nation," said he, "whose character had suffered, not so much from thieving as from having been detected in a theft, was condemned to suffer the penalty due less to his crime than his awkwardness. He stood on a scaffold, in the busy square of the above-named town, with his left-hand firmly fixed in a wedge, while, in his right, he held a sharp, broad-bladed knife. The punishment demanded by the law extended no further than this: it merely declared that the culprit should not be removed till he could release himself; and his only means of accomplishing this devoutly wished-for consummation was by cutting his left-hand off with the knife that the generous law had placed in his right. Now the thing this unlucky Talmuk conveyancer did not know, was how to extricate himself from a difficulty. You resemble, thought I, people who are fixed in a very disagreeable dilemma, and from which they find it impossible either to escape or remain, without damaging their reputation."

If how to get honourably from between the horns of a dilemma be among the things that are unknown to many of us, not less difficult do some persons find it to take advantage of favouring opportunity. It is that tide of which sweet Will sings as leading to fortune when taken at the flood; and, to the majority of us, it may be that momentous period of our fates, determining whether we accept or reject the all-glorious boon of salvation. What a pregnant moment was that when Paul stood before Agrippa, and the latter, struck with the majestic truths that fell from the noble lips of his exalted prisoner, the foremost man of all that ever trod this earth, exclaimed, "Thou almost persuadest *me* to be a Christian!" At that moment, the needle of opportunity trembled in the balance of Fate; the guardian

angel looked down with an anxious smile, his spirit made still more radiant by the hope that a soul was about to be rescued that day from the powers of heathenism and darkness, and merit a claim, through faith, to be enrolled among the Sons of Light, whose place is around the throne of the immutable Father of Truth. But the demon of Indecision stood at the ear of the wavering monarch. Agrippa let "I dare not" wait upon "I would;" his hand was upon the horns of the altar, but only for a moment. The legions of angels who had heard his words, and gazed from their seats on high with such intensity of hope and joy that the very air that minute seemed to man to be made up of nought but sunshine, withdrew the light of their eyes when they heard no assurance of determined faith follow upon the sovereign's words of doubt, and, abandoning the earth to its pristine state of chilly darkness, they left Agrippa a byeword to its inhabitants, as one knowing, yet neglecting, the worth of golden opportunity.

"I," said Weber, a German artist, "never met with a more perfect illustration of self-ignorance than one presented to me within the majestic, gloomy aisles of St. Stephen's, at Vienna. They who have visited that glorious pile may probably recollect a little chapel near the western door, in which reposes the great Eugene of Savoy, who demonstrated to Louis XIV. how many things there were which that monarch did not know, when he refused the young Prince permission to become a soldier. The king would have had him a court priest, to shrive those aristocratic sinners to whom the sun rose at Paris and set at Versailles, and to whom all the rest of the world were Arctic oceans, Polar circles, and Cimmerian darkness. But Eugene *would* be a soldier, and, as the friend and ally of Marlborough, he became a rankling thorn in the side of the Bourbon *dévot*, who would not allow him to become the rose, as he was the expectancy, of the fair State. In this

chapel, all that is mortal of him, lies beneath a showy, and somewhat tawdry, mixture of brass and marble; and near it is that colossal figure of Christ crucified which, for the divine impersonation of the suffering Redeemer, reveals to the eye of the wondering, the devout, or the sneering spectator, a brawny Negro, not altogether ill formed, comely, though black, furnished with an abundance of woolly hair, and wiry beard to match. Close, then, to this chapel is a tomb which may have escaped the notice of those travellers for whom the ices of the Grab, the attractions of the Volksgarten, and the smiles of the waltz-loving Wienerinnen, had metal more attractive than anything that eye could distinguish in the more than dimly religious light of the Turk-shaken Dom Kirche. One seldom sees a so-called imposing tomb without being struck by the vanity of the poor worm to whom it is erected. A very fat animal of this reptile and writhing order has here his counterfeit resemblance, stiffly assuming a position between his two rigid-looking wives; he leans on a pile of books, and wears one of those enormous seal-rings which the Germans of these modern days still affect. A very pedantic Latin epitaph, speaking for the corpulent defunct, says, in terribly crabbed style, "I worshiped the Muses and Apollo. I was a poet and a physician; the Emperor endowed me with wealth and dignity; be these words, therefore, the sole inscription on my tomb, Cuspinianus is dead; but he will live in the immortal and immense historical works he has bequeathed to posterity; yea, in these he will live for ever!"

"Well done," cried Smith, "for a fat, illustriously obscure wretch. It was lest such learned Thebanism as his should record its folly on imperishable marble that the Spartans, as one of you once observed, interdicted the use of lying tombstones. Go to, for a ponderous simpleton who measures ability as the Dutchman did poetical excellence, by weight. Go to, thou less known than thy heavier

brother Lambert; thou who art not even in the German Valhalla, the hall of the Teutonic mediocrities. Posterity takes thee gingerly, as it would a lazy, overfed wasp, and, putting its foot upon thee, treads flat thy over swollen vanity!"

"But remember," said Mee Aughton, "that if upon such pseudo-celebrities as that obese and verse-spinning son of Æsculapius the work of annihilation is only the trouble of putting the foot, so there are celebrities so pure and genuine that no weight can crush them, nor any power efface. A certain Bohemian Jesuit was not aware of this simple fact, when he thought that by a little act of spite, engendered by his malicious little mind, he had swept Luther from the memory and gratitude of man.

"In the Jesuits' Library at Prague, of which this Bohemian was once a member, I verily believe a man may obtain any book that was ever published, from the first printed Bible by *Fust*, as he spells his name on the titlepage, down to the last numbers (for I saw them) of the 'Illustrated Shakspeare.' I am not about to do the office of the guide-books, by giving you a catalogue, either *raisonné* or otherwise, of the many remarkable objects this library encloses within its learned walls; and quite as little am I disposed to regale you with pen-and-ink sketches of the biography of the multitude of truly illustrious men who have at once received and reflected honour by their sojourn under this, partially speaking, academic shade. Had no greater, more pious, or wiser man trod these floors than the meek and murdered Huss, the ground here trodden would still be holy. It is, indeed, in connection with him that I have to speak. In company with a learned, and not less jovial, priest, German by birth but Irish by descent, I had run through the lions of the place; and, as the shades of evening were fast thickening around us, we stood before the grey marble pedestal supporting the white Carrara bust of the idolized Mozart. My friend had his finger on that part of

the inscription which states that the great composer was 'recalled to celestial harmony,' and he bade me admire the humour of the phrase. I might, perhaps, have done so had it been original, but I half-offended my companion by intimating that, at an earlier period, Dryden had written something to the same tune on the musical dust of our beloved Purcell. He was chagrined that I should have alluded to even a suspicion of plagiarism; and, confessing that the thought almost clouded the anticipations he had formed of the enjoyments attending our evening devotions before the mellow glories of a flask of old Rüster Ausbruch, he suddenly remembered that I had not seen the very Nero and Wallace, as it were, of the literary lions of Prague. Hurrying me into an adjacent and lofty apartment, he walked almost reverently, as it seemed to me, to a recess, and returned bearing a large volume, as large as a seaman's chest, and about twice as heavy. This terrific-looking tome proved to be a book of manuscript songs, the musical notes of which are of the size of sledge-hammers, and not unlike them in figure. Each song or hymn has a head and tail piece more exquisitely illuminated than the most curious in pictures so limned could easily imagine; while down the margins, where may be found 'ample room and verge enough,' ran profuse and elegant masses of arabesque illustrations and adornments, on seeing which you swear—and very profanely swear aloud, too—that none but Dürer or Diabolus could possibly have had a hand in them. Among this harmonious collection is a song in praise of John Huss, which, in the olden time, it was a matter of observance to sing on the eve of John the Baptist. This is illustrated by the illumination of the initial letter exquisitely representing the beheading of the saint. The tail-piece is a graphic scene of the burning of Huss himself at Constance; some Romish priests, his adversaries in argument, are standing near, exulting in the edifying sight of witnessing an antagonist so

effectually overcome. But the most remarkable marginal ornaments consist in the portraits of Wycliffe, Huss, and Luther, executed with a master's hand, and with the excellence of humour and spirit. Wycliffe, the topmost of the illustrious three, is represented in the act of striking a light; Huss, beneath him, has caught the spark, and is lighting a candle from it; and Luther, under Huss, having increased the flame, has ignited a torch, in place of the lesser light of his predecessor, which he is waving around his head with the intense delight of triumph and victory. This latter portion of the tripart picture has evidently not been contemplated by some one with the spirit of religious philosophy; for directly through the great Reformer's face there is a mark as if some envious fellow had, with a wet thumb, occupied himself for an hour by trying to efface what to the favourer of darkness was an offensive representation. The thing this foolish and malignant fellow did not know was this, that his very act has rendered the illustration more strikingly perfect, showing the truly Romish (rather than Roman) hatred towards the founder of Protestantism, and reminding us, moreover, that, though the face of the modern apostle be no more seen, the light he raised is still a bright, glorious, and inextinguishable light.

"'Who did this?' was the exclamation that naturally followed the above sight; but I could learn nothing more in reply than that it was the work of a monk so renowned for his acute sense of smell, that he professed to be able, by his nose alone, to distinguish between good and bad men as he passed them in the street.

"'So much for his nose!' said I; 'may his tongue remain for ever as dry as that of the blessed Neopomuk in St. Wenzel's chapel.'

"There is Alexandre going to sleep over your long stories," said Smith. "What of Bougainville and Coralie, Alexandre?" asked he.

"Well!" replied Alexandre, "of all the remarkable circumstances that ever befell a man in the category of things unknown, is that of commencing a voyage round the world, utterly unconscious, when at his morning toilet, that he was dressing for a grand tour to his own house by way of the Antipodes. That an individual should actually commence the occupation of circumnavigating the world without himself entertaining the slightest suspicion of the dance through the five zones that Fate had reserved for him; that he should exchange, and, all unknowingly to the person most interested in the affair, 'his unhoused free condition,' to be cribbed, cabined, and confined, to be put in circumscription, as Othello has it, even while he deemed his possessions in freedom, and Coralie la Danseuse to be among the least questionable of sublunary things, is perhaps one of the most singular events that could occur to any respectable individual, who was very far from dreaming that time and the hour intended him the honour of a visitation, accompanied with so vast a measure of undesired mutability."—

Coralie, the celebrated opera-dancer, made her first appearance upon the stage of life as a nun. She had actually, but much against her own will, taken the veil and her vows, both of which, as property peculiarly belonging to a convent, she left behind in her cell, when Armand de Vouillon, her lover, contrived, by the aid of him who laughs at locksmiths, to carry her off, nothing loath, from small-type breviaries, heavy scourges, long masses, and short meals, to life and that everlasting love which, as understood in Paris, seldom expires under a month.

Coralie then became a *fille de l'Opéra*, and she was not the first nun who had taken so strange a flight. By able tuition and constant practice, she was at last pronounced capable of making her *début;* and, on the night that she charmed the crowded theatre of the Tuileries by her magic performance of Hebe, her veiled sisters in the convent-

chapel celebrated a *De Profundis* in her behalf, as though she had really, bodily, departed from among them. For a time her career was an ovation: she walked upon flowers, lived in never-changing sunshine, broke the hearts, weekly, of five officers of the Régiment de Rohan, and had the pleasure of hearing announced to her, every morning, that the Seine had been dragged below St. Cloud in search of the Coralie suicides.

On these latter occasions, her Abigail, a far more eatable thing than a grisette, would enter her boudoir, with compound features made up of a smile and a sigh, and simperingly announce, "I have the honour of informing Mademoiselle that the bodies of a young lawyer and two Mousquetaires Noirs were found in the river this morning. They were in full-dress, and each bore the usual written intimation that they died for want of the smiles of the divine Coralie." Whereupon, the aforesaid divinity would sip her chocolate, and remark, with a dissatisfied air, "*C'est bien peu de chose!* Two drunken soldiers and a miserable councillor! Why, 't is hardly fame!"

It was on one of these mornings, when the divinity, only half-propitiated by an indifferent sacrifice of worthless life made in her honour the previous night, received in her elegant boudoir, from which she had but a moment previously dismissed Eugène Fontbonne, the nephew of the Archbishop of Paris, the homage of one who, considering his strength of mind, his wisdom, and his knowledge, was strangely held the willing captive of this charmer's bonds. This was no less than the celebrated navigator Bougainville, a man who, like the hero of your Dryden's satire, had been everything by turns, and nothing long—with this slight difference, that his varied range of characters comprised all that was useful, though occasionally coloured by eccentricity. He entered with a somewhat sombre face, for he knew who had preceded him in rendering homage to the amiable sove-

reign of the hour; but he neither evinced nor felt the slightest portion of melancholy. His motto was, "All for love;" but he deeply declined dying of the complaint. And nothing was so remote from his thoughts and intentions as the idea of immolating himself in honour of the fairest of the fair daughters of Terpsichore.

"Well, *paresseux!*" exclaimed the charming pet of the ballet, "you are come at last; and, I know, only to say 'Adieu.' I saw in this morning's 'Gazette' the announcement of your approaching departure for the Malouines."

"In an hour," said Bougainville, "I commence a voyage round the world; and sure I am that, throughout the long circuit, I shall see nothing half so lovely—"

"Though twice as honest," interrupted the candid Coralie. Like many people of these better-regulated times, she assumed sincerity in accusing herself of faults, that the world might believe she was innocent of them.

"Certainly not half so lovely," resumed the honest sailor, leaving the lady the benefit of her own admission,—"nothing half so lovely as she whose hand now lies in mine."

"And who," added the princess with a pout, "is left behind like Ariadne abandoned by Theseus,—an illustration for which you may be grateful to old Pizzini, who has composed a ballet for me on the subject. It will please my dear Sage," she continued, playfully tapping his cheek, "to know that I am learned as well as lovely. Thanks to Pizzini, you see I already know something of Roman history."

A quiet, but perfectly polite smile passed over the features of the great navigator, as he rejoined, "I see it, my sweet one. You were born to charm and instruct mankind; and you quite as much mistook your vocation when you became a nun as I did mine on the day I enrolled myself among *ces diables de Mousquetaires.*"

"*Fi donc*, upon the comparison!" answered Coralie; "even as a nun I did not disgrace *my* profession, nor shame my sisters while I was one of them."

"And of what horrid crime was I guilty when a Mousquetaire?" asked Bougainville, something surprised. "My brethren-in-arms were not of that very nice virtue that a trifle would ruffle them. Did I burn a church?"

"Worse!" said Coralie.

"Worse? Was I absent on the night of your *début*, or is it any horrible atrocity of that nature?"

"Infinitely more grave," replied the *fausse prude*. "You wrote a book which not even the libertine Mousquetaires could read."

"True," exclaimed Bougainville, with a laugh.

"A book which no lady ever mentions."

"Why, true again," rejoined Bougainville; "and the title of which was—"

"Nay, I will not even listen to it!" said the nymph.

"An Essay on the Differential Calculus," exclaimed the Admiral.

"Ah!" cried Coralie, with a laughable affectation of offended dignity, "I knew it was something very improper."

"Such improprieties, and the Mousquetaires with them," said Bougainville, with the sweet smile for which he was as famed as was Napoleon after him, "I abandoned when I came to years of discretion. And I accompanied the embassy to England to learn gravity; and, indeed, it is a place where gravity may be well acquired. They shoot men there, my love, for errors they are compelled to commit; and they disgrace brave officers for aiding to gain a victory. Poor Byng!" continued Bougainville thoughtfully, "he was one of the best friends I ever made among our enemies; and poor Lord George—"

"J'aime beaucoup les Milords!" said Coralie, yawning.

"And I too," said Bougainville, "though they are not half so profitable to me."

A rather tender leave-taking followed, after a short hour of some such very small conversation as the above. Coralie,

who did not affect fidelity, did her best to feign sorrow, but all she could obtain was a look of sentiment and a graceful attitude. "I shall have no hopes of suicides *à la mode* now you leave me," said the pretty Juggernaut, with an air of disappointment, "for I shall have no admirer left in town but Fontbonne, who, like my *petit marin*, ungallantly declares that there is more pleasure in living *without* than *dying* for me—*l'ingrat!*"

A sudden thought seemed to strike the Admiral as he turned to leave the room. As he descended the staircase his quiet smile expanded itself into a look of broad fun, and he entered his ponderous carriage, which was waiting for him in the courtyard, only to sink back against one of its well-cushioned corners in a hearty convulsion of laughter.

According to the Admiral's order, the carriage proceeded at a slow pace up the Champs Elysées. "This is about his hour," said he, "and, *parbleu!* since my beautiful demon is sighing for blood, and Fontbonne declines being crushed under the wheels of her car, why I'll even make away with him myself."

The carriage had reached the stone bridge called the Pont d'Antin, which then formed the means of communication between the celebrated promenade, which the Parisians owe to the good taste of Colbert, and *Les Allées de Roule*, before Bougainville discovered his friend and rival. Immediately calling him by name, he invited him to enter the carriage, and accompany him to Versailles to breakfast.

"If I were certain," said Fontbonne, "that I should be back in Paris by six this evening, I should be charmed to partake of your impromptu festival."

Bougainville engaged, as far as mortal man *could* engage himself, that Fontbonne should be at table, if he chose it, by that time. Fontbonne sprang into the carriage, and the Admiral, who had powers of conversation equal to those of the illustrious Englishman, who is said, after travelling alone

for three or four hours, to have invited himself to dinner as one of the most agreeable fellows he had ever met with, engaged his intended victim in such a labyrinth of anecdote, wit, jests, and chronicled scandal of the day; and so thoroughly was Fontbonne absorbed by the *ruse*, that the horses were changed at Versailles, and the royal residence was a league behind them, before he awoke to consciousness.

"But where," he at length exclaimed, "is our intended breakfast? and whither are we hastening at this unusual pace?"

"My dear friend," replied Bougainville, in an apologetic tone, "I have here in the carriage a better repast than Jacques Cœur himself, with all his wealth, could procure;" saying which, he produced a charming little collation, surrounded with an appetizing air which the French alone know how to give to all picnic arrangements. "The truth is," continued Bougainville, "I want to surprise you by a charming little dinner at Domfront, and—"

"Domfront!" cried Fontbonne, "why, I shall not be in Paris to-night, and Coralie—"

"Will play Ariadne all the better for the little disappointment."

"It may be so," said the second lover, "but I do not understand which of us two is the genuine Theseus. However, as my day is lost, and as I know you have some excellent sport in view, or you would not have carried me off to Domfront to witness it, why, I resign myself to my fate, and shall be anxious for the due appearance of both the dinner and the joke."

"Neither shall be of an inferior quality, for so much I pledge the name of Bougainville," said the latter. "In the meantime allow me to offer you the wing of this chicken, and let me beg of you to devote yourself to the Madeira as if Coralie herself were acting Hebe to you."

Fontbonne followed the example of his *enleveur*, and did ample justice to the fare provided by his humorous companion. So effectually did Bougainville exert himself, that Seez and Carouges were passed through almost as unconsciously as Versailles had been. Late in the evening an exquisite dinner awaited them at the 'Trois Vertus' at Domfront. To the inquiries of Fontbonne, Bougainville intimated that the hour for revealing his joke had not yet come; but that, as all hours were fitly devoted to champagne, they would apply themselves during a few of them to that liquid consideration, and then order fresh horses.

"Fresh horses!" cried the astounded Fontbonne, "I am dying of fatigue, and my head is as confused as though Madame Jacquet de la Guerre had been singing her own execrable compositions to me unceasingly for a fortnight."

"The night air," said Bougainville, "is a specific for all such complaints. And, not to deceive you any longer, my dear Fontbonne, I will confess that I am about spending some time at Brest. You have never beheld the wonders of that seaport, and you are too amiable to leave me now half-way."

At this, Fontbonne fell into a tempest of passion, which however gradually subsided before Bougainville's calm manner. Assurances of furnishing him with all the means and appliances necessary for the toilette of a *petit maître* of the period, and the seductive prospect of a residence among the joyous spirits that were at that time making Brest glad with their presence, induced Fontbonne, at last, to give way. In the due course of events, the two travellers arrived at their destination. "Before we proceed to any less attractive object," said the Admiral, "let us pay our homage to my noble vessel which is now lying in the roads." The friends alighted; Bougainville gave some directions aside touching the carriage, and a minute after he and the half-

bewildered Fontbonne were in a boat on their way to the chief ship of the squadron. As they stepped on deck, all due honours were paid the Admiral, and his companion welcomed as the *protégé* of so great a man. A sumptuous repast in the state-room greeted the eyes of Fontbonne, after he had made a tour of inspection throughout the ship; and at the conclusion of a four hours' *sederunt*, he remarked, in alluding to the forced journey he had made with the Admiral, "I really believe, gentlemen, your chief is almost hardy enough to apply to me one of the bad usages he has acquired in England, and that he would scarcely scruple to *press* me to accompany you round the world."

"Nay," said Bougainville, "I use no constraint. If you will join us, you shall be treated as a favoured guest; if not, you are free to return on shore directly."

"Which," said the Admiral's captain, "as it is now dark as midnight in the Place Manbert, and the land sixteen leagues astern, would be an enterprise worthy of immortalizing the Fontbonnes to the latest generation."

The party were at that precise moment of good-fellowship when the amiability of a man is not to be ruffled. The united sensations of champagne, and the smooth course of the vessel over the mirror-like surface of the ocean, rendered Fontbonne satisfied and ready for any enterprise; and, at length, entering with a good measure of eagerness into the now-discovered joke, he only sighed "Coralie!" and went, impromptu, round the world.

After a lapse of three years, the friends returned to the scene of their old pleasures, their passion for the *danseuse* having, in the meantime, metempsychosed itself into a platonization. Nor had the latter been either sad or idle during the absence of her old lovers, seeing that she had, while that period pended, contrived to ruin three English peers and a master-general of the ordnance, those excellent persons not knowing that there are *four* things which will always

swallow and never be satiated—the grave, the sea, a king, and a ballet-dancer.

Nielson, after an interval, took up another of Alexandre's sketches,—it represented a fine-looking gentleman bowing to a lady who had the audacious beauty of Mrs. Bellamy, in the "Picture in Three Panels."

"Who are these?" asked Nielson.

"One is Farinelli, the other is Pompadour. They have no story, in common," he added, "but they were both artists, in their respective ways, especially Pompadour, who engraved on gems with considerable ability. Here is a copy of her Louis XV. standing between Peace and Victory."

While the friends and companions are examining the book of engraved gems, of which Pompadour was the authoress,—let us consider *her* career and that of Farinelli.

PORTRAITS OF FARINELLI AND POMPADOUR.

"I have stooped to flatter Farinelli, why should I hesitate to praise Pompadour?" In this speech, uttered by Maria Theresa when political necessity was bending her imperial neck beneath the heel of a French king's mistress, there was a mixture of insult and injury. Farinelli was as honest a man as any in the court of Charles VI., Maria Theresa's father. Perhaps Pompadour was as honest a woman as any in the court of Louis XV.; but honesty was *not* to be found in the *entourage* of that able yet idle, accomplished yet worthless, monarch. Honour and honesty maintained a dull but respectable state in the saloons of his consort and of his royal daughters.

The King's own circle was made up of incarnate iniquity, galloping gaily to meet the deluge which Pompadour had prophesied, and in the eddies of which so many French governments have encountered destruction. To place Farinelli on the same level as Pompadour was therefore to inflict on the former no inconsiderable wrong. To admire the artistic skill of either was no condescension, even in an empress. To speak of Pompadour as an artist is to notice her in a character which looks strange to the general public; but in truth her line of art, in which to excel she needed but the poor qualifications of necessity and virtue, was superior to that by which Farinelli achieved renown and fortune. Let us glance at both in their respective pursuits.

At the court of Vienna, at the beginning of the last century, the chief favourite of the imperial amateur Charles VI.

was Porpora, the great master of recitative and measured art, a man whose tuition enabled many to become rich, but whose profuse generosity rendered his extreme old age one of miserable penury. Porpora owed his position at Vienna to what would have ruined a composer anywhere else. The Emperor, who cared only for solemn music, and was never known to smile, burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter at hearing a shower of trills in one of Porpora's capering fugues. The man who could excite risibility in a sardonic Kaiser, was accounted as something above the common, and Porpora was more esteemed than if he had been a philosopher.

About this time there was a marvellously tuneful boy at Naples, who was distinguished by the title of *Il Ragazzo*, or "*the* boy," but whose name was Carlo Broschi Farinelli. This lad became the pupil of Porpora, who produced him at the age of seventeen to the critical public of Rome. The success of Farinelli excited the jealousy of the longest-winded trumpeter ever known, and the two (instrumentalist and vocalist) nightly endeavoured to excel each other in uttering the greatest amount of notes without taking breath, while the intellectual audience sat mutely listening with enraptured ears. On one occasion the trumpeter scattered whole avalanches of sound, while Farinelli competed with him in never-ending "runs." The instrumentalist was lost in his own continuance of harmonious noise, till his trembling lips strove in vain to puff, however faintly, a crowning note. He fondly thought he had gained the prize, but his astonishment was great at hearing Farinelli dashing on, in the same breath with which he had started, now swelling, now shaking upon the note, anon running the most rapid and difficult divisions, and at length ceasing, not from exhaustion, but because, through the tumultuous approbation of the audience, he could be heard no more. It was ascertained that he could sing three hundred notes without

drawing breath. When it is remembered that few other vocalists have been able to accomplish more than fifty under the same conditions, some idea may be entertained of the powers in this respect of young Farinelli.

Charles VI. not only criticized poor Porpora, but he condescended to give counsel to his pupil; and, while the Emperor was engaged in averting the ruin which threatened his great inheritance, he found time to show Farinelli how he might add pathos to spirit, unite simplicity with sublimity, and excite as much admiration as astonishment. Charles VI. could not conquer at Belgrade, but he could make a finished singer of Farinelli. The flattery paid to the latter by Maria Theresa was therefore but filial eulogy addressed to a father who was an indifferent emperor, but who would have made an invaluable leader of an operatic orchestra.

England was anxious to hear a man who united in his own person the excellences of all other vocalists; and in 1734 he appeared in Hasse's opera of 'Artaserse,' for which the words had been expressly furnished by Metastasio. The locality was the house in Lincoln's-inn-fields, a rival to that in the Haymarket, where Handel reigned supreme, yet found it difficult to counteract the attraction of Farinelli, supported by the exquisite and wayward Cuzoni,—a lady who might have revelled in gold like "Miss Kielmansegg," but who lived to feel starvation, and who *then* spent a guinea, given her in charity, in purchasing a bottle of claret. The donor wonderingly beheld her pour the costly wine into a basin, dip a "pennyworth of bread" therein, and so show how a famished actress loved to breakfast.

The effect produced by Farinelli in England had never before been equalled, and certainly has never since been paralleled. It is said that on one occasion, as he was playing the part of a captive prince, the tyrant to whom he was pleading for liberty was so touched by his sweet and plain-

tive strains, that he spontaneously tore the light fetters from the limbs of the prisoner, and gave a new reading to the catastrophe, to the intense delight of an enraptured audience. In the famous air of *Son qual Nave* he perfectly electrified his hearers. Sounds so musical, so melancholy, and so sweet, were novel to the untutored but greedily attentive ears of our great-grandfathers, and when these listened to the lightning rapidity of roulades which lagging violins strove in vain to keep up with, such ovations ensued in honour of the performer as had never been conferred upon the brightest of the sons of philosophy and science.

But the name of Farinelli will ever remain most connected with Spain. He proceeded to Madrid in 1737, taking Paris in his way, and even charming a French court where, then as now, Italian music and Italian throats were accounted as things very inferior to what France could produce in the same line. On the arrival of the great artist in Madrid he was at once summoned to the palace, where lay a king enslaved by a melancholy which it was thought might be made to yield to the magic of the foreign minstrel. The particular madness of Philip assumed the form of an unclean insanity which is general enough in those continental cities wherein men seem determined that beards are natural and inviolable appendages to chins. In other words, Philip of Spain refused to shave or be shaven. His relations and friends, his medical men (barber-surgeons), and even his confessors, in vain assailed the royal ear with recommendations to lay down the hirsute tabernacle which veiled the royal face from the respectful gaze of the lieges. Philip answered never a word, but continued to caress his beard, than which his ear was not deafer to remonstrance. The whole court was at its small wit's end when Farinelli arrived to work a cure which had defied the faculty, and which was to be wrought by song. He was placed in a room adjoining that wherein reclined the moody and long-bearded majesty

of Spain. As the first notes of the gifted minstrel fell on the sick ear of the King, a frown darkened his brow as though he were determined to resist the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. The frown, however, soon gave way to a smile, and as the notes fell in liquid sweetness from the lips of the son of song, clear and full and solemn as though an archangel were delivering a message of consolation from the skies, the hand of the monarch dropped from the beard which it grasped and guarded, and tears began to flow freely from eyes that for weeks had been dry, rigid, and sleepless. The cure was accomplished, an ecstatic circle knelt around the King, and the latter submitted himself with graceful alacrity to the ready skill and long razors of the Figaros of the court. The merit of Farinelli could not be allowed to pass unrewarded. The royal family monopolized his person and talents, attached him exclusively to the service of the court, and, holding that the human instrument which had been divinely sent as a remedy to lead a Spanish monarch to reason and a soap-dish, was too good to be permitted to enchant the mean ears of the people, Farinelli was lodged in the palace, created a knight, and a pension assigned him whereby to maintain his new dignity with the air of a cavalier. "The dew of grace bless our new knight, to-day," is the wish which Beaumont and Fletcher place on the lips of Valetta in behalf of Miranda. Few such salutations greeted Farinelli. The *bellica virtus* was jealous of one who had achieved more than a warrior's fortune, *arte canendi*, by trills rather than thrusts, by the tongue and not by the sword. An old battered officer, who had long waited in the royal antechamber in expectation of a pension, one day seeing Farinelli pass into the monarch's apartment without ceremony, exclaimed that it was a shame that such squeaking dolls should be clothed in gold while old soldiers were left to rags and starvation. Farinelli gently glanced at the bold speaker, learned his name, ex-

amined his claims, liberally aided him from his own purse, and finally obtained for him from the King the honourable gratuity which the old soldier's services had nobly earned. Such traits as these were common in Farinelli's daily career, and she who praised the actor had hardly have needed to apologize for it, or to call the eulogy a stooping to flattery. At all events one thing is clear, namely, that the family of Farinelli was accustomed to honours from crowned heads. Thus the uncle of the great artist, who began life as composer, violinist, and concert-master at Hanover, lived not only to be ennobled by the King of Denmark, but actually resided at Venice as the representative of our George I.

Farinelli continued in the vocal service of the crown of Spain for nearly a quarter of a century, and, by wearing his honours modestly and applying his fortune liberally, he acquired a popularity which extended to all classes. It is said that during the whole of that time he rarely sang in public, except when commanded by royalty and honoured by its presence. Innumerable are the stories told on the other hand of the stratagems adopted by individuals to get within hearing of his wonderful voice. The tradespeople whom he patronized, despising ducats, cared only to be paid in song; and melancholy tailors offered to receipt his bills in full if he would but treat them to as many roulades as his account contained pistoles.

After his long triumph, as soon as time, that *edax* of voices as well as other things, began to make gentle impression upon the organ for which all hearers would have desired an immortal endurance, Farinelli withdrew to his native Italy, and in his splendid *palazzo* welcomed all comers, and particularly his English visitors, with the grace of a prince and the heartiness of an honest and sincere man. He was at this time unwise enough to make a short professional sojourn in England; but our grandfathers could only discover in him the excellent method, but no longer the in-

comparable voice of the Farinelli of wellnigh half a century before. He accepted the lesson of his comparative failure with cheerful meekness, and, once more turning his face homeward, he died "a blameless man," in the year 1782, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. There are yet persons living who were contemporary with the man who was singing in his youth when "Great Anna" was our Queen!

Such was Farinelli; as for Madame de Pompadour, if she was less worthy as an individual, she was even greater as an artist, and, but for the temptation to which she yielded, she might have held the most dignified place in the Dictionary of Engravers.

When Louis XV. married Maria Leczinska, daughter of Stanislas, ex-King of Poland, the modest bridegroom was but fifteen years of age, the bride some seven years older. For several years a more exemplary couple could not have been found; but at last it might have been said of the King, as Massillon said of his royal grandfather, he forgot every duty owing to the Queen, save that of politeness. He fancied that his infidelity was well paid for by excessively candying his courtesy. If his wife ever ventured to tax him with wickedness, she at least could never say he was uncivil.

It was Cardinal Fleury who led the young monarch into iniquity. The King had capacity for business and wished to exercise it, but the Cardinal put in his way the young and simple Madame de Mailly. This young lady's guilty greatness was envied by her sister, a little novice who used to visit her at Versailles, and who contrived to have her ejected, and to succeed to her dishonour. When the sister (De Ventimille) died, the first concubine was restored to her old disgraceful dignity, from which she was finally deposed by another sister, Madame de Tournelle, who drove her sister into a convent, forced the King into active life at the head of his armies, and displayed her own brilliant

beauty in the camp as Duchesse de Châteauroux. The Duchess was the lady of the hour when the King was attacked by dangerous illness at Metz. Like another celebrated potentate, he was never sick without longing to be a saint, and his confessor induced him to dismiss the mistress. The Duchess re-appeared when the King became well and wicked. Death, however, soon closed her brief reign. Her sister, Madame de Lauraguais, was unable to keep long the post which had been held by three so near akin. A fierce struggle ensued among ladies of the highest blood to succeed to the vacant infamy; and, while intrigue was at its very hottest and highest, in stepped a nameless but pert and pretty girl, who contrived to subdue the monarch as completely as she enslaved the man.

Her name was Jeanne Poisson. She was the daughter of a rather gay mother and of a clerk in a Government office, who once very narrowly escaped hanging for fraudulent practices. She received a brilliant education at the expense of a certain M. le Normant de Tourneham, whose *paternal* regard for her was not exercised without reason, and who took an honest fatherly pride in seeing her in her earliest youth proficient in music and drawing, and especially in copper-plate engraving, and in engraving on gems. M. Le Normant gave this accomplished lady in marriage to his nephew Le Normant d'Etiolles. The young husband was plain, childishly simple, but warmhearted. The young wife was enchanting, cunning, and calculating. She detested her consort, and was even then looking to titular consortship with a King. In the meantime she maintained a little court around her, the chief officers of which were Voltaire and Cahusac, Fontenelle, Montesquieu, Maupertuis, and the gallant Abbé de Bernis, of whom she subsequently made a Cardinal and a Minister of Foreign Affairs. It will be seen that she had a taste in selecting her followers. There was not a fool among them. She so worshiped intellect

that I question if she would have even cared for the King himself, but that, among other qualities, he possessed understanding—an understanding which its owner misapplied, and which Jeanne Poisson abused.

In the King's service there was a favourite attendant, a male cousin of Madame d'Etiolles. One idle morning, when the monarch seemed to be already weary of the day, this attendant ventured to remark that he had heard of a strange madcap of a young wife who had laughingly told her husband that she would be constant to him against all the world, excepting only the King of France and Navarre. Louis smiled, ordered his hunting equipage, shot a stag in the Forest of Senaart, and entering the château d'Etiolles, on the skirts of the forest, presented the antlers to the master of the house! The young husband, overwhelmed with the honour, suspended the horns above the door of his drawing-room. At all the King's subsequent hunting parties, Madame d'Etiolles was present, dressed in greater variety of costume than ever was worn by Diana, and looking infinitely more bewitching! She was an admirable rider, and at length she fairly rode away with the King. M. d'Etiolles received a little *billet* that night from his wife, politely informing him that she was on a visit to Versailles, and did not very well know when she should be back. M. d'Etiolles looked up musingly at the royal present over his drawing-room door, and shook his head as if oppressed by the weight of his very thoughts. A day or two later he began to give to these thoughts incautious utterance, and his indiscretion was rewarded by an appointment which exiled him to Avignon. He bore the banishment for a year with feverish impatience, and then capitulated. He purchased a permission to return to Paris by promising never to trouble his errant spouse, and never to enter a theatre after intimation given to him that she was likely to be present. When he retruned to the capital he heard no more of his wife by

name, but much of a Marchioness de Pompadour, whose wit, vivacity, and grace had established a permanent ecstasy at Versailles, whose accomplishments had excited an interest even in the used-up king, and whose prodigious extravagance was the wonder and indignation of the Parisians. As for her old father, he was placed in ignoble ease. Of her brother she had made a Marquis de Vandière,—a title which the wits of the capital had converted into Marquis *d'Avant-hier*, or of "the day before yesterday." The wounded gentleman foiled the punsters by changing his marquisate to that of "de Marigny," and by procuring his appointment to the lucrative offices of director and controller-general of the buildings, woods, forests, arts, and manufactures of the kingdom. One of the finest line engravings I have ever seen, and partly the work of his sister, represents him, with his titles annexed, as a portly young man, looking perfectly unconscious that his honours were the price of his sister's *dis*honour.

The treasures of the kingdom were made to flow at the Marchioness's good pleasure, and, if she sometimes directed them in a praiseworthy way, she too often lavishly misappropriated them. Royal residences were assigned her, and revenues to support them. The magnificent château of Belle-Vue, well known to all who have visited the environs of Paris, sprang up from the ground like a fairy palace at her bidding. The neighbouring landholders were compelled to surrender their land at prices fixed by the court, that she might have space enough of garden-ground to entertain her royal lover and his numerous suite. When she purchased the aristocratic mansion of the D'Evreux in Paris, and, rasing it to the ground, built another, above whose portico she placed the shield of the ancient house of Pompadour, as though she had been a daughter of that noble race, the walls of her residence were covered with placards which bore the well-expressed and sarcastic opinions of the capital;

and when the shameless mistress was impudent enough to encroach on the public walks in order to enlarge her own private grounds, the people attacked the workmen, pulling down the wall as fast as it was raised. Upon which the monarch, as imprudent as his mistress was impudent, despatched a detachment of his royal guard, who repulsed the king's subjects, while his concubine tranquilly built a wall to conceal and protect her bower!

There was little mercy in those days for those who offended the imperious favourite. On one occasion, when the infant Duke of Burgundy was exhibited to the people, —into the little golden cradle in which he lay behind a gilded grating, some one contrived to slip a written denunciation against the monarch and his mistress,—an offence which ruined many suspected persons, without striking the one that was guilty. So when the peculiar condition of the health of the Marchioness reduced the *liaison* between herself and the king to one of a platonic aspect, the wits of the capital flung their sarcastic verses into her apartments, and meekly resigned themselves to the captivity and loss of place which rewarded the bold exercise of their humour. Her assailants were among the noblest of the land, but she smote them as mercilessly as though she had been a Richelieu in petticoats.

It is a strange circumstance that her arrogance increased at the precise moment that one might have expected her influence to be on the wane. When she was an *emerita*, if I may so call her condition of ex-concubineship, those who attended her levees in her dressing-room found her seated in the solitary chair that was in the apartment. No one could sit in her presence: but the Marquis de Souvré was once bold enough, while paying his compliments, to seat himself on the arm of the chair in which she lay reclining and indignant. The audacity had wellnigh ruined the Marquis, but the King interceded for him, and his pardon

was reluctantly accorded. When Louis attended her levees she would condescend to order a stool to be brought in for his use; but when princes of the blood and cardinals addressed their homage to her, she received them standing before her solitary chair. A seat for them would have been to lower her own dignity to the ground. A young nobleman served her as groom of the chambers, and she compelled the King to confer on her butler, a common menial, the then glorious military cordon of the Order of Saint Louis. "Alas!" said an old chevalier, with a sigh, "the King, by placing the cross of the royal saint on a livery coat, has done for it exactly what he did for English 'nankeens.' When he wished to destroy the popularity of that foreign material in France, he ordered it to be worn by every executioner who appeared on the scaffold."

The two objects nearest to the heart of "the Pompadour" were to be received by the Dauphin, and to become lady-in-waiting to the Queen. The first was easily accomplished; but when the heir to the throne bent forward to bestow the ceremonial kiss, he simply thrust his tongue into his cheek, and so left her. The King instantly sent him, under arrest, to his château de Meudon, from which he was freed only by the action of a double lie. In open court he assured the Marchioness that he had not been guilty of the insult, and she smilingly replied that she believed him incapable of committing such an outrage. Had there been an honest man among the courtiers who witnessed the scene, he would have uttered, trumpet-tongued, the royal saying, that if truth were banished from among all other people, it should still find refuge in the breast of princes.

The attempt to wring from the scandalized Queen the nomination of the Marchioness to an honourable dignity in her royal and virtuous circle was a more difficult achievement. Her Majesty protested against being compelled to receive a married woman who was living separated of her

own will from her husband, and who was of a notoriously irreligious life. A rare comedy ensued. The mistress wrote a penitential letter to her discarded consort, who, under the direction of the Prince de Soubise, specially charged for the purpose, returned for answer that he was delighted at her restoration to heavenly sentiments, and was fully convinced that the salvation of both depended on their living separate. The next step was to be received at public communion by the celebrated Jesuit Father de Sacy; but the priest was inexorable. He would not believe in the repentance of a concubine who continued to reside in the King's apartments. Her wrath was severely felt by the order, but the Church generally expressed satisfaction at the course she had taken; a score of easy bishops honoured the ceremony of her presence at the sacrament, and Jeanne Poisson became first lady-in-waiting to the insulted Queen of France.

The knife of Damiens, which had nearly cut short the career of Louis, placed in temporary peril the dignity and possessions of the Marchioness. The Jesuits, whom she had humiliated, accused her and the parliament of having conspired with the English government to assassinate the King. The accusation was too gross in itself, and too vindictively framed, to admit of belief, and the mistress triumphed over her enemies. A settled melancholy, however, descended on the King, the infamous remedy for which was the invention of the Marchioness, and was applied in order to secure her own position by keeping from the monarch all inclination to establish another concubine under the roof of Versailles. Into this iniquity I cannot enter further than by stating that she presented her old lover with the "Hermitage" in the famous *Parc au Cerf*, and this she peopled with pretty female children, who were immolated therein to a Moloch, compared with whom the fiend so called of old was a very angel of light. An awfully characteristic trait of Louis is connected with the chronicle of this place of sacrifice. He

was, after his fashion, eminently religious, and his confessor declared, with a mixture of blushes and pride, that after he took by the hand the destined youthful victim of the night, he might be heard teaching her the catechism, repeating with her the evening prayers, and adjuring her never to lose her reverence for the blessed Virgin, the Mother of our Lord! The wretched old savage appears himself to have been struck by a faint idea that this sort of sanctity fell short of what was required to secure his salvation. The balance in Heaven's account was decidedly against him, but he turned the amount in his favour by building that famous church of St. Geneviève, which so gratified the ecclesiastics of the day, that they thought it would even include Madame de Pompadour in its saving effects, and which has been spoken of by the exemplary "Napoleon III." as a touching monument of the exalted piety of Louis XV. The comment was worthy of the act!

Within the circuit of the Parc au Cerf, Madame de Pompadour had once herself amused the King by her dramatic performances, her concerts, and by entertainments in which she appeared in a score of characters, and was perfect in all. Now, while the King there dwelt with favourites provided by herself, she governed and ruined France, answering every counsel, remonstrance, and prophecy, by the now proverbial saying, "After us, the deluge!" Abroad, as at home, France knew nothing of glory under her sway; and when with one dash of her pen she overthrew the entire system of Henri IV., of Richelieu, and of Louis XIV., and entered into a treaty of alliance with Austria, it was for no better reason than that Frederick of Prussia had spoken of her as "Sultana Smock," and that Maria-Theresa, standing in need of her assistance, had condescended to address her in an epistle which commenced with "My dearest love." She was forty-two years of age when she expired at Versailles, on the 15th of April, 1764. The "deluge," which

she said would come after her, seemed descending from the clouds as the hearse which contained her remains left the court-yard of the château for Paris. The apathetic King sauntered to one of the windows to witness the departure; and all the funeral oration uttered by him on the occasion was to the effect, that "the Marchioness had satanically bad weather to travel in, and would not arrive in Paris before ten o'clock."

The "chronique scandaleuse" of the courtesan has left me but limited space to speak of the artist. In line-engraving she was expert, but in engraving on stones she was an almost faultless *exécutante*. Her portraits of the Dauphin and Dauphine, of the King, and of her "cavalier servente" the Abbé de Bernis, her *pigeon*, as she used to call him, were only privately circulated, and any one of them would be accounted a treasure by collectors. The 'Triumph of Fontenoy' was one of a projected series of illustrations of the great events of the reign of Louis XV. This subject she engraved alike on copper and on a gem. It represented Victory crowning the King, who holds by the hand the young Dauphin, both standing in a chariot that would be drawn by four horses, only that the traces have been omitted. The 'Victory' of Laufeldt represents that goddess, winged and erect, standing upon the prostrate trophies of the enemy. The Victory is a portrait of the fair artist, who, it must be said, had in most of her works the benefit of the suggestive counsel of the accomplished engraver, Guay. The Preliminaries of the Peace of 1748 she illustrated by representing the King as Hercules, standing between Victory, to whom his face is turned, and Peace, who is on the other side endeavouring to attract his attention. It is the best of the series. It is far superior to the engraving of the 'Birth of the Duke of Burgundy,' wherein a very stout-limbed France painfully stoops to pick up a child, over whom Pallas (that is, Madame de Pompadour)

holds her protecting shield. The figure of France, who, in another engraving, is kneeling at the altar of Hygeia, praying for the restoration to health of the Dauphin, is a far more graceful figure than the lady of the same name in the preceding piece. The Minervas and Apollos have the true classical spirit both in feature and bearing, but her impersonations of nations are generally defective, never worse than in the last illustration of the work, for the accomplishment of which Maria Theresa stooped to flatter her, on the ground that she had condescended to do the same to Farinelli. I allude to the Alliance of Austria and France. The two old foes and new friends are seen in the figures of a couple of stalwart hussies, who are shaking hands, as if they were about to commence a pugilistic encounter: the torch of Discord and the mask of Hypocrisy lie at their feet, but untrodden upon, and evidently ready for instant use when required; while a lively serpent, wreathing himself round an altar, looks full of mischief, and may be accepted as a caricature of the mock religious rites by which the fatal alliance was consecrated.

"TABLEAUX DE PARIS" IN THE LAST CENTURY.

WITH two volumes under his arm, Alexandre, emboldened by the success of his pencil-sketch of Bougainville and Coralie, one night remarked, that he had brought with him a portfolio full of "tableaux" of old French customs and characters painted from life, by two very different artists. He placed on the table the famous 'Tableau de Paris' of Mercier, and the more recently-known collection of sketches of past Parisian scenes by the Baroness d'Oberkirch. As in galleries great or small, pictures that form *pendants* hang at certain regulated distance from each other, so *this* may be considered as hanging in that capacity with the picture of London a century old. As these pictures, too, are "word-pictures," they may be considered apart from the company for whom they formed subjects of discussion.

Let us commence by remarking, that if it were possible that the vexed spirit of the Baroness d'Oberkirch were conscious that her very noble name could have been mingled with that of a common *bourgeois*, her indignation would be most intense. Had she ever reflected that her keeping a diary would have made of her a member of the republic of letters, she would have died rather than have belonged to such a commonwealth. The Baroness was one of a class whose numbers were great, and whose influence was unbounded. Their sympathies were given only to aristocratic sufferers; royalty they adored; the democracy they despised; and the very fine ladies of the class in question would, ge-

nerally speaking, have preferred a *faux pas* with a prince to contracting honest marriage with an inferior.

The Baroness d'Oberkirch is a type rather of the follies than of the vices of the class, for having made her a member of which she prettily offered her best compliments to Heaven. She was the daughter of a poor Alsatian baron, whose shield had more quarterings than it is worth while to remember. Early in life she married a noble gentleman, old enough to be her father, and her best years were consumed in performing the functions of lady-in-waiting at the court of the Duke of Würtemberg at Montbeliard, in visiting the more attractive court at Versailles, and in chronicling what she saw, and registering what she thought.

The diary which she kept, and subsequently enlarged, was submitted to the public in 1852. It introduces us to the court and capital of France during the closing years of the reign of Louis XVI. It is interesting, as showing us both how the court acted and how the capital thereon commented; how the lady profoundly admired all the former did, and as profoundly despised all the thought devoted thereto by the *canaille* who had no claim to stand upon red-heeled shoes, or to sit down on a *tabouret* in the face of royalty.

Now while this illustrious lady was taking notes, which her grandson has printed, a citizen was similarly occupied; and had the Countess been aware of the circumstance, the impudence of the commoner would have been soundly rated by the lady-in-waiting. The notes of the *Bourgeois* were committed to the press three-quarters of a century ago; those of the "Baroness-Countess" have more lately seen the light. The evidence of two such opposite witnesses is worth comparing; but the book of the lady will be ten-fathom deep in Lethe when men will be still addressing themselves with pleasure to the pages of Citizen Mercier.

Louis Sebastian Mercier was a Parisian, born in the year 1740. He had not yet attained his majority when he opened

his literary career by poetical compositions in the style of Pope's 'Heloise to Abelard.' Upon poets, however, he soon looked as he subsequently did upon kings, and speedily addressed himself exclusively to works in prose. Racine and Boileau, according to him, had ruined the harmony of French verse, and he henceforward considered that if such harmony were to be found at all, it was in his own prose. He became Professor of Rhetoric in the college at Bordeaux, and was rather a prolific than a successful dramatic author. He threw the blame alike on the vitiated taste of actors and public; and, shaking the dust off his sandals against theatres and capital, he hastened to Rheims with the intention of practising the law, in order to be better enabled to apply its rigours against the stage managers who had deprived him of his "free admissions." In 1771 he printed his 'L'An 2440, ou Rêve s'il en fut jamais,' a rather clever piece of extravagance, which was imitated in England, half a century later, by the author of 'The Mummy.' In 1781 he published anonymously the first two volumes of his famous 'Tableau de Paris.' He was disappointed that his labour was not deemed worthy of notice by the police authorities, and he retired, somewhat in disgust, to Switzerland, where he completed a work which has been far more highly esteemed abroad than in France, and which even there enjoyed a greater reputation in the provinces than in Paris. In it he showed himself a better sketcher of what lay before him than a discerner of what was beneath the surface; and he spoke of the impossibility of a revolution in France only a year before that revolution broke out. When the storm burst in fury, he claimed the honours due to a magician who had provoked the tempest. He wrote vigorously on the popular side, but—and to his lasting honour be it spoken—he broke with the Jacobins, when he found that they hoped to walk to liberty through a pathway of blood. He voted in the Convention for saving the life of Louis XVI., and

this and other offences against the sons of freedom, whose abiding-place was the Mountain, caused him to be arrested, and would have led to his execution, but that his enemies were carried thither before him. At a later period, he was a member of the Council of Five Hundred, and made himself remarkable by opposing the claims set up for Descartes for admission into the French Pantheon; and he also gained the approbation of all rightly-thinking men for taking the same adverse course against Voltaire, of whom he truly said that he (Voltaire) only attempted to overthrow superstition by undermining morality. His invectives were so bitter against philosophy and education, that he acquired the surname of 'The Ape of Jean-Jacques!' He was a denouncer of the immoral system of lotteries until he was offered the lucrative place of "controller-general" of that gambling department. "All men," said he, by way of apology for his inconsistency, "all men are authorized to live at the expense of the enemy;" a maxim unsound in itself, and here altogether misapplied. Towards the end of the century, he was appointed to the professorship of history in the central school of Paris, from the labours of which post he found relaxation in various literary works,—among others, in ridiculing Condillac and Locke, in laughing at Newton as a plagiarist, in denouncing science generally, and in maintaining that there was nothing new under the sun, and that all novel inventions were in truth but ancient discoveries. As a member of the Institute, he put the Assembly into a condition of profound somnolency by reading his ponderous paper on Cato of Utica, and he had a violent quarrel with the few who had remained awake, and who wished the angry author to put an end to his wearisome discourse. He liked the Empire as little as he had loved royalty; and used to say, in his pleasant way in the café wherein he reigned supreme, and where he was highly popular and ever welcome, that he should like to see how it would all end, and that he only

desired to live from a motive of simple curiosity. He *did* live just long enough to witness the first Restoration of 1814, having then reached the age of seventy-four years.

Of all the works of this voluminous author, we have now only to do with his famous 'Tableau de Paris.' In this, as in the Memoirs of the Baroness d'Oberkirch, we have a picture of what France was in the lifetime of many who are yet living—a picture so different from any that could represent present deeds, their actors, or the very stage on which they play out their little drama of intrigue and life, that though to many it represents contemporary history, it reads like romance, the scene of which is in a far-off land, and the incidents too improbable to even require belief.

Wide apart as were the conditions, opposite as were the sympathies, and also the antipathies, of the Baroness and the Bourgeois, their respective testimony conducts to but one conclusion,—that, when they wrote, the entire social state of France was rotten to the very core. The nobles were loyal only because they found their interests concerned in so being; the commons were rebellious of spirit, and careless of judgment to direct it. Both were equally debased. All were partisans; none were patriots. The very priesthood were as corrupt in the mass as the multitude of the people generally; and God was dethroned in France long before the Goddess of Reason had been raised on the desecrated altars, by men not perhaps so much more wicked than their predecessors as more bold in their wickedness.

In the childhood of some yet living, Paris paid to the King's purse one hundred million francs yearly in duties. The citizens grumbled, and when the murmur reached Versailles the powdered beaux were wont to say that "the frogs were croaking." It was alleged in return against those very beaux that *they* consumed more flour in hair-powder than would feed many scores of the famished families of the capital. Into that capital the King never entered but a rise

occurred in the price of provisions, and the fifty thousand barbers of the city fanned into flame the indignation of their customers while they shaved their beards and combed their perukes. Let what would occur, however, the court was ever gay. Madame d'Oberkirch speaks of the expectations of triumph held out by the Count d'Artois when he proceeded to the siege of Gibraltar. His failure was visited with a shower of witty epigrams. "Comment va le siége de Gibraltar? Assez bien, *il se lève*," is one recorded by Mercier. Madame d'Oberkirch tells us of another made by the defeated Count himself. A courtier was flattering him on the way he managed his batteries at the fatal rock.—"My kitchen battery, particularly!" was the comment of the gastronomic prince, who at home had four servants to present him with one cup of chocolate, and to save whose ears, in common with the King and the royal family, the church bells at Versailles never rang a peal during the residence of those great ones of the earth within the walls of the palace. But Eliza Bonaparte showed even greater sensitiveness than this. When in Italy, she pulled down a church adjoining her palace, on the plea that the smell of the incense made her sick, and that the noise of the organ made her head ache.

The bourgeois of Versailles were probably less democratic than those of the capital, for tradesmen of repute vied with each other in purchasing the dishes that came untasted from the royal table. Commoner people bought as eagerly, but for superstitious purposes, the fat of the dead from the executioner, who was paid eighteen thousand francs yearly for performing his terrible duties. The executioner, in consequence, was himself something of an aristocrat. He was a potentate, and was well paid. He kept less flaming fires on his hearth, perhaps, and wore less fine linen, than the gravediggers,—a class who found their fuel in coffins, and who wore no shirts but such as they could steal out of aristocratic graves. It was a time when honesty consisted solely

in being well-dressed. Clerks at forty pounds a year, says Mercier, walk abroad in velvet coats and lace frills,—hence the proverb, "Gold-laced coat and belly of bran." As long as appearance was maintained, little else was cared for; but even the twenty thousand in the capital who professionally existed as "diners out," might have taken exception to the custom of placing carved fruits and wooden joints upon otherwise scantily furnished tables. The wooden pears of Australia were not then known,—they would have been the fashionable fruit at a Parisian *dessert* in the year 1780. There was another fashion of the day that was wittily inveighed against by the priests; that of ladies wearing on what was called their "necks," a cross held by the dove, typical of faith by the Holy Ghost. "Why suspend such symbols on your bosoms?" asked the ungallant churchmen; "do you not know that the cross is the sign of mortification, and the Holy Spirit that of virtuous thoughts?" The ladies smiled, and retained the insignia till all-powerful fashion motioned to a change. And *then* female coteries were absorbed in the merits of the respective shades of colour implied by "dos de puce," or "ventre" of the same. Our ladies have more *nicely* retained the name of the animal in the catalogue of colours, without venturing to translate it; but their less susceptible sisters across the Channel could, under the old monarchy, and even under the empire, unblushingly talk of their satins, using names for their colours which would have called up a blush even on the brow of the imperturbable Dean Swift. If small delicacy prevailed, the luxury was astounding. A *fermier-général* was served by twenty-four valets in livery, and never less than six "women" assisted at the toilet of "my lady." Two dozen cooks daily excited the palate of that self-denying priest, the Cardinal de Rohan; while his eminence's very footmen looked doubly grand by appearing like "Tiddy Bob, with a watch in each fob." Gentlemen then dined in their swords, ate rapidly, and has-

tened from table when it suited them, without any formal leave-taking. This was felt more acutely by the cooks than by the ladies,—in compliment to whom the cavaliers finally dropped their swords and assumed canes. The latter came in when the ladies wore such high-heeled shoes that without the support of a cane it was almost impossible to walk. The gentlemen with "clouded heads" to *their* canes, tottered, or sauntered along in company, while fans were furled and snuff-boxes carried, according to the instructions of masters, who thundered through Paris in gilded chariots, bespattering the philosophers, mathematicians, and linguists that plodded basely by them on foot. "La Robe dîne, Finance soupe," is a saying that also illustrates a fashion of the day. Of fashion at court, Madame d'Oberkirch tells us that at presentations the King was *obliged* to kiss duchesses and the cousins of kings, but not less noble persons. Louis XVI. was timid in the presence of ladies. Marie-Antoinette was ever self-possessed, whatever might be the occasion. It was etiquette to kiss the edge of her robe. The following picture by the Baroness is characteristic of the fashion of the times:—

"I had an adventure this evening that at first embarrassed me a little, but from which I had the good fortune to come off with honour. I wore on my arm a very handsome bracelet, that had been given me by the Countess du Nord (wife of the Grand Duke Paul of Russia, then travelling under the title of Count du Nord), and the value of which was greatly enhanced to me by having her portrait in its centre. The Queen noticed it, and asked me to show it her. I immediately opened my fan, to present the bracelet on it to her Majesty, according to etiquette. This is the only occasion on which a lady can open her fan before the Queen. My fan, which was of ivory, and wrought like the most delicate lace, was not able to bear the weight of the bracelet, which sank through it to the ground. I was in a very awkward

position. The Queen's hand was held out, and I felt that every eye was on me; but I think that I got out of the dilemma very well,—I stooped, which was very painful with my stiff petticoat, and, picking up the bracelet, immediately presented it to her Majesty, saying, 'Will the Queen have the goodness to forget me, and think only of the Grand Duchess?' The Queen smiled and bowed; and everybody admired my presence of mind."

When we read of such delicate homage as this paid to the divinity that hedged the Queen, we can more fully sympathize with her in her fall when *she*, who had been so daintily worshiped, was unceasingly watched in her dungeon by the coarsest of men, and who was dragged to execution with no other sign that human love yet inclined to her than that afforded by the infant child of a *poissarde*, who, raised on her mother's shoulders to view the spectacle of a queen passing on her way to death, put her little fingers to her lips, and wafted a kiss to the meek pilgrim as she passed.

Madame d'Oberkirch, speaking of the Chevalier de Morney, notices his strong method of expression as one "which, except in the society of her husband, would be too broad for the ears of a modest woman,"—a singular exception! But our fair diarist does not appear to be herself over particular. She is the warm apologist of the Duchesse de Bourbon, the unworthy mother of the heroic Duc d'Enghien. She, however, tells the following, "with great hesitation," as a sign of the depravity of the times—it is certainly rather *piquant*:—

"The Duchess of —— had one day received a visit from her lover, M. Archambault de Talleyrand-Périgord, when the husband unexpectedly returning, the gallant was obliged to make his escape by the window. Some persons seeing him descend, made him prisoner, thinking he was a robber; but, having explained who he was, he was allowed to go, without being brought before the injured husband. The

story soon became generally known, and the King reproved the lovely Duchess for her coquetry: 'You intend to imitate your mother, I perceive, madame,' said he, in a very severe tone. The tale at last reached the ears of the Duke, who complained to the mother-in-law of the conduct of his wife; but she coolly said to him, 'You make a great noise about a trifle; your father was much more polite!'"

This lady was of the quality of Madame de Matignon, who gave twenty-four thousand livres to Bailard, on condition that he would send her, every morning, a new head-dress. The people were at this period suffering from famine and high prices. Selfishness and other vices survived the period, however;—witness Madame Tronchin, who, in the Revolution, was daily losing her relatives by the guillotine, but who sympathizingly remarked to a friend, that, if it were not for her darling little cup of *café à la crême*, she really did not know how she should survive such misfortunes! Such was the fine lady who wore a "Cadogan" and looked like a man; while the gallants took to English greatcoats, with buttons on them larger than crown-pieces, and on every button the portrait of a mistress.

A curious and revolting custom prevailed at this same period. During Passion Week all theatres were closed; but more infamous places remained open; the royal family cut vegetables curiously arranged to represent fish and other food; the court chaplains enjoyed on Holy Thursday the privilege of unlimited liberty of speech in presence of the king. It was on a Holy Thursday that a court chaplain ventured to say from the pulpit, in the royal hearing of Louis XIV., that "we are all mortal," and when the monarch, who could not bear the sight of the towers of the cathedral of St. Denis, sternly looked up at the preacher, the latter, trembling for his chance of a bishopric, amended his phrase and its doctrine by adding, "Yes, Sire, *almost* all of us!" The custom to which I have alluded at the beginning of this paragraph is narrated by Mercier, and is

substantially to this effect. On the night between Holy Thursday and Good Friday, a relic of the true cross was exposed for public adoration in the "Sainte Chapelle." Epileptic beggars, under the name of possessed maniacs, flocked thither in crowds. They flung themselves before the relic in wild contortions; they grimaced, howled, swore, blasphemed, and struggled fiercely with the half-dozen men who seemed unable to restrain them. The better all this was acted, the more money was showered on the actors. Mercier declares that all the imprecations that had ever been uttered against Christ and the Virgin could not amount to the mass of inexpressible infamy which he heard uttered by one particular blasphemer.

"It was for me," he says, "and for all the assembly, a novel and strange thing to hear a human being in a voice of thunder publicly cast defiance at the God of the very temple, insult His worship, provoke His wrath, and belch forth the most atrocious invectives,—all of which were laid to the account, not of the energetic blasphemer, but of the Devil. The people present tremblingly made the sign of the cross, and prostrated themselves with their face to the ground, muttering the while '*It is the Demon who speaks!*' After eight men had with difficulty dragged him three times to the shrine which held the relic of the cross, his blasphemies became so outrageously filthy that he was cast out at the door of the church as one surrendered for ever to the dominion of Satan, and unworthy of being cured by the miraculous cross. Imagine that a detachment of soldiers publicly mounted guard that night over this inconceivable farce,—and *that* in an age like the present!"

Such acts were not so much in advance of the age. Four years later the inquisitors of Seville publicly burned at the stake a girl charged with holding criminal intercourse with Satan. She was a very beautiful young creature, and, that her beauty might not excite too much sympathy for her fate, her nose was cut off previous to her being led to exe-

cution! Mercier relates this on the authority of an eye-witness. It occurred barely more than seventy years ago, and Dr. Cahill, of gloomy memory, may rejoice therefore to think that the *executive* hand of his Church can hardly yet be out of practice.

"An age like the present!" wrote Mercier, in the days only of our fathers. In that age it was deemed impossible to carry the shrines of St. Marcel and St. Geneviève at the same time through one street. Whenever the respective bearers ventured on such a feat they invariably beheld a miracle, exemplifying the attraction of cohesion. The two shrines were drawn to each other, in spite of all opposing human effort, and remained inseparable for the whole space of three days!

At this period Protestant marriages were accounted as concubinage by the law, while Jewish marriages were held legal. A Jew who purchased the estate of Pequigny bought it with the undisputed right to nominate the curés and canons of the church. It is worth recording also, as midnight masses have been re-established in Paris, that they were suppressed in that capital three-quarters of a century ago, in consequence of the irreligious scenes which occurred in the churches. Mercier pertinently remarks on the singularity of the fact that Roman Catholics who believed in the ever real presence of Christ in their temples, behaved before that presence like unclean heathens, while Protestants, who denied the presence, behaved with decorum. The great attraction for many years at many of these masses was the organ-playing of the great Daquin. His imitation of the song of the nightingale used to elicit a whirlwind of applause from the so-called worshipers.

This mixture of delight and devotion was, after all, but natural in the people. The cleverest *abbés* of the day composed not only musical masses, but operas.

Yet the Church and the Stage were ever in antagonism

in France. Mercier tells us a pleasant story, which recounts how the famous actress Clairon wrote a plea in claim of funeral rites being allowed to the bodies of deceased stage-players. With some difficulty she found an *avocat* bold enough to present and read this plea to "Parliament." The latter august body struck the lawyer off the rolls. Mlle. Clairon, out of gratitude, instructed him in elocution, and he adopted the stage as his future profession. On his first appearance, however, he proved himself so indifferent an actor that he was summarily condemned, amid an avalanche of hisses. He so tock the failure to heart that he died—and, being an actor in the eye of the Church, was pronounced excommunicate, and was buried like Ophelia, with "maimed rites."

Mercier tells us that there were not less than five thousand special masses daily celebrated in Paris at the charge of sevenpence-halfpenny each! The Irish priests in the capital, he says, were not too scrupulous to celebrate two in one day, thus obtaining a second sevenpence-halfpenny by what their French *confrères* considered rank impiety. Among the poorer brotherhood was chosen the "Porte-Dieu." Such was the rather startling popular name for the penniless priest hired to sit up o' nights, and carry the "holy sacrament" to the sick or dying. In rainy weather "le bon Dieu" was conveyed by the porter in a hackney-coach, on which occasions the coachman always drove with his hat reverently under his arm. When the "Porte-Dieu" entered an apartment the inmates hurriedly covered the looking-glasses, in order that the "holy sacrament" might not be multiplied therein. There was a superstitious idea that it was impious.

I have stated before that Protestant marriages were not valid when Madame d'Oberkirch and M. Mercier were engaged on their respective works—placed before the world at such wide intervals. That much-wished-for consumma-

tion was however supposed to be then "looming in the future!"

"This day," says the lady, "I heard a piece of news which gave me great pleasure. It was that the King had registered in the Parliament an ordonnance by which all curés were enjoined to record the declarations of all persons who presented their children, without questioning them in any way. This was to prevent certain curés from trying to cast a doubt on the legitimacy of Protestant children. It did not recognize the validity of Protestant marriages, but it gave us hope for a better future."

Madame d'Oberkirch is by far a more correct prophet of the future than Mercier. She saw that the society in which she gloried was falling into ruins. Mercier depicted its vices, but so little could he foresee the consequences of them, he patriotically exulted that Paris was so secured by its police from such enormities as the Gordon riots, which had disgraced London, so as to render revolution impossible. The opinions of the painters apart, their respective pictures are well worth studying. That of Mercier has been partially forgotten, but its graphic power, its wit, and variety ill deserve such reward. That of the Baroness, crowded and confused as it is, has also its certain value. Both are real mirrors of the times, and all that passed before their polished surface is represented thereon with a fidelity that sometimes terrifies as much as it amuses.

The following, from Mercier, may come under the first head; but it is far from being the worst case that might be cited. As an instance of the results of common hospital practice, it contrasts startlingly with what now occurs in the same locality:—

"The corpses daily vomited forth by the hospital of the Hôtel-Dieu are carried to Clamart, a vast cemetery whose gulf is ever open. These bodies are uncoffined; they are sewed up in a winding-sheet. They are hurriedly dragged

from the beds, and more than one patient pronounced dead has awoke to life under the eager hand that was sewing him up in his shroud. Others have shrieked out that they were living, in the very cart that was conveying them to burial. This cart is drawn by twelve men; a dirty and bemired priest, a bell, and a crucifix—such is the sum of the honours paid to the poor. This gloomy cart starts every morning from the Hôtel-Dieu at four o'clock, and journeys amid a silence as of night. The bell which precedes it awakes some who slept; but you must meet this cart on the highway to correctly appreciate the effect produced on the mind both by its sight and sound. In sick seasons it has been seen performing the same journey four times in twenty-four hours. It can contain fifty bodies. The corpses of children are squeezed in between the legs of adults. The whole freight is tossed into a deep and open pit, quick-lime is liberally poured in, and the horror-stricken eye of the observer plunges into an abyss yet spacious enough to hold all the living inhabitants of the capital. There is holiday here on All Souls' day. The populace contemplate the spot wherein so many of them are destined to lie; and kneeling and praying only precede the universal drinking and debauchery."

Let us turn from the pictures of burials to sketches of bridals. In the picture drawn by Madame d'Oberkirch of the marriage of the Prince de Nassau-Saarbrück with Mlle. de Montbarrey we recognize not only what the fair authoress calls "a very grand affair," but an infinitely amusing one to boot. We cannot represent the execrable poetry, by "a drawing-room poet," which was read with great avidity during the bridal festivities. It is necessary, however, to allude to the effusion, as will be seen from what follows:—

"These verses are very stupid, but I quote them because they amused us exceedingly when we considered that this husband, 'possessor of your charms,' and who 'to love's en-

chanting bliss shall wake,' was a child of twelve years of age, who wept from morning to night, frantic at being made an object of universal curiosity, flying from his wife, and even repulsing her with the rudeness of an ill-bred child, and having no desire to claim a title whose signification he did not understand. . . . During the ball, the bridegroom would on no account consent to dance with the bride. He was at length threatened with a whipping in case of further refusal, and promised a deluge of sugar-plums and all sorts of amusements if he complied. Whereupon he consented to lead her through a minuet. Though he showed so great an aversion to her who had a legal claim upon his attentions, he manifested a great sympathy for little Louisa de Dietrich, a child of his own age, and returned to sit beside her as soon as he could free himself from the *ennuyeuse* ceremony of attending on his bride. This was the husband whose 'rapt embrace' awaited the young princess. My brother undertook to console him, and was showing him some prints in a large book. Amongst them there happened to be one which represented a marriage procession, which, as soon as the child saw, he shut the book, exclaiming, 'Take it away, Sir, take it away! What have I to do with that? It is shocking;—and hold,' continued he, pointing out a tall figure in the group, 'there is one that is like Mademoiselle de Montbarrey.'"

"Whatever may be thought respectively of the Baroness and the Bourgeois," said Alexandre, in "the sketches of Mercier at all events will always be found something worthy of the attention, not only of the general reader, but of the statesman, the moralist, and the philosopher."

"True," added Mee Aughton, "and who so fit as Mercier's gifted grandson, Charles Kenney, to make pictorial selections from the portfolio of his graphic grandsire?"

We all assented, cheering the suggestion heartily.

PICTURES OF OLD AND YOUNG CHRISTMAS.

THE church-superstitions illustrated in the last picture directed the discourse of the friends, on a subsequent night, to old church festivals and incidents in England. Chiefly, was a controversy maintained on the ups and downs of Christmas, out of this arose some small novelties, and these will be found below in the portraits of Christmas at various periods of his career.—

We celebrate our Christmas so regularly, if not so joyously, that few perhaps are aware of the difficulties once in the way of establishing this glad festival, or of the various names under which it has been honoured.

Towards the end of the first century, the Christians first found means and courage to make due observance of the anniversary of the nativity of their great Master. It would have been death to them to mourn when the empire was rejoicing, or to wear signs of gladness on a pagan unlucky day. They chose, therefore, the period of the Saturnalia, when half the heathen population was mad with the excitement of enacting revelry or witnessing its enactment.

The spies and eavesdroppers could make nothing of suspected Christians, who then sang rapturous songs in praise of their Lord and King. *Dominus* and *Rex* were among the many titles of Cæsar;—and thus the early Christians outwitted the informers.

According to some writers, the Church authorized the observance of the festival of the Nativity on the 25th of

December as early as the middle of the second century. Others assert that it was not till the fourth century that the season for glad and grateful observance was thus authoritatively determined. Therewith, see what poor human nature is! Before the period was definitely settled, there was little dispute as to whether the settlement rested on correct or fallacious grounds. But as soon as authority registered the date, half the leaders in the Christian world went to loggerheads to prove that the decision was very ill founded.

Acute Greek fathers and earnest African patriarchs maintained that the 6th of January was the day of the Saviour's birth. Others insisted that the slightest effort of thought would show that the 6th of April was the anniversary day. Clemens of Alexandria was always inclined to support this latter theory. But men as great as he, and long before his time, fought respectively for the 15th, 20th, and 25th of May. The great fact, cried others, could only have taken place at the end of September or the beginning of October. Origen thought so too; and Scaliger, in later days, advocated the same opinion with as much energy as he ever applied to the defence of any assertion which he chose to uphold.

It was not of the slightest consequence, said one of the early popes, at what season the great festival was observed, provided observance was not neglected and the instructions of the Divine Teacher were not despised or forgotten. This wise remark persuaded nobody; and even as late as 1722, the Jesuit College at Rome was shaken with the thundering debates which were held there on this very subject. The majority of the learned and fiery gentlemen—for the argument on either side was sustained with little of chivalrous courtesy—betrayed an inclination to select the 20th of May as the correct anniversary.

The anniversary was originally celebrated under various

names. *Epiphania*, and *Theophania*,—the "manifestation," and the "divine manifestation,"—*Dies Luminarium*, "the day of lights;" and, to express that it was the festival of festivals, some early leaders in the Church called it "the capital of all the festivals,"—*Metropolis reliquorum festorum omnium.*

As the season has been disputed, so occasionally has the signification of the name applied to it. The Germans designate Christmas by the term *Weihnacht.* Now the most orthodox of Teutonic barons caught at the sound, and interpreted its meaning *Wein-Nacht*, a wine-night, or evening for a carouse. But they were told that it rather meant *Weihe-Nacht*, or the hallowed night; a circumstance which they ought not to have forgotten, if they repeated the primitive German Paternoster, in which occur the old-fashioned words, *Weyhe sey Nahmo theini.*

There is something saddening in the unpleasant truth that, as year succeeded to year, many foolish superstitions were hung on to our Christmas observances. There was long a belief that between Christmas Eve and Christmas morning all water in the house was turned to wine. That no one ever found the fact to be as it was stated, was held to be no proof against the alleged fact itself. The failure was assigned to every cause but the right one. Even St. Chrysostom very seriously maintained that all water drawn fresh on Christmas Eve remained incorruptible, for a period which the golden-mouthed philosopher wisely declined to state. It was on this night that beasts were supposed to discourse with human voices; whereas, even then, it was probably only humanity putting on the beast. I say even then, for as early as the reign of Nero, the austere complained, that in some Christian families the old and young united in the performance of such follies as to induce a consideration whether it were not preferable to suppress the festival rather than allow it to be abused.

The profits of superstition seem to have been as great as its pleasures. The crafty sold to the silly, flowers that were said to have bloomed solely because the trees from which they were plucked had been sprinkled with holy water upon Christmas Eve. On the same night, spurs and chain-traces were manufactured, with such a mixture of holy ceremonies in the making of them up, that no steed, however weary, could resist the one, nor any chariot, however heavy and deep in the mire, hold back from the other.

Then we owe to Christmas, perhaps, the old European fashion of masquerades. It was at this season that fifteen godless Germans with their maidens, more merry than wise, continued to dance in the churchyard rather than attend the holy service. The priest Rupert, perplexed with their noise, prayed them to desist, and on their rude refusal, cursed them with a wish that they might do nothing else but dance for ever. It did not quite happen as he desired, although the Christmas revellers danced themselves—some up to their hips in the ground, the heavier partners up to their necks. It took a whole bench of bishops to reduce them to tranquillity and get them out of the ground. This was effected with loss of life, but the souls were rescued. And in memory of the event,—of the terrible Rupert and his curse, and the dancing company who coranted it till they went through the dancing-floor, more than half a fathom deep,—our German ancestors in their youth were wont to run about in masks, and thereby helped, unconsciously, to swell the balls at Ranelagh and in Soho.

If the festival of Christmas was not established without some difficulty, its reign was altogether long before it was even partially interrupted. In 1647 it was entirely abolished in England. The people, however, could better afford to lose their king than their Christmas. But the Parliament was determined to deprive them of both. Our stout ancestors resisted manfully; and they cried out lustily

for their Christmas Day on the 25th of December, 1647. The Parliament had ordered all shops to be opened, and all churches to be closed. "We may have a sermon on any other day," said the London apprentices, who did not always go to hear it, "why should we be deprived on this day?" "It is no longer lawful for the day to be kept," was the reply. "Nay," exclaimed the sharp-witted fellows, "you keep it yourselves by thus distinguishing it by desecration." They declared they would go to church; numerous preachers promised to be ready for them with prayer and lecture; and the porters of Cornhill swore they would dress up their conduit with holly, if it were only to prove that in that orthodox and heavily-enduring body there was some respect yet left for Christianity and hard drinking,—for the raising of the holly was ever accompanied by the lifting of tankards.

Accordingly, some shops were shut and some churches open. But the constables laid hold of the churchwardens and the noisiest in the congregation, and took them before the august Parliament, which of course sat on that day. Such preachers as Dr. Griffiths, Dr. Jones, and Mr. Hall, were dragged to the same tribunal. The anti-Christmas judges fined the lesser offenders, and sent the clerical gentlemen to be disposed of by that eminently competent Body the "Committee of the Militia of London!"

As for the porters, they would have their way. They dressed their conduit with ivy, rosemary, and bays. "But," says the 'Mercurius,' "the mayor, his horse, and the city marshal, went all in their proper persons (*pontificalibus* and all) to set it on fire." The decorations, however, were too elevated for the arm of authority, even with a link at the end of it; and when the city-boys, now in a state of frantic ecstasy, beheld the failure, they set up their "sixteen parish voices" to such a tune, that his lordship's "nag began to retreat upon the galliard of *Sink-apace*." The horse was held to be more religious and reasonable than his rider,

touching whom the 'Mercurius' makes some very unsavoury remarks.

Nor was the gallant Christmas spirit less lively in the country than in the capital. At Oxford there was a world of skull-breaking; and at Ipswich the festival was celebrated by some loss of life. Canterbury especially distinguished itself by its violent opposition to the municipal order to be mirthless. There was a combat there, which was most rudely maintained, and in which the mayor got pummelled till he was as senseless as a pocket of hops. The mob mauled him terribly, broke all his windows, as well as his bones, and, as we are told, "burnt the stoupes at the coming-in of his door." So serious was the riot, so complete the popular victory, and so jubilant the exultation, that thousands of the never-conquered men of Kent and Kentish men met in Canterbury, and passed a solemn resolution that if they could not have their Christmas Day, they were determined to have the King on his throne again.

The press, such as it was, helped the outcry. The powers that then were were ridiculed, as allowing liberty of conscience to all but conscientious men. And the 'Mercurius Pragmaticus,' seeing that carols were forbidden, flung the following Christmas cracker at the nose of authority:—

"Live, drink, and laugh, our worthies may,
And kindly take their fills;
The subjects must their reckonings pay,
The King must pass their bills.

"No princes now but they; the crown
Is vanisht with our quiet;
Nor will they let us love our own
De-vo-ti-ons and diet.

"The plums these prophets' sons defy,
And spin-broths are too hot;
Treason 's in a December pie,
And death within the pot.

"Christmas, farewell; thy DAY (I fear)
And merry days are done:
So *they* may keep feasts all the year,
Our Saviour shall have none."

After the Restoration, Christmas remained undisturbed till the year 1752. They who had been looking abroad beyond the world had discovered that the fractional few minutes which are tailed on to the days and hours which make up the year had, by neglect, brought us into a wrong condition, and that to set us right, it would be necessary to give credit for eleven days, which nobody was conscious of having enjoyed. Accordingly, the day after the 2nd of September, 1752, was called the 14th, to the great indignation of thousands, who reckoned that they had thus been cut off from nearly a fortnight of life which honestly belonged to them. These persons sturdily refused to acknowledge the Christmas Eve and Day of the new calendar. They averred that the true festival was that which now began on the 5th of January *next year*. They would go to church, they said, on no other day; nor eat mince-pies, nor drink punch, but in reference to this one day. The clergy had a hard time of it with these recusants, and I will furnish one singular example to show how this recusancy was encountered. I am indebted for it to a collection of pamphlet-sermons preserved by George III., none of which, however, have anything curious or particularly meritorious about them, save this one, which was preached on Friday, January 5, 1753, which was entitled in the almanacs "Old Christmas Day." Mr. Francis Blackburne, "one of the candid disquisitors," opened his church on that day, which was crowded by a congregation anxious to see the day celebrated as that of the anniversary of the Nativity. The service for Christmas Day, however, was not used. "I will answer your expectations so far," said the preacher, in his sermon, "as to give you a *sermon on the day;* and the rather because I

perceive you are disappointed of *something else* that you expected." The purport of the discourse is to show that the change of style was desirable, and that it having been effected by Act of Parliament, with the sanction of the King, there was nothing for it but acquiescence. "For," says the simple-minded preacher, "had I, to oblige you, disobeyed this Act of Parliament, it is very probable I might have lost my benefice, which, you know, is all the subsistence I have in the world, and I should have been rightly served, for who am I that I should fly in the face of his Majesty and the Parliament? These things are left to be ordered by the higher powers, and in any such case as that, I hope not to think myself wiser than the King, the whole nobility, and principal gentry of Great Britain!"

The simplicity of the preacher was not greater, however, than that of the perplexed peasants of Buckinghamshire, who pitched upon a pretty method to settle the question of Christmas, left so meekly by Mr. Blackburne to the King, nobility, and most of the gentry. They bethought themselves of a blackthorn near one of their villages, and this thorn was for the nonce declared to be the growth of a slip from the Christmas-flowering thorn at Glastonbury. If the Buckinghamshire thorn, so argued the peasants, will only blossom in the night of the 24th December, we will go to church next day, and allow that the Christmas by Act of Parliament is the true Christmas, but no blossom no feast, and there shall be no revel till the eve of old Christmas Day. They watched the thorn, and drank to its budding; but as it produced no promise of a flower by the morning, they turned to go homewards as best they might, perfectly satisfied with the success of the experiment. Some were interrupted in their way by their respective "vicars," who took them by the arm, and would fain have persuaded them to go to church. They argued the question by field, stile, and church-gate, but not a Bucks peasant would consent

to enter a pew till the parson had promised to preach a sermon to, and smoke a pipe with, them on the only Christmas Day they chose to acknowledge.

This old prejudice has been conquered, and the "new style" has maintained its ground. It has even done more, for its authors have so provided that a confusion in the time of this or any other festival is not likely to occur again.

PORTRAIT OF A STUDENT IN LOVE.

THIS time it was not books that Alexandre brought with him, not pictures in words, but four charming designs by Emy, illustrating the loves and destiny of "Peter Abailard." By the side of a table, on which are books not yet opened, and an hour-glass nearly run out, sits a buxom Héloïse, with her young tutor at her feet, kissing a very white hand, whose fellow rests tenderly on Abelard's neck. In the next, the practical old uncle, who does not understand this method of teaching the *humanities*, has broken in upon the illustrious pair, and is evidently about to proceed to accomplish a purpose which disgusts the lady and paralyzes her companion with terror. In the third design, the lover is cloistered up with a brotherhood of friars, who listen to his hapless story, some with shame, some with surprise, and others with broad grins or outbursts of laughter. In the concluding design, Héloïse, in conventual attire, reclines languidly on a mossy bank in the rear of a nunnery, contemplating with evident uneasiness the billing and cooing of a pair of turtle-doves. The whole is surrounded by a border-work, in which the fortunes of the famous pair are sketched in allegory, peculiarly French and significant, and well adapted to the rollicking rhymes accompanying them, which gallop on gaily to the tune of 'Malbrook,' and are from the pleasantly satirical pen of Martin de Choisy.

Thus the comic artists have seized upon the illustrious lovers, a discussion on whose merits and foibles ended in a portraiture which may be summed up in these words.

Brittany is proud of her great men. In philosophy, she boasts of Descartes; in chivalry, of Du Guesclin; she rejoices in Latour d'Auvergne, the "first Grenadier of France;" she points to the tomb of Châteaubriand with a mournful joy; and, if anything like shame *can* possess her when numbering her sons, it is when there appear on the roll the names of Abelard and Lamennais, the first and the last of the "heretics" of Brittany.

For all, save the last two, the old Armorica acknowledges an unlimited love. For Abelard, there is a divided allegiance; for Lamennais there is nothing but a voice of mourning, as over a fallen star of the Romish Church.

The controversy with respect to the merits or demerits of the learned lover of Héloïse has of late been renewed in France generally, and in Brittany particularly, with a hot and eager intensity. M. de Rémusat claims the great dialectician as a reformer before the Reformation; as one who, when reconciled to Rome, was "unconvinced still," maintaining his old heresy, propagating his old philosophy, and practising his old sins by living again upon the ecstatic memory of those stolen hours of love which have given immortality to a couple of names. There are others of less fame and more orthodoxy than M. de Rémusat, who have little faith in the gracefully-expressed repentance of either of the two renowned lovers. Against these, the most accomplished of scholars, the most experienced of antiquaries, and the most faithful of the obedient children who are still conquering Gaul for Rome, has appeared as the champion of Abelard and the apologist of Héloïse. This double duty, an entire task of love, has been undertaken by Aurélien de Courson, who in his great work on the history of the Breton nations, 'Histoire des Peuples Bretons,' has devoted no inconsiderable space to a defence of the character and career of Peter Abelard. We honour his chivalrous courage, and we acknowledge his "cunning of fence;" but we must de-

clare at the outset that never was failure more signal or more complete. The champion is slain by his own weapons; the defender is buried beneath the defences which himself has raised. If it be sport to "hoist the engineer with his own petard," *they* may have it who will take from M. de Courson the arms which he has prepared with much pains, great skill, and little result favourable to himself.

Peter Abelard was born in the year 1079, when Brittany was free, and Hoel IV. was Sovereign Count thereof. The place of his birth was Pallet, a hamlet between Nantes and Clisson. His mother was a Bretonne of Brittany, his sire a gentleman and a soldier of Poitou, Norman by descent, and bearing with him all the fierce characteristics of his race. Abelard inherited all of his father but the Norman love for arms. Greatness was offered him, and knighthood was before him, but chivalry tempted him not. At the moment that this child in Brittany was defying with petulant scorn the temptations of the tented field, there was another boy in Burgundy, the son of noble parents, also renouncing the greatness to be won by "pricking o'er the plain." This last-named boy was the great Bernard, and the two were destined to meet as foes within those lists where there is a "cudgelling of brains," but no peril of life. The hostile sons of chivalrous sires had every quality of knighthood save courtesy. If spoken daggers could have killed, St. Bernard would have slain his adversary a thousand times over; in wordy deadliness of design the scholastic Abelard was not a whit behind his mystical enemy.*

Peter was a marvellous child; learning was his nourish-

* Héloïse, in her vivacious correspondence, treats St. Bernard as a "miserable old impostor!" The Saint styled Abelard an "infernal dragon," and a "wretched song-writer." It would be worth while to collect the fragments of these songs if they could be found, for they were long famous for their sweetness and pathos. The songs which poor Goldsmith too wrote for the Dublin ballad-singers would make another noble collection if they could be discovered.

ment. The down was yet upon his chin when he was wandering from university to university, knocking at its gates, and challenging bearded doctors. M. de Courson looks upon this period as an Augustan age, citing, by way of proof, the crowds of professors who taught, and the mob of students who followed them. But what was the instruction of the first, and what the profit drawn from it by the second? Upon the thick yet well-trodden straw of the cloister of Notre Dame de Paris the theological students used to fling themselves in dirty, drunken, and disorderly multitudes, and, after a long and often-interrupted course, they departed with a few pages of Aristotle, got by heart, a prayer or two, made familiar to them by mystic paraphrases, and their brains, too often drowned in wine or shaken by debauchery, shattered into utter uselessness by the verbose and stupendous nothings of the dialectic lecturers. Some escaped from such a course with minds uninjured, but we doubt if Abelard can be cited as an exception. His philosophy was unworthy of the name, his principles and acts disgraced Christianity, and his entire life was marked to the end by those inconsistencies which stamp a man who, knowing what is good, refuses to follow it, and who would rather be wrong with Plato than right with all the world besides.

The most famous dialectician of his day was William of Champeaux, and at the feet of William in Paris sat Abelard to learn logic and surpass his master. The fallacies of the teacher were exposed by the pupil to his fellow-students, and the result was the opening of a class at Melun, where Abelard assumed the professorial chair, and taught marvellous subtleties, which admiring crowds, fabulous as to number, took for wisdom, merely because they were wrapped in a tuneful eloquence. In the absence of Abelard, the prosperity of William of Champeaux was renewed, and to the feet of his old tutor, Abelard, worn out with his own labours at Melun, resorted to study rhetoric and insult his preceptor.

He soon after established his own classes in the capital, on the Montagne St. Geneviève. This was in 1115, but after a short visit to Brittany, to take leave of his parents, both of whom embraced a monastic life, and became dead to the sins, the errors, and the glory of their son, we find him at Laon, studying theology under the great Anselm of Loudun. Here again the scholar laughed at the beard of his master. "If you look at him at a distance," said the irreverent *alumnus* to his grinning *condiscipuli*, "he is as a fine tree bending beneath its foliage; come close, and the tree bears no better fruit than the arid fig cursed by Christ. When he kindles into fire, there is smoke, but no light." It was here that he declared his readiness to expound Ezekiel, the most thorny of the prophets, after a single day's preparation; and when it was suggested that custom, and, it might have been added, common sense, required that such expounding should only be the fruit of long study, he laughed arrogantly, and declared, with spirit as arrogant, that it was not his custom to follow what was usual, but to obey his impulses. The remark shows that he had one essential of philosophy, "self-knowledge!"

With the reputation attached to such arrogance, and with the disgrace connected with being expressly forbidden by Anselm to expound Scripture at all, Abelard hastened to the metropolis, got possession of the chair of theology vacated by his old master William of Champeaux, delivered lectures on Ezekiel to a concourse of students, who left their occupation of drinking wine and cutting purses to listen to him, and received as his reward the high office of Canon of Paris. The score ot cardinals and half-hundred bishops, who are also said to have attended the lectures of the disciple of Aristotle, perhaps gave evidence of his orthodoxy! His ideal of a Church pleased them. The present occupier of the Canonry held by Abelard, M. Déplace, has been making the Hanover Square Rooms re-echo during the

summer months (and rendering assembled cardinals and bishops exultant too) with assurances that the Church is sovereign on earth, and the State its subject, if not its slave. While Europe was sending countless numbers of her sons from all parts to listen to the music and to learn the method of the lecturer, the great expounder of Ezekiel was solacing his learned leisure with the society of meretricious beauties! That he had ruined himself with the companionship of courtesans was the friendly reproach of Foulques, in a letter still extant.* Pride was ruining him to the full as speedily. He cast his eye over the five thousand students who stood mute and impatient to catch wisdom from his lips, and the devil bade him hold himself the greatest philosopher of his age. He was fairly drunk with his burning spirit of vanity: "Me solum," he says (Abela. Epist. 1.), "me solum in mundo superesse philosophum æstimarem:" the devil had bidden him account himself the *greatest* philosopher in the world, but he bettered the instructions of the angel who fell through pride, and held himself to be the *only* one.

And now, in presence of this terrible compound of human passions and superhuman learning, stands the accomplished Héloïse; rich in beauty, rich in Latin, in Greek, and in Hebrew; as fond by nature as he was proud and susceptible, and as frail, and as shameless of her frailty, as he was eager to profit by it. Truly has Dryden said that

> "When to sin our bias'd nature leans,
> The careful devil is still at hand with means;
> And providently pimps for ill desires."

So it was in this case, where the tempted met the tempter halfway. Let young and pure hearts be assured that when,

* It is but fair to add that the young professor denies this in his Correspondence. In his letter to Philintus, referring to Héloïse, he says, "Fræna libidini cœpi laxare, qui antea vixeram continentissime." "I had always an aversion," he says again, "to those light women whom it is a reproach to pursue." But in the same letter there is a boast that

in their sweet wooing-time, they talk smilingly of the exemplary love and fidelity of Abelard and Héloïse, they are flinging their incense before unworthy shrines. Those idols of all youthful lovers lacked dignity, honesty, and purity. They not only deliberately fell, but deliberately boasted of their offence. Honest affection should deposit its garland on a purer altar than the shrine of these sinning lovers.

Héloïse was the "niece" of Fulbert, a fellow-canon with Abelard in the cathedral church of Paris. The blood of the Montmorencies was hers, says M. de Courson, through her mother. This however is very questionable. No one knows who her mother really was. By one authority it is stated that Fulbert "Heloysiam naturalem filiam habebat præstanti ingenio formâque." The ardent Peter corresponded with the ardent young lady while she was only a pupil in the convent of Argenteuil. At his suggestion the uncle brought her home to his own hearth, and admitted Abelard, on his own urgent prayer, to be the inmate of his house and the tutor of his niece. And straightway the expounder of Ezekiel took to writing love-songs; the lecturer on Plato and Origen to reading romances of the heart. "There were," wrote Héloïse to Abelard, years after, and when both are imagined to have been absorbed in their remorse, "there were two things in you that would have captivated any man; one was the grace with which you recited, the other the charm with which you sang!" M. Courson is sentimental on the subject of the errors of this young pair, but he has gone into less of pictorial detail than Abelard himself. The Canon of Paris, in his after-correspondence with the lady, when the latter had taken the veil, thus

no woman whom he addressed could resist him; and there is, therewith, in describing his repulse of the advances made to him by Agaton, the fair handmaid of Héloïse, such a sparkling detail of the charms and ways of the serving-lady, that we are disinclined to put much faith in his assertion of a generally virtuous demeanour.

helped the nun to repentance by feeding her imagination with the memories of the past.

"Under the semblance of study we were all-surrendered to love. Love made choice of the retired spot wherein glided by the hour of our lesson; love was the subject of our speech and of our thoughts; and with the page open before us we only meditated on love. We exchanged more kisses than sentences, and we oftener turned to caresses than to our books, on which our eyes could not willingly fall after gazing at each other. Finally, and in order to prevent any suspicion on the part of Fulbert, we had our little chastisements, but love, and not anger, measured the blows, which were more gentle even than the caresses themselves." The after-reminiscences of Héloïse were not less warm or active. "What wife, or maiden," she exclaims, "did not dream of him when absent, or burn for him when present? What queen or noble lady did not envy my delights?" And again, long after he had been in his tomb, and she had fallen into years, she wrote, and wrote repeatedly, "Vows and monastery, I have not lost my human feelings beneath your pitiless rules; you have not, by changing my garment, converted me into marble."

When the scandal of their lives offended even the unscrupulous age in which they lived, Fulbert awoke to conviction and separated the lovers. Abelard however carried off the lady, nothing loath, and the pair fled into Brittany. His sister afforded them a refuge, and the fruit of guilt was born beneath her roof. The son who there unhappily saw the light, received the affected name of Astrolabe. On receiving knowledge of his birth, Fulbert insisted that Abelard should marry his niece. M. de Courson, ever partial to the criminal, says that Abelard *offered* to marry Héloïse! Accepting this assertion as true, why did M. de Courson separate from the text, and bury in an obscure note, the record of the fact that the calculating Peter stipulated that the marriage, if it

must take place, should be performed in private and kept secret, for the sufficient reason that by its becoming public he should be disappointed in his hopes and expectations of rising to the highest honours in the Church?

Let us be strictly just however to Abelard. If he made a grimace at the prospect of marriage, Héloïse quoted St. Paul, Theophrastus, and Cicero in his favour. In her own words it is written: "What could we scholars have had in common with household servants? Conversation and cradles would have marred one another. Books and distaffs, pens and spinning-wheels, are opposites. How could we have borne, in place of theological and philanthropical meditations, the screams of children, the songs of nurses, and the thousand miseries of domestic life?" Subsequent to their separation, and when she was the "mother" of a nunnery, the pious lady reminded him that while they loved without thinking of matrimony, Heaven had been indulgent; but that they had no sooner thought of marriage than Providence visited them with all sorts of tribulation! To the end of her own life this exemplary lady protested that she would rather be his "concubine" than his wife. She was *neither*, for any length of time. A private marriage indeed took place, but Fulbert, still indignant, no sooner found Abelard lying at his mercy, in Paris, than he inflicted upon him that sanguinary vengeance which reduced the victim to the condition of Atys; which drove Héloïse to obey the now selfish and jealously expressed will of her lover, to take the veil at Argenteuil;* and which made of Abelard himself a most unwilling monk. He assumed the monastic habit at

* The letter of Abelard on this point is a disgrace to manhood. He bribed the conventual authorities to inveigle her within the walls by a false colouring of the alleged pleasures of a conventual life; and no sooner found her securely imprisoned for ever, than he gave utterance to his gladness that no man could possess what was denied to him, and that on one point Abelard and the world were equal.

St. Denis, not, as he himself confesses, out of devotion, but out of shame. As for the victim and partner of his guilt, she walked to the altar heedless of the tears and expostulations of her friends. Modesty went not with her, nor repentance neither. There was nothing of the humiliation of the Magdalen. The Gospel was neither in her heart nor on her lips. As the irremovable veil fell over her brow, the spouse of Christ thought only of her husband after the flesh, and the last words she uttered as she entered the cloister for ever were those attributed by Lucan (in his 'Pharsalia,' l. viii.) to Cornelia, deploring the overthrow of the beloved Pompey, and the expiation endured by his wife for his sake:

> "O maxime conjux,
> O thalamis indigne meis, hoc juris habebat
> In tantum fortuna caput! Cur impia nupsi
> Si miserum factura fui? Nunc accipe pœnas,
> Sed quas sponte luam!"

This was but an unpromising commencement of a course of repentance. If Brother Peter ever counselled her to better, the advice was nullified by the reminiscences of the lover Abelard. One example may suffice to show how he mingled present grave thoughts with past and dangerous recollection. "Nosti . . . quid ibi" (in the monastery of Argenteuil) "tecum mea libidinis egerit intemperantia in quâdam etiam parte ipsius refectorii. . . . Nosti id impudentissime tunc actum esse, in tam reverendo loco et summæ Virgini consecrato." What was this but bidding her be mindful of their old loves in the place where free indulgence had been given to them? Those who would read more of similar matter we refer to Paquier, to the history and letters of Abelard and Héloïse, written in Latin, and first published in a quarto volume, in 1616, or to the translation of the same into French, given to the world by Bastim, in 1782. As for Héloïse, Pope has refinedly rendered the essence of her epistolary style in his well-known lines, equally well-known

in France by the translation of Colardeau, and Martin de Choisy has penned some *gaillard* verses descriptive of the history of the lady and her lover. To that lover we must now give our exclusive attention.*

Abelard flung himself into active life. He again ascended the professorial rostrum, and lectured on theology and logic to thousands of hearers, whose appetite to listen to him had been excited by recent circumstances. He was more popular and also more proud than ever, and his pride impelled him to write that 'Introduction to Theology' which raised all Christendom against him as a denier of the Trinity, and which caused his condemnation by the Council of Soissons, not only for his heresy, but for his ignorance of the chief dogmas of the Christian faith. M. de Courson says that he retired in grief to the monastery of St. Médard; but this is not the fact. The brotherhood of St. Denis thrust him into the street, and St. Médard was assigned him only as a prison. His humility, feigned or real, procured his speedy restoration to St. Denis; but he was no sooner there than he made the place too hot to hold him, by declaring to the infuriate monks that St. Denis, Bishop of Paris, was not identical with the much earlier St. Denys the Areopagite. M. de Courson should have shown how the poor monks might have stood excused for their error, seeing that, as if in confirmation of that error, Innocent II. had just presented to the church of the French martyr the body, lacking the head, of the Athenian Bishop. Many a wrong opinion has been maintained on a worse foundation.† A

* We would not willingly pass without notice the elegant and the first English translation published exactly a century ago, A.D. 1751. The translator, in the preface, blushes at the idea of our great-grandmothers finding pleasure in reading the once famous, and fictitious, 'Letters of a Nun and a Cavalier.' He hardly improved the matter by laying before them the fervid reminiscences of the more real couple.

† Voltaire, who used to ridicule monastic learning, has fallen into

second expulsion rewarded the temerity of Abelard, who resumed the calling more agreeable to his humour, of public lecturer; and, after much wandering, and a success which increased a vanity already nearly intolerable, he settled for a time at Troyes, and castle and cottage were alike emptied of its occupants, who assembled around the bold master, whose liberality erected for their use the well-frequented church of the Paraclete. If Abelard had been drunk with vanity before, he was now insane. His sentiments, uttered with a self-sufficient arrogance, were so utterly opposed to Romish doctrine, that St. Bernard arose, and, though less learned and less logical than his opponent, so far triumphed over his adversary as to exact from him a promise to circulate no more opinions that the Church did not sanction. In testimony of his defeat, he abandoned the Paraclete to Héloïse and a community of nuns, of which she was the Superior, opened there with her that famous correspondence, little redolent of repentance in the heart of either writer, and betook himself to the abbey of Ruys, said to have been founded by that supposititious British Jeremiah to whom have been attributed the gloomy pages 'De Excidio Britanniæ,' namely, St. Gildas; the brotherhood of which monastery, acknowledged by M. de Courson to be a set of wild, unclean, ignorant, and drunken savages, had, in one of their fits of unconsciousness, elected him as their Abbot.

While Abelard was struggling to make externally decent Christians of the debauched fraternity, he was also engaged in circulating writings in which the eagle-eyed St. Bernard detected the combined heresies of Arius against the Trinity, of Nestorius against the Incarnation, and of Pelagius against Grace. The offender and his accuser met face to face on the 2nd June, 1140, before the Council of Sens. The ma-

this old monastic error, and has confounded Denis and Dionysius. See Dictionn. Philosoph. Art. "Denis," and note 14 to the 1st Canto of 'La Pucelle.'

jesty of France, as well as the greatness of the Church, was present, and all eyes were turned upon the two *athletæ*. The expectation of a noble intellectual struggle was disappointed, for St. Bernard had no sooner opened the attack, than Abelard, pale and faint, declared that he appealed to Rome, and hurriedly left the assembly. The Council nevertheless condemned him. Rome confirmed the judgment, and sentenced the offender "to eternal silence." Abelard bent his head in obedience, and withdrew to the Abbey of St. Médard; so says M. de Courson; but the obedience of the priest was a matter of compulsion, and St. Médard was the place of captivity to which he was condemned. Thence, says the author just named, he wrote a confession of faith and submission, and addressed it to Héloïse, "his sister in Christ." Very true; but in this communication he says to his "beloved sister," "I have not been able to escape the critics; nevertheless, God knows that I cannot find in my books the faults with which I am charged." The offer to retract them, if they are there, is of little value when he calls God to witness that he cannot find them.

He longed yet for a triumph to be given to him in Rome itself, and trusted to his eloquence to secure it, if he could succeed in obtaining an interview with the Pontiff. He set out for that purpose, but neither St. Bernard of Citeaux, nor Peter the Venerable of Cluny, had lost sight of his movements. They intercepted him on his way, and so wrought upon their impressionable brother that he, whether by his own will or in spite of it, gave up his journey, and *never again left Cluny*, except when for the sake of his health he was transferred to a monastery at Châlons, where he died, in a semi-odour of sanctity, on the 21st April, 1142, in the sixty-third year of his age.

Peter the Venerable, in a rather warm letter to Héloïse, to whom he says, "would to Heaven that Cluny possessed you also!" speaks in high terms of the perfect humility of

Abelard in his retirement, or captivity. We are inclined to agree with Rémusat, that this humility *may* have been feigned in order to obtain his freedom. "He gave up," adds the Venerable Peter, "logic for the Gospel; nature for the Apostles; Plato for Christ; the academy for the cloister." Was any choice allowed him? Or can we accept "the Venerable" as a competent judge, when, in the epitaph he inscribed upon the tomb of the convert, he called him the "Socrates of Gaul," the "Plato of the West," and "our own Aristotle"?

On a dark night of the November following the April in which Abelard died, Peter the Venerable, in order to gratify Héloïse, stole the remains of her lover, and had them conveyed to the Paraclete, where during twenty-one years the loving woman visited them daily. She survived till 1163, when she died with the calmness of a saint. She was mourned by her nuns as a Lady Superior deserved to be, who "of human frailty construed mild." She loved order so much that she would not, as she says in the last, and by far the warmest and boldest of her epistles to Abelard, allow her young ladies to be running riot at midnight. But when a little love-affair was carried on with decency and discretion, she thought upon Abelard and smiled! The gratitude of the nuns of the house endured for a good six centuries, and in honour of her they performed a Mass annually (on the anniversary of her death) in the Greek language!

In 1163 the body of Héloïse was placed in the coffin which held what was mortal of her lover, whose arms, according to the legend, opened to receive her. When 334 years had passed, the silent lovers were again disunited, and, in 1497, placed in separate coffins and different graves. In 1779 they were re-united partially, being deposited side by side in a single coffin, divided by a leaden compartment. On the dissolution of the monasteries in 1792, the inhabitants of Nogent transferred to their church the remains of

the unhappy pair. A superb monument was erected over them, but in 1794 the iconoclasts of the Republic shattered it into fragments. Six years later, on the festival of St. George, 1800, the bodies were removed to Paris, and after a term of repose within the Musée des Monuments Français, they were finally carried to the cemetery of Père la Chaise. The open chapel which canopies the tomb within which they rest is formed from the ruins of the Paraclete, but the tomb itself, seven centuries old, is the original one raised by Peter the Venerable over the body of Abelard. A handful of dust and a few bones are all that remain of those of whom we have here given the record and the chronicle—of THE SELFISH SCHOLAR AND THE UNSELFISH AND DEVOTED WOMAN.

PICTURES OF RHINE-LAND AND ITS ROMANCE.

"Emy," remarked Alexandre, "is not altogether correct in his last illustration of Héloïse—whose convent, in the picture, is a well-known locality on the Rhine."

"At all events," said the German, "he could not have placed her more picturesquely."

This remark was text sufficient for treating of figures, landscapes, and romance in Rhine-land. How each member present took part in the discussion, need not be reported, but the sum of what was said (or seen in sketches, to which reference was frequently made) may be gathered from a connected *résumé* of the conversation,—opened by the Briton.

A matter-of-fact river is our river Thames, and all its legends are more connected with money-making than with magic. The truth is, that we must traverse Belgium before we can reach the frontiers of fairy-land. We approach it when we come in sight of the tomb of Charlemagne and the towers of Aix-la-Chapelle—that city of noble memories, but we are not fairly over the threshold until we enter the old "Stadt Köln," when we at once succumb to evil smells, endless legends, and the odour of *eau de Cologne*.

The Rhine, from Rotterdam to Cologne, has never been inhabited by spirits. The favourite locality of the latter lies between Cologne and Mayence. All beyond is commonplace shore and wave. But within these limits, every reach

in the stream re-echoes a story of an elf or an imp, and every meadow on its shores is danced upon by gossamer fairies, or galloped over at the witching hour of night by ghastly ritters and skeleton steeds. Every mill has its kobbold, and every building its household spirit. From the cathedral at Köln to the most wretched Rhine-washed hut, beings supernatural rule and possess. From the devil, "first in bad eminence," down to the ghost of some erring deacon, every nook acknowledges the deep mysterious sway. Churchman and knight, trembling nuns and ladies fair, truculent bishops and stiff-necked burghers, lord and peasant, emperor and beggar, in short, whole visionary multitudes of deceased generations elbow one another on the land, or swim in unsubstantial vessels, with transparent sails, upon the water. A majesty of gloom hangs over the spots where these spirits of the past most do congregate. Cologne itself lives upon a crowd of traditions more numerous than its steeples, of which there are said to have once been as many as there are days in the year. Not the least of them is, that Judas Maccabeus and his brother lie therein entombed. Stone figures of saints in Cologne have been known to accept half-munched apples from pious little boys, who afterwards studied hard, read much, and, as the old joke says, "nobody the wiser." Here lived Albertus Magnus the monk, who possessed the power of turning winter into summer, and of being pleasantly independent of the coal-market and its tariffs. Here too existed merchants who built churches by calculation, that the weight of the stones would exceed the ponderosity of their sins, and that the recording angel would strike a balance in their favour accordingly. Finally, here dwelt the famous Maternus, who was elected Bishop after his death, and who walked from his grave rather than render the election void by non-appearance, and kept possession of the episcopal chair for more than a quarter of a century. To do the honest man justice, he

always averred, after his attainment to the mitre, that he had never yet died—as far as *he* could recollect. But they who wanted a miracle had more convenient memories, and they ever asserted that Bishop Maternus was, in good truth, the most ghostly of prelates.

Legend has paid the greatest possible compliment to Satan, by attributing to him the honour of being the original designer of the plan for that still unfinished cathedral at Cologne, of which Hood says so finely, that it looks like a broken promise made to God. There are only two other places on the Rhine where the Father of Lies still retains occupation. One is at Fahr, where he has a "Devil's House," in which he may be seen at night, drinking horribly hot-spiced wine with a long since deceased Prince of Neuwied. The exemplary pair often issue forth at night, after their carouse is over, and in the disguise of monks make convent cloisters hideous with the howling of their *gaillard* songs, or play such tricks with the ferrymen and their boats upon the river, that when morning dawns there is no man at his right station, and every boat is drifting towards the sea. But the Devil of the Rhine is sometimes of a better quality than is here implied. The perpendicular staircase in the rock at Loch was cut by him in a night, expressly to enable a knight to rescue his daughter from the lord of a castle in his eyrie above. Cavalier and steed trotted up at right angles to the surface; and in proof of the fact the people show you the saddle!

The legendary ritters are as restless as the traditionary Satan. At Rheid, if you only go when they are to be seen, you may discern a host of them in the tournament-field there, engaged in passages of arms, charging fiercely at each other, and galloping about "like mad," but all so silently and lightly that no sound reaches the ear, not a harebell bends beneath the chargers' hoofs, and indeed, if nothing be heard or felt, the legend can only be perfected by adding

that there is quite as little to be seen. But do not attempt to say so to the people of Loch!

The Drachenfels—rock of the dragon—introduces us to the chivalrous Siegfried, who found it an easier task to overcome the dragon, that carried off maidens by night and breakfasted off young ladies in the morning, than to subdue the truculent Queen of the Burgundians to the reasonable will of that melancholy man, her husband. Altogether Siegfried, the horned knight, was more creditable to chivalry than his brother Ritter, Graf Hurman. *He* used to take delight in riding through his tenants' corn, and, if any of these complained, he took the funniest imaginable way of intimating that he felt hurt at the little liberty they took with him. In fact, he had the offender tied to the antlers of a wild stag, and hunted to death by hungry dogs. But there *is* a Nemesis—and Graf Hurman is now nightly chased out of his grave by the vengeful spirits of his tenants, in the form of hounds, and these lead him such a life of it that it is a pity his descendants do not lay out a few kreutzers in Masses, to ensure his repose.

A knight of another class and reputation is he who has given fame to the height at Roland's Eck. There still stands the window whence he used to watch the nun he loved, in the island below; from which he beheld her borne to the grave, and *at* which he gently died,—the spectacle being too much for the nerves of a man who had scattered legions of Paynim Saracens by the might of his single arm.

At Daltenberg we meet with another love-stricken knight, who, *after* dinner, made a promise of marriage to a dead lady in a deserted castle. He subsequently found himself, he knew not how, in a ruined chapel; and when he beheld his cold bride with him at the altar, the ghost of her father rising complaisantly from the grave to give her away, and a bronze bishop beginning to read the marriage service aloud, he became so alarmed that he had but just sufficient strength

to call for help upon the saints above, and barely sufficient power of vision to see the whole party disappear in snap-dragon flames, and a very suspicious smell of sulphur. At other points we fall in with ritters who are tossing their fathers' bones out of their graves in search of treasure, and expressing great sorrow at finding nothing. Others, in times of famine, play at nine-pins, with loaves for balls, and baked pastry pins to bowl at. Above Lahneck we enter the ground where the two brothers slew each other for the sake of a worthless woman who cared for neither of them. At Sonneck, a company of ghostly ritters meet twice a month, at hours known to the initiated; their purpose is convivial, and their place of meeting a cavern, wherein, seated at an unearthly banquet, they eat fire, like conjurors, and drink boiling wine out of red-hot goblets. At Falkenberg there is a ghostly knight of more solitary habits. When he was alive he used to spend his nights with a dead lady, much after the fashion of Göthe's young heathen with the Christian bride of Corinth. The knight, however, unlike the impetuous young pagan of the ballad, ultimately espoused a lady—alive, pretty, and as substantial as graceful brides of upper earth *should* be. The newly married couple speedily died of affright; and I am not surprised at it, for every night the cold form of the *other*, the dead but betrothed lady, lay between them, by way of mutely annoying reproach upon the infidelity of the bridegroom. The penalty of the latter beyond the grave is to wander for ever in search of both wives, and fall in with neither. One would think that Belphegor had had compassion upon him.

The well-known legend of the Mouse Tower may be classed with the ritters' traditions, for Hatto was as much knight as bishop. He was a monopolizer and a forestaller of corn, but an army of rats devoured the greedy cavalier-priest. Truth will have it that it was the corn and not the owner that was devoured,—but that would not have been

half so interesting a circumstance to register. I prefer the legend, and invoke the fate of its hero upon the monopolizers of corn, who make bread dear for the people of England.

The ladies are especially lively in the legends of the Rhine. England alone furnishes eleven thousand for the single story of Ursula and her companions, who crossed the seas to marry as many German princes, and who were massacred at Cologne by a host of ferocious Huns, whose rough wooing had been deeply declined by these resolute ladies. The shy Kordula alone remained, and half a hundred Huns offered her their very dirty hands; but Kordula happened to look up, and as she saw all her headless sisters gaily scaling the heights of heaven, she selected to be of the company, and was qualified accordingly. The Huns, nothing daunted by their ill success, broke into the nunnery at Niedeswerth, where they found the entire establishment of noble ladies locked in each others' arms, fast asleep. The intruders were proceeding to rude measures, when a discriminating wind blew the Huns into the river, and the nuns into swift sailing-boats upon it, in which they descended the stream and found safety at Bonn. The unquietness of the nuns of Grau Rheindorf is, perhaps, in allusion to their particular peccadillo. They were excessively given to gluttony, especially in the article of fish; and fearfully did they suffer in consequence, from sleepless nights and indigestion. They rest as ill in their graves, but have not the same motive for leaving it as the phantom mother of Fürstenberg, who issues nightly from the tomb in order to "nurse" an imaginary baby which she fancies is encradled in the neighbouring castle. Well! the poor mother is impelled by better motives than that terrible dead lady-in-waiting to a deceased duchess of Nassau, who *will* enter the young officers' rooms, where she says such dreadfully unexpected things that it turns grey the fair or sable locks of all who hear them. And this I readily believe.

There is a very lively company of ghostly ladies at Aberwerth. It comprises a troop of unmarried damsels who are doomed to dance for ever until they find lovers willing to marry them. Poor things! It is something too hard upon them that they should be condemned, when defunct, to endure the same round of toil for the same foolish purpose that moved them when living. But, the penalty is retribution. It implies that had the maidens waited to be wooed at their fathers' hearths, rather than bound about a ball-room to entice the wooers that would not come, their mission would have been better fulfilled. And there *is* something in that.

Of the other ladies who linger perforce by the Rhine, and there visit the pale glimpses of the moon, I can only allude to the lovely legion *en masse*. Their separate tales are too many to tell, and what requires to be told is not always "tellable." Some of these spirits lead awfully immoral lives, and very few are exemplary characters. I suppose that originally their legends, like that of Hatto and the rat-tower, had some significance; but it were as profitable to try and weave ropes out of sand, or squeeze moisture from dust, as to extract edification from myths which deal in ladies and gentlemen who are employed in disreputable proceedings, which, had they indulged in them upon earth, would have made society shun them. Ghosts, at least German ghosts, do not appear to be half so particular; and grave No. 3, inhabited by the most serious of spirits, does *not* shake to its foundation at the character of its neighbours, Nos. 2 and 4. On the contrary, the spirits in all three roam abroad in company, and No. 3 sings hymns, and looks calmly on, while 2 and 4 are comporting themselves with anything but the strictest propriety.

The best of the ladies is one who partakes both of light legend and true history. I allude to the prophetess Hildegard, who was one of the nine wives of Karloman, and who

went triumphantly through the process of being unjustly suspected by her husband. She traversed Europe, preaching the crusades, and uttering prophecies which will be fulfilled whenever they come to pass. She was famous for her healing powers, and invented "spermaceti ointment for an inward bruise;" (an invention which was patronized as "the sovereign'st thing on earth," by Hotspur's carpet cavalier;) she, further, spread plaisters, invented pills, and may be altogether considered as the patron saint presiding over patent medicines.

The legendary monks do not make so conspicuous a figure in the Rhine romances as the legendary ladies. Their spirits rather linger among the distant and inland castles and convents which, in the olden time, were renowned for their freedom from danger, and their abundance of good cheer. But, however, the river legends are not entirely silent with regard to the sons of the church. At Heisterbach, the last abbot of the community still wanders about the ruins of the abbey, looking in vain for the grave which is denied to his canonized bones, until every vestige of the edifice shall have disappeared. The dead monks at Kreuzburg, who lie in the vault there uncoffined, garmented as when they lived, and who look so very dry and dusty, are accused of being rather given to jollity and illicit sports about midnight. No one who has seen them would, for a moment, suspect them of levity. Even the old dead gardener, with his withered wreath about his skull, the last of the brotherhood there laid out to rest, has as severe a look in his silent solemnity as any of his more reverend brethren; and yet is it said of him that he sits upright on his stone seat at nights, and trolls such catches and tells such stories, and is so comic in manner as well as matter, that the dead monks regularly die of laughing,—until the descent of the night-dew awakens them again to their nightly revel.

What a far more respectable deceased churchman is the

defunct and gigantic monk of Rheinbreitbach! His name is Hammerling, and his office is to nurse and feed poor miners who happen to get imprisoned by accident in the course of their perilous vocation. He is somewhat capricious and hasty, but compassionate withal,—and he keeps a good larder, too, or how could he have maintained alive, and even made fat, those seven miners who, by the falling-in of their cavernous workshop, were confined seven years, and were found much better than could be expected, at last? At Stronberg, a monk and nun are said to "walk," waiting to be married; the walking and waiting being their punishment for expressing a desire to be married when they were in the flesh. In the castle of Rheinfels, there is a more ghastly sight than that of two youthful novices wandering in cold affection. The sight I allude to is that of the old chaplain of the Countess of Katzenellenbogen, who poisoned his mistress by putting arsenic into the sacramental cup. The penalty of the old murderer is to be always mixing the draught and drinking it himself. There are numberless spectral abbots, too, about this district who bore no very good reputation when living, and who are a perfect nuisance now they are dead; active in mischief, and terribly seductive; and there is not a poor peasant girl who leans solitarily against a gate, with her apron to her eyes, and something at her heart to keep it aching, who does not lay the blame upon these terribly Juanic ghosts, who go about in cowls, and are as licentious as when they were living! At St. Goar, we meet, however, with the name, if not the spirit, of a respectable saint; it is said of him that he could hang his cloak on a sunbeam and pass a whole year without food. The unseen spirit is active though invisible, and once, when Karloman passed the saint's grave without stopping to hear a Mass, St. Goar was so irritated that, with a breath which *seemed* to descend, like a hurricane, from the hills, he overturned the boat in which the Emperor and his courtiers

were seated, and nearly drowned the illustrious passengers in return for their alleged impiety. Pepin, the son of Karloman, did not forget the insult, and when, at a subsequent period, his queen Bertruda visited the shrine of the Saint, and was left without refreshment till she almost fainted, Pepin was so indignant thereat that he went down and horsewhipped the prior! Karloman had shown less resentment than his son, and returned good for evil. He made a present to the monastery of that wonderful butt of wine, the liquor in which never grew less, although it was for ever running at the spigot.

Karloman shines among the legendary emperors, of whose doings, however, less is said than we might have expected. Even the Königstuhl, or coronation seat at Rhens, has disappeared, solid masonry as it was; it could not withstand the hammering of the French Republicans. Marksburg has its true stories more terrible than romance. It was there that Lewis the Severe murdered his wife, in a fit of jealousy as ungovernable as it was unfounded. He beheaded the poor lady in her own bedroom, and then flung all her servants from the highest turret of the castle, as accomplices in a crime which existed only in his imagination. With the exception of this trifling weakness, Lewis was an exceedingly proper knight; stern, and apt to kill upon contradiction; but such little foibles tarnished not the lustre of his cuirass, though they have rather dulled the glory of his name. Heymon of Dordogne was worthy of bearing arms under such a master. This mirror of chivalry, according to the legend, once struck his wife to the ground with his gauntleted hand, and strode across her body to greet his newly-discovered son Reynold, whom he embraced with such a paternal hug that he laid the cartilage of the young fellow's nose flat upon his face! Turning from him, he addressed himself to the Countess, whom he had stretched upon the ground, and, with the appellation of "heart's

love," politely requested her to arise. Reynold, in the meantime, smarting under his smashed nose, affectionately returned the excess of his father's warmth by protesting "so help him Heaven, he was well-minded to lay his sire dead at his feet!"

There is nothing left of the palace of Karloman at Ingelheim, save two of the hundred porphyry columns blessed by the Pope. One of these is in the church; the other in a gateway, which is itself a ruin. Tradition speaks of the great Emperor riding out from hence nightly, in disguise, and exhibiting his imperial sense of humour in the practical joke of silently breaking open his subjects' houses, and carrying off their property. His sons are said to have played for the succession to his magnificent throne, at Kempton, where the young gamblers fought a main of cocks for the purpose. The game was won by Ludwig, and therewith the terribly uneasy throne.

But it is, after all, the tricksy spirits that lend life and loveliness to the Rhine and its legends. Who would not have liked to have belonged to the monastery at Gunsdorf, that used to be visited every night by fairies of the most exquisite beauty and the lightest of garments, and who used to keep the reluctant old gentleman up and feasting till cock-crow? Another fairy took the form and name of the Wondrous Harp of Luladorf, in the vicinity of which she was to be heard discussing such music as might melt the soul. There were other fays whose homes were beneath the waters, and who were very much given to entice young knights into the stream, and set up unblessed households with them in bowers below the crystal waves. The Lurley Berg is a height, the home-place of a million echoes. In the vicinity once dwelt a maid who was so exquisitely beautiful that she turned mad all who looked upon her, and despairing husbands of the gravest cast committed suicide after beholding her. The fatal Siren was thereupon tried

for manifold murder and witchcraft, but the archiepiscopal judge, the lawyers, the witnesses, and the spectators fell so deeply in love with her, that, like the tribunal that absolved Phryne when the nymph was unveiled before it, the Court acquitted the accused by acclamation. Lurley still survives, in legend at least; and no pilot who steers his bark round the headland called by her name is safe from being swept overboard, if he raises his eyes as his ears recognize the sound of her harp, and beholds her sitting in seductive beauty, singing him invitations to land. There is no more dangerous place upon the river, — save, indeed, in the Whisper Dell at Lorch, which is noted for its perils to youths of tender hearts from the tongues of sweet-voiced ladies. It was at Lorch that the first red wine was made, and the influence of the grape is said to be strong on the lips of either spirit or mortal who, having drunk of the eloquent juice, is led by his destiny to the fatal Valley of Whispers. No doubt. It must be confessed that generous wine, a fair face, and a pleasant vale, form a combination of charms very suitable to put a man, as Mr. Lumpkin says, "in a concatenation accordingly.' "

The male followers of Oberon are, as might be expected, rather rougher in their moods than the ladies who wait upon Titania. Their duties, too, are sometimes droll, but without significance. There is one whose mission it is to go in quest of young ladies and old nurses; and, when these have performed the offices required at their hands, they are straightway deprived of their souls, which are fastened down for ever, in duly ticketed pipkins! There are water-wolfs and bottle-imps, and there are the jolly elf fraternity at Ehrenthal, whose sole business it is, like Chaucer's friends, to

"Hold their hippes and loffe."

Werlau is the residence of the gnome king of shadows. In the valley is his dwelling-place, and it is said that when

two young persons of the locality become attached to each other, there spring up in the valley two flowers, called "soul-flowers." These flowers may be made an unerring test of the affection that inspires the enamoured pair, by applying them to the heart. If the love be true and steadfast, the flower is instantly reduced to ashes!

> "Steadfast heart o'er Cupid's flower
> Hath such force and blessed power!"

With us, in the olden time of England, our romantic youth employed the *Ranunculus bulbosus* as a test of strength of affection. In those days, a swain was wont to stuff his pockets full of "bachelor's buttons," and, as they flourished or withered, so did he judge of his lady's love. Thus mine host, in the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' says of Fenton's love for sweet Anne Page, "He writes verses; he speaks holyday; he smells April and May; he will carry 't! he will carry 't! 't is in his buttons; he will carry 't!"

The Rhine has more legends than those I have told; but such as I have cited of each class will enable my readers to conjecture (if they care to do so) the quality of the rest. I will therefore conclude with an incident that belongs rather to history than romance. Bacharach is the scene where passed the bloody feuds maintained by the Palatine Herman and the Archbishop Arnold of Mainz: the Diet interfered, and condemned each to carry a dog on his shoulders a certain distance. The Palatine performed his share of the penalty, with many a wry face; but the Archbishop, being by far too venerable a person to be punished in any way but by deputy, a certain number of his vassals were compelled, to their great edification, to do this good service for their lord! This species of punishment was not uncommonly inflicted upon those who broke the peace of the empire, or who were notoriously tyrannical as vicegerents of the Emperor. The nobles were compelled to carry a cur-dog, vassals a stool, and peasants a plough-wheel, on their

shoulders, to the bounds of the adjacent lordship, and to endure patiently every insult offered them by the way. As we have seen, high churchmen could pay the penalty by representatives,—twenty vassals being accounted equivalent to one archbishop!

"And now, Mee Aughton," said Smith, at the close of our session, "paint us a picture in words that shall represent our occupation here."

Thereupon Mee Aughton, with something of a satirical smile on his face, dashed off the following metrical sermon, to the great edification of his audience.

LOST TIME.

One evening, as old Wisdom lay
  Before his cool and mossy cell;
While round him softest airs did play,
  And on him eve's last bright rays fell;
Then as the Sage lay musing there
  On things above or 'neath the sky,
A sound arose upon the air,
  A mingled, loud, and mournful cry.

More grief's sharp tone than joyous song,
  Or lay subdued of Wisdom's clime,
From a mixed crowd who passed along,
  Exclaiming, "Time! we have lost Time!
Old Time, entrusted to our guard,
  (O'er whom we held so light a sway,)
Hath, while we played, broke from his ward,
  Slipped off his bonds and fled away.

"O Wisdom, tell us where to find
  The truant who has thus escaped,
Who flies with wings more swift than wind,
  And, of the way that he has shaped,

Leaves scarce a mark to trace him by.
  We hardly *thought* he could have flown,
When o'er our heads we *saw* him fly,
  And now we weep that Time is gone."

And then again the crowd began
  To shriek still louder than before;
From hill to hill the echo ran,
  And died in murmurs on the shore.
Then some would sigh and some would scoff,
  And some (*most* foolish) take to rhyme.
Then, swift as thought, the whole were off,
  In search once more of missing Time.

Old Wisdom smiled, Old Wisdom frowned,
  Old Wisdom pondered long and deep,
And, as at night he turned him round
  Upon his healthy couch to sleep,
"Fly on! fly on!" the sage he said,—
  "Pursue! pursue! but all in vain,
For Time, who from his bonds hath strayed,
  Can never be enchained again."

The End.

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