BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

THE OLD AND THE NEW RÉGIME.

The commencement of a new volume—the Forty-Fourth of BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY—affords us the opportunity of congratulating our subscribers, not only on our own longevity but on that reaction of political feeling which has again given us a Conservative Ministry.

When Lord Palmerston came back from "the country," on which he had "thrown himself" after the division on the clap-trap China question, his vapouring followers loudly vaunted the unassailable strength of their party which, in any future contest, might safely reckon on whatever majority they chose to name. The extreme Liberals who dared to oppose "the upholder of the country's honour"—so the firebrand Minister was styled—had been ignominiously driven from the hustings; the Peelites who ventured to vote with them were in much the same position; and the Conservatives barely held their ground. King Agramant, when he mustered his army before the walls of Paris, could hardly boast of a more multitudinous array than trooped beneath the banner of our incipient Dictator, after the general election in 1857.

But alas for the instability of Fortune! See how the whirligig of time brings about its revenges! A year—"a little year"—had scarcely gone by before there was confusion in the camp of King Agramant. The modern champion of England, "whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard," so far forgot the "honour" he had sworn to defend, discovered so essential a difference between non-combative Mandarins and belligerent Colonels, that his hitherto obsequious though sadly be-snubbed adherents, who had eaten their leek, like Pistol, with many muttered oaths, positively refused to march with him through Coventry—not so much because of their own raggedness, though that was patent enough to all the world, but on account of the ragged reputation of their chief. The caudine forks beneath which he ordered them to pass, were an indignity to which even they could not submit, and so they incontinently rebelled. The "great Liberal party," tied together by a rope of sand, lost all form and cohesion in a single night,

> ——And thus the various train
> Wander'd without a ruler or a guide,

their quondam leader, no longer with a country to throw himself upon, bolting from office with all the precipitation of the well-bred animal in the apologue.

But this flight, however rapid, was only a *ruse de guerre*. Compelled to retire, as he thought for the moment only, Lord Palmerston waited, in grim repose, the occasion for resuming the power he coveted. To all appearance he acquiesced in his destiny, and with the ponderous levity of former days laughed at the mutability of human affairs, laughing at the same time in his sleeve at the thought of his enemies' proximate overthrow. But, as the French proverb says—"Rit bien qui rit le dernier"—the much-desired opportunity left him with the laugh—in our own popular phrase—on the wrong side of his mouth. Lord Ellenborough's censure of Lord Canning's indiscreet, not to say suicidal proclamation, was eagerly seized upon as the means, not of vindicating a policy, but of ousting a ministry. Inflated by the old arrogance, and, like the unteachable Bourbons, untaught by experience, the Palmerston "lot"—thus low had they dwindled—began to count noses before the debate began. It was as well for the brief enjoyment of their Fools' Paradise that they did begin so early, for as the debate advanced it became evident, even to themselves, that their self-illusion must be their sole reward. Snarl, worry, or bark as they might, the inexorable logic and vivid eloquence of one speaker alone had crushed them. The more the debate was prolonged the more certain became the opinion of the public as to its issue. Every man outside the ropes saw that the faction were fighting foul, but they waited patiently for the *coup de grace*. It came, at last, in retributive shape: Whigs, Peelites, Radicals—"Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart"—all "the little dogs"—deserted the big Bow-wow. It was the Coventry mutiny over again, with more abiding consequences. Cæsar's robe was not more rent than the flimsy pretext of the *personnel* of Lord Palmerston. How the collapse took place Mr. Disraeli has told us in his memorable speech at Slough.

Up to the date of this unexpected political earthquake, the Conservative cabinet had been taunted with being merely a Ministry on sufferance. "At any moment," said the Whigs, "if we chose to unite, your tenure of office is not worth a moment's purchase." If they only chose! But free-will no longer existed. The numerous sections into which the Whig party was split so irreconcilably hated each other, that union upon any question had become impossible. The disappointed placeholders, the Hayters, Wilsons, Lewises, and Osborns—

> Ambubairum collegia, pharmacopolæ,
> Mendici, mimæ, balatrones; hoc genus omne
> Mæstum ac solicitum erat;

but their sorrow proved as unavailing for their salvation as that of the repentant thief in Prior's celebrated song: the independent men of "Committee-room No. 11" coldly withheld their sympathy, and resolutely refused to combine.

Then arose a new cry—"The Conservatives are incompetent; they are unable to govern the country."

Like Souvaroff, when his preparations for capturing Ismaël were sneered at by his rivals,

> He made no answer, but he took the city.

The *mesnie* of Lord Palmerston had, certainly, some show of reason on their side when they declared that the administration of affairs was an impossibility for his successors, since, one and all, they had done their worst to make it so. This difficulty apart, it will scarcely be denied by an impartial observer that the men who composed the new cabinet were not at least equal in ability to those whom they displaced.

Let us set them forth in comparative review:

Lord Palmerston's talents nobody doubts, however much their perversion may be regretted, and the experience which he has acquired during a political life extending over more than half a century, renders him an acquisition to any party—as, indeed, every party, by turns, has acknowledged; but without the same Protean claim to admiration, and dating his services from a period less remote, there is no statesmanlike quality in Lord Palmerston which does not equally shine forth in Lord Derby.

Who will venture to institute a comparison between the late Chancellor of the Exchequer and the present one; between Sir George Cornewall Lewis—whose dulness swamped the *Edinburgh Review*, whose soporific periods emptied the House of all who were not too sleepy to rise, and whose financial incapacity was "a hissing and a reproach" where merchants "most do congregate"—and Mr. Disraeli, the brilliant writer, the eloquent debater, the thorough man of business, whose genius, courage, sagacity, and aptitude have placed him in the foremost rank of modern politicians?

Of Lord Cranworth we would speak with respect, having reference to the exercise of his judicial functions on more than one remarkable occasion—notably that one when Rush was tried for the murder of the Jermys—but between the duties of the circuit judge and those which devolve upon the Lord High Chancellor, the late tenant of the Woolsack has shown that, in his own instance, the gulf is impassable. With the opportunity before him of carrying out the amplest schemes of law reform—with Lyndhurst, Brougham, and St. Leonards to render him advice and assistance—Lord Cranworth effected nothing! Like a stone thrown into a pond he rippled the surface for a moment, and then sank, irrecoverably, to the bottom. A Lord Chancellor's utility cannot be measured by the events of the hour: time is the test of his value. The forensic skill of Lord Chelmsford, his acute intellect and practical ability, fully justify the expectation that of those who have filled his present exalted office his name will stand amongst the highest.

Contrast the torpor and indifference of the *fainéant* Lord Clarendon with the zeal and activity of the vigorous Lord Malmesbury! Look at the timid *longueurs* of the late Secretary for Foreign Affairs in dealing with the Cagliari question, and then note the prompt, decisive, yet temperate action of his successor! Lord Clarendon's supineness made him a byword amongst the very *lazzaroni* of the Chiaja; the energy of Lord Malmesbury is the theme of applause in every corner of Europe. There is, however, one thing for which Lord Clarendon deserves credit. After the close of the Conferences of Paris, Lord Clarendon was offered a Marquisate, for his arduous exertions in bringing them to a successful issue. His modesty declined the proffered honour. For once in his life Lord Clarendon was endowed with prophetic vision. The Conferences, like the

story of Rasselas, came to a conclusion in which nothing was concluded, and Lord Clarendon, though he never gave his reasons, forbore to mix the pearls and strawberry-leaves. For this forbearance he is entitled to public thanks—for this, but for nothing beside!

To mention Mr. Smith—vapid, inefficient, elderly Mr. Smith—in conjunction with young, active, and clear-sighted Lord Stanley, sounds very much like a *mauvaise plaisanterie;* yet posterity will read their names on the same page of history as having each held the office of President of the Board of Control. It is, however, our consolation to think that posterity will suppose the collocation solely made for the sake of antithesis.

Are the colonies likely to suffer because their destinies are submitted to the inquiring mind of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton—the man with the world-wide reputation, literary though it be—instead of continuing under the *surveillance*, such as it was, of the respectable Mr. Labouchere? Who will quarrel with the arrangement which has substituted Sir John Pakington at the Admiralty instead of Sir Charles Wood? Are the solid acquirements of Mr. Henley inferior to the capabilities of Lord Stanley of Alderley? What have we lost in the droning Duke of Argyll that we should regret the appointment of Lord Hardwick? For flippant Lord Granville dreaming of future Premiership—a dream never to be realised—we have in exchange the dignified Marquis of Salisbury; for callous Sir George Grey, kind and popular Mr. Walpole; for leaden Bethell, mercurial Fitzroy Kelly; for plodding Keating, sharp-witted Cairns; for silent Shelburne, eloquent Fitzgerald; and for all the rest of the Whig mediocritics, men of judgment and capacity who lack nothing but opportunity to achieve distinction.

But it is not the fashion with Englishmen to deal in mere assertions. The Whigs say that the Conservatives cannot govern the country. As the former did, probably not. But how they propose to do so, the Past—brief as the period has been since their accession to office—sufficiently vouches.

A successful budget and a well-ordered policy, financial rectification and the adjustment of national differences—the first fruits of Conservative government—are guarantees for the popularity and stability of Lord Derby's Ministry, and should an appeal to the country be necessary, the voice of England will reply that it has not been made in vain!

THE MEDITERRANEAN.*

THE Mediterranean Sea has always afforded a favourite and fertile theme to naturalists and geographers; its shores are pre-eminently lands of story and of song; and it has been the theatre of events that have employed the historian ever since history began. The beauty and grandeur of its natural features have suggested images for the loftiest poetry; they have furnished scenes of inexhaustible attraction to the artist; and the memories and monuments that linger on the Mediterranean shores give them an unrivalled interest for the architect, the antiquary, and the scholar.

By its eastern waters Art and Poetry, Eloquence and Philosophy, had their earliest seats, and events that occurred upon its coasts have affected the whole world and the destinies of the human race. Upon this splendid sea, "navigation," in the words of Admiral Smyth, "made its earliest efforts;" and it was the Mediterranean Sea that in ancient times brought Western Europe into communication with the lands that had long been the home of all civilisation. Almost every bay, every cape and noble promontory, from the Black Sea to the Ocean, from Neptune's watch-tower on Thracian Samos to the most southerly pharos-tower of the Levant, has its place in history or poetry; the rivers that fall into the Mediterranean are to this day made familiar to us by the classical associations of their coasts; and undying memories of ancient genius and refinement give those coasts attractions that are undiminished by time. By the Mediterranean Sea kingdoms that swayed the destinies of the world flourished and fell, and its coasts are haunted by the shades of ancient power. It gleams in the pages of sacred history and prophecy, for to the isolated Hebrew nation it was "the great," the unknown "sea," and its waters may be truly said to reflect the history of thirty centuries. By its shores the picturesque remote dynasties of Egypt ruled and accumulated their wondrous and colossal monuments; and upon the Mediterranean the Phœnician traders carried colonies and commerce to the limits of the known world. Amidst "Edens of the Eastern wave" flourished those republics of illustrious Greece—

Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great—

which have left such imperishable remains of poetry, philosophy, and art. On Mediterranean shores rose Phœnician Carthage, and the later sway of that great empire which advanced, from a once-obscure town upon the Tiber, to the dominion of the world. And then the wonderful Arabian power, "offspring of the Koran and the sword," after subjugating the African coast of the Mediterranean and the richest part of Spain, reigned from Cordova to Mecca, and raised elaborate works of Saracenic archi-

* The Mediterranean: a Memoir, Physical, Historical, and Nautical. By Rear-Admiral W. H. Smyth, K.S.F., D.C.L., F.R.S. London: 1854.

Rambles of a Naturalist on the Coasts of France, Spain, and Sicily. By A. de Quatrefages, Member of the Institute, &c. Translated by E. C. Otté. Two Vols. 1857.

tecture, to which princes of Western Europe were ere long to give a Christian dedication. Upon this southern sea, Norman princes gained a kingdom, and raised ecclesiastical edifices that at this day blend with Grecian temples on the lovely hills of Sicily; and, finally, when more than a thousand years had elapsed since the events that had consecrated the coasts of Palestine, Christian powers established their dominion upon all the European coasts of the Mediterranean, and the chivalrous brotherhoods of warrior-monks maintained in its island fortresses the cause of Christendom.

But in the present article it is proposed to take a rapid survey of the geographical features and natural phenomena of the Mediterranean, rather than to indulge in historical retrospect. On looking at a map of this great inland sea, even the most cursory observer must at once be struck by the remarkable character of its physical configuration. Opening from the Atlantic, its waters mingle at the entrance with those of the great ocean of the West; while their eastern extremity, two thousand five hundred miles distant, is divided by only a low, narrow isthmus from the ocean-inlets of another hemisphere, namely, the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. Its land-locked area; its immense expanse between the great continents (its total periphery, following the shores of its principal gulfs, is more than 13,000 miles, and its area in square miles is 760,000); the innumerable bays which deeply penetrate its shores;* its mountainous and volcanic islands; and its straits and inner seas—for the Black Sea, the Sea of Azof, and the Sea of Marmora, may be regarded as inner basins of the Mediterranean—are not less striking features of its outline. Channels, in some respects as remarkable as the straits of Gibraltar, connect the Mediterranean with these inner seas, which bring its waters to the foot of the Caucasian chain and the steppes of Russia; and they flow between shores memorably connected with the history of former times, and conspicuous for the unchanged grandeur of their scenery. The archipelago of mountainous islands and lofty coasts, which those straits and channels penetrate, display physical features of the most extraordinary and romantic character.

But the lofty chains of mountains which, for the most part, surround the Mediterranean, and the mountain-isles which stud its surface, constitute its grandest scenery. The entrance to the sea is fitly guarded by that stupendous monument of some distant geological convulsion, the rock of Gibraltar—a mass of oolitic limestone, rising to a height of more than fourteen hundred feet, and forming a narrow peninsula of nearly three miles in circuit, joined to the continent by a low, sandy neck of land. Then come the stupendous mountain ranges of Spain, many of whose snowy peaks exceed ten thousand feet in height; the Maritime Alps; the "marble-crested Apennines," which run in parallel ridges through the centre of Italy to Calabria, there dividing into two branches after a course of eight hundred miles; the mountainous ranges on the eastern side of the Adriatic; the long line of capes, headlands, and mountainous coasts of Asia Minor and Syria; and, loftier than these, the

* Thus, Sicily, though in surface actually smaller than Sardinia, has a coast so diversified by bays that its circuit, following the indentations of its shores, measures 550 miles.

ranges of African mountains, which are divided from the waters of the Mediterranean by

> ——a dry unfathomed deep
> Of sands, that lie in lifeless sleep,
> Save when the scorching whirlwinds heap
> Their waves in rude alarm.

The Black Sea is equally bordered by precipitous cliffs, and is girt on its eastern side by that vast rampart of the Caucasus, which seems as if intended to divide two different races of men, and rises everywhere to a height of ten thousand feet, with glacier-filled valleys and gigantic peaks of snow. Besides these mighty barrier-ranges, a hundred mountains and promontories, celebrated in classic story, diversify the Mediterranean coasts, or rise as islands amidst its waters, from the mighty rock-fortress of Gibraltar at its entrance, to those marvellous straits—the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus—where the promontories and palaces of Europe and Asia border the same great stream.

First and fairest of Mediterranean isles is mountainous Sicily, with its wooded heights and sunny bays; its lovely Castellamare, whose semi-circular bay of deepest blue is enclosed on one side by a crescent of olive woods rising from the sea towards the distant mountains, and on the other by precipices of bare grey rock that rise abruptly from the water's edge; its beautiful Palermo, whose domes and spires give the town an almost Oriental aspect as it spreads between hills clad with verdure and encircled by a framework of lofty mountains; its rich valley of the Concha d'Oro, where the vegetation is quite southern and African in its character, and where the eye ranges over forests of citron and orange; its mountain scenery, and its monarch Etna—Sicily, where Doric temples blend majestic relics of Greek art with Italian beauty, on sites around which Nature again reigns in loneliness, and only natural features retain an impress of beauty that has resisted time, "as if Venus still continued to shed her favours on the land that was once consecrated to her worship."

And here we are tempted, in passing, to glance from the physical geography of the Mediterranean to those picturesque combinations of the characteristic features of the East and the West, which meet us on so many lands of this wondrous sea, for we find them in many parts of Sicily. At Palermo, for example, edifices raised by Norman princes blend with Moorish palaces that look like the fabric of Aladdin's genii. The palaces and ecclesiastical buildings of the city are adorned with marbles, malachites, and lapis-lazuli, and one may traverse churches and cloisters that are enriched with wondrous carvings. Their Moorish builders have encrusted the walls with mosaics wrought in porcelain and delicate plaster of variegated tints; and roofs that rest on palm-like pillars of marble are pierced as with lacework, and are bright with colour and gold. In other parts of the island, as if in contrast to this Arabian splendour, one may stand beneath a weather-stained and stately monument of severe classic art, rising on its rocky plateau, amidst the mountain scenery which entranced the sight of Æneas, in a solitude that might seem to have escaped all contact with human industry. Thus, it is in such a desert situation that the temple of Segesta stands, the solitary monument of a once proud and opulent city, the rival of Syracuse and Agrigentum.

Time has not "rounded with consuming power" the cornice-stones of this noble edifice, nor overthrown one of its thirty-six columns.

In features of natural grandeur, Sardinia, and Corsica—island of mountains and forests—are likewise conspicuous amongst the islands of the Mediterranean, and seem to belong to the mountain system of the Maritime Alps. Then, as we glance from the volcanic islands of the Calabrian Gulf towards the wood-environed, tower-crowned heights of Corfu, and the multitudinous isles of Greece, we must not

——in silence pass Calypso's isles,
The sister-tenants of the middle deep;

for the island citadel of Malta has not only been surrounded with illustrious memories by the Knights Hospitallers who there maintained the cause of Christendom so proudly, but is unrivalled for exhibiting the alliance of the finest and most strongly fortified of harbours with the greatest of maritime powers.

The coasts of Greece are remarkable for their bold, mountainous frontage to the waters. Some of the chasms by which its mountain-chains are torn form gulfs of the sea, whilst the valleys are for the most part basin-shaped hollows, enclosed by lofty walls of rock, which look as if they had been filled by lakes in some remote geological epoch. The shores of the Ægean, serrated by bays and islets, and abounding in phenomena produced by former volcanic agency, proclaim the ancient power of those forces of upheaval which have everywhere raised the mountains and continents of the globe. There is not, perhaps, in these waters so conspicuous an example as the giant height of lonely Athos—the "Holy Mountain" of the modern Greek monks—that stupendous promontory whose precipices of greyish-white marble are piled magnificently to a height of six thousand feet above the sea, whilst in the wooded region below, the monastic mountaineers thickly cluster—the only populous government in the world where there is not a woman or child! In like manner, but on a comparatively miniature scale, most of the Lipari islands present steep, cliffy fronts on the western side, which plunge into deep water, sloping on the eastern side, and shelving to a regular gradation of soundings.

The volcanoes, which are still active in different areas of the Mediterranean, are significant of the gigantic forces which determined the configuration of this wondrous Valley of Waters and raised its majestic eminences. A volcanic zone is found to extend from the Caspian to the Azores, and the Mediterranean has been aptly described as undermined by fire. Dark, igneous rocks pervade islands of the Ionian Sea; trachytic and trap-rocks border the Bosphorus, and are scattered over Asia Minor and Greece, where volcanic districts are found that resemble in their structure those of Central France. Parts of Italy abound in extinct craters, and were evidently, at some remote period, centres of volcanic action, now no longer exerted in those particular areas of the country. Of the continued energy of volcanic forces in the area of the Calabrian and Sicilian shores, Mount Vesuvius, the ever-fiery crater of Stromboli, the active volcanoes of the Lipari Islands, and the monarch cone of Etna, afford, of course, the most terrible and conspicuous proofs; and to those ancient and gigantic volcanoes may be added the isolated craters that have

suddenly arisen amidst the waters, and, after a brief reign of terror, as suddenly disappeared.*

But igneous rocks, and lava-streams ancient or recent, and craters extinct or still burning, are not the only phenomena resulting from the energy of subterranean forces. The mountain chains and towering landmarks that now stand so steadfast in their "sublime repose," are the more stupendous monuments of volcanic forces, but of forces which Nature no longer employs on the same gigantic scale. To their action, however, although in a greatly modified form, we must attribute that gradual upheaval of some coasts and gradual depression of other coasts, which we may at this day witness on many parts of the Mediterranean shores.

In many places on the western coast of Italy the sea has steadily advanced upon the land, and some tracts have been submerged even within historic times. Thus, Astura, an island about six miles from Antium, well known to the reader as the favourite retreat of Cicero, and the place where he appears to have erected a memorial-temple for his daughter, Tullia, is partly submerged, and all traces of his villa and temple have been swallowed by the sea. The coast of the bay of Baiæ, on the northern shore of the gulf of Naples, has undergone great changes since the time when its baths and villas were resorted to by the Romans. Their ruins may now be seen many feet below the surface of the pellucid sea, just as the ruins of Greek towns are seen on the submerged eastern coast of Candia. Neptune has taken into his embraces the temple which the Romans dedicated in his honour, and the adjacent Temple of the Nymphs besides. And the ruins of the once-stately Temple of Jupiter Serapis, near Puzzuoli, afford a celebrated example of oscillations in this tract of land. It is supposed that the temple must have actually sunk, and long remained below the level of the Mediterranean at some unknown period; and, as it afterwards rose again, and has again become depressed, it is continually a matter of interest to learn what may be its actual state, and to speculate on what may next happen to it. When, in the year 1750, its columns and basement-walls, then standing twelve feet above the sea-level, were excavated from the mixed deposit which covered them, the three erect marble columns then and now standing, were found to have been perforated by a marine shell-fish, whose habit it is to make its cell in calcareous rock, aud it was evident that the sea had once covered the ruins to the depth of fifteen feet. The architecture of the temple appears to assign it to the time of the Emperor Augustus. In 1814, the pavement was dry, but was only a little above the sea-level. In 1822 it was covered with salt-water to the depth of two inches; and twenty-three years later, the water sometimes stood two feet above its floor, having gained at the rate of three-quarters of an inch yearly. From observations made in 1852, it was inferred that the subsidence of the land had ceased. But all that part of the coast appears to be in a state of instability. At Caligula's bridge the land must have risen, for there are indications in the piers that the water formerly stood four feet higher than its present level; and elsewhere in the vicinity are ancient beaches, from

* The reader need not be reminded of that wondrous island which arose in the year 1831 in the midst of the sea, between Sicily and Pantellaria, and threw from its crater columns of burning cinders and lava, amid flames and fumes of sulphur, and which soon afterwards sank again beneath the waves.

the position of which it has been inferred that the land has risen many feet. In other parts of the Mediterranean, a gradual rising of the coast and retirement of the sea has taken place even within the historic period. In some instances, land formerly isolated is now far from the sea; in others, land that was overflowed by it a century ago is now clothed with vineyards, and some places that were anciently seaports are now far from the coast. Thus, in the walls of a castle of the Saracens, from which the sea is now a mile and a half distant, on the gulf of Iskanderun (the extreme eastern point of the Mediterranean), are the rings to which ships were formerly moored. So, too, if we pass to the sites of the earliest of the Greek colonies, we find that the ports of the once-powerful city of Cyrene, and of other members of the Pentapolis, have shared the fate of some of the English cinque-ports. Again, the very ancient city of Adria, which is supposed to have given its name to the Adriatic sea, and which was a station for the Roman fleet, is now many miles inland. The present city stands on the ruins of two earlier towns, the fragments of the oldest and lowest of which appear to be Etruscan. And it is not only at the ancient Adria that we have an instance of the retrocession of the sea upon the western shore of the Adriatic. Ravenna, formerly built on piles and surrounded by lagoons communicating with the sea, is now in the midst of gardens and meadows; Ragusa, which has been called the Paris of the Adriatic, was once a powerful maritime city; and between the New Tyre—the once potent city of Venice—and the Adriatic, we see a long if not final divorce. Ostia, the ancient port of Rome, affords in another part of Italy a similar instance of this kind of change.

On some other parts of the Mediterranean shores similar changes have been produced by a different cause—namely, the accumulation of sedimentary deposit at the mouths of rivers. Thus, Aiguesmort, near a mouth of the Rhône, was a port five hundred years ago, and remarkable as the place from which St. Louis embarked on his crusade, but it is now five miles from the sea. According to M. Tessier, the sea is slowly retiring from the southern coast of France, leaving behind new land or muddy deposits, whilst on the coast of Normandy the ocean is encroaching. The Castle of Iskanderun is not the only instance of the retirement of the sea from eastern shores of the Mediterranean. Thus, the Isle of Lada, where the Athenian fleet rode in the days of Thucydides, is now a hill in the midst of a plain of alluvial deposit of the Mœander; the once flourishing town of Miletus, having lost its harbour, has become a heap of ruins; the port of Ephesus is converted into a stagnant pool; and the *delta* of the Hermus has been described by Mr. Strickland as threatening to destroy eventually the harbour of the prosperous city of Smyrna. But in mentioning these changes we have made a digression, for they, of course, are not brought forward as examples of the continued action of subterranean forces in altering the relative level of sea and land.

Of the activity of these subterranean forces, we have more terrible and more impressive results in the earthquakes by which the coasts of the Mediterranean, especially in its central and eastern portion, have been shaken; and which have been especially felt throughout the whole of that line which begins at the Euganean hills, and, extending through the region of extinct volcanoes in the Roman States, is continued in that sub-

marine barrier or ridge of elevation which separates the Mediterranean into two great basins, and which is marked by its active volcanoes. To earthquakes the Mediterranean shores have been subject from very early historic times, and Roman historians have described, as the reader will remember, the devastation sustained from this cause in their days.

Of the forces that shook the Sicilian and Calabrian shores two thousand years ago, the country to the south of Naples has lately sustained a terrific manifestation; so, too, the eastern basin of the Mediterranean, and the Ionian Islands in particular, have been repeatedly shaken by these disturbing forces, which have fatally shaken Corinth during the present year. Still, the intensity of subterranean force seems to have diminished in certain parts of the volcanic zone already mentioned; and Sicily, which seems to have been formerly a centre of disturbance, has not for some time sustained the volcanic paroxysms that formerly shook the land.

But the great volcano which entombed the Roman towns of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and the monarch Etna of whose eruptions in the days of the Roman Empire we possess such memorable notices, still throw the light of their lurid fires on the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and display occasionally the impressive phenomena of volcanic force. Books have been devoted to the wonders of Vesuvius; to the lofty cone of Stromboli, two thousand feet in height, whose constant fires have given to it the title of the Lighthouse of the Mediterranean; to the volcanic phenomena of the Lipari Islands; and to the enduring Etna, towering ten thousand feet above the sea, girdled round by lavas older than the pyramids, and to this day occasionally spreading around the terrors of its active fires.

But it is time that we should pass to the hydrographical division of our subject, and briefly indicate some of the very interesting phenomena it embraces.

Amongst the prominent wonders of the Mediterranean are the vast river-floods which it receives. Let it be remembered that nearly half of all the running water of Europe falls into the Black Sea; and that, besides the Don, the Dneiper, and the Danube, not to mention innumerable lesser streams of Europe, the mighty floods of the Rhône aud the Nile fall into this great land-locked sea, bringing to it the melted snows of the greatest mountain ranges of the south of Europe and Asia Minor. A body of water two hundred and fifty times greater than that of the Thames, is brought down annually by the Nile—the wondrous Nile, which, coming from unknown fountains and flowing twelve hundred miles through Nubia and Egypt without a tributary, divides sterile sand from profuse vegetation, and fertilises a country which, but for its waters, would have been a desert. The constancy in the rise and fall of its periodic flood, which has probably been nearly uniform for four thousand years, is not the least wondrous of its phenomena. Flowing into a sea that has been for ages the centre of commerce and civilisation, the Nile has a place in history from the earliest times, and marvellous monuments of science and empire dignify its banks. It was the connecting link between Africa and the civilised world, and was the highway of the earliest merchants in times when the western portion of the Mediterranean was the *Mare tenebrosum* dreaded and unknown. Upon its spreading waters was formerly borne that eastern commerce to which Thebes and Mem-

phis are thought to have owed their ancient splendour, for the Indian produce which Arabian navigators of the Red Sea brought in early ages from the distant East, was introduced to Mediterranean shores by the merchants of Tyre and Sidon, and was conducted upon the Nile to the magnificent cities that were once reflected on its stream. It is now gradually entombing their ruins under its alluvial deposits, as Etna is covering its ancient eminences under recent lavas; and the "sceptred isle," which was unknown to the civilised world of Egypt in the days when Phœnician merchants imported the produce of the tin mines of Britain, finds its pathway to Indian empire among the ruins of Egyptian power.

Seeing, then, what river-floods descend to the Mediterranean, and remembering that a volume of water sets in from the Ocean, while no perceptible current sets out to the Atlantic, the constancy in the level of this great land-locked sea has long been regarded as one of its marvels, and as a phenomenon most difficult of explanation. Admiral Smyth does not adopt the evaporation theory of Halley, who sought to explain the phenomenon by computing the weight of water raised in evaporation to equal the influx from rivers; and upon the whole, it seems to be probable that an under-current sets outward, at the straits of Gibraltar, to an amount more than equivalent to the volume setting in from the Ocean. In some other parts of the globe, such counter-currents do exist; and there is this remarkable fact, that within the straits the waters of the Mediterranean increase in specific gravity with the depth. But whatever the true explanation may be, there is no doubt that the surface of the Mediterranean has been maintained at nearly the same level for at all events two thousand years. This is apparent from many considerations into which we need not enter, and from the evidence afforded by old marine works, as, for example, at Civita Vecchia, Genoa, and Marseilles, where no subterranean movements have affected the relative level.

The profound depth of the Mediterranean in many parts of its area, and its general submarine configuration, are most interesting features of its physical geography. It has the aspect of a sunken basin, which the long peninsula of Italy and the Island of Sicily—approached to within eighty miles by the projection of the African continent at Cape Bona—divides into two great though unequal portions. Upon the land, this barrier-line is marked by the lofty ridge of the Apennines, which stretch to the extremity of the peninsula, and reappear in the Pelorian—or, as they were formerly called, Neptunian—mountains of Sicily; and beneath the sea it is marked by a bar, or submarine ridge, which stretches between that island and the continent, separating the profound depths that lie on either side. A similar bar, or submarine ridge, may be regarded as dividing the Mediterranean from the ocean at the strait of Gibraltar. At its narrowest part, the depth of the mid-channel is nine hundred feet, but the water deepens rapidly on each side, insomuch that between Gibraltar and Ceuta, a plummet carried out six thousand feet of line, and a little farther to the eastward no sounding was obtained. So, too, at Nice, within a small distance from the shore, the depth exceeds four thousand feet. This remarkable submarine configuration, and the near approach of the opposing shores,

Where Europe and Afric on each other gaze,

affords some countenance to the tradition of antiquity, that a barrier once existed between the Mediterranean and the Atlantic; and the whole scenery of the coast suggests great movements and changes in a remote epoch, appreciable by the geologist but antecedent to human tradition. These deep soundings on each side of the ridge, or bar, in the straits, and on each side of that submarine ridge stretching between Sicily and Africa which divides the Mediterranean into an eastern and a western basin, are thought to indicate depths in this sea equal to the average height of the mountains that surround it. In recently laying down the telegraph cable, the profundity opposite to Mount Etna was found to be immense, and the depth very great in the direct course between Malta and Corfu. Between Cyprus and Egypt six thousand feet of sounding line were run out without the plummet reaching the bottom; in a sounding taken between Alexandria and Rhodes, the depth was unfathomed by nearly ten thousand feet of line; and the

Isles that crown the Ægean deep,

are, probably, only the highest portions of a mountainous region now submerged. The eastern basin of the Mediterranean slopes to these unfathomed depths of the Levant, many of whose ancient historic promontories rise sheer from immense depths, in walls of rock, to twice the height of our giant Skiddaw. There are, probably, in many parts of this sea depths even more profound. At about ninety miles to the east of Malta there is an abyss equal to the height of Mont Blanc, for fifteen thousand feet of line were run out without reaching the sea-bed. The vertical distance is not, perhaps, far short of twenty thousand feet from the submarine abyss near Mount Etna, to the summit of that majestic mountain; and it is even greater when the submarine depth is compared with the crests of the Atlas range, which attain heights greatly exceeding the height of Mount Etna itself. It would seem that on the coast of Syria the average depth is about equivalent to the average height of the mountains of Lebanon. Mount Casius, with which that celebrated range may be said to begin, rises abruptly from the Mediterranean, near the mouth of the Orontes, a few miles northward from the city of Old Tyre, to the height of seven thousand feet. From this promontory the range, it will be remembered, runs in a southerly direction parallel to the seashore in a continuous line of peaks and precipices, to the sources of the Jordan. The whole valley of that river to the Gulf of Akaba on the Red Sea, is the most remarkable instance of depression known. At the Sea of Galilee the river is six hundred and thirty feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and the Dead Sea is thirteen hundred and twenty feet below it. That mysterious sea being about two thousand feet in depth, its basin is, consequently, no less than three thousand six hundred feet below the surface of the Mediterranean.

Very interesting phenomena are connected with the currents, colour, and luminosity, as well as depth, of this great inland sea. Facts do not warrant the common belief that it is tideless. From its peculiar configuration, it does not exhibit the phenomena of the ocean tides; but a rise and fall of the tide is witnessed on many parts of the Mediterranean coast, as, for instance, in the gulf of Venice, where the tide rises nearly three feet. On the Mediterranean shores of France, and round the shores

of Italy, the tides are smaller, a rise of only one, or at most two, feet having been observed. The tidal influence is, however, so modified by local peculiarities that in many parts of the Mediterranean there is not any perceptible tide; while in others, as, for example, in the narrow strait dividing Eubœa from the mainland of Greece (now known as Negropont), the tides were said, as the reader will remember, to flow and ebb seven times a day—a phenomenon of reciprocated motion of which Aristotle vainly endeavoured to discover the cause. In serene weather, the flow appears to be as regularly alternate from north to south, and *vice versâ*, as the tides of the Ocean, but during storms the apparent flow and ebb in this narrow strait is disturbed and variable. As the maritime knowledge of the Greeks and Macedonians did not extend beyond the Mediterranean, Alexander and his army might well view with astonishment the rise and fall of the tide of the Indian Ocean when they first beheld this great phenomenon; and it was viewed with similar wonder and alarm by Roman legions, who left their native coasts of Greece and Asia Minor to carry the victorious arms of Rome to countries on the Atlantic coast.

Their blue tint has been observed from early times as a distinguishing characteristic of the Mediterranean waters. Here, as in the Ocean, an emerald colour of different degrees marks shallow water, and the indigo colour marks the depths. The pure, intense, and beautiful blue is especially observable when the water is seen by transmitted light (as, on looking into it from the side of a ship); and it is not affected by the circumstance of the sky being covered by masses of grey clouds. The water is described, however, as bright and colourless, when drawn up for examination.

The occasional luminosity of the Mediterranean waters is a most remarkable and beautiful phenomenon. That it is due to microscopic animals seems now beyond a doubt. It is an effect which must be seen to be properly appreciated; but the author of the "Rambles of a Naturalist" gives a good idea of it in the following description:

"For more than an hour," he says, "the waters around us seemed to be kindled into a blaze of light. The waves, as they broke along the rocky shore (of Sicily), encircled it with a glowing band of light, while every projecting cliff seemed circled at its base by a wreath of fire. Our boat opened for itself a passage as through some fused and glowing liquid, and left in its wake a long track of light, each stroke from the oar brightening the surface with a broad silver gleam. Water taken up presented the appearance of molten lead as we slowly poured it back into the sea. Everywhere, over this brilliant surface of calm light, myriads of dazzling green sparks and globes of fire were flashing, quivering, and dying amidst the undulations of the waves."

Another recent voyager, who observed the luminous appearance of the waves during a December gale, says:

"From the bow, two broad streams of greenish light passed along the ship's sides, and a similar stream followed in the wake of the rudder, extending fifty yards or more. This light was also diffused over adjacent waves, and at times the sea appeared almost covered with it when the crests of the waves were broken into foam. This green pathway of light was studded with sparkles of greater brightness, which appeared for

a few moments while gliding by, and then disappeared. At times, there were only few of these stars, at others, shoals of them."

The beautiful scintillations thus described arise from myriads of living creatures—microscopic animals belonging to the crustacean annelids and medusæ. They acquire, at certain times of the year, the property of emitting light at each muscular contraction, and hence every movement is made apparent by a luminous flash. On the coast of Sicily, ophiuræ—radiated animals allied to the asteridæ—are found, whose long and slender arms exhibit the singular property of emitting bright sparks when the animal moves. The eunice, too, under the microscope emits prismatic flashes of light when it moves; and the marine animalculæ, which Mr. Edwin Clarke examined, emitted light when violently pressed. The abundance of these singular forms of animal life in the Mediterranean waters has been attributed to certain peculiarities of this great inland sea, for, it being highly saline, contiguous to subterranean heat, and subject to few currents, its recesses have been thought favourable to their development. And as regards the saltness of this sea, it is a remarkable fact that it is more saline and of greater density than the water of the ocean. This peculiarity has been attributed to excessive evaporation; but, whatever the cause may be, water, taken from a depth of four thousand feet, at about fifty miles eastward from the strait of Gibraltar, was ascertained to be more dense than ocean water, and to contain four times its proportion of salt.

The marvellous translucency of the Mediterranean waters contributes, of course, to heighten the beauty of its shores, and to surround its islands with charming illusions of sight that are, in many instances, quite in keeping with their fabled associations. M. de Quatrefages has well described how enchanting it is to float, as in an atmosphere, above the picturesque submarine world, and watch, as it flits beneath the boat, a vision of hills and vales, some clothed with the Flora of the sea, others having bare and rugged sides, or being dotted with tufts of brownish verdure; and to see moving over the sandy ridges of the marine bed, or gliding past the edges of the rocks, or revealed amongst tufts of brightly-coloured weed and glossy, waving fronds, the strangely-formed and often richly-hued creatures that harbour in these marine retreats. To the hue and brightness of the Mediterranean water is, of course, attributable much of the enchantment which seems to be thrown over the marine grottos and other objects of coast scenery which tourists visit and writers celebrate, as well as many of those atmospheric effects which heighten the charms of form and colour in the rocky shore. In the work of M. de Quatrefages we find many scenes of natural beauty described with quite a poetic colouring; and as his coasting voyage in Sicily was made in an open boat, he was rewarded by many sights that would have been lost to any voyager who was not so borne upon the blue translucent wave. He describes, for example, the fantastic scenery of the coast to the westward of Castello di Molo, where the beach is formed of limestone, so highly porous that the force of the waves has undermined and broken it up into a perfect labyrinth of grottos, opening under semi-arches, garlanded by the cactus and other shrubs.

"In these submarine grottos," says our naturalist, "we saw a mar-

vellous admixture of forms, colours, and effects. Irregular porticos with strangely contorted pillars seemed cut out of colossal agates, and the most different colours were blended together, varied and contrasted in the most striking way. The narrow and deep fissures, in which the waves had only just rippled over the arches at the water's edge, were engulfed amidst the strangest and wildest sounds. The slight ripple caused by the boat sufficed to raise these singular voices of the shore."

But we must not linger on the coasts of Sicily to hear these wild syrens, for the limits of the present article forbid more than the very general and rapid glance we have now taken of some principal features in the physical geography of the Mediterranean, and we must not attempt to describe the picturesque scenery of its shores. Each sheltering bay

And glittering theatre of town,

each mountain height and ancient promontory that diversifies those unrivalled coasts from the caverned rock of Gibraltar to the historic capes of Greece, presents some memorable, beautiful, or noble object. What a succession of pictures rise to the mind's eye as we follow on a map the Mediterranean coast, and what striking contrasts do many of those portraits present! A few miles' breadth of sea separates continents utterly dissimilar in their inhabitants, aspects, and character; and the remains of Moorish dominion fill with most striking architectural contrasts many picturesque cities on the European shores of the Mediterranean, especially on the Andalusian coast,

Whose dark sierras rise in craggy pride.

It has been truly said that the East meets the West at the straits of Gibraltar, the European side of the picture being made up of its red-coated sentinels pacing their measured beat, its coal-wharves for English steam-vessels, its British diversions, and the appearance of Barclay and Perkins; and the Eastern side being formed by the African produce in its shops, its esplanade, where cannon-balls are piled among tufts of green palmetto, and the mixture in its population, of the Eastern Jew and the turbaned Moor. In memory, though not in a similar personal presence of its representatives, the West also meets the East at Ceuta, on the opposite shore, for that place recals the victory gained over the Moors by that illustrious prince, Henry of Portugal (son of Philippa of Lancaster, the sister of Henry IV.), who gave so great an impulse to maritime discovery on the Atlantic coast of Africa shortly before the voyages of Columbus, and who, in his retreat near Cape St. Vincent, drew around him men eminent in science and in Arabian learning. At Algiers, still more startling opposites are combined. There "the most lively of European nations" is seen in picturesque contrast with the stern, unbending Mohammedanism of the East; and to the contrasted figures of the French soldier and the dusky Arab are added Moors and Turks, Jews and negroes, Maltese boatmen and German traders. There the banana and the English hawthorn grow side by side, and the honeysuckle may be gathered among the prickly aloes. Algiers—once the warlike, "the pirate's daughter"—is, happily, no longer the metropolis of piracy, for it has long been the resort of painters rather than pirates, and has been selected by the French for the formation of a noble harbour. It has been

described as rising like a triangular town of chalk upon green hills, backed by the high and distant ridges of Atlas. Flat roofs, low minarets and cupolas, thinly interspersed with palm-trees, seem to proclaim the repose of an Eastern city; but the shipping in the bay, the lighthouse, and the French barracks, all tell of the activity of Europe; and, accordingly, the lower part of the town is full of busy life, whilst the upper part is in the impassive state of Oriental calmness. Algerine interiors, too, afford some striking contrasts. As far as regards mixture of races, Oriental features are likewise brought into startling juxtaposition with their opposites at Malta. But the architecture of bygone Arabian power, the horse-shoe arches and wreathed marble shafts, the open courts paved with porcelain and cooled by fountains, which are so characteristic of Moorish luxury, nowhere stand in more striking contrast to the edifices of Christian civilisation, than in cities to be found upon the shores of Spain and in Sicily. If Venice preserves, in the Byzantine arches and bright mosaics of St. Mark's, the monuments of a migration from the Christian East that preceded the establishment of the Arabian power, some characteristics of Western Architecture are henceforth to be prominent in Constantinople itself, for there—

> 'Mid cypress thickets of perennial green,
> With minaret and golden dome between—

the Early English style of the British Memorial Church (which is to be adapted from the model of the Church of St. Andrew at Vercelli) will permanently oppose the Crescent by the Cross. The characteristics of the West have also obtained a very decided footing in Corfu, and even amongst the ruins of august Athens. Only castles that crumble on the distant shores of the Euxine and the Levant remain to tell of the ancient maritime glories of the Genoese, whose harbour formerly bore such mighty armaments in days before Columbus opened the career of modern discovery, but now so peacefully reposes before "the superb" city in its crescent theatre of hills, its palaces and convents—so purely European in aspect—gay with terraced gardens, and crowned by forts and ramparts.

If space permitted, it would be tempting to bring together some more of the picturesque contrasts between the West and the East, and to linger amidst the natural scenery of the coasts that stretch from the gulf of Genoa to the bay where Naples rises circled by its panorama of mountains, its high romantic capes, and the serrated peaks of the Calabrian shore; to enter the bright portals of the East and glance at islands of purple Greece; to recal the train of historical recollections that dignify the wooded hills and towering castles of Corfu; or to trace, with Mr. Hamilton, amid the sands of tawny Africa and the mountains of Cyrene the sites of the earliest of Greek colonies. All these places, and a hundred others on the Mediterranean shores, afford scenes of picturesque beauty and memories of undying interest to the Christian, the patriot, and the scholar; and it is not one of the least merits of Admiral Smyth's excellent memoir that these memories are everywhere kept in view with the physical features with which they are associated, and which are described by the gallant officer with so much scientific accuracy and professional knowledge.

W. S. G.

GOING INTO EXILE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MOAT GRANGE."

I.

A LITTLE man was striding about his library with impatient steps. He wore a wadded dressing-gown, handsome once, but remarkably shabby now, and he wrapped it closely round him, though the heat of the weather was intense. But Colonel Hope, large as were his coffers, never spent upon himself a superfluous farthing, especially in the way of personal adornment; and Colonel Hope would not have felt too warm, cased in sheepskins, for he had spent the best part of his life in India, and was of a chilly nature.

The colonel had that afternoon been made acquainted with an unpleasant transaction which had occurred in his house. The household termed it a mystery; he, a scandalous robbery: and he had written forthwith to the nearest chief police-station, demanding that an officer might be despatched back with the messenger, to investigate it. So there he was, waiting for their return in impatient expectation, and occasionally halting before the window, to look out on the busy London world.

The officer at length came, and was introduced. The colonel's wife, Lady Sarah, had joined him then; and they proceeded to give him the outline of the case. A valuable diamond bracelet, recently presented to Lady Sarah by her husband, had disappeared in a singular manner. Miss Seaton, the companion to Lady Sarah, had temporary charge of the jewel-box, and had brought it down the previous evening, Thursday, this being Friday, to the back drawing-room, and laid several pairs of bracelets out on a table, ready for Lady Sarah, who was going to the opera, to choose which she would wear when she came up from dinner. Lady Sarah chose a pair, and put, herself, the rest back into the box, which Miss Seaton then locked, and carried to its place up-stairs. In the few minutes that the bracelets lay on the table, the most valuable one, a diamond, disappeared from it.

"I did not want this to be officially investigated; at least, not so quickly," observed Lady Sarah to the officer. "The colonel wrote for you quite against my wish."

"And so have let the thief get clear off, and put up with the loss!" cried the colonel. "Very fine, my lady."

"You see," added her ladyship, explaining to the officer, "Miss Seaton is a young lady of good family, not a common companion; a friend of mine, I may say. She is of feeble constitution, and this affair has so completely upset her, that I fear she will be laid on a sick-bed."

"It won't be my fault if she is," retorted the colonel. "The loss of a diamond bracelet, worth two or three hundred guineas, is not to be hushed up. They are not to be bought every day, Lady Sarah."

The officer was taken to the room whence the bracelet disappeared. It presented nothing peculiar. It was a back drawing-room, the fold-

ing-doors between it and the front room standing open, and the back window, a large one, looking out upon some flat leads—as did all the row of houses. The officer seemed to take in the points of the double room at a glance: its door of communication, its two doors opening to the corridor outside, and its windows. He looked at the latches of the two entrance doors, and he leaned from the front windows, and he leaned from the one at the back. He next requested to see Miss Seaton, and Lady Sarah fetched her—a delicate girl with a transparent skin, looking almost too weak to walk. She was in a visible tremor, and shook as she stood before the stranger.

He was a man of pleasant manners and speech, and he hastened to re-assure her. "There's nothing to be afraid of, young lady," said he, with a broad smile. "I am not an ogre: though I do believe some timid folks look upon us as such. Just please to compose yourself, and tell me as much as you can recollect of this."

"I put the bracelets out here," began Alice Seaton, laying hold of the table underneath the window, not more to indicate it than to steady herself, for she was almost incapable of standing. "The diamond bracelet, the one lost, I placed here," she added, touching the middle of the table at the back, "and the rest I laid out round, and before it."

"It was worth more than any of the others, I believe," interrupted the official.

"Much more," growled the colonel.

The officer nodded to himself, and Alice resumed.

"I left the bracelets, and went and sat down at one of the front windows——"

"With the intervening doors open, I presume."

"Wide open, as they are now," said Alice, "and the other two doors shut. Lady Sarah came up from dinner almost directly, and then the bracelet was not there."

"Indeed! You are quite certain of that."

"*I* am quite certain," interposed Lady Sarah. "I looked for that bracelet, and, not seeing it, I supposed Miss Seaton had not laid it out. I put on the pair I wished to wear, and placed the others in the box, and saw Miss Seaton lock it."

"Then you did not miss the bracelet at that time?" questioned the officer.

"I did not miss it in one sense, because I did not know it had been put out," returned her ladyship. "I saw it was not there."

"But did you not miss it?" he asked of Miss Seaton.

"I only reached the table as Lady Sarah was closing the lid of the box," she answered. "Lady Frances Chenevix had detained me in the front room."

"My sister," explained Lady Sarah. "She is on a visit to me, and had come with me up from dinner."

"You say you went and sat in the front room," resumed the officer to Alice, in a quicker tone than he had used previously: "will you show me where?"

Alice did not stir, she only turned her head towards the front room, and pointed to a chair a little drawn away from the window. "In that chair," she said. "It stood as it stands now."

The officer looked baffled. "You must have had the back room full in view from thence; both the door and window."

"Quite so," replied Alice. "If you will sit down in it, you will perceive that I had uninterrupted view, and faced the doors of both rooms."

"I perceive so from here. And you saw no one enter!"

"No one did enter. It was impossible they could do so, without my observing it. Had either of the doors been only quietly unlatched, I must have seen."

"And yet the bracelet vanished!" interposed Colonel Hope. "They must have been confounded deep, whoever did it, but thieves are said to possess sleight of hand."

"They are clever enough for it, some of them," observed the officer.

"Rascally villains! I should like to know how they accomplished this."

"So should I," significantly returned the officer. "At present it appears to me incomprehensible."

There was a pause. The officer seemed to muse; and Alice, happening to look up, saw his eyes stealthily studying her face. It did not tend to reassure her.

"Your servants are trustworthy; they have lived with you some time?" resumed the officer, not apparently attaching much importance to what the answer might be.

"Were they all escaped convicts, I don't see that it would throw light on this," retorted Colonel Hope. "If they came into the room to steal the bracelet, Miss Seaton must have seen them."

"From the time you put out the bracelets, to that of the ladies coming up from dinner, how long was it?" inquired the officer of Alice.

"I scarcely know," panted she, for, what with his close looks and his close questions, she was growing less able to answer. "I did not take particular notice of the elapse of time: I was not well yesterday evening."

"Was it half an hour?"

"Yes—I dare say—nearly so."

"Miss Seaton," he continued, in a brisk tone, "will you have any objection to take an oath before a magistrate—in private, you know—that no person whatever, except yourself, entered either of these rooms during that period?"

Had she been requested to go before a magistrate and testify that she, herself, was the guilty person, it could scarcely have affected her more. Her cheek grew white, her lips parted, and her eyes assumed a beseeching look of terror. Lady Sarah Hope hastily pushed a chair behind her, and drew her down upon it.

"Really, Alice, you are very foolish to allow yourself to be excited about nothing," she remonstrated: "you would have fallen on the floor in another minute. What harm is there in taking an oath—and in a private room? You are not a Chartist or a Mormon—or whatever the people call themselves, who profess to object to oaths, on principle."

The officer's eyes were still keenly fixed on Alice Seaton's, and she cowered visibly beneath his gaze. "Will you assure *me*, on your sacred word, that no person did enter the room?" he repeated, in a low, firm

tone; which somehow carried to her the terrible belief that he believed she was trifling with him.

She looked at him; gasped, and looked again; and then she raised her handkerchief in her hand and wiped her damp and ashy face.

"I think some one did come in," whispered the officer in her ear: "try and recollect." And Alice fell back in hysterics.

Lady Sarah led her from the room, herself speedily returning to it.

"You see how weak and nervous Miss Seaton is," was her remark to the officer, but glancing at her husband. "She has been an invalid for years, and is not strong like other people. I felt sure we should have a scene of some kind, and that is why I wished the investigation not to be gone into hurriedly."

"Don't you think there are good grounds for an investigation, sir?" testily asked Colonel Hope of the officer.

"I must confess I do think so, colonel," was the reply.

"Of course: you hear, my lady. The difficulty is, how can we obtain the first clue to the mystery."

"I do not suppose there will be an insuperable difficulty," observed the officer. "I believe I have obtained one."

"You are a clever fellow, then," cried the colonel, "if you have obtained it here. What is it?"

"Will Lady Sarah allow me to mention it—whatever it may be—without taking offence?" continued the officer, looking at her ladyship.

She bowed her head, wondering much.

"What's the good of standing upon ceremony?" peevishly put in Colonel Hope. "Her ladyship will be as glad as we shall be, to get back her bracelet; more glad, one would think. A clue to the thief! Who can it have been?"

The detective smiled. When men are as high in the police force as he, they have learned to give every word its due significance. "I did not say a clue to the thief, colonel: I said a clue to the mystery."

"Where's the difference?"

"Pardon me, it is indisputably perceptible. That the bracelet is gone, is a palpable fact: but by whose hands it went, is as yet a mystery."

"What do you suspect?"

"I suspect," returned the officer, lowering his voice, "that Miss Seaton knows how it went."

There was a silence of surprise; on Lady Sarah's part, of indignation.

"Is it possible that you suspect *her*?" uttered Colonel Hope.

"No," said the officer, "I do not suspect herself: she appears not to be a suspicious person in any way: but I believe she knows who the delinquent is, and that fear, or some other motive, keeps her silent. Is she on familiar terms with any of the servants?"

"But you cannot know what you are saying!" interrupted Lady Sarah. "Familiar with the servants! Miss Seaton is a gentlewoman, and has always moved in high society. Her family is little inferior to mine; and better—better than the colonel's," concluded her ladyship, determined to speak out.

"Madam," said the officer, "you must be aware that in an investigation of this nature, we are compelled to put questions which we do not expect to be answered in the affirmative. Colonel Hope will understand

what I mean, when I say that we called them 'feelers.' I did not expect to hear that Miss Seaton had been on familiar terms with your servants (though it might have been); but that question, being disposed of, will lead me to another. I suspect that some one did enter the room and make free with the bracelet, and that Miss Seaton must have been cognisant of it. If a common thief, or an absolute stranger, she would have been the first to give the alarm: if not on too familiar terms with the servants, she would be as little likely to screen them. So we come to the question—who could it have been?"

"May I inquire why you suspect Miss Seaton?" coldly demanded Lady Sarah.

"Entirely from her manner; from the agitation she displays."

"Most young ladies, particularly in our class of life, would betray agitation at being brought face to face with a police-officer," urged Lady Sarah.

"My lady," he returned, "we are keen, experienced men; and we should not be fit for the office we hold if we were not. We generally do find lady witnesses betray uneasiness when first exposed to our questions, but in a very short time, often in a few moments, it wears off, and they grow gradually easy. It was not so with Miss Seaton. Her agitation, excessive at first, increased visibly, and it ended as you saw. I did not think it the agitation of guilt, but I did think it that of conscious fear. And look at the related facts: that she laid the bracelets there, never left them, no one came in, and yet the most valuable one vanished. We have many extraordinary tales brought before us, but not quite so extraordinary as that."

The colonel nodded approbation; Lady Sarah began to feel uncomfortable.

"I should like to know whether any one called whilst you were at dinner," mused the officer. "Can I see the man who attends to the hall door?"

"Thomas attends to that," said the colonel, ringing the bell. "There is a side door, but that is only for the servants and tradespeople."

"I heard Thomas say that Sir George Danvers called while we were at dinner," observed Lady Sarah. "No one else. And Sir George did not go up-stairs."

The detective smiled. "If he had, my lady, it would have made the case no clearer."

"No," laughed Lady Sarah, "poor old Sir George would be puzzled what to do with a diamond bracelet."

"Will you tell me," said the officer, wheeling sharply round upon Thomas when he entered, "who it was that called here yesterday evening, while your master was at dinner? I do not mean Sir George Danvers; the other one."

Thomas visibly hesitated: and that was sufficient for the lynx-eyed officer. "Nobody called but Sir George, sir," he presently said.

The detective stood before the man, staring him full in the face with a look of amusement. "Think again, my man," quoth he. "Take your time. There was some one else."

The colonel fell into an explosion: reproaching the unfortunate Thomas with having eaten his bread for five years, to turn round upon the house

and its master at last, and act the part of a deceitful, conniving wretch, and let in that swindler——

"He is not a swindler, sir," interrupted Thomas.

"Oh no, not a swindler," roared the colonel, "he only steals diamond bracelets."

"No more than I steal 'em, sir," again spoke Thomas. "He's not capable, sir. It was Mr. Gerard."

The colonel was struck speechless: his rage vanished, and down he sat in a chair, staring at Thomas. Lady Sarah coloured with surprise.

"Now, my man," cried the officer, "why could you not have said it was Mr. Gerard?"

"Because Mr. Gerard asked me not to say he had been, sir; he is not friendly here, just now; and I promised him I would not. And I'm sorry to have had to break my word."

"Who is Mr. Gerard, pray?"

"He is my nephew," interposed the checkmated colonel. "Gerard Hope."

"But, as Thomas says, he is no swindler," remarked Lady Sarah: "he is not the thief. You may go, Thomas."

"No, sir," stormed the colonel; "fetch Miss Seaton here first. I'll come to the bottom of this. If he has done it, Lady Sarah, I will bring him to trial; though he is Gerard Hope."

Alice came back, leaning on the arm of Lady Francis Chenevix; the latter having been dying with curiosity to come in before.

"So the mystery is out, ma'am," began the colonel to Miss Seaton: "it appears this gentleman was right, and that somebody did come in; and that somebody the rebellious Mr. Gerard Hope."

Alice was prepared for this, for Thomas had told her Mr. Gerard's visit was known; and she was not so agitated as before. It was the *fear* of its being found out, the having to conceal it, which had troubled her.

"It is not possible that Gerard can have taken the bracelet," uttered Lady Sarah.

"No, it is not possible," replied Alice. "And that is why I was unwilling to mention his having come up."

"What did he come for?" thundered the colonel.

"It was not an intentional visit. I believe he only followed the impulse of the moment. He saw me at the front window, and Thomas, it appears, was at the door, and he ran up."

"I think you might have said so, Alice," observed Lady Sarah, in a stiff tone.

"Knowing he had been forbidden the house, I did not wish to bring him under the colonel's displeasure," was all the excuse Alice could offer. "It was not my place to inform against him."

"I presume he approached sufficiently near the bracelets to touch them, had he wished?" observed the officer, who of course had now made up his mind upon the business—and upon the thief.

"Y—es," returned Alice, wishing she could have said No.

"Did you notice the bracelet there, after he was gone?"

"I cannot say I did. I followed him from the room when he left, and then I went into the front room, so that I had no opportunity of observing."

"The doubt is solved," was the mental comment of the detective officer.

The colonel, hot and hasty, sent several servants various ways in search of Gerard Hope, and he was speedily found and brought. A tall and powerful young man, very good-looking.

"Take him into custody, officer," was the colonel's impetuous command.

"Hands off, Mr. Officer—if you are an officer," cried Gerard, in the first shock of the surprise, as he glanced at the gentlemanly appearance of the other, who wore plain clothes, "you shall not touch me, unless you can show legal authority. This is a shameful trick. Colonel—excuse me—but as I owe nothing to you, I do not see that you have any such power over me."

The group would have made a fine study: especially Gerard, his head thrown back in defiance, and looking angrily at everybody.

"Did you hear me?" cried the colonel.

"I must do my duty," said the police-officer, approaching Gerard. "And for authority—you need not suppose I should act, if without it."

"Allow me to understand first," remarked Gerard, haughtily eluding the officer. "Which is it for? What is the sum total?"

"Two hundred and fifty pounds," growled the colonel. "But if you are thinking to compromise it in that way, young sir, you will find yourself mistaken."

"Oh, no fear," retorted Gerard; "I have not two hundred and fifty pence. Let me see: it must be Dobbs's. A hundred and sixty—how on earth do they slide the expenses up? I did it sir, to oblige a friend."

"The deuce you did!" echoed the colonel, who but little understood the speech, except the last sentence. "If ever I saw such a cool villain in all my experience!"

"He was awfully hard up," went on Gerard, "as bad as I am now; and I did it. I don't deny having done such things on my own account, but from this particular one I did not benefit a shilling."

His cool assurance, and his words, struck them with consternation.

"Dobbs said he'd take care I should be put to no inconvenience—and this comes of it! That's trusting your friends. He vowed to me, this very week, that he had provided for the bill."

"He thinks it is only an affair of debt!" screamed Lady Frances Chenevix. "Oh, Gerard! what a relief! we thought you were confessing."

"You are not arrested for debt, sir," cried the officer, "but for felony."

"For felony!" uttered Gerard Hope. "Oh, indeed! Could you not make it murder?" he added, sarcastically.

"Off with him to Marlborough-street, officer," cried the exasperated colonel, "and I'll come with you and prefer the charge. He scoffs at it, does he?"

"Yes, that I do," answered Gerard; "for whatever pitfalls I may have got into, in the way of debt and carelessness, I have not gone into crime."

"You are accused, sir," said the officer, "of stealing a diamond bracelet."

"Hey!" uttered Gerard, a flash of intelligence rising to his face, as he glanced at Alice. "I might have guessed it was the bracelet affair, if I had had my recollection about me."

"Oh, ho," triumphed the colonel, in sneering jocularity, "so you expected it was the bracelet, did you? We shall have it all out presently."

"I heard of the bracelet's disappearance," said Mr. Hope. "I met Miss Seaton when she was out this morning, and she told me it was gone."

"Better make no admissions," whispered the officer in his ear. "They may be used against you."

"Whatever admissions I may make, you are at liberty to use them, for they are truth," haughtily returned Gerard. "Is it possible that you do suspect me of taking the bracelet, or is this a joke?"

"Allow me to explain," panted Alice, stepping forward. "I—I—did not accuse you, Mr. Hope; I would not have mentioned your name in connexion with it, because I am sure you are innocent; but when it was discovered that you had been here, I could not deny it."

"The charging me with having taken it is absurdly preposterous," exclaimed Gerard, looking first at his uncle, and then at the officer. "Who accuses me?"

"I do," said the colonel.

"Then I am very sorry it is not somebody else, instead of you, sir."

"Explain. Why?"

"Because they should get a kindly horsewhipping."

"Gerard," interrupted Lady Sarah, "do not treat it in that light way. If you did take it, say so, and you shall be forgiven. I am sure you must have been put to it terribly hard; only confess it, and the matter shall be hushed up."

"No it shan't, my lady," cried the colonel. "I will not have him encouraged—I mean, felony compounded."

"It shall," returned Lady Sarah—"it shall indeed. The bracelet was mine, and I have a right to do as I please. Believe me, Gerard, I will put up with the loss without a murmur: only confess, and let the worry be done with."

Gerard Hope looked at her: little trace of shame was there in his countenance. "Lady Sarah," he asked, in a deep tone, "can you indeed deem me capable of taking your bracelet?"

"The bracelet was there, sir; and it went; and you can't deny it," uttered the colonel.

"It was there, fast enough," answered Gerard. "I held it in my hand for two or three minutes, and was talking to Miss Seaton about it. I was wishing it was mine, and saying what I should do with it."

"Oh, Mr. Hope, pray say no more," involuntarily interrupted Alice. "You will make appearances worse."

"What do you want to screen him for?" impetuously broke forth the colonel, turning upon Alice. "Let him say what he was going to say."

"I do not know why I should not say it," Gerard Hope answered, in, it must be thought, a spirit of bravado or recklessness, which he disdained to check. "I said I should spout it."

"You'll send off to every pawnshop in the metropolis, before the

night's over, Mr. Officer," cried the choking colonel, breathless with rage. "This beats brass."

"But I did not take it any the more for having said that," put in Gerard, in a graver tone. "The remark might have been made by any one, from a duke downwards, if reduced to his last shifts, as I am. I said *if* it were mine: I did not say I would steal to do it. Nor did I."

"I saw him put it down again," said Alice Seaton, in a calm, steady voice."

"Allow me to speak a word, colonel," resumed Lady Sarah, interrupting something her husband was about to say. "Gerard—I cannot believe you guilty; but consider the circumstances. The bracelet was there: you acknowledge it: Miss Seaton left the apartment when you did, and went into the front room: yet when I came up from dinner, it was there no longer."

The colonel would speak. "So it lies between you and Miss Seaton," he put in. "Perhaps you would like to make believe she appropriated it."

"No," answered Gerard, with a flashing eye. "*She* cannot be doubted. I would rather take the guilt upon myself, than allow her to be suspected. Believe me, Lady Sarah, we are both innocent."

"The bracelet could not have gone without hands to take it, Gerard," replied Lady Sarah. "How else do you account for its disappearance?"

"I believe there must be some misapprehension, some great mistake in the affair altogether, Lady Sarah. It appears incomprehensible now, but it will be unravelled."

"Ay, and in double-quick time," wrathfully exclaimed the colonel. "You must think you are talking to a pack of idiots, Master Gerard. Here the bracelet was spread temptingly out on a table, you went into the room, being hard up for money, fingered it, wished for it, and both you and the bracelet disappeared. Sir"—turning sharply round to the officer—"did a clearer case ever go before a jury?"

Gerard Hope bit his lip. "Be more just, colonel," said he. "Your own brother's son steal a bracelet!"

"And I am happy my brother's not alive to know it," rejoined the colonel, in an obstinate tone. "Take him in hand, Mr. Officer: we'll go to Marlborough-street. I'll just change my coat, and——"

"No, no, you will not," cried Lady Sarah, laying hold of the dressing-gown and the colonel in it; "you shall not go, nor Gerard either. Whether he is guilty or not, it must not be brought against him publicly. He bears your name, colonel, and so do I, and it would reflect disgrace on us all."

"Perhaps you are made of money, my lady. If so, you may put up with the loss of a two hundred and fifty guinea bracelet. *I* don't choose to do so."

"Then, colonel, you will; and you must. Sir," added Lady Sarah to the detective, "we are obliged to you for your attendance and advice, but it turns out to be a family affair, as you perceive, and we must decline to prosecute. Besides, Mr. Hope may not be guilty."

Alice rose, and stood before Colonel Hope. "Sir, if this charge were preferred against your nephew; if it came to trial; I think it would kill me. You know my unfortunate state of health; the agitation, the excitement of appearing to give evidence would be—I—I cannot continue;

I cannot speak of it without terror; I *pray* you, for my sake, do not prosecute Mr. Hope."

The colonel was about to storm forth an answer, but her white face, her heaving throat, had some effect even on him. "He is so doggedly obstinate, Miss Seaton. If he would but confess, and tell where it is, perhaps I'd let him off."

Alice thought somebody else was obstinate. "I do not believe he has anything to confess," she deliberately said; "I truly believe that he has not. He could not have taken it, unseen by me: and when we quitted the room, I feel sure the bracelet was left in it."

"It was left in it, so help me Heaven!" uttered Gerard.

"And, now, I have got to speak," added Frances Chenevix. "Colonel, if you were to press the charge against Gerard, I would go before the magistrates, and proclaim myself the thief. I vow and protest I would; just to save him; and you and Lady Sarah could not prosecute me, you know."

"*You* do well to stand up for him!" retorted the colonel. "You would not be quite so ready to do it, though, my Lady Fanny, if you knew something I could tell you."

"Oh yes I should," returned the young lady, with a vivid blush.

The colonel, beset on all sides, had no choice but to submit; but he did so with an ill grace, and dashed out of the room with the officer, as fiercely as if he had been charging an enemy at full tilt. "The sentimental apes these women make of themselves!" cried he, in his polite way, when he had got him in private. "Is it not a clear case of guilt?"

"In my private opinion, it certainly is," was the reply: "though he carries it off with a high hand. I suppose, colonel, you still wish the bracelet to be searched for?"

"Search in and out, and high and low; search everywhere. The rascal! to dare even to enter my house in secret!"

"May I inquire if the previous breach, with your nephew, had to do with money affairs?"

"No," said the colonel, turning more crusty at the thoughts called up. "I fixed upon a wife for him, and he wouldn't have her; so I turned him out of doors and stopped his allowance."

"Oh," was the only comment of the police-officer.

II.

It was in the following week, and Saturday night. Thomas, without his hat, was standing at Colonel Hope's door, chatting to an acquaintance, when he perceived Gerard come tearing up the street. Thomas's friend backed against the rails and the spikes, and Thomas himself stood with the door in his hand, ready to touch his hair to Mr. Gerard, as he passed. Instead of passing, however, Gerard cleared the steps at a bound, pulled Thomas with himself inside, shut the door, and double-locked it.

Thomas was surprised in all ways. Not only at Mr. Hope's coming in at all, for the colonel had again harshly forbidden the house to him and the servants to admit him, but at the suddenness and strangeness of the action.

"Cleverly done," quoth Gerard, when he could get his breath. "I saw a shark after me, Thomas, and had to make a bolt for it. Your having been at the door saved me."

Thomas turned pale. "Mr. Gerard, you have locked it, and I'll put up the chain, if you order me, but I'm afeared its going again the law to keep out them detectives by force of arms."

"What's the man's head running on now?" returned Gerard. "There are no detectives after me: it was only a seedy sheriff's officer. Psha, Thomas! there's no worse crime attaching to me than a slight suspicion of debt."

"I'm sure I trust not, sir: only master will have his own way."

"Is he at home?"

"He is gone to the opera with my lady. The young ladies are upstairs alone. Miss Seaton has been ill, sir, ever since the bother, and Lady Frances is staying at home with her."

"I'll go up and see them. If they are at the opera, we shall be snug and safe."

"Oh, Mr. Gerard, had you better go up, do you think?" the man ventured to remark. "If the colonel should come to hear of it——"

"How can he? You are not going to tell him, and I am sure they will not. Besides, there's no help for it: I can't go out again, for hours. And, Thomas, if any demon should knock and ask for me, I am gone to to—an evening party up at Putney: went out, you know, by the side door."

Thomas watched him run up the stairs, and shook his head. "One can't help liking him, with it all: though where could the bracelet have gone to, if he did not take it?"

The drawing-rooms were empty, and Gerard made his way to a small room that Lady Sarah called her "boudoir." There they were: Alice buried in the pillows of an invalid chair, and Lady Frances careering about the room, apparently practising some new dancing step. She did not see him: Gerard danced up to her, and took her hand, and joined in it.

"Oh!" she cried, with a little scream of surprise, "you! Well, I have stayed at home to some purpose. But how could you think of venturing within these sacred and forbidden walls? Do you forget that the colonel threatens us with the terrors of the law, if we suffer it? You are a bold man, Gerard."

"When the cat's away, the mice can play," cried Gerard, treating them to a pas seul.

"Mr. Hope!" remonstrated Alice, lifting her feeble voice, "how can you indulge these spirits, while things are so miserable?"

"Sighing and groaning won't make them light," he answered, sitting down on a sofa near to Alice. "Here's a seat for you, Fanny; come along," he added, pulling Frances to his side. "First and foremost, has anything come to light about that mysterious bracelet?"

"Not yet," sighed Alice. "But I have no rest: I am in hourly fear of it."

"*Fear!*" uttered Gerard, in astonishment.

Alice winced, and leaned her head upon her hand: she spoke in a low tone.

"You must understand what I mean, Mr. Hope. The affair has been

productive of so much pain and annoyance to me, that I wish it could be ignored for ever."

"Though it left me under a cloud," said Gerard. "You must pardon me if I cannot agree with you. My constant hope is, that it may all come to daylight: I assure you I have specially mentioned it in my prayers."

"Pray don't, Mr. Hope!" reproved Alice.

"I'm sure I have cause to mention it, for it is sending me into exile: that, and other things."

"It is the guilty only who flee, not the innocent," said Frances. "You don't mean what you say, Gerard."

"Don't I! There's a certain boat advertised to steam from London-bridge wharf to-morrow, wind and weather permitting, and it steams me with it. I am compelled to fly my country."

"Be serious, and say what you mean."

"Seriously, then, I am over head and ears in debt. You know my uncle stopped my allowance in the spring, and sent me—metaphorically—to the dogs. It got wind; ill news always does; I had a few liabilities, and they have all come down upon me. But for this confounded bracelet affair, there's no doubt the colonel would have settled them: rather than let the name of Hope be dubiously bandied by the public, he would have expended his ire in growls, and then gone and done it. But that is over now; and I go to take up my abode in some renowned colony for desolate English, beyond the pale of British lock-ups. Boulogne, or Calais, or Dieppe, or Brussels; I shall see: and there I may be kept for years."

Neither of the young ladies answered immediately: they saw the facts were serious, and that Gerard was only making light of it before them.

"How shall you live?" questioned Alice. "You must live there as well as here: you cannot starve."

"I shall just escape the starving. I have got a trifle; enough to swear by, and keep me on potatoes and salt. Don't you envy me my prospects?"

"When do you suppose you may return?" inquired Lady Frances. "I ask it seriously, Gerard."

"I know no more than you, Fanny. I have no expectations but from the colonel. Should he never relent, I am caged there for good."

"And so you have ventured here to tell us this, and bid us good-by?"

"No! I never thought of venturing here: how could I tell that the bashaw would be at the opera? A shark set on me in the street, and I had to run for my life. Thomas happened to be conveniently at the door, and I rushed in, and saved myself."

"A shark!" uttered Alice, in dismay, who in her inexperience had taken the words literally—"a shark in the street!" Lady Frances Chenevix laughed.

"One with sharp eyes and a hooked nose, Alice, speeding after me on two legs, with a polite invitation from one of the law lords. He is watching outside now."

"How shall you get away?" exclaimed Frances.

"If the bashaw comes home before twelve, Thomas must dispose of me somewhere in the lower regions: Sunday is free for us, thank good-

ness. So please to make the most of me, both of you, for it is the last time you will have the privilege. By the way, Fanny, will you do me a favour? There used to be a little book of mine in the glass bookcase, in the library; my name in it, and a mottled cover: I wish you would go and find it for me."

Lady Frances left the room with alacrity. Gerard immediately bent over Alice, and his tone changed.

"I have sent her away on purpose. She'll be half an hour rummaging, for I have not seen the book there for ages. Alice, one word before we part. You must know that it was for your sake I refused the marriage proposed to me by my uncle: you will not let me go into banishment without a word of hope; a promise of your love to lighten it."

"Oh, Gerard," she eagerly said, "I am so glad you have spoken: I almost think I should have spoken myself, if you had not. Just look at me."

"I am looking at you," he fondly answered.

"Then look at my hectic face; my constantly tired limbs; my sickly hands: do they not plainly tell you that the topics you would speak of, must be barred topics to me?"

"Why should they be? You will get stronger."

"Never. There is no hope of it. Many years ago, when the illness first came upon me, the doctors said I might grow better with time; but the time has come, and come, and come, and——gone; and only left me a more confirmed invalid. To an old age I cannot live; most probably but a few years: ask yourself, Gerard, if I am one who ought to marry, and leave, behind, a husband to regret me; perhaps children. No, no."

"You are cruel, Alice."

"The cruelty would be, if I selfishly allowed you to talk of love to me; or, still more selfishly, let you cherish hopes that I would marry. When you hinted at this, the other evening, the evening that wretched bracelet was lost, I reproached myself with cowardice, in not answering more plainly than you had spoken. I should have told you, Gerard, as I tell you now, that nothing, no persuasion from the dearest person on earth, shall ever induce me to marry."

"You dislike me, I see that."

"I did not say so," answered Alice, with a glowing cheek. "I think it very possible that—if I could allow myself ever to dwell on such things—I should like you very much; perhaps better than I could like any one."

"And why will you not?" he persuasively uttered.

"Gerard, I have told you. I am too weak and sickly to be other than I am. It would be a sin, in me, to indulge hopes of it: it would only be deceiving myself and you. No, Gerard, my love and hopes must lie elsewhere."

"Where?" he eagerly asked.

Alice pointed upwards. "I am learning to look upon it as my home," she whispered, "and I must not suffer hindrances to obscure the way. It will be a better home than even your love, Gerard."

Gerard Hope smiled. "*Even* than my love: Alice, you like me more than you admit. Unsay your words, my dearest, and give me hope."

"Do not vex me," she resumed, in a pained tone; "do not seek to turn me from my duty. I—I—though I scarcely like to speak of these sacred things, Gerard—*I have put my hand on the plough:* even you cannot turn me back."

He did not answer; he only played with the hand he held between both of his.

"Tell me one thing, Gerard: it will be safe. Was not the dispute about Frances Chenevix?"

He contracted his brow; and nodded.

"And you could refuse her! You must learn to love her, for she would make you a good wife."

"Much chance there is now of my making a wife of any one!"

"Oh, this will blow over in time: I feel it will. Meanwhile——"

"Meanwhile you destroy every hopeful feeling I thought to take, to cheer me in my exile," was his impatient interruption. "I love you alone, Alice; I have loved you for months, truly, fervently, and I know you must have seen it."

"Love me still, Gerard," she softly answered, "but not with the love you would give to one of earth; the love you will give—I hope—to Frances Chenevix. Think of me as one rapidly going; soon to be gone."

"Oh, not yet!" he cried, in an imploring tone, as if it were as she willed.

"Not just yet: I hope to see you return from exile. Let us say farewell while we are alone."

She spoke the last sentence hurriedly, for footsteps were heard. Gerard snatched her to him, and laid his face upon hers.

"What cover did you say the book had?" demanded Frances Chenevix of Gerard, who was then leaning back on the sofa, apparently waiting for her. "A mottled? I cannot see one anything like it."

"No? I am sorry to have given you the trouble, Fanny. It has gone, perhaps, amongst the 'have-beens.'"

"Listen," said Alice, removing her hand from before her face, "that was a carriage stopped. Can they be come home?"

Frances and Gerard flew into the next room, whence the street could be seen. A carriage had stopped, but not at their house. "It is too early for them yet," said Gerard.

"I am sorry things go so cross just now with you, Gerard," whispered Lady Frances. "You will be very dull, over there."

"Ay; fit to hang myself, if you knew all. And the bracelet may turn up, and Lady Sarah be sporting it on her arm again, and I never know that the cloud is off me. No chance that any of you will be at the trouble of writing to a fellow."

"I will," said Lady Frances. "Whether the bracelet turns up, or not, I will write you sometimes, if you like, Gerard, and give you all the news."

"You are a good girl, Fanny," returned he, in a brighter accent, "and I will send you my address as soon as I have got one. You are not to turn proud, mind, and be off the bargain, if you find its au cinquième."

Frances laughed. "Take care of yourself, Gerard."

So Gerard Hope got clear off into exile. Did he pay his expenses with the proceeds of the diamond bracelet?

NAPOLEON BALLADS.—No. VI.

BY WALTER THORNBURY, AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF THE CAVALIERS AND JACOBITES."

MADAME MÈRE.

[Napoleon's undeviating affection for his mother was one of the finest features of his private character.—DESMOULINS.]

THE Luxembourg was full of kings
 As round rich Dives' gate
The lepers came; the Emperor,
 Like Charlemagne in state,
Sat high o'er all. The uniforms
 Were many-coloured there,
But humble as a Quakeress
 Was simple Madame Mère.

There was the courtly Talleyrand,
 Hoof-legged—a devil lame;
Old Fouché, bull-dog-faced and rough,
 Bowed worshipping the flame
Of this great fiery central sun.
 From ugly and from fair
He turned his head to watch the face
 Of simple Madame Mère.

Le Brave des Braves stood there erect,
 Taming his lion heart,
And Soult, his manly, eager eyes
 Fixed on this Bonaparte.
The old noblesse, half shy, afraid,
 Were crawling humbly there,
In whispering crowds around the chair
 Of simple Madame Mère.

There was Murat, a circus king,
 All cherry cloth and lace,
And Augereau, the Jacobin,
 A butcher's son by race,
With half a dozen subject-kings,
 The meanest vassals there:
He turned from all to kiss the hand
 Of smiling Madame Mère.

A LADY IN SPITZBERGEN.*

It is not every day that a lady goes to Spitzbergen. A group of islands which extend to within ten degrees of the Pole, are the greater part of the year wrapped in darkness or fog, have only one day of four months, and a summer of a month or six weeks' duration, are not exactly the place for the less hardy sex. It will be necessary, then, to explain, in the words of Mme. Léonie d'Aunet, how it was that she came to go to Spitzbergen:

A few friends were at my house. Among them was M. Gaimard, the celebrated traveller. M. Gaimard has been twice round the world, and has been engaged in I don't know how many expeditions to the Pole; on that day he was relating to us, in his characteristic southern and picturesque style, the shipwreck of the *Uranie*, and he took especial pleasure in dwelling in his narrative upon the evidences of coolness and courage manifested under the circumstances by Mme. Freycinet, who accompanied her husband, the commander of the *Uranie*.

When he had finished, some one said, "Poor woman, she must have suffered a great deal!"

"You pity her?" I said; "I—I envy her!"

M. Gaimard looked at me.

"Are you speaking seriously, madame?"

"Very seriously."

"Would you like to go round the world?"

"That is my dream."

"And do more?"

I did not understand; I thought M. Gaimard was quizzing me.

"Yes, more," he continued; "many have been round the world, but no one has yet penetrated sufficiently into the Polar regions to determine if one can pass that way from Europe to America."

"Well, you know the way?"

"No, we are going to seek for it; I start three weeks hence, with a scientific commission, of which I am the president, to explore the Arctic Ocean in the neighbourhood of Spitzbergen and Greenland."

"How lucky you are!"

"I should be still more so if this expedition would tempt your husband, and if he would give to it the aid of his talent."

"I think such a proposition might be made to him."

"Will you undertake to do it, madame?"

"Yes, on one condition."

"What is that?"

"It is that I shall accompany him."

"To the end?"

"Yes, to the end."

"That will present difficulties, because ladies are not received on board of men-of-war, and——"

"Then I shall not say a word in favour of the journey: on the contrary."

"Well, speak about it, and we will see if the difficulty can be got over."

The same evening the project was discussed by my husband and myself, and obtained both our consents. The next day we announced our departure to our friends. There was a unanimous outcry against it.

"What madness!" exclaimed one: "you will come back ugly."

"Why so?"

* Voyage d'une Femme au Spitzberg. Par Mme. Léonie d'Aunet.

"Horrible climate! and besides, you are too young and too delicate for so fatiguing a journey; at least, wait a little."

"No; in the first place, I might not have another opportunity; then again, at a later period, I may have children, and should no longer have a right to expose my life in adventures."

"At your age," exclaimed another, "people go to balls, and not to the Pole."

"One does not prevent the other; if I come back, I shall have plenty of time to go to balls."

"And if you do not come back?"

"You will have the pleasure of saying, 'Well, I told her so.'"

And so it was that Mme. Léonie d'Aunet made up her mind to go to Spitzbergen. The scientific expedition was to go by sea; she and her husband were to join it at Hammerfest. On her way there, her carriage, which was not a Norwegian one, was precipitated into the ravine of the Lougen. In this extremity a young Norwegian officer passed by in his cariole, wrapped up in his waterproof, and smoking a long pipe with amber mouthpiece, on his way to Drontheim. The servant ran up to inform him of the sad accident; the carriage being suspended by the pines half way down the ravine, its inmates had with difficulty extricated themselves from their dangerous position. Mme. d'Aunet had thus reached the top of the precipice. The officer stopped for a moment, listened to the story patiently but coldly, and then whipped his horse, and continued his way, after, Mme. d'Aunet relates, "having looked at me with more curiosity than interest. I must have been horrible; my face was swollen by contusions, blanched with fear, and my clothes were crumpled, wet, muddy; altogether, I must have presented *un ensemble peu gracieux. On me le prouva bien!*"

The first of the ill-omened prophecies had already come to pass!

The expedition sailed from Hammerfest on the 17th of July, and gained the open sea, after nearly carrying off the ship's bowsprit by missing stays when on too close a tack, and afterwards nearly smashing the pilot's boat. Our fair traveller excuses herself from saying much concerning the first portion of the journey, for she acknowledges that she found it *à propos d'être très-malade.* But on the fourth day she had so far recovered as to make her appearance on deck when the corvette was making good way in a heavy sea, but with a favourable breeze. The next day they fetched Cherry Island, but which, she tells us, ought, from its original discoverers, to be called Beeren Eiland, or Bear Island. This island presented in the interior an almost continuous snowy mass, but its outskirts seemed like a place fortified by giants; its formidable rocks, incessantly mined by the waves, having assumed monumental forms, advancing at times in immense arches like antediluvian bridges into the ocean, their parapets enlivened by the presence of an infinite multitude and variety of sea-fowl. A landing was effected, and the geologist discovered fossil corals, while the astronomers determined its geographical position to be in 76 deg. 30 min. north longitude instead of 74 deg. 30 min., as had been before assumed!

The same evening a dense fog came on, and the weather became unfavourable; the sea was very heavy, and the snow accumulated on the decks so as to impede exercise. With some trifling exceptions, this same untoward weather continued for upwards of a fortnight, till at length, on

the 30th, they fetched Prince Charles Island, and the next day entered into Magdalena Bay.

We had then arrived at the end of our long and adventurous voyage: at Spitzbergen!

Spitzbergen is a country that lies farther to the north than the country of the Samoieds, than Siberia or Nova Zembla; it is an island veritably placed at the confines of the earth; it is a strange place, of which very little is, in truth, known; for when I was in Denmark and Sweden, several persons, hearing that I was going to Spitzberg, asked me if I really intended ascending to the summit. The word Spitzberg, which means pointed mountain, led them into error, and they were thus induced to imitate the monkey of La Fontaine, who mistook the name of a port for that of a man.

Little as it is known, Spitzbergen has a master; it belongs to the Emperor of Russia, who has not yet made use of it as a place of relief to Siberia. Such an act would, at all events, be one of mercy, as here the exile would be sure to perish the first winter. In November quicksilver freezes, brandy is broken with a hatchet, and from 45 to 50 degrees of cold may be noted.

The greater island of Spitzbergen is in the form of the letter N, being penetrated by two deep gulfs, one to the north and another to the south. It has even been supposed that it really consists of two islands soldered together by a glacier, but the fact has never yet been ascertained. The bay of Magdalena is on the western side, confronting Greenland; it is surrounded on all sides by mountains of granite from fifteen to eighteen hundred feet high. Immense glaciers nearly fill up the spaces between the mountains, and they are said to have a convex form, whereas those of the Alps are said to be concave.

At the epoch when the French expedition arrived at Magdalena Bay, the brief summer of the Arctic regions had just commenced, and where our fair traveller expected nothing but gloom and silence, there was, on the contrary, a very great commotion, tumult, and noise. The ship was surrounded by floating ice, whose various forms and hues she dilates upon with a woman's prolixity. If we are to believe her, there were "clochers, colonnes, minarets, ogives, pyramides, tourelles, coupoles, créneaux, volutes, arcades, frontons, assises colossales," and "sculptures délicates," all in ice—a glossary of architecture ready illustrated.

The sea, bristling with sharp-pointed icebergs, was loudly agitated; the elevated peaks of the coast slipped away, detached themselves, and fell into the gulf with a frightful noise; mountains cracked and split open; waves beat furiously against the capes of granite; islands of ice broke up with reports which resembled the discharge of musketry; the wind raised up columns of snow with hoarse moanings; altogether it was terrible, yet magnificent; one fancies oneself listening to a choir from the abyss of the old world, preluding a new chaos.

If the aspect of Magdalena Bay was not very inviting, that of the shore was not much more so. There was indeed no land visible at that time—nothing but snow, save where the beach was sea-washed, and the scene there exhibited was not that which was most agreeable to a lady.

On all sides the soil was covered with the bones of walruses and seals, left there by Norwegian or Russian fishermen who used to come to manufacture oil in these remote regions, but for some years past they have ceased to do so, the profits not counterbalancing the perils of such an expedition. These great fish-bones, whitened by time and preserved by cold, seemed like the skeletons of giants, the inhabitants of the city which had just foundered close by. The long,

fleshless fingers of the seals, so like those of the human hand, rendered the illusion striking, and caused feelings of terror. I left this charnel-house, and, making my way over the slippery soil with precaution, I went on towards the interior. I soon found myself in the midst of a kind of cemetery; this time it was really relics of humanity that lay upon the snow. Several coffins, half opened and empty, had contained bodies which had been profaned by the teeth of bears. In the impossibility there was to dig graves, on account of the thickness of the ice, a number of enormous stones had been primitively piled upon the coffin-lids and around, so as to serve as a rampart against wild beasts; but the sturdy arms of the *gros homme en pelisse*—the fat man in a furred robe—as Norwegian fishermen picturesquely designate the Polar bear, had displaced the stones and devastated the tombs; several bones were scattered about, half broken and gnawed, sad relics of ursine repasts. I gathered them together with care, and piously replaced them in the coffins. Some of the tombs had been spared, and they contained skeletons in various degrees of preservation; most of the coffins bore no inscriptions. On one, however, a friendly hand had cut, with a knife, these words: Dortrecht, Hollande, 1783. A name had preceded the date, but it was no longer legible. Another sailor had come from Bremen; his death dated 1697. Two coffins placed in the hollow of a rock were in excellent keeping; the bodies which they enclosed had not only their flesh on, but even their clothes, but no inscription recorded either the name or the country of the dead. I counted fifty-two tombs disseminated in this cemetery, more frightful than any other, without epitaphs, without monuments, without flowers, without reminiscences, without tears, without regrets, without prayers; most desolate cemetery, where it seems as if forgetfulness twice enshrouds the dead, where a sigh, or a voice, or even a footfall is never heard; most fearful solitude; deep, icy silence, only broken by the howl of the white bear or the roaring of the tempest!

I was seized with an inexpressible horror amidst these sepultures; the thought that I had come to take my place among them suddenly came upon me in fearful distinctness. I had been forewarned as to the dangers of our expedition; I had accepted, and thought that I understood its risks, yet did the sight of these tombs make me shudder, and for the first time I cast a thought of regret at France, my family, my friends, the fine sky, and the quiet, easy life which I had left, to confront the chances of such a dangerous pilgrimage! As to the poor dead men now around me, their history was the same for all. They were neither learned men who had been led thither by the love of discovery, nor curious men urged thither by the attraction of the unknown; they were honest Norwegian, Russian, or Dutch fishermen, who had come there to seek by hard toil, and amidst great dangers, a subsistence for their family. At first all might go on well; the walruses might be plentiful, the seals easy of capture; they were successfully hunted; oil was made on the coast itself; the great green ivory teeth of the walruses, so esteemed in Sweden, were shipped; they were talking of the value of their cargo, and of the profits and the pleasures of their anticipated return. And then suddenly an unexpected cold would come on; winter would seize upon them when least expected, the sea would become firm and motionless around their little ship, and the way to their country would be closed for nine, perhaps for ten, months; ten months in such a place is condemnation to death! They would be thus exposed to undergo forty-five degrees of cold in the midst of a perpetual night! What tragedies have not these solitudes seen! What must have been the agonies they suffered? By what prodigies of courage and perseverance did man keep off from day to day that death which he yet knew to be inevitable? In what manner did he sustain that supreme struggle? At first they would keep to the ship, economising provisions, warming themselves with bear's grease, fish-bones, oil, and everything on board that could be destroyed without affecting the safety of the ship, for that was a sacred thing; man thinks of the future even under the most desperate circumstances, and no doubt each of these poor fishermen expected to see

accomplished in his person that rare miracle, a return from wintering in Spitzbergen. As the provisions became exhausted, privations would become also greater, and the Polar bear and blue fox, the only inhabitants of the islands, would be hunted with renewed zeal. Then one day, a terrible day, after the death of one of their number, after fearful sufferings, they would decide upon warming themselves with the ship; holes would be dug in the ice, a kind of hut constructed on shore, and they would get into it and make themselves as comfortable as possible. At least they would have the satisfaction of warming themselves; but whilst the body was deriving a temporary satisfaction from the genial warmth, alas! the mind would be icy in despair; that very fire was consuming their last hope—that fire was destroying the greatest force that Heaven has given to man. What remained would be the last struggle of the instinct of preservation against death, death being always victorious; one by one the little crew would diminish in numbers, and each of these obscure martyrs would be laid down in his turn in the icy cemetery where I found them. All, thus, to the last: he, more robust and more unfortunate than the others, would have no friendly hand to tender him in his last hour and to preserve his remains by pious precautions; he would become the prey of bears as soon as he had breathed the last sigh, or even indeed so soon as he could no longer defend himself.

Pleasant contemplations these among the sublimities of Spitzbergen! The only excuse is, that they were of a nature fully calculated to awaken such. Everything was alike austere and repulsive: the climate was severe, the heavens were overcast, the land buried in snow and fog, the mountains were crumbling, the ice was breaking up, and sea and air were either sullenly or rudely agitated. Then as to what remained of life, it was nought but relics. Bones of the slain walrus and seal and the tombs of the benighted slayers!

The thought of a possible detention during a winter in Spitzbergen filled our fair traveller's mind, according to her own confession, for several days after these meditations among the tombs, and she soon discovered that she was not the only one who indulged in such gloomy anticipations, but which had really no foundation whatsoever, except in the timid apprehensions of those who entertained them. It was not likely that a French scientific expedition was going to winter in the Arctic regions. One morning she was seated on a gun, buried in a vast fur cloak, looking now at the heavens, and then at the sea and the strange forms that floated on its surface, when she heard her name pronounced by one among a group of melancholy French tars. Listening, she made out the following sentences:

"What an idea to have brought a lady with us! Are voyages like this *des courses de femme?*"

"Too true," remarked another; "and if we are caught by those fine crystals, as you have just explained to me, one may be quite sure that she will be the first to go."

"Well, old one!" replied the first, "she will only show the way; we should soon follow her. True, we have a year's provisions on board, but we have no firing, and here there is not wood to light a pipe, whilst in winter the wind must blow pretty sharp, to judge by the dog days!"

"And what a woman!" joined in another, in a tone of contempt; "*une femme pâlotte, menue, maigrette,* with feet like finger-cakes, and hands that could not lift up an oar; a woman whom one could break on one's knee, and put the bits into one's pocket. If even she had been a woman from our parts. (He was a Breton.) At Ponant we have some *commères* who think nothing of hoisting a sail or rowing a boat; our women are nearly as good as the men; but this one,

with her peaky Parisian face, she is as chilly as a Senegal parrot. If we are caught by the ice, she will die of the first frost, that is quite certain."

There was an interval of silence, during which each man relit his pipe; then the one who had spoken first resumed the conversation by way of summary.

"Well, at the best, it does not concern us; it is for those who were stupid enough to bring her here to get anxious. If we do winter here she must do as she can—she will have to do as all the rest do."

An old quartermaster now broke in upon the conversation, in which he had not hitherto taken part.

"Boys," said he, "I am sorry for you, but there is no common sense in what you say; what you, four of the best and eldest sailors on board, you have no more nous, can't see further than that? Upon one point I agree with you, they were perhaps wrong in bringing this little lady along with us, but the misfortune is for her rather than for us; for us it is, on the contrary, most fortunate, and it will even be still more fortunate if we have to winter in this cursed country than if we get out of it."

"How is that?" exclaimed the sailors.

"It is very simple, and I will explain it to you. She is very weak, very delicate, is she not? Well, so much the better. It would be she who would go first if we were caught in the ice? Well, so much the better. These are only so many reasons for making her precious to us. The most dangerous thing, you see, in wintering in the ice, the most difficult thing to avoid, is the demoralisation of the crew. Captain Parry relates that it was especially against the discouragement of his men that he had to struggle; he describes in his narrative how much more he dreaded the effects of panic than the rigours of the climate. Well, we shall have nothing to apprehend from such demoralisation if we succeed in preserving the life of this young lady; it will be said to those who exhibit signs of weakness, 'Come, are you not ashamed? the cold is not so intense since a woman can bear it.' So I tell you we must do everything in our power to preserve the life of this little lady; her presence in the midst of us will ensure alike the courage and the health of the crew; and I know that the captain thinks just like me on that subject; he said as much to the first lieutenant the other day when walking with him."

"Oh! if the captain has said so," unanimously joined in the group, "then it must be right."

Our fair adventurer was consoled after overhearing this conversation by the feeling that the egotism of her companions in travel would ensure such attentions as would retard her death as long as possible. Yet did she nevertheless look upon such a catastrophe as certain in case they were caught by the ice, in consequence of the indisposition which she felt, notwithstanding all the anxious care that was bestowed upon her. She was allowed the captain's berth, and, when giving it up to her, he had done everything to ensure its being warm and comfortable; all the holes had been hermetically sealed, the ceiling had been covered with reindeer skins, the bed had been heaped with eider-down; it was really more of a nest than a cabin, and yet, notwithstanding all these considerate attentions, she suffered from cold and could not sleep. The latter she, however, attributed not so much to the cold as to the peculiar circumstances under which she was placed, and more especially to what she designates as an "ultra-tonic diet!"

Our fair adventurer, it is also to be noticed, wore a garb which she declares to have been *très-commode et parfaitement disgracieux*—men's trousers, a middy's shirt of thick blue stuff, a neckerchief of red wool, a black leather belt, boots lined with felt, and a sailor's cap, with no end of flannel underneath all. She had cut her hair, which she had found it im-

possible to keep in order during the passage, and when she went on deck she added to the mountain of flannel and other garments a heavy mantle with a hood, so as to reduce her altogether into a great packet without form or shape, except, perhaps, its rotundity: "additions and subtractions concurred," she intimates, "to render her very ugly; but in such a place one only thinks of how to suffer the least possible from the cold, and all coquetting is misplaced."

The recreation to be derived from researches in natural history at Spitzbergen were naturally very limited, and still more so to a lady to whom a search for marine animals would be next to impossible in such a climate. One of the most interesting points that presented itself to her contemplation was the coloured snow, which she describes as being at times of a pale green, or a pale roseate colour. This coloration, which is produced by the presence of minute cryptogamous plants, is the most striking vegetation in Spitzbergen, and it is vegetation in truly its most elementary state, even more so than in the form of lichens, because nature in her prolificacy develops it even on a transient surface. A few lichens were also to be met with on bare rocks, and a tuft of black moss occurred here and there in the valleys, like bits of dark moist sponge. There were also to be found, by dint of careful search in certain sheltered crevices, a few spare, blanched, struggling plants, their flowers bending sorrowfully to the soil. These were the saxifrage, the yellow ranunculus, and a white poppy. They grew to about the size of lucifer matches.

Polar bears and reindeer are said to abound in Spitzbergen, but whether it was not the season, or our lady traveller did not venture far enough away from the ship, she did not see any. Seals, however, were in great numbers; their quiet, confiding manners soon awoke an interest, and their look, so like that of rational beings, made it seem a crime to slay them. Only one walrus was seen, but they were said to be common on the southern shores. A few blue foxes were killed by the sportsmen: they were small, spare, and ugly. Their fur was massed and entangled, and their flesh was not relished.

A considerable number of sea-birds tenanted both the rocks and ice around, but our lady traveller asserts that, instead of enlivening the scene, they only made it more melancholy. These plumed denizens of the Arctic regions were, in her eyes, voracious, ferocious, quarrelsome, and noisy. Their cries were offensive, varying from a croak to something even more dismal. Some of the gulls complained like children crying, whilst others indulged in a kind of sardonic laughter. "There is nothing in this sinister country," she adds, "for the eye to repose upon; nothing charms the ear; everything is gloomy and miserable—everything, even to the birds!"

Thus is outward nature made the reflexion of a petted, spoilt, diseased imagination. To those who study the resources of a kind Providence, as manifested in its various creations, the razor-bills and foolish guillemots, the black-billed auks and lesser guillemots, with their silky plumage and strange habits, congregating on ledges of high marine precipices, sitting closely together, tier above tier and row above row, depositing their single large egg on the bare rock, yet without confusion, or the egg ever rolling off in a gale of wind or a rush of birds, alike present much that is at once interesting and instructive to contemplate. The black guillemot, known

to sailors as the Greenland dove, is not only a pretty, but it is a sprightly and active bird. If the great divers make at intervals a disagreeable croaking, their swiftness on and underneath the water is curious to watch; and they live in pairs, as old Bewick has it, "with inconceivable affection." We never yet met the individual who did not say that the straggling, mixed flocks of gulls, consisting, as they almost always do, of various kinds, enlivened the rocks by their irregular movements and shrill cries, even when the latter were deadened by the noise of the waves or nearly drowned in the roarings of the surge. Michelet, we have lately seen in his admirable work on "L'Oiseau," takes a precisely opposite view of nature in the Polar regions to that adopted by our lady traveller. "Admirable, fruitful seas," he exclaims, "replete with life in an elementary state (zoophytes and medusæ); they are sought for in the favourable season by all kinds and descriptions of animal life—whales, fish, and birds—in pursuit of their daily food. It is there that they procreate each short summer in peace, and hence are the Poles the great, the happy rendezvous of love and peace to these innocent crowds." But perhaps the lady may retort, M. Mignet has not been to the Polar regions—has not passed a summer at Spitzbergen!

With her, one great idea prevailed over all others—one morbid fancy alone filled her mind, to the exclusion of all other thoughts; it was the chance of wintering in that region of which she had manifestly seen more than enough the first day she arrived there. At last she was almost on the point of seeing her fearful anticipations converted into sad realities.

In any other part of the world except in these Polar regions, a ship is safe when in harbour; but in Spitzbergen, as I have before said, the event most to be dreaded is not shipwreck, it is a forced wintering; from one day to another, from one hour to another, the bay that shelters you may be changed into a prison—and what a prison! No dungeon can inspire a similar amount of terror! One day I was enabled to realise the fact—it was on the 7th of August. Several members of the expedition, seeing that the weather was clear and the snow being swept away by a strong easterly breeze, made a boat-excursion to Hakluyt Point, the most northerly cape in Spitzbergen. The excursion was to last a day. I was not allowed to make one of it, so I remained on board with the captain, who, you are aware, never quits his ship. The early part of the day went off well enough, and I envied the lot of those who were going to get a few leagues nearer to the Pole—perchance to reach the limits of the great *banquise* of ice—the aim of all our ambitions.

I reasoned with myself so as to calm my regrets, and finished by finding my position to be in a sufficiently elevated latitude. I said to myself that I ought not to be jealous of these poor men, whose pride had only exacted some twelve or fifteen leagues over me.

In order to pass away the long hours when the ship, deprived of its passengers, appeared to me so deserted, I set to work writing letters, and thus filling up my solitude with all the beings so dear to me whom I had left behind. Towards four in the afternoon I was obliged to leave off, it was so dark; a dense fog would no longer permit any light to pass through the bulls-eyes, which took the place of windows. I ascended on deck, and there I found the captain busy, looking through his telescope at a fleet of great icebergs, which were taking up their position at the entrance of the bay—a spectacle that filled me with inexpressible anguish.

"Captain," I said, "what is taking place? The bay will soon be closed up by all those icebergs."

"Do not make yourself anxious," the commander replied to me; "it is not

yet cold enough to solder the icebergs together. Besides, I am going to send a boat to see if a bar has formed itself there."

"And if the bar is formed, what shall we do?"

The captain did not vouchsafe an answer, but busied himself giving orders to the boat to go. My eyes followed it with deep anxiety; I saw the men row zealously, turn round the great masses of ice and pass between the smaller, till at last they disappeared in the great field of floating ice. At the expiration of an hour's time they came back; it was in vain that they had endeavoured to make their way out of the bay—no open passage remained; the cold, which no one had mistrusted, had been sufficient to solder the icebergs and to convert them into an impassable wall of rock. Although sailors make a rule of keeping untoward impressions and events to themselves, I saw that the captain looked anxious as he listened to the report of the sailors. As to me, my heart quite misgave me, and terror filled my whole soul.

"And our expeditionists!" I exclaimed; "how are they to get back?"

"That is just what puzzles me," said the captain; "they have only two'days' provisions. It was very imprudent."

"And they are in open boats, exposed to the cold and snow. Oh, Heaven! captain, it may become frightful. What will you do?"

"I will fire two or three great guns over all this to-morrow, and try and make a hole in it. As to the rest, we will wait and see what the wind will do to-night."

The captain remained silent, walking to and fro on the quarter-deck, his glass in his hand, looking alternately at the sky and sea. For several hours no change was observable; the sharp points of the ice broke here and there the thick fog by which we were enveloped, but they remained motionless. My heart was even more sorrowful than this lugubrious horizon, and I reflected gloomily on our rashness in having come to expose our lives in these frightful regions, where every incident is a catastrophe, and where a mere change in the wind or a lowering of the thermometer may entail death!

Towards midnight a wind sprang up which gradually increased in violence to a hurricane; the old ocean shook her mane of foam with fury, enormous waves struck the ice, the barrier broke with a loud noise, and never did a more terrible tumult give rise to happier impressions; the bay was opened—the boats could come in! They arrived, in fact, a few hours later, and the danger they had run ensured them a cordial reception.

The day after this warning a number of men were employed in engraving the name of the ship, the date of her arrival, and a list of her men and officers on the rock. "They did me the honour," the lady tells us, "to place my name at the head of the list, and if it was not the most remarkable, it was most assuredly the most strange to meet with in such a place." It was now manifest that the delay in Magdalena Bay could not be prolonged much further. Excursions into the interior multiplied themselves accordingly, and our lady often took part in them. She would, however, on these occasions separate herself from her companions. "She took a pleasure," she says, "in feeling herself alone with this grandiose and terrible nature. Deserts have everywhere their own poetry: deserts of sand or deserts of ice, still it is always the infinity of solitude, and no voice speaks a more moving language to the soul!" What an interruption the appearance of a Polar bear would have occasioned to these solitary meditations among the ices!

One day, however—and only one day—it was permitted to us to see Spitzbergen enlivened; it was the 10th of August. Early in the morning the great curtains of fog, which incessantly veiled the horizon, were withdrawn as if by an invisible hand, and, wonderful to relate! the sun—a real, beautiful,

shining sun—appeared; under its influence the bay assumed a new aspect! Clouds chased one another across the heavens, carried away like fleecy things, the great rocks let their mantles of snow fall off, the sea trembled and shook with the glittering ices that sank into it on all sides: it seemed as if the sun's rays had suddenly conferred life upon this dead and gloomy country, and that the earth was unrobing itself for the labours of spring. It was a thaw—a genuine thaw—noisy and joyous—a thaw everywhere welcomed as the end of the bad season. Alas! in Spitzbergen, thaw, spring, and summer only last a few hours! The very day that followed upon this fine one, the fog once more darkened the heavens, a gloomy atmosphere took the place of a brilliant day, the cold became more intense, gusts of wind moaned lugubriously, the icebergs remained stationary, once more soldering themselves to the rocks, and everything began to sleep again in that icy and funereal sleep which lasts upwards of eleven months.

So brief a summer and the sudden return of winter obliged the expedition to set out on its return at once. "Toute tentative pour pénétrer plus au nord devenait impraticable," we are told; but we do not gather —at least from the lady's narrative—that there ever was any more intention of proceeding farther north than there was of wintering in the Arctic regions. In these respect, the late French expeditions, as that in the *Reine Hortense*, under Prince Napoleon, and that of which Mme. Léonie d'Aunet formed a part, present a truly remarkable contrast to the navigations and winterings, and to the boat and sledge expeditions carried out by our gallant countrymen in the same regions. As voyages of discovery, although made in the nineteenth century, they are only fit to take place by the rovings of the three sons of the Red-handed Eirek, or the early pioneering efforts of a Button, a Hawkbridge, or a Fox.

It is almost needless to say how delighted our fair adventurer was at being rowed by vigorous arms on the 14th of August out of that fearful bay.

I saw (she says) with a feeling of deep relief the torn mountains, the sharp points, the immense glaciers of Magdalena Bay disappear successively from my eyes. I felt that I was saved from imminent danger, the greatest that, I feel assured, could ever be run, that of being imprisoned in these horrible ices and of dying there, as our predecessors did, in the frightful tortures of cold; add to which, the contemplation of the sinister beauties of Spitzbergen had cast a veil of insurmountable melancholy over my spirits. This country is indeed strange and frightful, and if one is not seized with an absolute panic on first nearing it, it is because one has been prepared by degrees for the lamentable aspect that it presents. The islands of Norway and the North Cape are stations, the sight of which gradually initiates the eye to scenes of desolation; but if it was possible to be transported without transition from our cheerful Paris to those icy latitudes, I have no doubt but that the most courageous would be seized with serious fright!

So much for an expedition the proposed objects of which were, according to the statement made by Mme. d'Aunet of what M. Gaimard expounded to her at the onset, to penetrate sufficiently into the Polar regions to determine if one can pass that way from Europe to America! However, if M. Gaimard was not a Collinson or a M'Clure, the experiences of a lady at the *gates* of the Polar regions (and Spitzbergen cannot be designated as anything more, as compared with Melville Island or Banks Land) are, at all events, exceedingly amusing.

New-Book Notes by Monkshood.

MARY STUART AND CATHERINE DE MEDICIS:*

OR, FRANCE AND SCOTLAND IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

It is no way M. Chéruel's design to write the history of Mary Stuart. Even were he conscious of the power, he says, to undertake such a work, the celebrated works on that subject which have appeared during the last few years, and that by M. Mignet in particular, would effectually deter him. His plan is far more simple. Having discovered among the archives of the D'Esneval family, preserved at the Château de Pavilly (Seine-Inférieure), numerous letters by French ambassadors in England and Scotland, he thought it might be useful to publish them, with a view to illustrate the history of French diplomacy in the latter half of the sixteenth century.

The alliance with Scotland, he remarks, was deeply important to France; and his first chapter is devoted to a retrospective review of it from its commencement, and the happy results to which it gave rise—no French historian, however, mentions the energetic efforts made to preserve it, during the period here concerned, by Michel de Castelnau, D'Esneval, Châteauneuf, and Pomponne de Bellièvre. The most recent historians have consulted little except the correspondence of England and Spain; the interests of France, and the part she played, being as nothing in their eyes beside the dramatic conflict that was going on between Philip II. and Elizabeth. M. Chéruel complains of them as seeing in France merely a secondary state under Spanish influence, and as duped by the tactics of England's agents, who threw on France the odium of Philip's politics, and represented the French realm as in fact an *annexe* of the Spanish monarchy. "The falsity of this notion will be made evident, I think, in the despatches of our ambassadors, and the historical 'study' in which I have retraced their negotiations and those of Catherine de Medicis. France, placed midway between the extreme opinions supported by Philip II. and Elizabeth respectively, sustained her rôle with dignity, when she had as her representatives such men as Paul de Foix, La Mothe-Fénelon, and Michel de Castelnau. To recal the services rendered by these ambassadors, is to repair a piece of unjust forgetfulness in our history.

"So far has indifference to these questions proceeded, that most of the writers who have taken up the history of the sixteenth century, are ignorant of the exact epoch at which our ancient alliance with Scotland was broken off. Burnet supposes France to have kept up her protectorate over Scotland until the assassination of the Duke of Guise at Blois; and yet the treaty of Berwick, by which Scotland was definitively made over to England, was earlier than that event by upwards of two years. The historian of Charles Edward, M. Amédée Pichot, affirms that, by the time of the treaty of Edinburgh (1560), France had lost all influ-

* Marie Stuart et Catherine de Médicis. Etude historique sur les relations de la France et de l'Ecosse dans la seconde moitié du XVIme Siècle. Par A. Chéruel. Paris: Hachette. 1858.

ence in Scotland, whereas it was there that for more than twenty years she counterbalanced the intrigues of English diplomacy. And once more, Flassan, though treating specially of the negotiations of France and her relations with foreign powers, says not a word about the second treaty of Berwick, from which dates the definite rupture of our relations with Scotland." After pointing out these errors or omissions in *special* writers on the subject, M. Chéruel deems it superfluous to show the deficiencies in *general* historians, as regards the question of France's last efforts to preserve the protectorate of Scotland. Read De Thou and Camden, Lingard and Sismondi, Robertson and Patrick Fraser Tytler, and not a word will you find, he says, about the negotiations, clever and active as they were, of Michel de Castelnau; while the last ambassador sent by France to the land o' cakes, the Baron d'Esneval, is scarcely named even.

The part taken by Henri III. and by Catherine de Medicis in the trial of Mary Stuart, is a vexed question about which, to the present time, historians have vexed and disquieted themselves in vain. Now M. Chéruel so far illustrates, if not elucidates, the question, by reference to authentic documents, as to establish, to his own satisfaction, this one truth—that even if Catherine de Medicis and her son were guilty of negligence, at any rate they cannot be fairly charged with the hateful treason imputed to them by the League party, and by various modern historians. These examples are cited as sufficient to prove the real interest of the documents now published.

In his opening chapter M. Chéruel observes, that there are few examples in history of an alliance so close and enduring as that between France and Scotland. The French ambassadors of our Elizabethan age make it as old as Charlemagne, in whose reign, in fact, as history attests, friendly relations were established between the two nations. Charlemagne exercised a real protectorate over Scotland, and by his munificence secured such a hold on its kings that they styled themselves his "subjects" and his "slaves"—*ut eum nunquam aliter nisi dominum seque subditos ac servos ejus pronunciarent.* So writes Eginhard; and his testimony is confirmed by the Saxon poet who recounted the wars of Charlemagne—

> Scotorum reges ipsum dominum vocitabant,
> Ac se subjectos ipsius et famulos.

Both English and Scotch authors, those even who are most hostile to France, acknowledge the antiquity of this alliance. George Buchanan is here at one with William Camden.

In the thirteenth century, an authentic treaty, still extant, consecrated the union of the two nations. It was while Edward I., in the "abuse of his power,"* menaced Scotland with a formidable invasion, that John Baliol, king of Scotland, concluded an alliance, offensive and defensive, with Philip the Fair. The friendship of the two countries became still more intimate during the long and bloody wars of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. At the commencement of the Hundred Years' War, in 1336, David Bruce came to France to crave the help of Philip of Valois, and promised, in the name of all the barons of Scotland, to make an energetic diversion against England, and at no time to sign a peace

* Chéruel, pp. 2 *sqq.*

with that power except with the consent of France. The alliance was but further confirmed by the disasters of Crécy and Poitiers, and the captivity of the two kings of France and Scotland, John the Good and David Bruce.

Charles V. (of France) turned the alliance to good account. In 1371, at the accession of the Stuarts to the throne of Scotland, he signed a treaty with Robert, the first monarch of that dynasty. He knew, says old Froissart, "that the whole realm of Scotland mortally hated the English; for never could these two kingdoms love one another"—and Yvain de Galles had taught him, as the same chronicler reports, that of all countries in the world Scotland afforded the best means of doing England a mischief. Accordingly, Charles V. lost no opportunity of cultivating a good feeling with the Scotch. The disastrous reigns of Charles VI. and Charles VII. sorely tried the alliance; but it survived the trial. The Scotch had their share in the French reverses at Verneuil and Rouvray. In vain did the English, in order to break up the alliance, impose on their royal prisoner, James I., as the chief condition of being set at liberty, a promise to put an end to all relations with France. So great was his country's sympathy with France, so great the community of interest of the two kingdoms, that James was not slow to rid himself of this "burden too heavy to bear." In 1428 he concluded a new treaty with Charles VII., which stipulated the marriage of the dauphin Louis, then an infant in his cradle—for even that wizened tyrant, that hollow-eyed iniquity, the Louis of Plessis-les-Tours, was a cradled innocent once—with a daughter of James I., namely, the *spirituelle* Margaret, so well known for her enthusiasm for the poet Alain Chartier.

The War of the Roses, which, during the latter half of the fifteenth century, divided England against herself, and annulled her influence abroad, diminished the importance of the Scotch alliance, so far as France was concerned. Charles VIII. and Louis XII., taken up with their Italian expeditions, were comparatively careless of the union their predecessors had been scrupulous to maintain. England took advantage of this, to negotiate a marriage between James IV. and a daughter of Henry VII. (1500)—a marriage which was one day to put the Stuarts in possession of the English throne. More than a century elapsed, however, before James VI. succeeded Elizabeth; and during this interval an unceasing struggle went on in France, not unfrequently with success, against English influence beyond the Tweed. Thus, in 1513, the misfortunes of Louis XII. excited the sympathy of the Scotch for their ancient allies; and James IV., touched by the confidence of Anne of Brittany, who had sent him her ring, declared war against England, and laid waste its northern frontiers. The rash though brilliant valour of the Scotch king cost him his life on Flodden field.

The English party then prevailed in the north. The young king James V. was a minor, and the regency was conferred on his mother, Margaret of England, sister of Henry VIII. But the majority of Scotch lords preferred the "old and loyal" alliance with France to a new and suspected friendship; nor was a woman's hand strong enough to curb the violent passions of the native nobility. Francis I. profited by the good will of the philo-French agitators, and sent over to Scotland an uncle of James V., John Duke of Albany, who had been brought up in France,

and was wholly devoted to the interests of that country. The Duke of Albany took away the regency from Margaret of England, and after establishing order in Scotland, returned to France, to confirm the alliance between the two realms by a solemn treaty. The conferences took place at Rouen between Albany and Charles Duke of Alençon, as plenipotentiary of Francis I., and ended in the treaty of Rouen, which was signed August 17, 1517—a treaty often appealed to by subsequent negotiators, and which M. Chéruel publishes for the first time. Useful and disinterested as was the aid furnished by the Scotch to Francis I., that monarch seemed to forget his allies in the treaty of London signed by him in 1526, with Henry VIII. The latter was checked, however, in his designs against Scotland in subsequent years, by the intervention of France; and French influence was by this means fortified anew in the north. In 1534, when the marriage of James V. was under consideration, it was in vain that Charles V. and Henry VIII. endeavoured to win over the Scottish prince by getting him to wed a Spanish or English princess; he preferred a French one. He "demanded" the second daughter of Francis I., and after some difficulties arising from the state of her health, the demand was granted, and James came to France to be married to her, in 1537. Her premature death was not prejudicial to the alliance. She was replaced anon by another Frenchwoman, Mary of Guise, who, towards the close of the year 1542, gave birth to Mary Stuart. Six days later occurred the death of James V.—a victim rather to chagrin than mortal sickness. The continual revolts "fomented," says M. Chéruel, by Henry VIII., the English invasion of Scotland, and the ravages wrought thereby, had crushed his spirit and hastened his death. The French alliance had indeed prevailed during his reign, but the English party had become an organised body, of formidable powers, and was now about to increase its strength, thanks to a long minority and the turmoil of religious feuds.

The marriage of Mary Stuart with Prince Edward of England was a main object in the tactics of the anti-French minority, who made a dead set against the Queen Mother and Cardinal Beatoun. The majority were indignant at the thought of handing over their young queen to their ancient and implacable foes, the detested "Southrons." The troubles of the land were enlarged: who should bring her out of her distresses? Religious discords worse confounded the confusion. Mary of Guise and Beatoun damaged their cause by blindly identifying the French alliance with Catholic ascendancy in Scotland. In 1546 the cardinal was assassinated, and with him perished one of the principal supports of the alliance, though its partisans still continued far more numerous than the *Anglicising* opposition; and once again, when propositions of marriage between Edward and *la jeune Marie* were renewed by the Protector Somerset, after the death of both Henry VIII. and Francis I., they were rejected by the nation. The English then (1548) tried the effect of yet another invasion, the only result of which was, to draw closer the bond of union between Scotland and France. The Scottish "estates" assembled at Stirling, made an offer to Henry II. of the protectorate of their realm, and of the hand of their young queen for the dauphin Francis. Henry eagerly accepted a proposition which gave fresh authority to French influence in Scotland; his ships conveyed Mary Stuart to France (15

August, 1550), and in the following year he caused Scotland to be included in the treaty of peace arranged between his own country and England.

Accordingly, Mary Stuart was educated in France, and in due time married to the French heir-apparent. George Buchanan as well as Ronsard, canny Scot as well as courtly Gaul, celebrated in classic numbers the "auspicious event." But the demands made by Henry II., that his son Francis should be acknowledged by Mary's subjects as king of France, and the consent he won from Mary herself, to transfer all her rights over Scotland and England to the House of Valois, in case she died without heirs, were irritating to most Scotchmen, intolerable to many. John Knox was up and doing. The accession of Elizabeth was not favourable to the Guise party. War broke out, and ended in a treaty by which England was the real gainer, for by the terms of it France was deprived of the protectorate she had exercised over Scotland from time immemorial. This treaty of Edinburgh (5 July, 1560) is regarded by M. Chéruel as "le premier signe du déclin de l'influence française en Écosse." On the plea that the king, Francis II., had not ratified the treaty, France refused, *dans la suite*, to carry it out, and to submit to the passive part it imposed on her. Such was the state of international relations between the three kingdoms, when Mary Stuart was forced to quit her adopted for her native country. The hardest heart softens somewhat towards her, remembering what she was in those

bygone days,
A widow, yet a child,
Within the fields of sunny France,
When heaven and fortune smiled.
The violets grew beneath her feet,
The lilies budded fair,
All that is beautiful and bright
Was gathered round her there.
O lovelier than the fairest flower
That ever bloomed on green
Was she, the lily of the land,
That young and spotless Queen!*

In M. Chéruel's words, "Marie Stuart, souveraine de deux royaumes, et aspirant au trône d'Angleterre, avait brillé quelque temps, à la cour de France, du triple éclat de l'esprit, de la beauté et de la puissance." But the death of Francis II. completely reversed her fortunes. She had mortified the pride of Catherine de Medicis, whom she described, and treated, as a mere *fille de marchand*, and who never forgave, never forgot the insult.

The Guises were bent on marrying their niece to Don Carlos, son of Philip II. of Spain, and thus to secure for their faction the support of the leading power in Europe. The plan was agreeable to Philip's "implacable et minutieuse" diplomacy. He already had at his command the Guise party in France, and the still numerous Catholic party in England; nor had Sweden and Poland escaped his influence. The marriage of Mary Stuart and Don Carlos would have linked Scotland to his ranks,

* Aytoun's "Bothwell."

and was too important a scheme not to be pushed with some eagerness by those mainly concerned. But it was a scheme against which Catherine de Medicis set her face, which she confronted with every frown in her forehead of brass. The carrying out of that scheme would augment the power of Philip II., and would strengthen the hands of the Lorraine princes; neither of which results could Catherine bear to think of. The nuptial negotiations were going on in January, 1561; and on the 1st of April she wrote to the Bishop of Limoges, her ambassador in Spain, desiring him to put a spoke in the wheel of the wedding-carriage, and intimating her entire resolve to do all and dare all rather than let the wedding come off. Her letter betrays the antipathy she cherished against Mary Stuart and the house of Guise. In vain the Cardinal de Lorraine pretended to confine himself to the exercise of his religious duties, and to devote his entire existence to the office of preaching. Catherine had quite a different opinion of this prelate from that held by his confiding panegyrists, ancient and modern. She knew that his religious duties were not so all-absorbing as to prevent his endeavours to bring about the Spanish marriage. She omitted nothing that might spoil his endeavours; she left no stone unturned that might be a stone of stumbling in his way. She demanded an interview with Philip II. She proposed a marriage between Margaret of Valois and Don Carlos. She plied her other daughter, the Queen of Spain, with urgent solicitations. Another long letter to the Bishop of Limoges, dated three weeks later, which M. Chéruel quotes at length, affords curious evidence of Catherine's habit of using her daughters as the agents of her *politique*, and illustrates that intriguing spirit of hers, which assumed every disguise in turn, and addressed itself successively if not simultaneously to interest, and religion, and sensibility of heart—in short, the epistle shows, in a highly characteristic way, how prolific and versatile were her diplomatic resources.

Though the interview she solicited did not "come off" at present, neither did the marriage scheme it was intended to frustrate. That obnoxious scheme was, if not abandoned, at least adjourned *sine die*. Philip saw that the advantages it might afford would hardly compensate him for a formidable war with France and England together. For Elizabeth sided with Catherine in opposition to a scheme by which she, as Queen of England, was likely to suffer more directly than the dowager of France. Bess bridled up, in her best Tudor style, and sent word to Mary Stuart, that if the Guise family persisted in this project of alliance with Don Carlos, she would take part with the King of Navarre and the French Protestants to mar their match-making.

A note-worthy picture they form, these three royal dames, "les souverains qui dominent l'Europe," at cross purposes together. The three queens are rivals in power, and opposites in character. Catherine is depicted by our author as a woman bred in the refinements of Italian state-craft, indifferent to the distinctions between good and evil, destitute of religious principle, and inspired by the genius of intrigue alone. Elizabeth, as a woman of energetic will, consummate prudence, and a high ambition too often sullied by acts of perfidy and cruelty—not without the foibles of her sex, but careful not to let those foibles prove a detriment to her authority as queen. Mary, on the other hand, "was carried away by the violence of her passions; it is not with the features of a resigned

victim that her contemporaries portray her, but as an ardent, haughty woman, with the true Guise blood in her veins." Catherine duped one party after another, and was hated and contemned by them all; she left the crown without support, and France without allies. Elizabeth, adored by the Protestants, enlisted in dependence on her own fortunes the reformed populations of England, of Scotland, of the Scandinavian states, of Germany, and of Switzerland. Mary, urged on by the League and by Spain, exchanged the throne for the scaffold. To the first belongs the shame of France's degradation, and of crimes dictated by ambition and executed by fanaticism; to the second, the glory of the Protestant coalition, of Spain's defeat, and of creating a marine force that ere long should rule the waves; to the last, "the martyr's crown."*

It was on the renewal of negotiations for a match between Mary and Don Carlos—still (in 1563) the darling project of the Guises—that Catherine sent Michel de Castelnau to Scotland, to oppose any such arrangement. Michel is one of the most prominent diplomatists of the age. Nearly all the negotiations between France and Scotland passed through his hands. He was now in the prime of life. He had served with the army in Italy, and then taken to the profession adorned by a Jean de Montluc, a Paul de Foix, and a La Mothe-Fénelon. When the wars of religion broke out, he took his place by the side of the throne, and soon displayed a surprising activity as military man and statesman both, not, however, without deeply lamenting the miseries of civil discord—agriculture neglected, commerce ruined, religion disgraced, the sepulchres of the kings violated, and what it had taken seven hundred years to build up, destroyed in a single day. His heart bled as he looked on the foreigners summoned by either party into his native land. Great was his relief when peace was restored in 1563. His vivacity, his accomplishments, and his extraordinary powers of memory, made him a brilliant name at court. Ronsard addressed a sonnet to him, and he was called upon to figure prominently in the royal theatricals. He was sent across the Channel with a double project of marriage—to England, with a proposal to couple Elizabeth with Charles IX., and to Scotland, with an offer of the Duke of Anjou for Mary Stuart. Elizabeth was civil to the messenger, but elusory as to the message. Mary was chagrined at the Medicean opposition to her match with Don Carlos. If she could not have *him*, at any rate she would not have Catherine's nominee. Her heart was now set on Henry Darnley, and vain were Michel's objections to that handsome fribble, especially as the King of Spain, disappointed in his family arrangements, encouraged Mary's new passion. The nuptials took place. Elizabeth feigned extreme wrath when the news came. The nobility in Scotland were disaffected. Civil war broke out, and the conspirators whom Mary drove from the north found an asylum in the south. Catherine interposed as mediatrix between the two queens, and again employed Castelnau as her agent. He had a hard time of it, and, as far as Scotland was concerned, was sent empty away. Soon afterwards occurred the Rizzio affair, and it was by the intervention of France, and the mission for the third time of Michel de Castelnau, that Mary and her unruly seigneurs were reconciled for a while. "He returned to

* Chéruel, pp. 17-28, *passim.*

Scotland in the month of April, 1566, and his dexterity in managing rude minds, his loyal and disinterested mediation, were the means of restoring peace without sacrifice of authority, or peril to the nation." His fourth embassy, in July, was also crowned with success, however transient. In October a permanent ambassador was sent to represent France in Scotland, in the person of Du Croc; within a few months of whose arrival, Darnley was murdered, Mary wedded by the murderer, and all Scotland in commotion.

The subsequent disasters of Mary Stuart gave Catherine little concern. They excited interest and pity, however, in France; and French politicians began to moralise on the fatal results likely to ensue from the rupture of the Scottish alliance. Many, too, were incredulous about Mary's guilt: were not the crimes imputed to her an invention of English hatred, a calumny trumped up by Huguenot malice? Others, who believed her guilty, could not repress a feeling of compassion for her woes. "French generosity, the chivalric spirit of the noblesse, revolted at the thought of a Queen of France taken prisoner by the English." The stress of public opinion, together, perhaps, with some uneasiness at Elizabeth's growing success, induced Catherine to employ embassies in Mary's behalf, with due cautions at the same time not to exalt Philip II. at England's expense. The Spanish government, after compromising Mary Stuart and the Catholic party in England, gave them up to Elizabeth's vengeance, which, says M. Chéruel, was speedy and sanguinary. "At the very moment when Ridolfi was developing his plans before the Council of Spain, Norfolk's agents in England were seized (July, 1571); the Spanish ambassador, Gueraldo de Espès, was expelled from London; Norfolk confined in the Tower, and Mary subjected to a capital charge. Elizabeth lost no time in sending Thomas Smith to France, to lay before Catherine de Medicis and Charles IX. the authentic proofs of the plot, and especially the despatches in which Mary Stuart had given expression to a mistrust highly insulting to France. This evidence was unanswerable, and Catherine de Medicis availed herself of it in order to abandon the cause of the Queen of Scotland, and so to improve her relations with England, as to be able to oppose a close alliance with that country to the aggressive policy of Philip II. Unquestionably the successes of the Duke of Alba in the Low Countries, the enslavement or expulsion of the Moors from Granada, the victory of Lepanto, and the conquests on the African coasts, were every day placing the Spanish monarchy in a more and more threatening attitude. The union of France and England seemed the only means of checking these aggressions. The two powers became reconciled; a proposition of marriage between Elizabeth and the Duke of Anjou was entertained; with all solemnity an embassy was commissioned to London, in which Montmorency and Paul de Foix bore a part. The marriage did not take place, but a treaty of alliance was signed at Blois, between France and England (29th April, 1572). No mention was made in it of Mary Stuart. Of this the *reine délaissée* complained bitterly; she asserted, not without probability, that Elizabeth's only aim was to deceive France and keep it slumbering while she made herself mistress of Scotland; and Mary concluded by insisting on being included in the treaty. The French ambassadors made some timid reclamations in her behalf. Cecil harshly rejected them; and so far from

softening the captivity of Mary Stuart, these proceedings served only to aggravate it, and render the captive's lot more irksome still." But this was the year of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. "Good-by now to the league with England," said Cardinal Granvelle, when he heard the news. As for Catherine, while she made a merit of the Massacre in her letter to Philip II. ("ce service, tout à l'honneur de Dieu, est un témoignage de mes bonnes et droites intentions," &c. &c.), with England she held quite another tone. She was anxious not to break off the treaty of Blois, and notwithstanding the violent indignation of the English court against the authors of this butchery, and against the government which had approved or allowed of it, Elizabeth eventually accepted the equivocal explanations of La Mothe-Fénelon, and Michel de Castelnau was directed to go and remove the last vestiges of her resentment.

Accordingly, the St. Bartholomew crime scarcely shook the alliance which had checked the ambition of Philip II. and sacrificed Mary Stuart. Catherine de Medicis, after yielding to faction and perhaps also to personal resentments, had come round again to the side she preferred. Meanwhile the poor captive's sympathies with the Guises and Spain, grew with the growth of her great sorrow, and strengthened with the strength of her wrongs. On Elizabeth's perfidy and on Catherine's guilty neglect she laid the charge of her overwhelming misfortunes.

The death of Charles IX., in 1574, led Mary to hope for a favourable change. Of her royal brothers-in-law, it was Henry III., the new king of France, who loved her the best. But this effeminate prince gave up the reins of authority to Catherine de Medicis, and little *she* cared for her daughter-in-law. Not but that Catherine would fain have strengthened French influence in Scotland, where, in fact, France had lost all credit, or nearly so, since the flight of Mary Stuart. The four regents, Murray, Lennox, Mar, and Morton, who had governed Scotland from 1568 to 1575, belonged to the faction which Elizabeth upheld. But Catherine could not see her way, without detriment to collateral and more important issues. France was exhausted by four civil wars, and was aware that it depended on Elizabeth to cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war—to *lancer* upon her a whole pack of reîtres and lansquenets, the palatine Casimir and all those German mercenaries whose sword was their daily bread. "Elle leur faisait des pieds de son argent," as La Mothe-Fénelon reproachfully said. Quiet and safe in her island-home, she put in practice that "continental system, which her successors were to make so formidable." Hence the care of Catherine's envoys to keep Elizabeth in good humour, to flatter her vanity, to give scope to her coquetry, and by maintaining intimate *liaisons* with Walsingham, to keep the English from fomenting the civil war in France.

Notwithstanding so many baffled expectations, and that hope deferred that maketh the heart sick, Mary Stuart resigned herself more and more to the Spanish faction. In Don John of Austria she saw not only the conqueror of Granada, Lepanto, and Tunis, but the hero who made Protestant England tremble, and cheered the hearts of the faithful on both sides the Tweed. She saw in him an avenger, possibly a husband. In 1577 she drew up her will, bequeathing her rights to the King of Spain, provided her son failed to embrace his mother's faith. The death of Don John put an end to one part of her speculations. But Philip II.

kept on promising a fleet and army for the invasion of England, to break off the royal prisoner's chains, and place her on the throne from which it was his purpose to hurl the insolent Tudor. Philip coveted Portugal too, and was in a fume about subduing the Low Countries, and had ugly designs, it was believed, on Sclavonia and Scandinavia: the talk in France was about these aspirations to universal monarchy, and a compact alliance between France and England was, more than ever, deemed the alone means of foiling this greedy grasp-all. Again a marriage scheme was mooted, between Elizabeth and another of the French princes—the Duke of Alençon, this time. But the last of the Tudors was to die an old maid.

Castelnau appears to have laboured earnestly and honestly in Mary's behalf, during the intricacies and embroilments of succeeding years. His embassy in England lasted till the autumn of 1585,—a critical period, for Spain at the head of the Catholic powers, and England, rallying the Protestants, were making ready for a deadly strife, while France was destroying herself, and the execution of Mary Stuart was close at hand. Castelnau's successor, the Baron d'Esneval, made "laudable efforts" to renew and reinvigorate the ancient alliance of his country with Scotland, nor were his endeavours observed with indifference by Elizabeth. James VI. listened to D'Esneval's representations with an air of docility and conviction; but in his private conferences with Elizabeth's agent, Thomas Randolph, the pawky, gawky young prince made game of the French ambassador's "inexperience," and protested his entire devotedness to England and the Protestant religion. The treaty of Berwick (July, 1586) sacrificed the union of Scotland and France to the "amity" of England; Mary Stuart was abandoned by her son—she was now *reine sans sujets et mère sans fils.* D'Esneval had no longer an object to gain by remaining in Scotland, and took his departure accordingly,—not without first urging on James not to aid the French Protestants, and getting his royal word to be wisely neutral towards them, and to cultivate an *entente cordiale* with France.

In December of the same year, Pomponne de Bellièvre, whose embassy has been the theme of much historical controversy, arrived in London. He soon had occasion to apprise his master of the imminent danger in which Mary was placed. His stay was brief. For five weeks after his departure, Henry III. received no fresh tidings from his resident ambassador in London. But on the 27th of February (1587), Chateauneuf sent him news that all was over—the axe and the block had done their work, Mary Stuart was dead. Cries of vengeance resounded in France; but Henry III. had enough to do to take care of himself, and the relations between him and Elizabeth were hardly ruffled on the surface. 1588 was the year of the Barricades, and who had time to think of Scottish interests then? Even the death of Catherine de Medicis, in January, 1589,—of her who so long had administered French politics—was scarcely remarked. And at length the assassination of Henry III., the accession of Henry IV., his struggle against the League and Spain, and the reunion of the English and Scottish crowns on a single head, for ever destroyed for France an alliance of eight centuries, which had been strengthened by common interests and common perils, weakened by religious differences and the political intolerance of the Guises, restored for

a while by the tact and zeal of Castelnau, and definitely broken up by the craft of Elizabeth and the weakness of Henry III.

The ancient allies of France—continues M. Chéruel in his summary of subsequent events*—ended by closely uniting themselves with England, and "nothing remained for the kings of France but the extreme, and not very honourable resource, of exciting the subject against his legimate sovereign. Thus, in 1635, Richelieu, who had to resent Buckingham's insults and the attack directed against the Ile de Rhé, entered into engagements with the Scotch malcontents. The Scotch sent a gentleman named Colvil to Louis XIII., to implore his aid against the tyranny of Charles I." France continued to foment those troubles in the north which were the prelude to our Great Rebellion. In vain she tried to check them, when the Rebellion came to its height. After the Revolution, when Dundee attempted a diversion in favour of James II., the Scottish insurgents invoked the aid of Louis XIV., fruitlessly enough. In 1708, when many in Scotland were indignant at the suppression of the national parliament, a French fleet sailed from Dunkirk, and conveyed the Pretender to the coasts of Scotland—but, finding little sympathy, withdrew after an empty demonstration. France took no part in the rising of 1715, being then, under the Orleans Regency, the ally of England. But in 1745, it was in the name of the King of France that Voltaire drew up a manifesto to vindicate the rights of Charles Edward to the throne of England and Scotland. A representative of Louis XV., Boyer, Marquis d'Aiguilles, set off to meet the young Pretender at Holyrood Palace; the French who accompanied him were continually, says M. Chéruel, finding traces of their ancestors in this land of their ancestral alliance: "A quelques milles d'Edinbourg, un village portait le nom de *Petite France*; un autre, celui de *Montpellier*." But with the fortune of Charles Edward disappeared all French influence in Scotland. And no loss either, to the latter, M. Chéruel candidly acknowledges, in the closing paragraph of his history, descriptive of the progress Scotland has made since the Union. His last words are emphatic: "Une alliance de moins pour la France, une province de plus pour l'Angleterre, voilà le résultat d'une politique tour à tour faible ou passionnée, fanatique ou indifférente."

More than half his volume consists of *Pièces Justificatives*, in the form of *Lettres Diplomatiques*, chiefly written by Michel de Castelnau, and unquestionably valuable for the light they throw on those troublous times.

* Pp. 173-75.

EUGÈNE SUE: HIS LIFE AND WORKS.

THE family of Sue came originally from the little seaport of La Calle, situated some fifteen miles from Grasse. They are said to still constitute nearly one-half of the population of the place. One of this family went to Paris to study medicine towards the end of the reign of Louis XV., and having afterwards obtained success as a practitioner, he invited his nephews to the metropolis. Two of these earned great subsequent distinction: one was Pierre Sue, who became professor of medical jurisprudence and librarian to the School of Medicine; the other Jean Sue, who was surgeon to La Charité, professor of anatomy at the School of Fine Arts, and surgeon to King Louis XVI.

The latter was succeeded by Jean-Joseph Sue, who, besides the place at the School of Fine Arts, which he inherited from his father, was also surgeon to the Royal Guard and to the military household of the king. It was this Jean Sue, father of Eugène Sue, who sustained the memorable discussion against Cabanis on the guillotine, when its inventor, Dr. Guillotin, assured the members of the Assemblée Nationale that those who were decapitated by it would suffer no pain whatsoever. Jean-Joseph Sue, however, argued that there could be pain after the separation of the head, and he supported his arguments by an extended knowledge of human and comparative anatomy.

Eugène Sue, the novelist, was born in 1803; when he died he was a few days older than Victor Hugo, and five months younger than Alexandre Dumas—his biographer. He had Prince Eugène for godfather and the Empress Joséphine for godmother. Hence his name of Eugène. He was brought up on goat's milk, and is said to have preserved for a long time the abrupt, unsteady manners of his nurse. His father, Dr. Sue, had been three times married, and was very wealthy. He resided in the Rue du Rempart, which has disappeared, but was situated behind the Madeleine. His sister, mother of Ferdinand Langlé, since a distinguished writer of vaudevilles, lived with him, and the two cousins were sent together to the Collége Bourbon. Eugène had also a tutor at home—Père Delteil, as he was called—and with whom the future romancer played all kinds of tricks. Like most persons who are destined to acquire a name for originality, Eugène appears to have been a wayward, idle, and rebellious pupil and scholar.

Eugène Sue entered the profession as sub-assistant-surgeon to the hospital of the king's household under the auspices of his father, and where he was associated with his cousin, Ferdinand Langlé, and Louis Véron—not one of the three destined to adhere to their vocation, except it were in the sale of lozenges, or, as has been said of Dr. Véron, "not to be literary, but to be the cause of literature in others." Eugène Sue, his cousin Langlé, and another student, Delattre by name, were also employed at home in making anatomical and other preparations, chiefly for a course of natural history, which the doctor gave at that time "à l'usage des gens du monde," or, as we would say, "popular lectures." They had two other helps—Achille Petit and James Rousseau. The last named was an intimate friend of Alexandre Dumas, and it is pro-

bably on his authority that he relates the following characteristic anecdote of the youth of his brother romancer in his "Causeries:"

The labour of making anatomical preparations seemed dull enough to our young men, the more so as there was in the same room two great cabinets full of wine, compared with which the nectar of the gods was only as *blanquette de Limoux*.

These wines were presents made by the allied sovereigns to Dr. Sue after the invasion of 1815. There were wines of Tokay, given by the Emperor of Austria; wines of the Rhine, given by the King of Prussia; Johannisberg, given by M. de Metternich; and lastly, a hundred bottles or so of Alicante, given by Madame de Morville, and which bore a more than respectable—a venerable—date, viz. 1750.

A variety of means had been tried to penetrate into the interior of the cabinets, but they had virtuously resisted all attempts at persuasion or force. All hopes of ever making acquaintance with the Alicante of Madame de Morville, the Johannisberg of M. de Metternich, the Liebfraumilch of the King of Prussia, and the Tokay of the Emperor of Austria, save by specimens which Dr. Sue poured out by thimblefuls at his great dinners, had been given up, when one day Eugène Sue, exploring by chance the cranium of a skeleton, found a bunch of keys.

They were the keys of the cabinets!

The very first day violent hands were laid upon a bottle of Tokay with the imperial seal, and it was emptied to the last drop; the bottle being afterwards made away with.

The next day the Johannisberg had its turn, the day after the Liebfraumilch, and then the Alicante. The same thing was done with the three bottles as had been done with the first.

But James Rousseau, who was the oldest, and who had in consequence a knowledge of the world superior to that of his young friends, who were only just venturing their first steps on the slippery soil of society—James Rousseau judiciously observed, that at the rate they were going at a gulf would be rapidly effected, that Dr. Sue's eye would plunge into this gulf, and that he would find the truth there.

He then made the ingenious proposition that they should only drink a third of each bottle, and that it should be refilled with a chemical composition, which should resemble as much as possible the wine imbibed that day, should be artistically sealed, and put back in its place.

Ferdinand Langlé supported the proposition, and in his quality of vaudevilliste added an amendment, which was, that they should proceed to the opening of the cabinets, after the fashion of the ancients—that is to say, with the accompaniment of a chorus.

The two propositions passed unanimously, and the same day the cabinet was opened with a chorus, imitated from the "Leçon de Botanique." The coryphæus sang:

"Que l'amour et la botanique
N'occupent pas tous nos instants;
Il faut aussi que l'on s'applique
A boire le vin des parents."

And the chorus joined in:

"Buvons le vin des grands parents!"

And then example was added to precept. Once launched in the sea of poetry, the preparators composed a second chorus to lighten their work. This work consisted mainly in stuffing sundry magnificent birds which they received from the four quarters of the globe. Here is the chorus of the workmen:

"Goûtons le sort que le ciel nous destine;
Reposons-nous sur le sein des oiseaux;
Mêlons le camphre à la térébenthine,
Et par le vin égayons nos travaux."

Upon which each in succession took a pull at the bottle, till it was no longer one-third, but half empty. It was then time to follow out the orders of James Rousseau, and to fill it up again.

This was the business of the chemical committee, composed of Ferdinand Langlé, Eugène Sue, and Delattre. Romieu was subsequently added to the number.

The chemical committee made a frightful mixture of liquorice and burnt sugar, replaced the wine drunk by this extemporised mixture, corked the bottle as neatly as they could, and put it back in its place. When the wine was white, the mixture was clarified with the white of eggs beaten up.

It was natural that all this must end with a catastrophe. One day that the doctor was gone to the country and not expected home, the chemical committee had dinner served in the garden, and they were gaily washing it down with Tokay and Johannisberg, when the gate of the garden opened, and the Commander appeared. The Commander was Doctor Sue. His irritation may be imagined at seeing the empty bottles of Tokay, Johannisberg, and Alicante lying on the greensward. The terror of the young men alone equalled it. Eight days afterwards Eugène Sue was sent away to Spain to act as sub-assistant-surgeon during the campaign of 1823. He was at that time twenty years of age. He did not return to Paris till the summer of 1824. The fire of Trocadero had developed his hirsute appendages, and he came home a handsome young man.

At this epoch Ferdinand Langlé, who was some five-and-twenty years of age, had just entered upon his career as vaudevilliste, and having established an intimacy with an actress of the Gymnase, Fleuriet by name, he seldom returned at night to his apartment at Dr. Sue's, notwithstanding which his kind mother always had supper laid out for him in case he should come home late, and Ferdinand, knowing this to be the case, used to send any one of his friends, who happened to be in want of the accommodation, to his supper and bed. This asylum became so well known, that at last it sometimes happened that one would follow a first, under which circumstances he would eat the remainder of the fowl, drink the remainder of the wine—if there was any—and then, lifting up the bed-clothes, he would creep in beneath. At other times a third, and even a fourth would arrive, in which case they would find no supper, and have to sleep on the sofa, or they would draw a mattress from beneath the bed and sleep on the ground. One night Rousseau arrived the last; the light had gone out, he felt fourteen legs before he found a place to lay down in!

In the midst of this Bohemian life, Eugène Sue took the fancy to have a horse, a cab, and a groom. In order to gratify this wish he applied to two well-known money-lenders. They offered to sell him a stock of admirable wine for fifteen thousand francs, which would fetch one hundred per cent. profit. Eight days afterwards Eugène sold his bargain back to the capitalists—who held his bond for fifteen thousand francs—for fifteen hundred francs ready money. A cab was purchased,

and five hundred francs paid on account; a horse was procured by similar means, and the other five hundred served to dress a groom from head to foot. This magnificent result was arrived at in the winter of 1824 to 1825.

The cab lasted the whole winter. Unfortunately, one morning it was exchanged for horse-riding. Eugène Sue, accompanied by his friend Desforges, and followed by his groom, took an airing in the Champs Elysées. They had got nearly half way up the avenue, saluting the men and smiling at the ladies, when they saw a head issue from the window of a green brougham, and look at them with astonishment. This head almost affected the young men as much as if it had been that of Medusa, only instead of petrifying them it gave them wings, and they bolted off at a gallop. The head belonged to Dr. Sue.

However, they must return home. True, that they did not do so till the next day, but even then justice awaited them at the threshold in the person of the worthy doctor. It was necessary to avow all, and lucky it was so, for the usurers had begun to give trouble about the bond. They were, however, induced to give it up for two thousand francs; a little affair before the correctional police, in which they were compromised, had made them more amenable than usual at that moment.

But Eugène Sue was sent off to the military hospital of Toulon, and Desforges, being master of his own actions, accompanied him in his exile. The last night was devoted to a farewell party. The enthusiasm attained such a pitch on that occasion, that Romieu and Mira resolved to accompany the diligence. Eugène Sue and Desforges were in the coupé, Romieu and Mira galloped on either side. Romieu galloped as far as Fontainebleau, but there he was obliged to get off his horse. Mira, in his obstinacy, made three leagues more, and was then obliged to stop. The diligence continued its way majestically, leaving the disabled behind. Romieu had to be taken back to the capital on a litter. Mira preferred waiting where he was till convalescent; he did not return to Paris for a fortnight, and then it was in the diligence.

Arrived at Toulon, Damon and Pythias started upon the relics of their Parisian splendour. These relics, faded as they were, passed for luxury at Toulon. The Toulonnais did not like the pretensions of the new-comers, and nicknamed Eugène *le beau Sue* (*le bossu*). The irritation of the townsfolk was still further increased by the young men presuming to pay attention to Mademoiselle Florival, *première amoureuse* at the provincial theatre, and who was protected by the sous-préfet. It was an insult to the authorities. They did not succeed, however, in gaining admission behind the scenes, although Desforges urged his claims as author of two or three vaudevilles. The consecration of Charles X. came to their aid. Desforges suggested an *à propos* to Eugène Sue. The latter indited one, and it was received with enthusiastic applause.

In the month of June, 1825, Damon and Pythias separated. Eugène Sue remained in possession of his *entrées* to the theatre and at Mademoiselle Florival's; Desforges started for Bordeaux, where he founded *Le Kaléidoscope*. Ferdinand Langlé had at or about the same time founded *La Nouveauté* at Paris. Eugène Sue returned from Toulon towards the end of the year, and found all his old chums of the Rue du Rempart engaged on the new periodical. Desforges had abandoned his

provincial speculation and joined the band. Eugène Sue had penned an *à propos*, so he was also asked to contribute to *La Nouveauté*. He wrote "L'Homme-Mouche," which appeared in four papers. It was the first production of the author of "Mathilde" and of the "Mystères de Paris."

In the mean time, it can be easily understood that *La Nouveauté* did not pay its numerous contributors in gold. Dr. Sue also continued to be inflexible; he had still on his heart not only the wine drunk, but the wine spoilt. There was also the wine bought! Only one resource remained. It was a watch of the time of Louis XVI., with an enamel back, surrounded by brilliants, a gift of his godmother, the Empress Joséphine. The watch was only parted with in extreme cases; it was then taken to the *mont-de-piété*, where fifty francs were obtained upon it. This occasion presented itself on the Mardi-Gras, or Shrove Tuesday, of 1826, but when the proceeds had been devoured, no alternative remained but to go to the country, and the young men went to Bouqueval, Dr. Sue's country seat. A festival was proclaimed here for Easter. Each guest was to contribute to it—one a fowl, another a lobster, a third a pasty. Now it so happened that each reckoning upon his neighbour, and all alike being in want of money, nobody brought anything. Still a dinner must be obtained somehow or other, so, there being no other alternative, they cut the throat of one of the doctor's sheep. Unfortunately it was a beautiful merino that the doctor kept as a specimen. It was cut up, roasted, and devoured to the last chop. When the doctor heard of this last prank his anger knew no bounds. A commission of sub-assistant surgeon in the navy was obtained for Eugène, and he was sent off to the West Indies.

It was there that he acquired the materials for his "Atar Gull," with its magnificent landscapes, which seem like fairy dreams. On his return to France a decisive engagement was being prepared against the Turks. Eugène Sue embarked as aide-major on board the *Breslau*, Captain la Bretonnière, and was present at the battle of Navarino. He brought back with him as spoils a magnificent Turkish costume, which was soon devoured, gold lace, embroidery and all. At the same time that he was eating the Turkish costume, he was busy with Desforges bringing out "Monsieur le Marquis." His taste for literature appears to have developed itself at this epoch, for he began at the same time his "Plick et Plock" in the periodical called *La Mode*. This was his starting point as a romancer.

Just at this crisis his maternal grandfather died, leaving him about 80,000 fr. This was an inexhaustible fortune. The young author, at that time about twenty-four years of age, resolved upon this accession of means to give up his profession and to devote himself to the fine arts, for which he thought he had a vocation, and with this view he furnished a home to himself, which he filled with curiosities and objects of virtù. In order the better to study his new profession, he also placed himself under the marine painter, Gudin, who was scarcely thirty years of age, but whose reputation was already made.

The youth of the parties caused the studies to be frequently interrupted by those pranks which seem to have been an essential part of Eugène Sue's life and career. Among others, he represented his master at a rendezvous, and which, when returned by a visit to Gudin's own house, he disconcerted by assuming the garb of the artist's valet! Another was

the persecution of an unfortunate porter, of whom Russian princesses, German baronesses, and Italian marchionesses were always asking for a lock of hair, whilst an invisible chorus sang,

Portier, je veux
De tes cheveux!

The joke assumed a practical character on one occasion, when five or six servants came to the aid of the porter, and the troubadours, obliged to convert their musical instruments into defensive arms, only got out of the scrape with the handles of their guitars in their hands. So pertinaciously was the persecution continued, however, that the unfortunate porter is said to have perished delirious in an hospital. This is the origin of Pipelet in the "Mystères de Paris," and Eugène Sue has depicted himself in the *rapin* Cabrion.

The campaign of Algiers having in the mean time been inaugurated, Gudin started for Africa, and Eugène Sue, left to himself, once more laid aside the pencil and took up the pen. "Atar Gull," one of his most complete romances, was begun at this period.

Then came the revolution of July. Eugène Sue associated himself with Desforges to produce the comedy entitled "Le Fils de l'Homme." The predilections of the romancer were manifest. He did not forget that he was the godson of Joséphine, and that his name was Eugène. The comedy written, it remained in that condition; the Orleanist reaction anticipated the authors. One of the criminals, too—Desforges—had become secretary to Marshal Soult. Now it was not to be expected that, as the Duke of Ragusa owed everything to Napoleon, he would like to see a play performed in honour of his son. An author's vanity is, however, a frailty that leads to many acts of imprudence. Desforges was one day induced to read the play to Volnys, a general of the Empire, who had not been made marshal, and who therefore held its memory in reverence. Volnys was delighted, and asked for a loan of the manuscript. Six weeks had elapsed when a rumour became current that some great event was preparing at the Vaudeville. That theatre was at that time under the management of Bossange, himself a joint author, French fashion, with Soulié, and he was backed by Déjazet. The two together were supposed to be capable of anything.

One evening, Desforges, anxious to know what was this literary event anticipated at the Vaudeville, made his way behind the scenes.

Here he fell in with Bossange, and tried to obtain some information from him.

But Bossange was in too great a hurry.

"*Ah! mon cher,*" he exclaimed, "I cannot listen to you now; only imagine Armand has been taken ill and cannot come, so that we are obliged to exchange the piece in which he was to appear for one that has only just been rehearsed, and is not yet known. Come, *monsieur le régisseur*, is Déjazet ready?"

"Yes, Monsieur Bossange."

"Then give the usual three knocks, and make the announcement."

The three knocks were given. "Place on the stage!" was shouted out, and Desforges was obliged to take place with the rest behind the scenes.

The régisseur, in white cravat and black coat, advanced to the footlights, and, making the stereotyped bows,

"Gentlemen," he said, "one of our artists having been taken ill at the moment for raising the curtain, we are obliged to give you, in place of the second piece,

a new piece which it was not intended to bring forward for three or four days yet. We, therefore, pray you to accept the exchange."

The public, to whom a new piece was given instead of an old one, applauded the régisseur magnanimously.

The curtain fell to rise again almost immediately.

At this moment, Dejazet was coming down from her dressing-room in the uniform of an Austrian colonel.

"*Ah! mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Desforges, a flash of lightning crossing his mind, "what are you going to play?"

"What am I going to play? I play *le Fils de l'Homme*. Now let me go by, *monsieur l'auteur*."

Desforges's arms fell by his side. Déjazet was allowed to pass.

The piece met with an enormous success.

The performance over, Desforges had the door opened, by which he could pass from the stage to the theatre; he wished to be the bearer of the news to Eugène Sue.

He bustled in the passage against a gentleman who appeared to be in a great hurry.

This gentleman was Eugène Sue.

Chance had so ordered it that he was in the theatre all the time that Desforges had been behind the scenes.

Instinct of authors, we suppose; but what night of the seven is not a dramatic author or a dramatic monomaniac at one theatre or another in Paris?

At this epoch Dr. Sue died, leaving some 23,000 to 24,000 fr. per annum to Eugène Sue. The legacy came in good time, for the 80,000 fr. of his maternal grandfather were nigh expended. Eugène Sue could now live without the aid of literature, but when once one has put on that tunic of Nessus, woven of hope and pride, it is not easily removed from the shoulders. Our author then continued his literary career by "La Salamandre," still one of his best works; after which appeared "La Coucaratcha," and then "La Vigie de Koat Ven."

These three or four works at once placed Eugène Sue high among the ranks of modern authors, but they at the same time raised against him that outcry of immorality, which he was never able to allay completely. Alexandre Dumas, his biographer, enters at length into the question, on grounds which it is impossible to discuss in these pages. He declares that if Alfred de Musset had a malady of the mind, Eugène Sue suffered from one of the imagination. He believed himself to be depraved; but whilst Alfred de Musset became *un méchant garçon*, Eugène Sue always preserved *un brave et excellent cœur*. It was his diseased imagination that created such characters as Brulard, Pazillo, and Zaffie; he thought that he could be like them, whilst in reality he did not in the most distant way resemble them. He even took a morbid pleasure in upholding the accusations that were made against him, and systematically persevered, when they had once obtained currency, in giving to them a further consistency. Thus, in his hideous romance of "Justine," he makes virtue fall and crime triumph, and he excused himself on the plea that if virtue was recompensed here below it would not want to be rewarded in another world. Alexandre Dumas says, in a summary, that he, De Leuven, Ferdinand Langlé, and Eugène Sue himself, used often to talk about this mania of the latter to *Mephistophelise* himself, and that it made them roar with laughter. Nothing could be less diabolical than this

"gai et charmant garçon." The proofs that Alexandre gives of his gaiety and talent are unanswerable, but the advocacy of his morality is far less convincing, and the very proofs that he gives to support his view of the matter are not very satisfactory. We must not, however, we suppose, measure Eugène Sue's morality in the scale of a common humanity, but in that of a comparison with the Dumas, the Langlés, the Mussets, the Desforgeses, and his other contemporaries and associates.

In 1834, Eugène Sue brought out the first numbers of a "History of the French Navy." It was one of his worst works, and was soon discontinued. Eugène Sue's talent was not at all adapted for history, nor even for historical romance. "Jean Cavalier" is a mediocre production, and yet it is the most important of his historical works. "Le Morne au Diable" is briefer and infinitely better, although the fable that the Duke of Monmouth was so hunchbacked that the executioner had to cut away at him three or four times before he could separate the head from the body, is totally inadmissible.

During the lapse of the next seven or eight years he published successively, "Deleytar," "Le Marquis de Létorières," "Hercule Hardy," "Le Colonel Surville," "Le Commandeur de Malte," and "Paula Monti," but without any real success.

All this time he lived the life of a *grand seigneur*. He had a charming house in the Rue de la Pépinière, encumbered with marvels, and which had only one fault, that of resembling a cabinet of curiosities; he had three servants, three horses, three carriages, all kept in the English fashion; he had plate estimated at 100,000 fr.; he gave excellent dinners, and he kept up most expensive female connexions. The consequence was that one fine day he received from his solicitor, in answer to a demand for money, a laconic statement, to the effect that "You have eaten up all your fortune with the exception of 15,000 fr."

Chance, says Alexandre Dumas, led me to his house that day. We had a piece to do together; he had written to me several times to come to him, and I had come.

He was as a man who was thunderstruck.

He related to me very succinctly, however, what had happened to him, adding:

"I will not receive those 15,000 fr.; I will borrow, I will work, and I will give back."

"What are you thinking of, my dear friend?" I said to him. "If you borrow, the interest of the loan will swallow up far more than your 15,000 fr."

"No," said he; "I have an excellent friend."

"A woman?"

"More than a woman—a relation—a very wealthy relative, who will lend me what I want, were it 50,000 fr."

The next day I returned.

I found him annihilated.

His friend had replied by a refusal, founded on the usual common-places when it is not convenient to do a person a service.

But what was most amusing was the postscript to the letter.

"You talk of going to the country; but do not go before you have presented me to the English ambassador."

This postscript was the culminating point of poor Eugène's exasperation.

"Let them," he exclaimed, "say again that I depict society in black colours!"

The day after, I returned again to see him, not to work, but to see how he was getting on.

He was laid up with a horrible fever. He had been to Chatenay, a little country house of his own, to repose his poor shattered brains on the bosom of a woman whom he loved; but she had heard of his ruin, and had excused herself from meeting him.

The old story! If there is not much morality in the man, there is plenty to be gathered from the progress of his career.

What terrified Eugène Sue most was, not only that there remained only 15,000 fr., but that he found that he was in debt some 30,000. He fell into a deep state of despondency. One good thing resulted from all this evil—the friends of his folly and extravagance disappeared, and real friends alone remained about him. Among these was Ernest Legouvé, "a clear head, an honest heart, a warm Christian." Another was Goubaux. And the two friends set nobly to work to arouse the author who had been so suddenly wrecked in the loss of everything—fortune, friends, and love!

Goubaux endeavoured to rouse him by an appeal to glory.

But he, smiling sorrowfully, said: "My dear sir, will you permit me to tell you one thing—it is that I have no talent."

"What! no talent?" said Goubaux, surprised.

"Not in the least! I have had some successes, but trifling; nothing that I have done has been really my work. I have neither style, nor imagination, nor foundations, nor form; my maritime romances are bad imitations of Cooper, my historical romances bad imitations of Walter Scott. As to my two or three theatrical productions, they are not worth mentioning. I have the most deplorable way of doing my work: I begin a book without having either a middle or an end to it—I work from day to day, driving my plough without knowing even the soil that I turn up. Would you have an example: here are two months that I have been at work on a new subject—'Arthur'—and I have only been able to get out two feuilletons for the *Presse*. I cannot achieve a third. I am a lost man, M. Goubaux, and if I was not as cowardly as a cow I should blow my brains out."

"Why," said Goubaux, "you are even worse than I expected to find you. I expected to see you doubting others, but I find you also doubting yourself. I will read the two first feuilletons of 'Arthur' this evening, and to-morrow I will come and talk to you about them."

Goubaux returned the next day; he had read the two chapters, and he recommended his dejected friend to continue the work. "Write from your heart," he said; "the autopsy of one's own heart is the most curious of all. But, above all, leave Paris—isolate yourself from all interruption." Eugène Sue took his friend's advice—he went once more to Chatenay, and in three months "Arthur" was written. Out of the 20,000 fr. he got for it, he paid 6000 fr. or 7000 fr. of debts. One day Goubaux said to him, "There is one thing in the midst of which you live, and which you do not see, and you do not sympathise with, and that is the people. You have lived long enough with the upper classes, go down now among the people, and try your success." This advice gave birth to "Mathilde," and to the "Mystères de Paris," the latter of which was destined to exercise so great and so unexpected an influence on the fate of its author.

Alexandre Dumas would have us believe that a lady of distinction and intelligence had also something to do in the matter of "Mathilde" and the "Mystères de Paris." It is not for us to determine. More certain

it is, that putting on an old turned-off blouse which had belonged to a painter and glazier, with strong shoes, and a cap on his head, and his hands carefully dirtied, he went all alone to dine in a house in the Rue aux Fèves. Chance seconded his objects. He was witness there of a ferocious quarrel, and the actors in the scene supplied him with the types of Fleur-de-Marie and of the Chourineur—"l'homme qui voit rouge," as Dumas says of him—a creation which may be placed side by side with the finest that have emanated from genius. Eugène Sue returned home and wrote three chapters, and then sent for his friend Goubaux. The third was condemned, it was not in keeping. He next went to his publisher, and agreed to terms for a romance in two volumes. The publisher sold the first copy to the *Journal des Débats.* Such was its success, that it was agreed that there should be four volumes instead of two, then six, then eight, and finally ten! Hence the weakening, the want of continuity, and even of keeping in the story. Fleur-de-Marie, a fallen woman in the first chapter, becomes a virgin and a martyr in the course of this long and devious story, and, finally, dies a canoness! As to Eugène Sue, he laughed at it; he thought he had made an admirable social paradox.

But here is a great proof of the goodness that lay at the bottom of Eugène Sue's character. Such was the success of the "Mystères de Paris," which depicted the sufferings of the lower classes in the most picturesque and striking language, and was supposed to advocate the amelioration of their condition, that scarcely a day passed without his receiving sums of money, varying from one to three hundred francs, for the poor. He added three hundred francs a month to this out of his own purse, and continued to distribute it till his death. From that time, indeed, to his end, he never ceased to love the people, who had been the instruments of his greatest triumph.

In the midst of the surprise which he himself felt at his own success in a new and untried sphere, he was not a little amused by a series of articles which appeared in the phalansterian paper the *Démocratie Pacifique*, and which represented him to be a great socialist philosopher.

The "Mystères de Paris," although so successful as to raise its author to the first rank as a romancer, did not do much for him in a pecuniary point of view; the publisher benefited mainly by the success. But Dr. Véron, who had just purchased the expiring *Constitutionnel*, resolved to revive that paper by means of the new popular author, and he entered into an agreement with him for fifteen years, during which time he was to have 100,000 fr. a year, and in return he was to produce yearly ten volumes!

Following out the new vein so successfully opened in the "Mystères de Paris," Eugène Sue produced, under this new arrangement, the "Juif Errant," "Martin," and "Les Sept Péchés Capitaux." Thanks to the agreement entered into with his old colleague, Dr. Véron, he was enabled to pay his debts, and even to enjoy some of the luxuries of olden times: he had his house in the Rue de la Pepinière at Paris, and his Château des Bordes.

This château, for the possession of which he has been frequently reproached, was neither more nor less than an old barn at the extremity of

the park belonging to the real Château des Bordes, and which appertained to his brother-in-law, M. Caillard. His relative's residence not being quiet enough for literary work, he had the barn divided into compartments, he added a conservatory, and lo! there was the celebrated Château des Bordes. A few vases, a little plate, and a few flowers converted the granary, with the wand of an enchanter, into a little fairy palace.

"Là, son cœur, usé brisé, desséché par les amours parisiennes, retrouva une certaine fraîcheur; là, l'homme qui, depuis dix ans, n'aimait plus, aima de nouveau!"

Alas, for human frailty, the dried, used-up Eugène Sue was not satisfied with rural tranquillity and literary labour. As he had descended in his romances to the people, so he also made a descent in his amours. He had now his Fleur-de-Marie. But this young person died soon from an accident, having struck her head against a shutter, and the romancer was in despair. Ten years before he would have drowned his grief in dissipation, now he wept; he was so far an altered man. He was, indeed, beloved by all who lived at or near the Bordes. Every day he used to put two horses to a waggon well stowed with straw litter, and with this he used to go and fetch the little children of the neighbourhood, and take them to school, and then fetch them back again. What a strange admixture of practical benevolence and goodness of heart with immorality, the result of bad habits and evil example!

The revolution of 1848 overtook Eugène Sue in his rural retirement. He continued his literary work amidst the shouts of insurrection and the firing of guns till 1850, when he was named representative of the people by the electors of the Seine, without any appeal or interference on his part. But if the revolution brought unsought-for honours and responsibilities, it did not aid the cause of literature. Eugène Sue's subvention was diminished to 7000 fr. instead of 10,000 fr., and the number of volumes to seven. Again, out of these 7000 fr. there was (Alexandre Dumas says he does not know exactly how) 3000 fr. to pay to the publisher. So that, in reality, the new member of parliament had only some 200*l.* a year in English money. And that when the same authority tells us that literary work was a very difficult thing with Eugène Sue. The *Constitutionnel*, however, only got four volumes of "Les Sept Péchés Capitaux" under the new agreement.

In the mean time, the 2nd of December came. Eugène Sue's name was not in the list of the proscribed, but Count d'Orsay, Alexandre Dumas tells us, "our common friend, advised him to expatriate himself voluntarily."

Eugène Sue followed the advice tendered, and withdrew to Annecy, in Savoy, where he had a friend named Massey. At first he lived with this friend, but a little châlet being to let on the borders of the lake, he rented it for four hundred francs a year.

When Eugène Sue left Paris, he also left behind him some 100,000 fr. of debt. At Annecy he made a new arrangement with Massey. The latter agreed to pay his debts and allow him 10,000 fr. (400*l.*) a year till he was repaid; when that was done, a surplus of 10,000 fr. should be placed to his credit in the bank of Annecy. So hard did he work, that

in three years' time Massey was repaid, and money began to be paid in to his account. He used to get up at seven, breakfast at ten, and at two he ended his work. He would then take a long walk, generally round the lake—a distance of from ten to twelve miles; on his return he dined largely, and spent the evening with a few friends. He was always a great walker, having a tendency to obesity, which he was anxious to keep down.

The result of these seven hours' daily work were, "L'Institutrice," "La Famille Jouffroy" (one of the best romances of his exile), "Les Mystères du Peuple," "Gilberte," "La Bonne Aventure," and lastly, "Les Secrets de l'Oreiller," which he left unfinished.

He had during his exile a lawsuit with the *Constitutionnel*, by which he obtained a verdict, to the effect that that journal should pay 40,000 fr. to disembarrass itself of all future connexion with Eugène Sue! These 40,000 fr. went to pay the publisher, who insisted on his 3000 fr. for each volume he did not publish.

Thus liberated from the clutches of the *Constitutionnel* and its publisher, an agreement was entered into with the *Presse* and the *Siècle*. He was to write three volumes for each every year. They on their side were to pay eight sous (or 4d.) per line.

Eugène Sue's châlet stood at the foot of a mountain, and when he did not walk round the lake, he would ascend the mountain, and, seating himself on a jutting crag (he had that from his nurse the goat), he would look long and thoughtfully in the same direction.

Why he looked so pertinaciously in that one direction, the proscribed of all times and of all parties can tell.

Thus he lived five years happy enough, till a woman came to trouble him in that humble châlet, and to cause a quarrel between him and his friend Massey. Luckily, the cause of unhappiness was got rid of, but Eugène Sue remained worn out—*épuisé de corps, épuisé de cœur!*

One morning an old friend, Colonel Charras, arrived at the châlet. This was the occasion of a rare festival. But four or five days after that Eugène Sue was seized with violent neuralgic pains in the right temple—pains which he had experienced occasionally for now some years at intervals. On Monday, the 27th of July, his malady assumed the form of an intermittent fever. Wednesday he was so much better that he tried to work at his "Secrets de l'Oreiller," but ideas failed him. Friday he had so much improved that he proposed his favourite walk up the mountain to Colonel Charras. But they had not got above a third of the way up when his strength failed him, and he was obliged to return to his châlet, supported by his friend's arm. The neuralgic pains returned with great severity at night, and a despatch was sent to Geneva for additional medical assistance. Eugène Sue had been slightly delirious. He complained also of great pain in the right side.

At ten o'clock the next evening Dr. Maunoir arrived, had a consultation with M. Lachanal, Eugène Sue's regular medical attendant, and then approached the patient's bed, a lamp being held over his face.

"But this is not what you announced to me!" exclaimed the doctor.

Alas! Eugène Sue had been struck with palsy: his left side was paralysed, his face cadaverous, his eyes glassy, his mouth awry.

Dr. Maunoir shook his head, and said that nothing could be done. From that time, that is to say, Saturday, at ten P.M., till Monday morning at five minutes before seven, when he breathed his last, Eugène Sue never regained his senses.

"Providence," says Alexandre Dumas, in conclusion, "who had allotted to him so agitated a life, granted him the last satisfaction of dying calmly, with his hand in one of the firmest and most loyal hands that exists in the world.

"Thanks, Charras!"

ASTRONOMIC FANCIES.

BY W. CHARLES KENT.

COMETS.

ALL comets slung through space abroad
Are weaving Heaven's eternal praise,
While threading all the starry maze—
The shuttles of the loom of God.

PLANETS.

The lustrous velvet of a ripening plum
Is but the sign of Earth's minutest life:
So may heaven's orbs, with vital beauty rife,
Seen by God's eye, like blooming fruit become.

CONSTELLATIONS.

As on revolving discs responsive sand
Wreathes into lovely shapes—a mystic dance!
So o'er the circling plains of heaven may glance
God's golden star-dust strown with affluent hand.

SATELLITES.

In antique feasts 'mid wine-cups trailed with bloom
The grimly skull gleamed o'er the Sybarite board:
Lo! like a death's-head, where the Moon (dread Lord!)
Smiles o'er Earth's flowery banquet-hall her doom.

SUNS.

As God, an atom once blind man adored
Yon solar symbol of creative Might:
Systems and suns struck out, mere showers of light,
Sparks from the glowing anvil of the Lord.

SYSTEMS.

Heaven's golden spheres Earth's purpling grapes recal,
So mellowing hang till Time their lot fulfil—
When shaken by the fiat of His will
The ripened clusters of God's vintage fall.

PLANETARY ELLIPSES.

Concentric circles whirled together round
  Another, grander, central orb of light;
  May not those rings be lengthened by their flight,
And thus the key of the Ellipse be found?*

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

Inaudible to aught save heavenly ears,
  As round the honeyed hive the bee-swarm burns,
  So from yon golden maze that wheels and turns
Resounds through space the Music of the Spheres.

* This little fanciful hypothesis of mine I would respectfully submit to the consideration of our astronomers. It may be briefly resolved into the query—Whether M. Mädler's discovery of a central sun round which our whole solar system is revolving with scarcely conceivable rapidity may afford an instant explanation of the planetary ellipse?

Every one acquainted with the mere alphabet of astronomy is of course perfectly aware that the ever memorable problem propounded by Sir Isaac Newton in relation to the planetary orbits expressed itself literally in these *ipsissima verba*—"To determine the nature of the curve which a body would describe in its revolution about a fixed centre to which it was attracted by a force proportional to the mass of the attracting body and decreasing with the distance according to the law of gravitation:" Copernicus having previously surmised that the planetary orbits were circular, while Kepler, on the contrary, had suggested that they were elliptical. Every one of us, moreover, delights to recal to mind Newton's almost rapturous amazement when he found that the answer to that problem was the general algebraic expression embracing all the conic sections—the planets revolving in ellipses, the satellites of Jupiter in circles, the comets in orbits both parabolic and hyperbolic.

Accepting with the reverence due to it every iota of that sublime demonstration, and bearing in recollection, with all homage for Sir Isaac, everything he has written thereupon about the centrifugal and centripetal forces, may we not now ask ourselves anew—now that we are studying the phenomenon of the planetary ellipse by the light of that newly-discovered grander central sun of suns, opened to view so very recently by the researches of M. Mädler of Dorpat—whether there may not lie near at hand, already within our grasp, a much less recondite and far more easily comprehensible solution?

Granting, as astronomical science does grant now-a-days, that the whole solar system, sun, comets, planets, satellites, are moving, whirling through space at the rate, it is computed, of 150,000,000 miles in a year—wheeling onwards in the direction of a particular point in the heavens, viz. the star $\frac{\pi}{\lambda}$ in Hercules, speeding on in a circuit of such gigantic dimensions about that mighty central orb (Alcyone, the principal star in the Pleiades) that it requires for the completion of its stupendous orbit the lapse of no less astounding a cycle of years than 18,200,000—is it not readily conceivable that in the whirling of those concentric rings, the planetary orbits, along the path of that marvellous circumference, the circles would by the very swiftness of their flight be lengthened—that from being circular they would become elliptical? Precisely as the revolution of the earth upon its axis causes it to be flattened at the poles while it increases its diameter at the equator, rendering its form no longer a perfect sphere, but rather what is geometrically designated an oblate spheroid. If what may be called with the strictest accuracy the eternal law of celestial dynamics manifests itself thus distinctly by its operation upon solid inert matter, how much more comprehensible that it should be *as* distinctly evidenced through a more elastic medium—not upon an orb, but on an orbit!—W. C. K.

Astronomers may pronounce whether for these humble and valueless initials there may be substituted three others, grandly symbolical—Q. E. D.

PALMERSTON AND HIS POLICY.*

Henry John Temple, third Viscount Palmerston, of Palmerston, in the county of Dublin, fifty-second descendant of that old Anglo-Saxon family of which the Duchy of Buckingham and Chandos is an offshoot; Baron Temple, of Mount Temple, in county Sligo; most exclusive of all exclusive dandies, Lord Cupid, most perfect gentleman in the three kingdoms; since 1807 the "undefined statesman;" the eternal minister, first at war, then of foreign affairs; the heir to Castlereagh's policy; "heirloom of all ministries that have been, are, and still will be;" zealous Tory; fiery Whig; Lord Firebrand; "moderate Reformer;" the "Pandora's box of all European revolutions;" "Russian emissary;" "not an Austrian but an English minister;" finally, even England's prime minister, London's smoke-consumer, father of a police bill, Bonapartiser, saviour and ruin of England—what manner of man can this be who has played so many parts in his time? And, be it remembered, these are only his principal titles, and far from representing all the functions he has performed, either officially or in the opinion of the people. Charles Dickens was greeted with shouts of applause when he pointed him out as the best performer for "comic old men;" and at the same time stated he knew where to lay his hands on the most practised conjuror and prestidigitateur.

How is this Proteus to be held and understood? In himself he is a world of the most incessant and varying activity, occupying the whole of the present century, all the states of the world, and the destinies of the peoples; with 2775 documents about foreign countries, up to March, 1848 (now probably amounting to 5000), with an increase of annual despatches from 8000 to 34,000 during his administration, not to take into account matters privately arranged at cozy dinner-parties and routs, which, according to his own statement before a committee, would amount to an equal number; the orator and participator in the debates of about 18,000 accepted laws, and as many more rejected, without counting the innocent bantlings stifled in the birth; prime minister and regent over 35,000 acts of parliament, which now govern England in the place of the old Anglo-Saxon self-government; the Bosco who produces the strangest metamorphoses and plays the most *outré* tricks—how can he be held and comprehended? The English have plenty of many-volumed books to describe the life and acts of less influential statesmen whose career is terminated; but although many additions to their literature have been made with reference to Lord Palmerston, none of them are absolutely authoritative. The reason is simple enough: the documents required to depict his Protean character are still kept carefully from public knowledge.

A German, then, proposes in these pages to give his countrymen a trustworthy idea of this "greatest of living statesmen," the great undefined minister. How can this be possible? and, if possible, who would

* Unsere Zeit: Jahrbuch zum Conversations Lexicon. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 1858.

consider it correct? Is not Palmerston an article of belief, especially for the genial friends of progress or of the good cause generally? Who would dare to offer the believer, lover, hoper, facts and reasons? *Credo quia absurdum.* The undefined, the inexplicable, appears the more sacred in consequence. "Here is a miracle—all you have to do is to believe it." And any one who is not an implicit believer, is at least an honest friend of the "good cause," which must not be examined into too closely; and Palmerston, despite his "numerous errors and weaknesses," is still the refuge and hope of those noble beings who believe in a better future, and have not yet lost confidence. And whence can this future be expected but from England, the last asylum of those who, in their emptiness and humility, have determined that these better times must come from without, and not emanate from themselves? The attempt at Jersey was the harbinger of an alien bill—has Palmerston succeeded in Bonapartising England, or should this better future be sought among the victims of an extradition bill, *en route* to prison, the gallows, and Cayenne?

But Palmerston fought against Russia—and against Russia means for liberty. Any man, then, who does not believe in Palmerston, or tries to lower him in public opinion and the hopes of nations, can only do so for Russian roubles. The conclusion is not exactly logical, but it is so current that we will allow it to pass muster. But, did he fight against Russia? There is a universal affirmation. Suppose we see. And against Russia on behalf of liberty? We will see into that also. We will not attempt to exalt or depreciate Palmerston, but strive to comprehend this great marvel by his own deeds.

"Out of thy own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant," says Urquhart, the "insane" foe of the great undefined statesman. We will grant at once the injustice of such a condemnation. A modern diplomatist is forced to say a great deal in order to conceal his thoughts. His statements, therefore, as a general rule, lead away from the right track. It has been the mistake of Europe for the last fifty years, that it has judged Palmerston and the English policy by the extracts from speeches printed in the newspapers. Palmerston has sought to hide his actions from publicity. He always made his most brilliant speeches about things which he wished not to say, generally winding up with a tag that raised inextinguishable laughter in the House. He always had the laughers on his side. And they all laughed. This betrays at once one of the chief secrets of his fifty years' successes. But the deeds! the deeds! Let us examine his historically crystallised deeds and his comments upon them, for they will throw a light on all his Protean tricks. And so, in order to obtain the form of a biographical epos, let us regard Lord Palmerston as antediluvian Adam and Lord Cupid, as man, as minister of war, of foreign affairs, and premier—in his actions.

As "Lord Cupid" and "most perfect gentleman of the three kingdoms," he acquired with his twentieth year an absolute dictatorship over the "upper ten thousand." He was a higher form of Brummell, an incarnated Pelham. The cut of his coat or of his hair was law. His necktie was a ukase. The elegants, the dandies, the lions—even the highest strata of the world of fashion, the exclusives, yielded to hin without a blow. His appearance, his gestures, "came, saw, and con

quered." He was regarded without opposition as the most exclusive of the exclusives. He was the first to introduce the German waltz, and a German dance-master in London received a guinea for every lesson, till he waltzed himself to death. Not only the fools of fashion but the worthiest men of the kingdom contended for the friendship of the young necktie dictator. The weaker sex fell at the feet of the beardless tyrant, as unresisting victims. The despatches relating to these delicate adventures are not made public, and here, perhaps, he was in the right. We only refer to this pre-historic period because Palmerston took with him into parliament the sweet consciousness of commanding, the certainty of victory, and the boldest confidence in the elegance and fascination of his manner; and though now upwards of seventy, he has received no other chastisement for his overweening pride than a few transitory attacks of gout. The contempt and irony displayed in his whole political career, the utterly unprincipled contradiction between his speeches and his actions, spring from this pre-historic Cupid-episode of his youth. His hair is white, but nothing could weaken and blanch the youthful elegance and arrogance of his parliamentary windings. With him the curved line has ever been the line of beauty.

As triumphant dictator over both sexes, he joined the Tories in 1807, or in his twenty-third year, as lord of the admiralty in the Duke of Portland's administration. Two years before, he had stood against Lord Granville for the representation of Cambridge. Being defeated here, he entered parliament as member for Bletchingly, until he succeeded in buying Cambridge, which town he represented until he altered his politics. He then went to South Hants, and eventually fixed on Tiverton, whence he has been returned since 1834.

His first parliamentary success, on the 3rd February, 1808, about the expedition to Copenhagen, characterises the "undefinable" at once. He triumphantly proved the constitutional beauty of keeping secret all despatches, and laid down the principle, which he has since always employed as a *deus ex machinâ* when he required it, that the publication of diplomatic documents was dangerous to the state; the same was the case with the law of nations, for which he proposed to substitute the law of might. What is the law of nations? Practically considered, it is nothing but the sum of treaties and laws which diplomatists and statesmen have established for their own convenience. "Break them if you can and are strong enough," was the doctrine of the youthful Palmerston at an age when lads of commoner clay are enthusiasts for equity and justice. Keep the despatches secret, else they might rouse the plebeian feelings of honesty and justice! Here we have the first great characteristic of the Palmerstonian policy, the destruction of all just relations between nations and of the feeling of rectitude among Englishmen, by thousands of arbitrary acts of parliament to suit momentarily powerful cliques and interests of the hour. It is true that Palmerston cannot claim the entire credit of the innovation, for Metternich and Talleyrand had preceded him in the sinuous track; still, it cannot be denied that Palmerston was a most promising pupil.

When Castlereagh retired from the administration of the war department in 1809, no one was inclined to be his successor. The deeply compromised portfolio was hawked about in vain, until the young Lord

Cupid consented to accept it and carry out the Castlereagh policy with more grace—and deception. He then became minister against Napoleon, we may say the whole world, and remained so through all ministerial changes until 1828, when Wellington took the reins of office. Palmerston was the Jupiter Maximus of the Peninsular War, whose traditions ruined the English army before Sebastopol; it was Palmerston who brought about the battle of Waterloo; the same Palmerston who banished Napoleon to St. Helena, and eternally excluded his family from the throne of France; and it was really the same Palmerston who preferred to insult his Queen, his colleagues, and the then popular opinion of England rather than deny himself—the celebrated defender of constitutional liberties in other countries—the precipitated recognition of Napoleon III.

During his ministerial career, Palmerston was wont to hold aloof from general questions, devoting his attention principally to special topics relating to his department. When the Catholic emancipation began to ferment, he gave another proof of his political sentiments: he asserted that the people ought not to be allowed to take part in the discussion of public affairs—he, who had so often been praised and abused as revolutionary collaborateur in propagating constitutional liberty in other countries. In March, 1816, he defended the increase of the standing army, and with equal zeal again in 1820. The objection that standing armies imperiled the liberties of the people, he contradicted by the assurance that the officers, exclusively belonging to the aristocracy, were a guarantee against this, and that one-half of the army would defend constitutional liberty were the other half to attack it. Hence a civil war is a guarantee of liberty!

With the Tories, Palmerston had been ultra-Tory, especially with the first half of the Liverpool ministry, which became Liberal with Canning's accession (1822-1828). Under Canning, who is stated to be his ideal, Palmerston acquired another of his titles, "moderate Reformer." The programme of these moderate Reformers contained as its chief paragraph, "Opposition to all Parliamentary Reform." With the Wellington-Peel ministry Reform ceased to be even a phrase. Palmerston was Canning's scholar. Canning's reforms were branded by Wellington as "very dangerous innovations," but Palmerston passed over to the Wellington ministry as heirloom. When sharply attacked, he defended himself after his lordly fashion: "Four other members of Canning's liberal ministry have also joined Wellington. Was I the only one? Besides, firm adherence to political principles is absurd. May not a man alter—must he not improve himself?" He frequently proved most brilliantly in his speeches that he had altered his views for the welfare of his country, and ridiculed political adherence to party principles. We are bound to allow him to be in the right, so long as alteration is development; but the same admirer of development appealed too often to his political consistency, to his faithful adherence to his political convictions, and the most obstinately after his joining the Wellington ministry. With the same graceful impudence he extinguished all the fire of the anger at his dismissal, and his sins against the Queen after the *coup d'état*. "Has not my honourable friend Russell recognised the *coup d'état?* Have not the other honourable gentlemen, who guard the greatness and liberty of England, recognised it? Certainly they have." General applause and hilarity in the

House. If a schoolboy were to excuse himself to his master after such a fashion, he would receive twice as sound a thrashing.

But Wellington had determined on kicking out the liberals and cleansing the Augean stable. Hence he took advantage of a hasty move on Huskisson's part, in which Palmerston was compromised, to compel their resignation. Thus Palmerston quitted the ministerial benches after twenty years' service, and became a popular favourite, because he had been a sacrifice to his liberal tendencies. Palmerston employed his "holidays" in recommending himself to the Whigs, who were soon to attain power. Wellington fell on the "Barricades of the Revolution of July," just as, according to Brougham, the Reform Bill of 1832 was gained on the same barricades. Palmerston took office as foreign secretary to the Grey ministry, for the Whigs had returned to power after fifty years' retirement, and retained office from 1830 to 1841 (with the exception of six unimportant months in 1834), and from 1846 to 1851, responsible for the whole foreign policy of England.

It used to be said that "Canning's scholar" laid down, as the fundamental principle of his foreign policy, the liberal constitutionalising of the west and south of Europe, thus to gain a balance against the absolutist north and east. It was even added that he had evidenced great talent in this task. As a proof, people referred to the alliance with France for this object, the creation of Belgium, the favour shown Don Pedro in Portugal, and the quadruple alliance for the support of the thrones of Isabella and Maria da Gloria. It is possible that the conjuring tricks produced such an illusion. But, in the first place, how have these constitutional graftings thriven? Secondly, how did he ill-treat and demoralise Isabella's constitutional throne, when Louis Philippe proved his superiority as diplomatic match-maker? Thirdly, and all in all, how does this "leading principle" harmonise with Affghanistan, Syria, Egypt, the treaty of Hunkiar-Skelessi, Poland, Cracow, Hungary, the mouths of the Danube, the English vessel for the Circassians, the Danish treaty of succession—in a word, with Palmerston's persistent tenderness towards Russia and her extension of territory? Leading principle? liberal constitutionalism? balance to the absolutist north and east? Persons boasted, too, of Palmerston's grand comprehension of the "European balance." Perchance, the constitutional liberty in Portugal, Spain, &c., weighed so heavily in the scale, that he thought he must keep constantly adding to the Eastern scale, in order to preserve the equilibrium.

From the Affghan war we need only quote the fact that Lord Palmerston had a Blue-book fabricated, from which he cut out all the passages that could compromise living and responsible persons; and so cleverly did he do it, that everything tended to the belief that the deceased consul in Cabul had been solely to blame. How Palmerston insulted his own officials, in order not to disturb the peace with Russia, must be read—fully detailed in Kaye's "War in Afghanistan"—before it can be believed. This Affghan war—the deposition and restoration of Dost Mahomed, while the Persians were besieging Herat—has received a brilliant illumination, and added a further proof of the wisdom of Palmerston's foreign policy by the recent operations in Persia. The English at that time sought to destroy their natural ally against Persia, and, after losing their army, restored him to his throne, on which the last war was intended to

support him, after Persia had been allowed to become *de facto* a Russian province.

The noble viscount was generally regarded as the chivalrous protector of the Poles. The Poles had been already one month under arms, when Palmerston took the foreign secretaryship in November, 1830. Palmerston held his tongue about it, until Hume publicly stated that he supposed the English government intended to do nothing for Poland. Palmerston sprang up in great anger: "Every species of responsibility which existing treaties impose on the government will be at all times properly fulfilled." On the 9th of July, 1833, he told the House: "The claim of Russia to Poland dates from the treaty of Vienna, which treaty guarantees the integrity of Poland." Appealed to on the 26th of March, 1834, he replied: "The mere fact that England is a party to the treaty of Vienna, cannot be synonymous with England's duty to protect this treaty from any infringement on the part of Russia." Once on a time a Milanese said to Frederick Barbarossa: "Certainly you had our oath, but remember, we by no means swore to keep it." On the 9th of July, 1835, Palmerston acquainted the House with the mysteries of the treaty of Vienna. "It gives the English government a right to form and express an opinion about every infringement of this treaty. The co-signers had a right to demand that the Polish constitution should not be assailed, and this is an opinion I have not concealed from the Russian government. I imparted this opinion both before and after the fall of Warsaw. The Russian government, however, took a different view of the question." On the 20th of April, 1836, he consoled the House for its grief at the annihilation of Poland in these words: "The Emperor of Russia is incapable of extirpating so many millions of men as the various districts of Poland contain." A proposal for the support of Polish fugitives he declined, with the remark: "Such a support of these unhappy individuals is not in harmony with my duty, though it is extremely painful to me to be forced to oppose it" (25th of March, 1834). But the expenses of the fall of Poland he very liberally paid out of England's pocket, as is shown in a small work, "Palmerston and Russia." Austria sent a plenipotentiary to Paris on behalf of Poland. France expressed her willingness if England would join. Palmerston declined, with the following remark: "The time has not yet arrived to carry out such a plan against the will of a ruler whose right is undeniable."

It would occupy too much space were we to draw our readers' attention to all the conjuring tricks performed by Palmerston with reference to Poland and Cracow. As to the so-called Dutch-Russian loan, for which England was a guarantee, to compensate Holland for the loss of Demerara, the Cape, &c., the separation of Belgium dissolved all responsibility on the part of England; but Palmerston solemnly declared that treaties must be kept in their integrity. Thus Russia obtained her expenses for the Polish matter. No wonder that the noble lord repeated so frequently, "Nothing can be more painful to men of noble feelings than discussions about Poland."

And now for a glance at Palmerston's Oriental policy! The Russo-Turkish war of 1828-1829 is well known. In 1833, Russia took Constantinople under her personal protection by landing troops on the Asiatic side, merely to save it for the Sultan. "The occupation of Constanti-

nople by Russian troops sealed the fate of Turkey. It was the decisive blow to the independence of Turkey" (Robert Peel, March 17, 1834). Through the treaty of Adrianople the subjects had lost their respect for the government. Mehemet Ali, who had supported the Greek insurrection, revolted, sent his army under Ibrahim Pacha to Syria, conquered that province, and marched on Constantinople. The Sultan begged Russian help; the French admiral, Roussin, offered to keep the Egyptians in check if the Sultan declined Russian help. Too late! the Russians took Constantinople under their protection. In May, 1833, Count Orloff arrived at Constantinople with a letter from St. Petersburg, which the Sultan was induced to sign without previous communication with his divan. This document eventually became historical as the treaty of Hunkiar-Skelessi. On the 11th July, 1833, Bulwer asked for documents referring to the Turco-Egyptian complication; Palmerston refused them: "The documents are as yet imperfect, and the results not known." Bulwer complained that the government had not taken the part of the Sultan, although he had asked for assistance. Palmerston did not deny that the Sultan had asked for help the year before (speech of 11th July, 1832). It was in the course of August (speech of 24th August, 1833). No, it was not in August: "The request for naval assistance was made in October, 1832" (speech of 28th August). But that was not quite right: "His (Palmerston's) assistance was sought by the Porte in November, 1832" (speech of 17th March, 1834). What an admirable uncertainty about so trifling a matter as the downfal of Turkey. It is the fact, at any rate, that Turkey asked for English assistance and refused the Russian, and that Palmerston dismissed two Turkish envoys sent for the purpose, although, according to his own confession (speech of 28th August, 1833), Russia recommended his interference. The Sultan waited three more months, until he had no alternative but to accept Russian assistance. On the 11th July, 1833, the noble lord asserted that, "had England thought proper to interfere, no Russian troops would have reached Constantinople." But, why did not England think proper? There was no time. Mehemet Ali began his rebellion in October, 1831; the decisive battle of Konieh was fought on 21st December, 1832. There was no time between these dates. But in reality it was not want of time, but of a formal application on the part of the Porte. This arrived on the 3rd November; the Russians did not land at Scutari till February 20, 1833. Well, it was not exactly the want of a formal application. "It was a war by a subject against his sovereign, and this sovereign was an ally of the King of England; consequently, it would have been inconsistent with good faith to enter into any communication with Mehemet Ali" (Palmerston, 28th August, 1833). The most perfect gentleman of the three kingdoms could not be guilty of such a breach of etiquette. Like the Spanish grandee, who allowed the queen to be burned to death because it would have been improper to touch her petticoats, Palmerston sacrificed Turkey to his feelings of consistency. Well, have we really reached the core at last? Earl Grey, on the 4th February, 1834, offered the following nut to crack: "We had at that time extended commercial relations with Mehemet Ali which it would have been against our interest to disturb." Palmerston had his consuls and agents in Egypt in 1832. The revo-

lutionist! he had actually entered into negotiations with the "rebellious subject" of his dear friend the Sultan. Well, then, it was not etiquette—then it must have been commercial interests. Have we the clue at last? Nahmik Pacha, the second envoy to London from the Sultan, offered magnificent commercial privileges and benefits for the English trade. We know the Levant and Turkish faith. Then, commercial interests did not guide the noble lord—what could it be? But really this is asking too much—Professor Anderson's tricks would lose all their piquancy were he to show us how they are done.

On the 24th of August, 1833, Lord Palmerston was not acquainted with the death-blow to Turkey, the treaty of Hunkiar-Skelessi. Afterwards he confessed that he had heard of it, though not officially; but on the 8th of February, 1848, Anstey proved that the Sultan had sent a copy of it to Palmerston, but the Turkish envoy had received it back from Palmerston through the Russian ambassador, with the advice to choose better counsellors in future. It is evident, then, that Palmerston had strongly supported the treaty, which eventually laid the foundation of the Crimean war, and raised him to the premiership to overthrow the policy which he had laboured so long and persistently to carry through. Surely the whirligigs of time bring strange revenges!

In the East, then, the English minister (Russell asserted expressly that he was an English, not an Austrian, Russian, &c., minister, and "Brutus is an honourable man") carefully guarded the interests of Russia; and what did he in the West? His leading principle was "to constitutionalise West and South against the absolutist North and East." Indeed! and yet he carried through the Danish succession, by which the rights of German princes were so disgracefully assailed. And what excuse had Palmerston for a measure of which Lord Malmesbury thanked God that it was not his work? The answer is, "Because it is England's business to prevent the duchies from being separated from the kingdom." The Upper and Lower House were satisfied with this new reading of the law of nations, and Palmerston acquired the applause of all well-disposed persons.

The foreign conjuring tricks of Palmerston, about which so many piquant details might be extracted, especially with reference to the opium trade with China, at length gained him the object of his ambition. His behaviour in the *coup d'état* business was terribly punished: he became first, home minister, and finally premier. His activity in the home department was much admired: he prevented a certain number of chimneys smoking; he tried, by a reform bill for the Civil Service, and the Board of Health, to spread the seeds of bureaucracy over the old land of the Sachsenspiegel—he, the only Anglo-Saxon peer in England—and to make himself renowned by Bonapartising Great Britain. Thus he played the reformer at home, while the dragon seeds of his foreign policy were producing a fearful crop in the mud of Balaklava. Blanched by age, but not by his conscience, still firm, erect, and talented, he went on his way triumphantly, until the Queen was compelled to choose the least incapable of the incapables to form a ministry. Then he rose to the acme of his ambition, and held his ground against a world of sorrow, shame, disgrace—the terrible Bluebeard, as Dickens designated him—and made the House laugh when they asked about the dead, and told Layard to his face

that he never jested; and all the brave weaklings who had sworn his fall —Layard, Disraeli, Roebuck, Bulwer—fell through, while he kept his ground. The same Proteus and Procrustes, who banished Napoleon and his descendants eternally from France, and dedicated all his powers to the aggrandisement of Russia, survived the day when the nephew of the great uncle would force him to humiliate Russia.

The celebrated Palmerstonian policy, after an existence of fifty years, had not a friend left. Radical leading-article writers proved repeatedly that Palmerston ought to be hanged as guilty of high treason against England. The Nemesis of his own deeds had reserved a still more poignant punishment for him. He lived in a state of hostility with the whole world, and was watched with the greatest jealousy by every cabinet. At home he managed matters somewhat better: he contrived to upset every attempt at reform, and when driven into a corner he escaped by a compromise, as, for instance, when he attempted to convert the Upper House into a species of "First Chamber" by his life peers. His promised reforms ended, as usual, in smoke: he would make a trivial sacrifice, such as Sunday bands, but he would go no further. It was time that the old bad system should be overthrown.

But he did away with one thing—the war. "The permanent peace, honourable to all parties," was announced to the people by myriads of rockets and Bengal lights. Unfortunately, this permanent peace was converted into a general diplomatic war with Palmerston at the Paris conference. The treaty of Paris was falsely understood immediately after its signature. Palmerston haughtily declared that his explanation was the correct one, and a conference was quite unnecessary. The Russian court was of a different opinion, and insisted in opposition to Palmerston. Napoleon supported the Russian views, and thus gave a startling blow to the alliance. Palmerston, much embittered at this defeat, summoned the many-tongued rumour to his aid, and reported publicly that Napoleon was Russianised, and that the ladies of the Russian imperial family were travelling about to Russianise the whole of Europe. The *Moniteur* protested against this interpretation, and suggested that the alliance, even the peace of Europe, was at stake. Palmerston, the "English" minister, according to Russell, became a Russian one once again, like the "spy against his will." That no peace with Russia was really made, was proved sufficiently by the Persian war, which was brought about by Russian instigation.

The result, then, of Lord Palmerston's fifty years' administration was, that he had not a single friend left, save, perhaps, Dost Mahomed. During that period he was the most brilliant representative of the "governing classes" that hold the reins of power. He could always find convenient tools to carry out his designs, and who favoured every variety of policy except that which, according to the old proverb, is the best. His jubilee was celebrated in his dismissal, and England will long have to deplore the short-sightedness which left such a man so long at the head of affairs.

So far, our German friend. Although we are not disposed to accept all his conclusions, still it is gratifying to find that continental liberals are awakening from the delusion under which Lord Palmerston held them so

long. The champion of constitutional liberty has been utterly unmasked at last; and the moment of his fancied triumph was but preparing his overthrow. So far we agree with our author entirely: that Lord Palmerston's policy was fated to alienate us from the whole world. He it was who imperiled the French alliance: in the consciousness of his power he was arrogant to the extreme, and cared little for the dignity of his country so long as he could realise his own ambitious dreams of dictatorship. It was, perhaps, fortunate that he held the reins of power just long enough to prove to the nation how close he could bring them to the verge of a precipice; for his own personal aggrandisement he would have set the world in flames, and, like Nero, have calmly fiddled as he watched the conflagration. With Lord Palmerston, England has gone through the worst phase of a dangerous and corrupt government: in every quarter we were exposed to humiliation, because the premier wished to satisfy some personal pique at the expense of the people. And when, at length, the outraged sense of the nation forced the premier from his exalted position, and he retired from office, leaving his successors a bitter legacy of difficult complications, in which only the greatest caution could escape a collision, Lord Palmerston, we regret to find, remained true to himself. The Cambridge House cabal has not been surpassed in audacity since the days of the first great cabal, except that the members in this instance were far inferior in ability. On no occasion was an opposition placed in such a humiliating position as that into which Lord Palmerston, with his frantic desire for place, forced the Whig party on the late debate. One ardent partisan after the other deserted the Opposition ranks so soon as any doubt of the result began to be entertained, until at length Lord Palmerston and his colleagues found the necessity of a compromise, which the present government, fortunately, was strong enough to decline. The defeat was thorough and most humiliating, and we trust it will be long before the Whigs have the courage to try such an attempt again. It is indubitable, however, that it has greatly strengthened the hands of the present government, for it has revealed a split in the camp of the Opposition which was as annoying to them as it was unexpected.. The Li beral party have acted in a manner worthy of their name; they saw the necessity of supporting the government, in order to prevent the Whig obstructives from returning to power, and they carried out their mission nobly. The speech of Mr. Bright on the vote of censure, apart from its literary merits, was one of the severest blows the Whig party ever received; for, following as it did Sir Robert Peel's guerilla warfare, it added a fresh confirmation of the interested views that governed the purely Whig party. The Opposition speakers tried in vain, by their *verbiage*, to conceal the true animus which impelled them to make these repeated and unfair attacks on the ministry; but a few pointed remarks from the representative of the liberal party settled the question. One by one the supporters of the Opposition fell away, until the Whigs found themselves so utterly denuded of their strength, that they were compelled to appeal to the compassion of their noblyminded foemen, to hide the disgrace which they had voluntarily drawn on themselves.

It is to be regretted that the Whigs have so ignobly returned the kindness evinced towards them: evening after evening is wasted in wretched

recriminations, while the business of the House is at a stand-still. The tactics which convert party questions into personal matters were admirably exposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer's allusion to a late duel in France. In truth, the system pursued by the Opposition bears great affinity to that disgraceful duel. Fortunately, the Chancellor of the Exchequer is a cunning master of fence, and is not compelled to rely on one *botte*, as was the case with the unhappy M. de Pène.

But how is this to end? Can the interests of a great nation be internally compromised by the ill-disguised spite of a few disappointed placeholders? The Whigs had held power so long that they had begun to regard office as the heirloom of their party, and they were bitterly disappointed when they found it torn from them—still more disappointed when they discovered that the Tory party was not yet utterly annihilated. With every factious movement they have made, they have but strengthened the present government in the eyes of the nation, and the only consolation is that if they continue their spiteful opposition, they will end by turning the entire nation against them. But the Tories cannot hold tenure of office on such conditions as these, and it is beneath the dignity of a great nation to have a party in opposition too weak to carry any effective measure, and yet strong enough to impede the course of true government.

The remedy appears simple enough, and yet it is one that must be deprecated: an appeal to the country at the present moment would certainly secure the government a triumphant majority, but it naturally hesitates ere it agrees to such a decisive measure. But if the Opposition persistently continues its present tactics, and tries sedulously to thwart every government measure, no alternative will be left; and if the purely Whig party suffer an ignominious defeat at the hustings, they will have no one to blame but themselves. In the mean while, let us feel grateful for the blast of fresh air which the change of government has introduced into the constitution, for we may feel sure that, whatever changes may occur, whatever government may follow the Tory administration, we shall be saved from any further purely Palmerston ministry, and the country at large ought to feel grateful to the present holders of power, even if they should only bring about such a consummation as that.

As far as we are concerned, we hope to see a Tory government holding the reins of power for a lengthened period; for there appears a better prospect of those moderate reforms we all desire from the present government than from any we have had during the last ten years. And if the Tories display a wish to satisfy the wants of the day, and while listening to the demands of the many do not yield to the cries of the oligarchy, whether absolutist or democratic, we do not see what more the nation should or would desire. And that the present government is prepared to do so, every measure already passed is a sufficient guarantee. At any rate, every day that the Whig party is kept out of power is so much gained by the country.

THE STORY OF THE GHETTO.

The triumphal arch of Titus is probably the most interesting of all Roman antiquities to the stranger, because the history of the Jews and Jerusalem is so intimately connected with the Christian religion. On the frieze of the arch may still be seen the river Jordan under the form of an old man borne along in triumph, and within the arch, through which no Jew was ever yet known to pass, the holy vessels of the temple are carved, among them being the seven-branched candlestick, the golden table, the ark of the covenant, in which the law was preserved, and the silver trumpets for the year of jubilee. Nearly eighteen hundred years have rolled on since this arch was erected by Titus, and nothing is left of the Rome, once mistress of the world, but ruins and dust, and the symbols of the old religion, which has passed away like a dream. On walking a short distance from the triumphal arch, in the direction of the Tiber, the visitor will enter the Ghetto, and find the seven-branched candlestick carved on many of the houses. It is the same which he had first seen on the arch of Titus, but here it is the symbol of a still living religion, and the descendants of those Jews whom Titus led in triumph prove their vitality by keeping up that old religion in an unmutilated form. Here, too, is the Aula Octavia: its mighty pillars and arches tower over the Ghetto. On this spot Vespasian and Titus instituted their solemn triumphal procession over the Jews, while a Jew, the companion and flatterer of Titus—Flavius Josephus, the well-known author—stood by and looked on. He did not blush to be present at the humiliation of his nation, or to narrate it in the highest terms of flattery. We owe to the ignoble Jewish courtier a description of the solemnity.

Through the historical connexion subsisting between the people of Israel and the Romans, who destroyed Jerusalem and scattered the Jews over the world, the Ghetto of Rome is the most curious of all the Jewish communities in Europe. Other bodies, as, for instance, the Spanish and Portuguese Jews of the middle ages, and the Amsterdam synagogues that emanated from them, may be more remarkable for their scientific and dogmatic researches, but not one possesses the antiquity and historical succession of the community in Rome. They do not deserve our notice, however, through any learned disquisitions about the Talmud and the Cabala, but the Roman Ghetto is, as it were, a second Goshen, and its history is that of the incredible perseverance of a small slave community enduring persecution from generation to generation. Since the days of Pompey the Great, Jews have dwelt in Rome; repeatedly expelled by the first Cæsars, they ever returned, and from the time of Titus to the present day they have retained their abiding-place, and nestled here in the most dangerous spot they could select; menaced by the Romans, who had destroyed Jerusalem, and then by the popes, as representatives of that Saviour they had crucified. From the time of Pompey they have endured abuse, contempt, dishonour; and, as a crowning disgrace, were confined like unclean pariahs within the Ghetto. Their history is a dark passage and foul page in the annals of Christian humanity. Still they lived on hopelessly, yet not without hope, for such is the predominant

character of Israel. Impotent to assail their enemies, they entrenched themselves behind the most powerful though mournful bulwarks of misery —association and their national obstinacy.

The history of the Roman Jews, which we purpose to glance at in these pages, is difficult to follow, as far as the earlier phases are concerned, and few allusions are made to them by Latin writers. With the forcible entry of Pompey into the holy of holies at Jerusalem, commences a permanent connexion between that city and Rome. Pompey seems to have brought the first Jewish slaves home: at least, it is indisputable that, dating from him, Jewish freedmen and others, seduced by the spirit of speculation, settled at Rome. They lived there peacefully, and as a separate sect with the privileges of its own law, while their princes and princesses, held in equal honour with the other conquered kings, appeared before the senate and at court to defend their own interests. Herod the Fortunate might be seen, attired in all the pomp of a king, seated at the table of Cæsar and at the theatre. Antipas and Antipater, Archelaus and the Princess Salome, were often visible in the streets of the capital, and several Jewish princes were educated at court. Agrippa, Herod's grandson, a *chevalier d'industrie*, was brought up with Drusus, son of Tiberius, and was the bosom friend of Caligula, in whose revels he shared. The young Jewish *roué* had scarce been released from confinement for debt, when Tiberius cast him into a dungeon, where he pined for six months, until the death of the emperor released him, and Caligula made him king of the Jews. The lovely Princess Veronica, or Berenice, sister and rival of Agrippa the younger, last king of the Jews, played a very brilliant part in Rome. After the destruction of Jerusalem she lived for a season with Titus; but, spite of her intrigues, she could not succeed in mounting the imperial throne. Herod Agrippa was the last Jew who flashed his splendour in ancient Rome, and from that period his people saw no Jew held in honour at Rome except Baron Rothschild, who had great fêtes offered him during the papacy of Gregory XVI., for reasons that may be easily guessed.

In the mean while the Jews had gained firm ground in Rome. Cæsar favoured them, as is proved by their lamenting the whole night after his murder. Augustus also tolerated them, and gave them full liberty to carry on business in Rome: hence they lamented his death too, and wept, it is said, during a whole week. At that time they were not confined to any particular quarter, although we find in Philo that Augustus gave the Jews the Trastevere to live in. According to the Roman tradition, St. Peter lodged in that quarter A.D. 45, near the present church of St. Cecilia, because the Jews resided there; but he also lived in the Aventine, in the house of St. Aquila and Prisca, a Jewish couple who had been converted to Christianity. How mildly Augustus treated the Jews is seen in Philo's curious book, "The Embassy to Caius." The learned Alexandrian Jew states that the emperor ever behaved to the Jews mercifully, and allowed them the exercise of their religion, although they were principally Libertini, or freedmen. A curious monument on the Via Appia, bearing the names of two libertine Jews, Zabda and Akiba, is still visible. The emperor knew, Philo continues, that they possessed synagogues, where they assembled weekly, and were instructed in the wisdom of their fathers. He also allowed them to send money to Jeru-

salem, that sacrifices might be made for them in the temple. He even, Philo adds, decorated the temple with splendid presents, and offered up sacrificial victims; and respected the Sabbath so much, that he ordered the *sportulæ* to be given the Jews on the following day, because on that holy day they were not allowed to give or receive presents. We know that Philo was sent in the year 40 by the Alexandrine Jews, at the head of an embassy to Caius (Caligula), to hand in their complaints about the shameful treatment the Jews received from the Alexandrians. He tells us how Caligula received the Jewish envoys at a country house, where he ran like a madman from one room to another, while the Jews were forced to follow him, under a fire of shouts and laughter. The emperor asked them, mockingly, why they eat no pork. "The noise of those," says Philo, "who ridiculed and maltreated us with coarse jests, was as great as if we had been in a theatre." And thus we find at that early period the same scenes as those which were witnessed in the middle ages, and almost to the present day in Rome, where the Jews were drawn up on Monte Giordano, or at the Arch of Titus, to welcome the newly-elected pope, and were met by the shouts of the boys or the hoarse laughter of the populace.

Caligula had special reasons for being angry with the Jews. He had determined on having a colossal statue of himself erected in the sanctuary at Jerusalem, because he had learned that the Jews were the only people in the world who refused to pay him divine honours. He therefore gave Petronius, viceroy of Phœnicia, orders to have his statue erected. "Then," as Josephus and Philo tell us, "all Judæa proceeded into Phœnicia, men, women, and children, and covered the country like a cloud. Their lamentation and weeping were so great that, even when they had become silent, the echo shook the air. They threw themselves at the feet of Petronius, imploring him to murder them all, but they would never suffer the sanctuary of their God to be defiled." Petronius was greatly moved, and wrote an apologetic letter to the emperor: King Agrippa also proceeded to Rome to intercede for his nation. Philo states, doubtlessly with exaggeration, that his horror at Caligula's threatened desecration of the temple was so great that he was carried away in a fainting condition, and was attacked by a dangerous illness; then he wrote a masterly letter to the emperor, in consequence of which Caligula, to whom the whole world had erected temples and altars, gave up his design, and the temple was spared. His speedy death alone saved the Roman Jews from feeling his vengeance. We regret that Philo gives us no details of the Jews then residing in Trastevere; it appears, however, that they formed a separate synagogue of Libertini, or "Strangers in Rome," the name by which they are alluded to in the Acts.

When the mysteries of Christianity had penetrated into Rome, Jews and Christians were regarded as a common sect, which was the more natural, as the Christians were chiefly converted Jews. Both suffered the same persecution. In the year 51, Claudius expelled them all from the city, after Tiberius had already ordered them to be deported to Sardinia by the advice of Sejanus, in order to stop their abominable usury, which proves that they had already learnt the advantages of lending money. Still they constantly returned, and their number grew so that it is stated to have been eight thousand under the earlier emperors, or double the

present amount; but this estimate appears extreme. With the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, who brought a number of Jewish captives to Rome, the people were dispersed, and, as a natural consequence, numbers flocked to Rome. Vespasian then built a magnificent temple to peace, in which he placed the sacred utensils brought from Jerusalem. The triumphal arch, on which the sacred vessels and the invasion are depicted with such wondrous fidelity, was not completed till after the death of Titus. In the middle ages it was called the Arch of the Seven Candlesticks, or, as the book on the "Mirabilia" of Rome says, "Arcus Septem Lucernarum Titi et Vespasiani, ubi est candelabrum Moysi cum arcâ." Its appearance was greatly altered by the powerful Frangipanni in the middle ages, when they held the Forum and the Coliseum, for they converted the triumphal arch into a fort, and built a tower upon it, called the Turris Cartularia. During the papacy of Pius VII., in the year 1821, the arch was restored to its present state, as one of the most remarkable antiquities in the city and most modern renovation.

Titus, after the triumph, spurned the name of "Judaicus," to which he had a claim—a proof how much he despised the Jews. But both himself and Vespasian tolerated the Jews in Rome, and they were allowed the full exercise of their religion, on condition that they paid the old temple-tax of half a shekel to Jupiter Capitolinus. To the present day the Jews pay their tribute to the Camera Capitolina. In the reign of Domitian, this Fiscus Judaicus, as Suetonius tells us, was sharply looked after. The Jews resided at that time in the Trastevere, but were mercilessly expelled by Domitian, who ordered them to live in the valley of Egeria and pay ground-rent.* Juvenal saw the Jews in a very poor condition, as it seems, going in and out with bundles of hay and baskets, and living a thorough gipsy life. The hay served as a bed, and in the baskets they carried their provisions and any unconsidered trifles they could pick up. In the fourteenth Satire, Juvenal complains of the disgraceful superstition which induced some Romans to be initiated in Judaism. At that time, too, the Jews, like the gipsies among ourselves, indulged in fortune-telling, preparing charms, &c., as our author tells us in his sixth Satire, where he gives us such a vivid description of Jewish customs that we fancy we see the gipsy woman standing before us. And just as in Domitian's time, Jewish women crept in by night from the valley of Egeria to satisfy the aspirations of some love-sick Roman lady, they appear to have gone on to the present day; for many Hebrew dames have before now glided from the Ghetto into the city to explain dreams and sell love philters. The bull of Pope Pius V., bearing date 1569, and commencing "Hebræorum gens sola à Deo electa," bears especial reference to this fact. This remarkable document, which expelled the Jews from all the cities of the Papal States except Rome and Ancona, is a very valuable historical memorial, from which we will quote a few passages for comparison with the verses of Juvenal to which we referred. We read in it, "After that this people had lost its priesthood, and the authority of the law had been taken from it, the Jews were scattered from their own residence, which a merciful and generous God had prepared from the foundation of this nation, as a land flowing with milk and honey. Since that period they have been wandering over the face of the globe: odious, bedecked with

* Cf. Juvenal, Sat. iii.

every infamy and vice, they exercise all descriptions of nefarious and scandalous arts by which they may satisfy their hunger." Then follows a list of these arts. "For, not to mention the numerous varieties of usury by which the Jews swallow up the fortunes of poor Christians, we believe it to be sufficiently well known that they are the accomplices of robbers and thieves, and receive all manner of stolen property, not only profane, but even that belonging to the holy faith, which they conceal for a while, or even dare to transform, so that it may not be recognised. Many of them also creep into the houses of respectable women, and seduce them to commit all sorts of immorality, and, what is worst of all, they delude many unsuspecting and weak persons by satanic lures, such as fortune-telling, charms, magic arts, and witchcraft, making them believe that the future can be revealed; that theft, hidden treasures, and concealed things can be made known, and much more brought to light that no mortal was ever yet able of even conjecturing." So far the papal bull, but we doubt not that Jewish women carry on their iniquitous schemes even to the present day in Rome, in defiance of the bull.

The circumstances of the Jews under the later emperors are obscure; we read that Alexander Severus permitted them to remain in Trastevere, which must have been inhabited by Jews far into the middle ages, for Hadrian's bridge, the Ponte San Angelo, was known as the Jews' bridge. Hadrian completed the destruction of Jerusalem, and swarms of Jews were sold in the markets of Syria at the price of cattle. This indubitably increased the number of Jews in Rome. So soon, however, as Christianity became the state religion of Rome, the Jews began to hold a very dangerous position, for to the contempt of the Romans was added the hatred of the Christian religion towards the enemies of Christ. Constantine the Great issued a decree forbidding the Jews to keep Christian servants, which proves that a demarcation between Christians and Jews was beginning to be regarded as a religious duty. The Theodosian code contains very stringent regulations against any fusion of Christians and Jews, and forbade the Hebrews holding a festival in which they had been wont to express their rancour against the crucified Saviour. It was the festival they held to commemorate the fall of their enemy Haman, whom they exposed on a cross and burnt with shouts of fiendish joy, as if it had been Christ in person. So long, however, as the Roman senate was maintained as a merely civic authority, the Jews enjoyed an endurable fate, but with the sway of the popes, they were the victims of a fanaticism which gradually increased to legalised barbarity. In the beginning of the middle ages the hatred of the Jews had not attained such a pitch that they should be treated as outcasts of humanity; and even in the time of Alexander III. there were free and respected Jews in Rome, more especially physicians, and even servants of the pope. Benjamin of Tudela tells us in his travels that, during Alexander's pontificate, he found at Rome nearly two hundred Jews, tributary to none, among whom several were papal officers. "Among them were some very wise persons, the first of them being the great Rabbi Daniel, and the Rabbi Dehiel was the pope's minister—a well-favoured youth, clever and well read, who performed the functions of steward."

But still more curious is the announcement that the anti-Pope Anaclete II. Piero Leone was a baptised Jew, or the son of one. The family of Piero Leone was one of the most respected in Rome for several

centuries; so, while Jewish women were prowling about the city, telling fortunes and selling love philters, the Jews had free access to the popes, became the ministers of their secret pleasures, their bankers, and finally their physicians. All the Jewish physicians attached to the popes are enumerated in Mandosio's work, "Degli Archiatri Pontifici," which Marini completed and published in 1784. The first of the goodly company is Joshuah Hallorki, physician to the anti-Pope Benedict XIII.—a man who seems to have had a good liking for the Jews, as we read that a Jewish woman had the washing of his linen and robes. Hallorki was afterwards baptised, and took the name of Hieronymus de Santa Fede, adding to his crime by writing a book against the Jews;* he was publicly cursed in the synagogue, in the same way as Uriel Acosta. Innocent VII. also gave the Jews civil rights in the Trastevere in 1406. Among others, to Maestri Elia di Sabbato, Mose di Lisbona, and Mose di Tivoli, who were all physicians. As such, they had great privileges, and were freed from the degrading brand of Judaism. Martin V. Colonna favoured the Jews greatly, and Elias, from the Ghetto, was his private physician. Till far into the sixteenth century we find Jews attached as physicians to the popes, in spite of all the bulls that fanatic popes fulminated against them; for, as Orientals and kinsmen of the Arabs, the Jews stood high in repute with emperors and kings. Samuel Sarfadi, a Spanish rabbi, was physician to Leo X., and was a very learned and eloquent man. It is to be hoped that the favour these men stood in was employed by them to alleviate the misery of their unfortunate brethren.

Owing to the nature of the papal government, which is quite personal and dependent on the temper of the ruler, the Jews were kept in a state of constant irritation, hoping or fearing a change of condition. At the commencement of the middle ages, numerous councils had recommended the separation of Jews from Christians by some special badge; and this order was renewed by Innocent III. in 1215, and by many of his successors, as may be seen in the "Dizionario di Erudizione Storico Ecclesiastico," under the article "Ebrei." But the Jews generally managed to evade these sumptuary laws, or purchased exemption; in fact, it was impossible to carry them into effect, for a merciful pope would overthrow the bigoted decrees of his predecessors. John XXII. had persecuted the Jews, and finally burned their Talmud publicly; Innocent VII., on the contrary, was very kind to them, as was Martin V. Colonna, a Roman by birth. He restored them the privilege of practising as physicians, and decreed that all the Jews in the Papal States should pay their quota to the Carnival-tax, which had hitherto fallen exclusively on the Roman Jews. But his successor, Eugene IV. Condolmieri, a Venetian by birth, and naturally hostile to the mercantile race, restricted their privileges. Jews were forbidden any intercourse with Christians, or even to prescribe for them. They were not allowed to walk about the city, and their testimony was invalid against that of a Christian. In addition, they were ordered to pay the Capitoline treasury an annual sum of 1130 florins. In this reign, too, began the custom of rendering the Jews objects of ridicule at the Carnival feasts. Paul II. Pietro Barbo, a Venetian, in 1468 ordered the Jews to take part in the Corso races, after they had already suffered the indignity of seeing a

* Hieronymi de sanctâ Fide, ex Judæo Christiani, contrà Judæorum perfidiam et Talmud tractatus, sive libri duo ad mandatum D.P.P. Benedicti XIII.

band of their elders walk in front of the senators, dressed in tightly-fitting gaberdines. Races were instituted for horses, donkeys, and buffaloes, old men, boys, children, and Jews. They were given an abundant repast before starting, that the race might appear more ridiculous. The wretched men ran from the Arco Domiziano to the church of St. Mark at the end of the Corso, accompanied by the shouts of the Roman mob, while the Holy Father stood on a richly decorated balcony, and laughed heartily. From this date the Romans would not give up the Jews' race, and we find in Sprenger's "Roma Nova" that the Jews ran naked, with only a girdle round their loins, just after the donkey race. For two centuries the Jews endured this disgrace, until Clement IX. Ruspigliosi listened to their prayers and freed them from it in 1668, on condition that they paid 300 scudi annually, and, instead of walking in the procession, they were to do homage to the conservator. On the first Saturday of the Carnival, the chiefs of the Jews appeared as a deputation before the conservators of the senate at the Capitol. They knelt down and offered a bouquet and 20 scudi, with the prayer that they might be expended in decorating the balcony in which the senate sat on the Piazza del Popolo. Thence they proceeded to the senator, and, kneeling before him, asked in the customary manner that they might be permitted to remain in Rome. The senator placed his foot on their foreheads, then ordered them to rise, and said that they had no claim to reside in Rome, but were tolerated through a merciful motive. This humiliation has also been abolished; but, on the first Saturday of the Carnival, the Jews have still to appear at the Capitol and do homage, while they hand over the tribute for the prizes which they have to pay in memorial that horses are allowed to run in their stead.

With the papacy of Paul IV. the Jews began to suffer a martyrdom, compared with which all their past misery had been an Elysium. This Neapolitan monk, of the fanatic family of the Caraffas, a Theatine, inquisitor, establisher of the martyr-cells and the censorship in Rome, and a merciless reformer, had scarce ascended the papal throne in 1555, ere he issued the bull "Cùm nimis absurdum," to regulate the position of the Hebrew community in Rome. He withdrew all their privileges and increased their tribute, while, to prevent any mistake, he ordered that no Jew should appear in public except in a yellow hat. To this pope, too, the Jews owe their confinement in the Ghetto. Till this period they had generally resided in the Trastevere, and on the banks of the river as far as Hadrian's bridge. The pope, imitating the example of the Venetians, allotted them a distinct quarter, comprising a few narrow and unhealthy streets on the river's bank, and extending from the bridge Quattro Capi to the present place of Tears. Walls or gates that could be guarded enclosed the Jews' Suburb. It was at first called "Vicus Judæorun," then the name of "Ghetto" was substituted, which does not seem to have any connexion with the Venetian Giudecca, but is probably derived from the Talmudic word *ghet*, signifying separation. On the 26th July, 1556, the Jews entered the Ghetto, weeping and lamenting, like their ancestors when led away into captivity.

On the death of this modern Pharaoh, in 1559, the Roman populace vented its fury upon him, and plundered the Inquisition and the Dominican monastery the Minerva. The Jews, generally so timid, and who had taken no part in Cola Rienzi's insurrection, rushed from the Ghetto

and displayed an unwonted spirit. One of them even dared to place the yellow hat on the papal statue at the Capitol; the populace laughed, destroyed the statue, and dragged the head, with the papal crown still upon it, through the mud. But the Inquisition soon took its revenge on the unfortunate Jews, and many of them were burnt on the Campo dei Fiori, in front of the Minerva monastery, where the autos-da-fè were held.

When the Jews migrated to the Ghetto, they were found to inhabit houses belonging to Romans, and a law was consequently passed by which the houses were let to the Jews for a certain rental, which could not be raised under any pretext. This law was, and still is, called the *Jus Gazzagà,* and is regarded as a very valuable privilege: the Jews being at liberty to sell their leases or leave them to their children. A Jewish maiden who possesses a gazzagà need not have any apprehensions about obtaining a husband. Paul's bull was confirmed by Pius V. in 1566, and the Jews were ordered to return to the Ghetto by nightfall. After Ave Maria the gates were inexorably closed, and any person found outside was punished, unless he could bribe the watchman. In 1569, the same pope forbade the Jews dwelling in any other cities than Rome and Ancona, though they had hitherto been tolerated in Benevent and Avignon. Fortunately for the Jews, his successor, Sixtus V., was a merciful man, and restored them all their privileges, and strove to protect them from insult. But, a few years after his death, Clement VIII. revived all the old decrees, and the Jews were worse off than ever. Through the whole of the seventeenth century they were wretched outcasts, and the edicts of Clement XI. and Innocent XIII. during the eighteenth century only added to their misfortunes. The latter revived Pius IV.'s bull, and decreed that the Jews should have no other trade or profession than in old clothes, rags, and broken iron, which was called *stracci ferracci.* In 1740, Benedict XIV., by an apostolic breve, allowed them to add to this the trade in new cloth wares, which they carry on to the present day.

The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, during which the Medici gave such concessions to the Jews in Tuscany, were probably the season of the greatest oppression the Ghetto Jews endured. In a pamphlet published at Rome in 1667, and called "Stato degli veri Ebrei in Roma," Stamperia del Varese—it is stated that "the number of Jews in Rome amounted at that date to four thousand five hundred, among whom were two hundred families in comfortable circumstances." The author of this book says that the Ghetto during the sixteenth century had to pay a tribute of 4861 scudi; while in the seventeenth it only amounted to 3207 scudi. Although the whole book breathes that hostility to the Jews so national at the period, it would be unjust to say that it was utterly untrue. For instance: the author states that, "despite the complaints of the Jews, the Ghetto was rich, and that, after payment of all imposts, it laid by 19,470 scudi every five years, and that it possessed a fortune of at least a million." Doubtlessly, there were rich Jews in Rome; for among the receivers, accomplices of thieves, and necromancers of the Ghetto, lived the usurers, the arch-rogues, who piled up interest on interest. No pope was able to suppress usury; the impoverished nobili protected the Jews, and while the Ghetto was the mark of scorn, the Roman noble received the Hebrew money-lender secretly into his palace The author of the above-quoted work says: "The Jews have made

235,000 scudi out of the Christians, and not an evening passes but that at least 800 scudi are carried off from poor Christian pockets into the Ghetto." It is evident that the crafty nation employed all its talent to make money; and this usury only inflamed the hatred of the Christians. John de Capistrano had once offered Eugene IV. a fleet to carry the Jews in a body over the sea. "Now that he is dead," writes our author, "it is to be wished that he would send Pope Clement IX. a fleet from heaven to remove all these thieves from Rome." The Jewish usurers received eighteen per cent. for their moneys; and this was the revenge they took for all insults.

During the whole eighteenth century it was a strict rule that the Jews should visit a certain church on certain days to listen to sermons on the Christian religion. Gregory XIII., so far back as 1572, issued a decree that the Jews should be forced to hear a sermon weekly. A Jewish convert introduced this custom. On the Jewish sabbath the police proceeded to the Ghetto, and drove the Jews to church with whips. Men, women, and children—if the latter were above twelve years of age—must appear to the number of one hundred males and fifty females, but the number was eventually raised to three hundred. At the church door an inspector counted the persons who entered, while in the church itself the sbirri made the people attentive, and if any Jew was careless or sleepy he was roused by blows and kicks. A Dominican generally preached, and took care to select a text from the lesson the Jews had just before heard in the synagogue. The host was always carefully removed from the altar on these occasions. These services were, at the outset, held in the church of San Benedetto alla Regola, but afterwards in the church of San Angelo, in Pescaria, which is built on the ruins of the Aula Octavia, and is the spot where Cola Rienzi first held his enthusiastic addresses to the Romans. Eventually, the service was limited to five times a year, and the custom was dying a natural death, when Leo XII. Genga revived it in 1824. It was finally abolished in the first year of Pio Nono's papacy.

The Jews who were converted to Christianity were naturally rewarded by release from the Ghetto, and by civil rights and privileges. It was frequently the case for Jews to be converted, and then, as a natural consequence, they were more fanatic than their converters. On a chapel opposite the Ghetto, on the bridge Quattro Capi, may still be seen a picture of the Crucifixion, with the following verse from Isaiah in Latin and Hebrew: "I have spread out my hands all the day unto a rebellious people, which walketh in a way that was not good."

This was a warning to the Jews which a converted Jew, in order to flatter his new creed, had painted on the outside of the chapel. According to mediæval custom, the Jewish neophytes received the names of their sponsors, and as these were selected from among the first Roman families, the Jews contrived by degrees to smuggle themselves into society. As we have already seen, an anti-pope was of Hebrew origin, and many baptised Jews called themselves after the names of the barons who had been their sponsors. Hence there were Jewish Colonnas, Massimis, and Orsinis, and it is even asserted that many a proud Roman family has died out, and been continued by Jews from the Trastevere.*

* If this rumour be true, it may remove the slur which a recent awful event has thrown on the name of a great Roman family. We could almost wish

Leo XII., who, as we have said, was no friend of the Jews, granted them, however, the privilege of owning house property, if they were amenable to the *jus Gazzagà*. He also enlarged the limits of the Ghetto, and gave it eight gates, which were guarded and closed every night. During the French occupation of Rome under the first Empire, the Ghetto was thrown open, and the Jews were allowed entire liberty to reside in the city and carry on any trade they pleased. Pius VII., however, closed the Ghetto again on his return in 1814, and things remained in the old state till the present pope mounted the throne. It redounds to the honour of Pio Nono that he proved himself more philanthropic and liberal than his predecessors. He pulled down the walls of the Ghetto before the revolution broke out, Cicerovacchio taking part in the good work. The Jews are now at liberty to reside where they please in Rome, and carry on any trade; but the Ghetto still remains the most wretched district in Rome, a lurking-place for dirt and poverty; and the Jews have displayed no great inclination to take advantage of their newly acquired liberty, for the prejudices to which they have ever been victims are irradicable.

The political reform of 1847 may be regarded as indicating the end of that fearful slavery which the Jews endured for so many centuries in Rome, and we may hope that the power of public opinion will be stronger than prejudice, and that the slight liberty the Jews have now gained will extend so widely as to ensure them a fair share of the blessings of civilisation. The prospect is certainly distant, but, at any rate, there is hope.

In conclusion, we may add that, at the present day, the total population of the Ghetto district is estimated at 3800 beings, a disproportionate number, regard being had to the restricted limits of the Ghetto. The entire Jewish community (università degli Ebrei) is governed by the supreme congregation of the Inquisition, and the special magistracy for all criminal and civil affairs is the Cardinal-Vicariat. The tribunal to which these are referred is composed of the cardinal-vicar, the prelate-vicegerente, the prelate-luogotenente, and the criminal lieutenant. Local police affairs are entrusted to the president of the district of San Angelo and Campitello. The Hebrew community have also the privilege of regulating their internal administration by three fattori del Ghetto, who are elected twice a year. These officers look after the proper cleansing of the streets, the lighting and fountains, arrange the taxes *pro ratâ*, administer the hospitals, charitable donations, &c. The Ghetto pays annually to the state and the various religious bodies the sum of 520*l*.

We will offer our readers no apology for giving them these somewhat dry details, for the Jewish question has been so long before them in their own free country, that we think our bede-roll of Hebrew persecution will furnish them a useful lesson in toleration. It is hoped that the Jewish question is finally solved: if so, we ought to feel a pride in proving that we will not be outstripped in generosity by the most bigoted government on the Continent. If Pio Nono has found himself forced to make concessions which aim a fatal blow at intolerance, surely we, as the liberal nation *par excellence*, cannot regret the compromise which has at length allowed Baron Rothschild to take his seat.

were so for the sake of the *sangre azul*, which, according to the French proverb, "never denies itself."

A FEW WORDS ABOUT SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

BY MARTIN STAPLEY.

FIVE-AND-TWENTY years ago South Australia was tenanted solely by the scattered aboriginal tribes and the objects of their chase. The kangaroo bounded, the emu ran, the wallaby, the opossum, the ornithorinchus, and all the many-coloured feathered tribes were as yet undisturbed by the white man's gun. The wild corrobary was danced on the banks of the Torrens, where now stand the streets, the railway stations, the Houses of Parliament, and the gubernatorial palace and offices of a wealthy city. The cooey of the savage was often heard where now are reared temples to the Creator: now many a

Pealing anthem swells the note of praise,

where five-and-twenty years ago all was of the darkness and desolation of heathendom.

The first British ship that sailed from England on the great work of colonising this beautiful country was the *John Pirie*, which left London on the 22nd of February, 1836—a pioneer of many others to the "great South land." She was outstripped, however, by the *Duke of York*, which left two days after her, and arrived in the colony on the 27th of July, having made the passage in 153 days.

Everybody knows the improvement that has been made in the construction of ships and the increased attainments of our masters in navigation of late years. It may interest many to append a list from authentic sources of the first twenty-seven ships that sailed from London to Adelaide, with the length of time each occupied on the voyage. They all sailed in 1836 and 1837:

	Days.
John Pirie	175
Duke of York	153
Cygnet	175
Lady Mary Pelham	122
Emma	169
Rapid	111
Africaine	127
H.M.S. Buffalo	158
William Hutt	157
Coromandel	134
Sarah and Elizabeth	211
John Renwick	115
South Australian	121
Shah	116
Hartley	158
Solway	129
K. S. Forbes	119
Lady Emma	121
Navarino	100
Royal Admiral	115
Lord Goderich	181
Trusty	163
Canton	135
Goshawk	146
Eden	118
Henry Porcher	125
Rapid	114
Total	3768

Average 137 days.

It must be confessed that, had this average of a ship's voyage to Adelaide continued, it might discourage those who otherwise would trust themselves to the waste of waters. To pass a hundred and thirty-seven days at sea, even in the best-appointed ship, is, to say the least, tedious work, although if, as frequently happens, the wind never blow a gale the entire distance, it is little more trying than a pleasure trip in a taut yacht in the Mediterranean.

Seventy days and under is now frequently the extent of the voyage by

the beautiful Liverpool and London clippers that sail weekly and oftener to Melbourne, whence to Adelaide steamers run constantly. The writer of this paper left Melbourne for England on the 2nd of March last to sail round Cape Horn, and landed at Plymouth in 78 days. He left London for the overland trip, *viâ* Marseilles, on the 16th of July by the *Simla* from Suez, and performed the entire journey from London to Melbourne in 48 days—the shortest trip on record. He returned from Adelaide by that fine clipper the *Orient*, on the 21st of December last, *viâ* the Cape of Good Hope, remaining there three days, and yet landed at Plymouth in 98 days. During the three voyages he never experienced a gale of wind.

POPULATION.

In the year 1840, the white population of South Australia amounted to 14,600 souls.

In the year 1857, to 110,000 souls.

REVENUE.

			£	s.	d.
The revenue amounted in . .	1840	to	30,199	14	11
" "	1850	"	238,701	4	5
" "	1856	"	724,315	2	0

IMPORTS.

			£	s.	d.
Imports consumed in the colony, the value was in . . .	1838	...	158,582	0	0
" "	1850	...	819,795	2	0
" "	1856	...	1,099,156	8	6
" "	1857	...	1,267,256	16	0

EXPORTS.

			£	s.	d.
Exports, the produce of the colony, the value was in . .	1838	...	6,442	0	0
" "	1850	...	545,039	14	0
" "	1856	...	1,398,367	4	1
" "	1857	...	1,507,271	0	0
Total exports, the produce of the colony, from 1850			6,841,509	9	1

WOOL.

			£	s.	d.
Wool, the produce of the colony, exported, amounted in . .	1838	to	700	0	0
" "	1845	"	60,162	1	0
" "	1848	"	110,047	13	0
" "	1851	"	148,036	10	0
" "	1854	"	182,419	0	0
" "	1855	"	283,479	0	0
" "	1856	"	412,163	0	0

1857 not yet known, but estimated at 600,000*l.* at least.

CORN, FLOUR, AND CEREALS.

			£	s.	d.
The value of corn, the produce of the colony, exported, amounted in	1851	to	73,359	10	0
" "	1852	"	212,568	9	0
" "	1853	"	257,293	11	0
" "	1854	"	307,267	10	0
" "	1855	"	236,400	0	0
" "	1856	"	556,571	11	4
" "	1857	"	669,805	13	0

Note.—In 1839 an act of council was passed imposing a heavy duty upon

the exportation of wheat and other grain, flour, meal, &c. This act was repealed a few years later, and South Australia is the granary from which Victoria largely draws for bread food. By the numerous steamers now regularly plying on the Murray river for two thousand miles, Adelaide enjoys a large portion of the trade with the great gold diggings of the sister colony.

COPPER.

The Burra-Burra, the Kapunda, and some other mines increase in value the deeper they are worked. Since the establishment of the smelting-works of the Copper Mining Company, pure copper in plate and tile, to a great extent, is exported, instead of the rough ores formerly sent to Swansea.

	£
The value of copper metal exported in 1856 . .	248,460
„ „ ores „ „	156,351
Total	404,811

STOCK.

On the 31st of December, 1857, there were in the colony—

Sheep and lambs	2,500,000
Cattle	312,746
Horses	22,260
Goats	1,677
Pigs	31,330

LAND IN CULTIVATION, 1856.

	Acres.
Wheat	162,011
Barley	7,828
Oats	2,822
Maize	66
Potatoes	2,370
Garden and orchard . . .	4,148
Vineyard	753
Hay	22,516
Other crops	897
Total . . .	203,411

To this quantity of land in cultivation may be added some thousands of acres more brought under the spade and plough during the last eighteen months. The result of the above shows that the land thus cultivated is, in proportion to the population, greater in quantity in South Australia than in England, Scotland, and Ireland altogether.

In addition to the above, there are also some 35,000 square miles of pasture-land let on lease to the squatters for pastoral purpose, some at a distance of 700 miles from Adelaide. There are millions of acres more in the colony belonging to the Crown, only waiting the enterprise and capital of future settlers.

LAND SALES.

The sum received by the government for the purchase of waste lands of the Crown from 1850 to 1856 inclusive, is 1,422,542*l.* 11s. 5d.

It would be a curious inquiry what rate of profit has been received by the fortunate men who have bought the million of acres above represented. In the city of Sydney one quarter of an acre, originally parted with for a gallon of spirits, subsequently changed owners for 10,000*l.* Land in

Melbourne, originally sold by the government at 5*l.* per acre, realised at the rate of 80,000*l.* per acre, and some of it is now letting (built upon) at 12,000*l.* per acre per annum. Land in Hindley, South Adelaide, sells at 20,000*l.* per acre, costing the original owner the smallest amount of bank paper issued in England.

A section in the rear of Port Adelaide of some 150 acres, bought originally at 20s. per acre, was cut up into allotments and realised upwards of 200,000*l.* within the last two years.

One of the most promising and pleasing features in South Australia is its rural small proprietary. Hundreds of stalwart yeomen who have been sent out, with or without families, free of expense to themselves, and who, in Dorsetshire, Wiltshire, Ireland, and all parts of the home country, had struggled against poverty, and often fallen into its snares, are now freeholders in their own right, independent men, who have one, two, or more sections of 80 acres each, well tilled and cultivated. The country is dotted with many a pretty homestead, with garden well stocked with all the bright flowers that bloom under a southern sun, and the potato-ground, the apple-orchard, the vine, and peach, and apricot, provide not only luxuries, but valuable food on the hot summer days. The pigs last summer were daily fed upon peaches by the bushel, which would put to blush the expensive but diminutive fruit displayed in Covent-garden. Grapes of all varieties, many bunches weighing from 3 to 5lbs., can be bought at the gardens at 1d. per lb. Were fruit as easily imported in condition as grain, the wealth of the colony would be vastly increased. The manufacture of wines is becoming an interesting experiment. Several large vineyard proprietors have of late years succeeded to a considerable extent in producing some very fine samples. At present, however, the wines made are consumed in the colony, and but few pipes have been exported.

The climate of South Australia is, without exception, as fine as any in the world. Although in summer the thermometer often touches 100 deg. and even upwards in the shade, the air is so transparent and pure and dry, that no temperate man or woman need mind it.

The heat in the Red Sea last July, although Fahrenheit only mounted to 92 deg. at highest, was so intolerable, from the humidity of the atmosphere, that ourselves, with ten years' experience of Adelaide, were completely prostrated. So in Ceylon—so at Aden: whilst in South Australia the heat of the weather only has never, during so many years, kept us from the open air or active business.

The government of South Australia is ultra-liberal, objectionably so, some think, and those not the least intelligent. Vote by ballot is perfectly unnecessary in a country where "Jack is as good as his master:" where your bullock drivers and day-labourers are perfectly independent gentlemen, to whom you must "talk civil:" where your housemaid or cook can always find a home and a husband if they mislike their "place:" where even boys of sixteen can earn their pound a week, and smoke a pipe, drink a pot, or rap out an oath with their seniors. Universal suffrage may be a beautiful theory to the Chartist agitators of England or elsewhere, but the result of it is sometimes singular in South Australia. At the last election for East Torrens, in which there is a population of several thousands, the election was decided by a majority of 2, with 72 and

74 votes on either side respectively. The great grievance just now in the colony is that the people have literally nothing to grumble at, or grumble for.

Railways are going ahead, the great railway to the North, *viâ* the Kapunda, the Burra-Burra, and on to the Murray, to connect Adelaide with the steamers, and thus with the diggings and the interior for 2000 miles, is completed as far as Gawler Town. The railway in Port Adelaide has long been in operation.

We cannot better close this article than with an extract from a letter written by Mr. Edward Wilson, the editor of the *Melbourne Argus*—the *Times* of Australia. This gentleman has recently taken a trip down the Murray and throughout the colonies; the following is his testimony to South Australia:

"The South Australian land system runs greatly upon eighty-acre sections. Surveys may be claimed summarily all over the colony, and the market is constantly kept supplied with eligible land at the upset price. Sections of eighty acres being the rule—a sort of established institution—you find the whole surface of the country divided into plots of this size. And a very good size, too! A labouring man knows that with the industrious application of a year or two he can save 80*l*., and he concentrates his attention upon acquiring that sum.

"Meantime he is learning every day something to fit him for becoming a farmer in a new climate, and he is looking round carefully for an eligible site for his future operations. After he has purchased his land, he perhaps has still to work on till he has procured the means of fencing it and purchasing a team of bullocks or pair of horses. At last he is the proud possessor of a home of his own, and sturdily he buckles to his task of becoming an independent farmer. His first crop probably leaves him a comparatively rich man; his second enables him to buy another section or two adjoining his first; and thus little by little he becomes a thriving landowner and agriculturist;—not so fast as to lead to intoxication at his position, and consequent mistakes—not so slowly as to dishearten him from effort, or to deaden his energies in any way. And it is by the multiplication of such men that South Australia is what she is, and that she is raising rapidly a race of industrious yeomen that I believe firmly will compare favourably with anything in the whole world.

"Impelled by such influences, everything seems cheap and plentiful. The condition of the people is most gratifying, quite irrespective of money considerations. And here I must express my doubts whether your political economists, who argue so clearly and conclusively upon all sorts of subjects, do not often greatly lose sight of the real blessedness of cheapness. I know that it is a rash thing to run counter to their doctrines, or to challenge the conclusions at which they so skilfully arrive. A country ought, doubtless, to devote its principal energies to the production of that article for which nature has specially adapted it, and rest contented with exchanging its superfluity for the good things produced in superfluity elsewhere. But as far as the more simple elements of comfort and luxury are concerned, I have always felt inclined to believe that the country is happiest which produces them in the greatest abundance, and in which things of this kind are common, plentiful, and cheap. Men may get rich less rapidly; but they are better, healthier, happier men. Life is better

worth having, and the current of existence runs on in a more equable, natural, and wholesome stream. A great grain-producing people are not only well supplied with the most essential staff of life, but with all its kindred comforts and blessings. Plenty of wheat means plenty of hay, oats, and garden-stuff; plenty of fruit and vegetables, plenty of fowls, eggs, pork, butter, cheese, and milk. And in the profusion of these, and in the well-fed, healthy wife and children consequent upon their profusion, no slight portion of the happiness of the natural man is involved. You may shake your monster nuggets at me, and talk of the convenience of a multiplicity of such representatives of wealth; but your highly-paid artisan may live in a noisome right-of-way; your prosperous digger may be continually one mass of mud, and never know a comfortable meal. And, in spite of all the writings of all the economists, in spite of a very profound deference generally to the doctrine of national adaptation to national peculiarities, I shall live and die in the conviction of the happiness ever associated with agricultural operations, of the *blessedness of cheapness* and the profusion of the simpler good things of mother earth.

"To show the difference of the two colonies, I may mention that at the last hotel I visited in Victoria, I paid four and sixpence for every meal I ate. At the very first hotel in South Australia, I paid two shillings for a better meal, with all the adjuncts to comfortable refreshment in far greater profusion and of much better quality.

"Two things struck me forcibly in my progress through the country —the number of the flour-mills, and the number of enclosures surrounded by well-grown hedges. If the matter were diligently looked into, I believe it would be found that the languid condition of your agriculture has been in no slight degree attributable to a sort of monopoly of milling. Too much power has been allowed to get into a few hands, with regard to dictating the price of agricultural produce; and it has been sometimes used in an unscrupulous manner. With a multiplicity of mills this becomes impossible, and I look upon it as a very healthy sign that in a colony with such agricultural tendencies as this, mills should abound on all sides.

"Before dismissing this subject of cultivation, I would mention that I was informed by an intelligent gentleman that the quantity of land under crop this year in South Australia amounted to *two acres per head* for every man, woman, and child in the colony. The quantity of land under cultivation in Victoria is about 180,000 acres, or averaging a fraction more than three-eighths of an acre per head. At the South Australian average, it should be about 900,000 acres. Your soil and climate are even more suitable for agriculture than those of your neighbour to the westward. If you had 900,000 acres under crop, what would probably be the average number of your unemployed?"

FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.

A MODERN STORY.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER XXIV.

STOLE AWAY!

WHILE Rachel was sadly meditating on the danger to which Walter was exposed, she heard Monsieur Perrotin at the door.

Nature had not gifted him with an ear for music, neither had he profited by his acquaintance with Monsieur Cantagrel to acquire the slightest rudiments of harmonious utterance, but there were moments, notwithstanding, when it behoved the Teacher of Languages to lift up his voice in song. It was not his habit to do this convivially, or in any way *coram publico*, but when quite alone and with some secret cause for rejoicing, he would privately indulge in melody—after his own peculiar fashion. It is true his *répertoire* was not extensive, being limited, in fact, to the first verse of "Malbrouk;" but for a man who does not sing much, who happens to be a Frenchman, and is not very particular as to what he sings, "Malbrouk" is enough. So, with a light heart and nobody near, Monsieur Perrotin came quavering along the Chemin aux Bœufs, and thus signalled his approach to his wife. The *refrain* was on his lips as he entered, but he did not complete it, for the tears that stood in Rachel's eyes changed the current of his thoughts directly.

"My dear wife," he said, hastening towards her—"you cry! What have you?"

"Oh, Pascal," she replied, "I have some dreadful news to tell."

"Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed, "there is arrived no misfortune to that dear child?"

"No, Pascal, no! Not yet! But it may happen at any time. He is not safe for a moment."

Monsieur Perrotin looked bewildered.

"Tell to me what is this!" he said.

"There has been a person here," answered Rachel, "who brought me a letter from Mrs. Scrope."

"And then?"

"She claims Walter. We are ordered to give him up—he is to be—to be—taken——"

Her sobs prevented her from going on.

Monsieur Perrotin sat down beside his wife.

"Rachel," he said, soothingly, "cry not. That does to me harm. It is very painful, I know, for you, and also for me, to think of to part from Walterre, but if Madame Scrop command it, then should we be glad that at last she has good intentions."

"Ah, Pascal, I cannot bring myself to believe that she means kindness. Judge for yourself!"

So saying, she gave her husband Mrs. Scrope's letter. He also grew pale, and his hand trembled while he read it.

"Certainly," he said, when he had ended, "love for our boy is not there written."

"Neither is it in her heart!" cried Rachel. "The past speaks for itself, and now these threats! Oh, if you had only seen the man who came for Walter!"

"Is he the servant to Madame Scrop?"

"When she wants him; yes! He is the one I told you of that was brought down with his wife to look after Miss Edith before Walter was born. For all the evil those two did, God forgive them! He told me," continued Rachel, speaking with difficulty—"he told me, Miss Edith was dead! Oh, Pascal, what are we to do?"

"My love," said Monsieur Perrotin, pressing his wife's hand tenderly, "perhaps we have in our power something. A quarter of an hour ago I was of a gay humour—you hear me sing in my walking?"

Rachel smiled faintly.

"Yes—that is always a good sign with you."

"You have reason. What for I was gay to-day I tell you. It came of Monsieur Vermeil, who, since the people are talking of the *escapade* of Jules—the reason why he jump himself into the river—is a greatly changed person. You know, my dear wife, that in France the ridicule kills. For a sword or a pistol—bah—it is nothing! But to mock him, no one can endure that! Therefore, in the first place, Monsieur Vermeil break all to pieces that famous work which we inaugurate. I pass by his shop this morning. The 'Récompense de la Vertu' is no longer in the window: all is emptiness. I go in to ask how that is. I see Monsieur Vermeil. 'My friend,' he say, 'you are the person I want. Come with me!' He take me into a back room, where I find sitting Madame Vermeil. They have much to speak about."

We will relieve Monsieur Perrotin of the task of telling his story in broken English, by speaking for him ourselves.

The subject of discussion was Jules. His father had formed the resolve of removing him from Rouen, but could not decide where to send him. It was a question whether he should go to London or Paris, and Monsieur Perrotin's advice was asked, with a special proposition annexed. Although Monsieur Vermeil's artistic triumph had been brief, the affection for Walter, generated by its cause, was enduring; he was, indeed, the *enfant gâté* of the confectioner and his wife—the chosen friend of Jules, and the hero of Mademoiselle Cécile. With what Monsieur Vermeil had to say about his son he also associated Walter. The confectioner had driven too brisk a trade for the last twenty years to be other than a rich man, and he knew, as well as the Teacher of Languages himself, that Monsieur and Madame Perrotin were poor; but that difference, to a delicate mind, made all the difficulty. Monsieur Vermeil's motives, of course, were mixed ones—it is difficult to meet with any that are not—but as the friendship between the two boys was strong, he based his proposition on their mutual regard: it was to the effect that Walter should accompany Jules—and that all the expenses attendant upon their residence elsewhere should be defrayed by the too grateful confectioner. Monsieur Perrotin was taken by surprise, and knew not what to reply; indeed, it was not possible for him to give an answer at once, as Rachel must first be con-

sulted. But he did not throw cold water on the scheme, because it struck him that the change would be advantageous to Walter. He had given the boy the best education his means afforded, but he felt that something more was necessary than either himself, the Abbé Ramier, or Monsieur Cantagrel could teach. Amongst them they had made Walter a perfect French scholar, his general acquirements were good, and if, in addition, he could have the advantage of two or three years at a college in Paris, he would be qualified then for any pursuit, should he eventually be compelled to seek his own living. As far as Walter was concerned, England was out of the question, and partially entertaining the confectioner's proposition, he easily persuaded him to throw London overboard, Madame Vermeil herself being all in favour of Paris. Monsieur Perrotin could not absolutely promise what was asked, but he bade his friend be of good cheer, and they parted, each in a happier frame of mind than when they met. It was the cheerful complexion of his thoughts which had stimulated his vocal organs as the Teacher of Languages wended homewards.

"You see then, my dear wife," said he, in conclusion—"you see how an opportunity arises for placing Walterre beyond the reach of this terrible man! In Paris he should neverre be found!"

"It was my own idea to fly with Walter," replied Rachel, "to leave him in safety somewhere, and never rest, myself, till I had discovered Miss Edith and told her all his story. But if she is dead, what will become of the darling child!"

Although the reverse of suspicious, Monsieur Perrotin was not deficient in penetration, and readily conjectured that Yates might have coined a lie for the occasion.

"If I believe him or not," he said, "that makes nothing. First we shall prevent Walterre to fall in his hands; afterwards we think upon what is to be done. When comes this person again?"

Rachel told him that Yates had promised to wait till the next morning, when, in case Walter were not given up, he had threatened to denounce them to the police. As matters stood, she thankfully accepted the kind offer of Monsieur Vermeil. Was it not possible, she asked, to hurry the departure of Jules? Monsieur Perrotin replied that he would see about that immediately, and lost no time in returning to the Rue des Carmes, where, closeted once more with Monsieur Vermeil, he did not hesitate to explain how Rachel and himself were situated, and the worthy confectioner, delighted to be of more use than he had imagined, assured Monsieur Perrotin that Jules could set out at a moment's notice, if necessary. It was finally agreed that all should be ready on both sides for leaving Rouen that night: Monsieur Vermeil would accompany his son to Paris, and take charge of Rachel and Walter. To keep their departure secret, it was settled that the travellers should meet at the railway.

While Monsieur Perrotin was absent making this arrangement, Walter came in from the *Maîtrise*. Rachel addressed him with as cheerful an air as she could put on:

"How should you like, Walter," she said, "to go to Paris?"

His eyes sparkled.

"To Paris? Oh, of all things in the world! No—not that exactly; I would rather return to England. But still I should like very much to see Paris; I have heard so much said of it. What do you mean?"

"I mean, Walter, that you and I are going."

"And Monsieur Perrotin?"

"He remains here—for the present."

"For the present! Then, are we going to stay long?"

"Perhaps we may, Walter."

"And when is it to be?"

"What do you think of our being off before to-morrow?"

"How very sudden! I never heard you talk of going before."

"There are reasons for it, Walter—strong ones."

"Rachel, dear, you look pale. Are you ill? Has anything vexed you? It isn't me? I wouldn't vex you for ever so much. Tell me, Rachel!"

He looked her anxiously in the face as he spoke. She threw her arms round his neck and kissed him.

"Oh, no, no, dearest boy; you never vexed me in your life."

"Something is the matter, though," he said—"something that you don't like to mention."

Rachel hesitated. She was at a loss what reply to make. Again she was tempted to reveal his whole history, but a moment's reflection satisfied her that this, at any rate, was not the time for doing so. An expedient suggested itself that approached near enough to the truth to meet the necessity of the case.

"You remember the way, Walter, in which you left Yorkshire?"

"To be sure I do," he answered, laughing. "I took French leave of Mr. Binks. I shall never forget how we tumbled the bag of flour into the beck."

"Suppose Mr. Binks had sent for you at last?"

"He might send till he was tired; he would never get me back again. You wouldn't let me go, would you, Rachel?"

"Never, dear Walter! There is no fear of that. But we must leave Rouen as quickly as possible, for somebody did come here to fetch you this morning, and the same person means to return to-morrow."

"But why should we run away? Mr. Binks has no right to me; I'll never live with anybody but you. I'll tell the fellow so to his face!"

"You had better not see his face, Walter. It is one that people remember to their sorrow. No, my dear child, it must be as I have said. We cannot stay here."

"Very well, Rachel. If you say so, that's enough for me. But I shall have a good deal to do. I must go and say 'good-by' to the Vermeils, and the Abbé, and Monsieur Cantagrel, and I don't know how many people, besides all the fellows at the *Maîtrise*, not forgetting Madame Gembloux. I shall be sorry, though, to part with Jules."

"I think it very likely there will be no occasion for that. But here comes my husband; he will tell us all about it."

It was a great delight to Walter to find that Monsieur Vermeil and Jules were to be his companions, and a pleasure to know that Madame Vermeil and Cécile would be at the station to take leave, as he had a great regard for them all. But he was disappointed at being told that he could not make the various *adieux* he had proposed, it being desirable to let as few persons as possible know of the journey. If it reached the ears of Madame Gembloux that they were going, all Rouen would hear of it before night. Walter was obliged, therefore, to content himself with writing farewell letters to the Abbé Ramier and his preceptor, which

Monsieur Perrotin promised faithfully to deliver, with many personal remembrances.

With this and with other preparations the rest of the day was consumed. It was an anxious one for Rachel, who dreaded lest her obnoxious visitor should take it into his head to return before the time he had named. No impediment, however, arose to prevent the execution of her project, and at the hour appointed the respective families met in the waiting-room of the station. To judge by the apparel of Monsieur Vermeil and Jules, it might have been supposed that, instead of midsummer, it was the depth of winter, and the scene not France but Lapland, so ample and heavy were the cloaks that swathed them, so resolutely were their sealskin caps tied over their ears, so completely were they muffled in suffocating comforters. The *comestibles*, too, which Madame Vermeil's care had provided, would have sufficed them for a journey to the other end of Europe. And then the counsel she gave for avoiding the insidious night air, for the security of their persons and baggage, for the prevention of every sort of accident. Finally, the leave-takings, the multiplied embraces, the unrestricted application of pocket-handkerchiefs, the more last words:

"Adieu, mon mari!" "Adieu, ma femme!" "Adieu, mon père!" "Adieu, ma sœur!" "Tu m'écriras, n'est-ce-pas?" "Que je t'embrasse encore!" "Finisses donc!" "Mon Dieu, est-il possible! Tu pars!" "Ah, ça, rappelle-toi, mon ami, il y a une langue fumée dans le panier." "Je m'en garderai bien de l'oublier." "Oh, que c'est navrant de te voir partir!" "Bon voyage, Madame Perrotin!" "Bon voyage, Walterre!" "Dis donc 'adieu,' Cécile!" "Ah, maman, je—ne—peux—pas,—ah,—ah—ah!——"

These last ejaculations were the sobs of Mademoiselle Cécile, whose grief was the loudest of all the party.

It is so sad to lose one's father and brother! But there is something more heartrending still—when one is not yet sixteen!

It was a very pretty little purse that some one pressed into Walter's hand at the very last moment. I wonder who gave it him!

He had not time to thank the giver, for the train was already in motion, bound for that "pleasant place of all festivity" which, in the opinion of every Frenchman, has no parallel in the universe.

CHAPTER XXV.

HOW MR. YATES MADE SOME VALUABLE ACQUAINTANCE AT ROUEN.

After leaving the Chemin aux Bœufs, Mr. Yates, satisfied that he had effectually wrought on Rachel's fears, and never doubting that Walter would be given up to him on the morrow, began to cast about for the means of amusing himself during the remainder of the day. Having no taste for antiquities or Gothic architecture, and the beauties of nature being entirely thrown away upon him, his time might have hung heavily on his hands if he had not remembered Monsieur Dufourmantelle's promise to procure a ticket of admission to the public *maison de santé*.

On arriving at the Hôtel de l'Europe he found the smiling commissioner in attendance, provided with the necessary order, and at the dis-

posal of Mr. Yates whenever the latter chose. Together, therefore, they proceeded towards the only place that possessed any attraction for the English stranger. Of course, not silently: Monsieur Dufourmantelle took care of that, though the conversation was all on his side, for Mr. Yates was in one of those taciturn moods which were habitual with him.

Had the garrulous commissioner accompanied a Frenchman he would have been at no loss for a subject, but with his present companion it was difficult to discover a topic of interest. To Monsieur Dufourmantelle's remarks on the comeliness of the Norman women, Mr. Yates turned a deaf ear; he was equally impassible under the declaration that Norman courage and Norman wit were nowhere so admirably developed as at Rouen; neither did he seem to pay the slightest attention to the commissioner's unhesitating assertion that, if one desired to be gay, the Norman capital was of all others the city in which that propensity could be indulged in to the fullest extent. Monsieur Dufourmantelle's only resource, then, was to go upon a tack which, in all his experience, he had never known to fail with any of our countrymen; and that was, to speak, of the various English travellers of rank whom it had been his good fortune to wait upon in his capacity of *cicerone*.

He went through a long list, however, before he obtained any acknowledgment that his theme was agreeable; but at last he mentioned a name that caused Mr. Yates to look round and ask him sharply what he said.

As he had done on a former occasion with Rachel, the commissioner repeated the name of "Miladi Stuntall," and the resemblance to her right appellation was sufficiently near to assure Mr. Yates of whom he spoke.

"Yes, it was a very great privilege to have had the honour of attending upon a person so distinguished as Miladi, who was above all things *une très grande dame;* and then there was a charming episode, the heroine of which was Miladi's lovely young daughter. Oh, it was perfectly delicious! Singularly enough, as monsieur would admit when he heard it, the English boy who used to sing so divinely, and of whom he had spoken the night before in the cathedral, was connected with the little history. Ah, he (Dufourmantelle) understood these things,—he had himself had adventures when he was barely the height of monsieur's cane; one of them, he was sorry to say, had ended tragically, but what could he do?—this, however, was altogether delightful. It was an *affaire de cœur*, quite refreshing at that tender age! Would monsieur like to hear the particulars? Mademoiselle had heard the English boy sing—she had been quite *attendrie* by his voice—that was a fact which he (Dufourmantelle) had personally witnessed, and was prepared, if called upon, to swear to. Only, as a man of honour, he respected those emotions: to him they were religiously sacred. Nevertheless the fact existed, and in the interests of his narrative he was bound to mention it."

Mr. Yates asked him what he was driving at.

"Ah, monsieur was right to recal him to his subject. He (Dufourmantelle) was apt to be led away by his feelings; but monsieur, who, doubtless, was of a sensitive nature himself, would pardon him. Where was he? Oh, he remembered. In the cathedral. It was there the

pretty Miss and the young English boy saw each other and had some conversation together. Afterwards, on Sir Stuntall and Miladi leaving the hotel, he had been entrusted with a small *paquet* for the wonderful chorister."

"By which of them?" asked Mr. Yates.

"By neither: it was from their daughter: a little secret; monsieur would comprehend."

If Mr. Yates did comprehend, he said nothing, but listened with a dogged look while the commissioner went on, betraying two innocent children through the mere exercise of his gossiping function:

"Well, after a time—he confessed there was a little delay on his part, arising from the pressure of important affairs—he transmitted the *paquet* as he had been requested,—that is to say, he placed it in the hands of Madame Perrotin, to be given by her. Within a few days of that event, the English boy came to find him at the hotel, desirous to learn some particulars concerning the young and beautiful Miss."

"He did not know, then, who she was?" Mr. Yates inquired.

"Not at that time."

"You told him?"

"Monsieur guessed rightly. Being presented by Sir Stuntall with one of his visiting-cards, no difficulty existed in that respect."

Mr. Yates wanted to know what the boy said when he received the ntelligence?

"He read the name on the card," said the commissioner, "with much attention, and then he asked me several questions about the young lady. Did I not think her very beautiful? What age I supposed her to be? What were the exact words she used when she charged me with her message? Mille petits riens comme ça, monsieur!"

There was an ominous expression on Mr. Yates's sinister features, as if he thought nothing a trifle that related to Walter Cobham. One idea, however, seemed to preoccupy him more than any other.

"Are you quite sure that this boy knew nothing about Sir James Tunstall before he came to you?"

"Assuredly not! How could he? His first question was to know. But monsieur is acquainted with Sir Stuntall?"

"I am," said Mr. Yates. "Have you anything more to say?"

"Yes," returned the commissioner, "there remains something. On many occasions, Walterre, so the English boy is called, has visited me, always to speak of the same young person. It is quite evident to me that he has fallen in love with her: he continually repeats her name. Finally, he asks me if it were possible that he should write to thank her for the little present which she made him."

"What was it?" abruptly demanded Mr. Yates.

"A cameo ring—a female head, as well as I could perceive; he only showed it to me once, and then but for an instant, before his hand closed upon it."

"Did he write?"

"To me it appeared that such an act was required by mere politeness. I advised him, therefore, to do so."

"And when was this?"

"But three days ago. Yesterday morning he brought me the letter. He had never written to anybody before, and was afraid to trust to the

post. He preferred that I should forward it, as he knew that I had opportunities of sending to London by the numerous English travellers who stop at the hotel on their way home."

"And have you sent it?"

"Effectively, no, monsieur. The opportunity has not yet presented itself."

"If you choose," said Mr. Yates, carelessly—"I mean, if it will be any convenience to you, I will take care of it. I return to-morrow."

"Monsieur is only too good. I accept with many thanks. Here is the letter."

From an agenda, plethoric with hotel cards and travellers' testimonials in favour of Jean Baptiste Dufourmantelle, the commissioner drew forth Walter's letter and gave it to Mr. Yates, who smiled grimly as he transferred it to his own pocket-book.

"I am charmed to think," said his guide, "that monsieur has been interested in the details of this little affair. Ah, here is the *maison de santé!*"

It was a large establishment, and, like every other of the kind in France, admirably conducted. Mr. Yates, however, was not pleased with it. He was no admirer of the soothing system, which he frankly pronounced to be humbug.

"Make 'em afraid of you. That's my motto! You may argue with a madman till you're black in the face; you can't convince him. But just clap a strait-waistcoat on him and give him a good stunning blow over the head; you'll soon bring him to, then. Mad folks can't be cured. To try to do it is a flying in the face of Providence. It's a visitation for life, is madness. I've seen a good many of these lunatics in my time, and I never treated 'em but one way; and I never mean to."

Such had often been the expressed opinion of Mr. Yates, and of this complexion were his thoughts as he quitted the *maison de santé.* What else could Monsieur Dufourmantelle do for him? Nothing. He'd rather be left to himself; he didn't want company. He should stroll about the town; he didn't care where. So with many bows, Monsieur Dufourmantelle withdrew, promising himself the pleasure of telling Walter, if he should chance to meet with him, how well he had executed his commission.

Left alone, Mr. Yates turned over in his mind the information he had obtained. It was material to know that Rachel had not yet made Walter aware of the secret of his birth. Had she revealed it, she must also have communicated the fact that Lady Tunstall was his aunt; this, it was evident, she had not done; therefore, she had been silent altogether. Hitherto. But how might she be disposed to act with the prospect before her of losing the child? Should he see her again and offer money for her silence? Mrs. Scrope had supplied him with plenty, to be used at his discretion. On reflection, he was convinced that this plan would not answer. An attempt to bribe might rouse Rachel's suspicions of the authority he asserted. At present she was under the influence of fear; she had reason for knowing that he was not one to be trifled with; his mark didn't wear out in a hurry. After all, what would it signify if the boy really found out his parentage? It was but denying Rachel's statement, or calling him a by-blow! In the place Mr. Yates meant to ship Walter off to, people made little account of such stories. Well-born or

ill, legitimate or bastard, it would be all the same to the folks he got among. A farm-servant in the marshes of the Macquarie—Mr. Yates knew a family out there that often wanted farm-servants from the old country, they died off rather fast—well, any one so situated might talk, if he had time, but wouldn't get many to listen to him. Mr. Yates, then, would risk the discovery. He next thought of the letter which the commissioner had given him. He took it out and read the superscription, which was as follows: "Miss Mary Tunstall, to the care of Sir James Tunstall, No. 50, Belgrave-square."

"For all the chance she has of getting a letter with that address," soliloquised the Keeper, "it might as well stay in my pocket or go into the fire. I fancy Sir James would like to read it first himself, and if the boy is as hot as his father was, good-by to it. That, however, is not my game. I've a better use for the letter. Somebody I know won't mind what she pays for this bit of paper. Anything, I should say, rather than let it reach its destination."

Occupied by speculations of this kind, Mr. Yates wandered about, not caring where he went, till he began to feel both tired and thirsty. He had taken the line of the *boulevards* till it brought him to an obscure part of the town called the "Champ de Foire aux Boissons," where the market is held for the sale of cider and other liquors. As a matter of course *cabarets* were not scarce in this quarter, for the "pot de vin" had a literal as well as a figurative acceptation here, in bringing bargains to a close. None of these houses were of very inviting appearance, but Mr. Yates was not particular, and walking into the nearest called for a bottle of good wine.

The place he had entered, dignified by the title of "Salle de Billard," was a very large room, one side of which held a billiard-table, and the other was filled with common wooden chairs and small square tables, much dirtied and stained, and not arranged in the most orderly manner: in the intervening space stood a counter covered with bottles and glasses, at which a slatternly woman, with a bright-red handkerchief knotted round her head, served out "vin bleu" or "spiritueux" according to the tastes of her customers. It was not exactly the place to expect wine of the first quality, though the lady at the counter said, if she did not swear—her asseveration sounding very like an oath—that better was not to be had in Rouen, and the price was eight-and-thirty *sous!* Whatever it was, Mr. Yates made no objection, but, seating himself at one of the tables, poured out a tumbler and drank it off at a draught. Presently he repeated the libation, and pending the discussion of the rest of the bottle—his thirst being somewhat assuaged—took a survey of the apartment.

Art flourished of course on its walls, but, as we have already said, Mr. Yates was not a man who appreciated Art, in a pictorial sense, and his keen eye turned towards something more congenial. It rested on the features of a man in a *blouse* who was playing at billiards with the owner of the *cabaret*, the husband of the *dame de comptoir*. He was tall and strongly made, and not ill favoured, but there was an expression in his countenance of so much cunning and audacity that very few could look upon it without some feeling of uneasiness. Of these few, however, Mr. Yates was one: the experience acquired in his profession had blunted in him all sense of apprehension.

The game was as noisily played as is customary where Frenchmen are

concerned, and for a time neither of the players took any notice of the new-comer; but at last Mr. Yates perceived that he was the object of attention on the part of the man in the *blouse*. Though conversant enough with the French language, he could only make out a word or two, here and there, of what he said, all the rest being either the *patois* of the country, or else some jargon with which the keeper of the *cabaret* and his friend were familiar. After a few phrases, which seemed to be question and answer, had passed between them, the *blousard* addressed Mr. Yates in very excellent French.

Monsieur, he remarked, was apparently a stranger in Rouen.

Mr. Yates replied in the affirmative; he had only arrived the day before.

Upon this intimation the *cabaretier* made use of the word "Vermillon," and his companion shut one eye, a grimace not thrown away upon Mr. Yates, who gathered that the term applied to him—as in fact it did—that colour being a cant term for an Englishman.

The *blousard* continued: Monsieur found it difficult, no doubt, to amuse himself in a strange place.

No. Mr. Yates was, he said—though his face belied him—easily amused.

Did he like billiards?

Yes. He confessed he was rather partial to the game.

In that case, perhaps monsieur would like a *partie*. He (the speaker) felt ashamed to occupy the table when a skilful player was, most probably, present.

Mr. Yates denied the inference; he could, he said, only just knock the balls about—omitting to add, as he saw no necessity for making the statement—that, amongst other occupations in the early part of his career, he had been a billiard-marker.

"As for me," returned the gentleman in the blouse, "I can do no more. I was, in fact, taking a lesson, when you came in, from Monsieur Dubois, here. He, who lives on the spot, has plenty of opportunities for practice, while I, who come from a distance, scarcely handle a cue oftener than once a year. No. I occupy myself, monsieur, with agriculture and the breeding of horses, on a farm I have, not far from Pont de l'Arche."

"And no one," observed Monsieur Dubois, "sends finer animals to market. They are, indeed, superb, as you would admit, monsieur, were you to visit my friend Mercier's establishment. Ah, it is worth making the journey to Pont de l'Arche to see his stud! Is monsieur a judge of horseflesh?"

Mr. Yates could not say that exactly, but he was fond of the horse: it was such a noble animal! He used to ride when he was a boy.

Mr. Yates might have added, "a good deal;" for, until he was turned out of a racing-stable, at thirteen, for being concerned in a "doctoring" transaction, he had gone to scale as often as most young jocks. His education, indeed, though desultory, had been cared for in one or two other useful particulars. It was, however a question in his own mind, just then, whether he had been quite so well educated as Monsieur Mercier, whom he strongly suspected of being a sharper, a *maquignon*, and something more. There was a test at hand, he felt certain. Nor had he long to wait for it.

"I think, Auguste," said Monsieur Dubois, addressing his friend, "that as you and monsieur are both beginners, you can't do better than have a game together. I am, in truth, an old hand, and if we were to make a *poule* I should carry off all the eggs!

All laughed at the joke, which the rustic breeder of horses declared was famous; he then expressed his willingness to play if monsieur would condescend to excuse his ignorance. Mr. Yates did condescend, and the game began.

Any one wholly in the secret would have been entertained with the process. It was a trial of skill as to which should exhibit the greatest awkwardness, make the most natural mistakes, and accomplish the most difficult strokes by apparently the merest chance. Monsieur Dubois, with that frank *bonhomie* which seemed a part of his nature, acknowledged that neither of the players were *très forts*, but he made allowances for the table being strange to monsieur, and if it was agreeable to his friend Mercier he would not mind wagering a trifle that the gentleman would beat him, in—say the best of seven games. No. Monsieur Mercier felt his inferiority, and would not tempt his fortune; besides, he seldom or ever played for anything. It was enough for him to lose a single game. Monsieur Dubois saw that his friend had grown miserly; rich men generally were so. Would he not risk something for the good of the house? A bottle of *vieux Macon*, a *pot de cidre*, a *petit verre de trois-six* all round, or of *sacré chien tout pur*, if he preferred it? To this tauut Monsieur Mercier replied that he never tasted "spiritueux," cider was his usual beverage, but as monsieur, he observed, drank wine, he would break through his general rule and stake a bottle. Mr. Yates, having reflected a moment, thought he might as well win on this occasion, and on his part Monsieur Mercier was equally disposed to lose: the result, accordingly, agreed with the intention of each. Monsieur Dubois, as he poured out the wine, could not restrain his mirth at the expense of his country friend, and the latter, whose temper was evidently hasty, became irritated, and threw down a five-franc piece for the next stake. He lost again, of course—and again. At last he was fifty francs to the bad, and goaded to desperation by his ill-luck—there could be no other reason—madly challenged monsieur to play for what he liked. There were five hundred francs in that bag, the price of a horse he had just sold; would monsieur put down a similar sum? Here Monsieur Dubois interposed, in the interest of his friend. Could he not see that monsieur was the best player? He must inevitably come off the worst! Was he not content with what he had lost already? No matter, he claimed his revenge. Monsieur Dubois was vexed in his turn. A man who would not listen to reason deserved to suffer, and sulkily he withdrew to the counter, resolved no longer to countenance his friend's folly. He did not play his part badly, neither did Monsieur Auguste Mercier—neither did Mr. Yates, whose air of triumph seemed as genuine as if he were really the dupe of the other two.

Once more the antagonists went to work. It was a match of seven games, as had been originally proposed by Monsieur Dubois. Marvellously bad were the strokes on both sides, singularly fortunate the accidents which made the players three games all. It was so even a thing, this time, that the *cabaretier* got the better of his indignation, and, from mere curiosity, came back to witness the termination of the match. Each

had marked a few points of the seventh game, but the balls would not break: they never do with bad players! To score seemed next to impossible, but in the face of absurdity Mr. Yates made the attempt, and was successful. The confederates looked at each other with surprise. Mr. Yates observed the intelligence between them. He played again. The stroke was as difficult as before: he made it. The surprise of the confederates was now dismay: the game was on the balls. Mr. Yates looked up, and laughed:

"You have waited too long," he said; "shall I go on?"

The *blousard* at once comprehended the state of the case. He turned to the *cabaretier:*

"Satire-mâtin," he muttered, "v'là du cavé. Est-il alpiou l'pot-de-bière? Faut faire du raisiné." (We are done! The Englishman is a cheat. He must be let blood!)

As he spoke, his hand stole into his bosom, and he fixed on Mr. Yates a glance of deadly meaning.

Although it was hardily encountered, the keeper drew back a pace, and shifted the end of his cue so as to hold it like a club: he knew the value of his weapon, and had the billiard-table between him and the street door. The other, baulked of his intention, thought better of his menace, withdrew his hand from beneath his blouse, and held out his open palm.

"I don't ask you," he said, "to finish the game. Be friends! Give me back my money, and let us drink another bottle together!"

"Willingly," replied the Keeper, who, though a resolute man, was glad at heart to be so well out of the scrape.

There was freemasonry between the ruffians, and before Mr. Yates left the *cabaret*, the boon companions knew that, whatever each other's antecedents, they stood upon equal terms.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A DEFEAT, A DISCOVERY, AND A COMPACT.

Mr. Yates laid a somewhat disturbed head on his pillow that night, but it arose from physical causes only. When he surrendered his conscience to his employers, he at the same time made over to them responsibility for all his acts, and so was never troubled by any qualms of morbid feeling. He was not in the habit of drinking quite so much bad brandy as he had imbibed at the *cabaret* of the "Champ de Foire aux Boissons" in cementing friendship with Messieurs Mercier and Dubois, and this, with the wine taken before and afterwards, had slightly muddled his generally clear intellect. The only effect, however, of his potations, was to make him sleep a little sounder and wake a little later than usual; but when he did awake he was fully prepared for the business on hand.

He had rather looked for some deprecatory message or visit on the part of Rachel, if it were only a tribute to his own importance. Still, he felt no misgiving at not having heard from or seen her, and proceeded to Monsieur Perrotin's to claim Walter Cobham as coolly as a tax-gatherer calls for the parish rates. But even tax-gatherers sometimes reckon without their host, and so, we need hardly say, did Mr. Yates.

Dispensing with the ceremony of knocking, he entered the house with his accustomed freedom, but instead of finding Rachel as he had anticipated, he beheld only Monsieur Perrotin.

"Where is your wife?" he abruptly inquired.

Monsieur Perrotin, who was reading, looked up from his book. He expected the visit, and replied by asking a question also:

"Who are you?"

"No matter. I want to see your wife."

"She is not at home."

"She ought to be. I told her I was coming."

Monsieur Perrotin resumed his book.

Mr. Yates began to chafe.

"Come," said he, "this kind of thing won't do with me! I suppose you know what brought me here?"

"Hardly—unless you tell your name."

"My name is Yates."

"Very good. Next, your business?"

"I've come for that boy."

"Who mean you?"

"Him that you and your wife stole away from Yorkshire."

"Stole away from Yorkshire!" repeated Monsieur Perrotin.

"Put it how you like. Stole or inveigled, it's all one in the eye of the law. Where is he?"

"I know not."

"You refuse to say?"

"I refuse to give answer to you, sir."

"You shall answer, then, to somebody else. But I'm not to be put off in this way. I must search the house."

"Search where you please," returned Monsieur Perrotin; "I help you to look."

Mr. Yates stared with astonishment. What was the meaning of this reception—so different from the terror exhibited by Rachel? Had they ventured to remove the boy? He would soon see!

Crossing the apartment hastily, he threw open a door. The next room was a kitchen, where the *femme de ménage* was busy with her *pot-au-feu*. The Keeper saw at a glance that she was alone, and rushed up-stairs, Monsieur Perrotin following. In an instant everything was turned topsy-turvy; cupboards ransacked, furniture displaced, the clothes torn from the beds and dashed on the floor, no possible place of concealment left unvisited—but all to no purpose; yet hastily as all this was done it did not prevent Mr. Yates from observing the effect upon Monsieur Perrotin. Much to his disappointment, he read no fear of discovery in his countenance. It was clear, then, that advantage had been taken of the interval he had allowed Rachel for reflection. Inwardly cursing his own folly, he turned upon Monsieur Perrotin and began to bully. Unless he told him what had become of the boy he should go at once to the police.

A long night's consideration had reassured Monsieur Perrotin: he no longer feared the visit of Mrs. Scrope's emissary. For Rachel's sake, as well as for Walter's, it was better that neither of them should be on the spot, but when Mr. Yates threatened him with the police, he smiled.

"Listen to me, sir," he said. "Your insolent manners I pass over with contempt. They are not worthy of my notice, but in respect of what you say last I give to you some instruction. In France, the person who violates the sanctity of a private domicile has reason himself to fear the police. That, sir, is your category. As to the rest, you come here,

you tell me, to claim somebody's child. In that case you are armed with all the proofs to make good your claim which the law of France requires! You have brought with you the certificate of marriage of the child's parents, the *acte de naissance*, where and how the child was born, the authority from the magistrate or state's officer to justify your demand—the signatnre to all those papers by the consul of your country in this city? If by some oversight you forget those so necessary documents, the justice of France shall laugh you in the face, as I! Or, perhaps, they do something more. They punish you for a false pretension. Now, sir, if you please, I accompany you to the public tribunal."

Monsieur Perrotin delivered this speech with perfect calmness and resolution. The more he had meditated, since his wife's departure, on the Keeper's mission, the more he felt satisfied he had discovered its real object. If no sinister purpose had been at the bottom of it, Mrs. Scrope would have acted upon legal advice and made her demand formally, in the manner he suggested. The character of her present agent and the course adopted by him convinced Monsieur Perrotin that he might safely appeal to the authority by which he was menaced.

For the first time in his life Mr. Yates was thoroughly taken aback. After his interview with Rachel on the day before he had never dreamt of opposition. Tears he could witness unmoved; to every form of entreaty he was deaf; his callous soul cared nothing for woman's sorrow; but the steady defiance of Monsieur Perrotin upset all his calculations. He felt that the poor, simple Teacher of Languages had penetrated his secret, and that what he told him was perfectly true.

For a few moments after Monsieur Perrotin had ceased speaking, the Keeper stood glaring fiercely on him.

"Curse you!" at last, he growled, "you'll get the worst of this. Remember, I tell you so!"

He shook his clenched fist in Monsieur Perrotin's face, turned on his heel, and left the room.

His reflections as he walked towards his hotel were anything but pleasant. What excuse could he make to Mrs. Scrope for having allowed Walter to escape when he had him so completely in his clutches? But her anger was the least part of his care: there was the loss of the promised reward! If he had succeeded in carrying off the boy and lodging him safely in the vessel that was to take him to Australia, a thousand pounds would have been paid. And to lose this prize through his own negligence and stupidity! He ought to have known that a woman's defence was always flight. Fool that he was to have given her the chance, instead of waiting and watching till he had secured his prey. What likelihood was there now of getting on Walter's track again? If he applied to the police, he must tell a plausible story, to be afterwards substantiated—no easy matter with people of that description. He had been sent to work in the dark, and a single indiscreet word would throw a flood of light on Mrs. Scrope's affairs, and ruin the whole business. He must devise some other plan. Who was there that could help him? The hotel commissioner? Yes—he might, through his assistance, discover in what direction Rachel and Walter had gone. Persons of his calling were familiar with all the movements of the place, it was their trade; besides, this Dufourmantelle knew the Perrotin family personally, and could make inquiry without exciting suspicion. But when the fact he

wished to learn was ascertained, how far was the question advanced? They had removed further into the interior—probably to Paris. Who could reach them there? Ah! the acquaintance he made yesterday might serve him now. Auguste Mercier was the man! As soon as he had spoken to the commissioner he would seek him out.

It so happened that at the very time Mr. Yates was thinking of Monsieur Dufourmantelle, the latter was thinking of him, and by a still more remarkable coincidence, the subject of their thoughts was the same.

Had the commissioner encountered Walter on the previous day, he meant to have told him how his letter was disposed of, but owing to Rachel's precautions they did not meet. Next morning, in passing along the Rue des Carmes, remembering that Jules Vermeil saw his friend every day, Monsieur Dufourmantelle stopped at the confectioner's shop to leave a message for Walter. Neither father nor son were there, but in the *salon* he espied Mademoiselle Cécile sitting in a very pensive attitude.

The young lady had a very humid aspect, like the poet's rose "just washed in a shower"—

> The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flower,
> And weigh'd down its beautiful head—

in other words, she looked as if she had been crying, and that very recently.

Monsieur Dufourmantelle apologised for the intrusion, but could he see her brother?

Mademoiselle Cécile turned upon him a very tearful gaze, and shook *her* "beautiful head."

Again the commissioner begged pardon; he feared that something unpleasant had occurred; he would immediately withdraw; his business with her brother was a mere trifle—simply to request him to tell Monsieur Walterre——

At this name, the flood of Mademoiselle Cécile's grief could no longer be restrained, and the tears fell thick and fast as she sobbingly said:

"Alas, monsieur, he is not here to tell anything! Both of them are gone!"

"Gone! Mon Dieu! What misfortune is this? Gone!"

"Yes, monsieur. To Paris."

"Oh, is that all, Mademoiselle Cécile? To Paris only! Every one goes there. That is only an absence of a few days."

"No, no!" cried the young lady, still weeping—"they are gone perhaps for ever. I shall never see him again! Do you think he will come back?"

Ignorant of the circumstances of the case, Monsieur Dufourmantelle could not possibly give a decisive answer to this question, and he therefore asked Mademoiselle Cécile for an explanation. It was a relief to her to speak of the absent, and she told him the history of her bereavement—how papa and Jules, and Madame Perrotin and Walter, had all set out for Paris the night before—how she knew nothing of the intention till half an hour before they went—how she had cried all night—and how her life had become a burden, with many other lamentable words and images of desolation, from which Monsieur Dufourmantelle,

skilled in such matters, drew the inference, without auscultation, that the confectioner's lovely daughter was suffering under a temporary disease of the heart. He consoled her as well as he could, and took his leave, full of wonder at the hasty exodus, of which he could not divine the cause. It was not only something to speculate upon but a subject to talk about, and the first person to tell the story to was the English gentleman whom he had made acquainted with Walter's love affair.

It must be observed, *par parenthèse*, that Walter rose greatly in the commissioner's estimation when he pictured him winning the affections of two at a time. "Le petit gaillard!"—such was his approving phrase —"ça commence bien! Il en aura joliment sur les bras!"

On reaching the hotel, Monsieur Dufourmantelle heard that Mr. Yates was asking for him, and infinite was his delight at being able to supply the information required, with the additional intelligence imparted by Mademoiselle Cécile—for which he received a gratuity that surprised him—that the travellers were lodged in the house of a relation of Madame Vermeil, at No. 10 in the Rue Coq-héron, so that when monsieur delivered the letter to the charming miss herself, as he had promised, he could at the same time make known to her the writer's present address.

Having learnt all he wanted to know, Mr. Yates dispensed with the commissioner's further attendance, and lost no time in making his way to the *cabaret* in the Champ de Foire aux Boissons. He found Auguste Mercier in a stable at the back of the premises, engaged in the praiseworthy occupation of improving the appearance of a horse, which, without the embellishments he bestowed, would most likely remain on hand for a considerable length of time. The conversation which took place between the Keeper and his newly-acquired friend was long and interesting, particularly to the horse-dealer, who, from the earnest-money put into his hands by Mr. Yates, saw a very good chance of realising at least ten times the value of his notable Norman stud, by the transaction now proposed. He admitted that Pont de l'Arche was not his constant place of residence—indeed, for reasons which he did not enter into, he frequently shifted his ground—and that he was more familiar with Paris than with his own bed—an assertion which those who knew his habits would be little inclined to doubt. He had, he said, many friends in the capital, and also—who has not?—a few enemies—chiefly among the class who in a certain polite society bear the appellation of *rousses* (police)—"people," he observed, "whom nobody can esteem." As to scruples, Monsieur Auguste Mercier had fewer, if possible, than Mr. Yates himself. Of this the last words of their conversation afforded ample proof.

"Which way would you like to have him—*alive* or *dead?*"

"If it was only me," replied the Keeper, "I should say *dead—dead* by all manner of means. But there's another party to be considered—so I'm afraid we must say alive."

"Comme vous voudrez," said the other, with indifference; "ça m'est égal!"

And thereupon the two shook hands over their foul bargain, and parted, Mr. Yates to report progress in England, the Norman to make progress in Paris.

THOMAS STUKELY.

AN HISTORICAL MEMOIR.

THOMAS STUKELY was one of the most extraordinary characters of the memorable Elizabethan age. According to a poetic account, he was the son of a rich clothier in the west of England; but he was, rather, agreeably with an old chronicler,* a cadet of an ancient, wealthy, and worshipful family, seated near Ilfracombe. Probably he was brother of Sir Lewis Stukely, the sheriff of Devonshire, who arrested Raleigh when endeavouring to escape to the Continent. He is said to have been bred to mercantile pursuits, and certainly practised them, on one occasion, eccentrically. Whilst a younker, he was placed in the service of a bishop, doubtless in the honourable capacity of page; and seems to have learnt the vices appurtenant to his tricksy vocation, without deriving much leaven of decorum from his master. In later years, when he had obtained unenviable notoriety, he was celebrated in a contemporary ballad, entitled "The famous History of Stout Stukely," reprinted in Evans's collection. Unfortunately, the original broadside cannot be referred to, in order to see if this means of fame Sir John Falstaff was ambitious of—"a particular ballad of his own," as the fat knight expressed it, "with a picture of himself on the top"—included a rough idea of our hero's personal appearance. This rhythmical biography informs us that the gay servitor, while yet a juvenal, came up to town, and, when a man about it,

> Maintained himself in gallant sort,
> And did accompany the best.
> Being thus esteemed, and everywhere well deemed,
> He gained the favour of a London dame.

The lady was a city heiress, daughter of a rich alderman, named Curtis. The splendid figure, wit, and winning ways of "Tom Stukely" (as those he would be familiar with called him), secured the fair prize; they were married, and then,

> In state and pleasure, many days they measure.

After the death of old Curtis, his son-in-law squandered his riches in all sorts of extravagance, even presuming, says the chronicler in song,

> To spend a hundred pound a day!
> Merrily he passed the time away.
> Taverns and ordinaries were his chief braveries.
> Gold angels there flew up and down.
> Riots were his best delight,
> With stately feasting day and night.
> In court and city thus he won renown.

High and fastidious was he in his choice of society. Not a mere

* Fuller.

swinge-buckler of the inns of court, but a dashing frequenter of the purlieus, at least, of the court-royal. The groom-porter's chamber, with its paraphernalia of cards and dice, were probably very well known to him. Like Raleigh, a somewhat congenial spirit, but more ambitious and guarded, he ruffled among the loftiest, resorting to those *salons de luxe*, the expensive ordinaries and taverns described to their life in "The Fortunes of Nigel"—the "Crockys" of the day, where the tables, covered with refined viands and luscious wines, gave but a prelude to deep play, and where, glittering in the newest device, one fed on cates, and then, it may be, diced with, and lost to, the young nobility.

> The greatest gallants in the land
> Had Stukely's purse at their command,

says the ballad; and, among our hero's faults, the imprudence of an excessive generosity was one of the foremost. Besides a few proofs of his ultra-liberality, there is somewhat to show that he had more of real worth in him than the boon companionship and profusion of a distinguished gallant, since, apart from subsequently gaining the countenance of foreign princes, he acquired, during his palmy days in London, the good-will of some of the highest personages. How far his virtue as a giver of exquisite banquets, his hospitable passion to shine at the head of dinner-tables in the London Taverns and Stars and Garters of three centuries ago, served to instal him in the hearts of friends, is too cynical and dubious a question for us to put and solve.

> Thus wasting lands, and living by this his lawless living,
> At length he sold the pavements of the yard,
> Which covered were with blocks of tin;
> Old Curtis left the same to him;
> Which he consumed lately, as you've heard.

As we have ventured to suggest that he was a gamester, let us at least show that his taste for repartee was of a relish so salted and irrepressible as to lead him, on one fatal occasion, to stake and lose much for the sake of sorry jest. There are two versions of his luckless sally; and he would even seem to have repeated his bad joke, the last time with wretched effect, and forgetful that a bon mot, to be *bon*, should, like an egg, be fresh laid. The ballad-monger's version requires some preface. After he had spent his wife's property, he treated her as an encumbrance, evincing little or no tenderness to his hapless better-half, who seems to have been touched by the stroke of extravagance, which, literally and metaphorically, took away all her tin; for, as the song says,

> Whereat his wife sore grieved,
> Desiring to be relieved;
> "Make much of me, dear husband," she did say.
> "*I'll make much more of thee*," said he,
> "*Than any one shall, verily!*"
> And so he sold her clothes, and went his way.

His excessive prodigality and cruel desertion of his wife, whose fortune had supplied his waste, were, deservedly, the principal causes of his failure to rise to political eminence—such as his various and pleasing talents, and

subsequent favour with high patrons, entitled him to hope for. Yet, above all, his insolent repetition of that heartless jest to Queen Elizabeth, as shall be retailed by-and-by, assuredly steeled her woman's heart against him, thereby frustrating every subsequent claim and step the profligate aspirer made to preferment.

Pausing to reflect on his characteristics, we perceive his strong impulse to receive rays of court favour, and become a refulgent star of state; and it is likely that, prior to his having lost the social radiance he had obtained by burning his candle at both ends, he stood well for admission into the political firmament. He was certainly held by many men in higher than mere good-living estimation before the time of his disastrous drollery; was nearly related to the house of St. Leger, a family closely connected, through the Boleyns, to the queen, and was a follower of Sir William Cecil (the great minister, Burleigh), whose *protégé* he long continued to be; besides being, for the same period, favoured by the favourite, Leicester, and by the Sidneys, Herberts, and Somersets, the leading nobility of the time. But he almost extinguished himself by his fatuous joke; for thenceforward he was a lost pleiad, or a dimly-visible planet; then an *ignis fatuus;* and at last he burst and vanished, like a meteor. His disgrace, which is dateless, must have occurred subsequent to 1561, since in that year a close alliance being expected with Sweden by the projected marriage of Elizabeth to Eric XIV., the English people becoming curious about the history of that country, a descriptory book was published, and dedicated "To the ryght worshipfull and singular good mayster, Mayster Thomas Stewckley, Esquire." To have been thus fed with soft dedication, our hero must have stood high in at least some opinions. Perhaps he was employed by the aspirant to the consortship of England in furthering the proposed match, and may have received in guerdon as gaudy a steed as one of the eighteen piebalds sent by the suitor as a marriage present to the young huntswoman queen. However exalted and prosperous his position might once have been, he ruined himself at court by his offence in insolently retorting, on majesty itself, his impudent and brutal jest to his wife.

The story of this mad waggery in the face of the throne was long considered a good joke, since Lord Strafford repeats it in one of his merry missives to Laud: "Stukely told Queen Elizabeth, being blamed for not using his wife well, that *he had already turned her into her petticoat, and if any man could make more of her, they might take her for him!*" This jest would certainly have no prosperity in female ears; and Elizabeth, whose marked displeasures anent her courtiers' dealings with the fair sex are matters of history, could not pardon so bad a husband, who, with brazen audacity, proclaimed his cruelty with insolence to herself. Consequently our "ryght singular good mayster," shunned by some and dunned by others, disappeared from London; and our next view of Master Reynard, who eked out his lion's hide with the fox's skin, is as an adventurer for America. Speculation of one sort or another was henceforth the lot of the mercantile prodigal. Had he lived in the present day, he might have made a glorious commercial traveller, or entered a house of business in New York. His temper and times inclined him to more romantic courses. The first of his schemes was an expedition, in which

he persuaded a number of enterprisers to join him, for the discovery of "certain islands in the far west, towards Terra Florida." This florid and wild project failed for want of money, and seems to have resulted in a wilder method of supplying the lack. It is stated in a contemporary memoir, republished in Lord Somers's Tracts, that the subject of it "fled out of England for *piracies*." Though the transition from prodigality to piracy was easy, it seems strange that our Lucifer, a stately voluptuary, at one time "joined with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters, and great one-eyers," should have fallen so low as to league, if not with "land-rakers," with sea-rakers, and "mad, mustachioed" et ceteras. Of what nature the piratic acts were does not come to light; but subsequent accusations tend to show that their character was not so grave as those on foreign seas laid to Sir Walter Raleigh's charge, when the Spanish minister closed conference on the matter by quitting Cecil's cabinet in a rage, exclaiming, "*Pirata! pirata!*"

Our narrow seas were crowded with coasters, whose flags, of whatever nations they were badges of protection, were but fluttering lures to the hawks or ospreys of those seas—anti-protectionist birds, to whom free-traders were a prey. The sparse and puny guarda-costas of the time were seldom able to pounce on such wily crafts, generally mercantile in character, but occasionally piratic, and apt to be transformed by a streak of paint and change of sails into flying and unrecognisable phantom barks. Dan Chaucer's "Marchant" used, when counting his losses by these sea-reavers, to exclaim:

> Wold the sea were kept for anything,
> Betwixen Middleburgh and Orewell!

Sometimes a privateer's letter of marque converted a fast-sailing sloop, a mere bearer of burdens, into a raking cutter, and covered her deck with a bristle of matchlocks and boarding pikes; or her bold commander assumed a roving commission to do as he liked on the Spanish main, under pretence of commercial adventure, or the false colour of a voyage of discovery. Whether the buccanieros of that chanceful main were the first aggressors in the nautical embroglios of the Elizabethan age, is a moot point; but their compatriot argosies were unquestionably the main losers. "A voyage to America," observes an industrious writer, Mr. T. Wright, from whose instructive work, "Queen Elizabeth and her Times," we are gleaning largely, "was little better than a piratical expedition; and the Drakes and the Raleighs, and, in fact, many of the nobles of that time, were in reality but freebooters on the sea."

The following relevant story is told in a curious book of jests printed in the reign of James I.: "An earle in times past in this kingdome having made some prosperous voyages abroad, and returning with great prizes from the Spaniard, meeting with another young earle, who by his father's death was newly come to both his meanes and title; after some congratulation, they fell in discourse of divers sea-fights, and ships taken from the enemy. At length, 'I wonder,' saith the soldier, 'earle, that your lordship being of such remarke in the court and kingdome, doth not for your greater honour undertake in your own person some noble enterprise at sea against the common enemy the Spaniard, as I and others

have done.' To whom he gave this modest answer: 'My worthy lord, I thank God, my father was so carefull, that hee hath husbanded so my present meanes and fortunes, that I am able to live of my own revenues at home.' 'Why, my lord,' saith hee, 'do you hold mee to be a theefe?' 'Oh! yes, with pardon, my lord, an honourable theefe.'"*

Sir Francis Drake, "the first who ploughed a furrow round the world," was bred a pirate; and we must remember that to him, Raleigh, and other truly gallant commanders of the fleet that encountered the Armada, we owe the foundation of our naval supremacy.

The next view of Stukely is on a stage that offered much promise to a man of enterprise, especially were he supported by influential friends, and capable of sustaining a brave part in political storms, namely, Ireland, often a wide cave of Adullam, to which men fled from debt and danger, and in which our adventurer had motives for seeking a livelihood. In the first place, he was kinsman to his subsequent fellow-conspirator, the celebrated traitor James Fitzmaurice, who was, at this time, lieutenant-chieftain over the Geraldine clan and vassals of the sixteenth Earl of Desmond during this rebellious nobleman's captivity. Thus connected, and "having wasted his patrimony by luxurious living," as observed by a contemporary historiographer of this great house, he, "hoping to repair his fortunes, addicted himself to the Desmonds." Another contemporary Gäelic writer† says that Stukely, who was at one time regarded by the Irish Gäel as "the coming man" of their deliverance from the English yoke, was thought by some to be a son of Henry VIII. (whom he may have resembled in regal port and haughty manners), but that most believed him to have been born of an English knight by an Irish mother. This latter belief has been carried to the conjecture that the lady was daughter of a Kavanagh, titular king of Leinster, and is somewhat borne out by the fact that the titles our hero induced Pope Gregory XIII. to confer on him, of Viscount Kinshellagh, Earl of Carlow, Marquis of Leinster, &c., were such as an ambitious scion of that house would assume. Although this noted adventurer had many kinsfolk in the Green Isle, yet was no native of a land fertile in congenial characters, she may claim him as a denizen under the dictate of her papal master, who conferred so many of her fairest titles upon him, and lent him an armed band of Italians to support his claims. If really descended from Dermot *na Gall*, *i.e.* of foreigners, whom this king of Leinster imported to recover his kingdom, it must be confessed that our fox was no changeling, but had a wild trick of his ancestors.

Stukely's abilities as a plausible courtier, combined with his imposing appearance and bearing, soon put him on excellent terms with the government officers in Dublin Castle, who wrote, September, 1563, to the lords of the privy council, that they were employing him to negotiate with O'Neill, the formidable rebel chieftain of the north. Shane, the O'Neill, or king of his great Ultonian clan, is a far more notable personage than our Englishman, being the most exaggerated type of an Irish king on record. The fictitious character of "Roderick Dhu" would sink into insignificance beside the truths that could be told of this

* Note to Wright's "Elizabeth." † Philip O'Sulivan.

proud, crafty, brave, and vengeful Gäel. His soubriquet was *Diomais*, the ambitious, which he had earned by his strenuous endeavours to make himself king of Ulster. He could bring a large and dangerous force into the field, some seven or eight thousand horsemen, ferocious kernes, and stalwart galloglasses. During his defensive war, his hardihood and valour had extorted warm admiration from his assailants, the English military commanders; and during any halcyon day his disturbed dynasty knew, no Sassenach dared venture, even in peaceful guise, without his permission, into Ulster, for he had made this great province his *terra clausa*. He was devoted *tam Bacchi et Veneri quam Marti*, being used to qualify deep potations of foreign wines with draughts of native spirits, sometimes so copiously as to find it requisite to be plunged to the neck in sand, anticipating, in this recipe, the earth-bath of modern empirics. This mighty toper carried off, in 1561, the second spouse of his wife's father, with her concurrence, and was glad to retain the lady, a widow of an Earl of Argyle, but still young and charming, besides being accomplished, "a speaker of good French and some Italian, and not unlearned in Latin." In that year, the subtle rebel had foiled Lord Sussex's armed attempt to rescue the countess, by removing and hiding her in one island or another in his lake-abounding territory; so that the delicate question of this agreeable and cherished companion's release may have formed one object of our ambassador's mission.

Stukely's temporary employment as envoy to the barbarous throne of this Celtic king of a wilderness does not at first appear to have relieved the exhaustion of his purse and exiguity of his wardrobe, since they must have sunk to a low ebb when he wrote, on the 22nd of April, 1565, from Dublin, to his patron, the secretary of state, that "little is left to him but his honesty."* Yet, although he now sued for favour *in formâ pauperis*, we are willing to wager our best beaver that the gallant, once a glass of fashion to broken Templars in "Alsatia," did not wear, even in the Hibernian metropolis, the outward appearance of a battered prodigal, "ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth," but was still a Dives at dinner and in fine linen. So completely had the English courtier conciliated the prince of the northern Gäel, that, in the month of June, he induced the Irish "king" to address three epistles, written in the Latin language, in his favour: one to the queen, in his praise, and the rest to the Earl of Leicester and Secretary Cecil, requesting that her majesty would be graciously pleased to pardon him. Lucklessly, however, for the object of this intercession, another king, of more political weight, Philip of Spain, caused his ambassador to lay a formal complaint against our hero for piracy. Doubtless, the intercessory letters were intended as a timely fender off from the brunt of this charge. Accusations accumulating against our rover, the lord justice, Sir Nicholas Arnold, was ordered to institute inquiries, and, in reply, reported he could not learn that Stukely had committed any act of piracy on the Irish coast; but, having heard how completely the adventurer had ingratiated himself by his liberality and courtesy, whilst in the north, with O'Neill, and, when in the south, with certain recusant lords and chieftains, Arnold declared he considered this accomplished diplomat "as well able as any man" to

* MS., State Paper-office.

serve government in dealing with these rebelliously inclined potentates.* As bearer of this propitiatory despatch and a special commendation to Cecil, the accused proceeded to London, and, after some months' sojourn, having perhaps exculpated himself, and earned favour by his political intelligence, returned to the troubled scene of his mediatorship with a recommendatory missive from the minister to the new viceroy, the excellent Sir Henry Sydney, who soon availed himself of our courtier's talent for diplomacy, by despatching him into the north to negotiate again with his rebel friend. The special object of this mission was to prevent a threatened coalition of O'Neill with the Earl of Argyle, who had promised to come over in person, and, with his whole power as *Mac Ailen More*, aid defensive operations. Our gay gallant, gorgeously attired, and with an air of high polish, must have presented a strong contrast to an envoy lately sent by the Irish chief to his Scots brother, a certain "rough, rug-headed kerne," whose personal appearance so amused *Mac Ailen More* that he took him with him to the court at Edinburgh "to show the monstrous glibbe," or bush of hair, "he wore upon his head." Tom Stukely, who, though he may have now and then stooped to run down a prize at sea, always flaunted and rustled in silken braveries on land, being, indeed, one of "the curled darlings" of the age, suddenly proved, while in the north, that, whatever amount of honesty remained with him, he also possessed an unaccountably large sum of money, for he bargained to pay three thousand pounds, equivalent to twentyfold now, for a certain office and estate, to their owner, Sir Nicholas Bagenal, father of the "brave marshal" celebrated in "Rokeby," and whose ill neighbourhood to warlike savages rendered his lands untenable. The post our enterpriser agreed to purchase was a high, courtly, and military office, no other than the marshalship of the vice-regal household, a function including, by ancient usage, the marshalship of the army. Installed in such a ceremonial and martial station, which Sydney was perfectly willing to confirm to him, and once in possession of the estate, which included the town of Newry, the key to the north, our adventurer would have found himself in clover and on velvet. But, miserably mal à propos! a contretemps prevented the transfer from taking place, in the shapes of a letter, announcing the queen's dissatisfaction, and an order for his appearance in the Admiralty Court. These were quickly followed by an expression of her majesty's offence at the tone of a vindicatory letter he had written, and at the fact of his receiving any employment, with a reiteration of the command that he should return to England, in these words:

"We find it strange that Thomas Stukely should be used there in any service in such credit as we perceive he is, considering the general discredit wherein he remaineth not only in our own realm, but also in other countries, for such matters as he has been charged withall; whereunto, also, he yet remaineth by bond with sureties answerable in our court of the Admiraltie, according as of late, upon supplication of his sureties, we wrote to you that he should return home to answer in our said court."

So peremptory a royal command was not to be disobeyed. Sydney

* State Paper-office.

writes, 17th of April, 1566, to Secretary Cecil, in these strong terms of recommendation:

"I pity Mr. Stukely, as you do; and now he repaireth to England. He hoped to have settled here (in Ireland), being well allied to dyvers noblemen here, and in great towardness to marry the Earl of Worcester's sister. If any good come of the intelligence of O'Neill's intention, Stukely is to be thanked for it. And for the weight of the office which I recommended him to (only by my particular letters to you, my Lord of Pembroke, and my Lord of Leicester, from all which I had before received very favourable letters in his behalf), such it is as heretofore, the marshall of the lord deputy's (viceroy's) hall was marshall of the army. And the office was, and is, of the deputy's gift. The bargain for the land, as in my other letters I writ, was made between Bagenal and him before I knew of it; and that beinge his, *I knowe, noe man, if the queen would have peace with O'Neill, that better could please him, nor no man, if her highness would have war, that more would annoy him;* and this moved me to consent to it, and yet I neither desire it, nor persuade it."*

Such was this excellent statesman's opinion of our hero, as to lead him, during the height of O'Neill's career, to commit to Stout Stukely's neighbourly and warlike qualities the task of managing that restive subject. The "very favourable" recommendations Stukely received from such great lords as the above mentioned show that he was by no means without honour in his own country. By the forwardness of his suit to one of the Ladies Somerset, it must have been that he was sometime a widower; but he had now trespassed too far into the queen's displeasure to succeed as a suitor either for office or a noble alliance.

An humbler yet more hopeful chance of retrieving his fortunes by marriage presented itself. One Peppard, an Anglo-Irish squire, who possessed a crown lease for twenty-one years of all gold, silver, lead, and copper mines in the county of Wexford, having died in October, 1565, his widow became the holder of this legal instrument for a realisation of riches, such as Stukely may have sanguinely looked for without the intervention of any Dousterswivel. The lady, determining to proceed to London to advance her suit at court for an extension of the lease, obtained from the viceroy, on the 23rd of June following, a letter of introduction to Cecil, requesting the minister "to graunt his good word and expedition to Mistress (Elizabeth) Peppard, in respect of her years and unaptness to so great a travail, or to become a suitor at that place." Doubtless, the lady was successful at court, for it was on her return that our gallant (who may have had a taste for mineralogy) commenced his courtship and succeeded in his suit. Neither ballads nor prose shed any light on the married life of the ill-assorted couple. To conjecture, this second venture with an elderly dame, and whilst our rover was young enough, as we shall see by-and-by, to entertain romantic passions for the sex, was not felicitous, since the alluring mines of his present mistress did not work out their promise of proving an Eldorado. "Don't talk to me," he may have said to this spouse, "of your gold or silver, or even of your lead or copper. My first wife made no boast of mineral wealth; nor

* Collins's Sydney Memoirs, i. 10.

when her tin was gone was she such an encumbrance!" "Mistress Elizabeth," aged as she was, survived him, and obtained a considerable lease of crown lands from her royal namesake,* who, perhaps, compassionated her loss of the first lease—but not that of her last husband. Peppard's Castle, her residence—celebrated in the dramatised story of "The White Horse of the Peppards," as the scene of a series of mystifications and maltreatments of a grantee, who consequently sold his right for a horse, on which he rode away from this place of torment—this bleak tower, we imagine, hardly required the misery of concerted malevolence on the part of the old inhabitants to render its antique discomforts odious to our Sybarite.

Still, this tower, standing, as it did and does, on a cliff commanding sight of any coasters to and from the Irish metropolis, possessed a higher attraction than its mistress in the eyes of her corsair spouse. Her Conrad had, probably, grown too weary to embark in guilty quest of maritime fortune, yet allowed himself to purchase ill-gotten marine stores.

"Here hath been lately exhibited unto us a complaint," writes the queen again, to Sir Henry Sydney, on the 6th July, 1567, "by certain subjects of our brother, the King of Spayne, inhabitants of the Low Countries, against Edward Cooke, of Southampton, a pyrat, who, they alledge, invaded them by sea and took their goods, being hides and skins brought from the Indies, and a great sum of money, and, carrying the same into Ireland, have *made sale to Stewkley* thereof, which they require to be redressed. And so, if it be true that Stewkley hath bought a part thereof, we charge you to give straight order that the same goods be furthcoming, to be answered where justice shall permit. And surely we marvel that Stewkley would have such boldnes as to deal with pyrates, or with their prises."†

We must now take a brief retrospect. Disappointed in purchasing an estate in the north, and the courtly post he coveted, our adventurer had turned his eye for office southward, and again exhibited an earnest endeavour to live and thrive among the highest. Ever fertile in resources, he had obtained, by private bargain, the valuable office of "seneschal," or steward, of the palatinate county in which he resided, an important financial and military station, which included the government of the Leinster clans. But lo! for the second time he was foiled by the lasting indignation of the queen, who would not suffer a man of such tarnished reputation to occupy a political post in her dominions. At her command, the secretary of state wrote, 10th July, 1567: "Her majesty *mislikes that Stukely should have any office* in Ireland." Despite this expression of the royal displeasure, the bold office-holder retained possession for a twelvemonth and more, since it was not until November, 1568, that he was superseded. On this occasion, Viceroy Sydney writes thus strongly and favourably to Cecil: "My other letters declare *my devotion to* Thomas Stukely, *your poor repentant follower*, I am sure, from his heart, for otherwise he could not enjoy my good countenance. But since I now see that her majesty cannot allow of his service, I must be sorry for his undoing, and cease my suit."‡

* Patent Rolls. † State Paper-office.
‡ Collins's Sydney Letters, vol. i.

So adroitly had Stukely contrived to inspire this eminent statesman with warm interest in his favour, that the viceroy, as we have seen, more than once endeavoured to establish him in office. Elizabeth, however, with a keener and more jealous insight into character than was, in this case, evinced by her counsellors, refused to extend him her patronage. Our ex-steward continued to reside in the county he had governed; and, a spirit so haughty as his being sure to come in collision with his superseder, it is not surprising that he was soon charged with having acted somewhat like the unjust steward, or that depositions were forwarded to government, giving particulars of what his successor styles "evil practises broken out in heinous sort in Mr. Stukely." He had recently had a fray with an English officer, constable of an adjacent garrison castle, who, when confronted with him at the council-board in Dublin, charged him not only with railing against the queen, and even slandering her, but with conspiring, with certain proclaimed rebels, to "levy war against the queen's majesty and her subjects." Among the articles deposed in that, when told publicly by William Hore, knight of the shire, how her majesty had given away the office of seneschal from him, he commenced railing, and coarsely exclaimed, "He did not care a —— for the queen or her office." The contumelist was committed to close prison in the Castle on the 8th June, 1569, on the special charge of "slander spoken of the queen's majesty." We know not the precise calumny uttered against the maiden monarch, but may well believe that this breach of the injunction "no scandal against Queen Elizabeth," was the "mere flash and outbreak of a fiery mind," the false witness of a sorely disappointed man. Probably the "slander" was more political than personal, and less heinous than the disrespectful expressions of another supposed natural son of the eighth Harry, namely, Sir John Perrott, who, in consequence, died broken-hearted in the Tower, an instance how difficult it is for a crowned head to forgive the wounds inflicted by a slanderous tongue. Stout Stukely still stood in sufficient favour to obtain an order for his release. But his last disappointment of obtaining office rankled into such bitter feelings of resentment as to lead him, first, to avenge himself by instigating a furious rebellion,* and, secondly, to fly to the Continent, with the design of inciting invasion of his country.

Our readers' æsthetic sense of human character can be little gratified by contemplation of Tom Stukely's peculiarities, which sank him into lower and lower depths of moral and political turpitude, but which, though they are incapable of being treated favourably and pathetically, were mixed with a considerable disposition towards generosity and heroism, and were by no means catholic. He became, in his own country, a bankrupt in reputation, as honest old Camden says, and as such we are dealing with him, without any desire to endorse his draughts on the British bank of honour, then sustained by an illustrious company of worthies. He narrowly missed being condemned to lasting fame as a conspirator-rebel and subordinate villain in one of Dryden's dramas; and, whilst in the flesh, "escaped," saith our last-quoted chronicler, "the danger of the law" by timely flight. He is still not beyond the reach of justice in the high court of literature, and should future critic-holders of

* Sir W. Scott's Note to Lord Somers's Tracts.

the judicial balance treat him more leniently than we are doing, they may perhaps pardon our severity on the grounds that characters of a cast so dangerous,

> Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
> Are touched and shamed by ridicule alone,

and even though seen merely in the past, are most fitly held up to view and scorn by means of reprehensive satire. Commencing as a prodigal, this unprincipled man, whose undoubted talents might have elevated him to a niche among the pillars of the Elizabethan age, employed them at last in endeavouring to subvert a throne they ought to have supported and adorned. Like the guilty Corsair of poetic creation, he was

> Warp'd by the world in disappointment's school,
> In words too wise, in conduct there a fool;
> Too firm to yield, and far too proud to stoop,
> Doom'd by his very virtues for a dupe,
> He curs'd those virtues as the cause of ill,
> Nor deem'd that gifts bestow'd on better men
> Had left him joy, and means to give again.

How far he was implicated in the insurrections for which the year of his disappointment was remarkable, is an obscure point. Rebels were not more plentiful in the wildest wood in Ireland than were traitors in the court of London; and he subsequently boasted that he was in league with both these ranks of the disaffected. The celebrated "Rising of the North," when two great stars, the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, "shot madly from their spheres," occurred in the month of September; and, however slight the impulse this famous revolt may have received from Stukely, there can be little question but that it was upon his instigation that his kinsman, Fitzmaurice, took up arms with four thousand men in the west of Ireland, and marching so far eastward as Enniscorthy, the town our malcontent resided in, reached it on the 15th of August, and then and there took public vengeance for Stukely, as well as perhaps avenging a private grudge or two in this "Vinegar-hill" town. It was during the holding of a great fair that this fierce troop of kernes and "merciless galloglasses" were brought hither, and, after committing terrible outrages on the traders and their wives, carried off "an indescribable quantity of horses, gold, silver, and foreign wares." This raid was during the first act of a rebellion remarkable as the first in which the war-cry of the uprising Roman Catholic religion was assumed to give increased rancour to a struggle that was less for matters of creed than for property. An envoy was despatched to Rome, and seems to have sent back certain curious placards, printed apparently in Italy, for dissemination, bearing this title: "The Proclamation of the Right Honourable Lord James Geraldine, concerning the justice of the war he wageth for the faith."

This rebellion lasted for three years. "To kindle this flame," writes Camden, "there came privily the Spaniard, Juan Mendoza," who seems to have landed from one of the galleons that brought freights of several thousand arquebuses and Bilboa blades.* In May, 1571, two indictments

* Collins, i. 39.

were drawn up against "Thomas Stukely, late of Enniscorthy, gentleman, seneschal of the county;" but were not presented, for the desperado had recently sailed away, in a ship of his own, laden with corn, to the realm of a mighty enemy to Elizabeth, *el rey de las Españas.* In the contemporary tract before quoted he is said to have fled on account of debt. Besides danger and disappointment, vengeance was certainly a motive. His wife he left behind; but his son, William, accompanied him, together with the young heir of the chieftain of Leinster, afterwards known as Donnell *Spainiagh*, a formidable leader of rebellion. He was well received by the king, Philip II., who made him presents of money; and he commenced systematic political dealings. Our exile was now become one of those self-banished "unsettled humours of the land," described by the great "abstract and brief" dramatic chronicler of the time as "rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries, with ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens, who, having sold their fortunes at their native homes, bear their birthrights proudly on their backs to make a hazard of new fortunes." Yet our stout renegado was no effeminate smock-faced coystrel, but a bold buccaneer at sea, and brave swordsman on land, ready to stake his life in great exploits. "Tous chemins vont à Rome," saith a continental proverb; and his road to revenge lay through the Eternal City.

Our traveller obtained credit at the Escorial by exhibiting a document signed not only by many of the Irish nobility, but by some Englishmen of high quality, who declared themselves at his devotion.* The holder of this promising testimonial undertook to deliver Ireland into the hands of King Philip, and was courteously treated and munificently subsidised, being, at one time, in receipt of the princely stipend of one thousand ducats weekly.† Our sanguine adventurer, who had now almost realised a *château en Espagne*, received, in addition to substantial marks of favour, the honour of knighthood, previous to starting for Rome to lay proposals for invading the Green Isle before the Pope. Proceeding thither, he speedily induced the pontiff, Pius V., to issue a bull conferring the island on King Philip, and to appoint his apt self to excite the natives to rise in arms. "It is incredible," says Fuller, "how quickly he wrought himself through the notice into the favour, through the court into the chamber, yea closet, yea bosom, of Pope Pius Quintus." Though possessing the advantage of a persuasive tongue, he had the manifest disadvantage of a braggadocio style. Lombard, the catholic primate, who resided in the Eternal City, and knew our impostor, characterises him as *homo extremæ arrogantiæ et jactantiæ.* Verily there was heroism in the grand audacity with which this son of a Devonshire squire thus joined himself with the high mightinesses of the Continent. The death of Pius, in 1572, retarded any invasive measures; and our conspirator, returning to Madrid, amused himself with inducing Philip to commence preparations for an expedition, which gave much uneasiness to the queen's ministers; but the Spanish king being by degrees somewhat disabused of his confidence in the enterpriser, the preparations were postponed. The refugee continued in sufficient favour to remain in receipt of his pension, as appears by curious accounts of his proceedings in "The Compleat Ambassador." Let us now not omit to remark that our

* Wright. † M.S., State Paper-office, March 30, 1572.

hyper-romantic hero of historic facts has been presented to the world's notice by no less a master of the ceremonies of romance than the author of "The Monastery," who compares his amusing creation, Sir Piercie Shafton, to "the ruffling gallants of the time, Rowland Yorke, *Stukely*, and others, who wear out their fortunes and endanger their lives in idle braveries, in order that they may be esteemed the only choice gallants of the time; and afterwards endeavour to repair their estate, by engaging in the desperate plots and conspiracies which wiser heads have devised. Such courageous fools resemble hawks, which the wiser conspirator keeps hooded and blindfolded on his wrist until the quarry is on the wing, and who are then flown at them." The hour for flying Stout Tom had not yet arrived; so he served, in the mean time, as a decoy and agent for disaffected compatriots. In the month of December, the Earl of Desmond, who had long been a state prisoner in England, under the special custody of his powerful enemy, Sir Warham St. Leger, made secret overtures to Martin Frobisher, the celebrated navigator, to aid him to escape. The captive nobleman, though generally confined in either the knight's house in Southwark, or in his castle in Kent (Leedes Castle, a still fine old moated fortress), was sometimes allowed to go at large, guarded; and, contriving to send a trusty follower to the famous mariner's lodgings, in Lambeth, to deal for a ship to convey him away, it was concerted that the earl, disguised, should drop down the river in an oyster-boat, to as to pass the queen's ships unsearched, as far as Gravesend, where the friendly seaman was to be in readiness with a sailing vessel. Soon after that this scheme, being discovered, proved abortive, the Irish earl was suffered to return home, in order that his release might put a stop to the insurrectionary war waged by his lieutenant. Sir Warham, a cousin of Stukely's, enraged at the release of his prisoner, taking it in such ill part as to declare he "hoped the queen's destruction, with all her pack of villanous counsellors," confederated with certain decayed men, of piratic habits, with the objects of joining Stukely, and returning with him to invade Ireland. The plan was hatched at St. Leger House, the angry owner of which was a man of high birth, but impoverished. At this time, the Duke of Norfolk, foiled in rising in support of Mary, Queen of Scots, was under sentence of death in the Tower; and Sir Warham "cursed the duke for a blab-lipped cowardly fool, who had not gone roundly to his business; who might have had fifteen men to one of the queen's, and yet suffered himself to be entrapped, like a dolt." St. Leger succeeded in alluring Frobisher into the plot: but the seaman's wife betrayed this one of the many dark conspiracies with which the age was rife.

Soon after the accession of Gregory XIII., our adventurous exile again bent his steps towards the Vatican, and, with his extraordinary talent of gaining access to men in high power, and securing their confidence, induced the pontiff to turn his eyes to Ireland. He found this pope more easy to be persuaded than his predecessor, particularly on representing to him the facility with which his pseudo-nephew could be raised to the throne of the Green Isle. He was even admitted to the intimate office of chamberlain, and given the high-sounding titles of Baron of Ross and Idrone, Viscount of Murrowes and Kinshelagh, Earl of Wexford, and Marquis of Leinster. The gift and assumption of this Spanish profusion of spurious

titles are not a little characteristic. The contemporary tract often referred to states that, whilst subsequently residing in Madrid, in the enjoyment of a pension, and waiting the turn of public events, he pretended his titles were genuine, and was believed; but being at last found out, the impostor was banished, not, however, until he had spent a considerable sum, 27,576 ducats, which the king had liberally allowed him.

These events bring us to the spring of 1573, when the severities of war, and Desmond's return to his dominions, brought the insurrection of Fitzmaurice to a close. This bold and bigoted warrior, who secretly aspired to the earldom of his clan, of which he had long acted as elected chief, was the first of his nation to set the two evil examples of arousing a religious rebellion and bringing in foreign soldiers to aid it. He had, on the accession of Gregory, sent an envoy to the pontiff to pray a blessing on a civil war in which he had thus politically enlisted the cause of the old creed, and his Holiness had "animated him," says the inquisitor archbishop, "to the glorious work." His protracted struggle having resulted in Desmond's release, the earl rewarded him by a grant of lands; but this gift being presently resumed, in May, 1575, the luckless clansman, stung with disappointment at failing either to obtain his fertile patrimonial barony, Kerrycurriky, or to secure some other rich reward, followed Stukely's example by quitting Ireland, and sought to gain his various ends by exciting sympathy on the Continent for his Catholic countrymen. His wife, who had accompanied him, with the full measure of her warm native affections, describes in her letters home the flattering reception he met at St. Malo, a port in Brittany, whence a view of the Channel Islands, those first outposts of English maritime power, must have often excited his bitterest antipathy. The exiled pair removed to Morlaix, where they resided for some time, perhaps in one of those houses in the Rue des Nobles still remarkable for grotesque exterior decoration, and richly carved stairs and galleries, forming a quaint and singular specimen of mediæval domestic architecture.

Our rover, Stukely, is lost sight of during the period under view; but it would seem that he was employed by the Pope, with whom he was now in high favour, as a political agent in Flanders; and we trace him at Sienna on the 21st of March, *en route* for the Roman capital. The night before his departure, he invited all English gentlemen then in the town to a sumptuous supper, but they loyally declined to sit at his table. "He is full of money, and maintaineth his old manner of spending," writes a correspondent of Lord Burghley's. When passing through Florence, he had a long conference on political affairs with the duke, who received him with marked honour, as, indeed, did all the grand-dukes in Italy, who were attracted by his deportment, and readily treated him as a companion.

From Rome he wrote, 24th of October, 1575, a highly characteristic letter, superscribed "To my very good frynd Mestres Julian." Our ballad and scandal-monger shows that both these terms may be translated into their French equivalents. Certainly, the writer shows a far more loving feeling towards this lady than he exhibited to his lawful one. "I have recieved," says he, "your gentill letter by this bearer, to whom I offered all curtesy for your sake :" and who would not accept three or four score crowns the lady had desired her lover to give him. "Trust me," writes

the gallant, "whensoever it shall please you to command, if it be for 10,000 crowns, you may boldly employ me, for I will as willingly disburse it to pleasure you, as I would give one point." He adds: "I am and ever will be ready (with God's grace) to obey you." In this promise, there was more of lax love than of sound wedlock. Then he thanks the fair creature for the "two dozen of points" (tags for tying up his vestments) she had sent him, which, coming from her hands, were more grateful to him than so many brilliants. In return, his magnificence, who knew the proverb, *Mas ablanda davidas que palabras de caballero*—gifts soften more than a gentleman's palaver—presented her with "half a dozen of pyctures wrought upon taffyta." He was now in his glory's zenith. Of the fervour of his attachment to Mistress Julian we may judge by his declaration that the proud "estate" he enjoyed "is and ever shall be to honour and serve" her. He concludes: "Pray for me, as I will do for you. I commend me most lovingly unto yourself, and us both unto God, who of his goodness send us a joyfull meeting." Such was his love to the mistress of his heart. His detestation was no less in the extreme for the great minister Burghley, whose correspondent wrote from Florence that this *conspiratore Inglese* "has discovered himself here to be a hateful enemy unto your lordship."

Ireland, the vulnerable part of Elizabeth's dominions, was shortly afterwards revisited by the conspiring pirate, to sound the depth of rebellious feeling there. In the month of December he was on a visit to Gerald, Earl of Kildare, at Kilka (a fine old castle recently fitted up and inhabited by the present marquis), on parting whence the noble host presented the traveller with "a sorrel curtal," and gave him the guidance of a native named Phelim, who subsequently complained that the haughty Spanish Saxon had called him *salvagio*.*

It was, of course, the enterpriser's object to return to the courts of the Escorial and Vatican with the most cheering assurances of the zealous support of the Irish chiefs. Pleasant would it have been to have witnessed the interview between our braggadocio and the great Geraldine earl, and have heard his *palabros!* Our hidalgo's original and Spanish-brown characteristics of haughtiness and vain-glory had, doubtless, received a higher tone in "tawny Spain." How carefully he sweetened his discourse with foreign expletives, and larded it with the commendablest phrases of the age's Euphuistic school! His attire, perhaps, resembled the medley of his speech in motleyness, made up of exotic braveries; having, maybe, like Portia's English suitor, "bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere." Let us imagine the guise and figure of our conspirator, bonnet in hand, and not forgetting his Toledo rapier and poniard, with their hangings and garnish, while imparting the intrigues and state secrets of many courts, from Elizabeth's privy chamber to Gregory's closet, to the rustic Hibernian noble, with all the air and phraseology of Shakspeare's "illustrious wight," *Don Armado*, the refined and magnificent traveller from Spain, "a man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight;" and then, at the close of the conference, his spirit mounting to the opportunity, advising his *caro amico* (might he, in

* State Paper-office.

sooth, so style *sua excellenza el Conde de Kildare?*) to dare all by putting all to *la fortuna della guerra!* Then, to have seen the caballero take leave, with dulcet expressions of profound consideration, mount his sorrel hack, wend his way through bogs and over mountains with the rude and awe-struck Phelim, and, when provoked by some want of *savoir* on the part of his guide, threaten to make a carbonado of him! We can well conceive that the scene between this adventurous Hispaniolan knight and his Irish companion was as comical as any the humorous pen of Cervantes has described between Don Quixote and Sancho Panza.

Leaving our voyager on his road back to his employer, we find the Geraldine exile reported, in February following, at St. Malo, "keeping," writes Sydney, "a great port, himself and family well apparelled, and full of money; often visited by men of countenance, and often receiving intelligence from Rome and Spain. The man," continues the viceroy, "is subtle, malicious, and hardy; a papist in extremity, and well esteemed among the Irish people. If he come," the writer declares, "all the loose swordsmen will flock unto him. Yea, their lords, let them do their best, shall not be able to keep them from him. So if he come, like a man of war, as I know he will, and I be in the north, he may take and do what he will with Kinsale, Cork, Youghal, Kilmallock, and haply Limerick too, before I can come to the rescue." No such dashing attack was meditated for the present, for, at that time of writing, the foe was proceeding towards the Eternal City *viâ* Madrid, whence, being furnished with recommendatory letters from the king, he went on his way, to concert measures with his kinsman, the Pope's chamberlain, who had by this time thoroughly insinuated himself, by fair promises and ostentation, into his master's favour. Gregory received the Irishman with open arms and a confiding heart. The congenial pair of conspirators, equal in craft and indefatigability, soon persuaded his Holiness to forget his recent promise of conferring the British dominions on Philip, and to resume his paternal notion of making Giacomo Buoncompagno king of the Emerald Isle. He was assured that the Green Islanders only wanted some foreign troops and treasure to break out in open rebellion; that there was not an English fortress that could hold out four days; and that five thousand men could overrun the entire island, and easily drive the *heretici Inglesi* into the sea. Our papal chamberlain, who had, of course, relinquished the errors of Protestantism, and embraced those of the Catholic faith (as an Irishman would say), was, no doubt, eloquent enough on the revival of popery in England and Ireland, which, indeed, dates from this period of the labours of the Jesuits Allen, Sanders, Campion, &c. By a proclamation dated 25th February, 1576, the pontiff, premising that with grief of heart he had lately learned from "that noble and excellent man, James Geraldine, lord of Kiericouthi,* and governor-general of Desmond in the absence of the Earl of Desmond," of the cruel persecutions of his countrymen by Elizabeth, "who" (continues the document), "hateful alike to God and man, domineers proudly and impiously in England and Ireland." His Holiness therefore granted to all in the latter country who would follow "the said general," joining his army for defence of the Catholic faith, as plenary an indulgence and remission of their sins as if

* The uncouth title which Fitzmaurice, as late owner of the barony now called Kerrycurriky, especially coveted.

they were warring against the Turks for the recovery of the Holy Land.

Stukely succeeded in obtaining from the pontiff a no less sum than 40,000 scudi to equip himself with vessels and men. In his generosity, he may have handed over part of this large sum to his confederate, or the latter may have received a separate benevolence. "Great and tawdry," writes a chronicler, *anno* 1577, "were the advertisements of an intention of Fitzmaurice to make invasion; he had been with the Pope at Rome, and there was princelie entertained, and returned from thence with a good mass of treasure." Stukely was soon rejoined by his confederate, who had been to visit his wife at St. Malo; and the preparations now progressed for the long-threatened expedition to an isle "where," as *this* Don Quixote may have said, "there are opportunities, Brother Sancho, of putting our hands into what are called adventures up to our elbows." Verily, the enterprise had a Quixotic air—"a spice of madness in it," as Lord Bacon observed. Every particular of the attempt as it grew was regularly reported by Secretary Walsingham; for even the prime leader, Stukely, a mere desperado, without honour or conscience, had sold his services at the same time to the queen and the Pope, and alternately betrayed the secrets of each.* At length, in the spring of 1578, the Armada was complete, but comprised no more than a ship of war, a few galleys, three thousand stand of arms, and some eight hundred brigands and other convicts, culled from the gaols and galleys of the Ecclesiastical States. There were included a few men of rank to officer this banditti; and since it may be conjectured that their Geraldine general—though he might be, like his countryman, "Captain Macmorris," "a very valiant gentleman"—possessed, like his namesake, "no more directions in the discipline"—so Fluellen phrased it—"of the pristine wars of the Romans than, look you, a puppy-dog," he may have been glad to obtain the services of Italian engineers, whose handiwork is still visible on the little promontory at Smerwick, on the coast of Kerry, fortified by their art.

To the persuasions of Fitzmaurice with the pontiff, the writer already quoted, censor of the Portuguese Court of Inquisition, attributes his Holiness's appointment of our pirate-hero to command the transports; and the inquisitor adds that the Pope feared that the Irish lord was greatly deceived in reposing confidence in an Englishman upon such a critical occasion, but that, trusting in assurances of fidelity, he created him "Lord of Idrone," and appointed him *vice-admiral* of the invasive fleet, under Fitzmaurice, after which the latter, taking leave of the pontiff, started by land for Lisbon, delegating to his confederate to conduct the troops thither by sea. Our writer, however, as an attached adherent to the Geraldines, errs in ascribing the foremost part in the invasive expedition, which was always called "Stukely's Enterprise," to an actually subordinate conspirator; and, moreover, the superior enterpriser styles himself, in a document dated on board ship at Cadiz, 8th April, 1578, "*General* of the Most Holy Father."

Fitzmaurice was now reported to Walsingham as again "on the seas;" having sailed from Lisbon in a tall ship, carrying a hundred soldiers, and much warlike munitions, pretending he was bound for Morlaix, to fetch

* Lingard.

his wife, but supposed to be bent on a descent upon his native land, and expecting to be joined by Stukely, and reinforced by the Earl of Westmoreland and from Spain. The Spanish monarch, though averse to engage in war, being willing to give Elizabeth some distraction at home, had advanced some twenty thousand scudi towards the expedition. At this flood-tide of Spanish maritime wealth, the king would assuredly welcome bold foreigners who might be induced to show their seamanship in command of his galiasses and convoys. Since 1572, the time of Drake's private reprisals against the Spaniards, in revenge of maltreatments of himself and crew during a previous voyage in the Spanish main, the name of this celebrated naval hero was dreadful on 'Change throughout the ports of the Peninsula. An anecdote we have met with in an unedited letter of news from Cadiz, written subsequently to his attack in the bay there, when some eighty of the enemy's sail were either taken or destroyed, curiously and amusingly discloses the apprehensive feelings caused by his deeds of daring. A court party of pleasure had recently been held near the metropolis, with the special purpose, it seems, of diverting a favourite beauty. It was proposed that the whole bevy should go on the water, but *la bella donna* being, unhappily, *boudente* at the moment, she observed, with much *méchanceté*, that there were cavaliers present whose valour would be best exhibited on the salt seas against Francisco Drake. After this sally of patriotism, from lips so sweet and spirited, the king was observed to sit silent and musing for a considerable time. Stout Stukely had, no doubt, once been a promising antagonist to Drake, and might have boasted, in good nautical phrase, and with the swelling port of a lord high admiral, of his ability to take command of an invincible armada. The name of his confederate was feared at sea as that of a pirate; and the same calling had been still more practised by a notorious Tom Fleming, who was known as the Geraldine's "admiral." With the aid of these desperadoes, Philip may have hoped to send out a squadron that would crush the corsairs of Africa, and drive Drake back to his island home, or sink him and his shallops altogether.

Stukely, with his forces, arrived in the Tagus, just as Sebastian, King of Portugal, was preparing to sail in an expedition into Africa, to dethrone the Emperor of Morocco. He almost succeeded in persuading this young and rash king to grant him aid, but suddenly matters took an opposite turn, as narrated by a correspondent with England, 14th of June, 1578: "Hereupon Stewkly hath sent a post to the holy father, returnable in twenty daies, to declare of this alteration. The king was moved at the first to ayde this enterprize against Irelande, and because the galyes that Stewkly came in did fayle, therefore he was desired by the sayde Stewkly to ayde him with shipps, and other thinges necessarie for the warres in Ireland, but the kinge answered that he was in amytie with Englande, and therfore wold not deale that waye, but contrarywyse, seeing hym to have good store of corselets and other munitions, with shippes and men, hath seized upon hym and his company to serve in Africa. And which the quene's majestie understanding, I do feare the shippes wil be stayed, although I do thinke it most necessarie they should go to sea, to create a terror to James Fitzmaurice and pyrates that are upon the coast."*

* Wright's Elizabeth.

Fitzmaurice, flitting from one port to another for many a month, sometimes seen off one shore, and then off another, was, in this troubled time, regarded as the stormy petrel of some coming invasion, a forerunner of armadas and naval battles. Hearing of the relinquishment of his confederate's purpose to join him, he postponed his descent for a year, when, having obtained a reinforcement of some six hundred Spaniards and Italians, he landed in Smerwick Bay, and threw up fortifications, which were quickly assaulted and taken by Arthur, Lord Grey, and Sir Walter Raleigh, the "Arthegal" and "Talus" of "The Faërie Queene." Lord Grey, in a memoir addressed to Elizabeth, comments thus on the moral effect of his victory over the invaders: "Marched to the fort, which, after three days' envyroning, by God's good favour we took, and did put most of the enemy to the sword; the issue of this service being the spectacle that the eyes of all that land's" (Ireland's) "rebels, and hollow hearts of *this* your realm too" (England) "were bent upon."*

Stukely was compelled by the Portuguese monarch, as we have seen, to accompany his African expedition, the martial pomp of which is described in the Spanish ballad on "The Departure of King Sebastian:"

> Gorgeous and gay, in Lisbon's Bay, with streamers flaunting wide,
> Upon the gleaming waters Sebastian's galleys ride,
> His valorous armada (was never nobler sight!)
> Hath young Sebastian marshalled against the Moorish wight.

On landing in Africa, our hero is said to have shown both wisdom and bravery. He counselled Sebastian to repose and refresh his soldiers before they advanced: but the king was precipitate, and in the great battle of Alcazar the Portuguese army was destroyed, and the youthful leader, with two Moorish kings, his companions, slain. Stukely also fell, gloriously enough, fighting desperately. The old ballad of his adventures represents him as struck down by his own men, who became furious when they found that he had taken them from their hopes of conquest in Ireland, to die by the hands of infidels.

Thus perished, amid the clang of a grand and chivalrous battle, our gallant adventurer. His history, that of no *preux chevalier*, is somewhat repulsive. Though possessing some of Raleigh's characteristics, an enterprising spirit, courage at sea and on land, and a talent for courts, he was not gifted with our English Admirable Crichton's genius and higher accomplishments—philosophy, poetry, and patriotism being unindebted to him. Besides that he had the equivocal honour of being rendered famous by "a ballad of his own," his fate was introduced in a tragedy called "The Battle of Alcazar," from which play Dryden is alleged to have taken the idea of "Don Sebastian:" but if so, as has been observed by the biographer of "Glorious John," and master of English romance writing, "it is surprising he omitted a character so congenial to King Charles the Second's time as the witty, brave, and profligate Thomas Stukely."

* MS., State Paper-office.

TWICE AVENGED.

Part I.

I.

"Not this waltz, nor the next, Eleanor!" exclaimed Paul Fletcher, in a tone of slight reproach. "Have you not one more dance to spare me this evening?"

"*Two*, by-and-by, Paul dear," was the answer; "but I am engaged to Lord Holmdale for the next, and you know he is a stranger here, and papa is anxious I should be civil to him, and as far as possible make him enjoy the ball. So I can't help myself—and you won't be angry, I know."

Angry? Paul Fletcher angry with *her!*

He stood leaning in the doorway, watching her as she floated with that swan-movement so peculiar to her towards the upper end of the brilliantly lighted ball-room, never once letting his eyes wander from her over the gay groups among whom she passed; following her with those loving eyes as he ever did with his loving heart.

She stood for a few moments beside her father, a grey-haired man, master of the house, and then the music recommenced, her partner claimed her, and with a momentary pang Paul saw them whirling round the room. Only a momentary pang, however, for he liked to see her enjoying herself; he had such perfect confidence in her, knowing that she was so entirely his own, his betrothed, that it never occurred to him to be jealous.

As they paused in the dance, Eleanor and her partner stood within a few yards of him, and at that moment she looked even unusually lovely. The exercise had tinged her cheek, ordinarily of a transparent paleness, with rose-bloom; her dark grey eyes and high but delicately marked features, her sunny braids of hair, seemed more perfect than ever; while the exquisite *pose* of her head and neck, and her tall but gracefully rounded figure, in its white flowing dress, stood out against the dark oak panelling of the wall like some cameo from its setting. Her companion, Lord Holmdale (the new member for ——shire, and heir to the earldom of St. Arvon), was a high-bred looking man of about thirty, spoiling the picture by his want of contrast; for he, too, had a pallid countenance and finely marked features, with almost colourless eyes, though they came under the denomination of blue; eyes with no depths in their orbits, and yet shedding a steady intellectual light. His stature was not below the average, but Eleanor's made it appear so.

And now again they glide past, and are lost among the throng of dancers, but not before a bright smile from the girl has made Paul Fletcher's heart beat quicker as she passes. Her smile is so very lovely, and casts such radiance over the face, in general cold and calm almost to a fault.

The night advances, and at length Paul obtains the boon he has craved—the *one* dance more. But now Eleanor is tired with the arduous

part she has that night performed, the transient flush has faded away, and too dispirited for conversation, she hangs languidly on her lover's arm. Happiness sufficient this for him, though he insists that she shall not weary herself further with dancing merely to gratify him. Tenderly as a mother for a child he cares for her, anxiously watching till the guests shall disperse and leave her to rest. Eleanor Vaughan is only nineteen, but for years she has been mistress of Vaughan and despotic ruler of her father, and of every member of the household besides, individually and collectively. People wondered that Mr. Vaughan allowed his daughter's engagement to Captain Fletcher, who, though doubtless very charming, they said, and of very good family to boot, still every one knew had nothing to live upon but his pay. But when Eleanor had quietly announced to her father that she had promised to marry Paul Fletcher, Mr. Vaughan acquiesced at once, as he always did to anything that she wished. He might have looked higher for her, he said, but he had a great opinion of Captain Fletcher, and if Eleanor liked him—why, she was heiress of Vaughan, and there was plenty for them both to live upon.

"Eleanor, will you walk to the Copsewood with me this morning?" asked Fletcher, the day after the ball. "This is such a bright day that it will do you good after your exertions last night; and it's our favourite walk, isn't it?"

"Such a charming morning for it, Paul, and I may as well finish that sketch. But, oh! I forgot, I have promised to go through the gardens with Lord Holmdale, and as I'm rather on ceremony with him, I shall have to give up the Copsewood—and Paul."

"But you can go through the gardens in the afternoon, Eleanor; and I shan't be here much longer, you know, to torment you," he said, in a tone of laughing reproach.

"Paul!"—she laid her hand on his arm chidingly—"but in the afternoon papa says we must all ride to Crawland, as Lord Holmdale wants to call there; the Moores exerted themselves so much about this election. You think he might go by himself?"—for Fletcher's countenance intimated that he did not quite see the necessity of Miss Vaughan and himself returning thanks for the said exertions also. "It would be scarcely civil to let him, and papa wishes us to go. Besides, I want to talk to Milly Moore about her wedding."

"I wish you would speak a little seriously about your own, Eleanor," Paul said, taking her hand. "Whenever I have alluded to it lately you have put me off with the election occupying you too much at present to think seriously of anything, or this ball, or some equally trifling matter; but now you will have nothing to distract your thoughts you will give a few of them to me? You promised——"

"*I promised*, Paul," Miss Vaughan said, a little haughtily, "and that ought to be enough."

"It is more than I deserve," Paul hastened penitently to say, "and indeed I do trust your word, Eleanor, more than anything on earth. I would mistrust myself rather than you; but be a little indulgent to me!"

A smile flitted over Miss Vaughan's fair features, and she said, more softly,

"Indeed, Paul, I will think seriously of it, and give you a more definite answer soon; only wait till Lord Holmdale is gone, and we are quiet again."

Paul breathed an inward aspiration that propitious fates would, therefore, speed his lordship's departure, but he said no more to Eleanor. Her last speech had already granted much, and it was he, Paul, who was impatient and exacting, and not Eleanor who was to blame. She always had some good and unselfish motive in all she did; he would not tease her any more for a long time. You must know, reader, that Eleanor Vaughan was Paul's first love, and that his love and reverence for her amounted almost to adoration.

And to put his good resolutions into practice, he even tried not to *look* disappointed when that afternoon, on their ride to Crawland, Miss Vaughan was under the necessity of doing the honours of the road to the new member, and leaving Paul to ride beside her father, whereas he longed to be at his accustomed place by her bridle-rein. He was sure Mr. Vaughan must have a great many political questions to discuss with Lord Holmdale. However, there would be the ride home.

But after their visit at Crawland was over, and their horses' heads turned homewards, it somehow happened that they all rode abreast, and Paul hardly interchanged a word with his betrothed, Lord Holmdale directing the greater part of his conversation to her. In the evening there was a dinner-party, and of course Lord Holmdale sat next her; and Paul, who was at the other side of the table, between a portly dowager and a deaf old gentleman, made, we fear, sad blunders in the conversation; for, do what he would, he could not help looking towards where Eleanor sat, and wishing he were near her. Two or three times she also looked towards him and smiled, and then he thought she wished it too. Paul did not think he much liked Lord Holmdale, but his conversation was clever, and seemed amusing at present, and at any rate it would be much pleasanter up there than between these male and female fogies. At last, after they were all gone at night, Eleanor was able to spare him a few words, and to thank him for having exerted himself so much at dinner, (!) when she was sure old Mr. Dozeley and Lady Clucker must have bored him dreadfully.

"What a pleasant change it will be to be quietly by ourselves again, Paul, won't it?" she added.

"Thank you for expressing my thoughts of this whole day, Eleanor!" Paul answered, his grateful heart speaking in his face. For this speech was a great deal from Eleanor, and he, trusting her so entirely, felt it meant far more than the mere words expressed. "But shall we soon be alone again? for you know my leave is very short."

"Soon, I hope, dear Paul; but I know you will be patient and good, as you always are." And after that what more was there to be said? But when the next day, and the day after, Lord Holmdale still remained, without any apparent reason for prolonging his stay—when Paul found that Eleanor's time was still very unequally divided between him and her stranger guest, and that Lord Holmdale's attentions to her became unmistakably marked, even his patience and forbearance gave way.

"Is this always to go on, Eleanor?" he asked, when on the third

morning since the ball she had excused herself from fulfilling some request of his, and immediately after complied with one from Lord Holmdale.

"What?" said Miss Vaughan, innocently.

"This preference given to Lord Holmdale in everything," Paul blurted out, turning red as he spoke. "Indeed, I have tried all this time to bear it, but I can't any longer."

"Jealous, Paul?" Miss Vaughan said, laughing carelessly. "How silly of you! though it's rather pleasant to see you *can* be so sometimes."

"No, no, Eleanor," Paul went on, hurriedly, "I'm not jealous; I wouldn't be so unworthy of you as to be jealous, but—but—I'm only mortal after all, and—and—that fellow Holmdale, does he know of our position with regard to one another, Eleanor? If he knows you are my affianced wife, how does he dare——"

"I suppose he knows it," Miss Vaughan said very quietly, though her cheek flushed a little; "everybody knows it, and if you mean 'how does he dare' speak to me as much as he does, I suppose also he considers that as your *affianced* wife I am as safe as if I were your real one, and that there can be little danger for any one who loves Paul Fletcher from the society of even a Lord Holmdale."

She said it very gracefully, putting her head a little to one side as she spoke, and smiling one of her own rare, beautiful smiles at poor Paul as she held out her hand. Paul clasped it between both his own, half blaming himself again for precipitancy, and wholly glad that it had called forth so much expression of feeling from this cold, proud Eleanor.

"But is he soon going away?" Paul began again, after a few moments' pause, "for my leave expires in three days, and I have hardly seen you at all, and I can't be back again till Christmas."

"Poor dear Paul!" the girl answered, as if she were soothing a child, "it has been very hard upon us both; but I think he goes to-morrow."

And to-morrow, fortunately for Paul, he did go, and the two days that followed were, perhaps, all the happier to him from his previous disappointment. Eleanor was charming, gentler than usual, and doing all she could to make up to him for his temporary vexation; and when Paul Fletcher's turn came to say good-by, he felt that never had he loved her as he now did—never had his life's happiness seemed more bound up in her.

Paul's regiment was quartered in Ireland, and there he spent the autumn as best he could, hearing frequently from his betrothed, who once or twice mentioned Lord Holmdale's having been with them. Only a day or two at a time, it seemed, and so openly did Eleanor speak of him, that Paul's jealous fears did not reawaken. His *anxiety*, however, was once excited, for at the beginning of the winter a long interval without letters made him think that Eleanor must be ill; but just as, in a distracted frame of mind, he was going to write to Mr. Vaughan, a long letter arrived explaining her silence. They had had the house *so* full of people—all her cousins the Lesters, and Caroline Ellis, and Lord Holmdale; and they had had charades (she wished so much he had been there!); and then Milly Moore's marriage to Captain Heathcote had taken place, &c. &c. That was the reason her time

had been so much taken up as to prevent her writing to him; and he should scold her when he came at Christmas, which would be very soon now. It was still three weeks to Christmas, but Paul did not hear again from her in the mean time. However, owing to a brother-officer's illness, he was very busy in the interim, and soon the time had hurried away, and he found himself once more at dear old Vaughan. Eleanor received him most cordially—in fact, with more *empressement* than usual; but after the first excitement of happiness had subsided, Paul remarked wonderingly that her whole manner had undergone some change. Only so close an observer as he could remark it; to others, Miss Vaughan appeared as cold and calm as usual. But when Paul's eyes rested lovingly on her, a slight flush would pass over her face; if they sought hers, her eyelids dropped beneath the look, and a perceptible restlessness of manner when Paul was alone with her told him that some change had passed over her since they last met. It was not always so, and often he accused himself of being fanciful; but fight against it as he would, an undefined fear rose up in his heart. And yet he could not tell her of this feeling, for there was no thorough confidence between them; even in their most unreserved intercourse, and when Paul felt that she really loved him, and had told her all that lay in his heart, Eleanor's had still remained in her own keeping—fast locked. Now, if he had spoken, she would have chidden him for want of trust, laughed at his foolish susceptibility. As it was, whenever he ventured to alludeto the subject of their marriage, a chilling reserve crept over Miss Vaughan's manner, or again flushing (she never *blushed*), she would give the conversation an immediate turn. Paul Fletcher was not happy.

One morning they sat together in the library, which Mr. Vaughan had just quitted. "I know you and Paul like to have the morning to yourselves, my dear," the placid old man had said, patting Eleanor on the shoulder, as he left the room. But if this were the case it seemed difficult to tell why, for Paul sat in a window-recess reading, and Eleanor was busily employed at the table writing indefatigably, the scratch of her pen accompanied by the monotonous ticking of the clock. It was the day after Christmas, and as Paul now and then looked through the window-panes the prospect without was not enlivening. A dull leaden sky spread overhead, not a leafless twig dared to stir in the stillness, and even the robins crept quietly in under thick fir branches, scarcely chirping a remonstrance against the snow that was coming. Paul let his book drop, got up, yawned, and sat down again. Still Eleanor's pen scratched unceasingly.

"Pity the sorrows of an idle man, Eleanor," Paul at length said, laughing. "I can't read any more; the book is dull, and the sky is dull, and *I* am dull. I want my sunshine."

"One moment, Paul dear! I have just done." And the pen squeaked along another line.

"What a nice long letter to get, Eleanor!" Paul went on. "Who are you writing to?" And, without thinking much of what he was saying, Paul turned from the window, and coming to the table knelt down by Eleanor's side and put his arm round her.

"Caroline Ellis," Eleanor answered, folding up the letter and ad-

dressing it. "I had such a funny letter from Mrs. Heathcote the other day, with two or three messages for you. I can't quite remember what they were, but if you care to read it, it is in the pocket of my writing-book." And she pushed it towards him.

"I don't want to read it; I want to talk to you," Paul grumbled.

"But *I* want you to read it," Eleanor persisted, laughingly, "so look for it directly."

Paul could of course only obey, and pulled a letter out of the blotting-book.

"No, that isn't it," Eleanor said—"that's only a circular."

"Then this *must* be it," Paul continued, "for it's the only other letter there. But this is your own handwriting, Eleanor." And as he spoke Paul drew forth a letter, sealed and stamped for posting, and carelessly glanced at the address. A crimson flush mounted to his temples. "I did not know Lord Holmdale was a correspondent of yours," he said, dropping the letter on the table before her.

Eleanor involuntarily stretched forth her hand to cover it.

"I wrote to him on a matter of business," she returned, hastily.

Something in her tone struck Paul Fletcher, and he as suddenly looked up. Calm as she strove to appear, it yet was evident that this simple discovery was in reality a more than ordinarily agitating one to Miss Vaughan. Her cheek and lips were colourless, and the hand which held the letter shook visibly. Fletcher fixed his eyes on hers with a long scrutinising gaze, as if he were trying through those portals to plunge deep into her heart. For a few moments Eleanor's eyes met his, then shrank furtively and fell. Paul leaped to his feet from the kneeling posture he still maintained beside her.

"Eleanor!" he cried out, "what does it mean? There is more in this, and I *will* know it. Have you written to Lord Holmdale before?"

She assented; Paul's violence for the moment frightened her.

"Has he written to you more than once?"

Again she bent her head. But now her courage returned, her proud spirit came to her aid in her time of need. She, too, rose from her seat and stood before him, trembling still, but now undaunted.

"Lord Holmdale and I have interchanged letters," she said, "on a subject that interested us both. What that subject was no one has a right to inquire, neither do I recognise the right of any one to regulate with whom I shall or shall not correspond. I am not yet responsible to any human being for my actions."

"Pardon me," Paul said, in a low voice of suppressed anger. "In this instance you are undoubtedly responsible to me. As my betrothed wife, I have a right to ask of you an explanation of this sudden intimacy with one who, the last time I stayed in this house, perpetually stood between us, and whom, in order to please you, I then yielded to. One word from you, Eleanor, is sufficient explanation. You will not refuse it?"

"I will and do," Miss Vaughan answered, haughtily, but quite calmly, as she threw her fair head slightly back. "I say again, that I do not recognise your right to call my conduct in question every time your boasted 'confidence' in me yields to the slightest trial. I prefer myself regulating the degrees of intimacy I shall accord to my own and my father's friends; and therefore, if it is my position as your betrothed wife

which deprives me of that liberty, I from henceforth resign the honour of the distinction."

For a moment Paul Fletcher did not speak. He fixed his eyes on the beautiful face before him, so cold and emotionless in its perfection, and becoming deadly pale. "Be it so," he said, through his clenched teeth, and then turned abruptly to leave the room. But before he reached the door his justly irritated feelings yielded to softer emotion, as the meaning of Eleanor's last words rushed more distinctly on his mind, and as hurriedly as he had left her he now stood again by her side, an irresistible impulse forcing him back. Taking both her hands in his, he drew her towards him, and with sorrow, anger, and supplication blending in his eyes, looked long and steadfastly into her face. "Eleanor!" he said at length, in a low tone tremulous with intense emotion, but terrible in its quietness. She did not answer, but her beautiful grey eyes met his without shrinking—quite dispassionately. "Eleanor—my darling!" Paul said, again; and this time there was unutterable pathos in the tone. Still no further answer than what those unyielding eyes gave.

Paul let go her hands, and for one moment pressed his to his forehead.

"I have long thought it, Paul," Miss Vaughan now said, "though how much the thought distressed me I cannot tell you, nor how much I feel your present distress! But we are not suited to one another, and never shall be, and it is better to find this out now than later. You are of too exacting a nature, and mine, I confess, is not sufficiently docile. You expect your wife to be a slave—and I do not wish to find a master. Therefore——" But just as Miss Vaughan was concluding her peroration, a servant came to say that her father wished to speak to her, and she swept gracefully out of the room, glad of the excuse, and doubtless purposing to resume the subject when Paul was quieter. It was very natural he should be overcome at present. But when dinner-time came, instead of Paul there appeared a servant, who presented a note from him to Miss Vaughan. In their present position with regard to one another, he said, he *could* not remain under the same roof with her. He had gone only to Hurston (the nearest town), and he besought her not to let her father know what had occurred until he had written to her. She should hear from him next day. So Miss Vaughan considerately told her father that Paul had been called away suddenly on business and would write next day, and with this the old squire was quite satisfied. "Paul is always at liberty to come and go as he pleases, you know, my dear," he said, kindly. "He is quite like my own son already."

"Quite at liberty, papa," Eleanor repeated, with a queer emphasis.

Meanwhile, what Paul endured it would be difficult to describe. When Eleanor left the room, he had at first been too bewildered rightly to understand what had passed between them. In giving way to the fit of passionate jealousy that had seized him at sight of her letter to Lord Holmdale, he had of course never foreseen the possibility of its leading to such a result, for, believing that Eleanor loved him, he never could have imagined that she would so lightly shake off the ties that bound her to him. A despairing reaction succeeded his excitement, and

it was not till he reached Hurston that he became calm enough to view the state of matters a little more reasonably. Paul Fletcher was a young man—younger than the twenty-seven years of life he had gone through; very fresh and buoyant in his feelings. We have told you that Eleanor Vaughan was his first love, but that does not convey an adequate idea of all that she was to him. Paul had no very near relations: he had lost his father very early, his mother's death a few years ago had been his one great sorrow. Eleanor was all that he now loved best in the world. After God, he had faith in her. And now that faith could not be so easily shaken.

He was again in fault—that mad outburst of jealousy! It was no wonder she had resented it, for if there was one fault he could allow in her character, it was pride, and his tone had been so dictatorial that he had roused this feeling. After all (but here Paul gulped down the anger that would rise), her letters to Lord Holmdale might have been necessary; Mr. Vaughan might have made her write on business. And yet, if so, why did she not explain as he had entreated? But she would explain now—he would write to her and ask her to forgive his violence, and tell her it was only his love for her that caused it and overmastered him; and then Eleanor would unsay the words that had made him so miserable, and it would all be forgotten again between them. So Paul wrote —not a high-flown letter, but with the manly straightforward simplicity that distinguished his character, taking the greater part of the blame to himself with great humility, and yet still adhering, though gently, to his original idea of their mutual relations. Not even for Eleanor could he give up what he held to be true; but casting himself on her mercy, he prayed that she would grant him merely these few words of explanation, and not let resentment of his violence cause their separation. Paul was very hopeful after he had sent this letter; surely it would bring an immediate recal to Vaughan, and once with Eleanor, everything would be smooth again.

The answer *was* immediate. It was very kindly worded, and written in a very clear, flowing hand, not a scratch nor a blot on the paper. She assured Paul that the momentary displeasure she had felt at their last meeting had vanished at once, and that of course, if his opinion on the subject of their disagreement was such as he expressed it, why! every one had a right to adhere to his own opinion. She begged his forgiveness for all the pain she had caused him, and still more for that which she feared she was about to inflict. But since he left she had given the matter more mature consideration, and she was now more fully convinced that they ought to part. They never should be happy together; each had certain faults that must clash with the other. And more than this —would Paul, *dear* Paul, ever forgive her?—she had carefully examined into her own heart, and discovered that what she—at the time of their engagement a girl of eighteen—had mistaken for love, was in reality but sincere affection for him. She would not deceive him;—nothing more! And this she felt was utterly unworthy to give in exchange for his noble love, and so it was better for them both that they should break an engagement which never could be for the happiness of either. She should always feel for him a lasting, &c. &c., and she hoped that in time, &c. &c. And she remained his sincere friend, Eleanor Vaughan.

For long, Paul Fletcher could not realise it, could not believe that thus it was to end. Ah! surely she would relent, surely she had wrongly read herself, surely, surely she *must* love him! He had given her his manhood's strong love, his reverence, his faith—was it to be all in vain? And then wild gleams of hope would shoot up in his heart, bred of his very despair, dancing like corpse-lights over the grave of his love. Surely it never could be given to one human being to cause another such misery? in moments of bitterness he would ask himself, he who had never wronged her by thought, word, or deed! But such moments were rare. Paul Fletcher loved Eleanor too truly to feel great anger against her. Better had he done so—better had burning anger filled his heart than such profound sorrow, such forbearing love for her. He would not blame her even to himself; self-accusing, he ever sought excuse for her.

The truth was, as you will perceive, that though Paul Fletcher's idol had cast back the worship of her votary, refused the incense offered at her shrine, still the image was not thrown down from its pedestal. He worshipped still; he had not lost his faith in her.

Now, however, he determined there was nothing to do but to wait; time might work in his favour. His leave had expired, and he returned to Ireland wearing as impenetrable a mask as he could assume. He must wait—he must try and wait patiently.

II.

PAUL FLETCHER had not long to wait. A month after his return he one morning received a letter from Mrs. Moore, a good-natured dowager who had taken a great fancy to him during his frequent visits at Vaughan, and who now found some ingenious excuse for writing to him. After a long preliminary on the important object of her letter (whatever that might be, for Paul did not pay much attention to it), Mrs. Moore suddenly assumed a confidential tone. Paul must excuse her broaching a painful topic—she considered herself an old and very sincere friend—but she had at once become acquainted with the fact of Eleanor's quarrel with him, and it was upon the subject of the latter that she wished to write to him. (Did you ever observe what a knack of communicating disagreeable information, dropping uncomfortable innuendoes, good-natured people often have?) She wished to be the first to write it to him, for if it were told him unexpectedly it might distress him more. Had he heard of it?

"*It?*—what did she mean?" Paul exclaimed, impatiently. "Could she not say at once what she wished to communicate?" And he turned eagerly over the page.

It had taken people a good deal by surprise, and no one more than Mr. Vaughan, for it was so very shortly after——In a word, Eleanor's second engagement was announced. To the new member, Lord Holmdale. "And we all think," Mrs. Moore went on consolingly to say, "that dear Eleanor Vaughan has made a very bad exchange. In fact, though you know how much I love the dear child, I almost feel inclined to congratulate *you*, dear Captain Fletcher, for I fear her disposition must be very fickle."

Eleanor was engaged to Lord Holmdale! This was how it had ended.

The play was played out, and Paul was the dupe of the piece. He had trusted her blindly—he now saw. Till now, Paul Fletcher felt he had not really suffered, for now his faith in her was gone, the idol had fallen from the altar with a terrible shock, and lay disfigured before him, and his heart, still full of devotion, found nothing but an empty shrine to offer worship at.

Paul Fletcher bore this, the greatest disappointment of his life, manfully. No one ever knew what it cost him, no one ever should know how it had all come to pass, and thus perhaps dare to cast blame upon Her. Thank Heaven, he had no one who would presume to sympathise with him!

And so six months more elapsed without his hearing anything further of Eleanor, and in those six months Paul's young impassioned heart grew as much older than his twenty-seven years of life as it had hitherto been younger.

We need scarcely tell you that Eleanor Vaughan had never really loved Paul Fletcher otherwise than with the reflected love a vain woman feels for any man who worships her, and whom she *likes*. From this feeling, and partly as an exercise of her sovereign will, she had become engaged to him, and probably would have fulfilled her engagement had not circumstances occurred of late to arouse her besetting passion—ambition. Lord Holmdale, a clever, cultivated man of the world, had appeared on the scene of their quiet neighbourhood; she had been interested, excited by the successful election, in which, owing to her father's position, she had had some share. It opened up a wider field to her view. Lord Holmdale (perfectly unaware of her engagement to Fletcher, caught by her beauty, and not insensible to the attractions of Mr. Vaughan's broad acres) paid her, as we have seen, marked attention, and this in itself was a triumph. Not that she cared a bit more for him than for Paul; on the contrary, she rather preferred the latter, and he would be much the more easily managed of the two. But after all, people were right so far—she *was* throwing herself away upon him. It was an extremely bad marriage.

And by the time Paul came to Vaughan at Christmas she had given Lord Holmdale such decided encouragement that even she could not but feel embarrassed in Paul's presence. The discovery of the letter, and the scene that ensued, had thrown the casting die. Now was the chance—and she took it. We will not say that she had no compunction; she was sorry for Paul, she knew he would feel it; but he would soon get over it. And meantime Miss Vaughan, under her quiet, dignified manner, gloried in the prospect of the coronet-matrimonial she was to share, and enjoyed the present distinction of being Lord Holmdale's *fiancée*.

For six months, as we have said, Paul Fletcher had no further news of her, or of how matters were proceeding at Vaughan. He seemed entirely cut off from their whole circle, and the feeling of desolation this caused was at times almost insupportable. He felt as if *any* news would be preferable, though dreading what the only news that could now come must be. For he expected daily to hear that the marriage had taken place, as there could be no possible cause for delay. And Paul thought bitterly of the petty obstacles Eleanor had always discovered during her first engagement!

News, however, was at hand. In looking at the *Times* one day, Paul's eye lit on the following announcement in the first column:

"At Haughton, on the 22nd inst., Viscount Holmdale, eldest son of the Earl of St. Arvon, to Mary, only child of Sir Andrew Bellingham, Bart., of Haughton Castle, ——shire." Instead of "to Eleanor, only child of Richard Vaughan, Esq., of Vaughan, ——shire."

How this change in the programme had taken place Paul of course could not divine, and was bewildered by a host of conflicting feelings accordingly; but these feelings soon yielded to one only of heartfelt and deep compassion when, a few days afterwards, Fletcher learnt from the same means of communication the death of Eleanor's father, his kind old friend, Squire Vaughan.

In a moment all was forgotten; all his own disappointment, all Eleanor's faithlessness—everything was swept away by that one great feeling of heaven-born pity which surged up in Paul Fletcher's heart. How he longed to be with her and comfort her—no longer as a lover, but as the friend she had so coldly hoped he might become! If he might but go to her! This was so much to come upon her at once, poor child!

The wish was fulfilled. The next day Paul had a sorrowful hurried letter from a cousin of Eleanor's, an old widow lady who occupied the post of chaperone at Vaughan whenever Eleanor felt disposed to be so protected. The squire's death, Mrs. Campbell said, had come suddenly upon them, though for the last two months he had failed very much. Poor dear Eleanor was in the greatest distress; she had had *much* to try her lately, and Mrs. Campbell feared more was in store. Mr. Vaughan had left his affairs in the greatest disorder; the property was much involved. In fact, it was feared that after everything was cleared off dearest Eleanor's share would be but small. Captain Fletcher would (Mrs. Campbell continued) receive a letter from the man of business by the same post as hers, telling him that he had been appointed one of the executors to Mr. Vaughan's will. In fact, he already knew this, and the squire had never altered his will since. But oh! notwithstanding all that had happened, the poor kind old soul went on to pray, would dear Captain Fletcher only not refuse to act? Would he (Eleanor did not know she was writing)—would he only come to Vaughan and help them, and see what could be done? for she knew that he took more interest in Eleanor than anybody else in the world, and that none of the other gentlemen appointed would take half the trouble. The poor squire had asked for him on his death-bed, and had wondered why he was not beside them! *Would* he come to them now?

Would he? Was he not with them already in spirit? Would he not go through fire and water, to the world's end and back again, only to have the privilege of serving Eleanor Vaughan?

Paul obtained leave and was off at once, but he did not, as you may imagine, go to Vaughan. He put up at the village inn at Worseley, so as to be as near the—the property, he said to himself, as possible, and thence communicated with the lawyer who lived at Hurston, the county town. There was, of course, a meeting of executors, in which Paul gradually took the lead. He had gained the good-will of the man of business, Mr. Burton, who speedily found the advantage of working with a clear-headed man instead of the rather foozle-pated old gentlemen to

whom the management of Miss Vaughan's property had been consigned. None of them, however, proved restive. One—a cousin of the squire's—remembered well how entirely the latter had trusted in the honour and good judgment of his intended son-in-law, and the two others were not sorry to find any one willing to take the greatest share of a rather complicated business off their hands, and so Paul found that he might without difficulty transfer this to his own strong young shoulders.

With what a will he set to work, how he toiled without ever feeling tired, how he rode about the country from one farm to another, how he rushed backwards and forwards to and from London, talking over refractory creditors and cutting short dishonest ones, it would be difficult to describe. Hard, unpleasant work as he had of it, to him it was a labour of love. It was *Eleanor's* work he was engaged in—it was all for *Eleanor*. Ah, if even in this small degree he could prove how much he loved—that is to say, how much he *had* loved—her! At first affairs looked very bad. The squire had persisted in keeping the management of his estate in his own hands, and was jealous of any interference on Mr. Burton's part. For this management he had lately grown quite unfit; many of the farms were under-let, in some the tenants were dishonest, racked the land, were short of their rent on quarter-day, and then appealed to Mr. Vaughan's sympathies. This appeal was rarely in vain, especially if their fathers or mothers or forebears of any kind had at any period, however remote, been settled on the estate. "Old tenants—old tenants—old friends," the squire would murmur to himself. "I remember birds'-nesting with Taylor's father. Well, well, we mustn't be too hard on them this time;" and so on.

The expenditure in one way and another at Vaughan had been great, and so was the debt on the estate at the time of Mr. Vaughan's death, so that at first Paul feared Eleanor's heiress-ship would dwindle to very minute proportions. However, the labour of mind and body was not in vain, and with judicious management and thorough looking into matters soon assumed a better shape. Many of the farms were re-let, arrears almost forgotten summed up and demanded, exorbitant charges taxed; and just as Paul was beginning to flatter himself that after everything was paid up Eleanor would still be comfortably left, Mr. Burton discovered among the squire's papers a note of a very considerable sum of money lying at Coutts's, and which but for this accidental find would have remained unclaimed. Thus, though Miss Vaughan's fortune was not so considerable as had been anticipated during her father's lifetime, she was now in more than independent circumstances, and it was chiefly to Paul's untiring zeal and good management that she owed the recovery of so much.

His work was now over, and he had no further excuse for remaining in the neighbourhood of Vaughan. Yet it seemed very hard to have to leave it after all without having even a glimpse of her! But so it would have been had Paul alone been concerned, for nothing would have induced him to intrude upon her, or to take advantage of the position in which he had of late been placed with regard to her. But the evening before the day he had fixed upon to leave Worseley he received a note from Mrs. Campbell, expressing in warm terms her deep gratitude in behalf of Miss Vaughan for the manner in which he had granted her petition for

assistance, and begging that he would come up to Vaughan and see her before he left. "Eleanor wishes me to thank you in her name, for she is unequal to seeing you; but she is anxious you should know how fully aware she is of all you have done for her, and how grateful."

It was a beautiful August evening when Paul Fletcher once more turned off the high road from Worseley, and walked along that well-known footpath across the meadow leading into the Copsewood. It had been his favourite walk with Eleanor—it had many memories. Paul did not dare to think as he went along; he was afraid of losing the mastery over himself, and even though he knew he was not to see Eleanor, the very sight of the old familiar house, the knowledge that though he did not see her still she was *there*, excited him painfully. Paul was young, and had not yet acquired great power of self-control.

He was shown into the library, the room where he had last seen her. But, as he had *expected*, of course it was now empty. That is, Mrs. Campbell was there alone. And the moment the kind, weak old lady saw Paul, she began to cry, which did not tend to make him feel much more comfortable. However, it was soon over, and she went on to tell him all about everything, mixing up details of the squire's death with outbursts of gratitude for all Paul's kindness, as she called it, and lamentations over Eleanor's forlorn condition, which, all things considered, were perhaps rather malapropos. She fortunately had enough tact to avoid the subject of Lord Holmdale, though she dropped sufficient for Paul to gather that his lordship's admiration for Miss Vaughan had been too ephemeral long to withstand the attractions of Miss Bellingham and Haughton Park.

The evening was creeping on, and Paul at length took up his hat to go. It was very unreasonable—for his "expectation" of seeing only Mrs. Campbell had been quite fulfilled, and he had seen and heard her for a very long time, but he got up with a very unsatisfied feeling gnawing at his heart—a feeling of bitter disappointment and longing for something more. Well! he must go, and the sooner now the better.

"I must say good-by, dear Mrs. Campbell," he said, holding out his hand, and grasping hers very hard indeed, "and I hope that if—if I can be of any further use, you—you'll be so very kind as to write to me again. And I do trust Miss Vaughan—I mean you—that is Eleanor——" But the last word of this rather entangled sentence was scarcely uttered, when a sound behind him made him look round, and made Mrs. Campbell start. The door had opened, and Eleanor Vaughan, in her deep mourning dress, had entered the room. A last gleam of evening sunshine fell through the side window upon her, and mingling with her golden hair, illumined her beautiful features and transparently pallid complexion, as she stood for a moment in the doorway of this old oak room. Paul saw that she had grown even lovelier during the six months of their separation, and that this was in part caused by the recent sorrow, which had softened her expression and chastened the proud beauty of her face. Unexpected as their meeting was to Paul he managed to appear tolerably composed, though his colourless cheek, and hands tightly clenched over the back of a chair, indicated the effort it was to him. But he had a holy horror of scenes, and this was especially not the moment for any display of feeling.

Miss Vaughan's manner, though it had gained in gentleness, had not lost its graceful quietude, and she now came forward and held out her hand to Paul, as if the circumstances of their last meeting in that very room had never been. Paul held the hand for a moment and bungled out some common-place inquiries as to her health, &c.; after which he made an original remark upon the weather, and took up his hat again. But Miss Vaughan begged of him to remain to tea; she had so many things she wished to ask him about. So Paul found himself once more seated beside her, and with exquisite tact she drew him into a conversation that could not possibly awaken disagreeable recollections. There were so many business matters to ask him about, and which no one could tell her better, and gradually Paul found himself entering eagerly into details of all in which he had been lately concerned, and talking to her as if they really had always been on the cool, friendly sort of footing she had once hinted at his in time becoming used to. Then lights were brought in and Mrs. Campbell made tea, and having recovered her alarm, joined in the conversation too, and when Paul at last went away he had made an engagement to come up the next day and look through another bundle of papers with Miss Vaughan.

True, he was again to have gone back to Dublin, but a business matter of this kind must be considered, and one day more was of no consequence.

However, that day passed and two others in succession, and still Paul Fletcher lingered at Worseley, and every day he was *obliged* to go again to Vaughan. But on the fourth day he went really to say "good-by" at last, and found Eleanor and Mrs. Campbell again in the library. The former was very quiet and gentle that morning, and seemed in low spirits, and when Paul ventured to inquire what her plans were, said rather dejectedly, "That for the present she should remain at Vaughan, and afterwards—she did not quite know—spend the winter abroad, perhaps—somewhere! But wherever she was, and whatever her future fate might be, she never, never should forget all he had done for her, how truly she had been able to trust in him for support and help when she stood comparatively alone in the world, and how indefatigably he had worked to serve her!" Nobody knew how to say a little speech of this kind better than Miss Vaughan, and it was very hard for poor Fletcher to have to hear it, for his own eloquence had entirely deserted him, and he could not trust himself to say more than a few words, which were not very intelligible. Mrs. Campbell had discreetly vanished into the window-recess after Paul had said "good-by" to her, and Miss Vaughan's tone was always low. There was a moment's pause, and then she added, with some timidity, "There are some things I dare not speak about, but—before you go—promise to try in time and think less harshly of my behaviour." And as Paul bent over her hand in token of farewell, Eleanor's voice trembled as she said, "Ah, Paul, believe me, you are indeed avenged!"

III.

PAUL FLETCHER went back to Dublin with a lighter heart, and with a general sense of happiness pervading his whole being. He had grown younger again; after all, this world was not such a dreary place, life was

not so very burdensome. We fear that he gave up his prudent resolves of living in the present alone, and that he began again to look forward. Yet Hope would come; he could not shut his heart against the bright-winged messenger. Eleanor was free; Eleanor felt herself alone in the world. Eleanor knew him too well to think that he could have changed, and in time this knowledge must work its way; she could not always be indifferent to it. The earnest tones of her voice, as she thanked him that evening, rang their burden perpetually in his ear. More than that, there was something in her whole manner during those last few happy days that Paul could not explain to himself, dared scarcely analyse, and yet— and yet——?

He dared look forward!

And more than all, he thought of her look and tone as they parted, when she—yes, Eleanor!—had almost asked him to forgive her.

Paul's first love had been so deep and true, that it was not easily to be shaken off. He was so foolish, that he would have caught at any straw of encouragement Miss Vaughan had been pleased to cast to him, therefore it was not to be wondered at if now he yielded again completely to the influence, and hoped with all the energy of his youth.

He heard once or twice from Mrs. Campbell after they parted, and the last letter told him that Miss Vaughan had some thought of accepting her cousin Lady Lester's invitation by-and-by, and spending a little while with her. And three or four months elapsed without further news, while Paul still went on hoping.

After which period he was summoned by Mr. Burton to Hurston on business, which he was obliged to attend to. This business—we willingly hurry over this part of our story—was connected with the immediate marriage of Miss Vaughan of Vaughan, to Henry, ninth Baron Torwood of Nunholm, &c., &c. Owing to Miss Vaughan's recent affliction the wedding was very quiet indeed, and the happy pair started immediately for the Continent. The bridal presents were magnificent, the toilettes most recherchées, and the bride looked lovely. *Und so weiter.*

And here, reader, we drop the curtain over the first epoch of Paul Fletcher's history. Shortly after Lady Torwood's marriage, Paul's regiment was sent out to Kaffraria, where he enjoyed to the full the dangers and hazards of that murderous campaign; and being shot through the body within an ace of his heart, lay helpless for weeks in a hut among the mountains with his small detached party, the mountain pass being commanded on either side by bodies of natives, who, as we know, had a pleasant talent for ambuscade.

Lady Torwood became quite the rage in London the season after her marriage. Her husband was very rich, very easy and good-natured, very easily managed, and not exacting. Not brilliant; and looking up to his beautiful wife with some awe and immense admiration—altogether an amiable, rather diluted young man. An "excellent husband," all Eleanor's friends said.

Lady Torwood had attained her object: she did what she liked, what she did everybody else liked. She occupied a high step on the great ladder. Of course Lady Torwood was very happy.

NIS.

THE GUARDSMAN IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

PART THE FIRST.

I.

THE STREETS OF STAMBOUL.

On the morning of the 27th of April, 1854, a brigade of Foot Guards landed at Scutari, and pitched their camp on the pleasant plain of Haidar Pasha—the first real step towards a death-grapple with all the Russias.

The scene that basked in the sunshine before our eyes was an enchanting one. Immediately below us glistened the azure Bosphorus. On the opposite (European) shore towered the airy minarets of Stamboul. At our left hand smiled the pretty village of Kadi-koi—the ancient Chalcedon. Turning eastward we gazed on the Princes' Islands, lying like huge nosegays on the gentle bosom of Marmora, with the snowy peaks of Olympus looming august in the distance; while at the back of our canvas town ran the famous road along which the caravan crawls on its pilgrim journey to Mecca, and Moslem troops march for a campaign in Asia. On either side of this great highway, shaded by giant cypresses, is the cemetery of Scutari, venerated throughout Islam. It is here that the orthodox Turk of Constantinople especially loves to deposit the dust of his kindred, for, despite four centuries of residence in Europe, the children of Othman are home-sick, after a manner, and set their hearts on burial with their fathers in Asia.

Turkish tombstones (not unlike English ones, but of a more tasteful cut) are generally perpendicular slabs of white marble, graven with consolatory texts from the Koran, and always surmounted with sculptured semblances of either the turban or the fez. From these you may discover the political bias of the departed: for example, the monument of Old Turkey sports the immemorial turban, that of Young Turkey affects the fashionable modern fez. Sometimes the stone is laid horizontally on the grave, and then there is a hole scooped in its centre for the reception of fruits and flowers, which the veiled women, who frequently gather together for the pious purpose of lamenting over the dead, delight to arrange artistically therein: I fear that the vicinity of our camp must have been an obstacle to the decorous celebration of these beautiful and feminine rites.

There is but one earthly business in the doing of which the Osmanli bestir themselves, and (oddly enough, to our notions at least) they select the funeral as the appropriate occasion for hurry and perspiration. Instead of conveying the corpse to its narrow home with demure mien and tortoise step, they make a downright steeple-chase of it: the porters shouldering the bier, and the relatives attending it, actually run as fast as their bow-legs, unused to such violent exercise, will permit. Of course the Moslem have a reason for proceeding with such ungentlemanlike precipitation. They believe that the soul writhes in torment so long as its

old husk remains above ground—*ergo*, it is an imperative duty to conclude the obsequies as speedily as possible.

No sooner were our tents all standing, and trenches (never left undone with impunity) dug round about the greater part of them, than eager to smoke the pipes, to sip the coffee, and to ogle the mysterious fair ones of Stamboul, we made up parties to cross the Bosphorus.

The mere grand tour "arrival" at Constantinople, whose mind is unvexed with the entanglements of the Eastern question, who is careless about the *rayahs*, and but slightly interested in the dogmatic disputes of Greek and Romanist, who has "looked over" Gibbon, not read him, will sneer probably at most of the curiosities and eccentricities of the City of the Crescent, save and except the Sultan's *caïque:* that, indeed, is a something which cannot fail to appeal to the aquatic passion of every unscholarly Briton who may have toiled on the Cam or Isis, or, ardent for white-bait, have pulled an oar to Greenwich.

Like a thing of light, that beautiful gondola leaps the waves, urged by the long sweeping strokes of twelve sinewy *caidjis* (rowers) daintily clad in shirts and drawers of cambric, with crimson sashes girt about their loins, and smart fez caps covering their shaven polls. In the stern (or rather, what does duty as such, for both ends of the wherry are precisely alike), his revered head shaded by an enormous crimson umbrella, lolls the smoking Padishah—sad, sallow, and serene. It is when flitting across the Bosphorus, or curveting on the purest blood of the Desert, that his Ottoman majesty shows to best advantage. Those are occasions on which, after his peculiar fashion, Abdul Medjid Khan looks every inch a king.

The common caique is a keel-less boat, of from 15 to 20 feet in length, by about 3½ feet in breadth, tapering at both extremities into formidable iron beaks; the interior is rather elegantly ornamented with carving, and paintings representing fruits, flowers, and arabesques. As the Turk never uses chairs or stools, there are no seats, in our acceptation of the word, but the cushions at the bottom of the boat, on which you recline, are of velvet, and always scrupulously clean. But take heed how you settle your precious person, for this pretty craft is sensitive as a balance, giddy as a maid of seventeen; if you behave, therefore, after the boisterous manner of the unwary *giaour*, it will capsize to a surety, and you are ducked.

The *caidjis* (usually Arnaouts, *i. e.* Greeks of the Mohammedan faith) are handsome mustachioed fellows, of amazing muscle. They eat little else but bread and vegetables, which frugal fare no liquor more potent than coffee ever lubricates. During the thirty days' fast of Ramadan the poor boatman is a martyr to his religious prejudices; he toils at the oar from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, without even washing out his mouth with a drop of water, or comforting himself—more wonderful self-denial far—with a grave puff at his chibouk. The Alcoran is the good man's Bible, and thus preaches the Alcoran: "The month of Ramadan shall ye fast, in which the Alcoran was sent down from Heaven, a direction unto men, and declaration of direction, a distinction also between good and evil, therefore let him among you who shall be present in this month, fast for the same month,

but he who shall be sick, or on a journey, shall fast the like number of other days."—(*Alcoran*, chap. i.)

Thus are the day-hours of Ramadan hours of austerity and privation, but the nights, on the contrary, are devoted to making up for lost time—to jollity and to feasting. From sun-down to the boom of the morning-gun the Mussulman capital is illuminated as for a fête, and the citizens freely indemnify themselves, as far as tobacco, coffee, and lemonade go, for the asceticism enjoined during the period of light and labour.

To resume. Our caïque, pushing its course through a labyrinth of similar craft, stopped alongside the crazy but picturesque bridge of boats, that, spanning the Golden Horn, is the chief means of communication between Frankish Galata and Mussulman Stamboul. Scrambling upon a pier, bulging, rotten, and filthy, we found ourselves embedded in an unsavoury concrete of Jews, Turks, and infidels. Never before had I been wedged into a confusion more radically confounded:

> Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din,
> The monkey mimics rush discordant in:
> 'Twas chattering, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all.
> Sound forth, my brayers, and the welkin rend.

In that Babel all known dialects were represented—Saxon execrations," Gaulish *sacrés*, Italian *corpo de Bacco*, Teutonic *donner und blitzen*, screeched in the highest keys, blended with the hoarse shout of the Arab, the oily persuasion of the cringing Jew, and the warning grunt of the heavily-laden *hamal* (porter).

Vans and drays being mythical in the East, the hamal is the sole means of transport from street to street, and the enormous weights he contrives to carry about positively amazed us. Look out! here come four lusty fellows, staggering along, with a vast sugar hogshead suspended from a pole resting on their shoulders. "By yer leave!" half a dozen sturdy men bend under a great anchor, which, one would think, might tax the power of a London and North-Western locomotive; moreover, just fancy flesh and blood so crushingly burdened having to force their dolorous way through the most populous, the narrowest, the steepest, and worst-paved lanes that ever aggravated corns or were provocative of bunions.

But how is it that these human beasts of burden, these untiring drudges, so generally wear green turbans? Because they are emirs, *i. e.* either descendants of the Prophet, or offshoots from the numberless branches of his sacred and prolific family. No matter whether the revered colour encircle the brows of the plethoric pasha or bind the throbbing temples of the jaded hamal, it is all the same, a symbol of the sole hereditary aristocracy of the Ottoman Empire. Strangely enough to European notions, this Eastern "upper ten thousand" possess no worldly privileges. In the emerald turban-cloth are folded no passports to the generalship of armies or to seats on the imperial divan. It is a *noblesse* having nothing to fear from Administrative Reformers.

To rid ourselves of the importunity of the Jewish dragomans, we singled out a knave with an aspect more intelligent than ingenuous, and bade him show the way to the baths of Mahmoud. As we went, the fellow informed us, in a jargon compounded of Italian, Spanish, and

French, with here and there a spice of very eccentric English, that he was descended from the Spanish Israelites, who had settled at Constantinople on being driven from the Peninsula by the Christian zeal of Ferdinand and Isabella. The moral condition of this extraordinary race, it may be feared, is everywhere unsatisfactory. In Stamboul, as in Shoreditch, its children trade in all sorts of abomination. The Jews are utterly despised by the Turks; I shall not easily forget the glare of rage and scorn which an Osmanli lad, about twelve years old, flashed upon our poor guide, who had unwittingly pushed him. "*Hebraio!*" burst from the imp's curling lips, and a series of kicks followed, nevertheless Moses—it was a pitiful sight—meekly pocketed the affront, a thought of returning the compliment on the youngster's posteriors never occurring to that debased mind.

One's preconceived ideas of Oriental magnificence turn out, in a great degree, the baseless fabrics of "Arabian Nights" dreaming. Nature having blessed the shores of the Bosphorus with unrivalled beauty, the Moslem are content with the sweet verdure, the cooling zephyrs, the bright skies, and so trouble themselves very little about decorative domestic architecture and macadamisation. Their houses, therefore, are little better than rickety sheds, occasionally gaudily painted, and their tortuous streets, paved with huge angular boulders, become downright sloughs of despond after half an hour's rain.

It was along such a thoroughfare that we limped on our way to the baths, and yet, despite heat and leg-weariness, we did not fail to be diverted with the novelty and picturesqueness of everything around us. Bashi-Bazouks (Ismails, whom it would require an iron hand and a cool head to tame into anything like a regular force, but still not quite so black as it has been the fashion to paint them), noticeable for wild headgear of red and yellow kerchiefs, for garments of many colours, for gaudy sashes, containing a regular armoury of dirks and pistols—more terrible in look than in deed; Circassians of martial port—you may know them by their high caps of Astrakan fur and baldrics fringed with ivory cartridge holders; jaunty Arnaouts in embroidered jackets and snowy kilts; Old Turkey, gloriously bearded and magnificently turbaned, arrayed in rose-coloured *caftan* (robe) like a patriarch of Bible time, and dignified withal, although riding upon an ass; Young Turkey, slovenly, in ill-fitting surtout, and the eternal fez; Osmanli women, their features muffled in the muslin folds of the tantalising *yatchmak* (veil), clumsily shuffling along in shapeless yellow boots; Armenian damsels, less rigorously veiled, and garbed in violet raiment; a stray British subaltern or two, unseemly in Eastern eyes, through the effeminacy of his shaven countenance and the brevity of his jerkin; French officers, more agreeable to Ottoman notions of decorum, by virtue of their epauletted tunics, capacious pantaloons, and bristling moustaches, grouped into the most charming kaleidoscopic carnival ever conjured up by opium eater.

II.

HAMMAM.

Lo! the Baths of Mahmoud: a building of great size, surmounted by a ponderous dome. You enter a spacious hall, at one end of which is a wide gallery furnished with sofas, or rather beds, whereon the faithful doze off the languors of the purifying process. In this place you lay aside you clothes, which done, the polite major-domo twists a napkin turban-wise about your head, girds your loins with a sheet, and then hands you over—poor blushing novice that you are—to the *tellaq* (bath-boy), an emaciated stripling of some fourteen years old, shaven as to his head, and, barring a bandage round his waist, naked as his mother bore him. You now descend the stairs, your feet are thrust into clumsy wooden pattens, and leaning on the shoulder of the *tellaq* (who is vastly amused with the awkward figure the dog of an unbeliever cuts), shamble into an inner chamber, the temperature of which immediately begins to tell upon the pores; here a halt of about ten minutes, to prepare the lungs for the seething atmosphere which will have to be endured in the third, or operation hall. Pass on; under the great dome, sparsely pierced with bull's-eyes of thick glass, and heavily charged with vapour, you make out five or six low marble platforms, on which, looking awfully ghastly in the deceitful haze, recline sundry bathers, celebrating riddance from their epidermis with yells of demoniac delight. The *tellaq* motions you to dispose yourself as one of these. You obey instinctively. With roars of laughter at your timid resignation, the uncouth valet kneels beside you, then he kneads your body with his fists, presently he cracks fingers and toes, afterwards he turns you over, and stepping on your back, performs a sort of elfish hornpipe; by-and-by, your limbs, creaming with exudations from the yawning pores, the pattens are again put in requisition to prevent the soles of the feet blistering from contact with the heated flags (it is directly beneath the stone floor that the steam-begetting fires burn), and you are led to a recess in the wall, where plays a little fountain of tepid water. After having repeatedly soused your glowing carcase, the boy proceeds to lather you from head to foot with perfumed soap. Next, he polishes legs, arms, trunk, with the soft palms of his practised hands, now and again holding up before your sceptic eyes long shreds of discoloured cuticle which have peeled away under the manipulation. And, whenever a peculiarly ill-favoured strip rewards his perseverance, triumphantly demanding *backshish* (reward).

Rejoice greatly, the last act of this wholesome drama is at hand. You are led back to the gallery where your clothes were deposited; there, fresh sheets enfold the languid one, a luxurious divan invites a snooze, sherbet moistens parched lips, stimulating coffee and the meditative chibouk follow, and you are left to cool gradually. With face ruddier than the cherry, you dreamily smoke and sip; for the time, earthly cares have flitted away, and you enjoy the unspeakable bliss of being a happier because a cleaner man.

Soon after our arrival at Haidar Pasha, the Ottoman government placed a small steamer at the disposal of the British army, dealing thereby

a heavy blow at the knavish caidjis (who for impudence and cheatery are co-equal with London cabbies), and conferring a proportionate boon on us poor "subs." Be the weather fair or foul, no matter, the dingy little Nourmahal crossed and recrossed the straits with a motley mixture of Britishers on board. Talk of the varied costumes of the East indeed, why, we soldiers and civilian tourists beat them hollow. *In re vestiariâ* wondrous conceits were frequently indulged in. He whose vivacious imagination devised the most heterogeneous apparel was, for the moment, the Beau Brummell *à la militaire*. Observe that swaggering T. G. sucking a dudeen near the funnel, and admire his flowing bournous and plaid cricketing-cap. Let me introduce you to Sir John Falstaff in a fez! The worthy old soul yonder, with sack, tobacco, and benignity, blossoming on every ruby feature. Shake hands with this jolly captain, and admire the telling contrast between a shooting-jacket of Highland build and inexpressibles cut *à la Zouave*. Renew your acquaintance with that brace of lusty majors (sticklers for "regulation"), and pity conscientious and out-of-shape veterans, whom the Clothing Board has doomed to an unmannerly display of alto-relievo proportions in the skrimpy "shell"—an abomination that causes the veiled matrons to turn aside, and (if the dragomans are to be trusted) to be the reverse of complimentary in their remarks.

By the French officers, on the other hand, no latitudinarian liberties were taken with the outward man. Wherever they went, on business or on pleasure (the *chasse* not excepted), our gallant friends appeared in their neat uniforms; thereby producing a very favourable impression on the Mussulmans, who used to remark that, although they preferred the British grenadier, brawny and stolid, to the lean and sprightly chasseur, the French *asker-zabity* (officer) had the advantage over his English comrade in matters relating to dress and military appearance.

After all, the affection of Captain Jones and Ensign Robinson for "mufti" was not to be wondered at. Were not their martial equipments cumbrous heirlooms of professional Toryism? Was not the whole apparatus of Albert shako, swallow-tailed coatee, and lavender continuations inconvenient to the wearer and sadly expensive to paterfamilias? However, we may now solace ourselves with the hope that these fopperies, *cum multis aliis*, are—thanks to the press and Jacob Omnium—on the verge of extinction. Let us pray, too, that in the good time coming the private soldier may be more thought about than heretofore.

III.

THE BAZAAR.

To gentlemen of our cloth, popularly supposed to

> Spend half-a-crown
> On sixpence a day,

the great bazaar was a place of frequent resort. Externally this famous mart has little to boast of. Its huge, blank walls, crowned with an irruption of squat domes,—like the tops of a cruet-stand,—present a sombre, prison-like aspect. The interior is everything. There you have a regular

vaulted town, its streets, alleys, cafés, and fountains lit with brilliant flashes of sunshine flushing down through the skylights. What a light it is! what inky shades! what a soft, mysterious haze! Would that Turner had visited Stamboul!

Entering an arcade without any architectural pretension, we breathe an atmosphere loaded with voluptuous sweets, and the eyes feast on spangled bottles of "atar-gull," beads of amber, ivory, ebony, and coral, Persian mirrors, and enamelled combs. Before the counters on which these knick-knacks are displayed stand groups of Moslem women "out shopping." They lead by the hand the loveliest cherubs of children, and chaffer with the hairy, phlegmatic perfumers in the softest, most suasive of tones. How tantalising that voices so silvery should repudiate all converse with the giaour. The honey-tongued matrons are usually attended by negro duennas, whose dingy charms the veil also conceals—surely a superfluous wardship in their case, for what audacious son of Shitan would imagine evil against that grim and odorous virtue? Sometimes a lank-legged, pot-bellied, beardless Nubian eunuch acts the part of guardian angel, and it is laughable to note the hideous grimaces, the devilish scowls which the faithful shepherd casts on the masculine gender that dares to scrutinise his ewes too closely.

Every street in the bazaar has its special purpose. Here, for instance, is the shoemakers' alley, where yellow boots and embroidered slippers are to be seen in infinite variety of form and costliness. The artistic taste lavished on the slippers is remarkable. Morocco leather, silk, and velvet, cunning needlework, precious stones, even, are devoted to the manufacture of articles likely to attract the capricious fancies of the harem. Our officers eagerly purchased these pretty *chaussures* (for the enshrinement of absent little feet, of course), and many a private soldier hoarded his surplus pence for the purpose of transmitting to "the girl he left behind him" a pair of fairy pumps no rustic Cinderella could expect to fit.

Turning into a neighbouring "row," we enter the corporation of dealers in caftans, pantaloons, &c., made of Damascus or of Broussa silk. The colours of these habiliments are of the richest, their patterns whimsical, and the cost moderate. No wonder, then, that our young muscadins much frequented the place. They sought after curious dressing-gowns and flashy smoking-drawers.

We next visit the jewellers, whose wares are so disposed in glass cases that the owners can keep an eye upon them without altering their own semi-horizontal posture on the dyspeptic divan. Much treasure is stored in the murky little shops.

> Dishes of agat set in gold, and studded
> With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies;
> ——spoons of amber,
> Headed with diamond and carbuncle,

waste their resplendence in these gloomy cobwebbed cells. Gems are generally set uncut—roughly imbedded in the gold—Orientals objecting to rub away points and smooth off angles, for fear of lessening the carat value of the stones. They regard weight more than shape. The mountings are for the most part coarse and heavy, not an attempt at fine tooling. As our English sisters will have no difficulty in believing,

jewellery is the cardinal luxury in great men's harems, and vast riches of this kind are often accumulated on the persons of favourite wives. I am told that on the day subsequent to the marriage of the Sultan's daughter, Fatima, with a son of the late Redschid Pasha, that peerless princess received her female acquaintances to the customary bout at sweetmeats and conversation with fifty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds and emeralds sparkling on her royal bodice. It must be borne in mind, however, that in Turkey—a land unlearned in the theories of Adam Smith and Ricardo, unversed in the mysteries of railway stock and Scotch banking—precious stones perform duties more important than the mere decoration of the wrists and bosoms of Circassian odalisques. Indeed, containing as they do *multum in parvo*, being easily carried about and concealed, jewels constitute very desirable representatives of capital. Hence the Osmanli, with a few brilliants of pure water in a secret drawer of his family coffer, is quite as worshipful in the sedate circles of Stamboul as one of our large-acred squires at a county ball or on a quarter sessions' judgment-seat.

Perhaps the most interesting department of this marvellous emporium is the arms bazaar. There sit, cross-legged and supreme, merchants of the genuine old school—fine Tory ancients who ought to have flourished in the days of Mahomet II. Gazing on those expansive turbans, those passionless and bewhiskered countenances, those voluminous breeches and spangled sashes, we feel ourselves suddenly transported to the court of Haroun-al-Raschid, or into the presence-chamber of Solyman the Magnificent. At noon this particular bazaar is closed, the opulent armourers retiring to their pretty kiosks (villas) at Kadi-koi and Bayukdere, where they pass the evening in the pleasures of the harem, or in sober denunciation of Frankish intervention; for to true believers of their ultra temper, Constantinople turned topsy-turvy by the toss-pot western soldiery, and the Bosphorus groaning under heretic armadas, are humiliating spectacles. "God is great, and Mahomed is his prophet," they say; "if we had yielded to the dog Menschikof, we could hardly have suffered greater defilement."

Their merchandise is curious and valuable, collected from all parts of Asia, and often of rare antiquity. On these dirty walls hang swords of Damascus, which were red in the wars of the Crusades; daggers of that incomparable steel that pierces a coat of mail as easily as a cotton shirt; guns curiously painted and inlaid; battle-axes which were wielded in the hosts of Timour the Tartar and of Genghis Khan. Here, too, are saddles of rich velvet, with embroidered housings of exquisite handiwork and beautiful design; spurs and stirrups of silver or of gold. In short, in this Faubourg St. Germain of Islam may be seen the whole gorgeous paraphernalia, which, in the mighty Turkish time passed away, constituted the "service" panoply of the Moslem warrior and of his faithful friend the Desert courser.

As soon as the novelty of the thing has worn off, bargaining in the bazaar is an exceedingly tiresome affair; as the merchant invariably demands for his goods double the sum he means ultimately to accept, and as the value of time is unintelligible to the Oriental mind, the better half of a day is not unfrequently spent in the mere preliminaries of a purchase. The *modus operandi* is characteristic. The intending pur-

chaser stops before a stall, removes the chibouk from his mouth, and, after a few minutes' deliberation, inquires the price of an article. The tradesman mumbles a preposterous amount of piastres; thereupon, the customer *in esse* shakes his stolid head, but, instead of going his way, coolly slips off his shoes, and plumps down on the sofa beside the imperturbable shopman. For a while the pair indulge in common-place chat about the tobacco crop in Macedonia, or the infidel tipplers playing the deuce at Haidar Pasha; then coffee and pipes are served, an ample margin being allowed for their taciturn enjoyment; next, a question or two, respecting the real business on the *tapis*, is thrown in—as if by pure accident, but the replies continuing unsatisfactory, more "mocah," more chibouks, another edition of divan gossip, are submitted to with excellent grace by both parties; again commerce turns up, and this time symptoms of a thaw on the vendor's side manifest themselves; however, negotiation is by no means exhausted as yet; a fresh act of smoke, sherbet, small-talk, and higgle, must be waded through before the bargain is clenched.

At first our dealings were effected through the instrumentality of the Jewish *terdjumans* (interpreters); but a little while sufficing to make the vagabonds show true colours, we hit upon a plan plagiarised from the ordinary practice of the Yankee adventurer in foreign parts: we bought Turkish vocabularies, and, after learning the numerals and a useful phrase or two, commenced business on our own account. With a little temper, and more perseverance, at the outset, the new system worked advantageously to ourselves, and, I believe, agreeably to the merchants, who abhor the very sight of the Israelite, in consequence of the heavy per-centage the roguish Judas charges them on sales completed by his assistance.

DEATH—ITS GLORY AND ITS BEAUTY.

By W. Charles Kent.

Death no skeleton resembles—
Death is holy—Death is fair:
God's Great Angel round whose brow life faintly trembles
Like a glory in its hair.

Death, though dread, is ever tender
As a mother to her child;
Spreading lovely tints of all unearthly splendour
Even on features most reviled.

Death exalts to something solemn
Even the visage of a clown:
As though o'er each shattered prostrate human column
Glimmered forth a spectral crown.

Death a progress grand and regal
Makes through all th' abodes of men—
Manumiting slaves—each like an eagle
Soaring sunward from earth's ken.

Death ne'er strikes but tear-drops trickle
Healing unction—where its sword
Through the ripened lives of ages like a sickle
Reaps the harvest of the Lord.

Death no iron javelin hurtles,
But with gentle touch reveals
Where beneath the linen shroud and fragrant myrtles
Pale decay o'er beauty steals.

Death no violating anger
Knows, but from divinest palm
Softly sprinkles o'er the awful couch of languor
Drops of consecrating calm.

Death's are not the Worm's dominions,
Though the charnel be its throne,
Whence each soul with solemn rush of angel-pinions
To eternal realms hath flown.

Death no grimly woe discloses
Through calm features of the dead,
Where celestial peace with heavenly smile reposes—
O'er white lips and brow disspread.

Death ev'n shows the soul's fair glory
Through the body's foul decay,
Where the fleshless skull proclaims the holy story,
As it laughs the world away.

Death hath splendours even when darkling
With dread gloom our final breath:
Star-like souls, unseen in life's broad noonday, sparkling
Visibly in the night of Death.

Death erases every sorrow
From each heart on which it falls;
The grand harbinger of heaven's resplendent morrow,
It consoles while it appals.

Death appears no dream of sadness—
Mark those rapturous lips the while
Through their wan cold lines a dumb but eloquent gladness
Hints the soul's angelic smile.

Death with magic hand can beckon
Through the lineaments of age
Childhood's innocent glances, loving gazers reckon
Past the grief those looks assuage.

Death yields bliss—though it hath blackened
On Earth's brink Life's crystal pool,
When, with uttermost stress, the silver cord is slackened—
Broken the golden bowl.

Death no skeleton resembles—
Death is holy—Death is fair:
God's Great Angel round whose brow life faintly trembles
Like a glory in its hair.

COMING OUT OF EXILE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MOAT GRANGE."

I.

The stately rooms of one of the finest houses in London were open for the reception of evening guests. Wax-lights, looking innumerable when reflected from the mirrors, shed their rays on the gilded decorations, on the fine paintings, and on the gorgeous dresses of the ladies; the enlivening strains of the band invited to the dance, and the rare exotics emitted a sweet perfume. It was the west-end residence of a famed and wealthy City merchant of lofty standing; his young wife was an earl's daughter, and the admission to the house of Mr. and Lady Adela Netherleigh was coveted by the gay world.

"There's a mishap!" almost screamed a pretty-looking girl. She had dropped her handkerchief and stooped for it, and her partner stooped also: in his hurry, he put his foot upon her thin white dress, she rose at the same moment, and the bottom of the skirt was torn half off.

"Quite impossible that I can finish the quadrille," quoth she to him, half in amusement, half provoked at the misfortune. "You must find another partner, and I will go and get this repaired."

She went up-stairs: by some neglect, the lady's-maid was not in attendance there, and, too impatient to ring and wait for her, down she flew into the housekeeper's parlour. She was quite at home in the house, for she was the sister of its mistress. She had gathered the damaged dress up, on her arm, but her white silk petticoat fell in rich folds around her.

"Just look what an object that stupid——" And there stopped the young lady; for, instead of the housekeeper and lady's-maid, whom she expected to meet, nobody was in the room but a gentleman, a tall, handsome man. She looked thunderstruck; and then slowly advanced and stared at him, as if not believing her own eyes.

"My goodness, Gerard! Well, I should just as soon have expected to meet the dead here."

"How are you, Lady Frances?" he said, holding out his hand with hesitation.

"*Lady* Frances! I am much obliged to you for your formality: Lady Frances returns her thanks to Mr. Hope for his polite inquiries," continued she, in a tone of pique, and honouring him with a swimming curtsey of ceremony.

He caught her hand. "Forgive me, Fanny, but our positions are altered; at least, mine is; and how did I know that you were not?"

"You are an ungrateful——raven," cried she, "to croak like that. After getting me to write you no end of letters, with all the news about everybody, and beginning 'My dear Gerard,' and ending 'Your affectionate Fanny,' and being as good to you as a sister, you meet me with 'My Lady Frances!' Now don't squeeze my hand to atoms. What on earth have you come to England for?"

"I could not stop there," he returned, with emotion; "I was fretting away my heartstrings. So I took my resolution and came back—guess in what way, Frances; and what to do."

"How should I know? To call me 'Lady Frances,' perhaps."

"As a clerk; a clerk, to earn my bread. That's what I am now. Very consistent, is it not, for one in my position to address familiarly Lady Frances Chenevix?"

"You never spoke a grain of sense in your life, Gerard," she exclaimed, peevishly. "What do you mean?"

"Mr. Netherleigh has taken me into his counting-house."

"Mr. Netherleigh!" she echoed, in surprise. "What, with that—that——"

"That crime hanging over me. Speak up, Frances."

"No; I was going to say that doubt. *I* don't believe you guilty: you know that, Gerard."

"I am in his house, Frances, and I came up here to-night from the City to bring a note from his partner. I declined any of the reception-rooms, not caring to meet old acquaintances, and the servants put me into this."

"But you had a mountain of debts in England, Gerard, and were afraid of arrest."

"I have managed that: they are going to let me square up by instalments. Has the bracelet never been heard of?"

"Oh, that's gone for good: melted down in a caldron, as the colonel calls it, and the diamonds reset. It remains a mystery of the past, and is never expected to be solved."

"And they still suspect me! What is the matter with your dress?"

"Matter enough," answered she, letting it down, and turning round for his inspection. "I came here to get it repaired. My great booby of a partner did it for me."

"Fanny, how is Alice Seaton?"

"You have cause to ask after her. She is dying."

"Dying!" repeated Mr. Hope, in a hushed, shocked tone.

"I do not mean actually dying this night, or going to die to-morrow; but that she is dying by slow degrees, there is no doubt. It may be weeks off yet: I cannot tell."

"Where is she?"

"Curious to say, she is where you left her—at Lady Sarah Hope's. Alice could not bear the house after the loss of the bracelet, for she was so obstinate and foolish as to persist that the servants must suspect her, even if Lady Sarah did not. She left, and this spring Lady Sarah saw her, and was so shocked at the change in her, the extent to which she had wasted away, that she brought her to town by main force, and we and the doctors are trying to nurse her up. It seems of no use."

"Are you also staying at Colonel Hope's again?"

"I invited myself there a week or two ago, to be with Alice. It is pleasanter, too, than being at home."

"I suppose the Hopes are here to-night?"

"My sister is. I do not think your uncle has come yet."

"Does he ever speak of me less resentfully?"

"Not he: I think his storming over it has only made his suspicions

stronger. Not a week passes but he begins again about that detestable bracelet. He is unalterably persuaded that you took it, and nobody must dare to put in a word in your defence."

"And does your sister honour me with the same belief?" demanded Mr. Hope, bitterly.

"Lady Sarah is silent on the point to me: I think she scarcely knows what to believe. You see I tell you all freely, Gerard."

Before another word could be spoken, Mr. Netherleigh entered. An aristocratic man, with a noble countenance. He bore a sealed note for Mr. Hope to deliver in the City.

"Why, Fanny!" he exclaimed to his sister-in-law, "you here!"

"Yes: look at the sight they have made me," replied she, shaking down her dress for his benefit, as she had previously done for Mr. Hope's. "I am waiting for some of the damsels to mend it for me: I suppose Mr. Hope's presence has scared them away. Won't mamma be in a fit of rage when she sees it, for it is new to-night."

Gerard Hope shook hands with Lady Frances; and Mr. Netherleigh, who had a word of direction to give him, walked with him into the hall. As they stood there, who should enter but Colonel Hope, Gerard's uncle. He started back when he saw Gerard.

"C—ca—can I believe my senses?" stuttered he. "Mr. Netherleigh, is *he* one of your guests?"

"He is here on business," was the merchant's reply. "Pass on, colonel."

"No, sir, I will not pass on," cried the enraged colonel, who had not rightly caught the word business. "Or if I do pass on, it will only be to warn your guests to take care of their jewellery. So, sir," he added, turning on his nephew, "you can come back, can you, when the proceeds of your theft are spent! you have been starring it in Calais, I hear: how long did the bracelet last you to live upon?"

"Sir," answered Gerard, with a pale face, "it has been starving, rather than starring. I asserted my innocence at the time, Colonel Hope, and I repeat it now."

"Innocence!" ironically repeated the colonel, turning to all sides of the hall, as if he took delight in parading the details of the unfortunate past. "The trinkets were spread out on a table in Lady Sarah's own house: you came stealthily into it—after having been forbidden it for another fault—went stealthily into the room, and the next minute the diamond bracelet was missing. It was owing to my confounded folly in listening to a parcel of women, that I did not bring you to trial at the time: I have only once regretted not doing it, and that has been ever since. A little wholesome correction at the Penitentiary might have made an honest man of you. Good night, Mr. Netherleigh: if you encourage him in your house, you don't have me."

Now another gentleman had entered and heard this: some servants also heard it. Colonel Hope, who firmly believed in his nephew's guilt, turned off, peppery and indignant; and Gerard, giving vent to sundry unnephew-like expletives, strode after him. The colonel made a dash into a street cab, and Gerard walked towards the City.

Lady Frances Chenevix, her dress all right again, at least to appearance, was sitting to get her breath, after a whirling waltz. Next to her sat a lady who had also been whirling: Frances did not know her.

"You are quite exhausted: we kept it up too long," said the cavalier in attendance on the stranger. "What can I get you?"

"My fan: there it is. Thank you. Nothing else."

"What an old creature to dance herself down!" thought Frances. "She's forty, if she's a day."

The lady opened her fan, and proceeding to use it, the diamonds of her rich bracelet gleamed right in the eyes of Frances Chenevix. Frances looked at it, and started: she strained her eyes and looked at it again: she bent nearer to it, and became agitated with emotion. If her recollection did not play her false, *that was the lost bracelet.*

She discerned her sister, Lady Adela Netherleigh, and glided up to her. "Adela, who is that lady?" she asked, pointing to the stranger.

"I don't know who she is," replied Lady Adela, carelessly, "I did not catch the name. They came with the Cadogans."

"The idea of your having people in your house that you don't know!" indignantly spoke Frances, who was working herself into a fever. "Where's Sarah? do you know that?"

"In the card-room, glued to the whist-table."

Lady Sarah, however, had unglued herself, for Frances only turned from Lady Adela to encounter her. "I do believe your lost bracelet is in the room," she whispered, in agitation; "I think I have seen it."

"Impossible!" responded Lady Sarah Hope.

"It looks exactly the same; gold links interspersed with diamonds: and the clasp is the same; three stars. A tall, ugly woman has got it on, her black hair strained off her face."

"The hair strained off the face is enough to make any woman look ugly," remarked Lady Sarah. "Where is she?"

"There: she is standing up now: let us get close to her. Her dress is that beautiful maize colour with blonde lace."

Lady Sarah Hope drew near, and obtained a sight of the bracelet. The colour flew into her face.

"It is mine, Fanny," she whispered.

But the lady, at that moment, took a gentleman's arm, and moved away. Lady Sarah followed her, with the view of obtaining another look. Frances Chenevix went to Mr. Netherleigh and told him. He was hard of belief.

"You cannot be sure at this distance of time, Fanny. And, besides, more bracelets, than one, may have been made of that pattern."

"I am so certain, that I feel as if I could swear to the bracelet," eagerly replied Lady Frances.

"Hush, hush! Fanny."

"I recollect it perfectly: it struck me the moment I saw it. How singular that I should have been talking to Gerard Hope about it this night!"

Mr. Netherleigh smiled. "Imagination is very deceptive, Frances; and your having spoken to Mr. Hope of it brought it to your thoughts."

"But it could not have brought it to my eyes," returned Frances. "Stuff and nonsense about imagination, Mr. Netherleigh! I am positive it is the bracelet. Here comes Lady Sarah."

"I suppose Frances has been telling you," observed Lady Sarah Hope to her brother-in-law. "I feel convinced it is my own bracelet."

"But—as I have just remarked to Frances—other bracelets than yours may have been made precisely similar," he urged.

"If it is mine, the initials 'S. H.' are scratched on the back of the middle star. I did it one day with a penknife."

"You never mentioned that fact before, Lady Sarah," hastily responded the merchant.

"No. I was determined to give no clue: I was always afraid of the affair's being traced home to Gerard, and it would have been such a disgrace to my husband's name."

"Did you speak to her?—did you ask where she got the bracelet?" interrupted Frances.

"How could I?" retorted Lady Sarah. "I do not know her."

"I will," cried Frances, in a resolute tone.

"My dear Frances!" remonstrated Mr. Netherleigh.

"I vow I will," persisted Frances, as she moved away.

Lady Frances kept her word. She found the strange lady in the refreshment-room; and, locating herself by her side, entered upon a few trifling remarks, which were civilly received. Suddenly she dashed at once to her subject.

"What a beautiful bracelet!"

"I think it is," was the stranger's reply, holding out her arm for its inspection, without any reservation.

"Where did you buy it?" pursued Frances.

"Garrards are my jewellers."

This very nearly did for Frances: for it was at Garrards' that the colonel originally purchased it: and it seemed to give a colouring to Mr. Netherleigh's view of more bracelets having been made of the same pattern. But she was too anxious and determined to stand upon ceremony—for Gerard's sake: and he was dearer to her than the world suspected.

"We—one of my family—lost a bracelet exactly like this, some time back. When I saw it on your arm, I thought it was the same: I hoped it was."

The lady froze directly, and laid down her arm.

"Are you—pardon me, there are painful interests involved—are you sure you purchased this at Garrards'?"

"I have said that Messrs. Garrard are my jewellers," replied the stranger, in a repelling voice; and the words sounded evasive to Frances. "More I cannot say: neither am I aware by what law of courtesy you thus question me, nor who you may be."

The young lady drew herself up, proudly secure in her rank. "I am Lady Frances Chenevix:" and the other bowed, and turned to the refreshment-table.

Away went Lady Frances to find the Cadogans, and inquire after the stranger.

It was a Lady Livingstone. The husband had made a mint of money at something, had been knighted, and now they were launching out into high society.

Frances's nose went into the air. Oh law! a City knight and his wife! that was it, was it. How could Mrs. Cadogan have taken up with *them?*

The Honourable Mrs. Cadogan did not choose to say: beyond the assertion that they were extremely worthy, good kind of people. She

could have said that her spendthrift of a husband had contrived to borrow money from Sir Jasper Livingstone; and to prevent being bothered for it, and keep them in good humour, they introduced the Livingstones where they could.

Frances Chenevix went home; that is, to Colonel Hope's; and told her strange tale to Alice Seaton, not only about Gerard's being in England, but about the bracelet. Lady Sarah had nearly determined not to move in the matter, for Mr. Netherleigh had infected her with his disbelief, especially since she heard of Lady Livingstone's assertion that Messrs. Garrard were her jewellers. Not so Frances: she was determined to follow it up: and next morning, saying evasively that she wanted to call at her father's, she got possession of Lady Sarah's carriage, and down she went to the Haymarket, to Garrards'. Alice Seaton, a fragile girl, with a once lovely countenance, but so faded now that she looked, as Frances had said, dying, waited her return in a pitiable state of excitement. Frances came in, looking little less excited.

"Alice, it *is* the bracelet. I am more certain than ever. Garrards' people say they have sold articles of jewellery to Lady Livingstone, but not a diamond bracelet; and, moreover, that they never had, of that precise pattern, but the bracelet Colonel Hope bought."

"What is to be done?" exclaimed Alice.

"I know: I shall go to those Livingstones: Gerard shall not stay under this cloud, if I can help him out of it. Mr. Netherleigh won't act in it—laughs at me; Lady Sarah won't act; and we dare not tell the colonel: he is so obstinate and wrong-headed, he would be for arresting Gerard, pending the investigation."

"Frances——"

"Now don't you preach, Alice. When I will a thing, I *will:* I am like my lady mother for that. Lady Sarah says she scratched her initials inside the bracelet, and I shall demand to see it: if these Livingstones refuse, I'll put the detectives on the scent. I will; as sure as my name is Frances Chenevix."

"And if the investigation should bring the guilt home to—to—Gerard?" whispered Alice, in a hollow tone.

"And if it should bring it home to you! and if it should bring it home to me!" spoke the exasperated Frances. "For shame, Alice: it cannot bring it home to Gerard, for he was never guilty."

Alice Seaton sighed: she saw there was no help for it, for Lady Frances was resolute. "I have a deeper stake in this than you," she said, after a pause of consideration; "let me go to the Livingstones. You must not refuse me; I have an urgent motive for wishing it."

"You, you weak mite of a thing! you would faint before you got half through the interview," uttered Lady Frances, in a tone between jest and vexation.

Alice persisted. She had indeed a powerful reason for urging it, and Lady Frances allowed the point, though with much grumbling. The carriage was still at the door, for Lady Frances had desired that it should wait, and Alice hastily dressed herself and went down to it, without speaking to Lady Sarah. The footman was closing the door upon her, when out flew Frances.

"Alice, I have made up my mind to go with you, for I cannot guard my patience until you are back again. I can sit in the carriage while you

go in. Lady Livingstone will be two feet higher from to-day—that the world should have been amazed with the spectacle of Lady Frances Chenevix waiting humbly at her door."

Frances talked incessantly on the road, but Alice was silent: she was deliberating what she should say, and was nerving herself to the task. Lady Livingstone was at home, and Alice, sending in her card, was conducted to her presence, leaving Lady Frances in the carriage.

Lady Frances had thus described her: a woman as thin as a whipping-post, with a red nose: and Alice found Lady Livingstone answer to it very well. Sir Jasper, who was also present, was much older than his wife, and short and thick; a good-natured looking man with a bald head.

Alice, refined and sensitive, scarcely knew how she opened her subject, but she was met in a different manner from what she had expected. The knight and his wife were really worthy people, as Mrs. Cadogan had said, only she had a mania for getting into "high life and high-lived company;" a thing she would never accomplish. They listened to Alice's tale with courtesy, and at length with interest.

"You will readily conceive the nightmare this has been to me," panted Alice, for her emotion was great. "The bracelet was under my charge, and it disappeared in this extraordinary way. All the trouble that it has been productive of to me, I am not at liberty to tell you, but it has certainly shortened my life."

"You look very ill," observed Lady Livingstone, with sympathy.

"I am worse than I look. I am going into the grave rapidly. Others, less sensitive, or with stronger bodily health, might have battled successfully with the distress and annoyance; I could not. I shall die in greater peace if this unhappy affair can be cleared. Should it prove to be the same bracelet, we may be able to trace out how it was lost."

Lady Livingstone left the room and returned with the diamond bracelet. She held it out to Miss Seaton, and the colour rushed into Alice's poor wan face at the gleam of the diamonds: she believed she recognised them.

"But stay," she said, drawing back her hand as she was about to touch it: "do not give it me just yet. If it be the one we lost, the letters S. H. are scratched irregularly on the back of the middle clasp. Perhaps you will first look if they are there, Lady Livingstone."

Lady Livingstone turned the bracelet, glanced at the spot indicated, and then silently handed it to Sir Jasper. The latter smiled.

"Sure enough here's something—I can't see distinctly without my glasses. What is it, Lady Livingstone?"

"The letters S. H., as Miss Seaton describes: I cannot deny it."

"Deny it! no, my lady, what for should we deny it? If we are in possession of another's bracelet, lost by fraud, and if the discovery will set this young lady's mind at ease, I don't think either you or I shall be the one to deny it. Examine it for yourself, ma'am," added he, giving it to Alice.

She turned it about, she put it on her arm, her eyes lighting with the eagerness of conviction. "It is certainly the same bracelet," she affirmed: "I could be sure of it, I think, without proof, but Lady Sarah's initials are there, as she describes to have scratched them."

"It is not beyond the range of possibility that initials may have been

scratched on this bracelet, without its being the same," observed Lady Livingstone.

"I think it must be the same," mused Sir Jasper. "It looks suspicious."

"Lady Frances Chenevix understood you to say you bought this of Messrs. Garrard," resumed Miss Seaton.

Lady Livingstone felt rather foolish. "What I said was, that Messrs. Garrard were my jewellers. The fact is, I do not know exactly where this was bought: but I did not consider myself called upon to proclaim that fact to a young lady who was a stranger to me, and in answer to questions I thought verging on impertinence."

"Her anxiety, scarcely less than my own, may have rendered her abrupt," replied Alice, by way of apology for Lady Frances. "Our hope is not so much to regain the bracelet, as to penetrate the mystery of its disappearance. Can you not let me know where you did buy it?"

"I can," interposed Sir Jasper: "there's no disgrace in having bought it where I did. I got it at a pawnbroker's."

Alice's heart beat violently. A pawnbroker's! what dreaded discovery was at hand?

"I was one day at the east end of London, walking past, when I saw a topas-and-amethyst cross in a pawnbroker's window. I thought it would be a pretty ornament for my wife, and I went in and asked to look at it. In talking about jewellery with the master, he reached out this diamond bracelet, and told me *that* would be a present worth making. Now I knew my lady's head had been running on a diamond bracelet, and I was tempted to ask what was the lowest figure he would put it at. He said it was the most valuable article of the sort he had had for a long while, the diamonds of the first water, worth four hundred guineas of anybody's money, but that being second-hand he could part with it for two hundred and fifty. And I bought it. There's where I got the bracelet, ma'am."

"That was just the money Colonel Hope gave for it new, at Garrards'," said Alice. "Two hundred and fifty guineas."

Sir Jasper stared at her: and then broke forth with a comical attempt at rage, for he was one of the best-tempered men in the world.

"The old wretch of a Jew! Sold it to me at second-hand price, as he called it, for the identical sum it cost new! Why, he ought to be prosecuted for usury."

"It is just what I tell you, Sir Jasper," grumbled his lady: "you will go to these low, second-hand dealers, who always cheat where they can, instead of to a regular jeweller; and nine times out of ten you get taken in."

"But your having bought it of this pawnbroker does not bring me any nearer the knowing how he procured it," observed Miss Seaton.

"I shall go to him this very day and ascertain," returned Sir Jasper. "Tradespeople may not sell stolen bracelets with impunity."

Easier said than done. The dealer protested his ignorance and innocence, and declared he had bought it in the regular course of business, at one of the pawnbrokers' periodical sales. And the man spoke truth, and the detectives were again applied to.

II.

In an obscure room of a low and dilapidated lodging-house, in a low and dilapidated neighbourhood, there sat a man one evening in the coming twilight; a towering, gaunt skeleton, whose remarkably long arms and legs looked little less than skin and bone. The arms were fully exposed to view, since their owner, though he possessed and wore a waistcoat, dispensed with the use of a shirt. An article, once a coat, lay on the floor, to be donned at will—if it could be got into for the holes. The man sat on the floor in a corner, his head finding a resting-place against the wall, and he had dropped into a light sleep, but if ever famine was depicted in a face, it was in his. Unwashed, unshaven, with matted hair and feverish lips; the cheeks were hollow, the nostrils white and pinched, and the skin round the mouth had a blue tinge. Some one tried and shook the door: it aroused him, and he started up, but only to cower in a bending attitude and listen.

"I hear you," cried a voice. "How are you to-night, Joe? Open the door."

The voice was not one he knew; not one that might be responded to.

"Do you call this politeness, Joe Nicholls? If you don't open the door, I shall take the liberty of opening it for myself: which will put you to the trouble of mending the fastenings afterwards."

"Who are you?" cried Nicholls, reading determination in the voice. "I'm gone to bed, and I can't admit folks to-night."

"Gone to bed at eight o'clock?"

"Yes: I'm ill."

"I give you one minute, and then I come in. You will open it if you wish to save trouble."

Nicholls yielded to his fate: and opened the door.

The gentleman—he looked like one—cast his keen eyes round the room. There was not a vestige of furniture in it; nothing but the bare, dirty walls, from which the mortar crumbled, and the bare, dirty boards.

"What did you mean by saying you were gone to bed, eh?"

"So I was. I was asleep there," pointing to the corner, "and that's my bed. What do you want?" added Nicholls, peering at the stranger's face in the gloom of the evening, but seeing it imperfectly, for his hat was drawn low over it.

"A little talk with you. That last sweepstake you put into——"

The man lifted his face, and burst forth with such eagerness, that the stranger could only arrest his own words, and listen.

"It was a swindle from beginning to end. I had scraped together the ten shillings to put in it; and I drew the right horse, and was shuffled out of the gains, and I have never had my dues, not a farthing of 'em. Since then I've been ill, and I can't get about to better myself. Are you come, sir, to make it right?"

"Some"—the stranger coughed—"friends of mine were in it also," said he; "and they lost their money."

"Everybody lost it; the getters-up bolted with all they had drawn into their fingers. Have they been took, do you know?"

"All in good time; they have left their trail. So you have been ill, have you?"

"Ill! just take a sight at me! There's a arm for a big man."

He stretched out his naked arm for inspection: it appeared as if a touch would snap it. The stranger laid his hand upon its fingers, and his other hand appeared to be stealing furtively towards his own pocket. "I should say this looks like starvation, Joe."

"Some'at nigh akin to it."

A pause of unsuspicion, and the handcuffs were clapped on the astonished man. He started up with an oath.

"No need to make a noise, Nicholls," said the detective, with a careless air. "I have got two men waiting outside."

"I swear I wasn't in the plate robbery," passionately uttered the man. "I knew of it, but I didn't join 'em, and I never had the worth of as much as a saltspoon, after it was melted down. And they call me a coward, and they leave me here to starve and die! I swear I wasn't in it."

"We'll talk of the plate robbery another time," said the officer, as he raised his hat; "you have got those bracelets on, my man, for another sort of bracelet. A diamond one. Don't you remember me?"

The prisoner's mouth fell. "I thought that was over and done with, all this time—I don't know what you mean," he added, correcting himself.

"No," said the officer, "it's just beginning. The bracelet is found, and has been traced to you. You were a clever fellow, and I had my doubts of you at the time: I thought you were too clever to go on long."

"I should be ashamed to play the sneak and catch a fellow in this way. Why couldn't you come openly, in your proper clothes? not come playing the spy in the garb of a friendly civilian!"

"My men are in their 'proper clothes,'" returned the equable officer, "and you will have the honour of their escort presently. I came because they did not know you, and I did."

"Three officers to take a single man, and he a skeleton!" uttered Nicholls, with a vast show of indignation.

"Ay; but you were powerful once, and ferocious too. The skeleton aspect is a recent one."

"And all for nothing. I don't know about any bracelet."

"Don't trouble yourself with inventions, Nicholls. Your friend is safe in our hands, and has made a full confession."

"What friend?" asked Nicholls, too eagerly.

"The lady you got to dispose of it for you to the Jew."

Nicholls was startled to incaution. "She hasn't split, has she?"

"Every particular she knew or guessed at. Split to save herself."

"Then there's no faith in woman."

"There never was yet," returned the officer. "If they are not at the top and bottom of every mischief, Joe, they are sure to be in the middle. Is this your coat?" touching it gingerly.

"She's a disgrace to the female sec, she is," raved Nicholls, disregarding the question as to his coat. "But it's a relief, now I'm took, it's a weight off my mind; I was always a expecting of it, and I shall get food in the Old Bailey, at any rate."

"Ah," said the officer, "you were in good service as a respectable servant; you had better have stuck to your duties."

"The temptation was so great," observed the man, who had evidently abandoned all idea of denial; and now that he had done so, was ready to be voluble with remembrances and particulars.

"Don't say anything to me," said the officer. "It will be used against you."

"It came all along of my long legs," cried Nicholls, ignoring the friendly injunction, and proceeding to enlarge on the feat he had performed. "I have never had a happy hour since; I was second footman there, and a good place I had; and I have wished, thousands of times, that the bracelet had been in a sea of molten fire. Our folks had took a house in the neighbourhood of Ascot for the race week, and they had left me at home to take care of the kitchen-maid and another inferior or two, taking the rest of the servants with them. I had to clean the winders afore they returned, and I had druv it off till the Thursday evening, and out I got on the balqueny, to begin with the back drawing-room——"

"What do you say you got out on?"

"The balqueny. The thing with the green rails round it, what encloses the winders. While I was a leaning over the rails afore I begun, I heered something like click—click, a going on in the fellow room at the next door, which was Colonel Hope's. It was like as if something light was being laid on a table, and presently I heered two voices begin to talk, a lady's and a gentleman's, and I listened——"

"No good ever comes of listening, Joe," interrupted the officer.

"I didn't listen for the sake of listening, but it was awful hot, a standing outside there in the sun, and listening was better than working. I didn't want to hear, neither, for I was thinking of my own concerns, and what a fool I was to have idled away my time all day till the sun came on to the back winders. Bit by bit, I heered what they were talking of—that it was jewels they had got there, and that one was worth two hundred guineas. Thinks I, if that was mine, I'd do no more work. After a while, I heered them go out of their room, and I thought I'd have a look at the rich things, and I stepped over slanting-ways on to the little ledge running along the houses, holding on by our balqueny, and then I passed my hands along the wall till I got hold of their balqueny—but one with ordinary legs and arms couldn't have done it. You couldn't, sir."

"Perhaps not," remarked the officer.

"There wasn't fur to fall, if I had fell, only on to the kitchen leads under; but I didn't fall, and I raised myself on to their balqueny, and looked in. My! what a show it was! stunning jewels, all laid out there; so close that if I had put my hand inside, it must have struck all among 'em; and the fiend prompted me to take one. I didn't stop to look; I didn't stop to think; the one that twinkled the brightest and had the most stones in it was the nearest to me, and I clutched it, and slipped it into my footman's undress jacket, and stepped back again."

"And got safe into your balcony."

"Yes; but I didn't clean the winder that night. I was upset, like, by what I had done, and I think, if I could have put it back again, I should; but there was no opportunity. I wrapped it up in my winder leather, and then in a sheet of paper, and then I put it up the chimbley in one of the spare bedrooms. I was up the next morning afore five, and I cleaned my winders: I'd no trouble to awake myself, for I had never slept. The same day, towards evening, you called, sir, and asked me some questions —whether we had seen any one on the leads at the back, and such

like. I said as master was just come home from Ascot, would you be pleased to speak to him."

"Ah!" again remarked the officer, "you were a clever fellow that day. But if my suspicions had not been strongly directed to another quarter, I might have looked you up more sharply."

"I kep' it by me for a month or two, and then I gave warning to leave. I thought I'd have my fling, and I became acquainted with her—that lady—and somehow she wormed out of me that I had got it, and I let her dispose of it for me, for she said she knew how to do it without danger."

"What did you get for it?"

The skeleton shook his head. "Thirty-four pound, and I had counted on a hundred and fifty. She took a oath she had not helped herself to a sixpence."

"Oaths are plentiful with the genus," remarked the detective.

"She stood to it she hadn't, and she stopped and helped me to spend it. After that was done, she went over to stop with somebody else who was in luck; and I have tried to go on, and I can't: honestly or dishonestly it seems all one, nothing prospers, and I'm naked and famishing—and I wish I was dying."

"Evil courses never do prosper, Nicholls," said the officer, as he called in the policemen, and consigned the gentleman to their care.

So Gerard Hope was innocent!

"But how was it you skilful detectives could not be on this man's scent?" asked Colonel Hope of the officer, when he heard the tale.

"Colonel, I was thrown off it. Your positive belief in your nephew's guilt infected me, and appearances were very strong against him. Miss Seaton also helped to throw me off: she said, if you remember, that she did not leave the room; but it now appears that she did leave it when your nephew did, though only for a few moments. Those few moments sufficed to do the job."

"It's strange she could not tell the exact truth," growled the colonel.

"She probably thought she was exact enough, since she only remained outside the door, and could answer for it that no one entered by it. She forgot the window. I thought of the window the instant the loss was mentioned to me, but Miss Seaton's assertion that she never had the window out of her view, prevented my dwelling on it. I did go to the next door, and saw this very fellow who committed the robbery, but his manner was sufficiently satisfactory. He talked too freely; I did not like that; but I found he had been in the same service fifteen months: and, as I must repeat, I laid the guilt to another."

"It is a confoundedly unpleasant affair for me," cried the colonel; "I have published my nephew's disgrace and guilt all over London."

"It is more unpleasant for him, colonel," was the rejoinder of the officer.

"And I have kept him short of money, and suffered him to be sued for debt; and I have let him go and live amongst the runaway scamps over the water, and not hindered his engaging himself as a merchant's clerk: and in short, I have played up the very deuce with him."

"But reparation is doubtless in your own heart and hands, colonel."

"I don't know that, sir," testily concluded the colonel.

III.

Once more Gerard Hope entered his uncle's house; not as an interloper, stealing into it in secret, but as an honoured guest, to whom reparation was due, and must be made. Alice Seaton leaned back in her invalid chair, a joyous flush on her wasted cheek, and a joyous happiness in her eye. Still the shadow of coming death was there, and Mr. Hope was shocked to see her—more shocked and startled than he had expected, or chose to express.

"Oh, Alice! what has done this?"

"That," she answered, pointing to the bracelet, which, returned to its true owner, lay on the table. "I should not have lived many years; of that I am convinced; but I might have lived a little longer than I now shall. It has been the cause of misery to many, and Lady Sarah says she shall never regard it but as an ill-starred trinket, or wear it with any pleasure."

"But, Alice, why should you have suffered it thus to affect you?" he remonstrated. "You knew your own innocence, and you say you believed and trusted in mine: what did you fear?"

"I will tell you, Gerard," she resumed, a deeper hectic rising to her cheeks. "I could not have confessed my fear, even in dying; it was too distressing, too terrible; but now that it is all clear, I will tell it. *I believed my sister had taken the bracelet.*"

He uttered an exclamation of amazement.

"I have believed it all along. She had called to see me that night, and was, for a minute or two, in the room alone with the bracelets: I knew she, at that time, was short of money, and I feared she had been tempted to take it—just as this unfortunate servant man was tempted. Oh, Gerard, the dread of it has been upon me night and day, preying upon my fears, weighing down my spirits, wearing away my health and my life. And I had to bear it all in silence: it is that dreadful silence which has killed me."

"Alice, this must have been a morbid fear."

"Not so—if you knew all. But now that I have told you, let us not revert to it again: it is at an end, and I am very thankful. That it should so end, has been my prayer and hope: not quite the only hope," she added, looking up at him with a sunny smile; "I have had another."

"What is it? You look as if it were connected with me."

"So it is. Ah, Gerard! can you not guess it?"

"No," he answered, in a stifled voice, "I can only guess that you are lost to me."

"Lost to all here. Have you forgotten our brief conversation, the night you went into exile? I told you then there was one far more worthy of you than I could have ever been."

"None will ever be half so worthy: or—I will say it, Alice, in spite of your warning hand—half so loved."

"Gerard," she continued, sinking her voice, "she has waited for you."

"Nonsense," he rejoined.

"She has. I have watched, and seen, and I know it; and I tell it

you under secrecy: when she is your wife, not before, you may tell her that I saw it and said it. She is a lovable and attractive girl, and she does not and will not marry: you are the cause."

"My darling——"

"Stay, Gerard," she gravely interrupted; "those words of endearment are not for me. Give them to her: can you deny that you love her?"

"Perhaps I do—in a degree. Next to yourself——"

"Put me out of your thoughts while we speak. If I were——where I so soon shall be, would she not be dearer to you than any one on earth? would you not be well pleased to make her your wife?"

"Yes, I might be."

"That is enough, Gerard. Frances, come hither."

The conversation had been carried on in a whisper, and Lady Frances Chenevix came towards them from a distant window. Alice took her hand; she also held Gerard's.

"I thought you were talking secrets," said Lady Frances, "so kept away."

"As we were," answered Alice. "Frances, what can we do to keep him amongst us? Do you know what Colonel Hope has told him?"

"No. What?"

"That though he shall be reinstated in favour as to money matters, he shall not be in his affection or in the house, unless he prove sorry for his rebellion by retracting it. The rebellion, you know, at the first outbreak, when Gerard was expelled the house—before that unlucky bracelet was ever bought. I think he is sorry for it: you must help him to be more so."

"Fanny," said Gerard, while her eyelids drooped, and the damask mantled in her cheek, deeper than Alice's hectic, "*will* you help me?"

"As if I could make out head or tail of what you two are discussing!" cried she, by way of helping herself out of her confusion, as she attempted to turn away; but Gerard caught her to his side and detained her.

"Fanny—will you drive me again from the house?"

She lifted her eyes, twinkling with a little spice of mischief: "I did not drive you before."

"In a manner, yes," he laughed. "Do you know what did drive me?"

She had known it at the time: and Gerard read it in her conscious face.

"I see it all," he murmured, drawing her closer to him; "you have been far kinder to me than I deserved. Fanny, let me try and repay you for it."

Frances endeavoured to look dignified, but it would not do, and she was obliged to brush away the tears of happiness that struggled to her eyes. Alice caught their hands together and held them between her own, with a mental aspiration for their life's future happiness. Some time back she could not have breathed it in so fervent a spirit: but—as she had said—the present world and its hopes had closed to her.

"But you know, Gerard," cried Lady Frances, in a saucy tone, "if you ever do help yourself to a bracelet in reality, you must not expect me to go to prison with you."

"Yes I shall," answered he, far more saucily: "a wife must follow the fortunes of her husband."

MADAME DE POMPADOUR.*

The marriage of the Dauphin with the Infanta of Spain (January, 1745) was celebrated with unusual magnificence, not only to do justice to the happy occasion itself, but also in order to amuse the king, Louis XV., at that time suffering from the loss of his last favourite, Madame de Châteauroux. At Versailles, there were feasts in the château, festivals in the gardens, and boating on the waters; at Compèigne, there was hunting; and at Fontainebleau, illuminations and fishing by torchlight.

The city of Paris, at that time participating in all the joys and all the griefs of the royal family, wished also to celebrate the wedding in a worthy manner. The provost of the merchants gave a grand entertainment in a kind of temporary conservatory, but the most splendid of all the fêtes was that given at the Hôtel de Ville, the palace of the bourgeoisie.

It was on that occasion that the king, ever susceptible to new impressions, and possibly not disinclined to fill the vacuum that tormented him, distinguished from amidst the crowd there assembled a young woman scarcely twenty-one years of age, fair, with loose hair, and disguised as Diana hunting. The costume which she wore was that of a nymph, quiver on her back, bow in her hand, and she pretended to be aiming an arrow at the king. The prince, with his usual gallantry, stepped up to the beautiful Diana, and said to her, in his most gracious manner, "Fair mistress, the wounds that you inflict are mortal." After having made a suitable and tender reply, the nymph disappeared in the crowd, leaving the king in ecstatic rapture. He was not long before he found out his Diana again, when, entering into conversation with her, he detected in his new acquaintance a young person, who whenever his hunts took him to the forest of Sénart, followed him on horseback, or in an elegant shell of rock crystal (!) drawn by two sorrel horses.

Louis XV. had so far recognised this amiable perseverance as to send the lady occasionally a reminiscence of the hunt in the shape of stags' horns, a boar's ham, or a fox's tail; the Château d'Etioles, where she dwelt, was also well known to him; but at that time, wholly devoted to Madame de Châteauroux, he paid little attention to the fair huntress of the forest of Sénart, who, on her side, was at once exceedingly discreet and very cautious in the approaches which she made to royal favour, having always in view the entire affections of the king, and not the mere gratification of a vulgar and passing caprice.

The Château d'Etioles, a fairy creation, adorned with all that luxury and taste which distinguished the eighteenth century, was charmingly situated at the extremity of the forest of Sénart, at the point where the Seine approaches Corbeil. Etioles, since created a marquisate, was the property of Jean Baptiste Lenormand, nephew of the wealthy Lenormand de Turneheim, one of the leading farmers-general of the epoch. This M. Lenormand Etioles wedded, the 17th of January, 1739, Jeanne-Antoinette Poisson, daughter of Antoine Poisson, of the house of the brothers Pâris, also wealthy farmers, contractors, and financiers of the

* Madame la Marquise de Pompadour. Par M. Capefigue.

day. This Jeanne-Antoinette was destined to be Madame de Pompadour. Voltaire insinuates that Madame Poisson was the mistress of Turneheim, and that she speculated upon the charms of her daughter. Needless to say that the amiable legitimist—the zealous admirer of bygone times, things, and persons—M. Capefigue—repudiates all the sarcasms of the petulant old philosopher of Verney as ungrateful falsehoods, the bitter misrepresentations of an old, jealous, disappointed man. Voltaire, who had enjoyed the personal friendship of Jeanne-Antoinette when Madame d'Etioles, as also when she was Marquise de Pompadour, had once racked his brain to sing the praises of the favourite:

Ainsi vous réveillez
Tous les arts, tous les goûts, tout le talent de plaire,
Pompadour, vous embellissez
La cour, le Parnasse et Cythère.
Charme de tous les cœurs, trésor d'un seul mortel,
Qu'un sort si beau soit eternel,
Que vos jours précieux soient marqués par des fêtes,
Que la paix dans nos champs revienne avec Louis.
Soyez tous deux sans ennemis,
Et tous deux gardez vos conquêtes.

When Voltaire, disappointed at not receiving an appointment in the ministry of foreign affairs, abandoned by Madame du Châtelet, his "seche et ennuyeuse Emilie," for an officer of dragoons—Saint Lambert—and disgusted at the favours shown to Crébillon and others, withdrew to the court of Frederick the Great, he became as sarcastic against his fair protectress as he had been before servilely adulatory:

Telle plutôt cette heureuse grisette
Que la nature ou l'art forma
Pour le sérail, ou bien pour l'Opéra;
Qu'une maman avisée et discrète,
Au noble lit d'un fermier éleva,
Et que l'amour d'une main plus adroite
Pour un monarque entre deux draps plaça.

Such are the cruel yet clever verses which are met with in but few editions of the *Pucelle d'Orléans* —a poem denounced by Capefigue as "immonde, anti-français, écrit en l'honneur des Anglais."

There does not exist any original portrait of Jeanne-Antoinette when, at fifteen, she became the wife of M. Lenormand d'Etioles. But all her contemporaries agree that she was beaming with beauty, and brilliant alike in the gifts of her person and mind. She gathered quite a little court around her—a graceful court of artists and men of letters—whom she astonished and delighted by the charms of her voice, conversation, and talents. She was a capital horsewoman, and she drove, as we have before seen, her own phaeton in the most tortuous alleys of the forest of Sénart wherever the king led the way, and, dressed in a coquettish and often a strange fashion, she attracted the eyes of all. Nothing was spoken of at Choisy but the nymph of the forest of Sénart, who sometimes appeared with a falcon on her wrist, like a châtelaine of the middle ages.

Madame Lenormand had by her husband a daughter, who was baptised by the name of Alexandrina, and at Etioles her life was passed in

the attentions paid to this beautiful and promising child, in the pursuit of the fine arts, in literary conversations, and in fairy exploits in the forest. In winter the family resided in the hotel of M. de Turneheim, Rue Croix des Petits-Champs. Besides the usual literary guests, Voltaire, Helvétius, Montesquieu, Bernis, and Fontenelle, the Duke of Richelieu, Prince de Soubise, and Count de Chauvelin, personal friends of the king's, used to frequent the Château d'Etioles. The triumph of Madame d'Etioles was a much more serious negotiation than is generally imagined. The king remained at Choisy during the autumn of 1744, at that time first interested with his pretty Diana of the Hôtel de Ville. Madame d'Etioles, on her part, always so close in her attendance on the king's hunts in the forest of Sénart, had felt that the effect produced at the Hôtel de Ville had been a decisive move in her ambitious designs. Madame de Châteauroux was no more—her post was vacant at Versailles.

Still it is said that the lady followed in all things the advice of the Duke of Richelieu, who had been faithful to the cause of Madame de Châteauroux up to her death. Richelieu, Soubise, Chauvelin, d'Ayen, and others, ruled the king in opposition to the party of the queen and of the dauphin, through the medium of his mistresses. The Duchess of Châteauroux being no more, it was important to find a substitute, and the eyes of the king's advisers fell on Madame d'Etioles. She belonged, by her literary as well as by her family connexions, to the philosophical party. She might also prove of use to the ministers from her relationship with the great financiers of the day. She could enliven the king's latter days by distractions hitherto unsought by him—those of literature and of the fine arts. Madame d'Etioles, herself an accomplished musician, artist, and engraver, could bring all the life and taste of a "salon" home to the king; endowed with all the infinite resources of brilliant conversational powers, as well as charms of person and manners, she would sway Louis XV. by a word, for she was "à la fois femme d'esprit et d'affaires."

According to the chronicles of the day, the first interview was arranged (January, 1745) at the hotel of M. Lenormand de Turneheim, Rue Croix des Petits-Champs, which extended with its gardens by the Rue du Bouloi to nigh the hotel of the farmers-general, of whom M. de Turneheim was syndic. These little details of the boudoir are of little importance: the king went there several times in the greatest incognito, and found a particular charm in the conversation of Madame d'Etioles. There does not exist, I repeat it, any portrait that belongs to this first epoch of the youthful graces of Madame d'Etioles. The pastel of Latour, the portrait, the finished work of Boucher (Madame de Pompadour also sat to Boucher for his picture of Venus chained by Cupid), belong to a more advanced epoch of her life; but in all the portraits of her the marchioness is made to have fine eyes, open forehead, a rather prominent nose, a large mouth; but that which neither pastel nor painting could represent was the extreme vivacity of her look, the delightful play of her expression, the infinite charms of her conversation, and a power of penetration which saw at once the solution of any question of business. Add to all this the thousand combined talents of an artist, who drew, painted, and engraved ravishingly: and, above all, a deep sensibility, which associated itself with all the glories, and with all the joys, as well as with all the anxieties of the king, which she never ceased doing her utmost to allay and to relieve.

At first everything was accomplished secretly. Madame d'Etioles accompanied the king in the campaign of 1745, without either publicity or scandal in the army. Marshal Saxe had in his train the theatre of Madame Favart; the ladies of the court also attached themselves to certain gentlemen. As to Madame d'Etioles, the Duke of Richelieu took her under his wing in what he designated as his "bagage élégant." She travelled thus in the disguise of a young mousquetaire.

The success of the young and beautiful Madame d'Etioles, which was to ensure the triumph of the coterie of the men of letters and the philosophers, was a task so much the more difficult to accomplish, as Louis XV. did not like them; but the want of tact and offensive attitude taken by the friends of the dauphin during the king's last illness, the persevering advice of the Duke of Richelieu, and the charms of Madame d'Etioles, finally led the king to a publicity which he had avoided for six long months with the greatest care.

The first condition of a common life at Versailles or at Choisy was the separation *à mensâ et thoro* of Madame d'Etioles from her husband—a separation which was judicially pronounced by Le Châtelet. M. Lenormand left Paris with great dignity as an inspector-general of farms, with the reversion of his uncle's appointment; he asked nothing from the king; the little Alexandrina, his daughter, remained under charge of Madame d'Etioles, who placed her in a convent.

It was next arranged that Madame d'Etioles should change her name, as also her title, in order to efface all traces of the past; and the title and marquisate of Pompadour was in the king's gift, he having purchased it from the Prince of Conti. It was an illustrious name in the province of Limousin, the richest in powerful country gentry; and that is why Louis XIV., who did not like an independent and provincial nobility, had had it ridiculed in the person of M. de Pourceaugnac, of the province of Limousin, by his pamphleteer and witty "tapestrier" Pocquelin de Molière. The king accordingly conferred the title of Marchioness de Pompadour on Madame d'Etioles, with a sufficient revenue to keep up a salon. By this arrangement, Madame d'Etioles no longer compromised the name of her husband, from whom she was legally separated: the name of Etioles was entirely forgotten, and that of the Marchioness de Pompadour alone known. As it was also necessary to ensure at the same time a revenue to the marchioness, the property of Pompadour being a mere title, with less than 4000 francs income, the king further purchased the marquisate of Crécy in Brie, worth 25,000 francs a year, for madame.

As a titled lady, the new marchioness had to be presented to the king, to the queen, and to the princes and princesses of the royal family. She got through this ceremony with perfect dignity, being introduced by the Princess of Conti, to whom the king delegated this duty. The reception was most gracious, and the queen even addressed a few kind words to the marchioness, making inquiries after certain ladies with whom they were mutually acquainted. The marchioness, bowing profoundly to the queen, replied to her, adding, "Madame, I am passionately desirous of doing whatever your majesty may wish me to do in your service."

But all this was merely on the surface. The new alliance was not favourably viewed by the court, or by many of the nobility. Hitherto King Louis XV. had followed the traditions of Louis XIV., who had been accustomed to select his mistresses from among families of the high nobility, and, so long as he continued to do so, no one found anything to demur at. The extraordinary passion of the king for the four daughters of the illustrious house of Nesle even excited no murmurs of discontent. The piety and mildness of Madame de Mailly were on the contrary extolled, and the elegance and beauty of Madame de Flavencourt were as

much praised as were the courage and "orgueil tout français" of Madame de Châteauroux. But a great change took place when Louis XV. no longer sought the society of titled ladies; he was then accused of dissolute manners and vulgar passions:

> C'est une petite bourgeoise,
> Elevée à la grivoise,

that now filled the first place in the king's affections, and he was condemned accordingly.

The triumph of Madame de Pompadour, however, brought about with it many other changes. The marchioness reconciled all the farmers-general, who had felt aggrieved by the comptroller Orry, with the king, and had the former replaced by M. de Machault. The philosophers also hoped to come into power with the ascendancy of the marchioness. Voltaire actually received an appointment at the ministry of foreign affairs. At this time his muse was devoted to singing the praises of the king, and the beauty and accomplishments of his favourite, whom he afterwards, when in the pay of the King of Prussia, reviled in such scandalous terms. Gentil Bernard, secretary to the colonel of dragoons, composed his "Art d'Aimer" at Choisy, where sentiments were acted, and passion was often, no doubt, an art. The Abbé Bernis, one of those short, fat, rubicond abbés so characteristic of the time, was at once the Tibullus and the Catullus of the place. Marmontel wrote his tales as secretary to the intendant Marquis de Marigny, at Choisy. The aged Crébillon was librarian. A number of places of little import were found, or made, in order to assure some 20,000 fr. or 30,000 fr. a year to the philosophers, poets, and artists assembled at Choisy. They were, it is said, so many abuses; but M. Capefigue claims abuses as the privileges of talent, and he retorts, "Est-ce que les gens d'élite et d'esprit vivent d'autre chose que d'abus, de priviléges et d'exceptions!"

The marchioness herself was the soul of this charming society; she danced with the freedom of a child, and penned verses far more redolent of life, Capefigue asserts, than the pedantic conceptions of the philosophers.

> Cigale, ma cigale, allons, il faut chanter,
> Car les lauriers du bois sont déjà repoussés.
> Entrez dans la danse;
> Voyez comme on y danse,
> Sautez, dansez, embrassez
> Celle que vous aimez.

One would fancy, says the gallant old legitimist, a crown of jonquils, hyacinths, and lilac on the forehead of a child! The king was especially fond of *la ronde*—a dance which, we are told, is "éminemment française," and in which the song mingled with the dance. It was for this charming amusement, in which the marchioness dragged the monarch along like a spoilt child, that she composed the popular song "Nous n'irons plus au bois."

But it was especially in this cultivation of the fine arts that Madame de Pompadour distinguished herself. She has left her name to an era and to a style. Among the artists who frequented Choisy were Bouchardon, De Boucher, De Parrocel, De Latour, the first Vernet, Vien,

and the architect Gabriel. Above all she favoured an engraver on stones, Lequay by name, who reproduced on the cornelians and jaspers of the day all the beautiful forms of antiquity.

Louis XIV. had created Versailles; Louis XV. and Madame de Pompadour embellished it. Bouchardon, inspired by the marchioness, filled the fountains with Dragons, Chimeras, Neptunes, and Tritons, and the alleys with Apollos, Muses, Hercules, and Cupids. Boucher was essentially the artist of the day. "His colour, fed on jasmines and roses, corresponded to that society of gentlemen covered with spangles, and of beautiful marchionesses embellished with rouge and mouches, and with powder on their hair." It is possible to advocate almost any view of a subject—even that of Art when opposed to Nature:

Boucher found his inspirations at the court which received him at Choisy, living and graceful struggle of Art against Nature: ribboned shepherds, spruce sheep, Annettes and Lubins in satin petticoats. When Nature is left to her pantheistic powers alone, she has nothing inviting but her grandeur: forests interweave with one another, man is harsh and savage, the green sward is stifled by parasitic herbs, fruit is undeveloped and tasteless, flowers run away to stalk it is the genius of man, the portion that emanates from God, that embellishes nature by a second creation that is art. A fantastic nature is the only one that is worthy of giving pleasure; it requires twenty models to arrive at the beautiful, and even then it would be beneath the perfection of art if it did not borrow a particular colour from idealism.

Thus, so far from reproaching Boucher with having rejected all material realities, he must be praised for having so done. The carmine of an elegant woman (of Madame de Pompadour) was much more beautiful than the coarse ruddiness, tinged with blood (sanguinolente), of a country girl; and we can fully understand why the artist should have preferred the Annette, for which Madame Favart sat, to the milkmaids of Juvisy and the washing-girls of Sèvres. It is that which constituted the superiority of the Pompadour style, spruce and ribboned (pimpant et rubanté), a style which pleased all the more, precisely because it was false and fantastical. Everything is elegant in the compositions of Boucher: the tree in the forest, the cow with flowers on its horns, the sheep decorated with roseate bows, the shepherdess with her ribboned crook, groves full of garlands, porphyry vases, imaginary palaces, Arabian stories translated into French, idealised furniture, screens, sedan-chairs, tapestries, mirrors, and pier-glasses. (Boucher did not even disdain to paint fans.) The veriest trifles became serious objects of art with this brush dipped in essence of roses.

To such arguments it is almost impossible to pen a serious answer. If a cow must have flowers on its horns, and a sheep be clad in ribbons to be admired, why nature made a mistake in clothing them with hair and wool. If groves must be decorated with garlands and little lamps, why artists may confine their studies to the Mabille and Cremorne; and if the rouge and mouches and powdered hair of a marchioness in the Pompadour style is considered to be more admirable than the native bloom of a rustic maiden, tempered by youth, delicacy, and modesty, why all we can say is, Vive la Pompadour!

A thin folio volume is still preserved in the Cabinet d'Estampes, at the Imperial Library, which is entitled "L'Œuvre de la Marquise de Pompadour." It is full of works of great merit, engraved by the marchioness's own hand, marked *Pompadour fecit* when her own designs, and *Pompadour sculpsit* when from the designs of Boucher, Vien, Lequay, or others. But the marchioness was still more assiduous in engraving on

stone. Under the tuition of Lequay, she has left a whole series of beautiful works on onyx, emerald, carnations, jasper, and other gems, as also on ivory.

Such was life at Choisy in the palmy days of Madame de Pompadour. There philosophy, literature, and the fine arts were to be met with, cultivated to a degree that is rare in the history of the courts of any country, and in a manner which will always reflect credit on the fair lady herself; and there they were, wedded in the most graceful and harmonious manner that it is possible to conceive, to the lighter recreations of poetry, music, and dance.

An habitual residence in such delicious country scenes, the soft murmuring of waters, the freshness of the shades, the perfume of flowers, the celestial harmony, the warbling of birds, the crowd of nymphs sculptured by great artists,—all these various visions readily lent themselves to these idols of the woods, to these dialogues of fine gentlemen, handsome marchionesses, little abbés, "galants et poupards," of knights of Malta, with their black ribbons, grouped on the border of fountains, and to the rendezvous of the hunt, where the wines of Champagne sparkled in finely-cut gilt cups. Bernis, charming at table, would then improvise delicious stanzas to Madame de Pompadour:

Les nymphes dans Cythère,
Faisaient un jour
Un éloge sincère
De Pompadour;
Le trio des Graces sourit,
L'Amour applaudit,
Et Vénus bouda
Gai! lanla! lanla!

Thus was courtly society constituted in the eighteenth century; it fascinated, it intoxicated even the most serious minds, till the terrible spirit of revolution awoke abroad—"juste châtiment," the legitimist Capefigue himself admits, "de tant d'oublis de devoir."

Madame de Pompadour had, however, a further object in view in attaching the king to herself by her charms, and her various brilliant talents, and amusing him by all the resources of literature and the fine arts; she sought to accustom him to work with his ministers in her salon, to bring him to listen to her advice, as Louis XIV. had formerly done to that of Madame de Maintenon; and thus, in fact, to take a leading part in public and political affairs. The marchioness is admitted to have carried an enlightened and pre-eminently clear mind into such transactions, only that her feelings were warped by the then dominant spirit of philosophy and scepticism. It still remains to the present day a mystery how King Louis XV., brought up so religiously, and so particular in his external duties, could live in such intimate harmony with a person whose indifference for religious ideas and beliefs was of so marked a character. Madame de Pompadour has been accused of having availed herself of her influence with the king, and with the lieutenant of police, Berryer, who had wedded a distant relative of Madame de Pompadour's, to procure *lettres de cachet*, more particularly in the instance of De Latude, accused of sending a packet of poison to the marchioness on the 15th of May, 1750. M. Capefigue devotes many pages to the exculpation of the marchioness, who, he avers, had nothing to do with the perse-

cutions of De Latude—a notoriously bad character; and our worthy legitimist goes much further, when he says, "We must leave to romances and theatres their disregard of truth when they speak of the Bastille and of *lettres de cachet*. Such a sealed letter was always the result of an affair that had been seriously examined."

The charming character of the "esprit gentilhomme" in the eighteenth century, we are told, inevitably led to the mingling of pleasure with duty, and hence in winter, as in summer, in time of war as well as during the leisures of peace, amusements were alike sought, laughter indulged in, verses made, and plays enacted. The Château de Choisy became more particularly the ravishing abode of pleasure. "The Marchioness of Pompadour was well aware that it was essential to amuse the king, and she knew, also, that the most appropriate relaxations for a prince were the pleasures of intellect, the pursuit of the fine arts, and the joyous bursts of a brilliant society in the midst of a salon sparkling with wax-lights, and the clashing of glasses softly joined to glory and love." This reads more like a page out of De Balzac than of a would-be grave legitimist historian like Capefigue. De Balzac always associated the *ne plus ultra* idea of wealth, pomp, and magnificence with an extraordinary display of wax-lights, just as some people in seedy habits are known to covet gold-headed canes, and others sport gaudy horsewhips in soleless shoes.

Ever since she had been a mere child, Madame de Pompadour had enacted parts in slight comedy and little operas with a talent which had obtained for her a renown far and wide. When she had become the little queen of Choisy she had a stage arranged and decorated, on which she performed to the king. The form and disposition of the stage were from her own designs, carried out by the architect Gabriel, while Boucher painted the scenes with that richness of decoration in which he took so much pride.

It was more with the view of being of service to Voltaire than to any predilections for his dramas, that Madame de Pompadour selected "L'Enfant Prodigue" to be played before the king, who disliked the poet-philosopher on account of his impieties. The piece met with but a mediocre success: Madame de Pompadour favoured more the part of *Collette* in Jean Jacques Rousseau's "Devin du Village," and in which she sang:

Si des galants de la ville
J'eusse écouté les discours,
Oh! qu'il m'eût été facile
De former d'autres amours.

Voltaire unfortunately allowed himself to be exasperated by the preference given to his rival. Another circumstance which increased his irritation was that Madame de Pompadour had a parody performed at Fontainebleau of the "Sémiramis." This, which would only have amused a less susceptible person, so annoyed the author, that he wrote to the queen about it, and vented his spite in epigrams against the favourite.

After the comedy came the suppers, which have been written of as not unfrequently concluding in orgies; but, if we are to believe Capefigue, they were always characterised by the most unimpeachable good taste

and elegance of manners. It is not indeed likely that they would be otherwise.

The king invited from twelve to sixteen persons to his table; they were received in a delicious salon, furnished with a rare elegance, surrounded by charming pictures of Latour, Watteau, and Boucher, representing hunting scenes, and the hungry repasts that followed upon such, when refreshments were taken to the sound of the hunting-horn. Nothing betokened the presence of supper in the apartment unless it were an ornament like a rose, constructed of mahogany, embellished with arabesques of ivory, and which occupied the middle of the floor.

When the king had shown his guests the way into this salon, two pages advanced, aud, making a deep and respectful obeisance, they asked his majesty's orders for supper. Scarcely had the king answered that supper might be served than the rose-like ornament was raised up by means of a tower in ivory, and a table covered with silver plate, china vases, and crystal glasses and decanters, with hundreds of wax-lights, was seen to appear as in the palace of Armida. The pages, so called, of "la petite écurie," served up supper with great celerity; much beloved by the kiug, and almost all the children of good families, these pages obtained commissions in the army when they attained their fifteenth year, and served with distinction in the king's troops. These suppers were not foul orgies as has been written. Toasts were drunk in wine of Aï and Tokay, without drunkenness; all these geutlemen brought a brilliaut wit and an unimpeachable conduct into the affairs of life. Charmiug sayings came from their mouths like flowers out of their calyxes; they spoke rarely ou business matters; they were amiable and gay without taking liberties; sometimes slightly iudecorous, but never rudely so; and much that has been said of the suppers of Louis XV. is founded on error. The sons of valets who have written concerning these times did not understand that there might be clashing of glasses and sparkling sayings without orgies, and that young and brilliant gentlemen could eujoy their supper in the presence of the king without filling themselves with strong wines *comme des forts de la halle aux Porcherons.*

These evening recreations at the château of Choisy were, however, never allowed for a moment to interfere with the transaction of serious business. Madame de Pompadour took up with all a woman's zeal the cause of the Pretender in opposition to the views of the minister d'Argentson, and to what M. Capefigue designates repeatedly as the "English wighs." France was then to England what England now is to Imperial France, and Madame de Pompadour took an honourable and dignified attitude when she declared that "her master should not oblige Prince Edward to quit the country that had granted him hospitality; he would prefer war to such a humiliation, and France would have with her all whose hearts were in the right place." Prince Edward was expelled the couutry nevertheless.

It was also sought at the same time to amuse the king by the erection of public buildings: the manufactory at Sèvres, now going to ruin, the Military School, the planting of the Champs Elysées, and the place that has so often changed its name, but which, from its origin, was called that of Louis XV., date from the period of peace and leisure that followed upon the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1751-52—a treaty to which Madame de Pompadour was ever opposed, as was also the king himself, who disliked Frederick of Prussia, "a stupid, atheistic personage," M. Capefigue calls him, who surrounded himself "with philosophers, poets, and pamphleteers, the pest of states." The same persons were charming, brilliant beings when surrounding the person of Madame de Pompadour!

The difficulties suggested by the Pope's bull "Unigenitus" disturbed the whole country at this epoch. The parliament was in open hostility with the church, and these persecutions were retorted by "lettres de cachet" against the Jansenists. All this upon the question as to the right of taking the holy communion—a question which in the present day, M. Capefigue assures us, would in France be treated as one purely of ecclesiastical interest, and of none whatsoever to the laity.

The year 1756 saw war declared with England. Marshal de Belle-Isle advocated the creation of an army of Normandy composed of seventy battalions and forty squadrons, with a formidable artillery, of which he should have the command, with a view to carrying out the traditional descent upon the coasts of Albion. The French army reckoned at that time, as it had done at Fontenoy, one-third its number as foreigners—Swiss, Irish, Scotch, Germans, &c.—a good custom, says Capefigue, which spared the tax of blood to the families devoted to the cultivation of the soil! The direction of the invasion was, however, changed to Minorca. Madame de Pompadour herself, however, persisted in fostering a descent in Scotland in favour of the Pretender. She always kept up an active correspondence with the chiefs of the army, De Richelieu, Soubise, Broglie, and D'Estrées.

On the 5th of January, 1757, Damiens made his notorious attempt on the king's life, and for a few anxious days the influence of Madame de Pompadour was eclipsed and superseded by that of the dauphin. The latter detested Madame de Pompadour's person as well as her ideas, and the favourite for a while expected the solution to most political problems of a domestic character in practice at that time—a "lettre de cachet." She was, however, spared this humiliation—even if it was ever contemplated—by the recovery of the king from the wounds of his assailant. It is to be remarked that Madame de Pompadour's position at court was, however, already at this epoch, no longer what it had been before. All kinds of illegitimate intimacy had ceased between the king and her the previous year. The king had placed himself under the spiritual guidance of the Jesuit De Sacy, whilst Madame de Pompadour had, on her side, made public penitence in the church of St. Louis de Versailles. The queen had, in consequence of this change of relations, consecrated by the church, admitted Madame de Pompadour among her ladies in attendance.

But Madame de Pompadour still remained to the king what she had ever sought to be—a sincere friend, a clever, charming companion, well versed in the art of holding salons, and carrying out negotiations without fatiguing royalty. Her return to power was, therefore, all the more certain, as she was also at that time the expression of a system which was most in favour with the king and the public, albeit disliked by the dauphin. When the king's recovery had, therefore, brought about the state of things as they existed before his illness, Madame de Pompadour threw more energy into public affairs than ever. She dismissed those whose allegiance had wavered during the crisis, she made new appointments, and, above all, gave further development to the warlike attitude of France. England, Holland, and Prussia were in consequence inundated at this epoch by pamphlets written against the marchioness. Crébillon, however, revenged his protectress in noble rhymes, at the expense of Frederick the Great.

Le monstre profana mille talents divers;
Les humains l'admiraient, ils furent ses victimes.
Barbare en action, philosophe en vers,
Il chanta les vertus et commit tous les crimes.
Ennemi de Vénus, cher au dieu des combats,
De larmes et de sang son âme fut nourrie;
Cent mille hommes par lui reçurent le trépas,
Et pas un n'en reçut la vie.

Of all persons at such a crisis who should the clever Madame de Pompadour think of for a secretary of foreign affairs but the jovial Abbé de Bernis. Capefigue insists that "the pedantry of forms is in reality never necessary to a clear and serious comprehension of the great questions of policy. Le charme ne nuit jamais!" But the experiment did not, as might have been expected, succeed; the jovial abbé was not precisely the man to "arracher le continent à la suprématie anglaise;" so he received the red cloak of a cardinal and two rich abbeys in exchange for the portfolio of foreign affairs.

The Duc de Choiseul succeeded to the abbé, and he went heart and hand with Madame de Pompadour in her warlike ideas. Seventeen hundred gun-boats were to convey sixty thousand men to England, and guns of a new invention were experimented with at Choisy, which were to fire seven times in a minute, "afin d'étonner la flotte anglaise et de foudroyer ses côtes." The idea of terrifying the English fleet, and of destroying the coasts of England as if with thunder, reads like a pleasant extract from a proclamation by Mandarin Yeh. Madame de Pompadour sent all her plate to the Mint to assist in defraying the expenses. This projected invasion of England really gave origin to what has ever since been designated as the Pompadour style. The marchioness argued, in order to induce others to give up their plate to the exigencies of the enterprise, that nothing was more vulgar or tasteless than the possession of objects of gold and silver which had no useful purport. True elegance consisted, she argued, in art, and not in matter, and such works of art as pictures, tapestry, china, &c., were in reality more valuable than gold and silver. Louis XV. seconded the idea, and a work of Watteau's, of Boucher's, or Mieris's was made to fetch more than the precious metals. It was an artistic revolution that gave birth to the marvels of taste of the eighteenth century.

Unfortunately, at the same time the responsibilities of a long and sanguinary war involved Madame de Pompadour and her minister, M. de Choiseul, in efforts to uphold their popularity, which threw them into the hands of the party of the philosophers, at that epoch rising into ascendancy through Voltaire, Diderot, and D'Alembert. Madame de Pompadour is said to have contributed more than any other person towards obtaining the king's consent to the publication of the "Encyclopédie." In the beautiful pastel of the marchioness by Latour, now in the Louvre, the Encyclopædia lies in a stand close by, with a copy of Montesquieu's "Spirit of Laws."

With the French, glory and success are essential to the carrying on of war. The defeat of Soubise at Rosbach sufficed to arouse both parliament, always more or less hostile, and the public against Madame de Pompadour and her minister. The former was now written of under her maiden

name of Poisson. It was a trying time for the favourite; she had to carry on an unpopular war, assuage a discontent that grew more loud in its murmurs every day, and at the same time find amusement and occupation for the king, which she did mainly by engaging him in the embellishment of the capital. The abolition of the order of Jesuits was conceded by Madame de Pompadour at this crisis to the Jansenists and Encyclopædists. The idea of confiscating the property of monasteries followed as a matter of course. Thus were the first steps in the ladder of revolution taken in the days of Madame de Pompadour. They had been laid, however, long before. Still Madame de Pompadour remained at the apogee of her glory, and, according to the legitimist and Romanist Capefigue, "le Duc de Choiseul partageait cette indigne popularité."

But it was at this very epoch that the health of this remarkable lady began to fail her. Although still young in years, she had used up all vitality in her various self-imposed tasks. To the inveterate enmity of Frederick of Prussia and of Pitt in England she now could add that of M. de Maurepas at home. Her trials were increased a thousand-fold by the loss of her daughter Alexandrina, who died in her eleventh year at the convent of L'Assomption. In this state of physical and mental despondency Madame de Pompadour made her will, in which she bequeathed most of her property to the king and to the Comte de Provence. She was not at that time thirty-five years of age. Suffering as she was, she carefully concealed her malady from the king. She is said even to have handed over her will to M. de Soubise, her executor, after one of the king's suppers, at which she had been unusually lively. In the month of March, 1764, her condition became alarming, and on the 13th of April barely strength enough remained to her to add a codicil to her will, by which she left sundry gifts and jewels to her intimate friends.

Here, then, on the death-bed, lies that woman so short a time ago so ravishing—the beautiful huntress of the forest of Sénart, the sovereign of artists—here she is, where we shall all go: at the tomb. Calm and serene in her sufferings, she allows only one feeling to predominate over others, and that is friendship. Yes, that is the sentiment which she entertained for Louis XV., and which she wished to inspire him with. She preserved it in her purified nature, even at her last moments. The evening before her decease, she sent for the priest of the parish in which her hotel was situated (that parish was already known as La Madeleine), and Madame de Pompadour had herself sketched that beautiful façade, as she had instructed Soufflot in the plan for the church of Sainte Geneviève. The priest of the Madeleine was about to take leave of her, when she said these words to him: "Stop a moment, Monsieur le curé, and we will go away together." And shortly after having uttered these calm words she expired (April 15, 1764) at forty-two years of age, twenty of which she had passed in the company of the king, at Versailles or elsewhere.

There were points and perfections in such a character—talents, undoubted affection to the king, enlightened devotion to France, inflexible courage against its enemies, and encouragement of literature and art—that more than militated against the grand errors of a life.

FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.

A MODERN STORY.

By Dudley Costello.

CHAPTER XXVII.

NEW FRIENDS IN PARIS.

Clovis was the name of Madame Vermeil's relation in the Rue Coqhéron, though—not being an Irishman—he laid no claim to royal descent on the strength of the illustrious appellation. Could he, indeed, have established such a pretension, it would have done him no great good in a worldly point of view, seeing that the doctrine of hereditary right has been more than once disturbed in France since the foundation of the first Christian dynasty. At all events, Noël Clovis never raised the claim, but accepted the name which his father had borne without troubling himself to ask where it came from, and contentedly followed the occupation of a dentist. He began his career, as a matter of course, with nothing; married while he still had nothing; lived with his wife Rosalie for many years, cheerfully, upon nothing; and, after the usual struggle, succeeded at length in realising enough to admit of his enjoying a little of that pleasure which is so prominent an article in the French domestic code. Noël and Rosalie Clovis might perhaps have been happier had they not been childless, but two little things—their own images, so each said—born to them when they were very poor, and snatched away as soon as poverty left them, were never replaced, and this loss was often called to mind when both husband and wife were at the gayest. On the whole, however, they had few cares to vex them, and took life as it came, working hard all the week, and "profitant de leur Dimanche," when the day came round, after the general fashion of Parisians.

If Noël Clovis still laboured in his vocation beyond the necessities of the case, he had two reasons for doing so. In the first place, he was skilful, and proud of his skill; in the next, he had a long-cherished project to accomplish—that of eventually becoming a landed proprietor, the privilege of shooting over his own grounds being the dearest wish of his heart.

We are, most of us, inoculated with some capricious fancy. I, for my own part, who haven't the slightest ear and don't know a note of music, constantly indulge in the dream of one day astonishing the world by playing on the violincello better than Piatti; there are others, friends of mine, authors, artists, actors, orators—*in embryo*—and though they never have a chance of being anything else, cannot forego the idea that the impossible reputation which they court may yet be theirs. Of this kind was the aspiration of Noël Clovis, the dentist. At a very early period he had been bitten by the mania for "le sport," and the plains of

Bercy and Belleville had witnessed efforts of his in that line, which, in all probability, were never witnessed before; but no failure, however signal, had brought home to him the conviction that he was not destined by nature to shine as a sportsman.

The night train from Rouen to Paris was not a fast one, but although it was, according to custom, at least two hours behind time when Monsieur Vermeil and his party got out at the *embarcadère*, daylight had not yet broken. It was an awkward hour for arriving unexpectedly at a friend's house, but, as Monsieur Vermeil philosophically observed, no one could blame him for that; they ought to have been longer on the journey—he could have slept all the way—as, in fact, he did. Being there, however, the best thing to be done was to go as straight as the omnibus would take them to the Rue Coq-héron. That street was fortunately in the regular *course*, and the lumbering vehicle stopped at the door of Monsieur Clovis, his habitation being conspicuously shown by a projecting red lamp, on which the word "Dentiste" was inscribed.

Monsieur Vermeil got out of the omnibus and rang the bell,—once—twice,—and then a third time with somewhat increased energy. Before the last peal had done tingling, a window on the second floor flew open, and a voice, as if in a box somewhere, was heard:

"What do you want?"

"Parbleu!" was the reply. "I want you."

"Have you got the toothache?" squeaked the voice.

"No!" responded the applicant, adding, in a loud tone of triumph, "I never had it in my life!"

"Then what do you want here?" interrogated the speaker from above.

"I want a bed, a breakfast, everything you've got to give," returned the speaker from below.

"Diable! I am not an innkeeper. Get away with you!"

And the window was angrily clapped to.

Monsieur Vermeil shouted, but in vain; the *conducteur* and omnibus driver both burst into a horse-laugh, the latter exclaiming, "Allons, monsieur; tirons le chausson." (Let us be off.)

Monsieur Vermeil, however, had not come so far to be disposed of thus easily; he tugged again at the bell, and once more the window opened.

"I counsel you," began the upper voice, in accents of menace, as if preparing to carry out some sinister design—"I coun—sel you——"

"What, don't you recognise me?" exclaimed the impatient traveller.

"Not at all," returned the wary citizen, opening the window a little wider, apparently for the purpose of giving himself more freedom of action.

The grey of morning had by this time rendered objects more visible, and Monsieur Vermeil, who was looking upwards, detected the dentist's fell purpose. He jumped nimbly off the *trottoir* into the road.

"For Heaven's sake, desist!" he cried; "I am the husband of your cousin, just arrived from Rouen."

"A la bonne heure!" returned the dentist, withdrawing his arm, "you spoke just in time. Are you Monsieur Vermeil?"

"Yes, my dear Clovis, I am indeed,—and here is my son, Jules, another of your cousins. You remember Jules! Come down and let us in!"

"Wait a moment," said the dentist; "I will be with you directly."

While Monsieur Vermeil, as he handed Rachel out of the omnibus, was apologising for this detention, the owner of the house presented himself at the street door. He was a meagre little man, and shivered a good deal, for the morning air was fresh and his attire but scanty, a thin dressing-gown of *percale* being the only addition to his *costume de nuit.* At the sight of an unknown lady he hastily drew back, and would have closed the door if Monsieur Vermeil's foot had not prevented him. It was a long time since he had seen his wife's cousin, who, moreover, was travestied by his seal-skin cap and worsted comforter; Jules, too, had grown out of all knowledge, and, recollecting neither, he began to think the whole affair a *guet-apens*, a design to rob and murder, for he was of a timorous nature, and did not consider that people who mean robbery and murder seldom arrive in a railway omnibus with a waggon-load of baggage.

"Come, come, Clovis," said the Rouen confectioner, "your appearance is well enough. Madame will excuse stockings at this hour of the morning. Don't shut the door in our face!"

But the dentist still resisted, and from beyond his barrier cried out, "That lady is not my cousin!"

"Perhaps not," exclaimed a female voice from behind—"but the other is Adolphe Vermeil. I know his voice. Run up-stairs, my friend, and put on your things. There, go!"

It was Madame Clovis who had interposed. She had hastily dressed herself while her husband was parleying at the window, and came in time to redeem the credit of her house's hospitality.

In the twinkling of an eye she had embraced the confectioner on both cheeks, performed the like operation on Jules and Walter, and curtseying to Rachel, held out her hand.

"Madame Perrotin," said Monsieur Vermeil, in explanation, "is an English lady—an old friend of ours: to her son here I am indebted for the life of mine. We have come suddenly from Rouen on business of importance, and for the moment, Madame Clovis, we are in want of houseroom. Can you afford it?"

"Certainly, my cousin—certainly. But where are Madame Vermeil and your daughter? Ah, you have left them at Rouen! So much the worse. We have plenty of room for everybody. Madame, will you do me the honour to walk in? You shall have breakfast directly. Ah, how fatigued you must be! Let me take these things! Come here, Clovis, my friend, and help to carry something. Where are Florine and Madeleine? Send them quickly!"

The bustling activity of Madame Clovis soon set matters to rights. Florine, the housemaid, and Madeleine, the cook, hurried down, and in their wake came Monsieur Clovis, now fully arrayed and eager to obliterate the impression created by his first reception of the travellers. All the lighter articles were at once removed by the dentist's household, and the heavier ones—some of them heavy enough, in all conscience—became the load of a sturdy Auvergnat who had just seated himself on one of

the stone pillars of the *porte-cochère* next door, against which, when not employed, he lounged throughout the day. Madame Clovis swept off Rachel and Walter, her husband followed with Jules, and Monsieur Vermeil brought up the rear amid a clatter and confusion which can only be likened to the effect of a sudden incursion into a well-stocked poultry-yard. It mattered little to Madame Clovis—indeed, she never gave herself the time to think—whether Rachel understood her or not; all she cared for was to make her welcome in the best way she could, and by the time they reached the top of the staircase the whole party felt as much at home as if they had lived together all their lives.

Neither did Rachel nor Walter find reason to change their opinion when the more serious part of their business in Paris came to be discussed. The little dentist had a large heart, and it beat quicker than usual when he heard of Madame Perrotin's trouble, while his kind wife's eyes moistened with tears at the thoughts of Rachel's child being claimed by a stranger. All, of course, was not told—for that there was no present occasion—but quite enough to interest Monsieur and Madame Clovis in Walter's story, and Rachel soon satisfied herself that if she were able to carry out the intention she had formed, she might safely leave her boy under the charge of friends so warm and true. The expense he might put them to was her chief difficulty, but a twofold declaration released her from that anxiety. In the first place, Monsieur Clovis vowed that if money were made a condition he would then and there destroy himself with his best double-barrelled gun—the *chef-d'œuvre*, he remarked parenthetically, of the celebrated *armurier* Lepage; and in the next, Monsieur Vermeil was quite as strenuous in asserting that, as to pecuniary affairs, he was more deeply indebted to Monsieur Perrotin—for teaching—than his wife had any idea of—and that the settlement of all matters of business rested with him alone. This conclusion, then, was adopted: Jules and Walter were to be left for a time to the care of Monsieur and Madame Clovis, Monsieur Vermeil returning with Madame Perrotin to Rouen. Rachel's design was to ascertain if the statement made by Yates respecting Edith's death were true; in that case, she resolved at once to appeal to Lady Tunstall—but if she found that Walter's mother still lived, then, at whatever risk or toil, she would find her out, and trust to Heaven and her good cause for the recovery of her darling's birthright!

Of the feasting and the sight-seeing that engrossed the inmates of Numero Dix, Rue Coq-héron, during the two days that Monsieur Vermeil and Madame Perrotin remained in Paris, it does not need to speak. Fairly recorded, it would fill a volume, half of which, perhaps, would be taken up by the marvellous narrative told by Monsieur Clovis—and always told by him when under the influence of sparkling wine—of how he made the discovery, on the day he first shot *at* a partridge, that the relation between the sitting game and the pointing dog—the reason why the one remains quiet and the other stands still—arises from magnetic influence!

All we shall say is, that at the end of those two days the party broke up, and the directing agent of God's will, which men call Fate, was left to shape their separate courses.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A SPORTING CITIZEN.

NOT for the first time in his young life did Walter now reflect upon the peculiarity of his position. When he reflected that almost all the boys with whom he was in the habit of associating had either parents or near relations, it did not fail to strike him that he alone had no one with whom he could claim kindred. An orphan he might be; others of his acquaintance were orphans also; yet they had somebody to whom they belonged to talk about, while he was obliged to be wholly silent. It was true that no mother could have loved her child more fondly than Rachel loved Walter; true that he received every kindness at the hands of Monsieur Perrotin; but, besides that neither ever gave him the name of son, there was something of deference in their affection which he intuitively felt to be contrary to the course of nature, and for what was withheld he deeply yearned. The most painful sense of his isolation arose after his meeting with Mary Tunstall; but although she evidently moved in a sphere far above that in which he was placed, Walter could not divest himself of the idea that he had a right—was it instinct or love?—to stand upon equal terms with her. True blood never belies itself, and Walter was ambitious too. It was not the difference of rank that troubled him, but the fear of never seeing her again; and now, under the circumstances of his removal from Rouen, the chances against another meeting seemed more remote than ever. Yet he had one hope. In the letter which Dufourmantelle had undertaken to forward, Walter had poured out all his heart. Surely to that letter Mary Tunstall would reply! Poor boy! This was all he had to trust to! At Walter's age, however, this hope was much; and, secretly sustained by it, he cheerfully adapted himself to his new mode of life.

Setting aside the fact that Walter was separated from those he loved most, the difficulty of making a home with the dentist and his wife was not so very great, for they were the kindest people in the world. Being without children, and having known what it was to lose them, they welcomed the accession to their family of Walter and Jules as if they had been their own children restored.

The tastes of Madame Clovis were more domestic than happens to be the case with nine Frenchwomen out of ten, added to which she was *un peu dévote;* but these inclinations did not cause her to frown on out-of-doors' amusements, or despise the adornment of a new bonnet. To be sure, the bonnet might have been worn at church, thus reconciling piety and fashion, but then, as Madame Clovis said, everybody did not go to Saint-Eustache, which was her parish, and if one wanted to be seen one must sometimes show oneself elsewhere. It was on this principle, no doubt, that Madame Clovis consented to accompany her husband now and then to the *fêtes* of Saint-Cloud, Montmorency, Asnières, Prés-Saint-Gervais, and so forth; and it was, perhaps, scarcely a departure from this principle if she did not refuse to join him when Arnal played a new part at the Variétés, or Frédérick Lemaître appeared as the hero of a drama in four-and-twenty acts at the Porte St. Martin.

If people don't wear bonnets at the theatre, at all events when they go there they dress themselves decently!

In the *fêtes* and other amusements Monsieur Clovis willingly participated, but at Saint-Eustache he was not a very regular attendant. Clerical matters, indeed, were not his *forte*, as may be inferred from a remark he once made to his wife on the subject of Christmas-day, the holiday on which he was born. "Tu fais beaucoup de cas de Noël, mon amie! C'est parce que c'est mon jour de fête?" When enlightened as to the actual fact, he replied: "Ah, je n'y pensais pas. C'est bien drôle!" But, as I have already intimated, the spécialité of Monsieur Clovis was sporting. The proof of its predominance in his thoughts was everywhere made manifest in his home. Take the family *salon* as an example:

To begin with the walls. They were papered in compartments representing every variety of the sportsman's occupation. You saw there huntsmen on fiery steeds sweeping through forest glades and winding tremendous horns, with the hounds *following* in full cry, and the stag bounding away in the distance. There was the shooting sportsman bringing down birds of every plumage, and surrounded by dogs of all colours and descriptions, orange and blue being the tints preferred, and something between pointers and poodles the animals represented. There was the fisherman with his line and the fisherman with his net, heedless of each other's pursuit, and sedulously at work on the same water. There was a steeple-chase at the Croix de Berny, with the winner in mid-air clearing a river as wide as the Thames at Richmond; and a race at Chantilly, in which all the English "jokeïs"—known by their scarlet jackets—were irretrievably distanced, the tricolored victor reaching the goal amidst the patriotic exclamations of a handkerchief-waving, hat-lifting multitude. Between each compartment hung the *spolia opima* of the field and forest: a wild boar's head, garnished with enormous tusks, glared savagely from a bracket in one corner; its *pendant* had been furnished by a wolf with fangs no less ferocious; the fox had contributed his brush, the hare its foot, the otter, the badger, the ferret, and the weasel their respective skins. There were also numerous glass cases containing admirably-stuffed pheasants, partridges, quails, woodcocks, and wild-fowl—all trophies, of course, won by the double-barrelled gun of Monsieur Clovis, which was suspended conspicuously above one of the *consoles;* but I must let the reader into a little secret; they were trophies procured at the very respectable establishment of Monsieur Furet, the purveyor of live game in the corner of the Place de la Madeleine, in whose court-yard, at the back of his premises, all except the wild boar and the wolf had been shot. Monsieur Furet was a very discreet personage, and in this way accommodated a good many Parisian sportsmen besides Monsieur Clovis. An unsuccessful day's sport at Saint-Denis or Neuilly was compensated for by a *battue* at Monsieur Furet's, where the expert marksman could select what game he pleased, and bring it down at any range from ten yards to five—at the risk, it is true, of occasionally blowing the birds to pieces. It was impossible for Madame Clovis not to believe that her husband was the crack shot he boasted of being when he came home with his game-bag so well filled, and it was with triumph quite equal to his own, and probably of a more genuine

character, that she pointed to the least shattered specimens which, after displaying them at home, the dentist always took to Monsieur Furet's to be stuffed. To complete the history of these spoils, it must be added that there was a date affixed to every object, so that the most incredulous of the prowess of Monsieur Clovis—if any there were—must at once have been convinced; and that no one might languish in vain to know what manner of man it was who had performed exploits so fertile in their results, the full-length portrait of Monsieur Clovis, painted by Ganache, a first-rate artist, hung at the lower end of the apartment, facing a long pier-glass opposite, by which means a twofold image accrued of the inimitable sportsman.

Let me describe this picture.

I have said that Monsieur Clovis was a meagre little man, but Ganache was one of those daring sons of genius who refuse to be tied down to literal interpretation. The ideal entered largely into all his compositions, and though he scorned to flatter—his self-respect would not permit that—Monsieur Clovis appeared on his canvas at least six feet high, and with thews and sinews befitting a slayer of wolves and wild boars—a departure from what was strictly accurate, which, while it was highly agreeable to the original, could, without doubt, have been justified by the painter on the ground that imaginary deeds are but represented by an imaginary hero. After all, it was not the mere man that Ganache strove to depict; his aim was to exhibit the sportsman, and for this purpose he had taken care to adhere with scrupulous fidelity to every detail of costume, developing in this respect a principle universally recognised on the walls of our own cherished Academy. Monsieur Clovis, then, appeared in one of those seductive shooting-coats which collect so many gazers before Frogé's window on the Boulevard Italien, a coat of unrecognisable tartan pattern and ornamented with mother-of-pearl buttons the size of cheese-plates, on which sporting subjects are always engraved; beneath this garment stole forth the flaps of a scarlet waistcoat, supplying the artist with the inevitable bit of red; his nether limbs were encased in symmetrical doe-skin pantaloons that were met at the knee by well-shaped dark brown leggings; on his feet were putty-coloured *brodequins;* a green *casquette* with a very wide peak was thrown back from his manly forehead; across his shoulders was slung a *gibecière* of network curiously fringed, between the meshes of which were seen the fur and feathers of countless heads of game; his vigorous right hand grasped the death-dealing Lepage, his left was extended towards utmost space, as much as to say—such, at least, was the purpose of Ganache—that the fame of the sporting dentist had spread throughout the universe, and the face of that individual was turned full upon the spectator with an expression which confirmed the painter's intention. The accessories to this highly-finished portrait were Tonto and Médor, the favourite dogs of Monsieur Clovis, the first, in a crisp attitude, severely pointing at a half-concealed partridge, and the second retrieving a brilliant pheasant; a dead rabbit lay in the foreground, and a lurid sky, pregnant with thunder and lightning, filled up the distance.

The conversation of Monsieur Clovis naturally savoured of the subject which chiefly interested him, though a curious observer might have noticed that his eloquence was always most descriptive where he fancied

his auditors were least informed. Madame Clovis came in, of course, for a very large share in the history of his sporting adventures, and when Walter and Jules were added to his household, it may easily be supposed that they did not escape. Jules had great faith in these narratives, but Walter entertained opinions to which he gave no tongue, certain reminiscences of early life that clung to his memory being considerably at variance with the statements of the dentist-sportsman. It was apparently with regret that Monsieur Clovis learnt that neither of his young friends had yet attained the age of sixteen, for, such being the case, the inexorable French law prohibited them from carrying fire-arms, and without fire-arms it was useless, he said, to go into the field; but perhaps this regret was not unmingled with satisfaction for reasons known only to himself and the game purveyor of the Place de la Madeleine. Be this as it may, this branch of instruction was of necessity postponed to a more convenient season, and in accordance with Monsieur Vermeil's desire, arrangements were made for entering the boys at the Collége Royal de Charlemagne in the Rue Saint-Antoine, whither they were sent as day-boarders.

While they are prosecuting their studies, we turn aside to follow the footsteps of Rachel.

CHAPTER XXIX.

RACHEL'S MISSION.

RACHEL's first object, on her return to Rouen, was to discuss with Monsieur Perrotin the project she had formed of endeavouring to ascertain whether Matthew Yates had spoken truth or not when he intimated that Edith was dead. This knowledge could only be arrived at in England, and thither she determined to go.

Monsieur Perrotin was scarcely less anxious about Walter than herself, and the question was earnestly debated between them. The Teacher of Languages was very unwilling to part with his wife; he had also fears for her safety, should Mrs. Scrope come to know that she had returned; but Rachel promised to act with the greatest caution, and eventually he consented to her departure.

She thought it a happy omen for the success of her journey that on the evening before she set out a letter reached her from Walter. It was written in high spirits, expressed much gratitude for the kindness of Madame Clovis, contained a good many sly hits at the little dentist, whose peculiarities very much amused him, and overflowed with remembrances to all his friends in Rouen. The last lines were as follows:

"And now, dearest Rachel, I must say good-by, for breakfast is over, and Jules and I make our first appearance this morning at the College, which is some distance from here, and the way to it—which Monsieur Clovis will show us—lies through some of the oldest and strangest streets in Paris. We have been there once already to see the place, and as I looked up at the tall, grim houses, the tops of which are almost out of sight, I could not help thinking that there must be some terrible secret hidden in every room. I thought, too, that there were secrets out of doors, and that I was one of them. Oh, dearest Rachel, forgive me for saying so, but I sadly want to know something about my father and

mother. If my asking you does not make you angry, you will tell me some day—won't you? You are the darling of my heart, and always will be—you, *and one other person whom I can't forget*—so you need not be afraid that I shall love you less *if I had twenty fathers and mothers!* God bless you. Your ever affectionate Walter."

"Poor thing!" said Rachel, drying her eyes, "it is very natural he should ask. But to think of his doing so at the moment I am going to England to find out all I can! He may well call himself a secret, with his father cast away and drowned before he was born, and his poor mother never allowed to know the dear boy had ever breathed. But she shall know it, please God, if she is still alive on the face of the earth! Walter may have somebody to be proud of yet."

Rachel had only one acquaintance left in London—her husband's old friend, Mr. William Partridge, and to the White Bear, Piccadilly, she proceeded immediately on her arrival in town. The promised visit to the Perrotins of the jovial innkeeper and his wife had never been paid, but had not been forgotten, as Mr. Partridge himself explained.

"Well, I *am* glad to see you, madam," he said, shaking her heartily by the hand. "Six years! Lord, you don't say so! How the time does fly! And you're looking as fresh and bloomin' as ever! You needn't to blush, madam, only you may if you like, it don't do you no harm, do it, Mrs. P.? And how's Musseer? Glad to hear it. And the little one? Grown quite a big boy like my eldest, Tom, there! You remember Tom, madam—he was a little chap in a pinafore? At College, in Paris, and speaks French like a native! There, Mrs. P., think of that! Ah! I might have done the same, if Musseer had stayed. I did take to it uncommon. I must have a try at the lingo again some day. Well, we have been meanin' to run over, but somethin' has hindered us every summer, and winter, you know, is out of the question with folks in our line. It's been Mrs. P.'s fault mostly. Yes, you may shake your head, Sally, but it's true. Haven't we eight of 'em now, and don't they always come when marrowfats is in season? That's the youngest, madam, only two months. But you'll take somethin'? A plate of gravy or ox-tail, or a ham-and-beef sandwich? Yes, you shall; Mrs. P. was cuttin' of a sandwich as you come in. Pale or brown sherry? Too strong! Not a bit of it. Do you all the good in the world. Stay your stomach till dinner-time. Here's your good health, madam, and Musseer's, and the young gentleman's. Wish they both was here!"

Such was the welcome given by Mr. Partridge, and it was seconded by his comely but somewhat exuberant helpmate, for they who are called within the bar—of an hotel—have a tendency to increase their bulk, against which the most abstinent resolves are vain.

In the evening, when the bustle of the house was over, when the tea-table was set out for the ladies, and Mr. Partridge's pipe and punch were both smoking, Rachel, at the instance of her friends, entered into some particulars concerning the business which brought her to England.

Although more than sixteen years had elapsed since Monsieur Perrotin got down from the roof of the Portsmouth coach at the door of the White Bear, Mr. Partridge had a distinct recollection of the occurrence, or, as he pertinently observed, "he had it then and there, right afore his

eyes, at that moment;" he also remembered—for waiters, like gaolers and tailors, have long memories—the fine, handsome young officer who was Monsieur Perrotin's companion; but "he couldn't have believed, if he hadn't been told"—so ran his speech—that Walter was the son of the aforesaid handsome officer by a runaway marriage with a young lady of birth and fortune, and not Rachel's child!

His astonishment was not shared by Mrs. Partridge, who declared that "now madam mentioned the circumstance, she didn't mind saying that she never *had* thought there was any likeness between madam and the little boy, but more than that she had never ventured to suppose, for madame knew that likenesses were arbitory."

Rachel assured them both that what she had stated was the fact, and not limiting herself to half-confidence, but relying on their secrecy, as she trusted she might, went on to mention the names of Walter's parents, nor closed her story till she had related everything. Promises of all the assistance they could render were sincerely offered by her host and hostess in return for this communication.

"In dealing with this here kind of thing," said Mr. Partridge, sententiously, waving his pipe as he spoke, "madam oughtn't to expose herself too fur, but at the same time she must keep on the *quivvy*—the look-out, Mrs. P.—you understand. Now hotel-keepers, in a largeish way of business like me, has many opportunities of picking up information in a promiscuous sort of way, what with regular customers, chance travellers, and so forth. There's an old acquaintance of mine, too, the superintendent of the Vine-street station close by, which he often drops in of an evening to take a friendly glass in this here parlour, he'd be a useful man at a pinch; it's surprisin' how much he knows of great people's affairs; one would be half inclined to fancy, to hear him talk, that *they* now and then went wrong like other folks; not that they do, you know—oh no—madam can tell us better than that, can't she, Mrs. P.? He'd soon find out this Mister Yates, and keep an eye upon him as long as ever was wanted, and bring him up with a round turn just at the right moment. Oh, he's a wonderful sharp fellow is Wormwood! I don't suppose there's his equal in the whole force. As you were remarkin' of, madam, Lady Tunstall must know where her sister is, providin' nothin' has happened. What says the Royal Red Book? Hand it over, my dear. Let me see: 'Tunks'—'Tunno'—'Tunstall'—ay, here's the town-house—'Tunstall, Sir James, Bart., 50, Belgrave-square.' Whether they're in town or no is easily found out."

Mr. Partridge rang for the porter, who received his instructions and returned in the course of an hour with the intelligence, which he had obtained from an under-housemaid, the only party on the premises, that "her people was dispersed about in different places—Sir James in the 'ighlands, shooting, and my lady down in Yorkshire, at Scargill 'all, staying with my lady's mother:" about any other members of the family the party could give no information.

Rachel's journey was, thus, defined, but to achieve her purpose she must run into the lion's mouth. No matter; she was ready to undertake anything for Walter's sake, and decided on leaving London the next morning, though her hospitable friends begged of her to remain at

least another day, Mr. Partridge holding out the lure of a regular evening at Vauxhall. When he found, however, that his guest was proof against even this temptation, he promised to lose no time in putting Mr. Wormwood in possession of Matthew Yates's designs against Walter, never doubting that sooner or later the astute superintendent would catch him tripping.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE ENVOY IN DANGER.

If the change in the mode of conveyance was great since Rachel first travelled towards Scargill, still greater was the change which had taken place in her own fortunes and in the fortunes of those with whom she was associated. Edith Scrope married, widowed, and married again—her child an outcast—and herself an exile, now furtively returning to the scene of all their early sorrows, with nothing to sustain her but the courage which had its source in the depths of her own tenderness and womanly devotion.

As the train swept on between Northallerton and Darlington, past places whose names she still remembered, how vividly she recalled the events of her former journey, and dwelt upon the consequences they entailed: upon Edith's elopement, her separation from the husband of an hour, her solitary life at Scargill, Walter's birth and the twofold bereavement of his unhappy mother, and, most of all, upon the inflexible cruelty of Mrs. Scrope! Was the punishment, asked Rachel, of one imprudent act to last for ever? Surely, after long suffering, even on earth there was mercy!

At Darlington, Rachel left the rail, which at that time went no farther in the direction she was travelling, and crossed by the coach to Barnard Castle, the nearest town to Scargill. It was too late when she got there to proceed any farther that evening, and she resolved to stop for the night at the inn where the coach put up.

The house was of modest pretensions, and served chiefly for the accommodation of market-folks and wayfarers. It stood in the lower part of the town, close to the bridge over the Tees, and in this respect was well suited to the class of persons who frequented it. The large, common room into which Rachel was shown on her arrival contained only one person besides the landlady—an elderly woman—and her daughter, a tall, handsome girl of about twenty. This person was a clumsy, heavy-looking young man, who sat upon a bench near the fireplace, leaning against the wall asleep; his head hung upon his breast, showing very little of his face but a good deal of a large pair of coarse, red ears, which stuck out from beneath a close-fitting worsted cap. He was dressed like a labourer, and was either fatigued with his day's work or overcome by ale, an empty mug standing on the bench beside him.

Noticing the sleeper, and not much liking his appearance, Rachel asked the landlady if there was no other room, and, being answered in the negative, begged, as she was hungry, that what they were able to give her for supper might be placed in a corner of the room, and that her bedchamber might be got ready. The landlady attended herself to the first request, and Phillis, her daughter, to the second.

The fare that was set before Rachel was simple enough, consisting only of an oatmeal cake, some hard, white cheese, a can of butter-milk, and a half-cut " berry " pie, but appetite made even such food welcome, and she was still occupied with her supper when another man entered.

By this time it was almost dark, and from the place where Rachel sat she could only discern that he was of middle height and sturdily made. He did not approach her corner, but went up to the landlady, and saying he was very thirsty, asked for a glass of ale.

At the sound of his voice, which grated harshly in her ears, a strange, unpleasant sensation came over Rachel. She fancied she had heard the voice before, but where she could not call to mind, and she strained her eyes in vain to make out his features.

Having finished his ale the man spoke again.

"What," he said, "has become of your daughter, mistress?"

"Oh," replied the landlady, "t' lass is nobbut gaun up-stairs. She'll be down by directly."

And, indeed, she came into the room before her mother had done speaking.

"Ah, my dear," said the man, going up to her with outstretched hand, "I missed you. What do you think? I fancied you'd gone to the fair."

"Thou wert wrang, then, master," returned Phillis, coldly; and, taking no notice of the proffered hand, she went to a window-seat behind her mother.

"You are cross to-night, Phillis," said the man.

"Maybe," was her answer. "I'm not bound to girn at every fule I meet."

"Why should you be cross with me?"

"Ah, why?" chimed in her mother; "what's coom over t' lass? The gentleman has always been fair-spoken enough to thee, I reckon!"

The girl muttered something, which Rachel, though she was listening attentively, could not catch. More and more the disagreeable feeling had grown upon her while the stranger was speaking.

"Look here, mistress," he continued, taking something from his pocket, which glittered as the light from the window fell upon it—"look here! I looked in at the fair, myself, as I came home, and didn't forget you or your pretty daughter either. I've got fairings for both of you."

"Ear-rings!" exclaimed the landlady. "My, but they're bonny! They must have cost a sight o' brass!"

"Pooh!" was the answer. "Nothing to speak of. You've made me so comfortable since I've been staying here, it's the least I can do. Won't you follow your mother's example, Phillis?"

"Mother may e'en do as she likes," replied Phillis. "I want no ear-rings. Thou hadst better keep 'em for somebody else!"

"That's a poor return for well-meant kindness," said the stranger. "I was in hopes——"

His speech was interrupted by a noise which made him turn quickly round. The young man who was asleep by the fireplace had gradually slipped away from the wall, and losing his balance, woke up suddenly: in trying to save himself, he knocked down the empty mug, which was dashed to pieces on the stone floor.

"Ey, lad !" shouted the landlady, "thou'st broke more than thou canst pay for, I reckon !"

The fellow rose, rubbed his eyes, looked about him stupidly, and then moved towards the door, as if with the intention of solving the problem of payment by bolting, but the mistress of the house stood in his way.

"Nay, nay," she cried, "thou munna gang that gate! Yon mug cost me a shilling. Hast got one ?"

The fellow shook his head.

"T' yall," he said, "took my last tooppence. I haven't nowt !"

"I thowt as much," observed the landlady; "who's to pay, then, for thy breakings, thou hauf-wit ?"

"I will," interposed the stranger, who evidently wished to propitiate the fair Phillis's mother. "Here," he continued, "is the money. And as you've nearly frightened him out of his senses, give him another glass of ale, and I'll pay for that too. What's your name, man ?"

"Charley Marston," answered the rustic, with a grin, "but I'm mostly called 'Loll.' "

"Well, Loll," said the other, "I'll call you so too; it's shorter. Now pick up the pieces, and don't do any more mischief."

To assist him in his task the landlady lit a candle. As she crossed in front of the stranger the light fell full upon him, and to Rachel's indescribable terror she recognised Matthew Yates !

She dropped her knife and fork and uttered a half-suppressed cry.

"Who have you got there ?" said Mr. Yates, shading his eyes with his hand. "I didn't see her before !"

Rachel bent her head down quickly and completely concealed her face.

The landlady explained that Rachel had just arrived by the coach, and was staying in the house for the night. Mr. Yates turned away, and nothing daunted by the reception he had met with from Phillis, began to talk to her again, while her mother went up to Rachel to ask if she wished for anything.

"Nothing, thank you," she answered, faintly—"only I don't feel very well; I am rather tired with to-day's journey, and should like to go to bed."

"Nay, but you haven't eat half a supper. Try some more o' t' berry pie ! A gill o' brandy would do you good."

Rachel declined both offers; her sole desire was to leave the room unperceived by Matthew Yates. If he discovered her it was death to all her hopes. Should she follow the landlady up-stairs while he was engaged, as she saw, with Phillis ? But to do so she must pass very near him, for he was standing close to the doorway, and a single glance might detect her, now that a light was burning. After a moment's hesitation, she decided upon another course.

"I wish," she said, "to speak to your daughter. Will you tell her so ?"

The message was delivered, and Phillis, glad to be released, came quickly to her, without bestowing a word on Mr. Yates, who threw himself moodily into a chair, and began beating the devil's tattoo.

"You are persecuted and annoyed by that man ?" said Rachel, in a low but distinct whisper.

Phillis looked as if she did not quite understand.

"I mean," continued Rachel, in the same earnest yet subdued tone—"I mean that you don't like him."

"Like him!" repeated Phillis, "I fancy not, indeed! I could as lief like a toad."

"Neither do I like him. Come nearer. I have every reason to hate, and, at the same time, to fear him. He has it in his power to do me a great deal of harm. This meeting is quite accidental, and he does not yet suspect who I am. Will you help me to get out of the room without his seeing me?"

Phillis smiled and nodded. "Leave it to me," she replied. "When I beckon, get up and follow me out o' t' room."

"Mother," she said, returning to her former place, "t' lady's well tired out. Give me t' light while I show her up to bed."

She took the candle, and standing between Matthew Yates and the door, signed to Rachel, who rose and dropped her veil over her face, but did not immediately advance.

The girl, observing her hesitation, made a peculiar movement with her lips, and looked at the light in her hand. Rachel saw her meaning, and came forward, trembling, for the gloomy face of Matthew Yates was turned towards her, and behind him stood the man called Loll, who put down his glass to stare at her; but at the second step she took, out went the light, and the room was left in almost total darkness.

"Plague o' t' wind," exclaimed Phillis; "here, mother, set light t' 't again; best put it into t' lantern."

As Phillis spoke Rachel drew close to the door.

"T' wind, lass!" grumbled the landlady. "'Twas thy fondness did it! There's not a breath stirring!"

The obscurity favoured Rachel's escape, but it also favoured something else. At the moment she thought herself safe, a strong arm caught her round the waist and dragged her backwards. She felt she was in a man's embrace, but had hardly time to think so before a shower of hot kisses fell on her neck, and words of love from Matthew Yates were poured in her ear.

As Rachel struggled to get free her bonnet fell off; she feared to cry out, and, misinterpreting the reason, Yates drew her closer to his breast. Again she strove with all her might, for now the ruffian was trying to turn her face to his.

"Villain! let me go," she gasped.

The effect of her words was instantaneous; the fellow's hold relaxed, and the hand that had clasped her waist pushed her violently away. At the same instant the light reappeared. Rachel caught up her bonnet and veil, and rushed into the passage. She was quickly followed by Phillis, and, together, they went up-stairs.—On reaching her bedroom, Rachel threw herself into a chair, and fell back, fainting.

Phillis sprinkled cold water on her face, but it was some minutes before she revived. At last she opened her eyes, and looked round with a terrified air.

"Is he here?" she asked.

"There's no one here but me," answered Phillis. "What mak's you tak' on so? You've been sore scared!"

"And with good cause," said Rachel. "I was mistaken for you just now."

"For me, ma'am, how?"

Rachel told Phillis what had happened.

The girl's eyes sparkled with indignation.

"Did he think to get i' t' dark what he hasn't—free as he is—daured to ask i' t' light? But he wanted to harm you, ma'am. I'm sad sorry to know it."

"Ah," said Rachel, with a deep sigh, "he does, indeed, seek to harm me. Tell me, Phillis, how long have you known this man?"

"Meaning Master Wood?"

"I mean the person we were speaking of. His name is not Wood, but Yates."

"'Deed! Then he miscals himself, for he said his name was Wood."

Rachel thought that very likely, but wished for an answer to her question. Phillis then told her all she knew.

He came to the inn, she said, one afternoon, about two weeks previously, and, having hired her mother's chaise, drove out to Bowes. There he left the chaise, and the driver waited two or three hours till he returned. He supped and slept at the inn that night, and went away early next morning; nor did Phillis see any more of him till three days back, when he reappeared, and set off for Bowes as before, returning not only to sleep, but to take up his quarters for a while. He was absent every day for a few hours, but passed the rest of his time in the house, following Phillis about, and talking to her, when they were alone, in a way she did not like. He had plenty of money, he said, and would make a lady of her if she would go away with him to foreign parts. Phillis gave him no encouragement, but her mother did, and scolded her for not being civil. Some folks were covetous, and did not care who their daughters married, provided they got rich husbands. That was it. Geordy Walker might be poor, but nobody could say anything worse of him. He had kept company with Phillis better than a twelvemonth, her mother knew she was promised, and now, because a man with a long purse came in the way—a man old enough to be her father—she wanted Phillis to have him and break off with poor Geordy. Phillis shed tears at the thought. But the softer mood was not of long duration. Her anger speedily rose when Matthew Yates was spoken of.

For the second time since her return to England, Rachel found herself under the necessity of giving her confidence to a friend but newly acquired. She described Matthew Yates in his true colours, as the unscrupulous agent of those who gave him hire; he was secretly connected with the family history of a lady of great wealth and influence in that part of the country; he was down there then, she did not doubt, on account of matters which concerned the lady in question; they concerned Rachel too, and it was everything for her to avoid coming into contact with him. Could Phillis tell her of any place near Barnard Castle where she might remain without running the risk of being seen by him?

The girl considered for a few minutes with rather a perplexed air. Suddenly, however, her countenance cleared. Geordy Walker had an aunt who lived in a small cottage in the West Gill, not far from his own farm. It was twelve or thirteen miles off, but Phillis could easily send a

messenger, and if he started at daybreak, Geordy could be at Barnard Castle by breakfast-time. Meanwhile, Phillis would take care that nobody came near Rachel but herself. Comforted by this assurance, Rachel took leave of Phillis for the night, and the latter went back to the room below.

Matthew Yates looked at her fixedly as she entered, and her mother asked her why she had been gone so long?

The lady, Phillis replied, was so fatigued by the length of her journey that she had been obliged to help to undress her; she was poorly, besides, and Phillis had advised her to lie in bed late next morning.

There was nothing in her manner to indicate any knowledge of what had taken place when the light was extinguished; nevertheless, Yates did not feel quite satisfied. The stranger lady might, perhaps, have been withheld from speaking by shame, but still what so natural as for one woman to make this kind of revelation to another? That the person whom he had insulted resented his conduct was proved by her words even more than by her resistance. Decidedly the lines of Mr. Yates, as far as regarded the fair sex, had not latterly fallen in pleasant places. Such an issue as that described always raises curiosity, and he began to wonder who and what sort of person she might be with whom he had been *aux prises*. In the midst of this speculation his eye fell on something white which was lying on the floor beneath his feet. It was a pocket-handkerchief which had also fallen in the struggle, and which Rachel had not observed in her hurry to leave the room. True to the habits of inquiry which were his second nature, Yates picked up the handkerchief and put it in his pocket, with the intention of examining it at leisure. That leisure was soon afforded him, for on looking round he found that Phillis was no longer there. He therefore drew the handkerchief out again, and raised each corner for inspection. Three of them were blank, but on the fourth a name appeared, reversed, in very fine handwriting. He turned the handkerchief eagerly, and to his utter astonishment he read the name of "Rachel Perrotin" at full length!

Walter's marking, of which she had been so proud, had betrayed her!

Yates now remembered the shyness of the stranger lady; he could account for the extinction of the light; the epithet applied to himself was not the mere impulse of the moment. What was her motive in coming into Yorkshire, the part of the world which she had every reason for shunning? He must keep a watch upon her until he had received his orders from Mrs. Scrope.

The countryman Loll still lingered in the room. Yates motioned him to approach. He soon ascertained that the fellow was homeless, and by the offer of a bed and a supper, with the promise of something more hereafter, bound him at once to his service. What he immediately wanted Yates did not explain on the spot, but took him outside for the purpose. The duty he enjoined was not difficult. While absent himself next morning, Loll's business was to loiter near the inn door, and if the lady now sleeping up-stairs left the house, to follow her wherever she went, reporting everything to him on his return.

Poor Rachel was again in the toils!

New-Book Notes by Monkshood.

KING VOLTAIRE.*

ONCE upon a time there was a king whose name was Voltaire.—Thus begins the Preface to M. Arsène Houssaye's new work, entitled: "King Voltaire—his Youth, his Court, his Ministers, his People, his Victories, his Death, his God, his Dynasty." The said Preface being dated May 30, 1858, the eightieth anniversary of the death of that Royal Personage.

Once upon a time, then, there was a king whose name was Voltaire. His kingdom—M. Houssaye proceeds to relate—had neither beginning nor end. He succeeded Louis XIV., and he transmitted his sceptre to Napoleon. He was consecrated (*sacré*) as king of the human mind at the court of Prussia, by his brother Frederick II., in that fair German land whose Goethe said, that Nature, after she had brought forth Voltaire, rested from her labours. He was crowned (*couronné*) at the Tuileries, on the throne of Tragedy. His ministers were, one and all, great men. Their names were, Diderot, D'Alembert, Buffon, Helvetius, Turgot, Condorcet. He had for his allies the Empress of Russia, Pope Clement XIV., the King of Prussia, the King of Denmark, the King of Sweden, *toutes les royautés*—not to reckon the Marquise de Pompadour, a queen "of the left-hand." He had a queen of his own, of this description, another Marquise—a woman who was woman three times over, on the score of beauty, wit, and perverseness—the Marquise du Châtelet. He had for his enemies—not to mention utterly insignificant ones—Jean Jacques Rousseau and M. de Voltaire, that M. de Voltaire namely who took no offence at the partition of Poland, who was "gentilhomme de Louis XV.," and who was *not* "gentilhomme du Christ." He built a town and he erected a church to God—by which expressions M. Houssaye means, not the *ville* of Ferney, but that ideal *ville* of human reason wherein all great minds find shelter—not the church of Ferney, but that universal Church which goes by the name of Liberty of Conscience. King Voltaire's court, we are told, was composed of princes, savants, poets, and comedians—for he had no notion of truth putting on a morose aspect in *his* vicinity. He had a picture-gallery, a library, and a theatre: Louis XIV. has danced in ballets, Voltaire has acted in tragedy. His people, *c'était tous les peuples;* his family consisted of Corneille's niece, Lally's son, the children of Calas and Sirven, all that had been disinherited and all that were oppressed. Before his death, he was carried in triumph and "stifled with roses" by the good folks of Paris. After his death, a temple was his tomb. It was a king—the King of Prussia—who delivered his funeral oration before a full Academy. King Voltaire reposes in the Pantheon by the side of his enemy, the republican Jean Jacques Rousseau—both of them reconciled by the Revolution, because the king and the republican had laboured in the people's cause.

Such is the style of M. Houssaye's proem. His book itself, he says, is

* Le Roi Voltaire: sa Jeunesse—sa Cour—ses Ministres—son Peuple—ses Conquêtes—sa Mort—son Dieu—sa Dynastie. Par Arsène Houssaye. Paris: Michel Lévy. 1858.

not a profession of faith. He salutes Voltaire as a master, without entering his school. Voltaire is a tree the fruits of which are not all good. "N'allez jamais vous asseoir sous son ombre," says the poet. But M. Houssaye avows, "I have spent three months beneath this tree of good and evil." He has consulted the oracle—has asked this great disturber of souls to relate the agitations of his own heart. He has collected and connected the scattered pages in which Voltaire describes his life. "It has not been my desire to bring new documents into the commentators' Babel; I have a horror of *paperasses*, and would give a whole volume of notes for one trait of character or one trait of genius. This book is to be regarded merely as the sentiment of a poet on a philosophy which has renovated the world, as one man's admiration for another who has founded the sovereignty of the human mind (*esprit*). But all this does not make me any the more a Voltairian, for I am one of those who think that *le meilleur de l'esprit humain c'est encore l'esprit divin.*" A protest disloyal enough, one might think, to make King Voltaire disclaim Monsieur Houssaye as none of his, involving the forfeiture of a subject's privileges, and implying a radical incapacity for the task of painting his Majesty's portrait. But the bulk of English readers will not quarrel with M. Houssaye's orthodoxy, as too scrupulous and too uncompromising for a biographer of Voltaire. It is not at all as if Mr. Keble were writing the life of Lord Bolingbroke, or the Editor of the *Record* engaged on a Memoir of Heinrich Heine. They manage things differently in France; and M. Houssaye, with all his homage to *l'esprit divin*, is quite as Voltairian as your average Briton could wish.

The chapter on Voltaire's genealogy is highly characteristic. Of course our author begins at the beginning, as in biographer's duty bound. But whence dates this commencement? He has no taste or talent for antiquarian research—nor indeed for any sort of hard work, that requires pains and precision: he writes a running hand, and has no fancy for erasures, and leaves to his readers (if they like it) the care of amending his errata.* The biographers dispute about Voltaire's birthplace—a matter of pure indifference to M. Houssaye, who prefers tracing his genealogy at once to antediluvian times. The dynasty of Voltaire, he says, is older than that of the Pharaohs. Voltaire has been the subject of many incarnations—revealing himself in every age wherein "l'idée humaine" has struggled against the tyranny of the gods, or mind has domineered over heart, or reason over feeling. In Paradise—for our author takes us there—we are introduced to Voltaire, not in the person of Adam, but in that of Eve, "for he has already all the aspirations and the curiosity of Eve. His revolted hand has shaken the tree of knowledge of good and evil. He would know evil, in order to practise it, and to return again to good, in perfect liberty. The rebel angel has said to the apple-tree, Apples are bitter. And anon he has planted the vine." This is carrying us back far enough, and by a very French mode of transit.

* A foot-note of his intimates the magnificent scale on which his errata may be supposed to accumulate. "Voltaire n'aimait pas les errata. Quand on fait un volume on pourrait faire à côté un volume pour marquer les fautes de l'auteur et de l'imprimeur. Par exemple, pour n'en signaler qu'une, je dirai qu'à la page 158, il faut lire le nom de *Fontenelle* au lieu de celui de *Laharpe*." How delighted the late Mr. J. Wilson Croker would have been to compose such a companion "volume pour marquer les fautes" as M. Houssaye suggests!

But *passons au déluge*. Voltaire, it seems, "escaped the deluge, and carried with him into the ark the spirit of revolt in the spirit of the arts, —the arts, those fallen gods which are for evermore scaling heaven." It is Voltaire, we are further assured, who divined the Land of Promise, and conducted the people of God thither. "Already, however, Moses-Voltaire is without belief in the promised land, and will not be allowed to enter into it." Then again, as to subsequent avatars of the patriarch of Ferney, we are told that he spoke through the "disenchanted lips" of Solomon and the "rebellious despair" of Job—leaving the "voluptuous stand-point of the Song of Songs to go and shed his tears —the tears of a rebel angel—over that Job's-dunghill in which he recognised the bed of human nature." So much for his Biblical impersonations. In India, it appears, Voltaire sang the visible splendours of creation, and laughed, "avec son rire encore *candide*," as M. Houssaye (punningly, we suppose) phrases it, at the "abstractors of quintessence" by whom the life to come was promised to such as did not live the life that now is. It was Voltaire who drank *les chiraz* of the cup of Hafiz, and who sacrificed the hymeneal uncertainties of paradise for the *belles amours* of the houris of Firdoustan. In Greece, Voltaire lamented with Hesiod the shortness of life, and presided with Socrates (on the banks of Ilissus, seated beneath the sacred plane-tree) at those "incomparable réunions in which, to find her way into every soul, Wisdom borrowed from poesy its graces and from comedy its *malices*. He drank the hemlock with a smile, for it was the chalice of free belief—it was a libation offered to the deified soul of humanity—it was a defiance flung to the egoistic gods of Olympus." Nay, the republic of Plato, too, was Voltaire's republic. And the *Prometheus* of Æschylus was Voltaire's part—"he suffered on Caucasus; he, victorious in his agony, with superb anathemas hurled upwards against Jove the living purple of his lacerated veins." Bravo, most French Prometheus, most un-Æschylean Voltaire!

But to continue. Voltaire it was who put on the stage all the works belonging to that "bizarre and sublime repertory," in which Aristophanes "animates and humanises the forces of nature, to make of them so many allies of man transforming himself into a god." M. Houssaye intimates his doubts whether the "Birds" had for its author Aristophanes or Voltaire—whether it was really produced in the time of Pericles or in that of Frederick the Great. Again: Voltaire it was who went to Sicily in the flower-crowned galley which carried Alcibiades and his fortunes; and he donned the mantle of Aristotle to follow Alexander across India, and so be enabled to substitute the science of experiment and analysis for that of symbolism and conjecture. Greece and Egypt may fall, Mummius may burn Corinth, Cæsar may enter Alexandria; but there will survive in the captured city one individual citizen to impose laws on the conquerors themselves. "This citizen—'tis the Hebrew, 'tis the Indian, 'tis the Persian, 'tis the Greek, 'tis the eternal Amphitryon of every banquet of esprit, 'tis the assiduous soldier of every battle of progress—it is Voltaire." We have him again in Lucretius, whose "Nature of Things" is "the lugubrious *andante* of that symphony of which 'Candide' is to be the brilliant *allegro*." Cæsar's Commentaries were inspired by Voltaire, no less than the Satires of Horace. Tired of the Tiber and its vicinity, he went abroad to dream with Apuleius and

sneer with Lucian—returning to Rome, however, as occasion served, to play the man of the world with Petronius and act the philosopher with Marcus Aurelius. It was Voltaire, we learn, who built a pantheistic temple with Alexander Severus; and who else *could* it be, that, with Julian the Apostate, chose Paris as the Rome of Anti-christ, and there began a war against the Galilæan of fifteen centuries' duration?

The spirit of Voltaire it was by which St. Antony was tempted in the desert. The same spirit turned "docteur" with Arius, and Nestorius, and Pelagius, and all other "younger brothers of unbelieving Thomas." It was Voltaire who lectured from the chair of Abelard. His hand it was that slapped Boniface VIII. Anon we find him pounding saltpetre and sulphur in Roger Bacon's cell—manipulating types with Coster and Faust—and carving on cathedrals' walls those grimacing figures and demoniac faces which insult the Crucified, beneath the very shadow of the cross. He inspires one after another the "Messiahs of free inquiry"—Huss, Jerome of Prague, Savonarola. With Kepler, Copernicus, and Galileo, he protested against the cosmogony of the Book of Genesis—with Vanini, Giordano Bruno, Campanella, and Sarpi, against the usurpations of temporal sovrans and spiritual tyrants. His soul was the soul of the sixteenth century, and "sat even in St. Peter's chair," in the person of free-living, free-thinking Leo X. It inspired Henri Quatre, when he dallied with Gabrielle and went to mass. It was busy indeed in the age of Gassendi and Descartes—denying the ancient Jehovah with Spinosa, or boisterously jeering at the Trinity with cabaret poets like Théophile and Desbarreaux. *Tartufe* was Voltaire's, and so was many a fable of La Fontaine's, and many a sally of St. Evremond's. But in short, as well before his advent as after his long reign, where, asks M. Houssaye, do we not find this king, of whose legitimate authority a single mot is sufficient proof: "Which among the sovereigns of Europe," Frederick the Great was asked, "do you fear the most?" And Old Fritz replied, "King Voltaire." Hence the title of this motley monograph—LE ROI VOLTAIRE.

The king can never die, they say. Louis the Fourteenth, as such, departed this life; and as usual the court cry was heard, "The king is dead, long live the king!" But where is the king? "Je l'ai dit," says M. Houssaye: the king is at the Bastille: his name is François-Marie Arouet; yet a little, and he shall be known by the name of Voltaire. For "Voltaire sortit de la Bastille pour monter sur le trône de Louis XIV." Already, at one-and-twenty, our author sees in him a "universal man." His genius is French, but he has to speak to all peoples, nations, and tongues. For him, *il n'y a plus de Pyrénées*, nor has the Rhine two hostile banks, nor are the Alps a confronting barrier, nor does the Ocean separate two worlds.

When the priests caballed against his *Henriade*, Voltaire, "pour déjouer ces cabales," dedicated that poem to Louis XV. But Louis XV. would have nothing to do with the dedication. From that day forth, says our author, war was declared. *Le roi, c'est moi!* was Voltaire's cry; and he made his entry into the Parlement of public opinion, all in his boots and spurs, and *cravache* in hand.

A refugee in London, he saw his country enslaved by prejudices, the people enslaved by the nobles, the nobles enslaved by the courtiers, the

courtiers enslaved by the king's mistress, the king and his mistress enslaved by the Jesuits. He made a vow, says Condorcet, "to constitute himself, by the sheer force of genius, the benefactor of an entire people, by withdrawing them from their errors." Condorcet over-estimates the design of Voltaire, whose first and foremost solicitude was to avenge himself in the name of truth, let the cost to truth itself be what it might. Byron has, at the least, done Voltaire no wrong when describing him as one all

> fire and fickleness, a child,
> Most mutable in wishes, but in mind
> A wit as various,—gay, grave, sage, or wild,—
> Historian, bard, philosopher combined;
> He multiplied himself amongst mankind,
> The Proteus of their talents: but his own
> Breathed most in ridicule,—which, as the wind,
> Blew where it listed, laying all things prone,—
> Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne.

His life is epitomised by our author as a comedy in five acts, in prose—a *belle comédie* à la Molière with tableaux à la Shakspeare—"whence radiates human reason in French genius." The first act takes place at Paris, among grand seigneurs and actresses—opening with the Prince de Conti's fêtes and closing with the death of Adrienne Lecouvreur—an imbroglio wherein French *folie* is here and there enlightened by English *raison*—epoch of exile and imprisonment in the Bastille, but also of the poet's first triumphs and the lover's first adventures. "Voltaire is already the friend of kings and the enemy of their royalty, for he foresees his own."—The second act, with more of repose about it, though not more severity, and in which love still plays its part, takes place at the Château de Cirey and at the court of King Stanislaus. This act might be called, the love of science and the science of love. Voltaire and the Marquise du Châtelet have regained a Paradise lost, and eat the apple together, till it becomes bitter to their taste. Ere long their "love" becomes mere smoke without flame. The husband plays Sganarelle, but so does the lover, too, before he has done, when St. Lambert comes in, and becomes master of the situation.—The third act is passed at the court of Frederick the Great,—at Berlin, Potsdam, Sans-Souci. "It is a burlesque of Sunium and the Palais Royal." There is bad talking, and not very good suppers. There is too much of the Academy at this court composed of men only. "Voltaire plays his part with all his diabolical graces, with all his superhuman wit, with all his tamed-lion *colères*. But Solomon-Frederick has longer claws, and the courtier runs off to act the king in his turn, and on his own account."—The scene of the fourth act is at Ferney. King Voltaire plants his foot in four countries at once, as a preliminary to his universal reign. He has a court, he has vassals, he has curés; he builds a church, he baptises all the catechumens of the philosophy of the future, he initiates the puritans of Geneva in the art of love; he gives Corneille's niece a dowry, he avenges the family of Calas, he pleads for Admiral Byng, for Montbailly, for La Barre, for all who have none to plead for them; he performs "Mahomet" and "Cæsar," to the scandal of Jean Jacques, who writes to him: "I hate you, for you have corrupted my republic by giving it theatrical performances."—The scene of the fifth act, as of the

first, is Paris. But he who, at the opening of the piece, was clapped into the Bastille, proscribed, cudgelled, comes back a conqueror. All Paris rises to salute him. The Academy thinks Homer and Sophocles and Aristophanes returned in the person of Voltaire. He is crowned at the theatre with the laurel of immortality. Paris at large kills him with its embraces. "Ah! ce fut un beau triomphe! car c'est du jour de la mort de Voltaire que le roi Tout-le-monde a pris sa place au banquet de la vie."

Sublimity of this kind is sown broadcast in M. Arsène Houssaye's pages. Sublimity on stilts and in spangles. We have had occasional instances of its *tours de force*, and others are produeible to almost any extent. There is no end of such oracular deliverances as the following, some of which will read best untranslated: "Le peuple de Voltaire, c'était tout le monde, comme le peuple de Dieu." "King Voltaire had not been labouring singly. His ministers had their share of glory in that Biblical week during which he said to the old world, 'Hie thee to rest in the tomb,' and to the new world, 'Arise, and march to the conquest of thy rights, nor rest thee on the seventh day, for, the moment thou art asleep, another Dalilah will betray thee in thy strength.'" Many were, and must be, King Voltaire's ministers: "Le Verbe s'était fait homme: il va se faire légion." So remarkable was Buffon's cosmography that "the eighteenth century assisted, so to speak, at a second creation of the globe." Had Voltaire and his ministers lived to direct the French Revolution, the Reign of Terror would not have been: "The Promised Land would have been sooner within sight, without crossing the Red Sea." Voltaire was the man of ideas, Rousseau the man of feeling; the former spoke to the head, the latter to the heart: "c'étaient saint Paul et saint Jean." "Before the majesty" of this modern St. Paul, "the depths of society, the caverns of history, the oubliettes, the hell of ancient Themis, are lighted up with an avenging ray. The wood-pile is extinguished; the lash drops from the hangman's grasp; the gibbet trembles; the tree of death asks pardon of the tree of life; the vulture's beak says to Prometheus, 'Thou hast subdued me!'" Though Voltaire had to leave France, he had his revenge at Berlin: "Il dit: *Que la lumière française éclaire le monde*, et sa lumière fut." "Les voyez-vous, ses ministres, s'élever de degré en degré sur cette échelle de Jacob, construite pour escalader le ciel?" Of Voltaire's onset against the Christian faith we are told, Houssaye-Homerically, that "Voltaire-Diomède croyait poursuivre un ennemi de Dieu et blessait Dieu lui-même." Full emphasis is laid, nevertheless, on the famous line—

Si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer,—

upon which we have the following comment: "Herein consists all the philosophy of Voltaire. He arrives at God by reason, as Jean Jacques does by sentiment. Must heart then be denied him? No: but he lavished it too freely on men to leave his expansions time to seek the heavenly road. He was not of those who kneel like Mary, and annihilate themselves at the Saviour's feet in infinite ecstasies. His will was to be himself a saviour here below, and, like Martha, he was busy about so many things that he deferred the things of God to the morrow." We entirely agree with M. Houssaye in the absence of any striking likeness between Monsieur de Voltaire and Mary of Bethany; but we fail to appre-

ciate the felicity of comparing him with Martha, albeit Martha *was* cumbered with much serving. King Voltaire—and the Family of Bethany—somehow it seems to require a French imagination to think of them together. If Cowper thought even of Voltaire and a Bible-reading lace-maker together, it was by way of strenuous contrast, not of apt comparison. Comparison if there was, it was explicitly and designedly of the most "invidious" sort.

It is perhaps from a stupid sympathy with Cowper's English prejudices, in another point of view, that we fail to relish M. Houssaye's high-seasoned chapters on the Youth and Amours of King Voltaire. Of the five acts into which our author, as we have seen, divides his piece, the first two are mainly concerned with erotic details, over which he lingers with fond delay. "If these two first acts are objected to, as lasting too long a time,"—for they are made to include Voltaire's departure from Cirey, when he was nearing his sixtieth year,—"my answer is, that I should like to have made them longer still; for the poet Sainte-Beuve was right when he said: 'Ce n'est pas tant la vie qui est courte, c'est la jeunesse.'" We have no care to linger with M. Houssaye over these mature *juvenilia*—to review with him, one by one, Le Roi Voltaire's liaisons and grand passions, and be introduced to "Ses Femmes" individually and chronologically—whether a Laura Harley in London, or an Olympe du Noyer at the Hague, or a Duchesse de Villars "que l'Amour prenait pour sa mère," or Mademoiselle de Corsembleu of the Théâtre-Français, or Mademoiselle Aurore de Livry of the Comédie-Française (with whom Voltaire flirted again when they were both fourscore and upwards), or Madame du Châtelet ("notre astronomique Emélie"), and those other mesdames or mesdemoiselles, now a cook-maid and now a niece, with whom scandal has made free on his account. All this is unedifying in the extreme. Let us leave it, without casting so much as

one longing, lingering look behind,

though M. Houssaye casts many, and can scarcely be stirred from the spot,—and instead of wading through all these moods and tenses of the verb *aimer*, a conjugation so precious to King Voltaire's historiographer, let us prefer a glimpse of his majesty keeping "sa cour" at Ferney. Louis XV. is at the Parc-aux-Cerfs, but where is the king? Is he in that old seigneurie beneath the Alps, one foot in France, the other in the republic of Geneva? That black velvet cap, atop of that *perruque à marteaux*, is it the crown of France? Strange-looking king, in dusty-grey slippers, iron-grey stockings, and a dimity waistcoat longer than himself. Philosopher-king, he deigns to recognise God of Sundays. He dresses in his best to go to mass. A suit of "reddish-brown," breeches *à la* Richelieu, a *veste* with huge skirts, gold-laced *à la* Bourgogne, with beautiful ruffles, reaching to his very finger-tips. "In this dress, have I not the look of a king?" he asked his court. "Yes, Voltaire," answers M. Houssaye, as a loyal courtier, "thou art the king; talk big of thy lands at Tournay and Ferney; receive the ambassadors of thy brother Frederick of Prussia, and of thy sister Catherine of Russia; give titles of glory, under thy seal, to all the men of the sword and men of the pen, even to thine enemies;" "thou hast a prince and a duke among thy courtiers; thou hast an army of workmen, to say nothing of thine army

of encyclopædists; thou hast a theatre to which Le Kain and Clairon come from afar," &c. &c. "But," continues the apostrophe, "thou art not king by the grace of God, for thou knowest not God," &c. There are fête days on which Sa Majesté Voltaire, surrounded by his court, exhibits himself to his people. He is in a gala dress on these occasions, nearly as fine as his two grand chamberlains, the Prince de Ligne and the Duc de Richelieu; about as grave as his two courtiers, the President de Montesquieu and the President de Brosses. The ladies of the court, Madame Denis, who is *du meilleur monde*, though her name be Madame Denis; Madame de Fontaine; the Florian ladies, his cousins; Mademoiselle Corneille, who also belongs to the family; are all of them "rivers of diamonds." Voltaire's curés address harangues to him; his vassals salute him with a discharge of musketry; the *rosières* present him with be-ribboned baskets of grapes and peaches; the farmers break bread with him—bread from his own corn-fields, and drink wine with him, of his own vintage.

For the *philosophes* of Europe at large, Ferney becomes the Holy City, what Mecca is to the Mussulmans. Pilgrimages are made thitherward. Every day brings some friend or stranger to visit Voltaire, a bel-esprit or a prince; a warrior, or lawyer, or churchman; a painter such as Vernet, or a sculptor such as Pigale, or a musician such as Grétry. Women come in numbers, from Paris, Geneva, everywhere. There is play-acting, and dancing, and supping. The crowd thickens as the old man's end draws nigh. "Rois, princes, courtisans, poëtes, artistes, chacun voulait avoir un mot ou un regard du phénomène près de disparaître." An enemy hath said this. As for King Voltaire's "people," distinguished from his courtiers and flatterers, it consisted, says our author, of the suffering, the unfortunate, and all that were desolate and oppressed. "While King Louis XV. was tossing his handkerchief, embroidered with the arms of France, to the sultanas of his seraglio, King Voltaire was keeping watch, armed with reason, for the reign of justice." It was for Voltaire to write the "last word" of the Calas tragedy—and that word "shall rank far higher among his works than 'Œdipus,' far higher than 'Mahomet,' far higher than 'Zaïre.'" After the Calas affair came that of the Sirvens, "a second edition of the same tragedy, minus its tragical dénoûment." In effect, M. Houssaye detects beneath Voltaire's mocking smile, "the heart of Saint Theresa," yearning with love for *les damnés de l'histoire*, and with pity for *les démons* themselves. "His tenderness, it is true, is devoid of affectation, but only more true and deep on that account. Voltaire's emotion resembles that of the volcano which, though rarely, casts forth tears amid cinders and fire, but they are burning tears." The tearful "emotion" of a volcano is an imaginative eruption worthy of our most volcanic or spasmodic school.

But though we miss seeing the "heart of Saint Theresa" in Voltaire's bosom, from the same opacity of vision, no doubt, which failed to identify Voltaire with the sister of Lazarus, we would be prompt to recognise the patriarch's sterling excellence as a doer of kindnesses, a champion of the deserted, and a vindicator of the wronged. We think, too, that undue stress has been laid on his accumulation of wealth, and undue disregard shown to his liberality in disposing of it. M. Houssaye is equitable to-

wards him in both respects. We are fairly told of the ways and means whereby Voltaire acquired his fortune—crooked ways, some of them, and sorry means—and of the open-handed freedom with which he would draw upon it, to serve his friends or the needy. At the outset of his career, we are told, "Voltaire, in less than three years, became a millionnaire six times." He risked the profits of the "Henriade" in a lottery, and "centupled his écus." This was not enough for a man of his metal. He risked again all that he possessed, in Cadiz merchandise and Barbary corn; and, as his last financial operation, he took an interest in the provisions of the army of Italy; the result of all this being, that he realised an income of some four hundred thousand livres. "The poet, you see, did not build merely castles in the air. If there are some who die of want, there are others who die twenty times too rich. In contrast with Malfilâtre, and Gilbert, and Jean Jacques, who lived on charity, you may look at Fontenelle with his income of eighty thousand livres, Gentil Bernard with more than half as much, Voltaire with more than double."* During his sojourn in England, Voltaire is said to have believed all was lost—country, honours, fortune—of which losses that of fortune troubled him the least. "If these messieurs my debtors," he writes to his *ministre des finances*, "take advantage of my misfortunes and my absence so as not to pay me, as plenty of others have done, there is no need, my dear child, for you to take steps to bring them to reason: it is but a trifle. The torrent of bitterness I have had to drink makes me indifferent to tiny drops like these." M. Houssaye's comment on this excerpt must be added: "And a book has been written to prove that this great mind masked an *avare!*" When the exile returned to France, he seems to have dipped above his ankles, considerably, in gaming "distractions"—"losing *galamment* as much as twelve thousand livres a night." He has been accused of living at Cirey at the expense of Madame's husband. The truth is, according to our author, that it was rather the Marquis du Châtelet who lived at the expense of Voltaire. The Château de Cirey was rebuilt with the poet's money. The poet it was who introduced *le luxe* there: there was a poor table kept unless he looked to it: the marquis was fond of good wine at other people's houses, but only kept *vin ordinaire* in his own—till the poet made the cellar his care. "Voltaire had lent the husband forty thousand livres; I say nothing of what he had given to the wife. How was he repaid? It was settled at first that M. du Châtelet should pay him two thousand livres per annum. M. du Châtelet engaged to do this in presence of a notary, but pay he never did. Ten years afterwards, Voltaire reduced the debt to fifteen thousand livres; but ten were all he ever touched of them. He asked to have the remaining five thousand reduced to a hundred louis; and these hundred louis," he wrote, after the death of Mme. du Châtelet, "I wish to be returned to me in the shape of *meubles*. And what *meubles?* The commode de Boule, my portrait ornamented with diamonds, and other baga-

* Voltaire's income, towards the close of his life, is rated by M. Houssaye at "plus de deux cent mille livres de rente, perpétuelles ou viagères"—being what remained after various losses to a large amount, together with the expenses occurred by "building a town, giving away with a royal hand, and expending with a sometimes prodigal one." On Voltaire's money-matters in general, compare pp. 29 *sq.*, 73, 75-7, 168.

telles which I have previously bought and paid for." Really the Cirey connexion, first and last, is the flat reverse of creditable to all concerned —a tragedy, with nobody to respect in it—a farce, with the fun left out.

The penultimate section in M. Houssaye's work discusses "the Dynasty of Voltaire." Where begins Voltaire, it asks, and where does he end? The publishers will never effect a complete edition of his works. In vain they point to the seventy volumes; for these are *not* complete, nor anything like it. The seventy-first volume of Voltaire's Works, *c'est la révolution française;* the seventy-second volume, *c'est l'esprit nouveau.* Voltaire, we are further assured, is not dead. Voltaire did not die in 1778. "Son esprit est réveillé pour jamais. On aura beau faire, on ne l'atteindra pas." True, that on the thirtieth of May, 1788, "this terrible and generous Achilles, who shook to its foundations Rome, a more inexpugnable Troy than that which Priam reigned over," *expira, mourut*, as we say "when yet another form departs to be dissolved in those vast crucibles wherein Nature is for ever producing and re-producing the work of her metamorphosis;" but the mind of the man, "freed from its outer-case, continued to live, lightsome, robust, bitter, charming, above all supple, and shed itself, like a penetrating aroma, in the mind of all dreamers—dilated itself, a light infernal or divine, in all the actions and all the reveries of humanity." In proof of which aromatic penetration and self-extension, M. Houssaye proceeds to show, that scarcely had the so-called and seeming remains of Voltaire been buried in the church of the Monastère de Scellières, when Voltairianism was in full flower on all sides. Turgot, dismissed from the ministry, corresponded with Smith, and Franklin, and Condorcet, by way of discussing the bases of that new social state, according to which the provinces shall live as Paris does, and the noblesse shall bear the same burdens as the bourgeoisie, and education shall be equal for all classes. While Ducis succeeded Voltaire at the Academy, Beaumarchais replaced him in the work of revolution. In the Convention and the Empire itself the Voltairian esprit is similarly traced. And when Napoleon fell, "it was Voltaire in a plurality of persons, who defied his authority as well in the Paris Chambers as in European Congress. Voltaire-Talleyrand, Voltaire-Fouché, Voltaire-Benjamin Constant, Voltaire-Dupin, were under a mistake in 1815, when they had no clear vision of the glory of Napoleon, and consented to sign—with another Voltairian, King Louis XVIII. of Bourbon—a charter which" —we must give the assertion as it stands in the original—"qui contenait moins de libertés exprimées que la tyrannie prétendue de l'empereur n'avait donné à l'univers de liberté réelle."

It would be curious, M. Houssaye continues—and as he conducts the inquiry, it *is* rather curious—to seek out the sons of Voltaire among the ministries of the Restoration and on the throne of July—to ask of M. de Martignac, and M. Thiers, and King Louis Philippe, how far they had profited by their familiarity with the "Essai sur les Mœurs" or the "Henriade" merely. Chateaubriand's début and equipments were Voltairian. So was De Maistre's system of argumentation, mad as Count Joseph might be against Voltaire himself. Voltaire "sings couplets with Béranger, writes cutting pamphlets with Paul Louis Courier, makes perorations with General Foy, plays comedy with Scribe." Alfred de Musset imitates while he anathematises him. Byron is not so much the

brother of the Don Juan of Molière and Mozart as the *neveu déréglé* of Doctor Panglose. Various degrees of Voltairian affinity are also traced to Sheridan and Burke when pleading against Hastings, to Goethe, Hegel, Schleiermacher, Strauss, and Heine. Twenty years ago Victor Hugo called Voltaire "un singe de génie," but is now, says our author, *en train* to crown "celui qui dépensa le génie en esprit." Everywhere in modern French literature is Voltairianism said to be discernible; omnipresent is the influence of *ce fanatique de la raison.* He is a story-teller with Mérimée, he is a banterer with Karr, puts on a mask with Gozlan, and mocks at himself with About.—What is it he does with M. Houssaye? We will only say that with a liberal portion of Voltairian esprit, this vivacious writer is yet hardly the man *Sa Majesté* would have chosen to draw up the annals of his reign; he is too grandiloquent by far, too rhetorical, too rhapsodical, to be accepted as acting authoritatively and confidentially *de par le roi—le* ROI VOLTAIRE.

NAPOLEON BALLADS.—No. VII.

By WALTER THORNBURY.

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW,

As it seemed to a Polish Abbé, Warsaw, December 16th, 1812.

THE yellow snow-fog curdled thick,
Dark, brooding, dull, and brown,
About the ramparts, hiding all
The steeples of the town;
The icicles, as thick as beams,
Hung down from every roof,
When all at once we heard a sound
As of a muffled hoof.

'Twas nothing but a soldier's horse,
All riderless and torn
With bullets: scarce his bleeding legs
Could reach the gate. A dawn
Of horror broke upon us then;
We listened, but no drum—
Only a sullen, distant roar,
Telling us that they come.

Next, slowly staggering through the fog,
A grenadier reeled past,
A bloody turban round his head,
His pallid face aghast.
Behind him, with an arm bound up
With half a Russian flag,
Came one—then three—the last one sopped
His breast with crimson rag.

Quick all at once a sullen bell
  Upon the gateway tower
Broke out, to warn our citizens
  Napoleon's savage power
Had gone to wreck, and these the waifs
  Were making fast to land.
It bade us look to see the hulk
  Sucked hellward by the sand.

All day the frozen, bleeding men
  Came pouring through the place;
Drums broken, colours torn to shreds,
  Foul wounds on every face.
Black powder-waggons, scorched and split,
  Broad wheels caked thick with snow,
Red bayonets bent, and swords that still
  Were reeking from the blow.

A drunken rabble, pale and wan,
  With cursing faces turned
To where, still threatening in the rear,
  The port-fires lurid burned.
The ground was strewn with epaulettes,
  Letters, and cards, and songs;
The barrels, leaking drops of gold,
  Were trampled by the throngs.

A brutal, selfish, goring mob,
  Yet here and there a trace
Of the divine shone out and lit
  A gashed and suffering face.
Here came a youth, who on his back
  His dying father bore;
With bandaged feet the brave youth limped,
  Slow, shuddering, dripping gore.

And here amid the trampling crowd,
  Maimed, crippled by the frost,
I found that every spark of good
  Was not extinct and lost.
Deep in the ranks of savage men
  I saw two grenadiers
Leading their corporal, his breast
  Stabbed by the Cossack spears.

He saved that boy, whose tearful eyes
  Were fixed upon the three—
Although too weak to beat his drum
  Still for his company.
Half stripped, or wrapped in furs and gowns,
  The broken ranks went on:
They ran if any one called out
  "The Cossacks of the Don."

The whispered rumour, like a fire,
  Spread fast from street to street;
With boding look and shaking head
  The staring gossips meet:
"Ten thousand horses every night
  Were smitten by the frost;
Full thirty thousand rank and file
  In Beresina lost.

"The Cossacks fill their caps with gold
  The Frenchmen fling away.
Napoleon was shot the first,
  And only lived a day—
They say that Caulaincourt is lost—
  The guns are left behind:
God's curse has fallen on these thieves—
  He sent the snow and wind."

Tired of the clatter and the noise,
  I sought an inner room,
Where twenty wax-lights, starry clear,
  Drove off the fog and gloom.
I took my wanton Ovid down,
  And soon forgot the scene,
As through my dreams I saw arise
  The rosy-bosomed queen.

My wine stood mantling in the glass
  (The goblet of Voltaire),
I sipped and dozed, and dozed and sipped,
  Slow rocking in my chair,
When open flew the bursting door,
  And Caulaincourt stalked in—
Tall, gaunt, and wrapped in frozen furs,
  Hard frozen to his skin.

* * *

The wretched hag of the low inn
  Puffed at the sullen fire
Of spitting wood, that hissed and smoked—
  There stood the Jove whose ire
But lately set the world aflame,
  Wrapped in a green pelisse,
Fur-lined, and stiff with half-burnt lace,
  Trying to seem at ease.

"Bah! Du sublime au ridicule
  Il n'y a qu'un pas,"
He said. "The rascals think they've made
  A comet of my star.
The army broken!—dangers!—pish!—
  I did not bring the frost.
Levy ten thousand Poles, Duroc—
  Who tells me we have lost?

"I beat them everywhere, Murat—
  It is a costly game;
But nothing venture, nothing win—
  I'm sorry now we came.
That burning Moscow was a deed
  Worthy of ancient Rome—
Mind that I gild the Invalides
  To match the Kremlin dome."

"Well! well as Beelzebub himself!"
  He leaped into the sleigh
Sent for to bear this Cæsar off
  Upon his ruthless way.
A flash of fire!—the court-yard stones
  Snapped out—the landlord cheered—
In a hell-gulf of pitchy dark
  The carriage disappeared.

THANATOS ATHANATOS.

A MEDLEY.

XVII.

A Digression on Death and Summer-time:—"Elia" in an August Noon—D. M. Moir on a Child's Burial in Spring—Ernest Maltravers and the Winter's Night—Pisistratus Caxton and the April Evening—Jane Eyre at Sunset in the Garden—Wordsworth Crossing the Sands of Leven—Extracts from Thomas Hood, Arthur Helps, Leigh Hunt, Jean Paul Richter, Rousseau—A Bit of Statistics from Buckle's Civilization—The Philosophy of the Subject explained in De Quincey's "Confessions" and his "Autobiographical Sketches."

And overcome us like a summer cloud.

Macbeth.

The lightest thoughts have their roots in gravity, and the most fugitive colours of the world are set off by the mighty background of eternity. One of the greatest pleasures of so light and airy a thing as the vernal season arises from the consciousness that the world is young again; that the spring is come round, that we shall not all cease, and be no world. Nature has begun again, and not begun for nothing. One fancies somehow that she could not have the heart to put a stop to us in April or May. Leigh Hunt: *The Seer.*

A vision like incarnate April, warning,
With smiles and tears, Frost the Anatomy
Into his summer grave.

Shelley: *Epipsychidion.*

Chiefly it is when sunshine floods the sky,
O'er waving corn-fields, that I think on death.

Hoffmann.

At this time the declining sun flamed goldenly in the west. It was a glorious hour. The air fell upon the heart like balm; the sky, gold and vermilion-checked, hung, a celestial tent, above mortal man. . . . "Did ever God walk the earth in finer weather?" said the Hermit. . . . "Evenings such as this," continued the Hermit, after a pause, "seem to me the very holiday time of death," &c. *Chronicles of Clovernook.*

What kinship hath mid Summer with the grave?

The Recluse.

—Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
And her together.

C. Lamb: *Hester.*

By common consent the image of death is connected with what is chill, winterly, desolate. How is it, then, that we so often associate it with glorious spring-tide, and the pomp of summer suns?

But *do* we so associate it? perhaps the reader will ask. Are you not taking for granted what it would be less convenient to prove?

Unquestionably it appears more natural, at first sight, and is infinitely more common, to think of death in connexion with winter and its bleak wretchedness, than with mid summer, and its garniture of green and gold. Frost at midnight, while the pitiless blast is raging, seems as

nearly allied to stone-cold death, as July splendours do *not.* "In winter," says Charles Lamb, in an essay he never surpassed—"in winter this intolerable disinclination to dying—to give it its mildest name—does more especially haunt and beset me. In a genial August noon, beneath a sweltering sky, death is almost problematic. At those times do such poor snakes as myself enjoy an immortality. Then we expand and burgeon. Then we are as strong again, as valiant again, as wise again, and a great deal taller. The blast that nips and shrinks me, puts me in thoughts of death." Similar was the feeling expressed by *Delta* (Moir), when witnessing a child's burial in Spring:

Under the shroud of the solemn cloud, when the hills are capp'd with snow,
When the moaning breeze, thro' leafless trees, bears tempest on its wing;
In the Winter's wrath we think of death, but not when lilies blow,
And, Lazarus-like, from March's tomb walks forth triumphant Spring.

Thus, too, when his betrothed is dying, on a bitter winter's night, *Ernest Maltravers* is described as throwing open his window, stepping into the balcony, and baring his breast to the keen air: "the icy heavens looked down upon the hoar-rime that gathered over the grass, and the ghostly boughs of the death-like trees. All things in the world without, brought the thought of the grave, and the pause of being, and the withering up of beauty, closer and closer to his soul. In the palpable and griping winter, death itself seemed to wind round him its skeleton and joyless arms."

Hence it is in accordance with the common feeling, that a story of death, or a thought of the grave, is, in Shelley's phrase,

——more fit for the weird winter nights,
Than for those garish summer days, when we
Scarcely believe much more than we can see.

Make of it, if you will, a Winter's Tale; but forbear weaving it into a Midsummer Night's Dream.

Nevertheless, if we look a little deeper into the matter, we do find a connexion of subtle power between summer glories and that chill presence, the shadow of death. "Is it regret for buried time," asks the laureate, "that keenlier in sweet April wakes?" The question is suggestive in its bearing on that now before us. And here let us refer to another passage by the author of "Ernest Maltravers," in a later work, and every way a riper, better, healthier one. The young cousins in "The Caxtons" sit down together in the churchyard, one calm evening in spring, while the roseate streaks are fading gradually from the dark grey of long, narrow, fantastic clouds. *Blanche* has gently objected, how cold and still it is among the graves; but "Sisty" answers, not colder than on the village green. His record of that sweet silent session then merges in meditation: "There is a certain melancholy in the evenings of early spring, which is among those influences of Nature the most universally recognised, the most difficult to explain. . . . Examine not, O child of man!—examine not that mysterious melancholy with the hard eyes of thy reason; thou canst not impale it on the spikes of thy thorny logic, nor describe its enchanted circle by problems conned from thy schools. Borderer thyself of two worlds—the Dead and the Living—

give thine ear to the tones, bow thy soul to the shadows, that steal, in the Season of Change, from the dim Border Land." It was "one evening in the beginning of June," that *Jane Eyre*, an orphan school-girl at Lowood, lingered alone in the garden, and kept lingering a little longer still, for "it was such a pleasant evening, so serene, so warm; the still glowing west promised so fairly another fine day on the morrow;" and then and there it was, that, "noting these things, and enjoying them as a child might," it entered her head "as it had never done before,—'How sad to be lying now on a sick bed, and to be in danger of dying!'" The then and there have a psychological significance, as most things in "Jane Eyre" have.

But leaving spring-tide freshness and summer twilight, and advancing to the full blaze of sunshine, when the days of the year are at their longest and brightest, how stands the question of relationship with death and decay? Wordsworth describes the journey he one day took, in youth's delightful prime, "over the smooth sands of Leven's ample estuary," and "beneath a genial sun,"

> With distant prospect among gleams of sky
> And clouds and intermingling mountain tops,
> In one inseparable glory clad,
> Creatures of one ethereal substance met
> In consistory, like a diadem
> Or crown of burning seraphs as they sit
> In the empyrean. Underneath that pomp
> Celestial, lay unseen the pastoral vales
> Among whose happy fields I had grown up
> From childhood. On the fulgent spectacle,
> That neither passed away nor changed, I gazed
> Enrapt; *but brightest things are wont to draw*
> *Sad opposites out of the inner heart,*
> As even their pensive influence drew from mine.

Herein lies the solution of the seeming paradox—in this suggestion of opposites. "The brightest sunshine," says Hood, in "Tylney Hall"—an unequal but underrated work—"throws the darkest shadow, and the horrible spectre of Death could never frown so sternly and blackly as when thus introduced into the full blaze of the golden glorious light of love." Or as he puts it in his "Ode to Melancholy,"—

> The sunniest things throw sternest shade,
> And there is ev'n a happiness
> That makes the heart afraid.

The essay-writer in "Friends in Council," *Milverton*, in his account of a bright day's gay experiences in the Spanish capital, has this memento: "And I looked up at the splendid palace of Madrid, and thought of regal pomps and vanities. And then, how it was I know not, I thought of death. Perhaps anything very beautiful has that thought in the background." The "perhaps" is no reckless conjecture, beyond or beside the mark. Leigh Hunt points to the same philosophy when discussing the theme, why sweet music produces sadness—why in the midst of even the most light and joyous music, our eyes shall sometimes fill with tears. How is this? The reason surely is, that we have an

instinctive sense of the fugitive and perishing nature of all sweet things,—of beauty, of youth, of life,—of all those fair shows of the world, of which music seems to be the voice, and of whose transitory nature it reminds us most when it is most beautiful, because it is then that we most regret our mortality.—Writing (July, 1795) to his Jewish friend, Emanuel, after a visit to Baireuth, Jean Paul Richter says: "The day that I left Baireuth, the longest day of the year, was my shortest and happiest. . . . It is wonderful that men, in seasons of happiness, in youth, in beautiful places, in the fairest season of the year, incline more surely to the enthusiasm of longing; they think oftener of a future world, *and more readily form pictures of death;* while the opposite takes place in want, in age, in Greenland, and in winter." Rousseau felt something of this when he wrote, in his *Confessions*,—what he (of course) thought "une chose bien singulière,"—that his imagination was most cheerful amid adverse environments, while "au contraire elle est moins riante lorsque tout rit autour de moi. . . . . Si je veux peindre le printemps, il faut que je sois en hiver," and so on, vice versâ, by the same rule of contraries.

It is in the *Confessions* of another, and very different writer, that the question of association between summer splendours and the shadow of death, is more fully and impressively expounded than by any other philosopher. Before referring, however, to this forcible exposition, by one who combines the prose-poet with the philosopher, let us interpose an illustration of a thoroughly prosaic and matter-of-fact kind—a statistical conclusion—showing that bright summer days have no necessary opposition to, nor dreary winter any necessary concord with, man's tendency to brood on his mortality, or shape his thoughts, or fears, or wishes, thitherward. Alluding to the once accepted belief in France—not yet exploded, perhaps—that we English, the victims of natural melancholy, are constantly committing suicide, "particularly in November," when we hang and shoot ourselves by thousands, Mr. Buckle states—as the result of his researches in Quetelet, and Tissot, and Forbes Winslow, and Hawkins, and the Journal of the Statistical Society—that unfortunately for such foreign assumptions, the fact is exactly opposite to what is generally supposed; for whereas the notion that there are more suicides in gloomy weather than in fine weather used always to be taken for granted, and was a favourite topic with the French wits, who were never weary of expatiating on our love of self-murder, and on the relation between it and our murky climate,—we have, on the contrary, decisive evidence that there are more suicides in summer than in winter.

The remarkable paragraph in the "Confessions of an English Opium-eater," to which we have referred, is the following: "I have had occasion to remark, at various periods of my life, that the deaths of those whom we love, and, indeed, the contemplation of death generally, is (*cæteris paribus*) more affecting in summer than in any other season of the year. And the reasons are these three, I think: first, that the visible heavens in summer appear far higher, more distant, and (if such a solecism may be excused) more infinite; the clouds by which chiefly the eye expounds the distance of the blue pavilion stretched over our heads are in summer more voluminous, more massed, and are accumulated in far

grander and more towering piles; secondly, the light and the appearances of the declining and the setting sun are much more fitted to be types and characters of the infinite; and thirdly (which is the main reason), the exuberant and riotous prodigality of life naturally forces the mind more powerfully upon the antagonist thought of death, and the wintry sterility of the grave. For it may be observed generally, that wherever two thoughts stand related to each other by a law of antagonism, and exist, as it were, by mutual repulsion, they are apt to suggest each other. On these accounts it is that I find it impossible to banish the thought of death when I am walking alone in the endless days of summer; and any particular death, if not actually more affecting, at least haunts my mind more obstinately and besiegingly, in that season."

In that unrivalled chapter, "The Affliction of Childhood," with which the same writer's "Autobiographic Sketches" open, he recurs to his explanation—thirty years before—in the "Opium Confessions," of the reason why death, other conditions remaining the same, is more profoundly affecting in summer than in other parts of the year—so far, at least, as it is liable to any modification at all from accidents of scenery or season; the reason lying, as we have seen, in the antagonism between the tropical redundancy of life in summer, and the frozen sterilities of the grave. In a digression of surpassing pathos and solemn beauty, Mr. de Quincey then shows how inextricably, in early childhood, his own feelings and images of death were entangled with those of summer, as connected with Palestine and Jerusalem, about which he read with his three sisters in the nursery, from a pictured Bible, and learned to associate the cloudless sunlights of Syria, and the pomps of Palm Sunday, with the passion and death of the Lord of life. And thence he returns to describe his visit to the room in which his dead sister lay. That description furnished valuable aid for the first section of THANATOS ATHANATOS. And another fragmentary portion of it will serviceably illustrate the present. Let the reader read and assent: "Turning round, I sought my sister's face. But the bed had been moved, and the back was now turned towards myself. Nothing met my eyes but one large window, wide open, through which the sun of midsummer at mid-day was showering down torrents of splendour. The weather was dry, the sky was cloudless, the blue depths seemed the expressed types of infinity; and it was not possible for eye to behold, or for heart to conceive, any symbols more pathetic of life and the glory of life. . . . .

"From the gorgeous sunlight I turned round to the corpse. There lay the sweet childish figure; there the angel face. . . . . I stood checked for a moment; awe, not fear, fell upon me; and whilst I stood, a solemn wind began to blow—the saddest that ear ever heard. It was a wind that might have swept the fields of mortality for a thousand centuries. Many times since, upon summer days, when the sun is about the hottest, I have remarked the same wind arising and uttering the same hollow, solemn, Memnonian, but saintly swell: it is in this world the one great *audible* symbol of eternity. And three times in my life have I happened to hear the same sound in the same circumstances—namely, when standing between an open window and a dead body on a summer day.

"Instantly, when my ear caught this vast Æolian intonation, when my eye filled with the golden fulness of life, the pomps of the heavens above, or the glory of the flowers below, and turning when it settled upon the frost which overspread my sister's face, instantly a trance fell upon me. A vault seemed to open in the zenith of the far blue sky, a shaft which ran up for ever. I, in spirit, rose as if on billows that also ran up the shaft for ever; and the billows seemed to pursue the throne of God; but *that* also ran before us and fled away continually. The flight and the pursuit seemed to go on for ever and ever. Frost gathering frost, some Sarsar wind of death, seemed to repel me; some mighty relation between God and death dimly struggled to evolve itself from the dreadful antagonism between them: shadowy meanings even yet continue to exercise and torment, in dreams, the deciphering oracle within me. I slept—for how long I cannot say; slowly I recovered my self-possession: and when I woke, found myself standing, as before, close to my sister's bed."

Why add a word of ours, to jar on the silence which may be felt, in which dies away that *Suspirium de Profundis*, that heavy-laden, deep-drawn sigh?

THE RESULTS OF THE SESSION.

Now that the session has drawn to a prosperous conclusion, and the ministry have proved their vitality and strength by living down the attacks of the Whig party, we may be allowed, as friends of conservative government, to draw our readers' attention to the results of the session, not merely as a proof of the earnestness of purpose our ministers have displayed during a period of unexampled difficulty and doubt, but also as a pledge that those efforts will not be relaxed when parliament meets again. In spite of the many arduous questions that demanded solution—in spite of the financial difficulties that beset them—in spite, too, of the condition into which this country had drifted with regard to foreign powers, the Tory government have more than carried out the promises they made on assuming the reins of power; and it must not be forgotten that much more would have been effected, had not the government been hampered by a pertinacious opposition, which seemed to ignore all principles of fair play, so long as it entertained any expectation of serving its own interests. It is true that the severe defeat it experienced, when the country was at length aroused to a consciousness of the part it was called upon to play, has rendered the Whig party more moderate, and has permitted the government to display its willingness to carry out the measures it had proposed; but, unfortunately, this check came too late, and much valuable time was wasted, and many important questions were tided over till next session, before the Whigs could be induced to believe that their sun had set for a while—as we trust, most heartily, for ever.

In spite of all opposition, however, it must be allowed that the present government have achieved wonders, regard being had to the cumbrous machinery of the House, and the short time allowed. Indubitably, the most serious legacy left to the Tories by their predecessors was the embroglio with France, which Palmerstonian caprice would so easily have fanned into a flame. No sooner did Lord Malmesbury undertake the management of the delicate matter than the clouds were dispersed, and all parties felt that they had been led to the verge of a quarrel, because a prime minister could not approach the subject without diplomatic ambiguities, which too often lead to a sad result. But we will not give the entire credit of this happy solution to Lord Malmesbury; on the contrary, we believe great thanks are due to the emperor for the manly and straightforward way in which he explained the point at issue, and paved the way for a settlement equally satisfactory to both nations. The best proof of the harmony existing between the English and French, will be found in our Queen's visit to Cherbourg, to inaugurate a fortress which would, in the good old times, have been regarded as a standing menace to England, but which we prefer to look upon as a further pledge of an alliance which should enlist our sympathies, and which certainly advances the interests of civilisation. The Emperor Napoleon is perfectly aware that the majority of the English nation regard the completion of Cherbourg as the homage he pays to the dynastic ideas of his great uncle, and the fact that our Queen will appear at the opening of the docks is a sufficient guarantee that not the shadow of an insult can be offered to us as a nation. England and France have become so intimately connected, their interests are woven so inextricably with each other, that they cannot afford to quarrel, and even if an angry word should now and then be exchanged, it should be regarded as a renewal of amity, as a species of fillip given to the warm feelings that exist between us.

In other foreign matters the Conservative government have been equally successful: the quarrel with Naples had been dragging its slow length along for months, without any satisfactory result being obtained; and the non-appearance of the fleet had long been a standing jest with the lazzaroni. But a few words uttered with seriousness of purpose, and whose effect was not spoiled by any tame jest in the House, immediately produced the required result. The imprisoned Englishmen were set free, and a just compensation awarded them, which they had ceased to hope from Lord Clarendon, for even their imprisonment appeared to that nobleman a matter of indifference. Seeing, then, that a Tory could effect in a few short weeks what a Whig minister could not accomplish in many months, we shall begin to fancy that the *Civis Britannicus* is no longer a myth on the Continent, and that Lord Malmesbury's name will become a tower of strength—a magic word by which to soothe down the irritated feelings of the insufficiently bribed gendarme. As we have not yet been able to gain the love of our continental neighbours, the next best thing will be to command their respect; and such energetic conduct as was displayed in the Naples business is the best possible way of bringing about such a consummation.

But though so resolute when they know themselves in the right, the new ministry are equally ready to offer the *amende honorable* when they

believe themselves in the wrong. So soon as the feelings of the Americans were roused by a mode of treatment which, by the way, a Whig government inaugurated, the Tories made no attempt to throw the blame on the right shoulders, or seek shelter in any evasion. They manfully acknowledged the error, and did all in their power to amend it. If we compare the settlement of this dispute with America with the one that took place during the Crimean war, we must confess that the advantage, as far as dignity, at any rate, is concerned, is very far in favour of the present administration.

Turning to home affairs, there is much matter for congratulation in the successful results of the measures that have been passed. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer displayed such a refreshing amount of political honesty in keeping to the engagements of his predecessors as to the extinction of the income-tax, that any measure he proposed would be accepted with confidence. Indeed, we ought to have been thankful that the Whigs went out so opportunely, for it was evidently their design to saddle us with the income-tax in perpetuity. Mr. Disraeli, under the impression that public promises should be fulfilled at any sacrifice, disregarded any amount of personal inconveniences, and managed, by the dint of his genius, to produce a budget satisfactory to all parties. It is very easy for publicists to draw attention to the fact that all these measures were proposed long before; that the equalisation of the spirit dues was suggested by Mr. So-and-So; the cheque stamp by another enlightened genius: but, after all, it is the old story of Columbus and the egg over again. It is generally allowed that these taxes are the most equitable that could be devised, as they do not press unfairly on any class of the community; then, why did not the Whigs, who so loudly prate about the interests of the people being their sole study, apply them long before, instead of leaving the credit to a Tory ministry?

Disappointed by the success Mr. Disraeli achieved by his budget, which would have entailed the downfal of any less able man, the Whigs sought a fresh method for undermining the government. For a long time they could not realise the fact that they were really on the wrong side of the House. They had so long sought to prove to the people that the only possible government must be looked for among those who still had a rag of the old Reform Bill to flutter as their banner, that they had ended by believing the myth themselves. In their view, the proper way of governing this country was by shuffling the names of appointments in a hat, and only allowing those favoured few to draw who belonged to the governing classes *par excellence*. It was very satisfactory for themselves and their families, but whether the best interests of the country were served by such an arrangement must be left a moot point. However, the country did not collapse, because they were out of power: matters went on as well as, perhaps better than, usual, and they must make a desperate attempt to recover their position. What could furnish them with a better opportunity than the Indian Bill—a debatable land, in which no two could honestly agree, and where men, otherwise of the same political principles, held diametrically opposed views? But there was, at any rate, one great outlet—one great culprit to be hanged. All joined in objurgation of the East India Company, and straightway they would be abolished. It was absurd to suggest that they had laid the foundation of

our great Indian Empire at a period when our government had not the resources at its command to carry out so grand a scheme, and because a company of traders did all in their power to protect their own interests, they must be abolished when they appealed to their friends for assistance during a crisis which they strenuously denied having produced. But it was of no avail: the Company were sentenced without appeal, and every theoriser was at liberty to pronounce his own crude notions as to the way in which our magnificent Indian Empire must be governed. When the fever had attained its maximum, and popular indignation had begun to vent its strength, it was suddenly discovered that we had all been under a delusion: the Indian Company was very slightly, if at all, to blame. But the *vox populi* had spoken out (no matter what selfish appeals had been made to enlist it on the side of wrong), and the Company must be abolished. Lord Palmerston undertook the affair *de bon cœur*, perhaps thinking that there might be some nice plucking of patronage, and introduced a measure full of his usual fallacies, disguised under the cloak of patriotism. With the change of ministry, Lord Ellenborough introduced his bill, and was unsuccessful, although it was a great step in advance of the Whig oligarchy. The reason why he did not succeed lay on the surface: no one man could introduce a measure satisfactory to all when so many great interests were at stake, and this Mr. Disraeli at once saw. He determined that the question should be national, and not linked to any one party; and thus he succeeded in reconciling all voices, and utterly foiling the plan of the Whigs which was so cleverly intended to overthrow him. We are glad to find that tardy justice has been done to the East India Company, and possibly, had the debate continued another year, matters would have been left on the old footing. At any rate, no bill relating to India can be final, and many modifications will have to be introduced into the present measure before it can be brought into good working order. We certainly have to congratulate Lord Stanley for having introduced into the bill a large amount of common sense, and the practical knowledge of the subject he has so unexpectedly displayed is one of the most gratifying features connected with the affair.

Such, then, are the more prominent results of the session; with matters affecting feelings rather than policy we care not to deal. The Jews have one grievance less, the church-rate abolitionists one more; but these are questions not within the scope of our present résumé. One word of thanks in passing, however, for the promised abolition of the property qualification—a step decidedly in the right direction. The law worked badly, for it could be, and was, deliberately evaded, and increased stringency would have produced no better result; and, as the qualification is not required in Scotland, and we find no bad results in consequence, we do not see why England should not be allowed the same exemption. Many men of ability will now have an opportunity of entering the House; and, after all, money is a very poor criterion of the legislature.

Had not the ministry been so hampered and pressed for time, we presume some measure would have been introduced for placing our army in a more satisfactory position. India is a constant drain, and yet recruiting has fallen off in an alarming ratio. The only chance of keeping up our army on the war footing will be by embodying the militia, for many

a man who is loth to bind himself to serve, gradually acquires a taste for military life by passing a portion of the year at drill. But even that will not prove sufficient; we must hold out other advantages to our soldiers, in increased pay and comforts. It is deplorable to see that the same routine is rampant in India as was so objurgated in the Crimea; and we hear the same sad stories about men being struck with apoplectic strokes, owing to the fearful pressure of the cumbrous leathern stock. We are fully aware that General Peel has not had time yet to arrange his multifarious duties—he has many lamentable faults to correct at home; but it should be borne in mind that, with the present increase of intelligence, stories of apparent neglect spread with great rapidity among the people, and an increased unwillingness to serve is the result. We trust, then, that so soon as General Peel can possibly spare the time, he will inquire into the stories again prevalent about the condition of our army, and if he find them true, will devote his best attention to a rectification of simple matters which yet have a considerable effect upon the popularity of our military service. The most important point, however, in our opinion, is the instantaneous embodiment of the militia, as the only certain method on which we can depend for always having a valuable body of men at our disposal.

We are very glad to find that Sir John Pakington has so speedily collected the first instalment of his promised Channel fleet. Her Majesty will proceed to Cherbourg accompanied by a splendid squadron of vessels, which will not suffer in comparison with the finest ships the French can display. As a naval nation *par excellence*, we ought always to have a fleet in our waters to represent us; not alone to guard us against any insult, but to serve as an admirable training-school for our sailors. If a Channel fleet had existed at the opening of the Russian war, we should, probably, have had a very different tale to tell about our achievements in the Baltic. We are at a loss to understand, however, why Sir Charles Freemantle should have been selected for the command. On reference to the Navy List, we find that he is a veteran of forty-five years' service, and surely he has by this time earned the comforts of home; but perhaps it is a safe rule to select sexagenarians for such important posts, for young blood is impetuous, and such a man as Keppel might lead us into difficulties.

Judging from the past, however, we have reason to feel every confidence in the present ministry, for we have learned that they intend to keep their promises. By no possibility could a better set of men be selected to fulfil the arduous duties they have undertaken, and we trust they will enjoy a long lease of power. Everything at present appears to promise it to them, and, if they go on as they have begun, no combination will be strong enough to overthrow them. Honesty of purpose is so perfectly novel in our administration, as of late years constituted, that we feel sure the people at large will appreciate the straightforward and manly course the present government are pursuing. They have promised a measure of progressive reform, and they will keep their word; and if it does not satisfy the demands of our most uncompromising Liberals, still it will be better than the promises of the late government, which were being continually deferred and cleverly evaded. Mutual

concessions will, probably, have to be made, and in that case a bill satisfactory to all parties will be the result.

One word in conclusion: the Conservative government have proved themselves as ardent reformers in a right direction as can be expected, or, indeed, desired. It has been urged against them that they are more liberal than the Liberals, and ready to carry any measures which will secure their seats; but this argument is as false as it is absurd. False, because an analysis of the measures they have passed and proposed to pass will show that these are perfectly consistent with the doctrines of Conservatism; absurd, because the members of the administration are not men who desire place for their mere emolument. They accepted office from a higher and nobler motive; they saw that the interests of their country at home and abroad were being imperilled by the reckless course of the late administration, and they thought it their duty to disregard all selfish considerations in behalf of our common welfare. Lord Derby was not treated so well in 1852 that he should desire power for itself; he has no self-interests to serve, no family to aggrandise at the expense of the nation, but he has a large stake in the country, and he feels it his bounden duty to keep that country in the right track. This will fully explain the favour which the Liberal party has shown him: they know him as the upright statesman who will fight to the death for what he regards as right, but who is willing to listen to the voice of reason; and, better still, those honest Liberals who believe that their country would be best served by an increased franchise, are willing to accept Lord Derby's government as a guarantee that their rights will not be insidiously invaded. And they, too, behave with perfect frankness; whenever they feel themselves strong enough to try the issue, they will declare hostilities in a manly fashion, and the struggle will be carried on with integrity on both sides. It is the knowledge that the Whigs are equally dangerous as friends or foes, and ready to throw their allies overboard when they can gain any advantage for themselves, which has caused the Liberal party to furnish Lord Derby their support. But no fear need be entertained of Lord Derby sacrificing one of his principles on behalf of place; and, whenever the country evinces a desire for a change, he will acquiesce at once in the wishes of the nation. As any change, however, at the present, can only be for the worse, we are disposed to believe that Lord Derby will have ample time and opportunity to carry out those measures which he honestly believes necessary and desirable for the best interests of his fatherland.

THE EARLS OF KILDARE.*

The Marquis of Kildare's brief preface to this carefully compiled account of his ancestors is as follows:

"The following notices of the FitzGeralds of Kildare, having been collected from the historical works in the libraries at Carton and Kilka, were printed for private circulation in 1857. The favourable opinions expressed by friends who have read that work have induced me to publish it."

The publication of so accurate a summary of the history of the ducal house of Leinster is not without some general interest, since the story of this very ancient and illustrious family is closely interwoven with the history of Ireland, a kingdom principally conquered by their valour, and for centuries governed by them. Moreover, the authorship of the volume, by the accomplished and worthy heir of the dukedom, renders it specially valuable. That the stirring and touching fortunes of the Leinster Geraldines have found an historian in a member of the family, the natural, and therefore the best illustrator of those whose blood animates him, is a circumstance we hail on its own account, and as an exemplar and forerunner of similar labours by similarly interested hands. We may mention that the late Marquis of Ormonde, whose chief pleasure lay in the gratification of his refined literary tastes, was engaged before the time of his death in selecting materials for a history of his house, which does not yield in fame to this now so duly celebrated. "Genus et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsæ, vix ea nostra voco," quoth the Roman poet. Yet assuredly our *proavi* seem to be our own, and we should feel very grateful to them if they had bequeathed us a fine estate and an ancient coronet. Certainly such hereditary considerations would induce us to dwell with pleasure on their memory; and, since delight in the subject is the real stimulus of all excellence in writing, the labour would be so much one of love, that we should expect to endow our composition with a hearty grace, beyond the reach of mere literary art. One of the most diligent and talented elucidators of the domestic life of English royal and noble families, Sir Harris Nicolas, observes in his edition of the Scrope and Grosvenor roll, that "if the literature of this country be compared with that of France and Italy, it will be found extremely defective in memoirs of eminent families." Scotland, poorer in purse, but rich in clan feeling, has produced excellent works of this kind, from the days of Hume of Godscroft's quaint "History of the Douglases" to Lord Lindsay's delightful "Lives of the Lindsays." Ireland, on the other hand, has proved *fainéante* in recording her races by the instrumentality of printer's ink. Excepting the folio "Memoirs of the Marquis of Clanricarde," and Carte's voluminous "Life of the First Duke of Ormonde," we cannot quote any works of the class in question; and these are biographies rather than family memorials. But it may now follow that the Ormondes, Nugents, Talbots, O'Briens, De Burghs, &c., will show themselves not

* The Earls of Kildare and their Ancestors, from 1057 to 1773. By the Marquis of Kildare. Third edition. Dublin: Hodges and Smith. 1858.

less mindful of their past than many representatives of distinguished houses in the sister kingdoms have, by publications of the latter character, proved themselves to be. With Scottishmen, their inborn zeal in the matter received a strong impulse from Abbotsford, where the rough ore extracted from mines of this nature was elaborated into brilliant and imperishable forms. Indeed, the motives for such labours do not need either explanation or recommendation; but the circumstance that new veins in the old field of Ireland are worthy of labourers is not so generally well known. 'Faith, the only fault we incline to find with the book before us is, that it is somewhat meagre, considering the quantity of unextracted archaic metal, and the numerousness of the nuggets of historic curiosity and value, which we know may be found lying on the surface of Irish archæologic diggings. Perhaps, however, the very mass of material deterred our young and noble author from turning it over; and he may also have been undesirous of increasing the bulk of his already goodly volume, which originally was merely meant for presentation.

Nobility of descent has been defined to arise from ancient possession of riches. But this narrow definition leaves out of view all but the mere fact of a long descent, sustained in wealth, to the ignoring of the high nobility conferred by a succession of forefathers illustrious in the history of their country, whose memory creates a sentiment sufficiently strong to serve their descendants with honourably cogent motives. "Stemmata quid faciunt?" was the sneer of another Roman satirist, answered by a pithy sentence from our great dramatist, "The grace of ancestry chalks successors their way." Mere possession of wealth from so far back as the age of Edward the Confessor but slenderly enhances the claims of the Geraldines to fame, since theirs has been no ordinary fortune, during a thousand years, from the day when the Confessor planted their baronial root in English soil. After that day, their great tree flung its lustiest branch over Ireland, a kingdom chiefly gained, as we have said, by their enterprise and bravery; and if lighter memorials may be sought for the Leinster line than that they were for centuries governors and preservers of that kingdom, we may trace them, at the head of their forces, following the Plantagenet monarchs to the wars in Scotland, standing beside them in the trenches of Calais, and battling in England in support of the White Rose. Their own country was, however, naturally the principal scene of their valour and patriotism, the country of their birth and their homes, and loved by them with the full fervency of their spirit. Their characteristics are well painted in the fine verses of a late national poet, in an ode specially addressed to them. Let us take but a single stanza:

Ye Geraldines! ye Geraldines! how royally ye reigned
O'er Desmond broad and rich Kildare, and English arts disdained;
Your swords made knights, your banners waved, free was your bugle call,
By Glyn's green slopes, and Dingle's tide, from Barrow's banks to Youghal.
What gorgeous shrines, what brehon lore, what minstrel feasts there were
In and around Maynooth's strong keep and palace-filled Adare!
But not for rite or feast ye stayed, when friend or kin were pressed;
And foemen fled when "Crom aboo" bespoke your lance in rest.

Old hereditary feuds, exasperated by religious dissensions, did indeed suddenly precipitate them into rebellion, in an attempt to crush the Reformation at its birth in Ireland; and then confiscation temporarily over-

whelmed them. But they rose again, purified, as it were, by adversity, and commenced a safer and more serviceable career; and so added to their riches and dignity as to place their representative at the head of the peerage of their country. Such ancient and accumulated honours well warrant due family pride, which, indeed, is one of the most ennobling incentives to action and improvement.

High blood, generally outwardly evident in men and women, sometimes tells in their characteristics, which are, at the least, interesting to trace through a long and distinguished line, whether its uncommon energy was for good or for evil. We are by no means inclined to lay much stress upon all high birth, since some blood may be ignoble though ancient as the Flood, if it stagnates in the veins of sots and cowards. No one will deny the merits of breed when the struggle is for the winning-post on the Curragh of Kildare, all men preferring to back breeding when choosing a favourite. But, among mankind, the race is not always, so far as we can judge, for the best-born, nor is the distinction between the runners, the ruck of the gentle-born, so marked as to entitle any to claim a pre-eminence as owing to their mere extraction. The ranks of our nobility and gentry are happily blended, without any of the offensive assumption which exists among some of the *noblesse* of the Continent, who arrogate a superiority on the special score of pedigree, but are frequently excelled in what is of real value by men of the class they superficially and superciliously treat as inferior. Those counts and barons of France and Germany are also unable to understand the position of our commoners, men of old and wealthy families, but who, thinking that our peerage houses are the exclusively "noble" families, find themselves classed, when abroad, upon saying that they are not noble, among *bourgeois* and *roturiers*, whereas they are quite on a par with the ordinary *noblesse*, according to Lord Coke, an adequate authority, who lays the law on this point down thus: "Nobiles sunt qui arma gentilicia antecessorum suorum proferre possunt."

There is more than meets the eye in the first paragraph of the work under review, setting forth that the Florentine Gherardini were the progenitors of the Geraldines, since the statement, besides being fairly warranted, is a guide towards curiously tracing ethnologic character from generation to generation, and more than mere imagination sanctions our idea that the warm Italian origin of this impulsive Irish race is discernible in their history. "Dominus Otho," one of the Confessor's barons, and ancestor of the English Gerards, as well as of the family in question, is conjectured, with much probability, to have been one of the continental favourites of that Romanised favourer of foreigners, whose growing fortune excited the jealousy of the native Anglo-Saxon nobility. There seems verily to have been a lively dash of southern blood in the hearts of the *Giraldidæ* celebrated by Giraldus Cambrensis, their contemporary and kinsman, who ascribes the conquest of Ireland to their intrepidity and policy. And if, as is supposed, this Lord Otho was son of Gherardo, ancestor of the present marchesi of the name in Tuscany, the heat of his Italian extraction frequently displayed itself in his descendants—a haughty and passionate race—and showed itself unmistakably in the historically celebrated "Silken Thomas," and in the equally rash

and hapless Lord Edward FitzGerald. The silken rebel, an effeminate and fiery young noble, evinced much of the disposition that marked the lawless barons of the Romagna. He obtained his sobriquet from the sumptuous braveries of his train of horsemen, and when he broke, *at the dawn of the Reformation*, into revolt, the manner in which he, though viceroy, cast away the sword of state and drew his own, slaying his aged enemy, Archbishop Allen, and then heading an insurrection that poured like a stream of lava over the country, argues a nature like that of the fierce princes of climes where rebellion was the public weapon of vengeance, and the poniard the private one. In his time an hereditary feud raged between Geraldine and Butler, the details of which almost equal the ferocities of *vendetta* revenges. Further inquiry might well be made in verification of the tradition alluded to in one of Surrey's stanzas to the Fair Geraldine, that her family came from Tuscany, and that Florence was their ancient seat.

One of the really curious letters in the volume before us is the epistle of 1507, from the eighth Kildare, K.G., and Viceroy of Ireland, to "the family of Gherardini, noble in fame and virtue, our beloved brethren in Florence." Its writer evinces a full measure of his national free-handedness in the concluding paragraph: "If there is anything," writes the generous chief of his mighty name, "that we can procure for you through our labour and industry, or anything that you have not got, such as hawks, falcons, horses, or dogs for the chase, I beg you will inform me of it, as I shall, in every possible way, endeavour to obey your wishes."

This was by no means the first, nor last, nor a barren interchange of civilities between these two branches from one stem, which, according to the preface of an old Italian edition of Dante's Divine Comedy, retained the same armorial bearings;—excepting the Kildare crest and supporters, queer animals, whose adoption as heraldic emblems shall be presently accounted for. During the long exile of the heir of the ninth and attainted peer, this youth, as titular "Signore Gherardo, Conte di Childaria," was joyfully received and supported for many years in Italy, receiving considerable pensions, as the *Roman Catholic Pretender* to more than the mere feudal earldom he was afterwards restored to. He remained at the court of Florence for three years, as master of the horse to Cosmo de Medici. The following adventure, which happened to him at that time, is related by the chronicler Stanihurst, who lived in 1575 as tutor in Maynooth Castle, and to whom he, then become earl, had evidently related it. Having travelled to Rome "a-shroving," *i. e.* to shrive, or confess, and, indeed, with another purpose, viz. "to be merry," this young master of the horse to the Duke of Florence was one day hunting with the nephew of the Pope, Cardinal Farnese, when, in the eagerness of pursuing a buck, he became separated from the other huntsmen, and, being unacquainted with "the country," fell into a deep pit; his horse was killed by the fall, but, grasping some roots at the side of the pit, he clung for some time to them, and, when he could hold no longer, slid down upon the body of his horse, and stood upon it for three hours, over his ankles in water. Fortunately for him, his favourite Irish dog, called a "grifhound," missed his master, followed his track, and stood at the edge of the pit, howling. The cardinal and his train, having,

meanwhile, sought for him in vain, were at length guided to the pit by the howls of the dog; and, having procured ropes in a neighbouring village, they succeeded in rescuing him. After the death of the relentless Henry VIII., the disinherited youth ventured to London in the retinue of a foreign ambassador. At a masque given by Edward VI. he had the good fortune to meet and captivate Miss Mabel Browne, daughter of Sir Anthony Browne, who was the king's master of the horse, and also the recipient, though a widower, of the affections Surrey could not evoke from the fair Geraldine, *née* Lady Elizabeth FitzGerald, sister of the returned exile, and now, as wife of Sir Anthony, step-mother to the young court lady. Our disinherited hero was considered one of the handsomest men of his time, having, perhaps, been a masculine edition of his beautiful sister. Such an account of him forms, at the least, an excuse for the sudden, Juliet-like passion into which Miss Mabel fell for this Italian-Irish Romeo; but the truth is, that Lady Betty Browne was plainly as much a match-maker and *intrigante* as any dowager most determined in these directions now inhabiting Belgravia, for the effect of the marriage she managed between her brother and step-daughter was, that the king restored the bridegroom some of the family estates; whereupon first fruits of the recovered patrimony were speedily sent as presents to Florence, in the shape of some of the noble breed of greyhounds, one of which had saved his master's life.

From our author's brief account of the lady called from her beauty "the Fair Geraldine," we extract the following: "She was born in Ireland about the year 1528, and was still an infant when she was taken to England. She was educated at Hunsdon, the seat of the Lady (afterwards queen) Mary, and, about 1542, was appointed one of her maids of honour. About the time she was thirteen she was seen by Henry, Earl of Surrey, who appears to have been struck with her beauty, and wrote the following sonnet on her:

DESCRIPTION AND PRAISE OF GERALDINE.

From Tuscane came my lady's worthy race;
 Fair Florence was sometime her ancient seat.
The western isle, whose pleasant shore doth face
 Wild Camber's cliffs, did give her lively heat.
Fostered she was with milk of Irish breast;
 Her sire an earl; her dame of princes' blood.
From tender years in Britain doth she rest,
 With Kinge's child; where she tasteth costly food.
Hunsdon did first present her to mine eyen;
 Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight.
Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine,
 And Windsor, alas! doth chase me from her sight.
Her beauty is of kind; her virtues from above;
Happy is he that can attain her love.

It is said that Lord Surrey, at a tournament at Florence, defied all the world to produce such beauty as hers, and was victorious. He is also said to have visited, at that time, Cornelius Agrippa, the celebrated alchemist, who revealed to him in a magic mirror the form of the fair Geraldine lying on a couch, reading one of his sonnets by the light of a taper. This incident has been introduced by Sir Walter Scott in his "Lay

of the Last Minstrel"—an episode familiar to our readers, yet admitting us to quote a single and beautiful stanza:

> Fair was the pageant—but how passing fair
> The slender form, which lay on couch of Ind!
> O'er her white bosom stray'd her hazel hair,
> Pale her dear cheek, as if for love she pined;
> All in her night-robe loose she lay reclined,
> And, pensive, read from tablet eburnine
> Some strain that seem'd her inmost soul to find:
> That favour'd strain was Surrey's raptured line,
> That fair and lovely form, the Lady Geraldine!

A curious manuscript tome, yclept "The Rental Boke of the Erles of Kildare," a register of rents and family memoranda, commenced in the year 1518, being indicated in the work before us as to be seen among the Harleian collection, we have lately examined its contents, and are fain to aver that they open novel and vivid notions of the strange semi-barbaric, semi-civilised state of the Norman-Celtic nobles of mediæval Erin. Whenever the searching author of the recent erudite "History of Civilization in England" shall condescend to extend his inquiry to the sister island, that volume will supply him with rare materials. Naturally covetous, and artificially fond of old gold and silver articles, we absolutely gloated over the inventory of the earl's "gilt and white plate." The temptation of making the reader's mouth water too is irresistible, so we seat him at a Barmecide banquet-table, covered in imagination with "trenchors, both flat and high, a salt, or seller, with a ladie holding it, gobletts, standing cupps, and a spone with a lyon on the end," from the buffet of Maynooth Castle. Our *convive* must set an ideal dagger for a carving-knife before him, and cannot be handed a single fork. 'Sooth, beside the spoon laid for him, there are but thirteen of these implements on the cupboard, and one of them is "a foldyng spone" for the pocket. Now we offer him "a lyon to drynke in, of silver," and "a litle pott to drynke ale, gilt." But he certainly shall not have "my lady's drynking cup." Pardi! what would we not give to have been pledged by the owner of this pretty vessel, the lady Elizabeth Grey, Countess of Kildare; or, better again, by her beautiful daughter, the Fair Geraldine? Verily, to have sat near this young and lovely Irishwoman in the flesh, and to have seen her raise a tankard to lips that her lover, the sentimental Surrey, was lucklessly doomed not to——hear a sweet response from, would have proved more inspiriting than a draught from her father's "small silver cup for aqua vitæ." Water of life, indeed! why, the sight of even the miniature effigy of the "bright object of Surrey's vow," as it now hangs on the wall of a cabinet in Woburn Abbey, is far more animating than a flagon-full of Falstaff's best sherry, and must be ranked with Colonel Calicot's admiration of a modern Irish beauty, as "on de top of all *ponche* in de vorld." Angels and ministers of Grace defend us! We do but either dream, or see, as in a wizard's glass, the form of the fair one, not as revealed to her lover in the magic mirror at Florence, but as feasting in the royal hall of Windsor. Away with the vision, by one blast on the hunting-horn of her fathers! Let us handle this "great red horn, bownd and gilt," and become a mere antiquary again. Was this noble instrument a *trompe de chasse*, a charter horn, sometimes loudly wound on the death of a stag in one of the royal forests, to proclaim to

the king's prickers that its bearer had taken a buck, as he, a king's peer, was entitled to do whilst riding to or from the court? Or was it a drinking vessel, of unusual capacity? No man can tell; nor can one clutch it, and holding it out, shout, in the jovial words of the old ballad,

> Fill the gold-rimm'd horn with speed!
> We must drink, it is decreed.
> Badge of honour, badge of mirth,
> That calls the soul of music forth!

It is evident, by this list of plate, that the Earl of Kildare had no forks. Strange, that though gorgeous goblets and gilt trenchers graced the board, fingers were used to separate and convey food into the mouths of the guests, however exalted and exquisite; so that we can well understand why "a silver basin, with a high ewer," was a needful article, and often made the round of the table, together with some profusely provided "napery." How a young lord, of the infant silver fork school, and perfumed, as Hotspur says, like a milliner, must have chafed when invited to a house of the old cut-finger habit of feeding; and, taking the practice of using thumb and fingers in snuff, have plied his pouncet-box, an odorifuge we find included among Lord Kildare's utensils, supported by "a gilt case for fumigation."

Two of the items catalogued in the long list of *argenterie* remind us of as many legends of this family, which are duly remembered by the marquis. There is a tradition, that at the end of every seven years the Earl of Kildare may be seen riding across the Curragh on a white horse, and holding a cup in his hand; and that when he shall appear without the cup, his race will become extinct. *Absit omen!* May the phantom lord never come so unprovided! Truly, his living representative in 1518 had no lack of goblets, and may either have taken special pride in his "great standyng cup, with white roses," emblematic of the affection of his forefathers to the House of York, or have been famous for bestowing, according to good Gäelic custom, wine-cups, vessels and all, on his bards, those convivial, antique dispensers of fame.

Now for the second item, and its corresponding tradition. An old family, like an old manor-house, always has its ghost story, its scarcely credible legends, and its mythical personages. In this tradition, the myth is not spectral, but of a certain monkey, and traces the origin of the Geraldine crest, an ape, thus. John, the first earl, when an infant, was in Woodstock Castle when an alarm of fire was raised, and was forgotten in the confusion that ensued. When the servants returned to search for the child, the room in which he had lain was found to be a smoking ruin. Soon afterwards, an ape, a rare animal in those days, sometimes kept in castles for the same use that fools were, and which was usually chained, was seen, having burst away, on the summit of one of the towers, holding the infant in his arms. The earl subsequently, in gratitude for his wonderful preservation, adopted effigies of the animal as his crest and supporters, and his descendants, in memory of the singular incident, took the motto of "Non immemor beneficii." This curious and laughter-provoking cognisance became now and then a butt for jests. Henry VII., in covert allusion, perhaps, to the ambition of a Kildare, who, though he had caused the impostor Simnel to be crowned in Dublin, may have been suspected of aiming at the

throne of the Emerald Isle, declared to the Irish peers, on their coming to court, to excuse themselves for their share in the coronation of a serving-boy, that he "believed" (couching his royal reproof in merry phrase) "that they would crown apes at last."

Another jest of the sort, deriding this armorial bearing, formed, perhaps, not the least sore one of the causes of irritation that spurred and galled the haughty "Silken Thomas" into rebellion. It seems that soon after his appointment, in 1534, as viceroy, he gave a banquet to the officers of state, some of whom were ill-concealed enemies of his house. The conversation turned upon heraldry, a subject started, no doubt, by the display on the board of a piece of plate which figures conspicuously in his father's inventory, viz. "A stone cuppe, of Turkey making, garnished with silver, and with a cover, *having a marmoset on the top.*" One of the false friends at table, looking, it is likely, at this simiacal animal in silver, ironically observed to the young viceroy, "My lord, your house giveth the marmoset, whose habit it is to eat his own tail." This taunt would seem to be without the sharp sting it then bore unless we explain it. The giber alluded to the fable that the little monkey of this genus feeds on its tail, and, moreover, to the custom under which Anglo-Irish lords were used to live upon their tenantry, by taking rent in "coshery," that is, as *cios-ri*, or rent from the king, which was received by chieftains from clansmen by visiting them at their houses and consuming it in kind on the spot—a practice so much abused that the tenantry were said to be sometimes ate out of house and home. To that witty sarcasm, conveying bitter reproach against the national mode, his lordship replied to his English joker, that he "had, indeed, been fed by his tail, and should take care that his tail did not eat him"—a rejoinder levelled at the profusion of English noblemen, who were sometimes ruined by the number of their servants and retainers. At this period, indeed, there was this contrast between the manner in which *les biens furent mangés* in the two countries: in one of them, the landlord exhausting his tenants, in the other, the retinue eating up their master. This pleasantry is not the last on record directed at the funny cognisance, since it is declared that Dean Swift, having quarrelled with the Earl of Kildare of his day, introduced the humorous incident of Gulliver being carried off by the Brobdignag ape into the "Travels" of that popular voyager, for the express purpose of annoying his lordship.

Glancing again over the inventory of "Jewells," telling of "a great chain of gold with friars' knotts," and of carcanets brilliant with "rose dyamonds," we come upon "a glass to loke in, garnyshed with silver, and gilt, weying x unces." Here, in good sooth, was a real mirror, in which the living and budding charms of the beauteous object just faded from sight were, no doubt, often reflected more faithfully than in the magical one. Let us turn in discontented mood from the toilette to the armoury, and thence pass on to the stable. Habergeons, or surcoats of chain-mail, must have hung in the "harness," *i.e.* armour-room, as plentifully as paletots in Messrs. Nicol's repository in Regent-street; and basinets, or basket-work helmets, cased with iron bars, seem to have been the male head-gear most in vogue among pugnacious Irishmen in the year 1519, notwithstanding the recent introduction of villanous saltpetre and its compounded means for making defensive armour worse than

useless. A gallant show the earl's stables must have presented in winter when the stalls were full. On one occasion he lost nearly five hundred mares and colts by a single raid run upon him by his hereditary enemy Ormond. The number of his whole stud may be somewhat estimated from that of their grooms, which exceeded two hundred. Besides the gifts of armour he was in the politic habit of bestowing on military mercenaries, "the King of Kildare" (as the earl was covertly called) used to give "chief horses," or chargers, to chieftains and young cavaliers; and also, as is specifically chronicled, to various foreign lords who visited him. To these latter he usually presented hackneys of the native breed, which was afterwards prized for its hunters by Queen Elizabeth. The Dukes of Norfolk and Richmond, Secretary Cromwell, and "ye Byshop of London," were frequent recipients of these nags. Other less notable personages were mounted by him, such as "the erle of Litill Egipt," an apocryphal potentate, a little Grand Turk; "O'Doyle, doctor of phisik;" "Nazares, the Frensheman;" "my ladies Eleanor, Margaret, and Joan;" and besides these lady members of his domestic circle, many chieftains' and other men's "wiffs"—good equestrians and fair dames, no doubt.

Probably few of the contemporary English and Scottish nobility possessed a library superior to this earl's, which was catalogued on the 15th of February, 1526. His accomplished descendant, the present marquis, gives the list of these "extremely rare" books, as bibliomaniacs would style them; and we should rejoice if his lordship could enter into possession of the ancient "lyberary" and all the vast estate of his noble-hearted and free-handed ancestor, since he would make a right good use of both. The few works on divinity prove either that the collection was not altogether due to the chaplain of Maynooth Castle, or that they were then almost as proscribed as they now are in Maynooth College. There were "The King of Englande his Ansre to Luther;" and "Sir Thomas More is Booke agaynes newe Opinions that hold agaynes Pilgrimages." The number of works in the French language was large, including "Les Triomphis de Petrarke," "Le Geardyn de Plesance," and "Ung Liber de Farsis." Those in the Erse tongue, and in a state, of course, of manuscript, were fewer, but very quaint in their titles, such as "The Speech of Oyncheaghis," whose discourse could not have been edifying, since they were the country *ετaιγaι*, a nomad class graphically described by the poet Spenser. There was "The Leeching of Khene is Legg," but who the patient was the cure of whose leg had become the basis of a tale, whether he is the progenitor of Edmund Kean, and was a martyr to the gout, must remain unsolved questions. Among the books in our tongue was "Bocaas' Fall of Princes," a translation of Boccacio's examples of the perils of greatness, to which a supplemental chapter might be added, relating the fall of the Geraldines, with a moral, pointing to the ambition and riches of Kildare the Ninth, evidenced in his "Boke," and showing how all his real property, to use the correct term, was confiscated, and that the chattels he caused to be so exactly catalogued were plundered and dispersed.

The old English feudal nobility seem to have fallen short of the French polish of their peers on the Continent, retaining, happily for themselves, more fondness for country life, and with it a blunt honesty of deportment. Even the loftiest Anglo-Irish lords were tinged by associating with their

merciless galloglasses and crafty, rug-headed kernes, whose manners, as well as swords and battle-axes, were admitted into the castles they defended. The eighth *Iarl Garrett*, "the Great Earl," as the Gäel called him, who is declared to have been "a mightie man of stature, and full of honor and corage," half of whose years were passed as viceroy, and who received the high distinction of the Garter, is described by a plain-spoken contemporary chronicler, Lord Howth, as a man "rudely brought up according to the usage of his country." In fact, he was altogether a rough diamond and customer. Though he held the sword of state during thirty-three years, he seems to have acquired little of court graces. Indeed, his life resembled that of a rude Border Warden rather than of a lord-lieutenant of the present day, one of whose duties consists in saluting the *débutantes* presented to him, and the other in entertaining them with court balls. Iarl Garrett was very differently occupied, constantly riding about the country, attended by a few horsemen, hunting out cattle-stealers, taking, perhaps, as much delight in chasing a robber as some men do in pursuing a fox. When game of that sort was not on foot, he occupied himself in superintending the erection and repair of fortalices throughout the marches, and in directing the opening of passes through the forests that skirted the English Pale. Necessarily and nationally, his manners were as rough as his mode of life. The anecdotes of the jocular freedoms that passed between his excellency and his troopers are such as might have been told of the merest wild chieftain who lived on terms of fraternity and equality with his clansmen. When cited by Henry VII. before the council, he treated his sovereign with the same frank familiarity he was wont to show his men. On this occasion, one of the accusations against him was his having burnt the cathedral of Cashel in consequence of a feud with the archbishop, and many witnesses were ready to prove the fact: but, contrary to their expectation, he not only avowed it, but swore, "By my troth, I would not have burnt it, but that I thought the bishop was in it." The prelate that had escaped this hot vengeance being present, the king laughed heartily, and was so favourably impressed with the candour of his viceroy, that on another of the earl's accusers exclaiming, "All Ireland cannot rule this man!" he at once rejoined, "Then he shall rule all Ireland;" and, pleased with his own jest, which crowned the jocularity by which the shrewd Irish lord had diverted the council from seriously entertaining the charges against him, sent him home to rule the land again. Yet with this craftiness, Iarl Garrett had much simplicity of character, evident in his warm temper, easily appeased and converted into genial humour, and in his reckless daring in battle, and his thoughtless contempt of power higher than his own, all which were the attributes of a Gäelic king, insubmissive to superiors, but readily stooping to equal terms with his clansmen, whose traits and his were such as are admirably epitomised as those of the Irish military of our own day:

> ——Tameless, frank, and free,
> In kindness warm, and fierce in danger known,
> Rough Nature's children, humorous as she.

A lively picture of the life of a bordering Anglo-Irish lord is given by Stanihurst, who was once a retainer in Maynooth Castle, in the retort he

ascribes to Kildare the Ninth, when Wolsey, before the council, taunted him as being "King of Kildare." "As for any kingdom," was the reply, "my lord cardinal, I would you and I exchanged kingdoms for a single month. I sleep in a cabin, when you lie soft on a bed of down; and I serve under the cope of heaven, when you are served under a canopy. I drink water out of my iron skull-cap, when you drink wine out of golden cups. My courser is trained to the battle-field, when your jennet is taught to amble. When you are begraced, and crouched, and knelt unto, I find small grace from our Irish borderers unless I cut them short by the knee." The chronicler continues: "The cardinal, perceiving that Kildare was no babe, rose in a fume from the council-table, and committed the earl to the Tower."

Such stormy scenes, when Kildare defended himself from his foes, were often lit up with flashes of Irish wit. Robert Cowley, progenitor of the Duke of Wellington, and one of the earl's principal accusers, once pretending to weep at the continued incarceration he was instrumental in bringing on the earl, Kildare exclaimed, "He is like a plover-taker setting his snares and then looking for his prey. The wind makes his eyes water, but whatever plovers he taketh, he nippeth their brains out with his thumb, notwithstanding his tears of contemplation." This simile was so true, that "a plover-taker" became a cant term for a traitor-trapper.

This earl married, for his second wife, a daughter of Grey, Marquis of Dorset, an alliance that brought him in close relationship to Henry VIII., a monarch who, however, set little upon ties, whether formed by or through matrimony. Kildare inherited his father's boldness of speech, and more, his determination to retain the rule of all Ireland—a determination as clearly visible in various means recorded in his "Rentall Boke" as in the printed state correspondence of his time. He was even more ambitious than his father, whom he far surpassed in polish of speech and manner; and, as a devout professor of the old religion, was so vehement an opposer of the Reformation that his opposition caused the temporary fall of his ancient house. If the treasonable evidence on which he was condemned was not fabricated, he was far from content to be either mere King of Kildare or to hold the viceroyalty as an heritage. Of his overweening power there are many curious details, one of which suffices to give an idea of the awe in which he was held throughout the length and breadth of the land he was accused of aspiring to hold as king: "If Kildare," said his accuser (Cowley), "loses but a cow or a horse of his own, two hundred men can rescue the prey from even the uttermost edge of Ireland!" In fact, it was no trifle to take a prey, however small, from such a potentate. Ten times that number of troops could not have recovered it from the grasp of an O'Neill or O'Connor had the banner they marched under been other than Kildare's, or their slogan other than "Crom-aboo!" The fiercest and most ferocious O'Flaherty of Connemara did not dare protect a thief who had failed to respect the property of *M'Garrett-More;* and refreshments were everywhere placed so abundantly before the little band sent out in search of a lost horse or so, that their mission cost nothing to their master, and proved a pleasurable excursion rather than a service of danger to them.

As to that magical motto, or war-cry, "Crom-aboo!" it was a slogan derived from a strong castle of the Geraldine clan, the name of which,

anciently, when their lord-chief resided there, was the trysting call announcing the place of assemblage for defensive or offensive war. The adjunct *aboo*, common to all Erse slogans, seems to have been a mere shout, as in "bug-aboo!" So dangerous to the peace of Ireland—ever a country full of factions—had this family cry proved, that its use was rendered illegal by a special statute passed after the attempts of Warbeck and Simnel, those walking spirits of the House of York, were laid, or defeated. Despite the act of parliament, these earls still retained their call of power; inscribing it even on the furniture of their houses, such as on the stone table, made in 1533, now in the Duke of Leinster's hall, and on encaustic tiles, with which they paved their favourite monasteries, such as those of Bective Abbey, ornamented with the earl's arms, and the initials "G," for himself, and "E" for his wife, Lady Elizabeth Grey, and with, also, this reverential but very determined motto, "Si Dieu plet, crom abo."

There was less treason in this than in the fact that some of the coinage issued during the reigns of Edward IV. and Henry VII. contained on either side of the royal arms a smaller shield, bearing the arms of the Earl of Kildare, then lord-deputy.

The popular impression was that the whole Geraldine family (the earl, his five brothers, and his eldest son, having all suffered) were done to death by the sinister practices of Cardinal Wolsey. Even in London the story of the ruined Irish house commanded such interest as to be introduced and acted upon the stage in "The Tragedy of the Life and Death of Wolsey." The immortal dramatist of the age writes of

> ——Kildare's attainder;
> Then deputy of Ireland; who, removed,
> Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
> Lest he should help his father.
> That trick of state
> Was a deep, envious one.

Our young author seems not to have met with a little ancestral anecdote we have lit upon in the course of our reading, and which is so characteristic of the times when "the prentice boys" of London encountered youthful sprigs of nobility and the Master Shallows of good Queen Bess's days and nights, in their nocturnal rambles, that we offer it for insertion in a fourth edition of the noble marquis's work. A gossiping letter-writer of 1584 tells a correspondent, on the 18th of June of that year, what would now be reported, of any similar occurrence, in the columns of the morning papers, under the head of "Police Intelligence:"

"On Sondaie, at night, my Lord Fitzgerald, with a number of gentilmen with hym, at Moore-gate, met a tall young fellow, being a prentice, and strook him upon the face with his hatt. Whereupon my lord and his companie were glad to take a house, and did scarcelie escape without great danger. The sheriff came, and fetched him to his house, where he lodged; and imprisoned one Cotton, that procured my lord to misuse the prentice."*

The same night another prentice was put in the cage in Aldersgate-street, upon which the place of incarceration was destroyed by a mob of

* Wright's Elizabeth, II. 229.

flat-capped friends. These were the times when the Robert Shallows used to skirmish with the watch, with "Hem boys!" as their word of recognition in the night, which they closed by sleeping out in the fields around the old rural church of St. George.

The youthful Irishman, who led a milder street row than Lord Barrymore and other of his compatriots subsequently were notorious for, was then but two-and-twenty; he became the twelfth Kildare, and was afterwards known in his native country as "Henry of the Battle-Axes," weapons more formidable than the one he used against the "Jen Vin" of the prentices who so bravely drove him and his rufflers out of the street.

Some of the young bloods of this Geraldine breed seem, indeed, to have been the sort of colts that break halter. The reader may, perhaps, complain that we have not fulfilled any promise of showing how high birth heralds high deeds. If he will turn to the volume we have now reviewed, he will find much to admire, though somewhat to the contrary, since it is well known that history, and all its materials, treat more of ill than of good actions. Nor could it be otherwise, since vices come much more under observation than virtues. The energetic wife of *Bassanio* declares,

> How far that little candle throws its beams!
> So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Yet the illumination went not very far, and was soon out, leaving not a single flicker. It is a truism that the good done by men is often interred with their bones, while the evil lives after them in records of the strongest, and, therefore, the marked effects of human passions. Let us cull, however, from Lord Kildare's book a few good notices anent his quieter and worthiest progenitors. The nineteenth earl, whom the irascible and insolent Dean of St. Patrick's offended, is said "to have been one of the most pious gentlemen of the age, but extremely formal and delicate, insomuch, that when he was married to Lady Mary O'Brien, one of the most shining beauties then in the world, he would not take off his wedding gloves to embrace her." A contemporary versifier has, in these indifferent couplets, celebrated the earl's bounty:

> Instead of duns to crowd his door,
> It is surrounded by the poor.
> My lord takes care to see them serv'd,
> And saves some thousands from being starv'd.
> Nor does he think himself too great,
> Each morning on the poor to wait;
> And, though his charity ne'er ceases,
> His fortune every day increases;
> Has many thousands at command,
> A large estate and lib'ral hand.

Let us quote some more verses from this rude attempt to draw an uncommon portraiture, but one that is difficult to delineate:

> Kildare's a precedent for lords
> To keep their honour and their words;
> Since all of them to him give place,
> His fair example let them trace,
> Whose virtues claim precedence here.

His morals make him still more great,
And to his titles and estate
Add such a lustre to a grace
As suits his ancient noble race.

His son, the first duke, raised to a dukedom principally on account of his eminent character, was truly excellent, publicly and privately. Like his ancestor, who expired a prisoner in the Tower of London, and who was, as his very enemies allowed, "the greatest improver of his lands in this land," the duke gave an example on the most useful point of progress that could have been shown in Ireland, by introducing the English system of estate management, and expending large sums in building farm-houses, and in consolidating farms. Altogether, the marquis's volume is an unpretending but admirable memorial of his time-honoured race. We have already descanted on the use of such labours, which became apparent and popular after the great luminary of Abbotsford shed his bright light on the domestic annals of his country, in beams so brilliant that we view interiors of Scottish life, whether high or humble, almost as well as we could by means of some retrospective stereoscope, and regard the scenes of home-life so exhibited with interest and even affection.

A MONTH IN THE SOUTH OF SPAIN.

HAD Macbeth been able to put his celebrated question,

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?

to Dr. Latham or Sir James Clarke, the answer would have been a prescription, not from the Pharmacopœia, but from "Murray" and "Bradshaw." Whether the symptoms appeared to point to a professional failure, a speculative misfortune, or a disappointment in love, it is equally certain that change of scene would have been the treatment recommended: in what direction and to what extent would have been specified by the usual cabalistic signs employed by the "Railway Guide," and regulated by the time of year and magnitude of the disorder. "Cœlum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt," is a very good proverb, but, like all proverbs, it may be pressed too far. Many, no doubt, carry their sorrows abroad with them, and, worse still, bring them back again; but then they bring back also a stronger and healthier frame, and if they have not managed to get rid of their burdens, at least they have learnt to bear them more cheerfully. And though, perhaps, too little attention is paid to the beauties of one's own country, yet there are at times advantages in a more complete absence for which no convenience can compensate. The loss of comforts we have long been accustomed to, as well as the enjoyment of luxuries we knew not of, all tend to restore the equilibrium of the spirits, by diluting our main grievance with the petty

inconveniences and minor gratifications of an active life. Add to this that an Englishman, as soon as he sets his foot abroad, has the happy knack of comparing everything which he finds there with something he has left behind, and as these comparisons invariably terminate to the detriment of the foreign article, a certain stock of national pride becomes soon accumulated, and the grief of the individual becomes—for a time, at least—merged in the self-complacency of the citizen.

Now, there is no country in which travellers may combine more of these advantages than in Spain. Rising early in order not to be obliged to travel during the noonday heat, he mounts his horse while the sun is just peeping over the mountain tops, and the night air is still blowing keenly through the valleys. With the exception of the usual hour allotted for breakfast, and the noonday siesta, he passes some ten hours consecutively in the saddle, in a country alternately exhibiting the wildest desolation and the most luxuriant fertility, where the name of almost every village is suggestive of British heroism and success. True it may be that

Post equitem sedet atra cura,

but, at all events, she is not eternally before his eyes. In countries of greater wealth and more internal resources—in countries more intimately connected, both politically and geographically, with the high road of European commerce, the Englishman will obtain more of the luxuries he has been accustomed to, but less of those which are the special productions of the land he is visiting. In the Spanish peninsula, however, the absence of foreign supplies, which the want of internal communication and the poverty of the inhabitants entails, is amply compensated by the fertility of the soil, and the traveller who has not come to see Manchester cottons or Birmingham hardware, will be well content to eat, drink, and be merry upon the productions of the soil.

Having arrived at Gibraltar by the ill-fated steamer *Madrid*,* and spent the usual time in seeing the fortifications and tunnels of the rock, our party—consisting at this period of three Oxonians, one Cantab, and an American (from "Bawston")—crossed the bay to Algesiras, whither horses were to be sent next day for the journey to Cadiz. These having arrived on the morrow, the luggage was equally distributed among the three beasts destined for that duty, and which, besides the portmanteaus, had each to carry a guide. We had been previously warned that the road to Tarifa was very bad, but we soon discovered that there was no road at all—an exceedingly steep and loose watercourse, very much like Holborn-hill with the pavement up, formed our only substitute. But the day was splendid, and the scenery varied and delightful; we were at one time winding round the top of a mountain which overhung the Bay of Trafalgar and the calm Atlantic, at another threading our way in single file through a forest of cork and olive-trees. About an hour before sunset we arrived before the gates of Tarifa, but, for some reason which was never explained, we were not permitted to enter the town. Whether it was the fear of our bringing in the cholera, or that our party appeared rather formidable, I do not know, but it was a great disappoint-

* Afterwards wrecked in Vigo Bay.

ment to us, for the town is well worth seeing, being, according to Ford, the most Moorish in all Spain. There is also an inscription on the walls about its having been successfully defended by some British troops during the Peninsular war, which we should have liked to have seen; but as the alcalde was inexorable, we had nothing to do but to settle ourselves in the best accommodation we could in the suburb. We did not take long to make up our minds, for there was but one wretched "venta," whither we accordingly resorted. There are three grades of houses of public entertainment in Spain—viz. the "fonda," the "posada," and the "venta," answering pretty nearly to our "hotel," "inn," and "public-house." The last, therefore, was our lot on the present occasion. We were shown two "chambers," in one of which we all dined, and two of us afterwards slept. It was a very respectable kind of outhouse, pitched and whitewashed, and in England would have held a brougham or dog-cart. Having made some inquiries about dinner, we were introduced to the bill of fare—or rather, in this case, the "bill of fowl"—for it simply comprised some half-dozen starved-looking chickens, who were ekeing out a precarious existence in the stable-yard. We selected two or three of these, and delivered them over to our guides, who always acted as cooks on these occasions. Most of us then adjourned to the sea-shore to bathe, much to the astonishment of a group of natives who followed us. As we returned, we were somewhat alarmed to find a large crowd gathered round the door of our venta, which we feared might betoken some further interference on the part of the municipal authorities. We were soon relieved, however, by finding that it was created by our Trans-atlantic friend, who was sketching some of the most picturesque-looking ragamuffins in the crowd. Old and young closed round him, peeping over his shoulder, and watching the direction of his eye; and when, after a few strokes, the likeness of some unconscious victim gradually developed itself, yells of delight testified to the fidelity of the portrait. Eventually, however, the excitement became so great and the crowd so unmanageable, that we were forced to retire into the yard and close the outer doors. By this time, owing to our early rising, the heat and the excitement of our first day's travel, we were pretty well exhausted, and dinner not being ready, four of us lay down on the two beds and fell asleep. Our Yankee friend was, of course, much too restless to do anything of that sort, and a couple of hours afterwards, the first of us who awoke saw him busily employed, with a lighted cigar in his mouth, killing insects with his bowie-knife!

During and after dinner we were pestered by the landlord, an ill-looking thief, who was particularly free with his observations, and expressed the most lively interest in the route we intended to take the next day. This aroused our suspicions, and the American, who was of course armed to the teeth, took out a Colt's revolver and a six-barrelled pistol and showed them to him, cocking and uncocking them with a click that made the Spaniard shudder, at the same time assuring him that we were all similarly equipped. This last was an extempore fiction, but it had the effect of silencing our host, and of making him soon afterwards withdraw from such dangerous society. Having a long day's ride before us, our guides roused us before daybreak, and we emerged into the yard to perform our ablutions in the horse-trough while the stars were still

shining. We then had our cup of rich, thick chocolate, which constitutes the first breakfast all over Spain, and, while the baggage was being arranged, called for our bill. To our horror and indignation, we found an account put into our hands, the total of which was twelve dollars! for five dinners, five beds (which we never ventured to enter), and five cups of chocolate, the usual charge for such accommodation being a dollar a head, for the guides and horses are paid for separately. Of course we refused to submit to such an extortion; whereupon the alcalde was again sent for, and the mob collected round the door. Upon our continued refusal to pay, the pompous little magistrate suggested that our baggage should be detained. But the lesson of the previous evening was not forgotten. Our host, who perhaps feared neither God nor man, had a wholesome dread of Colt's revolvers, and sneaked off into the house. We then laid down what we considered an ample remuneration, and were allowed to depart without interruption.

Our road to Vejer, which was to be our next halting-place, ran at first across a barren common, terminating at last in some olive woods, where we stopped to breakfast; then again continued through wide grass-covered plains, where we tested the respective speed of our horses, leaving our guides far behind. However, one of the horses dropping a shoe, we were obliged to halt till the guides came up, and as they always carry materials for shoeing with them, the mischief was speedily remedied. The last five miles was a weary bit: a narrow path winding along through dwarf olive-shrubs, the horses up to their fetlocks in sand, the pace regulated by that dreadful jog which the guides adopt all the way, and which is not a walk nor exactly a trot, and the bumping occasioned by which is enough to take the leather off a portmanteau. We were very glad about sunset to come to a hard road by the side of a stream, and having ridden along its banks till we reached the bridge, crossed it and entered the court-yard of a posada, situated at the foot of the hill upon which the town is built. Though many miles inland, Vejer, from its conspicuous position and colour (for it is most scrupulously whitewashed from head to foot), can be seen on a sunny day by steamers on their way to Gibraltar, and looks at that distance like sugar on the top of a wedding-cake. We sent thither for provisions, but without success, so we were again compelled to have recourse to the poultry-yard, and eventually succeeded in getting our teeth into, though scarcely through, some exceedingly muscular chicken. The next morning a sixteen-mile ride brought us about 10 A.M. to Chiclana, where we parted with our guides and horses, and having made a substantial breakfast, entered an omnibus, which conveyed us to San Lucar, where we took the steamer and arrived at Cadiz. Here we put up at the Hotel Blanco, and a cleaner or more reasonable house can scarcely be imagined. It looks over the alameda (or esplanade) on to the bay, and here, for five or six shillings a day, we got a good bedroom apiece, the use of a common drawing-room, breakfast and dinner. Cadiz is remarkable for being the cleanest city in the whole of Spain—a character which it owes to the exertions of an Irishman named O'Reilly. By the kindness of a gentleman to whom we had a letter of introduction, we obtained admission to the casino, or club, where we found all the last English newspapers. There is nothing to detain a traveller at Cadiz except the sherry stores, and they, to use an

Irish expression, are at Port St. Mary's; so, after two or three days' rest, we took the steamer to Seville, and paddled up the dirty Guadalquivir. We got aground on the mud-banks once or twice, much to the disgust of our English engineer. However, about 4 P.M. we reached our destination, and put up at the Fonda d'Europa. While in the middle of dinner at the table d'hôte, a blind musician entered, and, in honour of our arrival, played "God save the Queen." For the next week we found as much employment as we could manage in the sights of the place. The cathedral, with its magnificent pictures and exquisite works of art, would alone repay a journey to Seville. To say that it consists of a nave with three aisles on each side, the roof supported by sixty pillars a hundred and forty-five feet high, the whole space dimly lighted by ninety-six painted windows, is to give a very bare outline of the grandeur and solemnity of this gorgeous edifice. Our whole employment during the ensuing week, and all that we did, and all that we saw, is it not written in the Handbook of Murray? Who has not heard of the picture of the dead bishop (which Murillo always said he could not look at without holding his nose), the worms and cockroaches feeding on the putrefying flesh, while the man's good and bad deeds are being weighed in the balance overhead?—the Alcazar Palace, where Pedro the Cruel murdered his brother—its gardens, with its sweet-smelling hedges and treacherous path, in which, at a given signal, a hundred small jets of water spirt into the air, drenching the feet and legs of the unwary sight-seer? All these, with the Museo, the Murillo Gallery, the tobacco manufactory, and the Duc de Montpensier's palace and orangery, having been seen, our party broke up, and two of us only proceeded to Cordova by diligence. Our team consisted of six or eight mules, with four horses, harnessed two abreast. With every fresh team a new conductor, who knows the animals, is taken up on the box, not to drive, but to call upon each by name, and so appeal to their better feelings. The road was sadly monotonous, the sand sometimes so deep that for hours together we could only go a foot's pace. If we fell asleep, we were sure to be roused by the continual cracking of the driver's whip, or the loud voice of the conductor appealing in every key of the gamut, with menace, encouragement, or entreaty, to "Ferdinand" or "Bartholomew." Sometimes the whole staff of officials would descend and walk by the side, thrashing the animals nearest to them, and throwing stones at those further off, without, it seemed to us, adding materially to our pace, and certainly nothing to our or their own comfort. Towards evening, however, the road became better, and our pace increased. The country is very wild, and during the night we were accompanied by mounted patrols. At last, worn out with doing nothing, and sleepy, though unable to sleep, we reached Cordova about 5 A.M. the next morning, and being too tired to criticise the beds, turned in thankfully, and slept till the middle of the day.

We had come some distance out of our way to see the celebrated mosque, and as we paced the streets of Cordova the next morning, and thought of the journey of the previous day, together with the unpromising look of the town itself, we began to fear we might be disappointed. Nothing can be more unprepossessing than the appearance of the streets; they have all the disadvantages without the picturesqueness of antiquity. However, when we reached the mosque it was impossible not to feel that

we had our reward. It is in the very purest style of Moorish architecture, and though long ago converted into a Christian church, has not in any way been disfigured in the transformation; the only addition being some exceedingly good carving over the stalls of the choir. Our guide presented us with a Roman coin of the days of Antonius Pius, so probably they are plentiful here. He was very anxious for us to see the bull-ring, which is said to be one of the best in Spain, so we adjourned thither, but there was in reality nothing to see; one ring is just like another, except in size. Up again at 5 A.M. next morning, swallowed our chocolate hastily, and clambered up into the banquette (or imperial, as it is called here) of a diligence, which would take us to Baylen, where we hoped to get on by the Madrid conveyance to Granada. We travelled patiently on till 3.30 P.M. before the driver thought it necessary to stop for refreshment, although probably none of the passengers had had more than the usual cup of chocolate; however, at last we reached Andujar, a great straggling place, whose growth appeared to have been suddenly arrested, after it had ceased to be a village, and before it had begun to be a town, so that it looked now like a great charity-boy, who has put his arms and legs too far through his sleeves and trousers. Here we succeeded in making a meal, and were employed for the next four hours in the digestion of it; at the end of that time we reached Baylen, a place larger and less straggling, but, if possible, more dirty than Andujar. Still its name must never be forgotten, as the scene of the only victory which the Spanish forces achieved during the Peninsular war, and for which their general, Castaños, was created Duke of Baylen. Here we met an unfortunate fellow-countryman, bound for Cordova, but detained in this place some days because the diligence always happened to be full. He was in a very irritable frame of mind (which, perhaps, was pardonable under the circumstances), painting the hotel and the whole place in the blackest colours. He assured us that so remote was our chance of getting a place in any diligence which passed through, that he himself was about to start for Andujar in an open cart with four or five ruffians; adding, significantly, "God only knows what will become of me." We thought at the time that it was rather a gloomy prospect, for it was now about 10 P.M. of a dark night, the road to Andujar, we could answer for it, was bad enough, and the country wild and uninhabited; so that it was not without a considerable feeling of relief that we found him next morning still alive in the coffee-room. He told us that the men in the cart had refused to take his portmanteau, and he had refused to leave it, so he had returned to the hotel, passed a quiet night, made a good breakfast, and was waiting hopefully for a place in the next diligence. If we, too, had passed an easy and comfortable night it must rather be attributed to the fatigues of the previous day's jolting than to any inherent merits of the apartment allotted for our accommodation; it was a dirty little room with a tiled floor, having a window with bars, but no glass; the beds consisted of a kind of shake-down upon trestles, with a red rug for a blanket, a kind of overgrown napkin for a sheet, and a piece of coloured calico for a counterpane. Before we had had time to make a hasty breakfast our diligence arrived, and we rushed off to secure places. We were fortunate enough to get the coupé (or, as it is here called, the berlina) to ourselves. Two of our fellow-passengers

were Englishmen, engaged at the Linares mine, where, they told us, that out of one hundred Englishmen they had lost sixteen by cholera and ague during the preceding summer, besides many sent home invalided. The incidents of our journey consisted of the same continual screaming at the mules, the same rapid descents of the conductor to lash the poor beasts into a spasmodic gallop of fifty yards, the same dreary walk up a hill or across a sandy plain, the same loose trot down a declivity, particularly if it had a sharp turning at the end—but at last we reached Jaen. Here the conveyance stopped long enough for the passengers to lunch, and out of the allotted time we managed to steal ten minutes to rush through the cathedral. Never were ten minutes more misspent. It is certainly worthy of remark and wonder, that as the cathedral of Seville and the mosque of Cordova are beyond all praise, the first for its imposing grandeur, the second for its chaste simplicity, so the other cathedrals of Spain that we saw are beneath contempt; this will include Cadiz, Jaen, Granada, and Malaga. To a pretension rather than a claim to architectural beauty externally, they unite internal decoration of the most cheap and tawdry kind. One solution of this strange disparity might appear to be that the first were the work of the Moors, the last of the Spaniards; but this is not the case, the body of the cathedral at Seville is the work of Christian hands. As to the interior fittings, many of the churches were entirely gutted by the French during their occupation of the province; and the poverty of the inhabitants (and the rapidly increasing unpopularity of the priesthood) renders their restoration impossible. After leaving Jaen we entered the defiles of the mountain range which separates the north from the south of Andalusia. The road here was excellent, the valleys fresh and green, and the scenery altogether very picturesque. But night soon put an end to our powers of admiration, and we betook ourselves to sleep, or rather to such a substitute for it, as we could snatch, amidst the jolting of the vehicle and the cursing of the driver. At length, after ascending a hill, which from its height reminded us of the tower of Babel, we galloped down the other side, and got into Granada before daybreak.

For a city of eighty thousand inhabitants, Granada is about as mean-looking a place as can well be conceived. There is not a street or building in the whole place either of architectural beauty or even of imposing ugliness. There are some pretty walks at the end of the town, and some splendid fountains. For the latter, probably, and also for the cool climate of the place, which makes it a favourite summer residence, the city is indebted to the constant presence of snow on the Sierra Nevada. Situated as Granada is in rather an isolated position, and uninfluenced by the republican notions of the seaport towns, society here still maintains an impotent shade of the old Spanish doctrine of caste. There are three classes—the Blue, Red, and White blood, each of which has its own resorts, and even maintains a peculiarity of costume. Intermarriage, though not forbidden, is considered improper; and the two higher classes, even in the lowest trades, never lose sight of their hereditary superiority. At the foot of the Sierra Nevada are situated some old Moorish villages, whose inhabitants still retain, in customs, language, and person, the features of their original stock.

The Alhambra has been so often described, and its main features are

now so well modelled at the Crystal Palace, that our readers may well be spared our impressions on the subject. In our rambles abont Granada we were accompanied by two companions : one, the guide, named Bensaken, a well-known character, a most useful and agreeable cicerone, who, for the moderate sum of five francs, not only devoted himself for the whole day to our amusement, but joined us in our coffee after dinner, with a hundred stories and sketches of Spanish life and manners; the other was a dog, known in the place as " the English dog," because he would follow about for the whole day anybody he heard speaking that language. Here, too, we had the opportunity of witnessing a bull-fight, but it was of a contemptibly humane description, as the bulls' horns had knobs on them, just as foils have buttons, and only three out of six bulls were butchered. Still it served to give us an idea of the brutality of the exhibition, and of the extraordinary excitement it causes amongst the spectators. Women not unfrequently sell their trinkets and clothes to enable them to purchase a ticket; and at the sight of blood, which would make Englishwomen faint, they testify their delight by shouting, clapping of hands, and waving of handkerchiefs! It certainly was a sight for a moralist. A " merry mill" between the Finsbury Fibber and the Clerkenwell Chicken may not be an edifying exhibition, and it is perhaps just as well that it is not a legal one. Yet it is one of skill, courage, and endurance on both sides. The winner will not earn his laurels without much punishment; the loser may resign the struggle when he feels himself overmatched. How vastly superior this to the spectacle of a dozen men, in gaudy tights and tarnished spangles, capering round and torturing a wretched animal, of whose powers of retaliation they have previously deprived him!

Our last day was spent in visiting the Carthusian convent. The monks having been long dispersed, the building is now kept by one priest, his three " nieces," and an old woman. Having heard much of the beauty of these " nieces," we determined, if possible, to get a view of them, though it is a difficult task, as they are kept as close as a Turkish harem. However, by creeping up to the door of the building, and peeping through a hole in the door, we got a sight of one, and a very pretty creature she was ; but she vanished like a startled fawn at our first rap, which brought out the old priest, smoking a cigar. The first thing that attracted our attention was a portrait of Henry VIII. of England, said to be a good one, though not very like our portraits of that monarch. Next, we were introduced to some pictures giving us an idea of the Spanish view of the Reformation—such as friars being boiled alive, and priests having their hearts torn out, both parties looking on all the time with such cheerful faces, that one began to believe that the pain of such operations must be greatly exaggerated. There is a large collection of these pictures, all telling the same tale, though the details of death are varied with a horrible ingenuity. They form a complete history of the period, and it is only to be regretted that the series is not continued into the reign of Mary. Why do not the authorities of the Church have them photographed and sent to Mr. Froude? In the days of the convent the friars were obliged to live in separate cells, and were only allowed to speak to one another on one day of the week; consequently, by way of employment, they made a great quantity of mosaic

work, of wood, tortoiseshell, ivory, and silver. Cabinets ornamented in this way, and a profusion of the most beautiful marble, contribute to make the sacristy a rare sight.

The road being excessively dull between Granada and Malaga, we determined again to take to the diligence. Travelled all night, and arrived at the latter place about 4 P.M., and found it quite deserted, the cholera having broken out. Everybody had fled, the doctors and priests leading the way. Under these circumstances a scarcity of English invalids, and therefore a bad season, was in prospect. Of course, our stay was very short: there is nothing for the traveller to see, though for invalids it is by far the most habitable town in Spain, being more free from bigotry and intolerance than the more inland ones. As it was necessary to return to Gibraltar, our shortest way would have been along the coast, but as that was likely to prove an uninteresting route, we determined to lengthen the journey by going to Ronda, where there is a famous bridge, and by that means we should strike into the mountains, which would be far preferable to the sandy shore, without either air or shade. We ought to have started by daybreak, but having forgotten to get any circular notes changed, we had to wait till the bank opened, so that it was ten o'clock before we got away. Consequently, though we pushed on the whole day, with one very short halt, the sun was setting as we entered the mountain range about three leagues from Caratracca. Hitherto we had been crossing one dull, interminable plain, broken only by an occasional swamp, but the scenery that we had now come to was the grandest we had seen in Spain, and perhaps can scarcely be matched in civilised Europe. Our road wound round the almost perpendicular face of the rock, which formed one side of the gorge we were traversing, about half way between the top and bottom. On looking up, we could see the last rays of the setting sun still lingering on the summits, while far below us could be plainly seen, and indistinctly heard, the splashing of the mountain torrent, which, amongst the loose rocks at the bottom, was hurrying to the sea. But the twilight in these latitudes is very short; the posthumous glitter of the mountain tops and the noisy stream disappeared almost simultaneously from our view. The last thing we remarked before the darkness finally closed in, was a roomy old family coach, such as our great-great-grandfathers delighted in. It was evidently well packed inside and out, and was as much as eight strong mules could draw over the rough and uneven road. The rain, which we had observed all day hanging about the mountains, had now begun to descend in torrents, the darkness had become intense, and our poor jaded steeds were stumbling and slipping at every step over the loose, wet stones which formed the road. About two hours' more riding brought us to Caratracca. How on earth the horses managed to scramble up the slippery precipice, upon the top of which stands the town, we never could understand, and only the most blind confidence in them and the guide induced us to stay on their backs, for we literally could not see our horses' heads! The roomy coach must, of course, have come up some other way. We entered the inn, and a good fire was made up in an apartment which appeared to form a kind of neutral ground between man and the lower creation, one end doing duty as kitchen the other as stable, without the faintest attempt at any kind of separation. We were soon joined by the occu-

pants of the roomy coach; two of them happened to be boys of about fourteen or fifteen, who had learnt a little English (apparently from a dialogue-book), and lost no time in displaying the accomplishment. They told us that the party consisted of "our father, our mother, our five brothers, and our sister," and that they were running away from Malaga to avoid the cholera. Our curiosity, however, was sooner satisfied than theirs; wet and weary as we were, with one side shivering and the other steaming, we felt in no humour to aid the march of intellect by giving these precocious youngsters an extempore and gratuitous lesson in the English tongue, and were much relieved when the announcement of supper gave us an opportunity of saying, "Buenas noches." Having made a sort of meal on the everlasting "gaspacho," some hard lumps of roast pork, and an omelette, we lighted our cigars, and jumped into bed as the best substitute for our wet clothes.

On the morrow we were again in the saddle soon after daybreak: the keen mountain air was bitterly cold, reaching our bodies as it did through our half-dried garments; and the so-called road, well soaked with rain, resembled a ploughed field with a few waggon loads of unbroken stones scattered over it. However, the sun soon came out warm and bright, and we jogged merrily on; the day being tolerably cool, we did not stop, except once to get a horse shod, and so reached Ronda about four o'clock. Having ordered dinner, and a pan of charcoal (for in these kind of inns there are no fireplaces in the house except in the kitchen), started off to see the famous bridge and bull-ring. Our next day's ride to Gaucin was a short one as to distance, but so thoroughly mountainous that it took us eight hours to do five leagues; the day, however, was magnificent, and not a cloud in the sky, nor a breath of air: every height that we ascended brought us within a nearer view of "the Rock," which, in the clear Spanish atmosphere, appeared to be but a few miles' distance. At its feet lay the deep, calm waters of the Straits, and beyond them, more indistinct than Gibraltar, but still standing out with well-rounded outline against the sky, the mountain ranges of the African coast. Gaucin is an exceedingly dirty little village, situated like an eagle's nest on the very edge of the Sierra which we had been traversing for the last two days. Our entry as usual brought the whole population into the streets. Sleepy-looking men, wrapped in their voluminous cloaks, opened their eyes quite wide on our arrival; mothers ceased to scold, and even children to squall. Hardly had we dismounted, when a number of aged females, bearing some live burden under their mantillas, surrounded us. Knowing the defective state of the commissariat at the Posada della Estrella, they had providentially come to the rescue: and the whole stock of poultry belonging to the village was soon paraded for our inspection. Having selected one of these feathered offerings, more to get rid of the rest than from any preference we could feel, where all were so equally thin, old, and muscular, we lighted our cigars, and waited patiently for the appearance of dinner. This was at last served by three females of exceedingly grimy complexion, who, having placed the dish before us, sat down by the pan of charcoal to watch us eat it. Supposing this to be the custom of the place, we submitted to the surveillance, and the remarks which it engendered, with more of amusement than resignation; remembering not without regret that it was the last night we should pass amidst such indigenous eccentricities. The

next day we descended the mountain, and after a weary ride, and many fords, we reached the sea-shore, and eventually the Club House Hotel. And so ended our tour in the south of Spain.

Travellers on the Continent have, generally speaking, three great annoyances to contend with: passports, custom-houses, and the interference of that hybrid class of officials whom one never knows exactly whether to call police or military. Now iu Spain the passport system is merely nominal; the only place where the slightest importance is attached to it is the gate by which the Spanish lines are passed at the neutral ground behind Gibraltar; so that it happened in our case, ridiculously enough, that we were never asked to produce our permission to enter the country till the moment when we were leaving it! Then the custom-house officials are such a civil and obliging set of rogues, that the traveller need fear or suffer no trouble or delay from them. When asked for his keys, he produces a small silver one, and his luggage is immediately passed without a single strap having been undone. The bribe is received with such unblushing effrontery as to shame neither the giver nor receiver. There is such an utter want of concealment about the transaction, that it is evidently looked upon as a legitimate perquisite by a set of ill-paid officials. No doubt this kind of remedy ultimately (as has long been the case in other parts of Europe) becomes worse than the disease, by suggesting the annoyances which it is intended to avert; but at present this is by no means the case in Spain. Lastly, the police are too few, and their duties too laborious, to leave them any time, if they had the inclination, to play the spy on a traveller. We were on several occasions offered their services by way of escort; but we treated the stories of brigands as myths, and invariably declined their protection. Individually, if not nationally, Englishmen are not only respected in Spain, but are even popular, especially with the lower orders. They spend their money freely, buy a good deal of rubbish, and submit without grumbling to any moderate amount of extortion. Then again so much of the commerce of the country is carried on by English and Scotch houses, that in the seaport towns there are few persons who cannot speak a few words of that language. Indeed, the very difficulties of travelling are here the traveller's best protection. The country is not as yet overrun with those legions of tourists and adventurers who are the cause of so many restrictions and obstructions to the more legitimate wanderer. In Spain the Englishman is still a "grand señor," a man of wealth and importance, who has not come to create a revolution, to cozen shopkeepers, or smuggle finery: he has a long purse and a strong hand, and is as quick to recompense a service as to resent an injury.

THE ROCK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MOAT GRANGE."

A STATELY mansion, resting on a gentle eminence, and reposing amidst its extensive and beautiful grounds, was that of the Rock. Whence it took its name, suggestive of bleak cliffs and barren heights, none, now living, could tell: certainly no rocks or bleak barrenness were near it, but sunshiny dales, and sheltering woods, and silvery brooks of water that murmured as they ran—giving, to an imaginative mind, thoughts of the flowery plains of Arcadia.

The family inhabiting the Rock were named Canterbury. Mr. Canterbury, a man turned sixty, had lost his wife several years before, and, more recently, his only son. He had four daughters: three lived at home with him, and one, who had been married and was now a widow, had just come on a visit. Mr. Canterbury was a very rich man. His father had realised an immense deal of money, chiefly in mining speculations, so that he came into his fortune ready made. The Rock was his own purchase.

In a room which commanded a view of the fine landscape before the house, were gathered, one day, all the daughters of Mr. Canterbury. It was their favourite sitting-room. The two elder ones, Olive and Jane, were turned thirty; the next, Mrs. Dunn, was approaching it; and the fourth, Millicent, was considerably younger, being only in her twentieth year. She was frequently called "Leta," from having when a child, before she could speak plain, so pronounced her own name, Millicent. Staid, steady, well-conducted ladies, the Miss Canterburys were looked up to, and respected, by all around.

Olive and Jane were busy; the one cutting out work for the charity-school, the other tacking it together: Mrs. Dunn was leaning back in an easy-chair, doing nothing: and Millicent, who had been practising, rose from the piano, and going to the writing-table, opened one of the desks there—her own.

"Olive," said she, "may I write to ask Caroline Kage to come and spend the day?"

Miss Canterbury was puzzled over her work, just then, counting pieces. Thirteen years difference between them, Millicent had looked upon and obeyed her as a mother. Miss Canterbury had long taken the head of the house, and acted as its mistress.

"This is wrong, Jane. Nine pairs of sleeves, and only eight pairs of gussets: you must have miscounted. What was it you asked me, Leta?"

"If I may send for Caroline Kage."

"Caroline Kage is always here," interrupted Mrs. Dunn. "She was here to tea yesterday, and to luncheon the day before; and for the whole morning, with her mother, the day before that. You had better have her to live here, Millicent."

"Millicent would, if she had what she liked," returned Olive.

"I am sure she is very pleasant, and we all like her," cried Millicent, looking towards her eldest sister.

"A pretty, good-natured sort of girl," somewhat slightingly spoke Miss Canterbury in reply.

"If she were one of earth's young lady angels, her constant intrusion would grow irksome in time," returned Mrs. Dunn. "The Chinese have a proverb, 'Pay your visits only on alternate days, lest you weary your friends and they become estranged from you.' It is full of wisdom."

Jane Canterbury lifted her scissors from the calico, and turned round to address Mrs. Dunn.

"The fact is, Lydia, they have grown thus intimate from Leta's want of other companions. The Kages are our nearest neighbours, you know, and she and Caroline have been so much together that an affection has sprung up between them."

Mrs. Dunn laughed. "Ever the same, Jane; smoothing down difficulties for everybody. But I do think it is time you left off that unmeaning word, 'Leta:' I assure you it does not contribute to Millicent's dignity."

"I don't think it does," smiled Jane. "But it is a long-used habit, like the coming here of Caroline Kage: and every-day habits are hard to relinquish."

"May I write, Olive?" resumed Millicent, who had sat with her pen in hand and paper before her.

Mrs. Dunn made a gesture of impatience, and her words, for she spoke before Olive could, were impatiently uttered.

"Caroline Kage is better where she is than here. Let her be."

"Yes, yes," decided Olive, detecting that Mrs. Dunn, who in her position, as a married woman, was especially deferred to, had really an objection to the young lady's visit; "we will not have her to-day, Millicent."

Millicent slowly closed her writing-desk, and then leaned her elbow upon it and her cheek upon her hand, her face plainly expressing disappointment. At that moment the door opened, and Mr. Canterbury entered the room. He was a tall, thin man, with auburn hair (looking as natural almost as if it were real, but looking too young for his crow's feet), and an eye-glass dangling on his waistcoat. He had been a handsome man in his day, and his features were good still: Jane and Millicent were like him.

"How is your head now, Lydia?" inquired he.

"It aches still, papa. I have had it a good deal lately. I think these hot caps help to give it me," she added, pushing her widow's cap back on her head.

"You look as if you had the headache also, Millicent," observed Mr. Canterbury. "What is the matter?"

"Not much, papa," replied Millicent, rousing herself and rising from her seat. "I only felt disappointed."

"Disappointed at what?" returned Mr. Canterbury.

"I wanted to send for Caroline Kage, and Olive will not let me."

"Caroline Kage is here for ever; she inundates us," sharply inter-

rupted Mrs. Dunn. "Not a day since I have been at home have we been free from her. I tell Millicent she had better have her to live here, at once."

There was a pause: Mr. Canterbury broke it.

"Why do you dislike her, Lydia?"

"Oh, I don't dislike her, papa," returned Mrs. Dunn, suppressing her irritation badly, "but I consider that she is here too much."

"Here is Caroline herself, coming up to the house," exclaimed Millicent, who had gone to the window.

"Then, as she is here, you can ask her to remain for the day," observed Mr. Canterbury, looking at Olive. "Why not? I do not like to see Millicent with a clouded face," he concluded, as if explaining his decision.

He left the room, and they heard him meet Miss Kage in the hall and talk to her.

She came in alone. A remarkably pretty girl of eighteen, in a pink muslin dress, and a white bonnet as pretty as herself.

"You have come to save us the trouble of sending for you, Caroline," spoke Millicent, in the exuberance of her spirits. "We want you to remain the day."

"I cannot remain ten minutes," replied Miss Kage. "Many thanks. My cousin arrived this morning, to leave again to-night; and his visits are not so frequent, that I could absent myself just the day he is here."

"Oh, I am so sorry," returned Millicent, much vexed. "Ten minutes, Cary! where was the use of your coming at all?"

"I came for mamma. She has had one of those tiresome letters again, and sent me with it to Mr. Canterbury. I have given it to him."

"Caroline," said Jane, archly, "I fancy that cousin of yours has some other motive than cousinship in his visits, rare though they are."

Miss Kage tossed her head; she had caught aptly at Jane's meaning. "Certainly not. He is as grave as a judge, and as poor as a church mouse. You are quite wrong."

A vivid blush had risen to her cheeks, which might seem to contradict her denial, and to hint that Jane Canterbury was not wrong. Jane of course did not pursue the subject, and Miss Kage left the house again.

"What brought her up with that letter?" abruptly asked Mrs. Dunn.

They were all surprised at the words and tone. Jane answered.

"You heard her say Mrs. Kage sent it, Lydia. Poor Mrs. Kage has had some troublesome law business to contend with lately, and papa often advises her upon it. How lovely Caroline was looking!"

"And how well she does dress!" remarked Olive. "Those lace sleeves were real Brussels. I wonder how they manage it."

"I mean, what brought *her* up with it?" returned Mrs. Dunn. "Why could they not have sent it by a servant?"

"I dare say Caroline was glad to bring it herself, and take advantage of the fine morning. What has put you out, Lydia?"

Mrs. Dunn did not say. She took up a book and began to read. But she seemed to grow restless: now turning the leaves forward, now back:

finally, she laid it down again, and approached the window. But ere she had stood there many moments, she turned away with a hasty movement, and opened the door of an ornamental cabinet.

"Where's the glass that used to be kept here?"

"The small telescope, do you mean? Poor Edgar took it out with him."

"The large one, then?"

"Oh, that's——I don't know where that is," added Miss Canterbury, more slowly. "Somewhere in papa's possession, I fancy."

"The house seems quite upset since I left it; nothing to be found," muttered Mrs. Dunn, taking up her post at the window again.

"Did you want to discern anything?" asked Jane, kindly leaving her seat to join Mrs. Dunn. "Perhaps I can see it for you: my sight was always so much better than yours."

"Look at those two in the distance, leaning—as it seems to me—on a stile, and talking. Is not one of them papa?"

"Yes," said Jane, casting her good sight to the spot. "Papa, and ——yes, and Caroline Kage. He has gone after her, I dare say, to send a message to her mother."

"And to invite her for to-morrow, perhaps," added Olive.

"Oh, I do hope he has!" uttered Millicent. "Kind papa!"

"You blind geese! you simple women!" exclaimed Mrs. Dunn, in an accent of such impassioned earnestness that they all dropped what they held, and gazed at her in startled alarm. "Is it possible that your eyes and understanding have been closed?" she continued, flinging herself back in the arm-chair. "Olive, where have yours been? Jane is meek and unsuspicious; Millicent is young; but you! Olive, are you quite blind, quite oblivious to what is going on?"

"What *is* going on?" demanded Olive, when her astonishment allowed her to speak. "I look carefully after the servants and the ways of the household: what is it that you detect amiss?"

"More closely than you will look in future; more closely than you will have the opportunity of doing. You will not be long the house's mistress."

Miss Canterbury did not reply: the words were so strange that she could not collect her senses to do it. Jane and Millicent thought that Lydia's intellects must be wandering.

"Olive is well," observed Jane. "Did you fear she was ill; that—that—she was going to die? She is looking a little pale, but that she always does, in summer. She is quite well."

"Oh you—you—simpletons!" returned Mrs. Dunn, wringing her hands; "was there ever blindness like unto yours? It is not Olive that there's anything the matter with, but your father. He is turning foolish in his old age. He is going to put a mistress over you."

They were, indeed, blindly unsuspicious. "A mistress?" slowly repeated Miss Canterbury, not yet understanding.

"Yes, a mistress; for the house and for you. A second wife."

Even Jane's face, generally so calm, was painfully agitated. Olive was scarlet and indignant; she did not believe it.

"Of whom can you be thinking, Lydia?" she reproachfully said, casting her thoughts round the neighbourhood. "Of Mrs. Kage?"

"No. I wish it was: it would be the less evil of the two. It is Caroline."

"Oh, Lydia!" was uttered by all, in resentful incredulity.

Mrs. Dunn rose from her seat again: she seized Olive with one hand, Jane with the other, and pulled them towards the window.

"Are they gone? No: not yet. I can see the figures, indistinct figures to me: to Jane they are plain; perhaps to you also, Olive. They are talking still."

"And if they are," said the angry Olive, "what does that prove? If papa chooses to stand talking to a child, and to talk all day long, what is there in that?"

"Not much—in that alone: he might so stand talking to me or to you. You have no cause to be angry with me, Olive: you will find it too true. I had my suspicions the very first day of my return."

The idea presented to the young ladies was exceedingly unpalatable and unpleasant: and in spite of their hitherto complete unconsciousness, an uncomfortable feeling of doubt arose within them.

"A child like Caroline Kage!" remonstrated Miss Canterbury, determined to combat to the end.

"There's the worst of the evil—a child," said Mrs. Dunn. "Had he married one of his own age, or near to it, it would not have been so bad for us, it would have been more seemly in every way. Though what on earth he can want to marry at all for, after being a widower all these years, I cannot tell."

Jane's eyes were full of tears. "It is not likely that it can be true, Lydia; it is not probable. How can you have formed such an idea?"

"Just as you might have formed it, had scales not been before your sight. The most extraordinary events take place under people's noses every day, and they cannot see them. This was your case. I came fresh into the house, with my eyes and understanding wide awake, and I saw it all."

"Saw what? What is there to see?" persisted Miss Canterbury.

"Various little points, which, taken together, make an ominous whole," replied Mrs. Dunn. "On my arrival, when papa came out to the carriage, I was so struck with his appearance that I could not greet him. Where do you find so negligent a dresser as he used to be? Yet he wore a white waistcoat, his white wristbands displayed, and an eye-glass. When did he ever put on a white waistcoat for us? or display the ghost of a wristband? or discard his spectacles for an eye-glass?"

"I think he took to show his wristbands when he was in mourning for Edgar," interposed Jane.

"I don't care when he took to show them; it is a new thing; everything's new about him, and it must have a purpose," argued Mrs. Dunn. "And his wig: was there ever such a dandified thing seen?"

"The top of his head was getting bald; that is why he had it made."

"Then turn to Caroline Kage," continued Mrs. Dunn. "Do you suppose she comes here, so persistently, for you girls?—dresses up her pretty face for you? Why does papa stand by when she is singing? Why does he laugh, and joke, and whisper—I have seen him whisper to her—and why does he walk home with her?"

"But I thought he only paid her these attentions as he might pay

them to his own child, to Millicent," pleaded Olive : "it never occurred to me to think otherwise."

"Well, does it occur to you now ? now that the clue has been given to you ?"

Miss Canterbury did not answer. The clue, as Mrs. Dunn called it, was forcing its way, in a terrible manner, to conviction. Jane felt wretched, and Millicent sat with a blank face of distress.

"And you have helped it all on, by encouraging her here!" pursued Mrs. Dunn, with the air of one who has received a deep injury. "I say that you must have been unpardonably obtuse, wilfully blind ; while the first time I saw them together was enough for me."

"You have had so much more experience in the world than we have," urged Jane, deprecatingly. "And I think, Lydia, that being married must tend to open the understanding, and give experience."

"It just does—as to the tricks and turns of men," retorted Mrs. Dunn. "As long as we are girls at home, they seem to us like so many saints, who could not go wrong if they were paid for it : but that wears off for us uncommonly quick, I can tell you, when we go out amongst them."

"Here's papa coming back again," cried Jane.

They rushed to the window, one and all, to gaze upon him, as he advanced up the park. He presented to them a new and curious aspect : not but what *he* looked the same, but their ideas, with regard to him, were changed.

"I trust you are mistaken, Lydia," fervently exclaimed Olive, drawing a long breath.

"So much the better if I am : but do you prepare for the worst," was the consolatory rejoinder of Mrs. Dunn.

How long Mr. Canterbury and Miss Kage might have lingered by the gate, where they had halted to converse, it is hard to say, but the young lady's cousin came up and interrupted them. Miss Kage then said good morning to Mr. Canterbury, and walked away with him. He had no beauty to boast of, but a sensible cast of countenance and pleasing eye.

"Why did you not tell me you were going to the Rock, Caroline ?" he began. "I would have walked with you."

"That's just why I did not tell you," replied Miss Kage. "I wanted to go alone."

"Will you take my arm ?"

"No, thank you. It's not the fashion in this part of the world."

"It was, the last time I was down here. And I think you were, but now, leaning on Mr. Canterbury's."

"But he is so very close a friend."

"And I am your cousin."

"A great many degrees removed," laughed she.

"The more the better, Caroline, in one point of view. What a beau he is getting!"

"Who ?" said she, quickly.

"Old Canterbury. He is ten years younger, to look at, than he was a year ago. What has he been doing to himself?"

"How came you to pay us a visit to-day ? and to come without sending word ?" inquired Miss Kage, passing by the subject of Mr. Canterbury's looks.

"I came for two purposes: and I had no time to send you word," he answered. "One purpose was, to ascertain why you have discontinued writing to me."

She blushed, vividly as she had blushed at the Rock, at Jane Canterbury's remark; and she hesitated in her reply.

"Mamma considered that it was foolish for us to be writing to each other."

"I am sure they were very cousinly letters, Cary, and could do harm to neither of us. Your mamma, if she read them, as I conclude she did, must have acknowledged that."

"Well—she thought it was better let alone," coldly returned Miss Kage. "What was the other thing you came down for?"

"To tell you a bit of news, and ask your advice. I have had a place offered me in the civil service in India. It is worth seven hundred a year now, and will rise to more. Would you advise me to throw up my profession and accept it?"

"You do not make seven hundred a year at your profession, Tom?"

"Seven hundred a year!" he echoed; "no, I wish I did: there would be no question, then, of my leaving it. I just keep myself, and that's about all."

"Then I should go to India," she said, with animation. "You may never have such a chance thrown in your way again. Accept it at once, without hesitation. I should start by the next mail."

"Should you? I could not go alone, Caroline."

"No?" she returned, the flush rising to her face again.

"If I could—could—induce a companion to share my fortunes with me, then I would go. Otherwise, I stay and fight out my fate in England."

Miss Kage was silent, and her manner was growing frigid.

"I do not know whether you have much notion of the relative value of money, Caroline," he resumed, "of what seven hundred a year may imply, as to capabilities. Your mother's income is five hundred; you can judge by that: but money goes less far in India than at home. Would a companion venture with me, think you?"

"No," she answered, in a low, firm tone.

A change, like a blight, passed over his features. "Think again, Caroline," he said, after a pause. "Reflect upon it, and give me an answer later in the day."

"There is no necessity. I should only say what I do now. No."

In perfect silence they walked on until they reached her door. She was about to enter when he stopped her.

"Caroline—have you fully understood me?"

"I imagine so: I am sure so: quite fully."

"And you reject me?"

"Don't be silly. Reject! Well then, Yes—if you will have an answer. Cousins we are, and cousins we must remain; nothing more."

"I have waited long to say this; I could not speak without some such justification as that which now offers. You have misled me, Caroline."

"What will you say next? If there has been any misleading in the matter, it must have been in your fancy."

"You have misled me, and you know it," he reiterated, too earnest to heed the signs of his own agitation. "You have been misleading me all along."

"Tom, I have not. I dread poverty, and should never marry to encounter it, so how could I mislead you? Don't make a spectacle of yourself: I hate scenes."

"I am not one to make a spectacle of myself," he rejoined, with sufficient calmness, "but—I must repeat it—you have *cruelly* misled me. Do you forget that when I was last here, you——"

"Yes, I forget all about it, and I don't wish to remember," she heartlessly interrupted. "Why, I'd rather be turned into that cane of yours, than wed myself to poverty."

"Do you call seven hundred a year poverty?"

"Of course I do. Dreadful poverty to marry upon. Where's the good of marrying at all, if you are to be no better off than before? Seven hundred a year, indeed! it would not half keep me in dress. No, Tom, I never could risk that."

"Upon what income, then, would you marry?"

"Upon as many thousands. Not a fraction under."

She turned into the house ere he had recovered his surprise. He caught her hand, but she withdrew it from him with a jerk.

"Tell me only one thing, Caroline: what has changed you?"

"I will tell you one thing: and that is, that if you persist in pursuing so disagreeable a topic and making me uncomfortable, I shall go up-stairs and lock myself into my room until you are gone."

"So, hope is to go out for me; thus; now, and for evermore?"

"Hope never ought to have been in. I am surprised at you, Tom. I thought you had better sense."

She sped on, her manner and meaning too clearly decisive. It was the turning-point of his life: the turn which so many must pass and bear: all green behind, bright, hopeful green, as a meadow in spring; all grey henceforward, a dull, cheerless, leaden grey. If ever man had been jilted in this world, he had been by Caroline Kage.

Luncheon was on the table when they entered. Mrs. Kage, a sigh-away, die-away sort of lady, rose from her sofa, and took her place at table. She was the Honourable Mrs. Kage.

"Cold lamb," she said. "Will you save me the trouble of carving, Thomas? And mind you make a good luncheon: it must be millions of hours since you breakfasted."

He did as he was told: carved; and made a good luncheon, or appeared to do so: Mrs. Kage was not one to take much notice, and Caroline seemed occupied with her own plate. When the tray was removed, and Mrs. Kage had resumed her sofa, her fan, and her essence bottles, he rose to say farewell.

"You are not going now?" cried Mrs. Kage.

"I must indeed."

"I understood that you had come for the day—that you would stay for dinner."

"I am anxious to get back to town; this is a busy time with me: and now that I have seen you and Caroline——"

He did not finish his sentence—if it had any finish. A shake of Mrs.

Kage's delicate, but faded, hand, a slighter shake of Caroline's, and he was gone.

"There never was any comprehending him," said Mrs. Kage, languidly refreshing her face with eau-de-Cologne. "Fancy his coming all that immense distance, and travelling all night, for only half a day!"

"He came for longer," said Caroline, peering through the muslin curtains to watch his steps, as they bore him onwards. "I believe I sent him away."

"How was that?" drawled Mrs. Kage. "Adjust this cushion at my feet, will you, Caroline?"

"He has had a place in India given him," said Caroline, sinking her voice and disregarding the cushion, "and he said he would accept it if I would go out with him."

"What is the value of it?" eagerly responded Mrs. Kage, forgetting her languor in glowing visions of lakhs upon lakhs of rupees.

"Seven hundred a year."

Mrs. Kage sank again. "Oh!"

"I ridiculed it, mamma."

"What else should you do, child? Did you see Mr. Canterbury?"

"Yes. He will come in this evening about the letter."

Mrs. Kage was unscrewing the stopper of her smelling-salts, an obstinate stopper, given to stick in, and made no remark.

"He joined me as I was leaving, and walked with me through the park," continued Caroline.

"I wish he would walk with you to some purpose," rejoined the honourable lady. "It is apparent that he means something, and he ought to speak out."

"He has spoken," was Caroline's answer. "As we stood by the stile at the end of the park to-day, one word led to another, I suppose, and he asked me to be Mrs. Canterbury."

The young lady spoke with listless apathy. But not with apathy was the intelligence received. The Honourable Mrs. Kage could be roused sometimes, though it took a good deal to do it.

"You lucky girl! To be provided for, like this, at eighteen! You will be the envy of the world."

"Well, I don't know, mamma," returned Caroline, dubiously. "I had not used to dwell so much upon money, and all that, but you have talked me into it. Of course a fine establishment is desirable, and a large income is desirable, but——"

"Desirable!" broke in Mrs. Kage; "it's the only desirable thing in life. I know it, to my cost. I was a simpleton, and married for love: married one who had nothing but his face, and his figure, and his scarlet regimentals; I, a peer's daughter. He was a perfect Adonis, to be sure—and you, dear, are the very image of him, as I continually tell you—but one can't live upon beauty. And what have been the wretched, miserable, lasting consequences? Why, that I have sunk to the level of an obscure officer's wife—and widow—and have had to eke out my paltry bit of money as I best could, and am neglected and forgotten by those of my own rank. I have told your papa many a time that he had better have buried me alive than run away with me: and so he had."

"Still, money is not everything, mamma: and I don't know whether it will compensate for an old husband with grown-up children. I wish I did know."

"Yes it will, Caroline," said Mrs. Kage, as she raised herself on her elbow, to resort to her vinaigrette. "It is a woman's destiny, unhappily, to grow up and be married, and of course she can't go aside from it; and if she could, she wouldn't. Woman has exalted notions, you see, as to a married life; implanted in her at her birth, I think, by some spirit of contrariness, for I'm sure I don't know how else they come; to her vision, it seems a sort of celestial Paradise, and all she thinks of is, how to get in, never reflecting that, once in, there's no getting out. Well, child, as I say, it is a woman's destiny to be married, just as it is a stray sheep's to be put into the pound, but I do assure you that it is not of the very slightest consequence what the husband may be: youth or age, beauty or deformity, stocked with intellect or devoid of brains, it is all one, provided he has a deep purse. That is the one only thing to look after. Suppose I had had a heap of children," logically proceeded Mrs. Kage, "where should I have been! Why, in the workhouse; worse off than any poor stray creature in the pound."

"He wears a wig," grumbled Caroline, reverting to her own grievances.

"The most enchanting wig I ever saw, dear: no living soul could tell that it's not growing hair. It is so beautifully blended with his own—of which he has a full crop behind—that a French coiffeur, with all his artistic skill, could not tell where the hair ends and the wig begins."

"But it *is* a wig," argued Caroline.

"Whether it's a wig, or whether it is not, it will not add to, or take from, domestic felicity."

Caroline Kage raised her eyebrows. Domestic felicity, and old Father Canterbury! irreverently thought she. Involuntarily, another form rose to her mind, in connexion with that word; one she had just watched out of sight.

"Does he take it off at night?"

"Take off what?" asked Mrs. Kage, in momentary forgetfulness of their subject.

"The wig," irritably explained Caroline. "If he does, and I see his bald head, I shall scream frightfully."

"My dear child, let your thoughts centre upon the enormous wealth that will be yours, not upon a perishable wig," said Mrs. Kage, refreshing her face again. "Was he all rapture when you accepted him?"

"Who?" cried Caroline, who had been following, in imagination, those other footsteps. "Oh—Mr. Canterbury: I did not accept him."

Mrs. Kage half raised herself, looked at Caroline with open mouth, and then fell back in a flood of tears, bemoaning her hard fate and her daughter's folly, in having rejected the Rock. Perhaps she thought she should have come in for some of its magnificent comforts.

"A mansion fit for a king; carriages at command; servants in numbers; luxurious pineries, and hothouses, and conservatories; wines from every part of the known world; delicacies served on silver and gold; and a banker's book that has no end!" she sobbed, having recourse to her whole collection of bottles at once, "and she has been such a ninny

as to throw it all away! Not even to think of the costly dresses she might have indulged in; the purple and fine linen!"

"You are finding fault for nothing, mamma. I could not answer him, because Tom came poking up. Otherwise, I suppose I should have said Yes."

Away went the sobs. "Dearest, darling child! why could you not have explained at first? My poor nerves! I will answer him for you when he comes to-night, and say how happy you will be to be his wife."

Caroline knitted her brows and looked very gloomy. Mrs. Kage glanced at her stealthily.

"I'll be master and mistress both, if I do have him."

"Oh, to be sure, darling. He is excessively good-natured, and his wishes will be yours. I should like to have seen your dead papa attempting to contradict mine."

"I don't allude to him: *of course* I shall do all I like as far as he goes: but those women? They are not going to domineer over me, and they need not think it."

"They will not think it. When once you are married, Caroline, you will be the mistress of the Rock in everything, and of the Miss Canterburys. Wait patiently till then."

That same night Mr. Canterbury made the communication to his daughters, which they had, within a few hours only, learnt to fear—that he was about to bring home a young wife. He made it to Olive, whom he had summoned into his library. She tried to falter out a few words of congratulation, of hope for his happiness, but they froze upon her tongue, and her dry lips refused to speak them. She was glad to escape from the room, and it seemed that he was not unwilling she should.

"Well—what were you wanted for?—what news?" eagerly asked Mrs. Dunn, when Olive returned to her sisters.

"The worst news; the news you prepared us for," was Olive's reply, as she sank on a seat, stunned and miserable. "Caroline Kage is to take our dead mother's place."

Jane turned her head from the light, and Millicent laid her face on the table and burst into tears. Mrs. Dunn, on the contrary, advanced full into the rays of the chandelier, lofty and indignant.

"Do not meet it in that spirit, girls; show your dignity, if you have any. I presume you stood up for your rights, Olive?"

"What rights?" asked Olive.

"What rights! Has it not occurred to you that you must have a thorough understanding with your father? that your privileges, your liberties and comforts as daughters of the house, must remain intact, secure from the control of any interloper? Did you not say this?"

"Lydia, I could not say it."

"I see I must act for you all," retorted Mrs. Dunn, leaving the room for her father's presence, as she spoke. Mr. Canterbury was calmly reading the county paper.

"Sir, this is a startling communication which you have made to Olive," she began, not choosing to hint at any previous suspicions of their own. "What is to become of my sisters?"

"Become of them?" echoed Mr. Canterbury, holding the paper before his face, as if still perusing it. "In what way?"

"I put myself out of the discussion altogether, having my own home," continued Mrs. Dunn. "But they have no other home to retire to than this, sir."

"They do not require any other."

"As soon as you marry, it will be your wife's home; not theirs."

"Absurd," repeated Mr. Canterbury. "If I chose to bring home four-and-twenty wives, there would be room for your sisters then."

"In point of space there might be. But young wives are given to domineering, and Miss Kage may take a fancy for indulging in it. How, in that case, could they remain at the Rock? There's no saying, indeed, what extent of putting upon Jane might bear, but Olive——"

"This is uncalled for, Lydia," interrupted Mr. Canterbury, rising in surprise and facing his daughter. "Miss Kage is of an amiable nature, and she and they are on intimate and affectionate terms—as you know. Those terms will be only cemented by a closer union."

"Will you promise—will you undertake that my sisters' home shall not be rendered unhappy? that they shall be as free and independent in it as they have been?"

"Certainly I will," responded Mr. Canterbury, "and you must have called up very strange ideas, to fear otherwise. Except in the matter of housekeeping," he added, casting his thoughts to domestic matters: "Olive must resign that."

"She will not expect to retain it, sir. I spoke of themselves personally. Will they be allowed the freedom of action, the comfort, that they have hitherto possessed?"

"Yes they will. What should hinder it?"

So spoke, so thought Mr. Canterbury. So have thought other bridegrooms in prospective. But—wait a bit.

II.

In the same room where we have seen them, but when the year had grown later, sat the unmarried daughters of Mr. Canterbury. Mrs. Dunn had returned home; she would not remain at the Rock to witness the wedding of her father; she prided herself upon being independent, and "showing what she thought:" but the others had countenanced it by their presence, and Millicent was bridesmaid. The happy pair, as announced by the local newspapers, in newspaper phraseology, had repaired to the Lakes to enjoy the honeymoon. The honeymoon was now over, and a good long honeymoon it had been, and it is to be hoped they had enjoyed it, and the "happy pair" were this day expected home, after their six weeks' absence. Everything was in readiness to welcome them, and the Miss Canterburys, having all complete, were sitting to their ordinary occupations. Like right-minded ladies, as they were, they were prepared to render due honour and deference to their father's wife.

"How strange it will be to see her take the head of the table!" exclaimed Millicent, looking up from her drawing. "I wonder if she will put herself on the same merry, familiar footing with me, as formerly. And—oh!—if I should forget myself, and call her Cary!"

"What shall we call her?" wondered Jane.

"Mrs. Canterbury, when speaking of her," said Olive.

"But when speaking to her?"

"I don't know. Nothing. It would be too ridiculous to say Mamma; and as much out of place, I imagine, to call her Caroline. There is only Mrs. Canterbury to fall back upon."

"Did you recollect to order mamma's portrait out of their rooms, Olive?" inquired Millicent.

"My dear, I have recollected everything. She will find all things as they should be. Listen: here's a visitor."

"Mrs. Kage," said the butler, opening the door, after a short interval.

"What an oppressive day for October!" languidly spoke Mrs. Kage, as she sank on the nearest sofa. "My dears, how are you? Do place me a screen, Millicent; your fire is like a volcano. I have heard from your mamma this morning."

Olive bit her lip, somewhat in amusement.

"We have also heard, Mrs. Kage. My father wrote. They will be at home this evening to dinner."

"Yes, that's what I came up about," returned Mrs. Kage, throwing off her bonnet and shawl. "I have come to see to the arrangements."

"What arrangements?" inquired Olive, in surprise.

"My daughter's rooms, and so forth."

"The arrangements are finished: the rooms are in readiness," returned Olive.

"My dearest Miss Canterbury, you have no doubt done to the best of your ability, but a mother's eye can alone tell what will please her daughter."

Olive drew herself up. "I trust the arrangements will please Mrs. Canterbury. Should there be any alteration she wishes made, she can give her own orders when she sees them."

"Thank you, my dear, I will go through them, if you please, with one of the housemaids," rejoined Mrs. Kage, whose tone, drawling as it was, bespoke quiet resolution. "And now about dinner: what have you ordered?"

Miss Canterbury was silent, from sheer amazement.

"Can I see the housekeeper?"

"Mrs. Kage!" uttered the astounded Olive; "the dinner was fixed upon some hours ago. It will prove satisfactory to Mrs. Canterbury, I have no doubt."

"I know what my dear pet likes: and she has begged me, in her letter, to take care that things are comfortable for her."

"As I trust they will be found," said the indignant Olive, whilst Jane stole out of the room, and Millicent bent over her cardboard with a heightened colour. "Should there be any particular dish you wish added, I will ascertain whether it can be done."

"I will see the housekeeper myself, dear," persisted Mrs. Kage, in the most gently polite tone imaginable, "and direct the alterations I may think necessary."

A flash of Olive's quick temper broke out. She rose from her seat, not, however, lifting her voice to anger, though it was unmistakably firm.

"I have been mistress of the house for many years, Mrs. Kage, and I believe I have been found capable of conducting it. So long as I am so

—which will only be until the coming home of Mrs. Canterbury—I am in no need of assistance, and cannot permit interference. The dinner must be served this evening as I have ordered it."

"But you are shockingly rude, my dear, in saying this to my face: quite ill-bred."

"I think not. I do not wish to be."

"Well, my dear Miss Canterbury, in being thus obstinate, you stand in your own light, for it will naturally incense my daughter against you, when I repeat it to her. However, let it pass: it does not much signify for the few hours you will be in power."

Olive clenched the table-cover in her hands to keep down her passion. Millicent's brow burnt as she turned it—and could not help it—on Mrs. Kage. That lady glided off the sofa.

"And now, dears, you will ring for the upper housemaid. I will visit the rooms and see about the alterations there."

"No!" burst forth Olive, her temper breaking out at last. "The rooms shall remain as they are."

Olive meant what she said, and Mrs. Kage relapsed into sweetness, and made herself comfortable on the sofa for the rest of the day.

The bridegroom and bride came back, and she, the girl-wife, entered into authority in her new home. She did not wield it judiciously: like some others, who have been suddenly exalted into power, she gave the reins to her own will. Her mother encouraged her, and her husband blindly doted on her.

Mr. Canterbury had promised that his daughters should be independent and free of action as they had hitherto been: he had asserted that their home would remain the same, as to comfort and happiness. What should hinder it? he had asked. Mrs. Canterbury hindered it. Lydia Dunn, clear in penetration, sound of judgment, had misdoubted of her sisters' future, when the young wife should be set over them: but Lydia Dunn, in her darkest fears, had never pictured what that home was really to become. They were contradicted and thwarted in every shape by Mrs. Canterbury, and at length it grew to insult. Petty insults, it is true, but they are far harder to bear than great ones.

For some time they bore it: bore it in silence and with swelling hearts; and then Olive, in Mrs. Canterbury's presence, appealed to her father. He took the part of his young wife. Of course: in his present mood of mind, what else was to be expected? Mrs. Kage stepped in, like an amiable fox, to heal the breach, by suggesting that the Miss Canterburys should remove to a small house on the estate, and make their home there. Mr. Canterbury caught at it: his wife more than caught at it, for to get them away was what she had been working for; and the young ladies were fain to acquiesce, as a relief from their present unhappy state of thraldom.

So the Miss Canterburys were turned out of the Rock. And, by-and-by, it is just possible that we may see how things went on there without them.

New-Book Notes by Monkshood.

FERRARI'S GUELFS AND GHIBELINS.*

THE close of the thirteenth century is the period at which M. Ferrari resumes his history—now complete in four volumes. The age of the republics is past, and that of the tyrants begins; for 1280 is the date at which he fixes *l'ère des tyrans*—an era "imposed as an inevitable progress by the ideal history of the Italian revolution." In the Italian "tyrant" he sees nothing at all of that abstract entity, commonly received, whom jurisconsults define to be the usurper or the abuser of power. The tyrant would then be merely one of the thousand phenomena of history, which exhibits to us criminals crowned in every epoch and under every form of civilisation. The tyrant of whom M. Ferrari speaks is "the legitimate expression of the Guelf and Ghibelin revolution," and represents the power of civil war, which advances by dint of every deathblow it deals to all the feudal and civic authorities of the middle ages, in order to multiply the citizens to such an extent that they shall be as numerous as the population. This tyrant heads a party; he fights in a war that has no end; he proscribes because he must, devastates because there is no alternative; when the massacres begin, then is his opportunity, to rise, and direct, and overrule the movement; when palaces are being rased by the hundred; when the belfry proclaims the death of runaways; when the goods of half the citizens are confiscated; when the war, gathering venom as it gathers strength, requires the victorious side to be more and more disciplined, immovable in its ranks, one in its movements, and above all, subject to a single chief who perpetuates the annual power of the captain distinguished from the podestat. The tyrant is one who makes a summary disposal of inopportune notions of legal order or squeamish benevolence—of all utopias of union, peace, concord—of all the vapid illusions of new or decrepid powers, with their blundering adoption of the absurdest tolerance or the most servile moderation. "In his Titanic effort, he begets the modern world: it follows, of course, that he sacrifices the past, in spite of laws human and divine." He is the last necessity of every town, the first man who thinks in the name of the masses, the first "indigenous independence conquered by force of reflection," the first chief who rises above the mute or collective beings of former ages, in which progress was as blind as vegetation, and as unconscious as a physical and instinctive movement. Soon as ever the first embryos of this "tyranny" make their appearance at Verona, at Placentia, at Milan, at Cremona, the chroniclers become animated for the first time; to their dry enumerations of consuls, podestats, or expulsions, succeed judgments, and éloges, and accusations, and occasionally attractive and poetical *exposés;* instead of uniform automata, of the old-fashioned, tráditional, conventional type, we have "intelligent physiognomies" in which may be read the play of the passions, and the resources

* Histoire des Révolutions d'Italie: ou Guelfes et Gibelins. Par J. Ferrari. Tomes III., IV. Paris: Didier et Cie. 1858.

of political art, while every personal calculation is subjected to the force of ideas. The history of Rimini begins with Messire Parcitade, *citoyen envieux*, the tyranny of a Guelf being in immediate request; the chronicles of Placentia cease to be dry-as-dust only when they sketch the éloge of Pelaricino, whom they declare to be generous, loyal, just, severe, and of all men the most versed in business. Rolandino and others make us acquainted with Ecelino de Romano, "épouvantable ébauche des tyrans," with a quite modern precision, with hitherto neglected details about subaltern agents, and conspiracies, and the march of events. With the tyrants, then, the "great interregnum" is complete—that *grand interrègne* which began thirty years before *l'ère des tyrans* (assigned by our author to A.D. 1280)—there is a suspension of laws human and divine, all "légalité," all traditional order, all influence whether of pontifical or imperial sovereignty disappear, and a new power comes into exercise, obscure, occult, mysterious—perhaps to save, perhaps to destroy, there is no exactly telling which; but what can be told, what is felt and acknowledged, is, that the ideas and forces of the Old World are out of joint—for there are men who without crowns on their heads are powerful as crowned kings, men without law and against law who are yet as strong as the Kaisar himself, men without faith who are yet of more use than the Holy Father. Such contemporaries as have no insight into the character of the new epoch, are stupified as they gaze upon its anomalies, and are plunged in the deepest despair; be they republicans or imperialists, simple sectaries or papists, jurisconsults or theologians, they believe that all religion is lost with the Pope, that with the old *légalité* all justice disappears from the earth, that Italy is predestined to the pains of hell—while others there are, pale, trembling, yet sustained by a sort of factious feverish courage, to whom baffled hope has suggested or bequeathed this new formula, "that the country can henceforth be saved only by men who have made up their minds to be damned."

> The time is out of joint—O cursed spite,
> That ever *they* were born to set it right—

if the setting it right thus involved the setting themselves wrong for ever and a day! Common gratitude for the implied result of their labours might extort this much of compassion for these *âmes damnées*, on the part of the trembling expectants who had "arrived at" *cette formule nouvelle.*

A pontifical reaction of course sets in against the "tyrants" and their revolutions. Boniface VIII. is driven to war against them—has to resort to "civil war pure and simple." Under the sword of the Colonnas, under the eruption of the Sicilian Vespers, which spreads like lava over the townships on every side, assailed at Rome, menaced from all quarters, the Pope has no choice but civil war. And his design in kindling it is, so to "propagate a Guelfish oscillation all across the peninsula," that each tyranny may be shaken, overthrown, and broken to pieces in the frightful anarchy of the two sects. Alternate expulsions and carnage were to be the order of the day, till both factors should be exhausted, with no remainder. But inasmuch as Guelfs and Ghibelins were, as M. Ferrari expresses it, two terms as indivisible as yes and no, high and low, right and left, big and little, and all other such terms as take their rise from an

antithesis,—the proposed reaction was out of its reckoning; tyrants might be disposed of wholesale, but other tyrants spring up in their place; the blood of slaughtered tyrants was, in effect, a fertile source of new tyrannies —just as "of old time, in the Pagan persecutions, Christians were multiplied by the blood of the martyrs," which became, in the bloodshedders' despite, the seed of the Church. Then comes the imperial reaction against the tyrants (1311)—the new emperor, Henry VII., being "the model of the podestats, elected because he manages to govern his nine Luxembourg towns without our seeing there either wars, or troubles, or dazzling or vindictive deeds." Into Italy comes this German potentate, to find Guelfs and Ghibelins, Neo-Guelf tyrants and Neo-Ghibelin republicans, altogether a mass of phenomena of which he has no knowledge, no appreciation, no suspicion even. For he is "only a podestat," who believes himself in a bygone age—who, were he asked what he was going to do in Italy, would have answered: I go there to restore peace, just as Rudolf of Hapsburg restored peace to Germany when torn to pieces by war. Henry regards this reaction of republican war, which Boniface VIII. opposed to the progress of tyranny, as a mere accident of civil war; in his eyes the tyrants are only pseudo-podestats, over-powerful citizens; and his own design is to bring to a successful issue that reaction of "impartiality," *un*successfully essayed by Nicolas III. and the *pontifes podestats*, in dealing with Guelf and Ghibelin wars. We are told that Henry said he would not hear the names of the two sects; he would protect exiles of all parties, without reference to party. A Ghibelin making him an offer of life and lands for the Ghibelin cause, "I am come for the sake of all," he answered, "and not for this side or that." The Guelfs complained that he gave audience only to Ghibelins. The Ghibelins reproached him with receiving none but Guelfs. Never, says M. Ferrari, did "blind Fortune, who turns her wheel beneath the vault of heaven without knowing what realms she governs, never did she bestow on a higher-minded man a more disastrous lot. Cast amid a hurricane of applause into an unknown country, with a feeble escort of two thousand horsemen, Henry found himself compelled—whatever his thoughts or intentions may have been—to give his name, his body, his soul, his eyes, his countenance, to the rôle of a comedy whose plot was predetermined by the mysterious volcanic forces of Italy. An object of suspicion to the Ghibelin tyrants, of more than suspicion to the Guelf tyrants, abhorred by all the neo-Guelf republics, assailed by the hatred of Naples and Avignon, he came to be necessarily at the mercy of the Ghibelin sectaries, who required him to try again Boniface's *réaction avortée.*" The unfortunate emperor persisted in not distinguishing between Ghibelins and Guelfs, though again and again had the soil of Italy shown hecatombs of war on those very spots which "her chiefs had sowed with the roses of peace." The result is, that Italy, under the tyrants, and stronger than ever, rids herself at one blow of the Ghibelin sectaries who would fain "confiscate the emperor for their own advantage," and the emperor himself, who in effect is aiding and abetting them, without, however, knowing why or how.

M. Ferrari comments at some length on the influence of schoolmen, and divines, and poets, on the progress of the struggle. St. Thomas Aquinas he calls "le grand docteur de la tyrannie pontificale." Dante

he sets up as head of the opposing party. Against the *De Regimine Principum* of bovine Saint Thomas, is to be cited the *De Monarchiâ* of the "man that had seen hell." The Ghibelins had no notion of letting their adversaries invade and occupy the universe at large; they, in their turn, undertook to sketch a "general tyranny in hatred to the Church," in which they accepted the same starting-point as their opponents, the same data, the self-same scholarship (*l'identique érudition*), and especially the same first principle of the necessity for universal peace. According to the ideas set forth by Dante in his book *De Monarchiâ*, the history of the human race considered as the manifestation of the will and the justice of God realised upon earth, through the great conquests of the Assyrians, the Medes, the Persians, and Alexander, leads to the sway of the Romans, and thence to the universal monarchy of the successors of the Cæsars, the emperors of Germany. By what right would the Pope disturb and confiscate for his own profit this tradition of the Cæsars and of Germany? The Empire could not be subject to the Church—either by its origin, which is earlier than Christianity and unacquainted with religion; or by the *sacre* confirmed by the words of Christ, "My kingdom is not of this world;" or by the donation of Constantine, who possessed no right of giving up to the Pope rights and lands that were inalienable, much less of dividing the unity of the Empire, so necessary to the world's safety. "It is for Cæsar to rule the earth; his right is at once historical, Roman, and divine, and his destiny is traceable beforehand, in a supernatural manner, in the prophetic race of Priam, in the progress of the old Roman republic, in the miracles related by Livy, embodying the will of Heaven, and lastly in the virtues of the Romans, who forgot themselves that they might make themselves over to the world, and who subdued all peoples that they might see the day when they could close the ancient temple of the God of War.

"The 'Divine Comedy' is the great epic of Ghibelin tyranny transported into the unseen world, wherein, by a poetical metaphor, God enacts the part of supreme *tyran*, combating, crushing evil, by the punishments of purgatory and by the fierceness of hell's everlasting pains, to secure the reign of peace to his elect in heaven, these being the elect of the Ghibelin revolutions of Italy. The God of the Divine Comedy is a Roman Cæsar, of infinite wrath, of satanic fury, scarcely ennobled by the reflection of a justice which allows a sort of Germanic calm to such as respect his obsolete laws, inferior often to the thoughts of the damned. He is to be reached only after having passed through the most horrible torments, invented by civil war and by Italian dictatorships, and strewed along the pathway of hell, where may be seen represented all the pains inflicted by Ecelino, Charles of Anjou, Obizzo of Este, Manfred, and Frederick II. on their victims, whether shut up in the tower of Malta at Padua, or burnt at the stake at Verona, or stifled under helmets of lead, or confined in cages, or concealed in tombs, where they awaited death in trances of dread, mingled with the pangs of hunger. Dante is the poet of terror, of hate, of rage, of extermination sanctioned by the supreme necessity of saving the human race; herein lies his originality, his power; this idea it is which raises him to the level of Valmici, Homer, Virgil, Camoëns, Milton—giants of art whose epics are met with at distances of many a century, like milestones on the eternal route of humanity,

all differing one from another, surmounting every deluge, to give evidence of the intervals of time in human transfigurations. Such is the prestige of poetry, such the power of beauty, when representing the idea of a fateful epoch in the series of empires and civilisations, that all moral sense of a later time is effaced in presence of the Divine Comedy, the invectives of which, and its anathemas, and its war-strains, and its *souhaits destructeurs*, appear to men as just as the wrath of Achilles, which gives up the Greeks to wholesale slaughter, to expiate the injury he had suffered in being deprived of Briseis. The Guelfs are everywhere immolated, sacrificed, devoted to everlasting infamy. The poet scornfully thrusts his foot, in limbo, against Celestin V., unwittingly a Guelf pontiff; he hurls Boniface VIII., leader of the Guelf reaction, whom he calls Prince of the Pharisees, into the circle of simoniacs; and exhibits at his side Nicolas IV., writhing in torments; while a vacant place is kept for Clement V., the reigning pope, the agitator of the neo-Guelf Tuscans. Charles of Anjou is cursed; Charles of Valois is charged with treason; not an imprecation but is cast against the neo-Guelf democracy, not a town but is named in the poet's sanguinary apostrophes; one shudders to read verses in which the wrath of God is unceasingly invoked to submerge in its billows Pisa, the modern Thebes—to burn up and for ever destroy Genoa and Pistoja; while Sienna, called the town of coxcombs; Lucca, the city of usurers; Romagna, the land of poisonous herbs; Lombardy, the country of villains; file off with foxes, madmen, 'hideous hogs,' criminals who serve them as captains or tribunes, and arrive before posterity with the brand of infamy on their palpitating flesh. Amid this crash of maledictions, 'les reflets de l'Olympe impérial tranchent'"—to give M. Ferrari's own words—"'sur l'horreur systématique du poëme,' and a dull plaintive voice, like the cry of the jackal, recals at mysterious intervals the vanquished empire, and that absent emperor by whom, if at all, peace is to be restored to Italy and the world. 'Come over and help us,' is the burden of its utterance—'tarry not; the Montagues and Capulets, the Monaldeschi and Filippeschi are slaughtering each other; there is no town without its "villain," acting the part of Brutus or Marcel; come then, crush the republics, grind to pieces the papal party, curb rebellion, stifle Florence, destroy Pisa, Pistoja, Genoa, and the towns of Lombardy, if it be thy will. Haste thee, plunge afresh our peoples, one and all, in the era of the bishops, in the times of the crusades. Come with thy Germans, and thy Austrians, and so come with them that not an Italian shall dare stir before thee; and that every single town, being, like Verona or Mantua, made subject to thy deputies, may stand motionless and petrified in the universal federation of the empire; come, thou for whom Rome is waiting, dishevelled Rome, now torn in pieces by Orsinis and Colonnas, turned into a *champ-clos*, a circus for deer; come, and reign over it—or, if thou be forgetful of it, woe betide thee; in that case, may there be regicides in thy family, rebellions in thy state, and may all the Furies of Italy dog thy steps!'"

Voilà Dante. But M. Ferrari is careful to add that never for an instant is Dante unmindful—even in the wildest outbreaks of poetry, and amid the greatest licences of art—that he is the adversary of Guelfish invasions; and his ideal government, "cette tyrannie universelle de l'empire, prêchée avec tant de colère," is meant to abide continually subject

to the reign of Law, without departing for an instant from that free and federal form which stands opposed to the Pope's *despotisme unitaire :* in like manner the despotism of France is "flétri" in the name of federal law; her encroachments are denounced as systematic sharping; her *unitaire* theology is cursed by the voice even of Hugh Capet; the usurpation of Provence, of Ponthieu, of Normandy, is held up for vengeance, the *vengeance germanique* of Douay, Ghent, Lille, Bruges, and all other free federal towns that surround this hateful monarchy, which casts forth upon Italy a Charles of Anjou, a Charles of Valois, and all the scourges of the neo-Guelf papacy of Avignon.

In a subsequent chapter the historian takes a sweeping review of the "Guelfs and Ghibelins all over Europe." All Europe was at this time in agitation, and "tyranny wrote its name in letters of blood in every realm." The "tyrants," or new chiefs, or Men of the Time, are characterised in mass by M. Ferrari as *des hommes terribles ;* the voice of the nations bestows sinister names upon them; never, in any age of the world, were more kings surnamed by the odious titles of Cruel, Dreadful, or Bad. The murder of Inez in Portugal, that of Peter of Castille in the tent of Bertrand Duguesclin, the king of England *qu'on empale avec une épée* (Edward II.), the son of Burger decapitated in Sweden, the three great princes put to death in Russia, the three hundred neo-Guelfs immolated in the church of Lunden, the extermination of the Templars in France, the religion of the French monarchy subjected to the tyranny of the Paris Thirty, the undulations of Poland and Hungary, —all bears witness to the influence of Italy and the action of the two sects who are destroying the law and faith of the Middle Ages. And though the *bouleversement* of the States of Europe may not equal that of Italy; though proscription in this or that kingdom may not go so far as to drive out half the inhabitants, as was the case with Florence, Bologna, and Cremona; though the shock may not root up old capitals, as at Palermo—nor rase whole towns by demolishing their

——cloud-capt towers, and gorgeous palaces,

their mansions and churches, as at Camerino and Sinigaglia; though disorder may not organise two States within each State, nor effect universal interference of one people with another; the reason is, as our author regards the matter, that the poor in spirit are ever the happiest, and that such peoples as are dispensed from the terrible necessity of marching at the head of the nations, are thereby dispensed from undergoing that long series of tortures, martyrdoms, and massacres, found to be inevitable wherever the law and religion of old standing are laid hands on for the first time. The kingdoms of Europe have only to translate into their sovereign law the principles which Italy is seeking in the depths of social revolution; they may hold their ground, and sustain quasi-regular wars, and preserve themselves from unforeseen *soubresauts,* in which innovation has to do with a future that seems at times impossible, at times absurd, and always different from what had been hoped or expected. But each kingdom keeps the rank, the place, the attitude, the character, determined by the categories of Italian Revolution. This distinction between Guelf and Ghibelin States, monarchical and free, in alliance with France or with Germany, pontifical or imperial in tendency,

holds good in every particular; this fatality which subdivides each State into two parties, one *velfe* and the other *gebelin*, is the same fatality by which the Guelfs, Ghibelins, and tyrants of the two sects are engendered; this necessity which always grants victory to the Velfes in monarchies, and to Gebelins in free states, still effects definite victories, for nowhere is the "constitutive law" of royal or free States entirely destroyed, and the same necessity determines with equal precision the false victories of parties which eventually will lose the day—thus keeping up "l'ondulation générale des Etats." At one moment, indeed, it would seem that Europe is turned upside down, in contradiction to all her traditions, clean contrary to her entire past: countries predestined to be Guelf are mastered by Ghibelins, and others devoted to imperialism are in the hands of papalism. For a moment impiety is all splendour: in France, under Philip the Fair; in Portugal, under Peter the Cruel; in Denmark, under Christopher; Paris, under the prévôt des marchands, has the look of a republican city; Bavaria, under Louis the Bavarian, seems the land of philosophers; meanwhile there are Guelfs reigning over England, with Isabella and Mortimer, with Folkange over Sweden and Norway, and with the princes of Moscow and Novgorod over the federal regions of Russia. There is a seeming transposition of parts in the general drama—the confusion of an infernal masquerade; but when you analyse to the bottom this apparent paradox, *ce caprice de Dieu ou du sort*, you find it to be but the work of revolution, preparing, even by paradoxes and anomalies, for an ultimate renovation, radical and entire, of political and religious ideas, which are being shaped into the form they must take to reign with the Guelfs in monarchies, and with the Ghibelins in States whose tendency is republican. How renovate them, in fact, without destroying their ancient form? How accomplish this destruction except by proclaiming republicanism in monarchical States, or monarchy in republican ones, and without violating law, without committing usurpations, without creating tyrannies, whether of a monarchical or tribunitian character?

"The Church, hurried along with the Italian agitation, and afterwards with that of all Europe, presents a *résumé* of the general movement by reproducing all the pretensions of Gregory VII. with the ideas of the Guelfs and the plan of the tyrants. Her hero, Boniface VIII., on calculation a Guelf, upraised by a war which has put conclaves to the rout, enjoys his triumph in imprisoning his predecessor, Celestin V., and the Church herself declares him a scoundrel, since the saint kept in gaol by *him* is canonised by *her*. He lays claim to Poland and Scotland as fiefs of the Holy See; he summons Vinceslas of Hungary to appear before him; he is the enemy of Frederick of Sicily whom he degrades, of Philip the Fair whom he attacks, of the kingdom of Denmark which he lays under an interdict; it is his will to be the king of kings, the suzerain of the Empire, the judge of the Emperor; and at the death of Albert, he goes so far as to make the unheard-of claim to govern Italy, *vacante imperio*, by naming Philip of Valois vicar-imperial. Of God he makes a Guelf, and accordingly stigmatises the Ghibelins as imps of Satan, accusing them of being Manichæan worshippers of the Evil Principle, and sworn preachers of the devil's *tyrannie universelle.* His thoroughly worldly religion founds the Jubilee, which attracts be-

lievers to Rome, to enrich the eternal city at the cost of general credulity; and such is the pressure he exercises on the faith and the finances of kings, that, as we have seen, he drives into the ranks of irreligion those very princes and peoples who are most devoted to the Church. His death too is that of a tyrant; for not only is he struck by the Colonnas, but by attacking France he provokes such a reaction that Nougaret goes to box his ears under his own roof at Anagni, and while imprisoned anew at Rome by the Orsinis, he expires in convulsions of diabolical rage. The Romans said of him, that after coming in like a lion, he had reigned like a fox, and then died like a dog. It were impossible better to characterise his fatal mission. Under Clement V., the papacy is rent asunder by civil war, and two Churches are to be seen, Guelf at Avignon, Ghibelin at Rome. The former is no longer the Church of Christ; its chief, under the yoke of French interests, cannot, in spite of his wishes, sign a peace with the emperor Louis of Bavaria; the King of France compels him to feign an anger he does not feel, and to continue a tyranny which exposes him to the reverses of war. The Ghibelin Church, represented for a moment by the anti-Pope of Rome, nominated by Louis of Bavaria, is developed by the jurisconsults Marsilio, Buonagrazia, Ubertino, Carrara, Tarlati, and Dante Alighieri, whose interpretation of the laws and traditions subjects the Pope to the domination of the Empire, which is declared Roman in the name of the peoples, despite the Church of Avignon and French corruption." Faith and practice were alike affected by the rampant schism: theology had its civil wars; the convents were at loggerheads; Franciscans and Dominicans were bent on supplanting each other—the former with the Ghibelin ideas of the populace, exalting poverty, preaching up asceticism and abnegation, and making ducks and drakes of clerical wealth; while the latter, "les dominicains, ménagent la propriété en docteurs quasi-bourgeois," and demonstrate that "Jésus-Christ et ses apôtres étaient d'assez bons propriétaires." Nor is our historian unmindful of the mad faith and bad fortune of those heretical *maniaques* whose error, he says, was but the excess of a zeal that would have disappeared had not the Pope been at Avignon, and had not the extravagance of the Guelf Church provoked the assault of Ghibelin heresies.

The dictatorship of the tyrant was succeeded by the domination of an "impartial chief" whom M. Ferrari calls the Seigneur. As the Seventh Part of this history is entitled "Les Tyrans," so the Eighth is headed "Les Seigneurs," whose career and character it develops in the course of some two hundred pages. The Seigneur is described as the soldier of a Guelf or Ghibelin principle, who acts the dictator of his party, but who, compelled to court unity at whatever price, finds it necessary, "a new Tarquin," to put down the great families who contest his power, and whom his own principle would make him hold in the highest respect. Thus it is that the Ghibelin Ecelino is seen to betray the two greatest Ghibelins of Lombardy, and that the Spinolas sacrifice their friends, the Dorias, in the wars of Genoa. Hence confusion and compromise, contradictions and reconstructions. Parties are broken up, subdivided into neo-Guelfs and neo-Ghibelins, and an intermediate *parti* arises, "juste-milieu assez fort pour dominer les deux sectes"—civil war is checked, the

two principles have no longer the power either to initiate or to control events, and so the Seigneurs have their day.

Everybody hails the seigneur as the first advent of human reason in the history of Italy. He is the sun whose radiance pales the sinister light of the two sects. Gentle, peacefully-disposed, humane, affable, his robe shows no spot of blood, his language pleases all but men of the sword. Neither consul, nor podestat, nor count, nor marquis, he is a new being, a master, *dominus*, who represents an independent power unknown in the *droit public* of Europe. His title is not to be found in the archives of the Church, nor in those of the Empire; his powers emanate neither from the great council, nor from the deliberations of a party; far from reigning as a conqueror, his sword is scarcely caught sight of; his strength consists entirely, like that of Socrates, in his intelligence; his elevation to power is the effect exclusively of a coup d'état. If you see a man before whom nobles and bourgeois bow themselves to the ground, a man endeared to the multitude without apparent motive, dreaded by all notwithstanding his smile, you may say confidently: That is a seigneur; you cannot be mistaken. His coup d'état is his justification—implies his prudence—proves his discretion—represents and establishes his power, which is at once beneficent, arbitrary, and occult. The republic vanishes as if by magic; liberties, franchises, guarantees disappear for ever: "un seul homme sait tout, fait tout, peut tout." *L'Etat c'est lui.* He advances little by little, sideways, and in silence; to hear him, Pope and Emperor have no more faithful servitor; he appreciates the Guelfs, esteems the Ghibelins, and is always the gentlest, humanest man in Europe. He makes profitable alliances and forms advantageous connexions; he is to be counted on by neither Pope nor Emperor; he wriggles out of an engagement by a *quasi*, or perhaps, by chicanery and tergiversation; ambiguity is his grand figure in rhetoric, flat treason his last anchor of safety. All who attack, find him quasi-Guelf or quasi-Ghibelin, quasi-pontifical or quasi-imperial, when they least expect it. Therein lies his strength; he has the elasticity of steel—and after being bent to the ground, becomes in a moment as straight again as ever. Which pliancy, however, has its penalties to pay; and pays them, when pay-day is fully come.

Having fixed his type of the Seigneur, M. Ferrari proceeds to take note of the hundred persons who spring up *au milieu des tyrannies*, to show its mathematically exact realisation in all the Italian States. Of foremost note among whom are the Visconti at Milan, the Malatesti of Rimini, and the Vistarini of Lodi. Anon begins the pontifical reaction against the seigneurs, and then the imperial, and then the two combined. At one time there is an idea of suppressing the temporal dominion of the Church, and subjecting Italy to the single tyranny of the Visconti; but this idea tends to transform the Milanese seigneurie into a scourge for the rest of the peninsula, and compels Florence to defend the liberties, laws, traditions, and federation of the Italian peoples—whereupon all the phenomena of the nation become explicable by contrasting Milan with Florence—for the war against Milan is "the war of federation, of civilisation, of Italy's past and future against a barbarous and monstrous invasion." Venice rises, like Venus from the sea. It is for Venice to

bring the republic to perfection, while all Italy is doing the same by monarchy. But Venetian republicanism is mystified by "un pouvoir occulte, collectif et permanent;" "elle a le cœur pourri;" and with all her colonies, alliances, enterprises, forces, and wealth which might place her above all the Italian States, Venice is yet found to be inferior to Milan in political art, to Florence in ideas, to Genoa in courage, and to all her neighbours in asçendancy:—"her hybrid character, sombre below the surface, though frivolous upon it, *bonasse* and ambiguous on the part of her chiefs, light, vapid, babbling, designedly whimsical on that of the people, exhibits incessantly the chiaroscuro of a perpetual carnival, on a soil which contains prisons below the level of the sea, on which the sbirro violates all law, while masks are inviolable, as if *folie* alone were sacred in the Byzantine Athens."

The next main section of this work is entitled "The Condottieri," and details the military crises and abortive rebellions by which Italy was kept "in hot water" during the last quarter of the fourteenth, and three-fourths of the fifteenth centuries (1378-1474). The "decadence of the seigneurs" is the subject of the ensuing part, which comes down to the year of grace 1530, and comprises an attractive chapter on the Age of Leo X., the genius of which is said to be reflected in Ariosto, while Machiavelli is called "Ariosto in action." M. Ferrari discourses at some length on the "inanity" of Machiavelli's "grand art of making revolutions," and the "eternal truth of the fatal laws traced by him to all possible revolutions," and on the gradually and still advancing reputation of this remarkable man, "imprévoyant," as he might be, and "maladroit, et méconnu de son vivant." The Eleventh and concluding Part is devoted to a general review of Modern Italy—of her position and bearing at the Reformation, and during the religious reactions of the League in France, the Inquisition in Spain, the Roundheads in England, and the Thirty Years' War in Germany; and again during the Age of Louis XIV., the Age of Voltaire and the *Encyclopédie*, and the French Revolution. Our parting glimpse of Italy, as she is, shows us a country "où la haine contre les troupes impériales et contre le clergé pontifical montre pour ainsi dire en relief l'indécision de notre temps."

Men who might
Do greatly in a universe that breaks
And burns, must ever *know* before they do.
Courage and patience are but sacrifice;
And sacrifice is offered for and to
Something conceived of . . . .
An ignorance of means may minister
To greatness, but an ignorance of aims
Makes it impossible to be great at all.*

* Casa Guidi Windows.

THE GUARDSMAN IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

IV.

PIPES AND COFFEE.

We had not paid many visits to the bazaar before the increasing heat, or the love of heterodox costume inherent in the military Briton, induced a modification of the prevailing "mufti." On a sudden, certain of our leaders of fashion appeared in public with turban-cloths neatly wound, by some practised hand, around their battered "wide-awakes." Prodigious was the sensation created by this semi-Oriental head-gear. Grave old Osmanli gentlefolks, over whose impassive countenances mirth had seemingly never rippled, taking the pipe from their mouths, positively roared "Bono Johnny!" disgusted women shrieked "Bir adjaid maslahat dir!" (what shocking objects), and, fearful of the uncouth and licentious demeanour of the turbaned *giaours*, shuffled homeward as fast as their corpulence and clumsy *papouches* (slippers) would permit; grisly *imauns* (priests), clenching fanatic hands, predicted this unnatural and disquieting spectacle to foreshadow the approaching doom of Islam; frouzy dervishes, conspicuous in high conical caps of drab felt, and sad-coloured greasy gabardines, spat forth curses upon the unbelieving dogs; Greeks and Armenians laughed slyly in their sleeves at the rage of priestly conservatism, and sneered, after their subtle manner, at the British buffoons. In short, for a little while, Hanifi Stamboul, most strait-laced of cities, was all but startled out of its rigid routine of ostentatious propriety; for the first time, perhaps, since the free-and-easy jocund days of the Byzantine emperors, it really cracked a joke.

In a few days a majority of the British officers had assumed the new Jim Crow turban, with, it must be confessed, excellent results to health and comfort, for headaches no longer vexed, and *coup de soleil* ceased to threaten.

When you journey in Asia or Africa, follow the custom of the natives, and fold about your hat, cap, or fez, a couple of yards of muslin; an act of simple wisdom which may ward off fever, perhaps death. Unmindful of such an expedient (as old as his texts, by-the-by), a young clerical friend rode from Constantinople to Schumla during the blazing month of May, "his shining morning face" very insufficiently protected with budding moustaches (how the rustic flock in Shropshire would have been scandalised could they have set eyes on that unspiritual down), and a tarboush a world too small for his capacious head. When, on his return to Stamboul from this memorable trip, the worthy curate accosted me, I failed at first to recognise him, so melancholy a havoc had three short weeks of travel wrought on that pleasant presence. Sorely suffering were those lineaments, once so smooth, so pink and white, the *beau idéal* of the boarding-school! the admiration of the squire's unmarried daughters! The ruthless beams of a Bulgarian sun had ripped from the goodly nose its cuticle, and excoriated the rest of the expansive countenance into the crimson likeness of a raw beefsteak. 'Twas pitiful, 'twas won-

drous pitiful—and yet, as a lesson, wholesome withal—to contemplate that facial devastation, and to listen to the scarified Levite's self-reproaches and entreaty for cold cream.

The independent carriage and vigorous stride, the scant petticoats and masculine "high-lows," the dilapidated bonnets and fiery faces—full-blown with freckles, and too often tinted with "potheen"—of some of the soldiers' consorts, were marvels and disappointments to the sensuous Ottoman, whose opium fancies had pictured the women of Frankistan as "houris of the Celestial Gate," unto whom the fairest odalisques of the padishah were but meet to be handmaidens.

Observing one afternoon a dense crowd collected in a principal thoroughfare of the bazaar, I ran up to see the fun. Well may the people gather together! Few of their forefathers had beheld such a prodigy! There actually raged a regular "set-to" between two virago representatives of the Crescent and the Cross—an obese female Turk, and a wiry, raw-boned daughter of Connemara, whose weather-stained, pimpled features argued no slight familiarity with baggage-waggons and usquebaugh. With some ado we separated the termagants, but not before signs of punishment were conspicuous on both sides, the Turkish shrew having to deplore a very indecorous rending of the *yatchmak* (veil), by which was made manifest the impression of many a nail on her flabby figure-head; while the Hibernian vixen was handed over to her admiring countrymen with a whisky-dyed frontispiece grievously abrased, minus the bonnet which for years had braved the battle and the breeze, and leaving a portion of her sandy locks in the clutch of the Paynim. It is but fair to remark, however, that, had the combat continued, fortune would most likely have declared for the "ould country," whose champion, game to the backbone, deprecated, in terms more forcible than elegant, "the —— interfarence of thim *saergints* that hindered the sowl of the hathen rowdy descending to glory."

Horrified kawasses laid hands on their intemperate sister, and speedily disappeared with her—Heaven knows where! but "the tathering tearing Biddy" gave a deal more trouble: "the corporal and file," told off as her escort, declaring that "in their born days they never had an uglier fatigue than getting Missus Rafferty aboard the Scutari steamer." As that lady was dragged, kicking, plunging, and screeching through the crowded streets, the children of Othman (are said to have) moralised thus: "Who shall marvel that these Ingliz be devils, when Shitan is their father, and hyenas their dams!"

I may add that the *casus belli* was never satisfactorily ascertained, but Connaught truculence and a "big drink" have the credit, perhaps unfairly, of being at the bottom of the scandal.

If you enter a coffee-house in Constantinople, indulging in recollections of the superb and luxurious cafés of the Boulevards, you will be disappointed, for nothing can be more homely than their Turkish prototypes. Picture to yourself a moderately-sized chamber plastered white, with a wide cotton-covered divan or sofa skirting the walls. In the centre of the room stands a large brass stove, where the *kavéh* is made cup by cup, as customers call for it. The fragrance and strength of Oriental coffee are doubtless owing to this mode of preparation, and to the fact of not pounding the berry into very fine powder, as our habit is.

In Turkey, the *kav-hané* (coffee-house) does duty also as a barber's shop, so that, sitting cross-legged on the divan between some "antiquated imbecility" of Janissary days and a bulky bimbashi (colonel) of the Sultan's guards, one observes head-shaving, beard-trimming, and moustache-clipping going on in all their branches. Thus the *habitué* smokes his pipe, sips his coffee, and, if of the march-of-intellect party, nods over the Ottoman newspaper, whilst the most expert artistes in the world are busy ridding him of redundant hair. This is an excellent arrangement. It renders shaving not merely easy, but almost pleasant.

Coffee, uncontaminated with those illegitimate abominations, milk and sugar, is served in small china cups, the place of saucers being supplied with pretty little stands of silver filigree or fine brass work—something like our egg-cup; the *kavedji* (waiter), who answers your call, "*Kavé getteer*" (bring some coffee), in so leisurely a manner, being generally a huge varlet, whose spreading shoulders and chairman's calves seem formed by nature for the knapsack and the march rather than such in-door and effeminate painstakings as coffee-grinding and pipe-cleaning.

The luxuries of Stamboul are well within reach of the million; for twenty *paras* (about one penny) you may refresh yourself with strong Mocha, get the use of an amber-mouthed chibouk, and take a lesson in Oriental customs. As "the weed" is not sold in the coffee-house, you must carry about a private bag of it; and, if you care to taste the subtle and fleeting perfumes pertaining exclusively to fresh-cut *ghibelik* (a delicate Persian tobacco), you must do as the native connoisseur unfailingly does, viz. buy at a time no greater quantity than will suffice for one day's consumption.

A trio of Bulgarian or Moldavian minstrels will generally be found squatting before the door of the *kav-hané*—monstrously picturesque tatterdemalions grunting away on a couple of bagpipes to the jingling accompaniment of a tambourine. To European ears (Highland ones excepted), these "native wood-notes wild" are not particularly agreeable, but for the Constantinople public they would seem to have special attractions: the very first drone drawing a rapt audience of the baser sort, and even the well-fed and respectable voluptuaries, lolling on the sofa in-doors, rouse themselves into a yawning demonstration of phlegmatic approbation, and are liberal of their paras.

Passing one morning a noted house of entertainment in Scutari, I saw a troop of Bashi-Bazouks of most unkempt aspect and shabby equipment (they looked as though they had come from the uttermost parts of Kurdistan), treading, like playful bear-cubs, a barbarous sort of "Pop goes the weasel" to the music discoursed by a half-starved ragamuffin on a primitive and wry-necked fife. It was plain, however, that this uncouth rigadoon was out of the common run of amusement, for the spectators were evidently diverted hugely, gaping with mouths astride as on a very remarkable spectacle.

The terms of easy familiarity on which high and low, rich and poor, consort in despotic Turkey are somewhat surprising to English liberals. All sorts and degrees of men mingle together without offensive airs of patronage on the side of acres and £ s. d., or vulgar impertinence from "common fellows" out-at-elbows. Go where you will in Stamboul, you see Dives muffled in his furred gown reclining on the coffee-house divan

beside Lazarus, irrespective of the odours exhaling from the poor devil's uncleanly rags. Indeed, there is much kindness in the Turk, both towards man and beast; for while unlucky humanity is never wantonly set cursing dame Fortune, horses, dogs, the very birds of the air bear witness by their tameness and docility to a total absence of the brutality which now and then disgraces more civilised nations. The approach of the turban or fez is welcomed with sprightly whinnying by the picketed charger; mangy curs of sadly unprepossessing appearance slumber though the livelong day unsuspicious of richly-merited kickings; pigeons and swallows invade at pleasure mosques and coffee-shops, without in the least distracting the spiritual contemplations of the pious, or disturbing the dozy beatitude of the smokers.

Duty to God and duty to man being angels ever walking hand in hand—virtues never separated for an instant—moral Siamese twins—the humane, neighbourly Osmanli is rigidly scrupulous in the doing of his religious offices. The soldier just "relieved off sentry" spreads a tattered bit of carpet at the guard-house door, and, turning his face towards Mecca, humbly prostrates himself before his Maker; the sweating porter kneels penitentially in some convenient corner of the crowded street; the merchant frequently suspends a bargain that he may fulfil his obligations to the Most High. At the rising of the sun and at the going down thereof all military guards, pickets, and posts "turn out under arms" and shout a mighty shout of thanksgiving for the mercies vouchsafed to *the* Faithful.

The first field-day of the British army on the plain of Haidar Pasha was, one would think, a show calculated to absorb the eyes and minds of a strange and martial people, and yet I remarked an old man, heedless of the pomp and circumstance of the majestic scene, calmly offering up his orisons within fifty paces of our glittering lines. As we happened to be standing "at ease" at the moment, there arose among the soldiers a controversy as to the object of the effendi's proceedings, his studied pantomime of genuflexions and prostrations puzzling them exceedingly. At last the company's wiseacre blurted out, "Well, I'm blessed if the old chap bean't a going to stand on his 'ed." Here was an observation which appeared to shed a new and satisfactory light on the matter in dispute; for, before "'tention" was bawled, the majority of the rank and file had come to the conclusion that the virtuous greybeard was "some outlandish kind of tumbler."

In the pride, and hardness, and self-sufficiency of our hearts we may despise the Mussulman, but have we nothing to learn from him? Is religion with us paramount above all things? Are we charitable, long-suffering, and honest as he is? Every man must answer for himself.

In your comings and goings among this cloudy people, the stalls of tobacconists, and dealers in pipe-bowls, amber mouthpieces, and cherry-sticks perpetually catch your eye. Let us examine the two descriptions of "weed" piled in little heaps on yonder old hunk's counter. This fine tufty stuff of pale yellow colour is the produce of Macedonia and Persia, and forms special fuel for the chibouk; that brown, gritty, and full-flavoured article is used solely in the nargileh (hubble-bubble), a handsome apparatus of glass or porcelain, shaped like an antique vase, and often expensively mounted in gold and silver. Connoisseurs affirm smoking, by means of snaky coils of elastic tubing, out of this elaborate

bowl to be the *ne plus ultra* of delicious tobacco-phobia. Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that a long and tedious apprenticeship must be served before the operation is either easy or pleasurable. To the less ambitious amongst us, who were content to rough it on the simple but vulgar cherry-stick, the bungling dalliance of ensign-dom with the coy hubble-bubble was very diverting. What puffing, gasping, expectoration, evidently all in vain! What angry negation of ill success! What re-iterated and wry-faced protestation of delight! Is there any misery some lads will not go through for the sake of "doing the right thing"—according to the world's interpretation thereof?

Property of no little value are superfine pipe-sticks of cherry and jasmine. The cherry-tube, straight as a dart, its smooth bark bright as if French polished; the straw-coloured jasmine, six feet long, without knot or blemish, tempt many a Turk to sin against the tenth commandment. For things so choice five hundred piastres are often offered and refused.

There is no *luxe*, however, about which Osmanli are more radically spendthrift than the amber mouthpiece. They prize it as a gem. The raw material comes, for the most part, from the Baltic, undergoing at Constantinople the most careful manufacture; and no wonder, for the merest flaw, the slightest symptom of a straw or vein in the semi-opaque substance brings down its worth well-nigh to zero. As if fashion had not made the thing costly enough, it is usual to encircle fine specimens with hoops of brilliants and emeralds. I have seen a mouthpiece thus ornamented (the gift of the Capudan Pasha to one of our admirals) which judges valued at over 50*l*. sterling. So much for "taking tobacco, the gulan ebolitio, the euripus, the whiffe," as Rare Ben Jonson learnedly expresses it.

V.

THE MOSQUES.

Soon after we had settled down at Scutari, a five-pound note procured from the Turkish government a firman to enable us to visit the mosques, seraglio, and so forth. Accordingly, one sweltry morning a pleasant little party of near sixty, comprising generals, colonels, captains, subalterns, surgeons, commissariat clerks, and a clergyman or two, under the direction of an embassy dragoman—a very dull dog—set forth to explore the ecclesiastical wonders of the city.

We now stand before the mosque of Sultan Achmet, a stupendous pile, of an architecture worthy the purest days of Arabian taste. The dome, springing from out a nest of cupolas, is almost sublime. With what matchless grace do the six slender minarets point heavenward!

Having mounted the marble steps of the colossal portico, and divested ourselves of shoes, "Bluchers," and "Wellingtons," in accordance with Mussulman obligation, we pass into the building through a richly-wrought bronze gate. There is a glorious solemnity within. Mark, irreverent infidel, the four giant pillars—solid towers, rather—that support the dome. Reckon their cubic immensity, admire the majestic symmetry of their proportion, and ask yourself in what region of Christendom has art

produced a grander effect. A daintier design may, doubtless, have been conceived, but anything more simply noble was never imagined.

About the interior of the domes and cupolas, and along the cornices, are written in golden letters verses from the Koran: a beautiful species of embellishment, thanks to the fantastic elegance of the Turkish character. The Moorish Alhambra is remarkable for the same happy blending of morality and decoration.

On the marble pavement are laid carpets of gorgeous design and finest manufacture, with which exception there is scarcely an attempt at magnificent furnishing, light, space, and solidity being believed by Mahomedans to be more pleasing to the Omnipotent than gold, silver, gems, and crafty handiwork. This, too, is pretty much the Protestant view of the question.

We were told that in this great mosque, on especially grave occasions, the Sheik-ul-Islam unfurls the standard of the Prophet—a solemn rite which has not been resorted to since the late Sultan Mahmoud, surrounded by viziers, imauns, mollahs, and all manner of imposing functionaries, more or less puissant and corrupt, proclaimed to the prostrate multitude the dreadful sentence of the Janissaries.

While we were admiring the temple, an officer of large barrack-square experience was observed to be assiduously pacing the length and breadth of the vast area. Naturally enough, we supposed that, artistically impressed with the grandeur around him, he was endeavouring to arrive at a proximate idea of its dimensions, with the view of transmitting to the family circle at home an astounding description of pagan magnitude and magnificence. Quite a mistake; the unsusceptible brigadier merely wanted to know "how many battalions at quarter-distance column might parade within the body of the mosque." Did that particular thirst for information betray the great captain or the sergeant-major? It was doubtful *then*, so we left the question to be answered by time and a campaign.

We have now reached St. Sophia, the most ancient and renowned mosque of Constantinople. In 1453 it was a Christian church, and, according to a widely-credited prediction, *ought* to have resumed its original *rôle* in 1853. Curiously enough, the fulfilment of this "auld wife's tale" seemed close at hand in that year. Menschikoff had bullied apparently to some purpose; England looked on with folded arms; the thunders of France slumbered as yet; and the Greeks were in high feather, making sure of a Byzantine resurrection. All the baseless fabric of a dream!—just as the Hellenes imagined "their glories were a-ripening," there came the nipping frosts of Alma and Inkerman. At this time, prophecy is said to stink in the nostrils of the "men of Athens."

At first sight, St. Sophia rather disappoints expectation; her vast dome wants the harmonious elegance of the cupolas of Sultans Achmet and Solyman; her minarets cannot boast the lace-like delicacy of Saracenic handiwork; and on every side of her cluster squalid cabins and dirty cook-shops, which greatly detract from the grandeur of the *coup d'œil*. In this last respect, however, Christendom is often as ill off. Are not the neighbourhoods of our cathedrals, churches, and chapels profaned with equal, if not worse abominations? Beyond all Western peoples the French have set a noble example of Augean cleansing and judicious resto-

ration, which, some time or other, may spur us Londoners into a resolve "to go and do likewise."

Mohammedanism—downright Roundhead in its abhorrence of graven images, and of pictures representing animal life—has ruthlessly destroyed the major part of the superb ornamentation which formerly blazed within St. Sophia. The brilliancy of the famous mosaic is hidden under a thick coat of whitewash ; the beautiful statuary of old Greece has disappeared ; and the marvellous altar, fabricated of a metal composed, it is said, of gold, silver, bronze, and precious stones, amalgamated by a long lost process, has made way for a simple slab of red marble, so placed as to indicate the direction of Mecca. Suspended from the roof, immediately above this horizontal finger-post, is an old carpet, ragged, dusty, motheaten, but, for all that, an heirloom reverenced exceedingly by the Faithful, forasmuch as the mighty Prophet himself erst knelt at prayer thereon.

Riveted against the cornice of the dome are four immense green shields, on each of which, engrossed in gigantic gilt letters, glares a text from the Koran. These monster disks are striking rather than agreeable objects, but the Moslem, it is reported, value them not a little, as being gifts from certain devout padishahs, who hit upon this strange, but effectual, mode of forcing favourite moralities on the attention of the heedless, or short-sighted, of the Constantinopolitan public.

Examine well the pulpit ; it is a masterpiece ; has Gibbons ever carved a fairer design? The priest, we were told, always ascends its narrow stair with a naked scimitar gleaming in his right hand ; a sign to men, that as by the sword this temple was won from the giaour, so by the sword would it be preserved to Allah. At night, innumerable lamps formed of ostrich-eggs—hanging from the arches by silken cords—light up the grand *enceinte*. The effect must be glorious.

At the period of our visit the marble pavement was covered with the beautiful mattings only to be met with in Spain and the East. Now, the arrangement of these mattings was peculiar : they were stretched in an oblique direction, *i.e.* contrariwise to the architectural lines of the building, the object of this departure from geometrical rule being to persuade the high church worshipper that the mosque has the orthodox point towards Mecca, whereas, having been erected for the service of another creed, its actual bearing is not quite in accordance with the Mussulman Holy of Holies. Nevertheless, the deception is well schemed, and, on a cursory inspection of the building, may possibly escape detection.

The lateral chapels, although purposeless in a religious sense under the Turkish lease, are turned to an excellent secular use ; they are storerooms, in which the Osmanli, before starting on the Mecca pilgrimage, are permitted to deposit their strong-boxes—in greater safety, I believe, than our banks sometimes ensure to their customers. In this sacred place, any fingering of your neighbour's property is sacrilege ; so the spider—dear to the children of the Prophet, because in the nick of time he once wove his fragile web across the entrance to the grot wherein Mahomed lay hidden, and thus put the holy man's pursuers on a wrong scent—spreading his nets over the coffers of the hadji, secures them more effectually than the craft of Chubb, Bramah, or Hobbes could do.

Notwithstanding much destruction, and more obliteration and besmear-

ment, St. Sophia remains a magnificent structure; inwardly more ornate and interesting than any other mosque of Stamboul. Her enormous space possesses an awful dignity; her dome, swelling to hugest proportion, rises to a prodigious height. What must it have been in the glittering time of the Comneni, when it shone a very heaven of gold and mosaic? Her pillars are still the jasper and porphyry columns which Justinian filched from the shrine of Ephesian Diana and the Temple of the Sun at Palmyra. And then, scattered thickly about, robed in all the dazzling variety of the East, prayed fervent groups, every man and woman of them exhibiting a touching picture of devotion, compared with which our religious homage looks pale and cold. We were really touched; the club-house tactician, even, appearing for the moment oblivious of "pipeclay" and her Majesty's regulations.

We wend our way to the Seraglio. On that triangular spur of land intervening between the Sea of Marmora and the Golden Horn stands the celebrated seraglio, an irregular and gloomy mass of battlements and pointed roofs, frowning amid groves of cypress and sycamore. On reaching the gate-house which guards the entrance to the castle, we found our passage disputed by an official, in the likeness of the ugliest eunuch I ever set eyes on. Over and over again the rascal folded and unfolded the firman (comprehending little of it probably beyond the Sultan's cypher), all the while hurling shrill volleys of vituperation at our demure dragoman; but the fury of "Thick-lips" rose to fever heat when divers of our party, wearied with the controversy, coolly installed themselves *à la Turque* in the shade of the imperial porch, and proceeded to "strike lights." At this breach of etiquette the poor creature grew positively frantic; his jabber and gesticulation were fiendish—quite a study for Robson—and what the consequences might have been no one can tell (for Britons are sometimes "splenitive and rash"), had not an urbane and obese pacha, followed by an imposing retinue of pipe-bearing Arnaouts, ridden up at the critical moment, and, on hearing the cause of the wordy tumult, requested us to enter in without more ado. How the eunuch scowled and hissed forth cursings as our jaunty subalterns flaunted past him! Crossing a dank garden we reached the door of the palace (here, of course, shoes are again flung off), and followed the dragoman, kawass, and a functionary whose sonorous title I have forgotten, up a handsome staircase of polished wood.

Cast aside every nursery-rhyme anticipation of fairy-like splendour in the garnishing of the Seräi, and recollect that now-a-days the Sultan never dwells therein, that, like our own Kensington, this historic mansion has dropped from its high estate into a retreat for sultanas who may have fallen in flesh, or odalisques whose comeliness has been effaced by small-pox. Bear in mind, also, that it has ever been the Ottoman custom to be content with perfect simplicity in the public, or men's, apartments, luxury being gallantly reserved for the harem, or female quarters, into which epicurean region of silken curtains and misty perfumes, and shawls of Cashmere, no beard may show itself, unless the privileged bristles appertaining to the good man of the house. To the Frank, therefore, the residences of viziers, muchirs, and pashas appear but clean and cheerful summer houses. All we may do is to imagine something very interesting behind certain mysterious latticed windows.

With regard to furniture, these imperial saloons are all much alike; the windows are curtained with silks of different colours; fine matting is spread over most of the glistening parquets, and a divan surrounds every room. Sometimes a French clock, or Broadwood pianoforte, redeems in a manner the bare aspect of the place; and wafting our thoughts westward, makes us to sigh for the bewitching luxury of the Parisian boudoir, or the genial comfort of the English dining-room.

At length we were taken into a long and lightsome gallery, "where," the dragoman informed us, "the pictures are hung, many of them being very valuable." Judge, then, of our surprise on beholding a collection of cheap French prints illustrative of Napoleon's victories, and a few daubs misrepresenting Ottoman war-steamers—a very favourite subject in Constantinople. There was, however, one picture of real merit: a delightful sea-piece by Gudin, which, oddly enough, the housekeeper seemed to hold quite cheap in comparison with the teaboard tawdriness of that awful 180-gun *Mahmudieh*—an impotent leviathan the poor follow would fain have us admire, for over and over again he drew our attention to the lumbering hulk.

Will those experienced in Oriental things explain how it is that the pictorial art—the reflexion of the Beautiful—is so little appreciated by Easterns, while the exquisite realities of Nature—her hills, dales, and forests—are exceedingly beloved by them?

Our disregard of the boasted pictures soured, I fear, the temper of the major-domo, for after leading us through a pretty garden, whence we caught a lovely view of the Sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus, he bluntly informed us that the ancient armoury was under repair, and that the rest of the seraglio could not be seen. In Turkey it is as certain a waste of time to argue with dogs in office, as it is, in dear old England, to endeavour to squeeze information from Tite Barnacles and under-secretaries. Forbearing, therefore, to remind this Ottoman "Jeames" how, only the day before, a large party, giaour like ourselves, had been allowed to inspect all sorts of marvels, we departed; and filling the neighbouring cook-shops, were soon deep in the consumption of sherbets and kibaubs.

VI.

FANATICISM AND FASHION.

WHO has not heard of the dancing and howling dervishes? Where is the traveller who has not prattled of their performances? Unluckily, no opportunity was given me of witnessing the ecstatic ballet of the capering enthusiasts, but I did contrive to attend the demoniac concert of the vocal brethren.

Their convent is in Scutari, and distant about a mile and a half from our camp; so, one afternoon, a military party, graced with a lady or two, craved admittance to the rites. Having been charged with stories of Mussulman bigotry and intolerance—calumnies, by-the-by, for now-a-days priests of all nations and creeds, Capuchin friar, Greek papa, and Brahmin moulvie,

> Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,
> Peel'd, parch'd, and piebald, linsey-wolsey brothers,
> Grave mummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless others,

parade the lanes of Stamboul quite unnoticed—we feared lest the presence of unveiled womanhood might constitute a reason for shutting the door against us. We were mistaken, for a dervish, politely requesting us to take off our shoes, conducted both males and females to a comfortable carpeted gallery up-stairs, commanding an excellent view of the ceremonies. From a peculiar twinkle in our saintly cicerone's eyes, it occurred to me that by no means did he hold in abhorrence the very pretty face of one of the ladies—nay, I go the length of thinking that Lady G——'s rosy cheeks, and the mazy ringlets of her lustrous hair, were the real keys to our courteous reception.

No British "Bethel" wears a more austere air than this dervish conventicle. A moderate sized hall, it looks like a village schoolroom, and has the same sort of atmosphere too, as our noses speedily testified. On the roughly plastered walls hang four or five enormous tambourines, and three great sign-boards emblazoned with pious maxims. Directly above the divan, reserved for the imaun and his acolytes, is a strange species of decoration, more suggestive of the ruthless paraphernalia of an operating theatre, or the hellish "properties" of Spanish inquisitors, than of the furniture of a religious house. There are suspended javelins of a shape ingeniously horrid, chains, maces, pincers, skewers, and other instruments of torture, which act on the nerves of the stranger like the gleam of the scalpel or dentist's forceps. These are the tools with which the dervishes prick, rend, beat and gore their quivering flesh, when, maddened with fanaticism, shrieks and howlings are insufficient to express their emotions.

Opposite the high priest, a fine old man with an august beard and most picturesquely wrinkled face, stood a row of about fifteen dervishes, slowly repeating a chant which a sleek, satisfied fellow, squatted on a carpet in the middle of the hall, nasally intoned. At the end of every verse the singers gently swayed their heads, at first backward and forward, then from side to side, and ever and anon a Moslem spectator, infected by the odd fascination of the scene, would rush out of the crowd and range himself in the holy ranks.

The chant continues, the voices swell, the oscillations of the heads are quickened, the faces of the devotees grow livid, sweat streams down their beards, their breasts heave; the precentor is working up to his *ut de poitrine.*

Suddenly is heard the jangle of a tambourine, and, on the instant, the dervishes, facing sharply to the right, place their hands on one another's shoulders, and then peals out that indescribable, that unearthly shout, "Allah-hoo! Allah-hoo!" The brethren are demoniacs now; they frantically dash themselves to and fro like hungry caged beasts, eyes glare with fiendish flame, lips and beards froth, still "Allah-hoo" is screamed. The tempest of human madness rages more and more furiously.

Here the imaun rises from the divan and lashes the ecstasy with voice and gesture. Presently a lad, separating from the actors, casts himself at the feet of the old priest, and now the purpose of that devilish armoury becomes manifest. An acolyte, detaching from the wall a long sharp skewer, hands it with a profound salaam to "his reverence;" the instrument flashes in the air, and the next moment is thrust through the cheeks of the bigot, apparently without producing the slightest pain, for the youth

rejoins the fanatics with an exultant smile beaming over his transfixed countenance—a spectacle at once ludicrous and horrible.

Little children, dimpling with health and happiness, are brought to the high priest. Some he skewers as he did the young man, without evoking a moan from the cherubs; others he causes to be laid bellywise on the floor, and then, mounting on their gristly backs, he stands thereon for a few moments. On rising up the brats appear rosy and smiling as ever, nowhere the trace of a passing pang. But see, here come red-hot irons! At that sight half a dozen zealots spring forward and passionately lick the hissing metal. One delirious dervish, disdaining such lukewarmness, forces the fiery poker into his mouth—ay, and holds it there with a frenzy so vice-like that the bystanders have to wrench it from him by main force. All over the room the smell of charred teeth is revoltingly perceptible—a striking proof of anguish, which, in conjunction with the wretched man's exit in a fainting fit, exalts yet higher the paroxysm of the devotees. Then comes the end of the drama. Human endurance could stretch no further; the play was acted, and the congregation dispersed.

As we were leaving the convent, the imaun came up to us and blessed us, at the same time requesting we would not depart without tasting his coffee—by no means an unseasonable restorative after the horrors we had witnessed.

Without pretending to a surmise of what is really thought in Turkey of English ladies, whose active habits and infinitesimal head-gear contrast so violently with the touch-me-not manners and modest veiling of the Mussulman fair, I must, in fairness, acknowledge the politeness with which our bustling, sight-loving countrywomen were generally treated. The marked politeness of the dervish—most *ultramontane* of the Prophet's followers—towards two blooming daughters of Albion has just been alluded to, and I have heard of another adventure equally corroborative of Osmanli gallantry.

The story goes that, one fine morning, the *placens uxor* of an officer of rank in our army sallied forth in search of the beautiful and the curious, escorted by her Greek landlady and the Turkish gardener of the *pension* where she lodged. After a wearisome stroll up and down the dirty alleys of Stamboul, the trio were stopped by an imposing gate-house, manned by a couple of musketeers. The glimpse obtained of a well-swept court-yard and of a sparkling fountain within whetted the inquiring mind of Mrs. ——, and she resolved on closer inspection, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the Greek and the entreaties of the quaking Ottoman. An old traveller in the East, our heroine knew the weight attached by its people to dignified deportment and address. Assuming, therefore, an air of prodigious importance, she strutted up to the sentinels, and, with the gesture of a provincial Siddons, presented to them —her sketch-book! The soldiers, impressed by her commanding carriage, pondered respectfully for a minute or two over the hieroglyphics so daintily enshrined in crimson morocco leather, and then (they were evidently nonplused) one of them made haste to call the officer of the guard. On the arrival of that dignitary, the book was ceremoniously placed in his hands. Alas! the intellect of the *yuz-bashi* (captain) is as unequal as the duller comprehensions of his rank and file to

the interpretation of that cabalistic *omnium gatherum* of signs and wonders, blots and scrawls. With well-bred politeness the brave man turns over the leaves, scrutinises the binding, examines the brazen clasps of the dark volume. It's all of no use—he can make nothing of it; and so, in despair, he opens a discussion of the subject with his agape subordinates. The next quarter of an hour is spent by the Moslem warriors in disputation, but ultimately the argument ends satisfactorily. Mrs. —— and suite are admitted within the walls of the castle. The officer now conducts them across the court to a grand portico, on the steps of which he desires the two attendants to rest themselves, while he beckons the lady to follow him. The ponderous door swings back, and, to her unspeakable amazement, the adventurous matron finds herself in a large well-lighted hall, furnished with a sumptuous divan, seated upon which appear about twelve reverend smokers, some tricked out in turban and caftan, others smartly "got up" in fez and frock-coat. The grave signors bend a stare (as demonstrative of surprise as Turkish nature would permit of) on the monstrous, the unbecoming apparition; and presently a neatly moustachied gentleman hints to our countrywoman, in excellent French, that she had made a mistake, and must retire. No unprotected female set midway in a London "crossing," with a hurricane of cabs and a whirlwind of "busses" conflicting around her, could feel more perplexed and abashed than did the forlorn Mrs. ——. The room spins round; the hirsute councillors seem about to stand on their heads; her brain reels; the floodgates of her eyes are ready to open with a gush, when in comes an English sea-captain of her acquaintance, who, marvel in his eyes, accosts her thus: "How, in Heaven's name, did you manage to get here? Why, this is the Capudan Pasha's council-chamber—a place into which no female foot has hitherto ever penetrated." Relieved by Blowhard's presence, she tells how the soldiers, after an inspection of her sketch-book, had made signs to her to enter in, and be at home. The truth flashes on the sailor's intelligent mind. "It's clear," he says, "that those unsophisticated men of war have mistaken your vigorous portraiture of Oriental men and things for some extraordinary firman." Accordingly, he explains the matter, in this sense, to the illustrious quorum; whereupon two superb emirs urbanely request Mrs. —— will deign to be seated. Burdened with no mock modesty, madam obeys (she vows she did not sit *à la Turque*, however), and coffee and sweetmeats are served for her refreshment. Presently she retires, delighted with her courteous reception, and especially flattered by the marked attentions of a priest of Mecca and the grand mufti, these being, as she assures her friends, the titles of the eminent gentlemen who were her right and left neighbours on the sofa. Such was confessedly the best morning's work Mrs. —— had done in all her travels.

Every Friday in spring (most delightful of seasons on the Bosphorus) the "world" of Constantinople sallies forth to the "Sweet Waters of Europe"—a green and shady Richmond, about six miles distant from the city. As every officer who had visited the spot was more or less charmed with its beauty, and there being insinuations that "shell jackets" and lavender pantaloons found favour with the *khatoun* (a conceit totally without foundation, as all ingenuous "subs" must confess), a friend and myself determined to spend an afternoon with the Mussulman *beau monde*. To this end we hired a double-oared caïque, and, impelled by

the whipcord sinews of two stout watermen, were soon dashing through the crowded Golden Horn. In front, in rear, on either flank coursed boats in multitudes, all evidently bound for the same harbour as ourselves, and all straining for a good place in the race. Variously were those caïques laden; here, snowy flakes of feminine muslin; there, a lot of turbans; just ahead, a squadron of fez-caps; and, hard pressing our larboard quarter, an uproarious flotilla, manned by the J.U.S., unmistakable from afar by reason of cigars and head-gear of the composite order lately introduced into the British army. On we pulled, feasting our eyes on a panorama unrivalled in the world. On our right loomed that vast arsenal of which the Turks are not unjustly proud, for, under the able superintendence of its assiduous director, Muchavir Pasha (Admiral Slade), it stood the war strain with no less credit than more pretentious establishments nearer home. On the left were spread out the unmitigated glories of Stamboul; "distance, indeed, lends enchantment to the view," for, in our present position, no trace of decay disturbed the eye, no ancient and fish-like smells assailed the nostrils. Gliding over that silvery water—how different from Father Thames, faugh!—we saw but the alabaster façade of the tomb! There is gilding on every roof and pinnacle!—freshest verdure clothes every grove! No gardens, surely, were ever like these! Mark the palace of Serai-bournu, with its peaked roofs, its embattled walls, its painted kiosques, its woods of cypress and sycamore! Mark the mosque of Achmet, with its six glistening minarets, slender and fanciful as though carved out of ivory! Mark the solemn dome of St. Sophia, the mighty watch-tower of the seraskier, the mosque of Solyman the Magnificent, most beautiful model of Arabian architecture! Feel the influence of that Eastern sun which makes all things, however common and unclean, to smile and sparkle; breathe the air so light and exhilarating; search the azure firmament unveined by a passing cloud, and wonder no more that the Muscov should covet Byzantium.

We shoot ahead; the creations of men's hands fade away, and in their stead come "fortunate fields, and groves, and flowery vales." By-and-by the "Horn" dwindles into a narrow channel, literally choked with boats, waiting their turn "to set down." The banks teem with women and children, dazzling to look upon, so white are the yatchmaks, so vivid the hues of the ferijees. The ladies are chattering, sucking sugar-plums, and basking in the sun with a relish that surprises the traveller. Truly, Turkish dames and damsels must be of a most amiable nature, for they always appear merry and well pleased with one another, despite the exclusive regulations of harem economy. Doubtless a good deal of liberty is allowed them in the way of locomotion, and of running up "little bills;" nevertheless, the free and easy lasses of the West would vote it dull work, I suspect, to haggle the livelong day with some Bœotian shoemaker, or to jolt about for hours together in an old rattle-trap of a *telika* (a kind of barouche minus springs) cheek by jowl with an unctuous negress, without the prospect of a tearing deux-temps with Captain O'Toole, the brindled-whiskered Adonis of the Ballyragget Fusiliers; or, if of a serious complexion, a platonic flirtation with the muffin-worrying curate, him of the snuffle, of the lank hair *à la* Spurgeon, of the eyes dreamy, upturned, and fishy.

With no little difficulty, and with much vituperation from less dexterous caidjis, our well-handled caïque worms a course through the jumbling fleet of cockle-shells making for port; and while divers of our comrades are yet afar off, swearing lustily in most emphatic English, and shaking their fists in the flushed faces of the excited boatmen, our iron prow bumps land, and we jump ashore.

Round about the landing-place is a bustling little fair, with lots of booths and stalls for the sale of cakes, sherbet, chesnuts, sweetmeats, and preserves, the excellences of which huge, bull-necked fellows extol without ceasing in monotonous tones, somewhat similar to the truculent advertisements with which the Bill Sykes vendors of "lights" and "penny Pickwicks" tickle the ears of fashion-affecting "gents" on a Derby day. A few strides, however, clear us of the Babel.

We are now lounging about a beautiful lawn, shaded with fine old sycamores and immemorial plane-trees; wherever the eye wanders, there are seated on the soft turf clusters of Turkish women, robed in green, yellow, blue, and rose-coloured ferijees, watched over by irascible "darkies"—hideous, corpulent, and lynx-eyed—while on all sides a mob of lovely, laughing children are frisking. And see, here come parties of giggling Perotes, flaunting in Parisian millinery. They make the air ring with melodious chattering, and, maugre their presumed Muscovite sympathies, now and again roll a kindling glance on the scarlet-jerkined English or red-breeched French. Repaid with interest were those smiles, and in many tents that night did smock-faced and vain-glorious Lovelaces pour into the ears of gullible companions thrilling tales of *bonnes fortunes*—which were to be.

But who are those winsome nymphs, even more prodigal of lightning *œillades?* In dress they are as Osmanli, except that their veils are of more transparent stuff, and their *papouches* of black instead of yellow leather. They are daughters of the wily wanderers yclept Armenians, and reputed very fair, but of that we may not tell, for the sack-like outer garment completely conceals the undulating outlines of the shape; nevertheless, we do know that they possess eyes of wondrous lustre and of suggestive expression, and, being Christians, are far from holding us in the abhorrence enjoined by the Alcoran on all good Mussulmans; but yet, after all, their little *coquetteries* are perfectly innocent—only the transient gambols of fresh and happy hearts.

We must now tear ourselves away from the seductive fair ones, and the scented verdure of the velvet sward, and betake to the dusty road, or "drive," that girdles it. The scene there enacting may not be so poetical and Watteau-like as the former one, but, to the foreigner, it is, perhaps, even more interesting.

Up and down this "drive" slowly creak ponderous arabas—the old family coaches of the Turks—dragged by bullocks fat and solemn, whose dense temperaments have continually to be stirred up with pricks from the walking coachman's goad. Within each of these shaky vehicles are huddled three or four ladies, generally inclining to *embonpoint* not a little. The waggon now passing is freighted with three Greeks; never mind the two buxom matrons, handsome though they be, but, if you care to behold a specimen of Levantine maidenhood look well at that sweet maiden. She has the soft full eye of the gazelle; her face is fair and of

an oval shape; her hair, dark brown and abundant, is decked with natural flowers, as was the Hellenic fashion two thousand years ago. With fawn-like wonder the graceful daughter of the Isles glances at the English men-at-arms, but, alas! no fond admiration can be detected in the depths of that Peri gaze; for once, vermilion whiskers have been fostered in vain.

Here we have a smart barouche of Vienna build, the cypher of the padishah blazing on the panels, and a couple of sultanas lolling on the morocco cushions. The veils of the imperial dames being uncommonly diaphanous—only a haze over the morning sun—we obtain an inkling of the renowned Circassian beauty, which the envious muslin may obscure indeed, but cannot altogether conceal. It is certain that these exquisite creatures glory in a luxuriance of silken tresses; that their features are severely classic, but animated withal by the brilliant complexion of the North; that their eyes are large, black, liquid, and "love-darting," such as the passionate *Sevillanas* alone might hope to rival. Owing to the slow pace at which this interesting carriage moved, we had an opportunity of listening to the deliciously sweet accents of the beauteous gossips within, and of observing the dainty symmetry of more than one little white hand, which the superb coquettes were kind enough to display with something of ostentation. Most of us, however, would have preferred the tapering finger-tips *au naturel*—that is, without the fashionable addition of yellow henna.

At either door of the carriage rode a long-legged, misshapen eunuch—all lips and cheek-bones—who grinned fiercely at us for daring, I suppose, to admire the "lights of the harem." One of these rascals had the audacity to draw his scimitar on my friend, whose eye-glass might, perhaps, have been a little obtrusive; but the sturdy bearing of the Irish gentleman, his defiant glance, his deep-mouthed oaths, his uplifted umbrella, made up a demonstration of moral and physical pluck too tremendous to be lightly encountered, so the Nubian dog-in-office turned tail, and cantered after his wards under a salute of jeers from the assembled nations.

Close behind this grand *cortége* demurely paced a sleek donkey, on which—astride like a heavy dragoon—sat a puffy dowager. The posture being unusual as well as unfeminine (although I have seen a very "bonny" Scottish lassie ride after a like fashion), and the baggy ferijee and unstockinged legs being ill-fitted to the virile phase of horsemanship, a good deal of merriment was excited among the strangers present; whereat the good dame's groom, an ancient Osmanli, whose rosy and reverend air did credit to his mistress's housekeeping, grew incensed, and, brandishing a cudgel, seemed minded to do battle for his lady's sake; however, the intervention of the dreaded kavass caused this spirited retainer (luckily, perhaps, as far as he was personally concerned) to content himself with consigning all Christian dogs to Hades.

In the maze of arabas, broughams, and cavaliers, were pointed out to us some famous, and many infamous pashas, dawdling along on pretty prancing steeds, at the cruppers of which marched a host of smart *chiboukji* (pipe-bearers). In general, Ottoman commanders, admirals, proconsuls, and viziers are huge feather-beds of men—looking like over-ripe

gooseberries in their tight frock-coats—with flabby but well-formed features, and close-trimmed beards and moustaches. How comes it that the prosperous pasha is so often a Mussulman Daniel Lambert? How is it that, in his instance, corpulence and honour, flesh and piastres, seem co-existent and indivisible? Perhaps the governed may be able to explain these peculiarities of the governor. With all his oily exuberance, however, our fat friend sits his curveting Arab well, and from his port, at once dignified and unconstrained, it is easy to see that he would be at home in the saddle under arduous circumstances.

But watches warn that we must seek our boat, lest broils and stews, now simmering and grilling at Haidar Pasha, be reduced to cinders and to rags—in a word, lest we be "too late for dinner." Here, then, God bless ye to Moslem loveliness, gaiety, and oddity; farewell to the "Sweet Waters of Europe," to sunny Scutari, and to Stamboul—dear, dirty, and dignified—for ever.

NAPOLEON BALLADS.—No. VIII.

By Walter Thornbury.

THE VISIT TO THE MILITARY HOSPITAL,

After Bautzen, 1813.

"This is the fate of those who war,"
  Napoleon said to me;
"High at the morn, but low at night.
  Take down that map and see
How many leagues we won to-day.
  Ten losses. I retire
One victory. Berlin, Breslau,
  Shall crumble at my fire."

We stood outside the Thirteenth Ward,
  He spoke as hushed and low
As if each word on some sick man
  Would fall a smiting blow;
He turned the handle very soft
  As to one sleeping, then
We stood beside the line of beds,
  Among the wounded men.

He laid his hand with woman's care
  Upon a soldier's brow;
The dying face turned slowly up.
  "Do you not know me now?
Your Emperor?" The dying lips
  Struggled for life, the heart
Beat once, the sick man faltered out,
  "Comrades, 'tis Bonaparte!"

Then with a groan lay down again,
To pray for him and die.
The tears sprang up into my eyes
When, faint and weak, the cry
Ran through the ward of Austerlitz,
"The Emperor is come!"
And one poor boy with bandaged hand
Caught at his broken drum.

The dying on their pillows rose,
To swell the hoarse, low cheer
That rolled along—'twas pitiful,
Yet saddening to hear.
"My children," cried the Emperor,
"My old Imperial Guards,
My 'Salamanders,' 'Never-turns,'
My 'Lions,' my 'Die-hards,'

"I love you as I love my life;
We are the self-same stock.
France cares for you—'twas you who bled
To build her on the rock;
Your wives and orphans she will take
To her capacious heart.
Dare she forget them while HE reigns,
Your little Bonaparte?

"My children——" But the rare-seen tears
Rose up and filled his throat,
As every bugler took his horn
And blew the battle note;
And then the wounded drummer-boy,
Two dead men's beds betwixt,
Crawled to the floor and slung his drum,
And plied the little sticks.

A one-armed man took off a flag
He'd bound around his waist,
To sop and stanch the brave heart's blood
That from his gashes raced.
He waved it round his feeble head,
His large eyes all a-fire,
Then let it drop, and laid him down,
The brave man—to expire.

DOWN THE NILE.

M. Charles Didier is a French gentleman, in whose company we have already enjoyed two trips. On the first occasion we stayed with him for a season at the court of the Grand Sheriff; on another we spent fifty days with him in the Desert. In the work we have now under consideration,* we are glad to find him as vivacious as ever, and although prematurely grey, and afflicted with almost total blindness, he possesses the same keen eye for female beauty. In this volume of his travels he positively revels in descriptions of the awalim and other fair and dark *traviati* of the land of Goshen, and he rarely describes any antique ruin without winding up with some glowing account of animated nature. But, after all, this is an idiosyncrasy very pardonable in an inflammable son of Gaul.

In this volume, M. Didier takes up his narrative at Khartoum, the capital of the Egyptian Soudan, and, from his description, worthy of being in Missouri, for rowdyism and other popular amusements are carried on to a frightful extent. The town was only founded in 1823, but at present contains from thirty to thirty-five thousand inhabitants. There is nothing remarkable about it, except that it is the metropolis of the desert, and might become a valuable and flourishing entrepôt if any other people but the Turks held it. At the time of our author's visit it was the residence of a governor-general, who held under his authority the whole of the Egyptian Soudan and Nubia as far as the second cataract. Owing to his distance from Cairo, he had almost unlimited authority, and commanded a body of fifteen thousand blacks, usually employed for all the worst purposes of extortion and plunder. Since then, Saïd Pasha has found it advisable to suppress the government general of the Soudan, and subdivide the country into five mudiriés, which correspond directly with Cairo. During the reign of Abbas Pasha, Khartoum was a place of transportation, whither he sent every one at all suspected by him. Many were innocent enough, but now and then his justice fell upon the right man.

During my stay here arrived Abd-ur-Rhaman, an old Copt, and late governor of Mansoura, in Lower Egypt, where he had committed, through cupidity, fearful atrocities. In order to force the unhappy inhabitants to give up their money, he sawed them between two planks. But he was not transported for his crimes, it was because he had become an object of suspicion to the viceroy, who probably coveted his great riches. This wretch, who, I believe, was a septuagenarian, had been carried off from his family in the middle of the night, and embarked on the Nile with no other clothes than those he wore. All his wealth, according to his own statement, consisted of a medjidié and a watch. On arriving at Khartoum, he was placed in prison, and endured his reverse of fortune with a resignation worthy of a better life. To hear him talk, you would have taken him for a philosopher sent to the quarries as a reward for his virtues.

M. Didier's host at Khartoum was the Austrian vice-consul, who had been sent there in disgrace. He was an *outré* imperialist. All his sympathies were with the Russians during the past war, and he hated the Hungarians so heartily that he had given his black servant the name of

* Cinq Cents Lieues sur le Nil. Par Charles Didier. Paris: Hachette.

Kossuth, in order that, when thrashing him, he might fancy he had the Hungarian tribune under his cane. Another honour to the town was a Frenchman, chief physician to the province, who had turned Mussulman, and had already married and repudiated fifty wives, without counting those he has had since. Khartoum, in fact, is the last link between barbarism and civilisation—but what civilisation! With rare exceptions it is only displayed in a refinement of vice, and Europe is generally represented by the scum of its population. Greedy merchants go there to buy elephants' teeth, for which they give glass beads, and they fancy everything permissible in these distant regions. But let us turn to more pleasant subjects; for instance, the description of a fantasia given in honour of the marriage of a son of Abbas with a daughter of the Sultan.

The songs and dances were performed by Egyptian or Abyssinian women, only distinguishable from each other by their deeper hue. All had their faces uncovered, and I could only congratulate myself on it, for they were all of a perfect beauty, and in the flower of youth. It is impossible to have more sparkling eyes, whiter teeth, a straighter nose, or finer and more regular features. Dressed in silk robes of bright colours, in which red or yellow was married to bright green or azure blue, their arms and feet were naked. A band of gauze half veiled their bosom, and their black hair, floating behind them, was adorned with small gold coins running on a thread. In dancing they accompany themselves with the *tar*, or Basque tambourine, and copper castagnettes of the shape of cymbals, called, in Arabic, *sadjat*, which they play with marvellous dexterity. These dances and a portion of the costume are absolutely the same as may be found painted on the old monuments. The alméhs (awalim), or dancers, form in Egypt a separate caste, as they did probably in the time of the Pharaohs. They are much more cultivated than other Eastern women; they know how to read and write, and are frequently poetesses. Living without the common law, they do not marry, and are consequently ignorant of the seclusion of the harem, and thus, equally independent by nature as by profession, they enjoy unbounded liberty. They are sent for to all public and private fêtes, and thus they do not accept every invitation. I have known them paid as dearly as a prima donna invited to sing at a concert in the Faubourg St. Honoré, and many grow rich at this trade, which has its risks and fatigues, and does not debar another; so that, although so much sought after, they do not stand in the odour of sanctity.

Abbas Pasha, instigated by his mother, a violent fanatic, and inspired, too, by his own bigotry, exiled all the alméhs from Cairo, and sent them to Upper Egypt. The police tracked them like wild beasts, and made razzias in all quarters of the town. Any unfortunate girls caught *in flagrante delicto* were mercilessly flogged, prior to being sent into exile. M. Didier was therefore much surprised to see them dancing under authority at Khartoum, and regarded it as a protest against the government measure. Unfortunately the dances were public, and hence the most piquant of all, what is called "the bee dance," was not executed. At the house of the Austrian consul, M. Didier had an opportunity of witnessing the dance peculiar to the Soudan.

The first to unveil was a tall woman of about thirty years of age, whose regular face was a brilliant black, and whose head-dress bore a striking resemblance to those visible in the figures of old Egypt or Ethiopia. Her hair, tressed and gummed, was raised in three enormous tufts, two lateral and one behind, and were held up by a large band of gold. This woman was what the Italians call an *impresaria*. The girls who performed her trade were slaves purchased by her, and whose talents enriched her without benefiting themselves,

for the wretched girls had nothing of their own. At last the ballet began: strange enough, I assure you, and bearing no resemblance to any I had seen before. At a signal from their mistress, who sat apart, wrapped in her *ferdah*, the slaves, six or seven in number, rose and threw off their cloaks, remaining only covered by a *raat*, or short petticoat. They were all quite young, charmingly formed, and, although perfectly black, they had noses as straight, lips as fine, and contours as pure as the prettiest women in Paris. They had no drums or castagnettes: they danced to the sound of the voice, those whose turn it was to rest beating measure in their hands. During this time, the dancing-girl, alone in the centre of the circle like a statue of ebony, appears plunged in a profound ecstasy. With her head thrown back, her chest heaving, her arms stiffened, she appears to undergo an internal struggle, and combat an invincible force which compels her to go where she would not. Soon her bosom heaves, her body is affected by nervous shudders, she advances slowly, and as if despite herself, towards one of the spectators she has selected before, or who has been pointed out to her, this generally being the guest for whom the feast is designed. Such is the dance of the Soudan girls. When one has finished another begins, and it is always the same thing. This dance is common to all the women of the White Nile. An American tourist, who made a journey there in 1853, describes a fantasia given in his honour by the women of a tribe whose name I forget, and where all happened precisely as I have described it at the consul's.

Among other places M. Didier visited was the Austrian mission for the conversion of the White Nile savages. He had met the chief of the mission, Dr. Ignatius Knoblicher, at Old Cairo, where he was taking boat for Khartoum. He led about with him, as a specimen, one of the Bari tribe, whom he had converted, or at least tamed. He was a tall black, very ugly, dressed in a red robe and a plume, and carried under his arm the wooden pillow which the Abyssinians never lay aside. The mission, however, was a fancy of the Archduchess Sophia, and the doctor had made a grand *quête* of several hundred thousand francs, which he expended in hiring a number of European artisans, without counting a cargo of tools, provisions, wine, &c. But, while the workmen fared wretchedly, the worthy doctor denied himself nothing. Dressed in a turban and long Eastern robe, he had no desire to furnish the idolators with an example of Christian austerity. This self-love, our author remarks, is common to nearly all missionaries sent to this country, and especially to Abyssinia; and he was informed by several persons who had resided there for years, that this conduct is of very injurious effect on the natives. It was true that tribes were converted now and then, and remained good Christians so long as they received plenty to eat and drink; but so soon as the provisions gave out, they returned to their idols, and ended by thrashing the priests. The following is a curious piece of argument, which appears, however, to bear some truth on the face of it:

Experience has proved that pacific missions are almost always barren of results: it is sorrowful to say so, but it is the fact. The scimitar alone converted Africa and Asia to Islamism, as at a later date the arquebuse of the Spaniards converted America to Catholicism. It was the same in Europe: not to search far for proof, did it not require the sword of Charlemagne to overthrow the Saxon idols? We must not feel astonished, then, that the Aulic mission of Khartoum has produced no result, and, if it lasted a hundred years, matters would not be more advanced. I am afraid that the present chief of the pious enterprise shares my opinions, and that his views are not entirely disinterested.*

* Since M. Didier was at Khartoum, it appears that the mission has been abolished, for reasons which justify his opinion.

A dahabiyah, belonging to a merchant at Khartoum, was bound to Berber, with a cargo of elephants' teeth, and a passage was offered our author, which he was glad to accept. His dromedaries were sent off overland, under charge of an old soldier, to meet them at Berber, and they started, after the usual dispute with the reis, which could only be settled by a severe dose of stick. They dropped down as far as Sourourab, where they intended to stay for several days, to have an interview with the governor-general, who was expected up the river. Here they were joined by Mahommed Aga, who gave them a princely welcome, and they lived on the fat of the land. For three days and nights it was a constant succession of dancing and singing, although the Turks preferred paying their respects exclusively to the raki. M. Didier appears to have been quite struck with one of the alméhs, of the name of Chama. Here is the description of a visit he paid her:

We entered a *tougoul* which had been set apart for the alméhs, and their meals were brought them twice a day from the Sandjiak. We found them at dinner, sitting in a circle round a stuffed sheep, which their beautiful white teeth did not spare. They gave us a most flattering reception; all rose up to greet us, and kissed our hands, after the fashion of Eastern women. At my request Chama sang us an air, which I considered charming, doubtlessly because ti came from such a pretty mouth. But it was the song of the swan. The asses were all bridled and saddled at the door of the *tougoul*. The alméhs would return to Khartoum immediately after their meal. I followed with my eyes Chama's blue robe as long as I could distinguish it, and I could not see it disappear without a pang at which my white beard had cause to blush.

When the pasha arrived, he paid our travellers a studied insult by not inviting them to dinner with the authorities, so they determined on reading him a lesson. On receiving the audience demanded, they declined coffee and pipes, and merely attended to strict matters of business. Many attempts at evasion did Ali Pasha make; but they stuck to their text, and at length extorted from him an unwilling promise to punish an agha who had treated them badly. This settled, they took boat again. We find little novelty in the account of the passage down the river; the usual visit was paid to Meroë, and the same incidents and accidents by flood and field which must befal every Egyptian traveller occurred to M. Didier. At Berber a French merchant offered them a part of his house. They found him married to an Abyssinian girl, who dressed after the European fashion, not forgetting the bonnet, although shoes and stockings were absent.

The province of Berber formed at that time a mudirié depending from Khartoum. The people are an indigenous race, and very gentle in their manners. They are fond of commercial speculations, and many of them are tolerably well off. Hence, their dwellings are less miserable than those of the other Nubians; these are mostly built of earth, for the town being beneath the eighteenth degree, is beyond the limit of the regular rainfall. The country around Berber is celebrated for a breed of horses known as Dongolas, and much admired in Egypt. They are black, with four white feet. The women, according to our author, are remarkably beautiful, and enjoy a considerable amount of liberty, for, as their husbands are frequently away on business, they like to cheer their solitude by visitors. Perhaps this is the reason why divorces are so frequent at Berber; and there is a singular custom connected with them. If the first husband repent, he can, although remarried, take back his first

wife; for this purpose, he need only repudiate the second. But there is a very singular feature connected with this: during the few days demanded by legal exigencies, the first wife has the right to choose a provisional husband. If he please her she adheres to him, and thus the fickle husband, who so recently had two wives, suddenly finds himself without either.

At the season of our author's arrival at Berber, the Nile was very low, and it would have been impossible to pass the Waddy Halfa in a bark. Hence, the travellers decided on making a short cut across the waterless desert, a distance of one hundred leagues, with only one well half way. Hence the passage must be effected with great rapidity, or else the camels may break down. There is a special officer appointed to take charge of passengers from Berber to Korosko, known as the Sheikh-ul-Atmur, or Sheikh of the Desert. His duties are to procure travellers the requisite number of camels, and, of course, he cheats them to his heart's content. Future travellers should be warned that the well-water is perfectly drinkable, and they can, therefore, well spare half a dozen of the camels which the sheik, from motives of consideration, presses on them.

The first part of the journey, as far as Abu-Hamed, was passed pleasantly enough; there was only one sharp attack of simoom, and M. Didier managed to lose his way only once, but the difficulties were now to begin. In the first place, the sheikh of Abu-Hamed insisted on their having six camels more to carry water, &c., for the eight days spent in reaching Korosko. At length, after a violent dispute, they compromised by taking three, which, of course, they did not require. Another of the disagreeables was, that one of the *kabirs*, or guides, they had brought with them from Berber, turned sulky, and they were glad to get rid of him, and, as he had been paid beforehand, he went back in triumph. Then they appealed to the sheikh of Abu-Hamed to find them a guide, which he tried to evade, but finding them resolute, he offered to accompany them himself, as a proof that he did his duty. They started, and had hardly gone a mile before the sheikh's dromedary ran away with him home, and they saw him no more. But such tricks upon travellers are common enough. Then, again, the worthy inhabitants of Abu-Hamed did their best to terrify the travellers by telling them of dreadful accidents.

The conversation turned continually on tragedies of this nature, of which the desert had been the theatre. Merchants wandering about, succumbing to fatigue, thirst, and dying for want of a drop of water; or it was, poor children of both sexes, dragged into slavery by the Jellabs, and who, worn out with misery, abandoned by their masters, and left for dead, had been devoured by hyenas. They talked also of a young girl carried off by a lover she had spurned, and who stabbed her in the midst of the desert. They spoke, too, about a young European who, having left the caravan, had not been able to find the track again, and had disappeared for ever in the immensity of the sands. This last accident had only happened a few days previously, and gave occasion for numerous comments. Some whispered that the disappearance of this unhappy man concealed a crime—a vengeance, according to some; a robbery, according to others.

This was not the first time that M. Didier had crossed a desert, but there was something about the present passage which depressed his spirits. It is necessary to travel very quickly for fear of knocking the

camels up. There is no rest day or night, for, as the camel-drivers are owners of the animals, this is an additional incentive to them for haste. Hence they hardly allow the traveller time to breathe. And this haste was justifiable, for during one night's rest the pestilential simoom dried up thirty-seven of the fifty water-skins they had brought with them from Abu-Hamed. For three days and two nights the wretched camels had nothing to drink, until they reached the well of Bir-Mourad, situate just half way to Korosko. And, while the camels are drinking their fill, let us take a glance at the desert, such as M. Didier describes it:

> This magnificent desert is the African Atmur in all the strength of the term: sand, sand, sand; not a tree, not a shrub, not a tuft of grass, not a trace of vegetation; it is sterility in its most naked and arid aspect, desolation of desolation. In vain you advance, nothing changes around you; nature is ever inflexibly the same; you appear to remain motionless, fixed by a charm at the same spot during whole days. This sea of sand, like the ocean, has no other limits than the sky, with which it unites and is blended on the horizon. Save some undulations, some asperities of soil, you move constantly along a plain, and this eternal plain, which ever seems to promise something new, extends incessantly in proportion as you advance, and rolls out its silvery surface infinitely. In the distance, however, appear some mountains, like islets in the bosom of the ocean, but at such an immense distance that you are led to ask whether they are not clouds which a puff of wind will dissipate. Each evening before plunging into the sands whence it arose in the morning, the sun pours its parching beams athwart them, and you move in a plain of fire. But these flames are soon extinguished, the twilight is very short, and the night speedily arrives to change the aspect of the sky and the face of the desert. The ardent, implacable ball, which enkindles the earth, and which the excess of heat frequently pales, is succeeded by a dark blue vault, enamelled with stars whose incomparable brilliancy is the privilege and glory of the tropics. You contemplate it each night, and each night its splendour amazes and charms you like a new spectacle. Neither the eye nor the mind can weary of it. The works of Deity are alone capable of inspiring this ever-renewed admiration, because they are infinite and perfect; the works of man, on the contrary, are so limited and incomplete that they end by inspiring indifference and satiety.

The countless bodies of dead camels, with which the road is literally strown, proves how full of danger and difficulty it must be for the poor animals; when their strength is exhausted they fall down not to rise again, and being immediately abandoned, hunger finishes what fatigue and thirst commenced. The Bir Mourad is situated in a wide valley, bounded on two sides by mountains, startling from their barrenness. The valley itself is one bed of sand; but, strange to say, there is a station here for two or three dromedaries, employed by the courier who carries letters once a week from Khartoum to Cairo. Here tho travellers rested for twenty-four hours, to fetch up their sleep; but in this they were disappointed, for the jackals surrounded them all night, and kept them awake by their howling. On starting again, three days found them at Korosko, ready to take boat on the Nile once more. The only defect of this short cut is that you lose many fine temples between Korosko and the second cataract, among them being the celebrated Ipsamboul. Korosko itself is an unimportant village, and at the time of our travellers' arrival there was only one dahabiyah there, of which the reis took advantage by charging an exorbitant price. They had only six rowers, and it was a crazy concern at the best, but they could not help themselves; anything

was better than staying, perhaps a fortnight, in such a hole as Korosko. In passing through Lower Nubia, M. Didier had plenty of opportunities for visiting the antiquities, but as he tells us nothing new, we prefer quoting an adventure which occurred to him at the Temple of Kalabchek:

Wishing to escape the eternal persecution of the peasants, I sought refuge in the most distant part of the ruins. I was beginning to enjoy my solitude when I heard a light footstep behind me. I turned, and perceived a human figure in the shadow of a tottering doorway. I drew nearer; it was a young girl. She was covered with white drapery, worn with much natural taste, and which being open at several places, by accident or calculation, allowed a perfect outline to be traced. Her drooping shoulders, her well-set neck, gave as much easiness to her movements as they did grace and nobility to her person; her velvety skin had the warm and lustrous hue of old mahogany; her raven, wiry hair, short in front and longer behind, was arranged in artistically combined tresses, and there was only a very moderate dose of butter upon them; her face, which was uncovered, revealed the most symmetrical features: Greek statuary cannot boast purer lines; her eyes sparkled like two black diamonds; her little white teeth like pearls set in ebony. I had before me the perfect type of a Nubian girl of fifteen. The prettiest European would have been jealous of this lovely African; and as for her colour, it was a further attraction—an attraction, it is true, somewhat material, and which it would take too long to explain here. For my own part, I was so accustomed to it as to forget at times that white women existed.

A pretty poet's dream, is it not? What a pity, then, it should have been dissipated, in M. Didier's case, by the young lady holding out her hand and requesting, after the manner of her country, backshish!

Assouan, from M. Didier's account of it, does not seem the spot which a quiet Englishman would select in preference for his residence. At the time of his visit it was kept under a régime of terrorism by a squadron of Bashi-Bazouks and Arnauts. These were not personally troublesome to our author, except in so far that they visited two coffee-houses in close proximity to the spot where M. Didier had put up his tent. Some of these bandits talked Italian after a fashion. One even, who would have been hanged on his looks, talked French, though it would be difficult to say where he had learned it; possibly, however, he was a deserter from Algiers. This gentleman took our author in immense affection, and expounded to him his views about the blacks, whom he regarded with the extremest contempt. "In short, sir," he wound up his diatribe, "just imagine that they eat rats!" This hero's acquaintance terminated in an adventure.

One day, on returning to my tent, my surprise was great to find a divinity of the quarter seated on her heels, with her head concealed in her hands! Although she had passed her first youth, I saw before me, when she disclosed it, a face of Florentine bronze, worthy, in its perfection, of having been carved by Benvenuto Cellini. Splendid teeth relieved the brown tones, and brilliant eyes lighted up the face. She rose at once and came to kiss my hand respectfully. What was she doing there, and what did she want? I saw from her expressive pantomime that she had something important to say to me, but how to understand her or make her understand? in what tongue to communicate? My embarrassment was even greater than with the Nubian girl, for there was evidently no question of backshish here. An interpreter was an article of supreme necessity. Chance favoured me. A Hebrew merchant came up at the moment, and I begged him

to solve the mystery. In a few minutes he told me the following story in Italian. Her name was Safie. She had been one of the handsomest alméhs in Cairo. Carried off in the night by the Khavass, and embarked at Boulak with many of her companions, distributed in passing, some at Kemieh, some at Luxor, the majority at Esseni, she had been brought as far as Assouan. Her antecedents thus established, she began by excusing herself in the most submissive terms for having dared to penetrate into my tent—an audacious act of intrusion for which she asked my pardon, and which I should certainly forgive after having heard her; for the Francs are generous, and a great bey, like myself, would have pity on a poor girl whose life was in danger. She had had the misfortune to please Othman (that was the name of my friend the Bashi-Bazouk), but she knew what she owed herself. A woman like her was not made for a man like him. On her refusal he had ill-treated her, and threatened, if she persisted in her resistance, to kill her wherever he might meet with her. In this horrible conjuncture she had taken refuge in my tent as an inviolable asylum. She had been told, and had indeed remarked, that Othman professed a high degree of consideration for me. She would therefore have nothing to fear if I would deign to take her under my protection. I would be her buckler, her rampart, her saviour, for Othman would respect in her my client, my slave.

On convincing himself of the truth of this story, M. Didier did not hesitate to conduct Safie to the house of a Copt, who had promised her a shelter. No unpleasant results came from his interference : in fact, Othman played the part of a protector to him by keeping the Bashi-Bazouks aloof from the café which specially disturbed his sleep. There was no other way to obviate the nuisance, for the governor of the town was utterly unable to manage the Bashi-Bazouks; they were perfect masters of the town, and the inhabitants only felt too grateful to them for not burning it over their heads. M. Didier even visited the cafés—when the Bashis were absent, be it understood—and these visits furnish him with occasion to say a few words about the great social evil. Nor was M. Didier the only one of the party who frequented the café, the servants also enjoyed an hour of relaxation; so much so, in fact, that when Rabelais's "mauvais quart d'heure" arrived, a bill was brought in for six hundred cups of coffee. Of course it was laughed at, and about one-fourth paid, though that was a great deal too much. This reminds our author that, in his early youth, an amiable professor of mathematics presided over his studies, whose only fault was drinking. When the cruel Fates cut his thread of life short, the mourning widow received a bill for two thousand *petits verres* which had slipped down the dear departed's throat.

We have but little more to add about M. Didier's travels, for, henceforward, he follows the beaten track. He visited Thebes, as in duty bound, and "did" the Nile after the fashion of the most conscientious traveller, but we find little new or worthy of quotation, except the following:

To the west of Siout there is a certain number of oases, some of which have been worked by a Frenchman, to whom Mehemet Ali granted them, and who was called from that reason "the King of the Oases." This king, then more than an octogenarian, was a Terrorist *pur sang*, an old friend of Robespierre, which had not prevented him from accepting and bearing the title of Bey. Em Bey, such was his name, had retired to Egypt after the fall of that Republic which so touched his heart: he did not quit that country again, and he had become so naturalised as to adopt its customs, including the harem. Buried in his desert, he ruminated there over his reminiscences, as the camel

chews the cud, and would know nothing of what passed in the world: with the Republic all was dead for him. I knew him at Cairo, where he died a short time later, this fossil of a revolutionary epoch, and found in him a faithful personification of 1793: he had retained its passions, he still spoke its language; immovable in his civism, he accused all those of moderation who did not regard the guillotine as the best mode of government, and his sensibility compelled him to recognise the existence of a Supreme Being.

And here we must leave M. Didier. We should not have attempted to show our readers this gentlemen's peculiar views, but we find the same sentiments pervading too many of our own travellers. They consider it manly to affect a genteel cynicism, and with *Sir Charles Coldstream* are ready to avouch that they "see nothing in it." If so, the best thing they can do is to keep their travelling impressions to themselves, and not intrude them on those who still feel a reverence for progress, and who earnestly desire to do their part in rendering the world better than it at present is. The task, we are ready to grant, is a most difficult one, and is rendered still more difficult by the *cui bono* gentry, who care nothing for sentiment, but consider that a smart remark is the be all and end all of travel. We, however, who regard these matters in a different light, and, we trust, with a more reverent spirit, may be allowed to enter our protest against the writers of a school in which M. Didier affects to be an arch-teacher.

CASE AND CONDUCT OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.*

THESE "Brief Memorials" are not concerned, as hasty quidnuncs might suppose, with any recent fracas, or town-and-gown row, between collegians and civilians in the city of Dublin. Archdeacon Rowan's statement of the "Case and Conduct of Trinity College" has to do with a longer, and more serious, and more dignified contention; one that lasted for years, and involved principles of the highest importance, and excited passions of the deepest power. It is the Case and Conduct of Dublin University before and in the Revolution, that is, from A.D. 1686 to 1690, that the Archdeacon puts on record in these pages; and he has executed his task with the spirit, and earnestness, and grateful attachment, that might naturally be looked for in so loyal an alumnus of Alma Mater. He sees how much attention has been directed to the conflict between James II. and the "Maudlin" men, at Oxford; and, in an inferior degree, to the struggle between the Cambridge delegates and the High Commission Court, *in re* Benedict Francis: considering the magnitude of the interests involved, he remarks, the stoutness of resistance, and the rigour with which despotic prerogative enforced its mandates, the historic notoriety which these cases have obtained is easily accounted for;

* Brief Memorials of the Case and Conduct of Trinity College, Dublin, A.D. 1686-90. Compiled from the College Records, &c., by the Ven. Arthur Blennerhassett Rowan, D.D., Archdeacon of Ardfert. Dublin: Hodges, Smith, and Co. 1858.

and he owns it to be easily intelligible that a "by-battle" of the same kind, fought in Ireland between James's congenial representative, "Dick Talbot," and "Trinity College, Dublin," should have been rather overlooked, in the greater questions soon after brought to issue there. "And yet this latter case will, I think, be found not without its own interest, if not for the general public, at least for us whose connexion with Ireland and its University may induce an honest pride in learning that, in a day of no fiery trial, and with far less of that support which public sympathy and opinion always lend to resistance against oppression, our Irish Alma Mater withstood the pressure of power with at least as much constancy as her English sisters, and this, too, in circumstances of greater danger, and in the face of even more overwhelming consequences."

Dr. Rowan's Brief Memorials—originally suggested by an incidental notice of this affair in Barrett's Essay on the Early Life of Swift—are drawn up from the College Records themselves. The Dublin case began somewhat earlier than the Oxford one, but continued much later; for whereas the Magdalen recalcitrants "had been reluctantly but fully restored to their rights and privileges by James, under terror of the coming descent of the Prince of Orange to maintain the Protestant liberties of England, it was long after the Oxford men were 'sitting at ease under their own vine and fig-tree,' by the pleasant banks of the Cherwell, that the Dublin Society was called to endure privations, indignities, banishment, and death itself, in the person of some of its most undaunted members." If Antony Farmer was ineligible at Oxford, by the College statutes, Arthur Green at Dublin suffered under an "incapacity in several respects to execute the duty of Senior Fellow." If Antony was of infamous character, Bernard Doyle was, to say the very least, no better than he should be. Thus runs the conclusion of the College reply, showing cause why Arthur Green should not be admitted to a Senior Fellowship: "There are much more important reasons drawn, as well from the Statutes relating to Religion, as from the Obligation of Oaths which we have taken, and the interests of our Religion, which we will never desert, that render it wholly impossible for us, without violating our consciences, to have any concurrence, or to be in any way concerned in the admission of him." This was in June, 1689. A month later we find the Vice-Provost and Fellows selling a piece of plate (value 30*l.*) for "subsistence of themselves and the Scholars that remained in the College." The pressure from without seems to have increased upon them from this time forth—another and yet another turn given to the screw. We hear of "wholesale spoliation and wreck," erasures in the election entries, &c., —the little band of protesters meanwhile dwindling away from disease and death. But by June of the following year, King William had landed at Carrickfergus; anon the Battle of the Boyne was fought; and we see the college

——hurly-burly done
When *that* battle's lost and won,—

and such of the "evicted" associates as survive, are restored to their rights, stauncher Protestants than ever, if that could be. To the generation which represents them now, and is in present enjoyment of, or aspires to attain, their final *otium cum dignitate*, the Archdeacon of Ardfert's little chronicle will be a Memorial worthy to be had in remembrance.

TWICE AVENGED.

Part II.

I.

"You've distinguished yourself to-day," said Charley Noel to his companion, as they rode their tired hunters into Leamington late one winter's afternoon. "'Pon my word, then, you have! You're just as sound as I am, my boy, or you couldn't have ridden as you have to-day."

"I suppose I am getting all right again," our old acquaintance, Paul Fletcher, answered, "and it's only now and then that I still feel the effects of the wound. But as to hunting, you know that's no criterion, for I believe I should ride till I dropped without feeling tired."

It was to this passion for hunting that Mr. Noel owed the accomplishment of his scheme for making Captain Fletcher spend some weeks at Leamington with him, and so pass some of the time with which he himself was occasionally overburdened. He had first known Paul in Dublin, and, utterly unlike in disposition, they had contracted that sort of intimate acquaintance born merely of companionship, and sometimes among men dignified with the title of friendship. Charley Noel (as he was commonly called) was a well-connected Irishman with a good fortune, nothing to do, and a general propensity for enjoyment, on which happy disposition he seemed to have thriven. A well-knit active figure, fair wavy hair, high features, and laughing blue eyes, constituting Mr. Noel's *personnel*, gave you the impression that he was a far younger man than he could in reality claim to be. Though at least six or seven years older than Paul Fletcher, he looked younger; even across the light you could not discover a single crow's foot nor grey hair. He was one of those men who never really look old till they collapse suddenly into aged and infirm dotards, and the joyous careless smile ever at play round his lips seemed to cast defiance at time and trouble.

Two years had elapsed since we left Paul in Caffraria, but he had only lately returned to England. Having partially recovered from his wound, he resumed duty again and got through the remainder of the campaign. "Chi va piano va sano;" but Paul, pursuing a precisely opposite course, suffered accordingly, and though much recruited by his loitering overland journey home, he was not yet fit for much, and to this Mr. Noel attributed his taciturnity at times, offering such a contrast to his own native expansiveness. It was, however, rather a recommendation to him in Paul, for he had command of language enough for two, and Fletcher often let him have it entirely his own way, throwing a monosyllable in now and then. Paul had also changed somewhat in appearance since we first introduced him to you. His tall slight figure had, without filling out much, gained in dignity; his features, then so animated and buoyant in expression, had acquired a severer beauty; the half-parted lips were now somewhat compressed, and round them lurked at times a faint smile of sarcasm, just enough to make you feel uncomfortable. This was relieved, however, by the deep earnestness of his brown eyes and the still open brow, from which it seemed no shadow could quite chase kindliness away. His colouring had once been bright and rich as an Italian

boy's—now, but for the sunburning, it would have been pale. But if Paul Fletcher's face had lost the beauty of youth, it had gained in that of intellect and thought, and we think that altogether this second beauty came off victorious.

"I don't think I can go with you to-night, though, Noel," Fletcher resumed. "I am not yet sufficiently civilised to encounter the *belles* of Leamington."

"But I *promised* Mrs. Langton you would go," Mr. Noel answered, with decision; "and you wouldn't make me break the word of an Irish gentleman, would you? When I said yesterday I'd bring you, 'Of course,' she said, 'any friend of yours, Mr. Noel,' with that bewitching smile of hers that makes her look like a superannuated Venus, as I told her (only I left out the adjective). 'A most distinguished officer, Mrs. Langton,' I went on, 'and just returned from Caffraria.' 'Charming!' says Aphrodite; 'has he brought any of those little creatures with him?—Aztecs, I mean.' I explained to her they didn't grow in that latitude; and added, by way of making up for the disappointment, that you'd been severely wounded. 'How *delightful!*' was the answer. 'Where? how? has he lost a leg?' If you'd only lost a limb or two, Paul, my boy, your fortune would have been made. '*Do* bring him, Mr. Noel!' So of course I promised to bring you, and go you must, as sure as my name's Charley Noel."

It wasn't worth while arguing the point, so Paul lazily assented.

"And you'll see my widow," said Mr. Noel, as an additional inducement. "Pity she's no sisters, or you might have married one and welcome, for you know it's a recognised fact that I can't 'marry my widow's sister.' But there couldn't have been more such in a family—no house could have held two. Such a jolly little widow—and faster than the Flying Dutchman. I think Mrs. Heathcote——"

"Mrs. Heathcote?" Paul exclaimed. "Milly Moore—poor Arthur Heathcote's widow?"

"The same; do you know her?"

"I—I met her long ago, before her marriage," Paul answered. "Yes; she's fast enough. Poor Heathcote was devoted to her, and died with her name on his lips. I was close beside him."

"That's my only objection to her," Noel said, more seriously. "They say she really cared for him, and felt his death dreadfully at the time; but she seems to have got over it fast enough."

"What did you expect?" Paul asked, satirically. "You would not have her more than woman! She has only the courage to show what others feel *without* showing it. At any rate, there is no deception about her."

It was a large dinner-party to which Paul and Mr. Noel were asked at this Mrs. Langton's, to be followed by an evening party; and they accordingly went, and Mr. Noel reintroduced Paul to "his widow." She was a very pretty sparkling brunette, with rippling brown hair from which the widow's cap had long been discarded, though she still wore half-mourning. "It was so very lady-like and becoming," she gave as a reason, with the utmost *franchise*. She was so glad to see Paul again, for, though she did not know him very well, it reminded her of old times; and what fun, by-the-by, they had had before he came to Vaughan that Christmas! It was such jolly hunting weather, and she had such a horse that winter. It

was just before her marriage, he knew? and she sold him afterwards. And then the charades, too, were the best she had ever seen, and they used to have such mad waltzes down the long gallery at Crawland, or in the old drawing-room at Vaughan. In short, Mrs. Heathcote's reminiscences were all to be of the most lively nature, and her conversation being so too, Paul found himself a good deal amused, but still more so when she sat between Charley Noel and him at dinner, and he heard the duet they talked together. It was utterly impossible for Mr. Noel to be long in the society of any woman, old or young, pretty or ugly, without making her those florid speeches for which his countrymen are renowned, and which, however much they may laugh at them, we do not think we ever heard ladies quarrel with yet. Nor in this instance did Mrs. Heathcote; so that more than once the conversation, too audible for him not to hear, caused that quiet, observant Paul Fletcher to smile inwardly —and outwardly too, it would appear; for Mrs. Heathcote, who had seemed too engrossed to see anything, suddenly asked Noel, with some emphasis in her tone, if his friend Captain Fletcher was not a very satirical person?

When they returned to the drawing-room, after dinner, a number of fresh guests had arrived, and the rooms were filling fast. Music commenced, and with it a general buzz of conversation. Mr. Noel had already resumed his place by Mrs. Heathcote, and Paul, being a stranger, felt for a moment a little solitary, and began to regret having yielded to his friend's persuasions. Then he remembered that he had often derived amusement from observing the groups of humanity round him, and, retiring to the corner of a chimney, prepared to indulge in this rather uncharitable entertainment. What a bee-hive it was! what nonsense some of them were importantly talking! how funny it was to see a young lady every now and then cast glances at herself in the mirror opposite, and then, when Paul caught her eye, pretend she was looking at her neighbour, and do it again determinedly! Were those people really amusing themselves? Did it make them happy to sit in hot rooms, listening to indifferent music, and talking so very much about nothing? Was this happiness? What *was* happiness? After all, what did *anything* mean? Paul was becoming perplexed, and wished he were quietly in his own rooms with his Shakspeare and his faithful old dog Captain. He thought he would go now. When looking round to see if Noel were still there, his eye lit on a face he had seen before, but could not remember where. A young lady of ample dimensions and widely-spread blue silk skirts, sat on a couch at the other side of the room, looking with amusingly steadfast vacancy at the knobs on the back of a chair before her. She was very handsome, with dark hair, blue eyes, and straight and rather massive features, rendered so perhaps by the stolidity of her present expression. While Paul was puzzling over her, Mrs. Langton came up and spoke to her; whereupon the young lady rose majestically, and, nearly overturning Mrs. Langton's granddaughter and two little subs in her progress, walked across the room and sat down at the piano. She then played one or two chords with great *aplomb*, and proceeded to roll out a song of Alboni's in a magnificent contralto voice, and with very little expression. The moment she got up from her seat and walked to the piano, Paul recognised her; no one but Miss Ellis (Lady Torwood's cousin) could boast such majesty. The song concluded, she returned

to her place with great dignity, hardly noticing the compliments that were offered her on all sides. While Paul was watching her, a lady, who had hitherto been concealed by the group that surrounded her, rose from her chair and moved to the ottoman where Miss Ellis was now re-established. For a moment she stood speaking to her, and for that moment Paul Fletcher's heart stood still, and he leaned against the chimney-piece for support. It was natural that he should feel this emotion; he had just recognised one whom he least expected to see there —one whom he could not see again for the first time without such emotion —he had recognised Lady Torwood. He had heard nothing of her since his return—very little since he learnt that, after a few months' marriage, she had lost her husband. Lord Torwood, after a short illness, during which she had nursed him dutifully, had meekly died as he had meekly lived, blessing his wife for the brief happiness he owed her. Lady Torwood had put on the deepest weeds, and passed the first year of her widowhood in complete seclusion at her beautiful jointure house, her old and faithful friend Mrs. Campbell being again her companion as she had been in her girlhood. Lady Torwood's ideas on all subjects were most decorous, and she now considered herself too young a widow to live alone. She did not like the remarks people passed on poor Milly Heathcote's independent mode of life; but then she never *was* particular enough, poor girl!

Eleanor's position was a very brilliant one. Her husband had left her one of the richest widows in England, her beauty was at its height, her *ton* established, and her reputation for talent just sufficient to avoid making enemies, and quite within a high-bred compass. She was on the best of terms, too, with Lord Torwood's relations, and had always been so. Eleanor, they thought, had always so well maintained her dignity, and her conduct since poor Torwood's death had really been irreproachable. Her grief, though so deep, had been so dignified, and she had shown so much delicacy of feeling and such consideration for his memory. It was quite a pity she had not had a son to succeed, she would have brought him up so well.

Towards the close of her second year of widowhood she had come to Leamington for the waters. Her health had suffered a little, and the change of scene would do her good. So she came, accompanied by Mrs. Campbell and her friend and cousin Caroline Ellis, to please whom she had honoured Mrs. Langton with her presence this evening.

Lady Torwood's beauty was indeed at its height, and the rich plainness of her dress suited its style. Her black velvet gown showed off the exquisite symmetry of her figure, and, forming almost a train, rolled to the ground in graceful folds. A fall of old point lace, fastened at the back of her head, alone hid the glorious masses of her sunny braided hair, while the plain string of diamonds round her statuesquely-turned throat and white arms, formed her only ornament, leaving the beautiful face itself, with its deep grey eyes, to be the riveting point of the picture. Paul stood not very far from the ottoman. Probably from the intent gaze he had fastened on her (and of which people generally have a consciousness), Lady Torwood involuntarily turned towards him, and their eyes met. A slight start proved that she too had recognised him, and then she bowed in a manner that made it impossible for Fletcher not to go up to where she sat and speak to her, as she evidently wished he

should do. As he approached she extended her hand, and though he felt himself turn pale, it was with perfect composure that he took it and heard Lady Torwood's voice speaking to him.

"This is indeed an unexpected pleasure, Captain Fletcher!" she exclaimed; "I did not know that you had returned to England."

"Still less did I know you were in Leamington," Paul answered, in a very steady voice, "and it was by a mere chance I came here to-night. A most fortunate chance," Captain Fletcher added, with a somewhat Grandisonian bow.

"And are you quite well—quite restored from the effects of—— We have heard about you, though not *from* you, since we last met," Lady Torwood said, a little reproachfully; "Mrs. Campbell and I thought you had treated such old friends rather ill."

Paul did not answer—what could he answer?—but he raised his eyes slowly to Lady Torwood's face, as she also looked up at him. Apparently there was something unpleasant in the expression of Captain Fletcher's eyes at that moment, for Lady Torwood began talking again, and speedily moved off their first ground of conversation. Paul sat down beside her, and with great tact she gradually drew him into an account of the campaign he had made, of the occasion of his wound, &c., subjects which he was afterwards surprised to find he had entered upon; for when Paul *was* drawn into battle-talk, he always ignored his personal share in the subject. Lady Torwood, however, had acquired great art in conversation, and had that in perfection of making the person with whom she conversed become thoroughly self-satisfied for the time being.

Charley Noel, who had suddenly deserted Mrs. Heathcote and become acquainted with Caroline Ellis, now rose to go, and, as Paul did the same, Eleanor said, in a quiet, friendly tone, "You will come and see us, Captain Fletcher? Mrs. Campbell will be so glad. We are at the Regent Hotel." And Paul could do nothing but acquiesce.

"How charming to meet so many old friends in one evening, is it not, Captain Fletcher?" said a voice behind Paul, as he made his way to the door.

He turned round. "Thank you very much for allowing me to claim that title, Mrs. Heathcote," he answered with great suavity, and smiling, as he bowed good night. Noel and he walked home. "'Pon my word, then," the former said, between the puffs of his cigar, "it would be worth dying for, to see your wife make two such widows as those. But there's no doubt about it that *mine's* the best of the three." (Mr. Noel's language occasionally partook of a degree of incorrectness which you must pardon, reader.) "Lady Torwood is far more beautiful, to be sure, but——why! she's like a beautiful frosty morning, as cold and polished as an icicle."

"She is an old friend of mine," Paul interrupted, sharply. Think what he would of her himself, nobody should dare to speak to him about her in disparagement. She *had* been his idol.

Mr. Noel began whistling, executed a difficult passage out of the celebrated Garry Owen, and wisely dropped the subject.

In anticipation, Paul had dreaded the ordeal which he had this evening gone through with such composure—had feared that the feelings he once entertained for Eleanor Vaughan, and which, when he left England, he had

striven with all his might and main to destroy, would revive again at sight of Lady Torwood; for though his love had received one grand death-blow when he lost faith in her, it was too much a part of himself to be easily eradicated. The fibres had wonderful tenacity, and at times he despised himself when he found how weak his iron will was to tear them quite away. Had he still believed in her it would have gone hard with him, though his sense of duty was so strong (for Paul was a very upright man) that he would have struggled to the death to conquer himself. But this straightforward truthful spirit had despised Eleanor's faithlessness, and despised its motive; contempt and love could not live together. Had he been a woman they might—for women, when they love, "bear all things, endure all things;" but the one feeling in Paul Fletcher had, like a noxious weed, killed the other; and though to-night he had felt emotion he had not felt love. Still, he wondered at himself, wondered that this dreaded meeting was so easily over. And then, sitting before the dying embers in his room after Noel had left him, and the while stroking Captain's head, which that silent and confidential friend had sympathisingly deposited on his knee, Fletcher fell to musing.

How very beautiful Eleanor was! Even now that he could pass a calm dispassioned opinion, it could be no other than that. Lady Torwood was even more beautiful than Eleanor Vaughan had been. Well! she had attained the object of her ambition—he wondered if she was happy?—he wondered if she had had any sort of affection for her husband? Bah! it was better not to inquire too deeply into the amount of attachment in any marriage. At least you must generally measure it by the *policy* of the arrangement. "Foreign alliances," after all, were the best; in them women were disposed of by their fathers, and saved having to transact the mercenary business themselves. Turkish women, he thought, were the most entirely free from any blame of millionnaire-trapping; but if it were not managed for them, he had no doubt they would do it as well as any well-trained British maiden.

Paul felt that he was becoming bitter, but was it to be wondered at? His thoughts then turned on himself as he had been at his outset in life; —it was not so very long ago, but, ah! the time since had been long in feeling, long in experience, long in action—longer, it had seemed, than all the rest of his life. How long ago it was, though in reality but a few years, since he had held his mother's hand in his, that fair, delicate hand that had guided him in childhood, and that, when he grew to man's estate, he had in his turn clasped with such a proud sense of protection! Alas, the fair hand had soon turned cold, the ear for the first time refused to hear him when he spoke; the loving eyes for ever closed their lids against him. Ah! his mother at least was pure and good; *there*, at least, a woman's form held an angel's spirit; nothing could ever shake his faith in her. In his heart, as he had done before many a time and oft, Paul Fletcher blessed his dead mother.

But since she died, how he had changed! How that heart, once so full of life, and hope, and energy, and youth, had withered and grown hard, and mistrustful, and old! He had lost much power of enjoyment, unless in solitude, for he caught himself perpetually seeking for the motives in action of those around him, not content to take them as they appeared. "I have grown wise," Paul said to himself; "I have not received two lessons in human nature without profiting by them." He

never thought of happiness now; the most he aimed at was *contentment.* And he had still duty in this life—hard, unpoetical, practical duty of all kinds, which he could find for himself, if he did not find it ready to his hand; there was plenty of work to do, and work suited his harder, sterner nature now, as dreaming had suited him formerly.

"Was he not right to be bitter at heart?" And yet he had forgiven Eleanor long, long ago; indeed, he had never felt anger against her. The anger that she alone had caused, instead of falling on her, had been dispersed over her whole sex. She was only a woman; he excused her at the expense of all the daughters of Eve.

And now he asked himself, Would it be wise for him to come once more into daily contact with Lady Torwood? was he quite strong enough to stand the test, or had he better leave Leamington directly? She had asked him to call, and if he remained he must undoubtedly do so; and besides, in a place of the kind, he was sure to meet her constantly. Paul felt his pulse mentally as he argued this question with himself, and finding it beat quite calmly, decided that he saw no reason for altering his winter plans because accident had brought Lady Torwood to Leamington, and smiling to himself a little boastfully, said that he had never yet fled before a foe, and did not see the necessity of now flying before so fair a one. He would pay his devoirs to Lady Torwood the very next day.

II.

When Paul and Charley Noel, who accompanied him, made their way into Lady Torwood's drawing-room at the Regent the following day, they found her seated at work with her cousin, Miss Ellis. Mrs. Campbell was also with them, and was so sincerely rejoiced at seeing Paul again, that the tears rose to the kind old dame's eyes as she greeted him. Lady Torwood's reception of him was cordial; she evidently wished all that had passed between them to be forgotten. It was as if she held the book of their past lives in her hand, and tearing out the blotted pages, said graciously to Paul, "Thus much shall you retain, and no more. I am willing to forget all that has ever been disagreeable in our interviews; willing to forget that you have occasionally caused me unpleasant twinges of conscience; therefore, do you also forget." But Paul's memory was not under his control.

However, this did not of course appear outwardly, and if you had heard their conversation to-day you never could have guessed that anything more than an ordinary pleasant acquaintance had existed between them, so sparkling was it, so easy, and to all appearance untutored, though in reality they were now proving to what perfection in the art of talk they had both arrived.

Mr. Noel, who had at first joined them, was now talking with great animation to Mrs. Campbell and Miss Ellis, the latter looking as handsome and almost as stolid as on the previous evening.

"You and Captain Fletcher are old friends, are you not, Mr. Noel?" said Mrs. Campbell, her mind running on her favourite.

"Very old—at least, not to have quarrelled yet. I knew him first in Dublin, the year before he went Kaffir-hunting. We had many a good run then, and shall have many another this winter, I hope; Paul must

have something to hunt or his mind would prey on itself. 'Pon my word, then, I think he believes in the Indian's paradise!"

"And you are not so enthusiastic a sportsman?" Mrs. Campbell continued.

(When Mrs. Campbell "made conversation" she generally did it as if she were reading out of a book.)

"In Ireland, ma'am, yes; but *here!* The Warwickshire are all very well, but you don't understand riding here as we do in Ireland."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Campbell, putting down her work, "do gentlemen in Ireland not perform equestrian exercise after the same fashion as the native gentry of England?"

"Bless you, no, ma'am! we've set them on their legs at last to a certain extent—their horse's legs I mean—but the whole thing's nothing but an easy canter that any of you ladies would beat them in. You never were out in Ireland, ma'am? Ah, then, you don't know what an Irish hunt is. And you never saw an Irish gentleman take a fence? *steeple*-chasing? I should think it was! I never saw a man actually clear a *church*, but 'pon my word then, I've seen a man take two cabins at a fly!"

Miss Ellis now also laid down her work, and looked fixedly at the speaker.

"I remember once at Ballyboru, my friend poor Tom O'Callaghan's, who was one of the best riders in the north of Ireland—one of the longest days I ever had in my life it was, but Tom somehow got away from the rest of us and on to a neighbour's property, who was at daggers drawn with him. Well, Tom got bogged, and the only way he could get out of his scrape was by going through a bit of potato-ground behind two cabins that were built together. He was just going over the mud wall that enclosed it, when out came the wife—a raw-boned, ugly-looking woman with a child in her arms. Tom was always polite to ladies, so he touched his cap and stated his intention; but the termagant (an importation from the Highlands), knowing the state of matters between him and her landlord, gruffly refused to let him, and planted herself in the way. 'As you will, mavourneen,' said Tom, laughing quietly, and with that he wheeled his horse round to the front of the cabin, and before you could have counted three he had cleared it and was over the other side, half way into the middle of the potatoes!"

"Had the horse a screw in its ear, Mr. Noel?" Miss Ellis asked, solemnly.

"A screw in its ear? not a screw loose anywhere, 'pon my word, then, or how could he have done it, and stand afterwards as if he'd just stepped across a puddle! But the best of it was that he seemed to like the fun of the thing, for the beast, Tom told me, turned round, and was just going to take the leap *back* again, when Tom took off his hat politely to the lady, put him to the mud wall, and rode off quite coolly. Ah, he rode well, poor Tom O'Callaghan!"

"Dear me!" ejaculated Mrs. Campbell, "I never heard of anything so remarkable of the kind before! And what did the very inhospitable female say?"

"The story goes no further," Charley answered, modestly. "I only state what I know to be facts. But there were anecdotes without end of Tom. You know it was he who took out that very fine Lord D—— on

one occasion, driving tandem in his dog-cart. His lordship was got up to an agony, and didn't dare turn for fear of disarranging his shirt-collar.

"'Are you a good whip, D——?' Tom said, turning round to him.

"'Tolerable,' Lord D—— answered, smiling rather superciliously; 'a very safe one, at least. I never—no, I never *was* upset in my life.'

"'*Weren't* you?' says Tom, looking round at him suddenly—'weren't you, really? Oh, well then—you shall be now!' And with that he drove right up against a bank and overturned his lordship as neatly as you can conceive."

"I have no doubt it did him a great deal of good," said a voice behind Mr. Noel. "How are you, Caroline, dear?"

Mrs. Heathcote had come in during the latter part of Noel's speech, looking very pretty in her morning dress and lilac bonnet, and the conversation now became general. She was going to a large ball that night, and wanted Lady Torwood to go too, but the latter gravely declined, intimating by her manner that neither her health nor her spirits were sufficiently restored to admit of her entering into an amusement of the kind.

"Then let Caroline come with me, will you? Mr. Noel and I will take such care of her. You are going, of course, Mr. Noel?" Mrs. Heathcote asked.

Mr. Noel did not know the people, but he should be very happy to go if Mrs. Heathcote wished it. He knew some other people of the same name, or nearly the same, and perhaps that would do as well?

Lady Torwood was sorry to deprive Miss Ellis of the pleasure of going with Mrs. Heathcote, but they had agreed that she was to go nowhere without herself or Mrs. Campbell. "You must come and dine with us on Tuesday, Milly, instead?" she added, kindly. They had been companions in childhood, and though Milly *was* foolish about some things, Lady Torwood still kept up the intimacy.

"Caroline, how pale you are looking!" exclaimed Mrs. Heathcote, suddenly. "Eleanor, you are very cruel—don't you see she wants to go to-night. She is going to faint."

"I never fainted in my life," Miss Ellis answered, with great composure, and taking it quite *au sérieux*.

But she did look pale, and Lady Torwood whispered her advice to her to change her seat, which was very near a glorious fire.

"Are you to be there, Captain Fletcher?" asked Mrs. Heathcote.

Paul smiled, and told her that he still considered himself sufficiently invalided to escape from balls, which he hated.

"It's a pity you hadn't escaped *one* ball just before you made it an excuse for the others, Paul, my boy," muttered Mr. Noel, in a stage aside. "Me boyh" Mr. Noel always pronounced the two last words which he so frequently applied to Paul.

"Oh, to be sure," said Mrs. Heathcote; "I forgot you were badly wounded in that horrid Caffraria. You were quite a lion last night; Mrs. Langton told everybody you had been left for dead, and that when you came to life again one of your legs, which was cut off, had to be sewed on again; and I'm sure two or three people looked to see if you'd got back the proper leg. But do tell us all about it; it's such fun hearing about battles."

Pressed on all sides for an account of the occasion on which he was wounded, Paul Fletcher gave a graphic sketch of the day in his simple, straightforward manner—losing sight of himself in the narration, you may be sure, as much as possible. Lady Torwood listened attentively, and once when it was evident—tell it as he might—that Paul's share of the honour and danger of the day had been no small one, a light kindled in her eyes, and she fixed them earnestly on his face, listening eagerly. She had always known he was a true, brave man; till now, she had never considered the heroic in his composition. As Paul concluded, Miss Ellis rose from her seat and walked slowly and majestically towards the sofa.

"I think I am going to faint," she uttered, without any inflexion of voice. And thereupon, sinking quietly and with dignity on to the couch, she let her head fall back gradually on to the pillow, and—fainted. Mrs. Heathcote suppressed a laugh; Paul could not quarrel with her for the inclination, as he felt his own sense of the ludicrous tickled at the deliberate manner in which Miss Ellis had fulfilled what she announced.

Lady Torwood, who never fussed anybody, put aside Mrs. Campbell—who had a happy knack in general of fussing everybody—and bathed Caroline's forehead with eau-de-Cologne, motioning at the same time to Noel to open the window. In a few moments Miss Ellis opened her handsome, solemn blue eyes, raised her head as gradually as she had laid it down, and as majestically got up from the sofa.

"Thank you," she said to Lady Torwood; "I am quite well now. I never fainted before in my life. How long is it since you returned to England, Captain Fletcher?"

"'How long' reminds me that we have really trespassed on your time, Lady Torwood," said Paul, taking up his hat to go. "Miss Ellis, I am sure, requires rest."

And with this somewhat original finale terminated Paul's first visit to Lady Torwood.

"LORDS AND LADIES."

A SYLVAN FANCY.

By W. Charles Kent.

Fairies from the world though vanished,
Dainty Queen Titania banished,
Ev'n the royal Oberon
From his sylvan realms long flown;
Puck no more from cowslip yellow
Tumbling forth as Rob Goodfellow;
Though no tiny moonlight fays,
Floating down the silvery rays,
Here no longer, sporting seen,
Gem with acid rings the green;

Yet some pretty elves I know,
Covertly on sly tiptoe,
Lurking in the hedgerow bank
'Mid the docks and darnels rank,
Where the honey-bee oft booms
When the sweet-flowered nettle blooms;
Hid where purple violets blow,
And pale primrose loves to grow.
What though Lords-and-Ladies* hight,
Each is but a rustic sprite!
Sleek with ruby velvet head,
Fringed with brown, and frilled with red,
Cloaked about in verdure brief
With a single curling leaf.
In my childhood's dreamy days
These to me were floral fays;
Fairies blooming in the grass
Near where village urchins pass;
Radiant sprites with power untold
Budding from the common mould;
Quaint wee shapes with elfin graces
Lingering in forgotten places,
Ready for the sports of yore
Should the signal sound once more—
Signal blown on woodbine horn
Hours before the glint of morn;
Signal at whose magic might
Glow-worms lit the gloom of night;
Signal at whose wizard spell
Chimed each flower's melodious bell.
Still, when lapped in slumbers deep,
When through visions of my sleep
Watching fitful summer shadows
Floating mist-like o'er the meadows,
Where the kingcups fresh I view
Brimming with the early dew,
And the little daisies white
Reddening at their rims with light,
While the blue-bells' scent, more rare
Than balm of Gilead, loads the air—
Then, by childhood's hours refined,
Then, ah! then—while all my mind
Free from every earthly care is—
Lords and Ladies still are Fairies!

* Blossoms of the cuckoo-pint, or wake-robin, botanically designated *arum maculatum*, but familiarly called lords-and-ladies by children.

BYWAYS OF THE BLACK FOREST.

Many a free and enlightened Briton in the course of a summer tour spends a day or two at Baden-Baden, and fancies that in rambling to Lichtenthal and breakfasting at the Alt Schloss—not to mention vespertinal losses to M. Benazet—he has seen the Black Forest. It is true that Baden is situated in that portion of the world which Mrs. Radcliffe and her followers thought proper to brand as the resort of banditti and midnight murderers, and which still, probably, furnishes the schoolboy with material for thrilling scenes of perilous adventure, though the only robbers now to be found consist of landlords, who bring you down with a long bill instead of a pistol-bullet; still the routine traveller in visiting Baden—we say it with all humility—knows absolutely nothing of the Black Forest. The mode of life at Baden is so entirely exceptional, so utterly cosmopolitan, that those peculiar elements which characterise the Black Forest disappear, and give place to Parisian manners and customs, very charming, it is true, *per se*, but still far from satisfying any one who interests himself in ethnology, or likes to study his fellow-men under various aspects. To find the true Schwarzwälder, he must put on his knapsack and leave the beaten track; he must wander through secluded valleys, where he will find a population, self-depending and self-satisfying, ignoring the luxuries of civilisation to a great extent, and perfectly content to let the world wag on as it listeth, so that their small manufactories be not interfered with. We have had opportunities in our time for visiting the Schwarzwald thoroughly; and hence, we trust we shall not be thought presumptuous if we draw our readers' attention to a district where the omniscient Murray has thought it beneath his dignity to penetrate.

On leaving Baden-Baden the traveller should proceed by railway to Achern, whence the first excursion must be made to the ruins of Allerheiligen. And we may here remark at starting, that the traveller must be blessed with good legs if he wish to enjoy the Black Forest scenery, for it is a constant succession of going up and down hill. The first object of interest seen is the Brigitten Schloss, built on such a tremendously steep rock, that it seems impossible for the owner ever to have descended to the plain without imminent risk of breaking his neck. Indeed, the story runs that the fort was originally situated at the foot of the mountain, but was lifted up to its present position bodily by the spells of the wicked fairy Brigitta. The view from the ruin, however, well repays the exertion of reaching it. It extends an extraordinary distance, comprising the valley of the Ortenau, the whole of Central Alsace, with the Rhine winding like a silver thread through the valley; while in strange and romantic contrast to this lovely scenery, the Hornissgründe rise frowningly in the rear, and the valley of the Seebach looks black as the entrance to Hades. After a rugged walk of about two hours we reach a solitary inn, and a path turns off through the heart of the forest. Suddenly the trees disappear, and we enter a sequestered valley, occupied almost entirely by the ruins of a large edifice. It seems to have been

exposed for centuries to the fury of the wind and storm; but it is scarcely fifty years since the chants of the monks were heard in the halls of All Saints. In 1803 it was struck by lightning, and since that period has never been restored. The treasure-seekers then did their share in the destruction by undermining the walls in their search for the treasures which the monks were supposed to have buried there. At last the present forester's house was built to protect the few traces of the former splendour of the abbey.

But the traveller soon quits these remnants of Teutonic architecture to follow the course of the stream as it hurries to the vale below. In a few minutes the point is reached. The forest valley is suddenly broken away by a wall of naked rock, nearly perpendicular, and of immense height, through which the water has forced its way in a zigzag direction. In seven waterfalls the roaring rivulet dashes down its granite bed, and at length finds rest below in a circular basin. Various projecting rocks and cavities have been childishly christened "The Pulpit," "The Gipsy's Cave," "The Raven's Nest," "The Knight's Leap," &c., and German authors have been found to invent legends to order, justifying these titles. This is one of the greatest defects in German show places; they will not allow you to enjoy the *tout ensemble* in peace, but will insist on drawing your attention to trumpery accessories, which afford you not the slightest interest, as you cannot be expected to know the private history of every ruffian, called by courtesy knight, who has imparted a local importance to otherwise valueless points. In every direction footpaths, auxiliary steps, thoughtful banisters have been placed about the waterfall, as if the object were to lessen the really magnificent effect of the whole by a leisurely examination of the details. Still, in one respect they are useful, for by their assistance you reach in all possible comfort the valley, where the Lier now runs in a state of model civilisation through gentle meadows. If you feel inclined to follow its course, it will lead you to the town of Oppenau, and thence to the railway on your homeward route.

But the traveller who has followed the road we have indicated, has, after all, only seen an interesting Schwarzwald waterfall, and has left a far more interesting picture of life in the Black Forest unnoticed. We mean the Kniebis baths, bedded in the dense forest foliage above Oppenau in the valley of the Rench, and known by the names of Freyersbach, Petersthal, Griesbach, Antogast, and Rippoldsau. Even as early as the seventeenth century, when Baden-Baden was desolated by the Thirty Years' War and that of the Palatinate, and Baden Weiler had as yet obtained no celebrity, these Kniebis baths, with their "sour" waters, were well known. Of course they never were a gathering place for the fashionable world, and it is not till the last ten years that they have been visited at all by luxury and elegance. At the present day these forest hermitages are by no means huts built of trunks of trees and covered with straw, with poor furniture and hard beds. On the contrary, they ought rather to be compared to pleasant villas or châteaux. All that comfort, or even fashionable habits may require, to enjoy at their ease their idyllic fancies, is found in all possible abundance. But the fact that in the majority of these baths all the visitors live in the bath-house itself, that there is no other place for their meals than the common

salon, that every guest with his daily requirements is bound to the bath-house, gives them a resemblance with the well-known Swiss *pensions*, which, on one hand, render too great an accession of guests impossible, on the other, bring all the inmates necessarily into association. As a general rule, carefully tended gardens in the immediate vicinity of the Cur Haus form the meeting-place for the visitors. But if you wish to escape from society and indulge in misanthropic tendencies, there are plenty of smooth, gently ascending paths leading through the forest, with comfortable benches and shady resting spots, and terminating usually in some glorious view over mountains and valleys. But to the right or left of these tracts of civilisation you can immediately enter the unknown portions of the Schwarzwald, you can attain a delicious solitude, where only rarely a charcoal-burner's hut, a band of woodcutters, or a grazing herd evidence the proximity of humanity, and with each declivity you can regain a road which brings you shortly to meadows, villages, and towns. And as these bathing-places are situated so near each other, their summer population generally become known, and pleasant intimacies are formed. Elegant ladies, attired in a rustic *néglige*, harmonising well with the romantic scenery, animate the overshadowed roads, and yet the true rural life enjoyed here gradually gains the mastery over the forms of society, and many who would at first think it a crime to appear ungloved, end by being as sunburnt as the veriest peasant. The ennui of fashionable life is soon dispelled by the healthy mountain atmosphere ; eau-de-Cologne is superfluous in the aromatic fragrance of the pine forest, and the cares of high life float merrily along upon the rustling waters of the mountain stream, into the Rench, into the Rhine, into the sea—of oblivion.

We do not wish to assert that in the villages where these bathing establishments have been opened Schwarzwald life has remained as clear and unpolluted as the forests which enclose them, and the streams which bound along through them. But, on the other hand, they have generally grown out of their original poverty, are adorned with pretty little cottages, and are wont to put on their holiday aspect and Sunday clothes to greet their stranger but most welcome guests. It may be that they assume from their visitors unwonted notions of luxury, and that their primitive manners and customs have been considerably modified, but we must not forget that with increased wants there is always an increase of industry. And even supposing the present generation acquires more bad than good, still the following one will grow up with wants which will render a further advance on the path of civilisation absolutely necessary. While formerly feudal lords and monasteries represented the intellectual life of the people, at present the people acquires its education from intercourse with foreigners whom the charms of novelty attract to their mountain homes. Sentimentalists may lament the disappearance of national or local costume, but on looking at the magnitude of the question such lamentations are simply absurd.

Our sketch of this Schwarzwald valley would be incomplete unless we mounted to the summit of the Kniebis, a height of 3283 feet above the level of the sea. Here we quit the luxuriance of the forest to enter a sterile and poor district. Heather, juniper-bushes, and scrubby firs clothe the sides of the pass through which the Strasburg-Stuttgardt road runs.

An extensive panorama opens to the east, south, and west, too wide to possess any landscape beauty, too contracted in the contour of its horizon to allow any clear perception of objects. Still, we must not forget that many furious battles have been waged for this spot, occupied at present only by some miserable cottages called popularly "Beggar's Turnagain," and a solitary post-house. It is true the Alexander's Redoubt, built by Alexander Duke of Wurtemberg, in 1734, against the inroads of the French, is grass-grown and pulled down, and the Swedes' Redoubt scarcely exists in name. But who can decide whether the time may not return when this pass and others similar in the Black Forest may again be of the greatest possible importance? At Frankfort the organ of the Germanic Confederation has frequently brought up this subject, but it has continually been passed over.

From the Kniebis baths we should recommend our traveller to wend his way to Appenweier, and thence by railroad to Offenburg, which must be his next station. It is a pleasant little town enough, but does not possess any interesting objects to delay his onward progress. The most curious thing is a statue of Francis Drake, which the Offenburger erected to the introducer of potatoes into Europe very recently. Their reason for doing so remains a mystery, for the inhabitants possess such immense natural wealth in their vineyards and orchards that they would hardly ever be reduced to Drake's importation. Not far from Offenburg is the elegant castle of Ortenberg, recently restored in the richest mediæval style. Not only the exterior but the interior as well have been so carefully handled, that the castle well repays a visit. The next place of interest reached on ascending the valley of the Kinzig is the town of Genzenbach, which gradually collected round the stately Benedictine abbey of the same name. With its walls, towers, and gates, it still retains reminiscences of its former importance, although the majority of the buildings were destroyed by the French in their inroads. The Kinzig runs placidly through the valley, and has been employed for all sorts of useful purposes. Factories, mills, &c., stand on its banks, but the inhabitants have none of that sickly hue peculiar to manufacturing districts; on the contrary, they are healthy to a degree, and the women remarkable for beauty.

Between Hausach and Hassbach the mountain masses draw more closely together. Here, too, the real Alpine cottages commence, and we rarely meet one of the inhabitants of the valley without finding him busily engaged in plaiting straw. This is one of the most charming national labours—if we may be allowed to call it so—imaginable. The smooth clean straws glisten as they are moved between the active hands, which we could hardly expect to possess such delicacy of touch; and before we can think it possible, a broad band of straw is completed, as if in sport. What a contrast this affords to the peasants of North Germany knitting their clumsy blue woollen stockings! The practical man, of course, feels a shuddering sensation when he hears by chance what splendid tracts of corn are yearly sacrificed to this straw-plaiting mania, in the midst of its growth. And it is, in truth, a painful sight to the tourist to see many stubble-fields in the middle of June. Still, it must be borne in mind that straw-plaiting has been known in the Schwarz-

wald from the remotest ages, and that the women regard it as necessary to wear the straw hat under the most varying forms.

Before reaching Hausach, the Gutach falls into the Kinzig, and we turn off toward Triberg. The scenery too soon changes. The broad meadow-valley with its fruit-trees is contracted, and the granite ribs of the mountain force their way out on the wooded declivities. Suddenly, in the midst of this gorge, we come to a circular valley with an old town, above which a well-preserved castle proudly frowns. It is Hornberg, captured by the French under Villars in 1703, whence, however, they were speedily driven by the infuriated peasants. Hence its preservation. After going through many phases, aristocratic and otherwise, it has, at length, degenerated into a brewery. A beautifully smooth road leads up the valley, and the scenery grows with each minute wilder. We walk along a romantic ravine, partly under, partly through, the rocks, gradually becoming so narrow that there appears hardly space for the saucy rivulet that goes bounding along at our feet. On the summit of the jagged rocks we can only notice a few dwarf fir-trees and boulders, apparently ready to fall upon us at the slightest shock. The valley then expands again, although retaining its wildly romantic character, and suddenly there appears before us the pretty town of Triberg, only consisting at present of a single street, for in 1826 it was almost entirely burnt to the ground. The clock manufacture has here its principal station. The sign-boards on the houses reveal this fact on all sides. Nearly 2000 feet above the level of the sea, and in the very heart of the Schwarzwald, lies the home of this trade, whose results greet us in nearly every peasant home of England. And Triberg is not merely the home, but also the cradle of the Schwarzwald clock trade; for three of its discoverers were natives of the old "Triberg Lordship." These times are long, long past, for this Black Forest manufactory commenced in the early half of the eighteenth century, and it would be difficult at the present day to find a Schwarzwald clock of the construction then used. Not that this has been greatly changed, but brass wheels have been substituted for the old wooden ones, to the great benefit of the machine and saving of space. Hence, there is nothing very peculiar in the aspect of tho factories. In those places where the manufactory of clocks is carried on to a large extent, they do not differ materially from what we see in Geneva, Neufchâtel, and La Chaux de Fonds, always with the exception that the Schwarzwälder prefers trusting to his own hands than to machinery. The Black Forest clockmaker is acquainted, from his earliest youth, with all the portions of the machine, and is able to earn his living in whatever part of the world he may be. A great falling off has taken place in the fabrication of the musical clocks, once so much the rage, but the legitimate trade has so greatly increased that nearly 2000 workmen are now engaged upon it through the Black Forest, without reckoning the clock-face painters.

It is a fortunate thing for the population that this trade has so extended, for the gifts of nature are but churlishly scattered over the country. After leaving Hornberg, fruit-trees become a rarity; and even the cherry, which is found to flourish 6000 feet above the sea on the middle Rhine, is lost a few hundred paces beyond Triberg. With the exception of pines and larches, the holly is the only tree of any height

which appears successfully to resist the endurance of a severe winter, the changing wind currents, the late springs, and early autumn frosts. We are here on a true German alpine height, and the little town will represent faithfully enough the Swiss châlets. But the great attraction of Triberg consists in the waterfall, which is found just outside the town. From a height of more than 650 feet, the huge body of water comes rushing down over gigantic blocks of granite, broken into seven principal falls, between which a multitude of smaller cascades foam and bubble. Tall green firs on the barren rock form the dark setting of this, perhaps the loveliest, waterfall through the whole length and breadth of Germany. Light wooden bridges have been erected across it at various intervals, so slight and graceful that they render the cascade still more imposing. And at times we hear through the hoarse murmur of the water the bells of a pasturing herd, or the solemn sound reaches our ear of the Sanctus summoning the population to mass in the little church.

The road from Triberg to Furtwangen runs in a southern direction through this desolate region, at times over sterile plateaus, then through bush or forest, possessing but slight picturesque variety, though at times enlivened by a distant prospect over the Schwarzwald heights. We will, therefore, make our way to the railroad, which we reach at Denzlingen, and hurry on to Freyburg.

Freyburg in the Breisgau, as it is generally called, to distinguish it from the other town of the same name in Switzerland, is one of the most curious relics of the feudal ages still to be found in Southern Germany. As the chief seat of the Catholic university of Baden it possesses some slight importance, and is celebrated by being the abode of that turbulent Herman von Vicari who has been trying to restore the unlimited power of papacy, and compel the grand duke to bow his knee before the supremacy of his Church. But the traveller will be inclined to forget all such disagreeable matters on his walk through the town, for his eye will be immediately attracted by the varieties of dress which he will notice on the market, the Münster-square, and the Kaiser-strasse. Red and black are the predominant colours. The men wear the broad-brimmed hat, or fur cap, with green top and gold button: the women, on the other hand, the tall straw hat, made like our fashionable chimney-pots, or the flat, wide-brimmed Bloomer straw hat, ornamented with broad, fluttering red or black ribbons, between which their long plaits of hair reach almost to the ground. As a general rule, the dress of the Black Foresters is very tasteful, but the style in which the clothes are made will not meet with approval. Imagine the waist just under the armpits, after the fashion of our George II., and then the immense coat-tails the men wear to make up for this, rendering them frightfully clumsy to look at. The women, on the other hand, wear a fearful amount of petticoats, to which our modern crinoline bears no comparison; but generally both sexes have a round-shouldered appearance, detracting greatly from their good looks. But the beauty to be found among the women is remarkable; and it would take a great deal to disfigure them. Their large black eyes and clear brown complexion would tempt a misogamist, and their broad Doric *patois* sounds charmingly from their ruddy lips and pearly teeth. As is usually the case with all German peasant women, their beauty soon fades from

hard work and privation, and by the age of twenty-five they are old and wrinkled. The dress of the Black Foresters is gradually assuming an urban character, and in many valleys the men are entirely attired like townsfolk, though the women adhere strictly to old habits.

The principal object of attraction in Freyburg is the wondrous cathedral, the most perfect specimen of Gothic architecture in Germany. It occupied three centuries in building, and, as if by a miracle, has escaped all the dangers of storm and insurrection, while the other antiquities of the town have gradually disappeared. Count Conrad of Zähringen commenced it in 1122, and in 1270 it was completed by Conrad of Freyburg, with the exception of the choir. The steeple, 385 feet in height, is the precise model of those which our great-grandchildren may perhaps see terminated on the Kölner Dom. The choir was not finished until 1515, by Hans von Gräz. But the principal object in our visit to Freyburg is that we may see the celebrated Höllenthal, on the road to Donaueschingen and Schaffhausen. Instead of describing it here, we will compare it to those portions of the road from Gotthard to Fluellen, immediately after passing the terrible *Schöllenen.* All that is absent is the avalanches, but the general scenery is of a very similar character. The traveller, if he like, can stay for the night at the post-house of Steig, and climb up to the summit of the Feld Berg and the Titi Lake, about 4600 feet, but we prefer returning to the railway and going on to Müllheim, whence the road runs to Baden-Weiler.

This little bathing-place is very rarely visited by English folk, and yet it well deserves a day or two. Apart from the scenery, which is magnificent in the extreme, there is another attraction in the old Roman bath, only discovered accidentally in 1784, although Baden-Weiler had been known at the commencement of the prior century as a celebrated bath. The remains are of an extraordinary size, in a very excellent state of preservation, and are probably inferior to none in Europe, with the exception, perhaps, of Titus's bath at Rome. There are no traces of other Roman buildings to be found here, unless, perhaps, the old castle may be built on the remains of a Roman fort, like Heidelberg and Baden-Baden. It is probable that this was one of a chain of posts, maintaining the strategic connexion with Argentoratum. Baden-Weiler and Baden deserve a comparison from their resemblance and difference. One at the northern extremity, the other at the southern, of the Black Forest, both situate on the western slope of the mountains—both employed by the Romans—both nearly resembling in the effect their waters produce—both belonging to the family of Zähringen for centuries—both protected by castles belonging to that family—both bearing originally the same name, Baden. But Baden-Baden, the Aurelia Aquensis, was, under the Romans, an important military station, and remained the same for centuries, then became a princely residence, and even under the Merovingians was a much-frequented bath, and gradually grew in celebrity and fashion. Baden-Weiler, on the contrary, was forgotten with the Romans; its castle became the abode of a bailiff, and its waters were scarcely used till recently, and that only by patients from the adjoining villages. And yet it would be difficult to decide, as regards picturesque scenery, which of the two places deserves the prize of beauty.

Another most interesting spot, which every traveller must visit who desires thoroughly to become acquainted with the Black Forest, is the Abbey of St. Blasien. After a long ramble through forest and solitude we suddenly come to a splendid church, with a dome built after the pattern of the Pantheon at Rome by the rich monastic order which resided here during the last century. The monks have all departed, and the abbey has been converted into a manufactory, much to the regret of the peasantry, who believe that all prosperity went with them. The Catholic element is stronger in this portion of the Black Forest than in any other, and, as a natural consequence, the inhabitants are the most bigoted and narrow-minded the traveller will yet have come across. This will be found more especially the case at the little village of Hauenstein, where our trip terminates, whose inhabitants have ever been notorious for their turbulence and bigotry. The railway, however, which is soon to be made through this district to the Lake of Constance, will dissipate this, and industry and prosperity will speedily make their appearance in this part of the grand duchy, rendering it equal in every respect to the more favoured northern districts.

And here we may terminate our tour: we have traversed the Black Forest in every direction, and, we trust, have seen all that possesses any interest for the traveller. We hope in all sincerity, then, that the few pages we have been enabled to devote to the subject will induce many of our readers to visit this curious country, for we assure them it will amply repay the trouble. They need not be afraid, either, of faring badly, for the smallest village inn has its tank, whence trout can be taken alive, and what more can a hungry traveller desire? The people will be found, as a general rule, hospitable and kind to strangers, and there are many worse ways of amusing oneself than a night spent in a Black Forest châlet. A manger is always at your service to sleep in, and, with fresh hay, it is difficult to imagine a more pleasant summer night's resting-place. The expense, too, of such a tour as we have described is trifling in the extreme, and bears no proportion to the enjoyment it will occasion. For our own part, we can only say that the Black Forest is our predilection; and though residing many years at Baden, we were glad to escape as often as we could from its tinsel and artificiality, and seek refuge from *ennui* in the secluded nooks of the Black Forest. If we can induce others to follow our example, we shall feel the gratification that the time we have devoted to this description of one of the most beautiful and unknown portions of Southern Germany will not have been bestowed in vain.

FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.

A MODERN STORY.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A PLACE OF REFUGE.

THAT the messenger despatched by Phillis had been diligent and faithful was shown by the early hour at which Geordy Walker reached Barnard Castle. The first object he saw as he entered the town was Phillis herself at one of the upper windows of the Brig-gate Inn, and so intently was he looking at her that he nearly caused a mishap. A lover, with his mistress full before his eyes, may be pardoned for not keeping on the right side of the road, from which circumstance it arose that Geordy Walker's spring-cart was withiu an ace of upsetting into the Tees a lighter vehicle against which he drove while crossing the bridge. The pleasant thoughts which the sight of Phillis had awakened were, for the moment, rudely put to flight by a loud oath, and, turning his head, Geordy saw the scowling face of the man against whom he had driven. Geordy backed his own horse as quickly as he could, but his promptness did not save him from another curse as the angry traveller pushed by.

"I'd teach thee manners, for as big as thou art," said Geordy, "if I hadn't something better to do. Who's o' that chaise, lad?" he asked of a countryman that was lounging at the bridge-foot.

The countryman couldn't, or rather wouldn't tell; for it was Loll, Matthew Yates's spy, whom Geordy Walker had accosted.

"Well," said Phillis's lover, "that ugly face isn't like to be forgot! Next time he comes my way he'd best keep a civiler tongue in his head!"

Phillis was at the inn door when Geordy drove up. Her mother having gone to market, she could speak to him without fear of interruption, and while he went in, Loll, who was still loitering about, was summoned to mind the cart and horse. The conference lasted nearly half an hour. It might, perhaps, have been more quickly ended, but when lovers meet at long intervals—indeed, whenever they meet—they have always some matters to speak of which do not concern other people. Rachel's business, however, was not overlooked, for after a time she came down, and was consigned to Geordy's conveyance, into which, when he had had another word inside with Phillis, or, possibly, something besides a word, he also stepped. Then there was much shakiug of hands between Rachel and Phillis, and many injunctions were given by the latter to her lover about driving carefully, the girl laughingly reminding Geordy of what had just happened on the bridge, and he as laughingly replying that the accident was all her fault.

"Mind how thou crosses t' Lune beck," said Phillis; "maybe thou mayst meet wi' t' miller's daughter, and so get an overturn."

"Phœbe Snaith is a proper lass," retorted Geordy; "she keeps away fro' t' windows. Besides," he added, "she went to Romaldskirk last Monday to be married."

Loll's large red ears were made for listening. He heard the names of the places mentioned, and knew well where they were; nevertheless, it was necessary for him to be acquainted with the exact spot to which Rachel was being conveyed, and when the cart recrossed the bridge he followed in the same direction, the irregularities of the ground enabling him to keep it in view by an occasional sharp run. Thus, when Geordy, instead of taking the Bowes road, turned off to the westward at Startforth, he tracked him across the Deepdale river, along the bleak moor which stretches away to Cotherston, past the dark woods of Hunderthwaite, by the ruined tower that once guarded the entrance to Lune Dale, and then, after climbing the steep ascent beyond Mickleton, beheld him winding down the gorge of Holwick, where the road becomes almost impassable. It was a journey of four long hours, but he pursued his way untired, stimulated by the promised reward from Matthew Yates; and, at last, he saw Geordy Walker draw the rein in front of a substantial, stone-built cottage; he saw him get out of the cart and go into the house; he saw him presently return with an old woman, who leant on a stick as she walked; and, finally, he saw Rachel descend from the vehicle and enter the cottage, followed by Geordy, who carried her trunk. This, then, was the place where, for the present at all events, she intended to remain. But he lingered a little longer, for he wished to learn if Rachel's companion lived there too. In less than a quarter of an hour his curiosity was satisfied: Geordy Walker came forth alone, resumed his seat, and turning his horse's head, drove past the clump of trees behind which Loll had hidden to watch his proceedings.

While Matthew Yates's spy is making the best of his way back, let us see what Matthew Yates has himself been doing.

It is needless to say that he was the surly occupant of the chaise encountered by Geordy Walker on Barnard Castle Bridge. He, too, had seen Phillis at the window as he left the inn, and his natural surliness was heightened by the fact that she had turned away her head when he looked up, though it was plain enough she knew he was passing. If Matthew Yates had known a little more—if somebody had whispered that the handsome young man of whom he had fallen foul was Phillis's lover—curses alone would not have contented him; but in the absence of this knowledge his thoughts reverted to the evil on which he was originally bent. He must see Mrs. Scrope as soon as he could, and take her directions with respect to Rachel, little doubting of their tenor.

Frequent visits of late to Scargill Hall had made Matthew Yates perfectly familiar with the locality, and, after leaving the chaise at Bowes, it was his custom now to approach the house by a private entrance, the key of which had been given him for that purpose by Mrs. Scrope. The park in which Scargill Hall stood was almost entirely surrounded by a broad fringe of beech and fir, overhanging a grey, moss-covered paling, and the gate by which Matthew Yates entered opened into one of the most secluded parts of the domain, the path to the Hall winding beneath

the belt of trees, whose frequent stems and feathering foliage effectually concealed whoever passed that way. Secure from observation, Mrs. Scrope's emissary hastily strode on, and had arrived within a short distance of the only clear space that intervened between the outer circle and the gardens near the house, when he perceived some one sitting close to the path which he was obliged to follow, unless he struck out at once into the open part. It was a female figure, and from her attitude and the position of her head she seemed to be reading. Matthew Yates paused: it was desirable, for many reasons, that his visits to the owner of Scargill Hall should be a secret from all but one or two trusted servants. To cross the sward would oblige him to pass in front of the seated figure; to go straight on would bring him within a few yards of where she sat; he could not turn back, his business was too important. After a moment's hesitation he resolved to continue as if no interruption had arisen, trusting that he was sufficiently light of foot to escape without notice. In all probability this would have been the case if it had depended only on the susceptibility of a human ear, but stealthily as Matthew Yates advanced, a finer organ detected him: a little dog of the King Charles breed suddenly jumped from his mistress's lap, and confronting him on the path began to bark fiercely. Matthew Yates instinctively raised a heavy stick, but before he had time to strike a voice called out:

"Stop, sir; what are you doing? How dare you threaten my dog?"

The speaker, who had risen from the ground, was a beautiful girl of slight, graceful figure, and with a very animated countenance, to which the occasion lent a proud, fearless expression. She fixed her deep-set, dark-blue eyes on the intruder, who cast down his own as they met her glance, while his uplifted arm sank by his side.

"I beg your pardon, miss," he muttered; "I only meant to frighten him."

"And what right, sir, had you to do that? Who are you? What do you want here?"

"I have some business at the Hall," replied Yates.

"Indeed!" cried his questioner. "Why did you come this way? If you have business you should have entered on the other side; this part, of the park is private."

"I'm sorry, miss, I made you afraid——"

"Afraid!" she interrupted, scornfully. "You disturbed me, that was all. Come here, Chorister, and let the man pass. Go on, sir, and be careful how you venture here again."

The dog came to her side, and without bestowing another look on Matthew Yates, she sat down and resumed her book.

"'Go on!'" repeated Yates, when he was out of hearing. "If you knew what I have in this pocket-book, you'd say, 'Come back,' instead; ay, and you'd speak in a gentler tone, and not crush one under your feet as if one was dirt. She has all the pride of her family, that's plain! She calls her whelp of a dog 'Chorister!' I fancy I know the reason. No, Miss Tunstall, *you* shan't have the letter, anyhow. I'll make money of it another way."

A quarter of an hour afterwards Matthew Yates was in the presence of Mrs. Scrope.

She had been ill, and the traces of her malady were distinctly visible in

her thin hands, her hollow eyes, and sunken cheeks; but she sat as erect as ever, and her haughty air had not in the least abated.

"Well," she said, "have you any news from France?"

"No, my lady," replied Yates, habitually associating his patroness with the highest rank. "I didn't expect to, yet. I *have* some news, though."

"Concerning whom?"

"Somebody you'd little suppose, my lady. Rachel Loring that was; Perrotin's wife that is."

"Ah! what of her?"

"She's down here, my lady."

"Here! she must be either a fool or mad! What do you mean?"

Yates briefly related the discovery he had made, and the course he had adopted respecting Rachel.

Mrs. Scrope mused for a short time; then she said: "The boy, you tell me, is in Paris, with some friends of those Rouen people; and she took him there, did she not?"

Yates said such was the case.

"Can you guess why she has come to England? Here, above all other places!"

"To see you, perhaps, my lady."

"I doubt it. She would hardly venture upon such a step. Recollect what she was threatened with."

"But if she thinks the boy is safe, she may not have minded that. Most likely she wants you to forgive all that's happened."

"She knows me better," said Mrs. Scrope, with a gloomy smile. "Rachel Loring must be changed indeed to stand before me without trembling. No! There is some other motive. You must find it out."

"There is only one way of doing so that I know of," said Yates.

"What is that?"

"Putting on the screw, my lady. You see, if she's come over with a secret purpose, she'll keep her secret until she's forced to give it up. That's where it is."

"What do you advise, then?"

"Lay hands on her, and prevent her from seeing anybody about the place; once under lock and key, her tongue can do no harm."

"But there must be a warrant for the seizure. It will be difficult to get that."

"There's no need of no warrant, my lady. In a lonesome part of the world like this one easily gets a chance. Anyhow, I've an answer ready. It's no new game with me."

"Can you do it by yourself?"

"Well, my lady, if I can't, I've got some one, I think, who'll help me."

"Who knows nothing whatever about my affairs?"

"Nothing, my lady."

"And where do you propose to take her?"

"Rose Cottage is about the best place I know of."

"You mean your own house?"

"Yes, my lady. Close to Hendon. Stands back from the road; high garden wall; nothing nearer than half a mile; very quiet; very."

"Your wife is there now?"

"She never goes away. There's always some one to look after."

Again Mrs. Scrope reflected. The great object of her life was to suppress all knowledge of her grandson's parentage. Except Rachel and her husband, and her own creature, Yates, nobody lived, she thought, who could disclose the truth. The opportunity of silencing Rachel was too tempting to be neglected.

"Let what you have to do, then," she said, addressing Yates again, "be done as quickly, and with as little violence as possible."

"Violence, my lady! Oh no—there won't be no violence! We always persuades them—a look does it."

"You will want money. Take this."

She gave him a bank-note of some value.

Yates's eyes glistened as he put it by.

"It would be throwing away that letter," he said to himself, "if I gave it her to-day. It will fetch its price some other time."

"Let me hear from you," said Mrs. Scrope, "directly this business is concluded. Leave me now."

Yates bowed, and silently withdrew. He was in the act of closing the door, when, at a quick pace, with Chorister careering by her side, Mary Tunstall entered the hall. Observing whence he issued, her glance denoted no less surprise than dislike; but she passed him without a word, and entered Mrs. Scrope's study.

"I came, grandmamma," she said, "to tell you of a very disagreeable-looking man whom I saw just now in the dell where I generally go to read—but my errand, I find, is unnecessary."

"Why so, Mary?" asked Mrs. Scrope.

"Because I met him coming out of this room."

"Oh, you met him!"

"Yes, grandmamma. Here at the door. Who is he?"

"Who is he, Mary? Some one whom I employ."

"A gamekeeper, grandmamma?"

"Yes, child, yes; he is one of the keepers."

"I hope I shall never meet him again. I feel as if I almost hated that man—he has such a very bad countenance. I could imagine him capable of doing anything wicked."

"You should never judge of people by their looks, Mary," said Mrs. Scrope, coldly. "The person you choose to dislike so much is a very trusty servant."

"Well, grandmamma, it may, perhaps, be very wrong in me to say so, but I should be very sorry to trust him. Chorister, too, is of my opinion. I never saw him so angry before. Poor little fellow, he keeps growling still."

Chorister's instincts were true again. Matthew Yates, standing near the open window of Mrs. Scrope's study, was listening to the conversation within. At Mary Tunstall's last words he noiselessly crept away, and was soon on the road to Barnard Castle.

"You *almost* hate me, miss," he muttered—"the time may come for you to hate me *quite*. It shan't be my fault if you don't."

CHAPTER XXXII.

A NEW FRIEND AND AN OLD FOE.

RACHEL'S thoughts were sad enough as she sat alone in her bedroom on the night of her arrival at the lonely cottage in Holwick Gill. Though in a place of safety, and her retreat unknown, as she imagined, to Matthew Yates (of whose discovery she was ignorant), proximity to one so dangerous was, in itself, a sufficient cause for anxiety. While at a distance from Mrs. Scrope, she had underrated the difficulty of her attempt, but now she was on the spot her dread of her former mistress revived. In what manner, without Mrs. Scrope's knowledge, should she endeavour to carry out her design of obtaining a private interview with Lady Tunstall? It must be at her own personal risk, for there was nobody about her by whom she could send a message. Geordy Walker's aunt, Tibbie Newsham, was nearly stone deaf, and already the few words that had passed between them were only a series of useless cross-questions. The servant, a stout wench from the neighbouring fells of Westmoreland, spoke a dialect that was quite incomprehensible, neither did she appear to understand one word in seven that was addressed to her. Days might pass before Rachel had an opportunity of speaking to Geordy Walker himself, for he had confessed to her that it was the busy time of harvest with him, and that nothing but a summons from Phillis could have taken him from his farm at such a moment. He had seen Rachel made comfortable, as he supposed, at Holwick Gill, and that satisfied him. Post-office there was none in Lune Forest, neither was there any very great occasion for the convenience, the scattered inhabitants of the district being not much given to letter-writing: a long walk and a long talk were the means usually resorted to as a substitute for postal communication. Yet Rachel must write to Lady Tunstall, and contrive to send her letter. The actual fact of writing was, however, her first difficulty. Under the circumstances just described, pens, ink, and paper were unattainable in the cottage of Tibbie Newsham: to procure them the nearest place was Romaldskirk, the only village of any size which Rachel had seen on her way to Holwick, and she decided on going there on the morrow: it was too remote from Barnard Castle or Scargill Hall to expose her to the chance of meeting again with Matthew Yates. Having settled thus much in her own mind, Rachel retired to rest, nor was it long before she found the sleep she wanted, while listening to the waters of the Tees as they rushed over the fall of High Force, distant several miles, yet distinctly audible amid the silence of night.

There were no cross-roads to divert her from her course, and a walk of two hours, after an early breakfast next morning, brought her to Romaldskirk. The church stood at the end of the village nearest to Holwick, and Rachel observed, as she approached, that the principal door was open. Many years had gone by since she had knelt in a place of worship in her own land; the yearning for prayer was too strong to be resisted, and she softly went in. Not, however, to join in the service, for there was none, the door having only been unlocked to admit one or two workmen who were engaged in some casual repairs. But this mat-

tered not to Rachel. Her habit in Rouen, while still preserving her Protestantism, had always been to avail herself of the opportunity of entering God's House, which is so happily afforded in Roman Catholic countries, and in conformity with that practice she now acted.

The church of Saint Romald is of so old a date that none are agreed as to the identity of him to whom it is dedicated. Except the foundations, however, no part of the original edifice still exists, but ecclesiastical art has gained by the appearance of the present building, which was erected in the thirteenth century. The architects of that time raised many a parish church in the fashion of a small cathedral, and Saint Romald's was one of these, with its double aisles, its transepts, its choir, and its Lady chapel.

Unnoticed by the workmen, Rachel drew near the altar, and kneeling down, prayed long and fervently. That God would be merciful and hear the voice of her complaint; that the hardness of Mrs. Scrope's heart might be turned; that success might attend the effort she was making to recover the orphan's inheritance; that a lone mother might rejoice; and that she, herself, these things witnessed, might humbly hope to be accepted!

With a bosom disburdened of much care, Rachel rose from the altar steps, and now, with her mind comparatively at ease, had leisure to examine and admire the building. It lacked the grandeur and splendour of the magnificent edifices which had been constantly before her eyes at Rouen, but some of its features appealed more directly to her feelings. The records of the dead told of the people of her own country; many of the names she read were historical, the inscriptions interested her by their quaint and earnest piety, and the monuments told of great personages whose greatness now was buried in the dust. One tomb attracted her more than all the rest. Raised high above the pavement was the sculptured effigy of a knight in chain armour, his mailed hand on the hilt of his half-drawn sword, his crossed feet resting on a headless lion, and his stern features unmutilated, or only worn by time. Rachel was no herald, and made little account of the device on the warrior's shield, or the golden bend on the azure field might have declared the family to which he belonged; neither was she skilled in mediæval writing, which else had informed her that the inscription she vainly tried to make out exhorted her to pray for the soul of

Sir Hugh le Scrope,

Ki trespassa le jour Saint Jehan le Baptiste l'an de l' Encarnacion

MCCCIV.

While Rachel was examining the tomb she heard a footstep near, and looking round, perceived some one standing beside her. It was an old man, simply dressed in black, and his long silver hair and general appearance denoted him to be upwards of sixty years of age. With a benevolent smile he accosted Rachel.

"That was a famous person in his day," he said, pointing to the recumbent Crusader.

"Indeed, sir!" replied Rachel. "Who was he?"

"So, the inscription has puzzled you? I dare say, though they all know whose tomb this is, there's not a person in the parish who can read it but myself. See, it runs round the effigy, beginning here. It is written in Norman-French."

"If I know any French at all, sir, it ought to be that, for I have been living a good while at Rouen, in Normandy."

The old man smiled again. "I am afraid," he said, "that the gallant knight's language would scarcely be understood by the modern Normans themselves. Listen to me while I translate the epitaph."

He then read the inscription.

"What name, sir, did you say?" asked Rachel.

"Le Scrope," replied the old man—"an ancestor of the great Scrope family here in Yorkshire. There was a great contest once—but it was after his day—for the right to the coat of arms that is sculptured there. No one bears it now. The house of Scrope, as the French heralds say, 'est tombée en quenouille'—the lance is broken, the distaff only remains. Ah! you understand nothing of this jargon. I mean that there is no heir-male left."

A sudden tremor came over Rachel at these words. The old man perceived it.

"You appear unwell," he said—"sit down and rest yourself; you have been standing too long."

"No, I thank you, sir," returned Rachel. "It was only a kind of faintness for the moment. It is gone now. But about the Scrope family, sir: there are some of the name still, I believe?"

"Oh yes; there is the widow of the late Mr. Scrope; she lives hard by, at Scargill Hall. An aged woman now—and grey, I am told—but I remember her when she was young and fair. Well I may remember her, for"—he paused for a moment—"for I placed her hand in that of Richard Scrope before that very altar."

"You are the clergyman, then, sir!"

"Mr. Scrope was my patron. He gave me this living forty years ago. It was always agreed between us that I should marry him whenever the time came. I kept my promise—yes, I kept it truly. Poor Scrope! He died young—but she never married again. No! she never changed her name. Who can say if she would have been happier had she done so?"

The old clergyman sighed and bent his eyes on the ground, while Rachel remained silent, fearing to disturb his reverie. At last he spoke again, following the current of thought which had newly been awakened.

"If she had had a son, her ambition would, at least, have been gratified. 'Ill-weav'd ambition!' Yet her daughters were the loveliest creatures I ever saw! A mother might have reason to be proud of them—prouder than of many sons. Edith and Agatha. Poor Edith! She was her father's image. But what is the matter with you, my good friend? You are crying!"

"I beg your pardon, sir," sobbed Rachel, "but a name you mentioned, sir, reminded me of—of——"

"Ah, I see! Poor thing! You have lost a child called——"

"No, sir, no! I must not deceive you. I know the family well. I once lived in it. I was Miss Edith's own maid!"

"Ah, indeed! No wonder you felt interested in hearing me talk about them. When was that?"

"Oh, before her marriage, sir, with her cousin, Lord Deepdale."

"What is your name?"

"My Christian name, sir, is Rachel; my maiden name was Loring. I am called Perrotin now, sir."

"So! You married a Frenchman, and went to live abroad. And you have come to this part of the country to see Mrs. Scrope again?"

Rachel answered indirectly: "I wanted, after so long a time, to learn something of Miss Edith. I was told, sir, that—that she had died. Is it true, sir, or not?"

"She has long been an invalid," replied the clergyman, "but I hear, —indeed, I know—though Mrs. Scrope and I have not met for many, many years—that she is still living."

"Oh, thank God! thank God!" cried Rachel, falling on her knees, and raising her clasped hands to heaven, "this is blessed news indeed! Where is she, sir—oh, can you tell me!"

"Somewhere in Italy, that I am sure of; but I do not know the place. However, you will learn that at once from Mrs. Scrope, or from Lady Tunstall, who not long since was staying with her sister; she is now at Scargill Hall."

"I am aware of it, sir. My object in coming down here was to see Lady Tunstall if I could."

"That is easy enough, surely. I have long ceased to be a visitor at the Hall, but they tell me she is always there."

"Yes, sir, but——the real truth is, sir, there are reasons why I cannot—why I dare not go to Scargill."

"That appears singular. Did you do anything formerly that you are ashamed to own?"

"No, sir," exclaimed Rachel, earnestly—"others may have cause to be ashamed, but I have none!"

"I cannot quite understand you. Yet you speak and look like an honest person. I would assist you if it were in my power, but unless I knew more of your history I fear I can be of little service. Some secret weighs upon your mind?"

"You are right, sir. A heavy secret. Oh, if I might ask you to befriend me, a fatherless child would for ever bless your name!"

The clergyman seemed perplexed. While he hesitated to reply, another person entered the church, who looked up and down eagerly, and then hastily approached him.

"What is the matter, Crossthwaite?" asked the clergyman.

"Oh, Mr. Dalton," said the new comer, who proved to be the parish clerk, "I'm glad to have found you. There's a lad come riding in fro' Brignall wi' t' news that Squire Coates is on his death-bed, and sorely wants to see you."

"Poor man! Tell the messenger I will set out immediately. I must go," added Mr. Dalton, turning to Rachel, "but if you are willing to confide in me, come to the rectory this evening at seven o'clock; I shall be back early I trust. Are you lodging in the village?"

Rachel explained where she was staying. This caused an alteration in the time agreed on. It would be too far and too late for her to return to Romaldskirk that evening, so the meeting was fixed for the following morning. Mr. Dalton, pressing her hand, told her to be of good cheer, and then, after reminding her of the engagement, hastily left the church.

At "The Shop" in Romaldskirk, which supplied everything in the shape of dry goods—from wearing apparel to eatables—Rachel procured materials for writing, and when she got back to Holwick occupied herself in preparing a letter to Lady Tunstall, which she proposed to send after submitting it for the approval of Mr. Dalton. Rachel had not much clerkly skill, and after the labour of three or four hours, during which numerous sheets of paper were destroyed, and many pens thrown aside for faults not altogether their own, the result was as follows:

"Hon^{D} Madam,—A person who have not seen y^{r} Ladyship for several years, but which was once well known to you, though i dare not to mention my name, humbly take the liberty of requesting permision to wait upon y^{r} Ladyship *in private*, having a great favour to ask and other circumstanses afecting y^{r} Ladyship's family to speak of which i cannot put them in writing. If granted the oblagation would be greatly increaced by naming an hour to meet y^{r} Ladyship at the house of the Revnd Mr. Dalton, Rectory, Romaldskirk, who have kindly permitted me to do so. Y^{r} Ladyship's well-wisher and humble servant.

"P.S.—*Please my lady not to name my request to anybody whatever.* My duty to y^{r} Ladyship and Miss T."

"The gentleman's manner was so kind," said Rachel to herself, when she read over this effusion, "that I think when he comes to hear all, he will not object to what I have written."

Having folded, sealed, and fairly superscribed her letter, Rachel placed it on the table, that she might not forget it when she kept her appointment at Romaldskirk.

It was a lovely evening, and to relieve the loneliness of her situation, she thought it would be pleasant to pass an hour or two out of doors, so, putting on her bonnet and shawl, she took the path which led to the high road above the Tees, and there, within sight of one of the falls which give so romantic a character to that part of the river, she sat down on the heath-covered ground, and leaning against a rock, abandoned herself to meditation. The intelligence that Lady Deepdale still lived had greatly cheered her, and the castle-building which she reared on this foundation speedily witnessed the accomplishment of all her desires.

While her dream was at the brightest, an uncouth voice sounded in her ears. It was a man dressed like a postilion who spoke.

"Missus," he said, "be thy naam Rachel?"

She answered in the affirmative.

"Then there be a gentleman yonder 'at wants to speak to thee."

Rachel looked in the direction in which he pointed, and saw a carriage and pair at the foot of the hill. Her thoughts instantly reverted to Mr. Dalton. He had, no doubt, returned sooner than he expected, and driven out to see her. The steepness of the ascent and the rugged nature

of the road were reasons quite sufficient for stopping where he did, having once perceived her. Perhaps, since the morning, he had learned Lady Deepdale's precise address! She did not hesitate a moment, but rapidly walked towards the carriage, followed by the postilion.

Mr. Dalton, if he it were, was seated in the carriage, wrapped in a loose great-coat; he held a handkerchief up to his face, which, coupled with the dusk of the evening, completely concealed his features.

"May I beg of you to step in?" he said—and Rachel, suspecting nothing, immediately took her place beside him. Scarcely had she done so before the door was shut, and the postboy, jumping into his saddle, turned the horses' heads round, and set off at a swingeing trot along the road to Romaldskirk. To Rachel's still greater surprise, her companion sank back in the carriage without removing his handkerchief. "He is suffering great pain of mind," she thought—"perhaps his friend is dead!" This idea kept her silent for a few minutes. At last, as he did not speak, she ventured to address him. "I fear, sir, you are ill," she said. Still she obtained no reply. The carriage drove on. Rachel recognised the church of St. Romald as they went past—then the village, and the house which she had been told was the rectory—but the postboy never stopped. By the waning light Rachel perceived that they were skirting a gloomy moor which she recollected having passed the day before. A vague fear now seized her.

"Where are you taking me?" she cried. "You are not Mr. Dalton!"

"No, my dear," was the reply, "not Mr. Dalton exactly, but somebody as you may happen to know quite as well. What do you think of Mr. Yates?"

Rachel gave a loud scream, but in an instant both her wrists were grasped as if in a vice, and a large hand covered her mouth.

"If you make a noise," he said, "it will be the worse for you!"

This counsel was unheeded. With all her strength she strove to get free, and partly succeeded.

"Stop, postboy, stop!" she cried—"help! murder! help!"

"It's of no use, I tell you," whispered Yates, hoarsely; "he knows you're mad as well as I do. Get on, Loll!"

"Oh, God!" she exclaimed, "am I, too, to be this man's victim!"

The gag, in Yates's hand, was not wanted. She had fallen into a deep swoon, and with undiminished speed the driver urged his horses on.

Bewildered, remembering nothing but a rapid flight, amidst flashing lamps and the scream of the railway whistle, Rachel's consciousness was only restored when a gaunt, repulsive woman stood by her bedside one morning, and told her she was an inmate of Rose Cottage.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A CONSULTATION.

At the hour named for Rachel's promised visit to the rectory, Mr. Dalton was in his library. His thoughts were too much occupied in speculating on the nature of her intended communication to admit of his betaking himself to his usual pursuits, and nothing was added that morning to the unfinished page of county history which lay on the desk before him—not a book was opened to assist his researches; but he sat in his arm-chair, gazing on vacancy, yet with a peopled mind.

Though the best part of his life and the hope which first gilded it were irrecoverably gone—though the experience of long years had taught him that there was no remembered association on the part of her whom he had once been encouraged to love—nothing could happen in any way affecting the family of Mrs. Scrope in which he did not feel the deepest interest.

Born to fair if not high prospects, Henry Dalton, then an Oxford student, had always been a welcome guest at the house of Mr. Lovel, Mrs. Scrope's father, and Agnes Lovel, the eldest of his two daughters, not only gave him friendship, but trusted him—she said—with something more. It was a trust, however, which she soon revoked, for Mr. Lovel's only son died, and Agnes and her sister became co-heiresses to the largest estates in Lincolnshire. Ambition was the ruling passion of Agnes Lovel, and even before the wealthy and high-born Mr. Scrope became a suitor for her hand, she had cancelled the vows which bound her to Henry Dalton—at the moment, moreover, when family misfortunes made him almost a beggar.

Sorrowing to think he had given his heart to one who made the world her idol—sorrowing but loving still—Dalton went to the Continent, returning at the end of three years to enter holy orders. Soon after he had taken them, chance threw him in the way of Philip Scrope, an early college friend; their intimacy was renewed, and Dalton was reminded of a pledge he had formerly given to perform the marriage ceremony for Scrope whenever the latter should marry. Scrope claimed the promise now, but, out of mere caprice—perhaps to add piquancy to the occasion—refused to tell the name of his bride, and it was only on entering the vestry-room of Saint Romald's that Dalton found he was summoned to join the hands of Philip Scrope and Agnes Lovel. God gave him strength to fulfil the self-imposed duty, and sustained him afterwards to become the constant witness of his friend's happiness, and bear, after Scrope's death, the pang of loving still without requital.

During the first years of Mrs. Scrope's widowhood, Henry Dalton frequently saw her, but after she took her daughters abroad all intercourse ceased until she came back again to live at Scargill Hall, and then it was only formally renewed. At the period of Edith's ill-starred marriage his own affairs had taken him to Ireland, and he knew no more than those who were strangers to Mrs. Scrope that she had visited that part of the couutry in his absence. That a gloom, from some unknown cause, had fallen on her mind, Dalton was well aware, and once, indeed, he

made approaches with offers of more than common service; but he was coldly repelled, and obliged to shut up in his own bosom the unselfish wishes he had formed for her welfare.

The conversation which Mr. Dalton had had with Rachel carried him back to the events of which we have given an outline, and these events led him onward again to the point from which he started: the nature of the story he was waiting to hear. He looked at his watch; it was three-quarters of an hour beyond the time appointed. Though he had given particular instructions that Rachel should be shown in when she came, he rang the bell to ask his housekeeper if she had been refused admittance. Certainly not, was the housekeeper's reply; no person whatever had called. It was singular. The woman's anxiety was, evidently, not feigned; she had begged for his advice too eagerly to allow him to suppose she was not in earnest; he had another reason for trusting her: unseen himself, he had beheld her in prayer at the altar's foot, and truth, without a look or gesture of hypocrisy, characterised her every word and movement. She was no impostor then. Some accidental circumstance made her late. He would wait a little longer.

The full hour was at last completed, and progress made in another, but still she came not. Mr. Dalton's impatience changed to a feeling of apprehension. It was possible that illness was the cause of her non-appearance. This idea gaining possession of him, he resolved to go in quest of her, and ordered his horse to the door, leaving word as he mounted that if his expected visitor arrived while he was gone—should he miss her on the road—she was to be detained till he came back. He then set out at a brisk pace for Holwick.

When he got to Tibbie Newsham's cottage it was with some difficulty that he made the deaf old woman understand whom he wanted. At last, however, she became enlightened, but her answer filled him with astonishment.

"T' lass be run away," screamed Tibbie; "neither me nor Susy Snaith ha' seen nowt on her sin' yester eve."

Susy Snaith, who came in at the moment, with a milk-pail under her arm, confirmed this statement in choicest Westmoreland phrase.

Mr. Dalton proceeded to ask further questions, but could obtain no more satisfactory reply. The stranger woman was gone, that was all they knew; but, after a time, Tibbie Newsham admitted that she had left all her things behind—"all but those she had on her back when she went out t' evening before, while Susy Snaith was teddin' up t' kye." The gentleman might see the room she had slept in the night but one before; it was just as she left it; nothing had been touched.

Mr. Dalton accepted this offer, and Susy Snaith, as his guide, marshalled him up-stairs to Rachel's bedroom. There stood her trunk, her night-clothes were on the bed, a gown was hanging up, a book and one or two other articles were on the drawers, and on a table near the window a sealed letter was lying. The letter Mr. Dalton hastily caught up, thinking it might give some clue to Rachel's whereabout, but on turning it over he found it was addressed to Lady Tunstall.

It at once became clear to Mr. Dalton that Rachel's absence was unpremeditated. She meant, without doubt, to have taken that letter with

her to Romaldskirk; to write it was carrying out, in part, the desires she had expressed to Mr. Dalton. Susy Snaith seemed to be of a different opinion. Coming to an inevitable feminine conclusion, she suggested suicide.

"Maybe t' lass has loped into t' beck!"

This catastrophe, or something like it, was, in the first instance, Mr. Dalton's own fear, but the letter, for the reasons already assigned, had dispelled it. While he was meditating on the course that had best be taken, he heard a man's voice below. It was Geordy Walker, who, in the interval of the dinner-hour, had come over to see if he could be of any use to Rachel. Tibbie Newsham was a "Methody," and sought spiritual comfort at a meeting-house; she was, consequently, unacquainted with the person of the clergyman of the parish; but her nephew was orthodox, and—now and then—formed one of the scanty congregation at Saint Romald's. He, therefore, at once recognised Mr. Dalton, and learning the cause of his appearance at Holwick, explained as much as he knew of the circumstances under which Rachel had sought an asylum there. She had reason, he told Mr. Dalton, to apprehend violence from a person, not a native of those parts, who had lately been staying at the Brig-gate Inn at Barnard Castle. That person's name was Yates, but he went by the *alias* of Wood, which plainly showed that, whatever his business in Yorkshire, he wished to keep it secret. There was, however, no apparent connexion between this man and Rachel's disappearance. Nobody had been seen lurking near the cottage, and she had left it of her own free will.

Assisted by Geordy Walker, Mr. Dalton made a strict examination of the Gill, but with no satisfactory result: the paths were untrampled, the fences unbroken, no relic of dress was found in the woods or by the stream—nothing existed in that immediate neighbourhood to indicate the commission of any act of violence, and Mr. Dalton felt satisfied that a wider search must be instituted. Geordy Walker willingly abandoned his own affairs and returned to Romaldskirk with the clergyman, who, being a magistrate, speedily assembled a sufficient number of constables, and sent them out in all directions—one of them accompanying Geordy to Barnard Castle. For his own part, Mr. Dalton resolved to lose no time in seeing Lady Tunstall. It was possible that the letter which he had brought away with him from the cottage contained something which might throw a light, if not on the cause of Rachel's evasion, at least on her past history, and this association might furnish a clue to her discovery. As soon, therefore, as he had dispersed his messengers, Mr. Dalton turned his horse's head towards Scargill Hall.

Fortunately, Lady Tunstall was at home and alone, Mrs. Scrope and Mary having gone for a long drive. He sent up his name, and was admitted.

Lady Tunstall's beauty bore a strong resemblance to that of her mother before care had eaten her heart away, and it was not without emotion that Mr. Dalton stood in her presence. Her manner, though proud, was courteous.

"I have every apology," he said, "to make for this intrusion, but the purport of my visit will, I trust, obtain your ladyship's pardon."

Lady Tunstall bowed, and motioned him to proceed.

"There was once," he continued, "if I mistake not, a person in the service of your family named Rachel Loring?"

"Certainly," replied Lady Tunstall; "I remember her very well. She was my sister's maid, and, after her marriage, my mother's. She was with my mother on the Continent, but, on her return to England, left her, as I understood, very abruptly."

"And your ladyship knows nothing more respecting her?"

"Nothing!"

Mr. Dalton then related the particulars of what had taken place the day before in Saint Romald's church. Lady Tunstall listened with attention, but made no comment, though her countenance wore a serious air. But she gave way to some expressions of surprise when she heard that Rachel had suddenly disappeared, leaving a letter addressed to herself. She read it silently to the end, and then gave it to Mr. Dalton, desiring him to read it too. When he had done so, she said:

"This letter, as you see, explains nothing, but I do not on that account reject it as worthless, though in all probability I should have done so if you had not told me who was the writer. Be so good as to repeat the words she used at the close of your conversation yesterday."

Mr. Dalton did as he was requested.

"You were my father's old friend," resumed Lady Tunstall, "and I am disposed to speak more freely to you than I should to any one else. To you, then, I do not mind saying that I think it possible Rachel Loring's communication might have been worth attending to. What it directly points at I cannot tell, and in her absence conjecture would be useless. The strange part of the affair is, that she should wish to see me and not my mother, as is apparent from her reluctance to come here, her desire to speak to me privately, her injunction to secrecy, and her writing anonymously. Why she should have gone away, after all these precautions, after coming so far, also, for the express purpose of seeing me, I cannot at all imagine."

"It is only to be accounted for," returned Mr. Dalton, "on the supposition that her departure was not voluntary. She was hiding herself at the time from a man whom she thought her enemy."

"But how could he have spirited her away? Such things are not of common occurrence in England. Some sudden access of fear may have impelled her to a second flight."

"That is scarcely consistent with the wish expressed in her letter to your ladyship."

"You are right, Mr. Dalton. She *must* have intended to see me when she wrote. Who is the man you alluded to?"

"I only know his name. Did your ladyship ever hear it? Yates."

"Yates! Yates! No! I cannot charge my memory with any such name. He is probably some one whom she fell in with after she left our family. Her marriage, I make no doubt, was an unhappy one. She spoke of a fatherless child! Was she in mourning?"

"Let me see. Her dress was very neat, but it had no appearance of mourning. She wore a black gown, but her shawl, I recollect, was red."

"It is no recent loss, then. But, as I said before, conjecture at pre-

sent is from the purpose. The great question is the safety of this poor woman. She was a favourite with us both, and Edith, I know, was greatly attached to her."

"And Mrs. Scrope?"

"My mother is not very demonstrative. She may have liked her or not, but from what she said, in reply to an inquiry I once made, I think she was much displeased when Rachel went away. Something very likely occurred at that time which may account for Rachel's disinclination to come here."

"It would be as well then, perhaps, not to name the subject to Mrs. Scrope: at all events, not until we have more information."

"I quite agree with you. In the mean while, let no expense be spared to find out what has become of Rachel Loring—or Perrotin, did you say? Any reward you think proper to offer I will gladly give. You will send to me the moment you have any news?"

This Mr. Dalton promised; Lady Tunstall shook hands with great cordiality, and he took his leave.

"A heavy secret!" soliloquised Lady Tunstall, as she watched his departure. "To whom can it refer? To my mother or Edith? It is clear there is a passage in the family history with which I am unacquainted."

Mr. Dalton's reflections tended towards the same end. He rode quickly back to Romaldskirk, but the day went by and no tidings of Rachel were received. He heard, however, from Geordy Walker, on his return from the Brig-gate Inn, that the stranger calling himself Wood had left on the previous morning, when he said he was going to London; indeed, Phillis herself, to her great delight, had seen him depart by the Darlington coach. The fact of Rachel's abduction remained, therefore, as great a mystery to him as ever.

Something remained, however, for Mr. Dalton still to do.

As a magistrate he thought it advisable to see, himself, that whatever property Rachel had left behind should be kept in a place of safety, in the event of her returning to claim it. He, therefore, went over again to Holwick, accompanied by Crossthwaite, his clerk. They made an inventory of all that was lying about, and Rachel's keys being also found, locked everything up in her box, and removed it to the rectory.

In doing so one object attracted the attention of Mr. Dalton. It was a small, red-morocco case. Curiosity prompted him to open it, and he found it was a daguerreotype—the portrait of a boy. The art was then in its infancy, and only those who were intimately acquainted with the original would have been likely to trace the resemblance. But, notwithstanding the false expression, the disproportionate features, and the dusky hue of the complexion, which quite obliterated the bloom of youth, Mr. Dalton could not help thinking that the countenance was one with which he was familiar. It reminded him of more than one person, but whom it recalled in particular he could not bring to mind. Was this, he asked himself, the fatherless child in whom Rachel took so deep an interest?

With a sigh he closed the case, and deposited it with the rest.

ST. CANICE'S CATHEDRAL.

UNTIL we looked through this admirably illustrated history of the Cathedral of Kilkenny,* we were unaware that any city in Ireland is so rich in architectural and sepulchral memorials, which fully connect, by artistic objects of the olden time, the mediæval Anglian and Norman races of the sister island with their kindred in England. This cathedral well deserves the handsome volume before us, since it is interesting in various ways, as a small but beautiful specimen of pointed architecture, as the theatre of notable events, and the cemetery of local worthies, whose effigial monuments form a sort of texts for historical and technical elucidations, which departments of the work are cleverly handled.

The legendary "Life" of Saint Canice, or Kenny, the founder of this kill, cell, or church, recently edited by the late Marquis of Ormonde, carries our ideas back to the primeval period of Christianity in "the Island of Saints," when many a convert from paganism, famous even in other countries for his learning and sanctity, was styled—if he had not fled from his ferocious fellow-men, but still lived in their haunts—a dweller *inter ethnicos*, that is, among the heathen; or, if forced to seek security in the wilderness, was said to be *in eremo*, in the desert, where, as an eremite, he sometimes constructed a cell, which, becoming sanctified as his abode, afterwards grew into a stately church. Such, indeed, would seem to have been the origin of Kil-kenny, or the Cell of Canice. It appears also that, in later ages, the renown of the original hermit had fired the mind of some pious man to emulate him by making an ἀναχορ, or retired thing, of his body and soul; since a certain anchorite had his "anker-house" adjoined to this cathedral. However, as the tiny dwelling in question is declared to have formed *the original church*, we respectfully suggest, for the consideration of the local antiquaries, that this once notable cell was the very habitation of the founder and patron, St. Canice. Besides this humble suggestion, let us also hint, without any jocularity, that "the hole in the wall" celebrated in profane song as to be remembered by every visitor to this town, mythically refers to the ancient celebrity of that recluse, or rather incluse, an ascetic personage, who was fed through an aperture in the wall of the cathedral. More lore is also given concerning other devotees, built up for life, under the bishop's seal, in similar self-imposed prisons. There was, it seems, in the fifteenth century, an "anker in the wall beside Bishopsgate," within the bustling metropolis of merry England; and specimens of this human sty are to be seen in Norwich Cathedral, and in the tower of Wilbraham church, Cambridgeshire. Strange, that there were men so little gregarious as to have attempted to reach heaven in several little ships to their separate selves! so regardless of the general crew of the great fleet, except to

* The History, Architecture, and Antiquities of the Cathedral Church of St. Canice, Kilkenny. By the Rev. James Graves, A.B., and John G. A. Prim. 4to. Dublin: Hodges and Smith. 1857.

receive food from them; and so unconscious that they were set afloat in the world for better purposes than to get out of it. "Ankers," indeed! anchored bodily; but constantly in an unchristian state of mental perturbation. Pah! Let us banish the foul idea of such a human being's mind and body by the subjoined exquisite sonnets on the round tower of this ancient cathedral, one of those nationally unique monuments of a most venerable form of ecclesiastical architecture, round which, as our authors gracefully observe, "poetry clings as naturally as the mosses and many-hued lichens incrust their time-stained walls:"

O mystic Tower, I never gaze on thee—
Although since childhood's scarce remembered spring
Thou wert to me a most familiar thing—
Without an awe, and not from wonder free;
Wild fancies, too, oft urge themselves on me,
Working as though they had the power to fling
The veil aside, year after year doth bring
More closely round thee, thing of mystery!
Yea, thou dost wake within me such a sense
As few things earthly can,—thy airy brow
Hath felt the breeze for centuries immense;
Who knows what hand hath raised thee, or how?
And Time so much of his own reverence
Hath lent to thee, we venerate thee now.

O structure strange, and column-like, and high!
What thought had he who first contrived thy plan,
Thou seeming most unfit for use of man?
Thy lofty brow is lifted t'wards the sky,
And all things human that around thee lie,
Thou, lonely watcher here ere they began,
Saw'st as they rose around thee. Thou the van
Of Time didst hold, and none with thee can vie;
For sacred fane, and lordly castle hall,
O time-worn Tower! was it thine to see,
And city homes, and long encircling wall,
Rise one by one, and range themselves round thee,—
Of some hast thou beheld the rise and fall,
But nothing human knows *thy* history.

Great indeed have been the social and religious revolutions witnessed by this tall tower, since erst it reared its head over a scene on which it has cast its shadow, like the gnomon of a dial, for more than a thousand years. The ravages of the Danes left it unscathed, and it may have shaken with the tramp of Strongbow's mailed chivalry, when, after a career of victory over the nearest Irish kings, his knights rode to the fortification he is believed to have constructed on the site of the present feudal castle of the Ormondes. And curious was the subsequent social transformation of some of these Norman nobles' descendants, who, by marriage and association, became so assimilated to the wild people of the land, that even their surnames appear, by the pages before us, to have degenerated, such as St. Aubyn to Tobin, and St. Leger to Sleggar; and, when their families imitated their Gäelic neighbours in becoming clans, some assumed patronymics, Gäelic fashion, from distinguished patriarchs; so that there was little distinction between "Mac Odo," now

Cody, though sprung from Otho L'Arcedekne, and the merest Irishman named Mac Gilla Patrick or Mac Gillicuddy. It was to arrest the progress of this metamorphosis from feudatory English into independent rebels that the famous "Statutes of Kilkenny" were enacted, in the fourteenth century, in this once flourishing city colony of loyal Englishry. The policy of these enactments exactly resembles that which dictated our old Border laws, forbidding marriage, alliance, and trade with the enemy; and, however modern sentimental criticism may have condemned such policy, manifestly it was requisite in warlike times to erect a strong barrier between friends and foes. The best hope of the colonists lay in their union, and their next in the chronic discord of their clan enemies, who had no national bond. On this political point our authors write:

"The more distant of the Irish princes seem to have beheld with unconcern the landing of Strongbow and his handful of mail-clad followers at the embouchure of the Nore and its kindred streams, in aid of Diarmaid Na-n-Gall; but as town after town yielded to their assault, and the sinewy but naked tribesmen went down before the lance, and sword, and iron mace of Strongbow's Cambro-Norman men-at-arms, King O'Connor and his dynasts composed their suicidal quarrels and turned on the Irish traitor and his foreign allies. It was, however, now too late to give effective resistance. The princely seigniory of Leinster, acquired by virtue of the conquest, and under Norman, not Irish law, through Eva, the daughter of Diarmaid, was confirmed by Henry II. to Strongbow, on the surrender of his wide acquisitions; and the kingdom of Ossory, coextensive with the present diocese of the same name, was the brightest gem in Earl Pembroke's almost regal coronet. To consolidate his power in this district the earl would naturally fix on and fortify some central point, and what situation more suitable than Kilkenny?"

Two or three spots in this bright paragraph are visible to the naked eye, without the aid of such a telescope as, for instance, the *distant* Irish princes required for *beholding* the landing of (the) Earl (of) Pembroke; and, as critics, we cannot refrain from protesting against a sharp whip of the pen that has ended a certain note, on the above allusion to the Lady Eva, with a useless crack. The annotator in question, having premised that the lady was a Celt, observes that her mingled blood passed into the veins of the proudest nobles of England, and, finally, through the Mortimers, of royalty itself, and concludes: "So much for the war-cry of 'the Celt and the Saxon.'" How much? For, verily, the deduction is not obvious. Surely it was those whose Celtic blood (all due honour to it) is least mingled with other that raised the factious and foolish cry loudest; but peace to it, and our cordial amen to the sentiment: "Off with its head, tongue and all—so much for this traitor in the camp!"

Next in historic interest (as connected with this English colonial city), to any philosophic view of now happily extinct divisions, ranks a political struggle which occurred in the town during the fourteenth century, between ecclesiastic and civil power. The actualities of this remarkable contest are wrapped up in a certain curious witch story, whence we will now eliminate them, by means of a publication of the Camden Society, "The Process against Lady Alice Kytelar," and the aid of some illumination from this volume. The lengthy prosecution, instituted in the year 1324, against this bewitching dame, has been published with a

postscript, which, like the corresponding appendage to a lady's letter, contains the explanation of the matter; so that, satisfactorily enough for sceptics anent supernatural legends, the strange accounts of Lady Alice, who was accused as a sorceress, and is the most notable Irish witch on record, can be so explained as perhaps to clear her ladyship's character from necromancy as reasonably as any of the marvellous narratives in Scott's "Demonology and Witchcraft" are accounted for by natural causes. Certainly, had the good Sir Walter, who doted on ghosts, apparitions, white magic (as distinguished from the black art), and all queer affairs of the same superstitious genus—had this gifted Wizard of Romance met with the singular tale of our mediæval weird widow, and its rational explanation, it is likely that he would have immortalised this enchantress along with the White Lady of Avenel and Norna of the Fitful Head, whose stories are freaks of fiction, while hers is reality. Besides its mere curiosity as a witch one, it has more curiosity in its phase as illustrating a crisis in history, one in which the free spirit of the English race was demonstrated in opposition to ecclesiastical tyranny. In this point of view, it is so well worth notice, that we will divide the drama pantomime fashion, with this difference, that we retain hold of the good fairy's wand, in order, after having exhibited our Columbine (Lady Alice) under persecution from a certain Pantaloon prelate, to transform the *dramatis personæ* into their true characters, so that the actual nature of the whole performance, which, in fact, was a tragedy, may be realised.

Let us first take the vulgar legend of the story, as found in ancient chronicles: "In Edward the Second's daies lived in Kilkenny a certain noble lady, by name Alice Ketteler, a sorceress, with her accomplices, Petronilla and Basilia." The bishop of the diocese cited her to purge herself of the infamy of being an enchantress. She was asserted to have nocturnal conferences with a wicked spirit named Robert Artisson, to whom she was accustomed to sacrifice, in the king's highway, nine red cocks' and nine peacocks' eyes. Also it was declared that she used to sweep the streets of the town, between compleine and twilight, gathering all towards the doors of her son, William Outlaw, and muttering this incantatory verse:

To the house of William, my soone,
Hie all the wealth of Kilkenny towne.

On searching her chamber, there was found a wafer of sacramental bread, having the devil's name stamped on it, with a vessel full of oil, wherewith she was accustomed to anoint a staff, for the purpose of riding wherever she listed. "At the first conviction," continues the chronicler, "they abjured and did penance; but shortlie after they were found in relapse, and then was Petronilla publicly burnt."

Now, how came this "conviction" about, which sacrificed one miserable woman at the stake, and threatened further proceedings against her mistress?

It appears that, twenty-two years previously, a fierce family quarrel had arisen on the score of money. The lady had been married to no less than four husbands, namely, one Outlaw, Adam Blund, Richard Wall, and Sir John Le Poer, which last was living. The first and second spouses seem, from entries in contemporary records, to have acted as bankers, lending money to the crown and to the nobility. In the year 1302, her son by the first marriage, William Outlaw, a merchant,

complained to government that William Kytelar, sheriff of the county (whose relationship to the lady is unknown), had forcibly entered his house with an armed retinue, and, having dug therein, had seized 3000*l.* (an immense sum in those days), secreted there for Adam Blund *and his wife Alice*, and had carried the same away, together with 100*l.* belonging to the complainant, the restoration of all which he applied for. The sheriff soon after endeavoured to cause the forfeiture of the 3000*l.*, by "maliciously accusing" the said Adam and his wife of homicides and other crimes. The legal question of ownership of this large sum of money seems to have arisen from intestacy, and to have been referred to the bishop's court, where it was litigated for many years. In 1318, Richard Ledred, a native of London, was consecrated bishop of the see, by Pope John XXII., at Avignon. This prelate, haughty in character, was a thoroughly Romanised hierarch, and as determined as Thomas à Becket in the assertion of clerical dominion. Indeed, he was subsequently deprived of his bishopric by the crown, for having unjustly excommunicated the lord high treasurer of the kingdom; was charged with being accessory to murder, and could not clear himself but by producing a royal pardon, which the king afterwards declared had been obtained by fraud. In consequence of the debts due by some of the local nobility to the litigated estate, much powerful interest was exerted in favour of the widow, and the bishop was accused of having, in administering the goods of her intestate husband, deprived her of her rightful share. An endeavour was made to bring him to account in a civil court, and to punish him by indictment, probably for conspiracy.

This bold attempt to render him amenable to lay justice greatly exasperated him. In a canon he drew up he inveighs against opposers of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, tries to prove the supremacy of the episcopal order over kings, and refers to a "pestiferous brood of innovators" in his diocese, who raise "vexatious embroilments in secular courts." There was no statute law against witchcraft, yet the offence seems to have been cognisable in the civil court; but the deficiency of spiritual right to interfere in such a matter was presently somewhat supplied by a bull from our bishop's consecrator, which came opportunely for meeting the case in point, and armed Ledred with tremendous power to retort on those who had attempted to bring him into a civil court, by enabling him to draw them within his own jurisdiction. Accordingly, in 1324, the bishop cited Dame Alice into his court on charges of sorcery and heresy. A jury was empanuelled, and brought in the following extraordinary verdict: That Lady Alice Kytelar had abjured the faith during periods of her necromantic doings; that she and her accomplices sacrificed live animals to demons; that she had a familiar called Robin M'Art, and had used words of conjuration to bring "all the luck of the town to her house;" that the sons and daughters of her four husbands had publicly sought redress against her from the bishop, alleging that her enchantments had caused the death of some of their fathers, and had so bewitched others that they had bestowed their property on her and her eldest son William Outlaw, to the disinherison of the rightful heirs;—"insomuch," says the document, "that her present husband, Sir John Le Poer, Knight, by her drugs, unguents, and magical operations, is reduced to such a condition that he is totally emaciated, and his nails and all the hair of his body have fallen off." The good dame may have dabbled in both medicinal

and superstitious practices—which, in fact, were, at that time, almost inseparably mixed. Fortified by this verdict, the prelate expected that the king's officers would proceed to execution, but, lo and behold! they imprisoned him for intruding into their jurisdiction in cases of witchcraft. The struggle now commenced between clerical and lay power. Its legal details would not interest our general readers, but are promised, with additional lights, in the Rev. James Graves's forthcoming "History of the See of Ossory." Every archæologic reader will observe with regret, that Procrustean rigour on the part of the publishers of the volume under review has precluded him from receiving a larger supply of matter its authors are manifestly very competent to furnish.

Bishop Ledred, on his release, instituted regular proceedings against the lady and her associates for heresy. He caused her hapless servant, Petronilla, to be imprisoned, and flogged six times to procure confession. Being found guilty, she was burnt alive—an uncommon event, so startling, indeed, as to be thus commented on by a contemporary, Friar Clyn, the city chronicler, who himself may have heard the wretched woman's dying shrieks: "From the earliest time, it has never been seen or heard that any one before her was put to death in Ireland for heresy." Whilst tortured by the flames, she declared that William Outlaw deserved death as much as she did, for that he had, for a year and a day, carried round his naked body "the devil's girdle"—which, after all, was probably no more than a charmed girdle, such as was ordinarily worn by Gäelic people. Upon receiving this information, the bishop instantly incarcerated the offender, and commenced proceedings against him for heresy. In this case the prelate triumphed again, so far as in compelling the banker to engage, as one consideration for his pardon from his relentless persecutor, to cover the roof of the cathedral with lead. Aided by her powerful connexions, the Lady Alice escaped the doom prepared for her by the bishop by flying the country; "since which time," says a contemporary, "it could never be understood what became of her."

St. Canice's city seems to have been fertile in warlocks. Sir Richard Cox, the historian, states that, in 1578, the viceroy caused thirty-six criminals to be executed there, "one of whom," says the chronicler, "was a blackamoor, and two others were witches, who were condemned by the law of nature, for there was no positive law against witchcraft in those days." To remedy this surprising oversight, the Hibernian legislature passed, seven years subsequently, the "act against witchcraft and sorcery," 28th Eliz., cap. 2, a statute that, no doubt, had the effect of clearing the atmosphere of broomsticks and their burdens. Seriously speaking, however, the heathen practice among the Gäel, of intimidation by conjurations and fantastical maledictions, which were levelled against both mankind and cattle, was rife throughout the land, and has, indeed, left a lingering hold on the minds of the superstitious peasantry of our own day.

The old feudal castle of Kilkenny still stands, finely situated over the river, and more completely the princely residence of the Ormondes, than when the author of "The Faërie Queene," in dedicating his immortal epic to the tenth earl, wrote of it as "a brave mansion," where

> Dwell fair Graces many a one,
> And gentle nymphs, delight of learned wits.

But vainly will any visitor to the city seek for the great cross in the market-place, erected in 1335, where the town annalist, Friar Clyn, saw pilgrims, who were bound for Palestine, marked with a red-hot iron on their naked flesh with the sign of the cross, and where the first Protestant bishop, John Bale, an Englishman, taught on Sundays, in 1552, the young men of the town to act religious dramas.

This intemperate herald of the Reformed religion broke down, on his accession to the see, the images of saints in the cathedral, sparing, however, some fine ancient painted windows. In his memoir of his disturbed possession of the bishopric, he says that on the news of the death of Edward VI., "a very wicked justice, called Thomas Hothe, with the Lorde Mountgarrett, resorted to the cathedrall churche, requyring to have a communion, in the honour of St. Anne. The priests made him answer, that I had forbidden them that celebration, saving only upon the Sundays, as I had, indeed, for the abominable idolatries that I had seen therein. 'I discharge you,' sayth he, 'of obedience to your bishop on this point, and command you to do as ye have done heretofore.' And again on the Thursday after, which was the last day of August, I being absent, the clergie, by procurement of that wicked justice, blasphemously resumed the whole Popisme, or heap of superstitions, of the Bishop of Rome, without either statute or yet proclamation. They rang all the bells in the cathedral, minstre, and parish churches; they flunge up their caps to the battlement of the great temple, with smylings and laughings most dissolutely, the justice himself being therewith offended." This zealous prelate, in his narrative of his persecutions in this see, tells of the difficulty he had in preventing ancient Popish processional demonstrations on the accession of Queen Mary. On that occasion, he himself, with a Testament in hand, walked to the market-cross, "the people following in great number," and he there declared to them, from the 12th chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, what obedience was due to secular authority. In the mean while, the priests of the city procured two of their order to come in disguise, one bearing the mitre and the other the crozier, so inveterately attached were they to the custom of walking in procession. "The young men," says the prelate, "played in the forenoon a tragedy of the promises of the Old Law, at the market-cross, with organ-playing and songs, very aptly. In the afternoon they played a comedie of St. John Baptist's preaching, of Our Lord's baptisyng, and of his temptation in the wilderness, to the small contentation of the priests and other papists there." Small, indeed;—for these plays, *quas lusisse pudeant*, were particularly severe against popery, which held possession of the citizens' hearts. Bale adds that, shortly afterwards, a proclamation was sent down from Dublin by Queen Mary's government, ordering that they who would hear masses should be suffered to do so, and that they that would not, should not be thereunto compelled. This seems an unnoticed act of toleration on the part of Queen Mary's government. John Bale had an uneasy time in his Irish see. One day, five of his servants, being caught making hay outside the city walls, were murdered by a band of "wood-kerne," or original Tories, whom he styles "the fairy knights of Mac-Gilla-Patrick," declaring that this chieftain instigated them to the outrage. This bishop, mistaking violence of temper for reli-

gious zeal, had employed the "live coals from the altar" to kindle around him dissension and revenge. "Even the weak among the new-reformed," says the historian, "were terrified; and the Romish party held this spirited and turbulent enemy in the utmost abhorrence. He insulted the prejudices of the people without reserve or caution, and during the short period of his residence in Ireland lived in a continual state of fear and persecution." In fact, the conduct of this puritan prelate, who equalled bigots on the popish side in the intolerance of damning the party he had no mind to, was quite enough to extinguish whatever may have locally gleamed from the New Light of a pure and moderate religious system;—and certainly, if such as he were the heralds of the novel creed to the quick-witted Irish people, we cannot marvel that their mission failed.

By a singular coincidence, this city of Kilkenny was the recipient of three extraordinarily bigoted hierarchs;—the last, Rinuccini, the papal legate to the Irish Confederate Catholics of 1642, having so surpassed in rashness and clerical domination as even to have been censured by his master, the Pope. Let us hint (having ventured to solve one myth relative to this town) that it was the acerbity caused by those fierce prelates, Ledred, Bale, and Rinuccini, that bequeathed a factious character to the citizens, extending, as it would seem, even to their domestic cats, who were proverbially intolerant.

St. Canice's cathedral was much richer in sepulchral monuments of eminent men ere the troops of the Commonwealth stormed it, when

> The civil fury of the time
> Made sport of sacrilegious crime;
> For dark fanaticism rent
> Altar, and screen, and ornament;
> And peasant's hands the tombs o'erthrew.

Even now it surpasses most churches in the number and beauty of its mediæval monuments, which are admirably designed, are interesting as affording models of the Anglo-Irish variety of armour and female costume, and, by their inscriptions, speak with the powerful eloquence of the dead to the living.

An ephemeral epitaph recorded in this volume spoke with so keen a satire upon one tenant of these tombs as to well merit preservation. Archbishop Cox, son of the sarcastic historian Sir Richard Cox, in erecting a monument to his wife, had caused a compartment of the slab to be left vacant, intending it to be inscribed with his own epitaph. One fine morning, during his lifetime, a "great sensation" was created by the following bitter epigram, which was found affixed, *en pasquinade*, to the blank space:

> Vainest of mortals! hadst thou sense or grace,
> Thou ne'er hadst left this ostentatious space,
> Nor given thy numerous foes such ample room
> To tell posterity, upon thy tomb,
> This well-known truth, by every tongue confest,
> That by this blank thy life is best express'd.

Any archæologic reviewer being, like Prospero, "a sot without his books," we cannot refer to find, nor can we remember, who the merry and wise prelate was that wrote to Swift, saying that, having just perused "Ware's Lives of the Irish Bishops," he finds all that is known of his predecessors to be, how they were born on such a day, sent to college on

another, translated from one living to another and one bishopric to a better, and died on their last day; and that he supposes he may limit his ambition to emulating them. Doubtless there were, at the same time, many clergy who discharged the duties of their sacred order not altogether without praise of men, but whose virtues were of the modest and unproclaimed class appertaining to the good, and whose noble minds' last infirmity acted on the principle Milton announced in connexion with ambition of renown, or, as Jeremy Bentham used to call it, "Love of the Trumpet:"

> Fame is no plant that grows in mortal soil,
> Nor in the glistering foil
> Set off to the world; nor in broad rumour lies,
> But lives and spreads aloft, by those pure eyes
> And perfect witness of all-judging Jove,
> As he pronounces lastly on each deed.
> Of so much praise in heaven expect thy meed.

A notable invention has lately been adapted to the peal of six bells in this cathedral, which are consequently chimed, and even "played" with ease by a single performer, so that they form a handy musical instrument. The account of this pleasing improvement upon six ringers and their hard labour is as follows: "From the difficulty of procuring instruction for the ringers, the practice of ringing has been discontinued. The bells are now chimed by ropes attached to the tongues, and, by a very ingenious contrivance, one person is enabled to chime any number of changes the bells are capable of, and even play simple tunes on them. The novelty of such music inspired several of the local versifiers," one of whom chimed in with the following pretty rhymes:

> O'er the startled city, as in the olden times,
> Bursts forth the joyous music, of the gray cathedral's chimes.
> Beneath, from abbey towers, the gladsome echo swells,
> Their silenc'd choirs awaken'd to the clangour of the bells.
> The river bears the music along its waters gray,
> The chimes awake the echoes o'er wood and hill-side gay;
> They are heard in rural villages, like fairy tinklings clear;
> They swell, in loudest changes, o'er the fields and gardens near,
> Old men and youths are list'ning to their soft, melodious spells,
> And maiden's eyes are glist'ning at the pealing of the bells.

The Cathedral yet remains, not only an elaborate memorial of the piety of past generations, but a consecrated edifice, in which, it is to be hoped, many future generations will worship. But the adjacent church of the Franciscan order is ruined and profaned. This beautiful building has not insensibly fallen into gradual decay, in quietude and silence, assimilating, like rural religious ruins, with the natural hues and forms of surrounding objects, yet breathing deeper and holier thoughts than in their days of splendour, but it stands among the squalid habitations of the old town; and, though vocal in the past with the voice of prayer and praise, is now used as a racket court!

The authors of the elegant volume now reviewed have certainly set up a lasting and admirable literary memorial of the chief object of interest in their city, and we must congratulate the clergy of the Established Church in Ireland that one of their body has evinced much industry and talent in so pious and worthy a work.

A LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MOAT GRANGE."

I.

THE rejoicings at the christening of an heir to the goodly estate of the Rock were beginning to die away in neighbouring ears. The bonfires were burnt out, the ashes of the fireworks scattered to the far winds, the tenants and labourers had digested the dinner and the drink, and things had quietly settled down again. Such rejoicings! both in-doors and out: and all because a poor little infant had come into this world of trouble.

Legally speaking, he was not born the heir; for the estate was not entailed, and Mr. Canterbury, its owner, could bequeath it to whom he would. Little danger, though, that he would leave it away from this child of his old age: no urchin, playing at soldiers in a sword and feather bought at the fair, was ever half so vain-glorious as was Mr. Canterbury over this new baby.

His wife, the first Mrs. Canterbury, had died in earlier days: and his daughters, four, and his son had grown up around him. One of the daughters married and left the Rock; the son died; and later, to the infinite astonishment of the whole vicinity, Mr. Canterbury took it into his head to marry a youthful wife, a lovely girl of eighteen. She cared for him just as much as lovely young wives do care for old husbands, but she had not been proof against the temptations of the Rock, and the settlement he offered for her: and had she wished to be proof against them, her mother would not have allowed her to be. Mr. Canterbury took her to his home, and she commenced and continued her sway in it in a manner that speedily drove the Miss Canterburys out of it. They took refuge in a house on the estate, and Mr. Canterbury, doting on his young wife and blind to her faults, was pleased that they should so be driven, and agreed to allow them fifteen hundred a year. They had the sympathy of the neighbourhood with them: and they would have had it had their wrongs been less, for no ladies were more greatly respected and liked than the Miss Canterburys.

About the time of Mr. Canterbury's marriage, a new rector had been appointed to the village living: the Honourable and Reverend Austin Rufort. He was a man of some five-and-thirty years, good-looking, pleasant, companionable, and an attachment had sprung up between him and Jane Canterbury. His father, Lord Rufort, had not objected to the match, though he told his son he might have done better, in point of family. Austin laughed; his reverence for rank was not so extreme as his father's.

It was a fine night in October. The rejoicings, we say, which had kept the place alive, had died away, and Mr. Rufort was spending the evening with the Miss Canterburys. They had drawn away from the lights to collect round the large French window of the drawing-room, which opened to the ground, and admire the beauty of the night, so

calm and still in the clear moonlight. It was time for Mr. Rufort to be leaving.

"I will go out this way, as I am here," he observed, opening the half of the window, when he had shaken hands with them.

"But your hat," said Miss Canterbury. "Ring, Millicent."

"Do not ring; I have it here," he interposed, taking from his pocket a cloth cap, doubled up into a small compass. "There," said he, exhibiting it on his hand for their inspection, "what do you think of it? I call it my weather cap. If I am fetched out at night, I put on this, tie its ears over *my* ears, and so defy wind and rain."

"You had no wind or rain to-night," said Millicent, the youngest of the sisters.

"No. But in coming out I could not find my hat. It is a failing of mine, that of losing my things in all corners of the house: I sadly want somebody to keep me in order," he added, looking at Jane. "Well, good night, Jane, you may as well come and open the gate for me."

Jane glanced at Olive, as she would have glanced to a mother. Miss Canterbury had been regarded by the others almost in the light of one. Mr. Rufort held the glass door wide for her, and she stepped on to the gravel path: he then closed the window, and held out his arm. Jane finished tying her pocket handkerchief round her throat, and took it. He walked bare-headed.

"Put on your cap, Austin."

"All in good time," he replied.

"You will take cold."

"Cold, Jane! A clergyman is not fit for his work if he cannot stand for an hour with his head uncovered in bad weather—and to-night is fine. If you saw the model of a guy this elegant cap makes of me and my beauty, you might take it in your head not to have me."

Jane smiled; her own quiet, confiding smile; and Mr. Rufort looked at her, and drew her arm closer against his side.

"Jane, I had a selfish motive in bringing you out with me. It was to tell you that the rectory wants a mistress, and the parish wants a mistress, and I want one. We cannot get along without."

"Your predecessor had no——" wife, Jane was going to say, but stopped herself ere the word fell. "The rectory and the parish had no mistress in his time," she resumed, framing her answer more to her satisfaction, "and he got along, Austin."

"After a fashion. A miserable fashion it must have been. That's one cause why they have tumbled into their present state. *I* don't mean to let them be without one long."

"Here we are at the gate," said Jane. "And now I must go back, or Olive will be calling to me. She is watching me from the window, I am sure, to see that I don't linger."

"Not she. She knows you are safe with me."

"Yes she is: she is always fancying we shall take cold."

"You take cold—I declare I forgot that. I beg your pardon for my thoughtlessness, Jane. Well, then, I will not keep you now, but I shall have my say out to-morrow."

He threw his arm round her waist with a quick movement, and drew her behind the shrubbery which skirted the gate, so that they were

beyond the view of the house. "Jane, my darling," he murmured, as he imprinted kiss after kiss upon her unresisting face, "I *must* have you before Christmas. Think it over."

"As you will," she softly answered.

"Oh my gracious!" groans somebody, "what, a clergyman!" As if clergymen were different from other people!

His kisses came to an end; he released Jane; and, opening the gate, swung through it, and took the path which led to the rectory. Jane stood a moment to watch him: she saw him put on his "guy of a cap;" she saw him turn and nod to her in the moonlight: and she clasped her hands together with a movement of happy thankfulness, thinking how very much she loved him. Olive tapped at the window, and Jane ran in.

The following afternoon, all three of the young ladies were returning home from the village. In crossing the Rock-field, as it was called, they saw Mr. Rufort advancing towards them.

"How serious he looks!" suddenly exclaimed Millicent.

"He has been vexed with some parish business or other," surmised Olive. "Though it must be more than a trifle to affect Mr. Rufort. I must say, Jane, you will have a good-tempered husband; if he has no other praisable quality."

"I think he has a great many others," returned Jane, in her quiet way: and Olive laughed.

Mr. Rufort came up. After a minute spent in greeting, he touched Jane, and caused her to slacken her pace. Miss Canterbury and Millicent walked on.

"Jane," said he, when the distance between them had increased, "what is this barrier that has come, or is coming, between us?"

Jane Canterbury looked at him: his face was pale and agitated. She was overcome with surprise. "I do not know what you are speaking of, Austin," she said, at length.

"My father rode over to-day, and told me, without any preparation or circumlocution, that things were to be at an end between us. And when I asked him what he meant, and wherefore it was to be, he said I might ask that of Mr. Canterbury. Have you heard anything?"

"Nothing," said Jane—"nothing." And her look of consternation too plainly indicated that she had not. "But did Lord Rufort give you no further explanation?"

"I could get nothing else from him. He was in that inaccessible humour of his, which is a sure indication that something has gone wrong. He did not get off his horse. Mrs. Kage, who in passing had stepped inside the gate to look at my autumn flowers, was with me in the garden when he rode up. He made a sign to me with his whip, and I went out: the groom had drawn up close behind, and my father, seeing this, said, 'Ride on, sir;' and of course Richard rode on. I knew, by the sharp tone, all was not serene; and then he told me what I have said to you, just in so many words."

Jane's heart was beating. "What was it he said about my father?"

"I asked an explanation: he seemed too angry, or too—if I may use the word—too lofty to give it; and said I might inquire that of Mr. Canterbury. 'Or of the neighbourhood either, for it is no secret,' he

added, as he rode off, barely lifting his hat to Mrs. Kage, who had come to the gate."

"Papa was with us this morning," observed Jane: "he was just the same as usual, and invited us to dine at the Rock to-morrow—I expect you will also receive an invitation. He did not hint at anything amiss: indeed, he was joking with me, and asked when I meant to take up my residence at the rectory. Do you think there could have been any mistake—any misapprehension on Lord Rufort's part?"

"Misapprehension of what?" debated he, standing still in his perplexity and detaining Jane; "the question is, what is there to misapprehend? Whatsoever it may be, Jane," he continued, laying his hand upon her arm and gazing into her eyes, "we are neither of us children: and though it would probably be against the feeling and principles of either, to fly in the face of parental authority and marry without it, to separate us for ever is more than even a father would be justified in. Therefore, though a storm may be bursting over us, we will wait with patience till it is weathered, implicitly trusting in each other. Do you understand me, my dearest?"

"Yes," she sighed: "and I think you are right, Austin. I know you would not wilfully lead me wrong. I promise to be guided by you."

He snatched her hand and clasped it: they were in the open field, or he might have snatched something else. "Then we are secure in each other's truth," he said; "whatsoever may happen, you are still mine: remember that, Jane."

Olive and Millicent had stopped and were looking back. Olive thought they both seemed agitated, and she wondered: the easy-mannered minister, and the sensible, tranquil Jane. "Walk on, Millicent, and wait for me at the stile," she said, for she considered Millicent in the light of a child; Millicent being one-and-twenty; Olive some years past thirty; and turned back herself to where they were standing.

"Is anything the matter, Mr. Rufort?"

"Austin, let us tell Olive," was Jane's hurried whisper.

"Of course," he answered; and forthwith he told her. Olive was amazed, but she was rather inclined to be "lofty" over it—as Mr. Rufort had expressed it, as to his father. Not lofty with Mr. Rufort, but at mistakes and misapprehensions in general; for she looked at it in the light that Jane had done. "What can be amiss, sufficient to cause your separation?" she argued. "It can have nothing to do with either of you personally, whatever it may be."

"The most extraordinary part, as it appears to me, is, that my father should have said it was no secret to the neighbourhood," remarked Mr. Rufort.

"Yes, that does sound curious," assented Olive.

"The most feasible construction that I can put upon it is, that his lordship and Mr. Canterbury must have had a quarrel," he continued: "though how he can construe that into a reason for my giving up Jane, I cannot conceive. My father is not an unjust man."

Olive answered quickly. "I feel thoroughly sure that when we saw papa this morning, he had had no quarrel whatever with Lord Rufort, and I feel almost as sure that they have not met since. Papa left us before one o'clock to go home to an early luncheon, for he and Mrs.

Canterbury were going afterwards to pay visits. And we saw the carriage drive by with them."

"They cannot have met Lord Rufort, and—and—had any disagreement then?" hesitated Jane.

"Nonsense, Jane," returned Olive: "they would not dispute in the presence of Mrs. Canterbury. There's Leta, talking over the stile to Mr. Carlton."

"Discussing people's private affairs," rejoined Mr. Rufort, "for Carlton hears all the gossip, and can keep nothing in. But I must leave you for the present, Miss Canterbury; I shall see you to-night. Good-by, Jane."

He struck across the field, and the young ladies walked on. Presently they saw Millicent run towards them, evidently in excitement. She was breathless when she came up.

"What is it, Leta?" asked Miss Canterbury.

"Oh, Olive," was the reply of Leta—a fond name for Millicent—"I don't fully understand what it is. It is something about papa."

"That Mr. Carlton has been telling you?" quickly rejoined Olive.

"He was going along in his pony-gig just as I got to the stile, and he left it and came and spoke to me. 'My dear,' he began, 'tell your sisters that I have refused to act, for I never will have a hand in robbing them of their money.'"

"Go on," somewhat impatiently cried Olive, when Millicent stopped.

"'Robbing us of our money, Mr. Carlton?' I asked.

"'To give your money to others and turn you out penniless, is no better than a robbery,' he went on, as if he did not hear me: 'therefore I have told my old friend Canterbury that he must get somebody else to help him in his injustice, for I won't. Tell your sisters this, my dear: and tell them that if they should be deprived of their rights, they shall come to the Hall and be my daughters.'"

"Was this all?" asked Olive.

"All. He had to run back to the pony, which would not stand, and I came to you. What can it mean, Olive? Does papa wish to take our income from us, and turn us out of this house, as he did out of our own?"

"No," answered Olive, throwing back her neck—it was a way of hers when she felt indignant—"papa will not go to those lengths, I think. It is a preposterous story altogether, and some busy inventor must have set it at work. Poor Mr. Carlton swallows everything, true or false. Why, Millicent, you could have contradicted it on the spot: was not papa with us this morning, kind as ever?"

"This is what has reached the ears of Lord Rufort, then," remarked Jane.

"No doubt. Lord Rufort is known to be a gold worshipper, and Austin's living is small. How can so improbable a tale have arisen?"

They had been walking rapidly towards the stile: on getting over it, there was Mr. Carlton still, standing by his pony-gig, at a little distance down the road. Something was amiss with the harness, and he was setting it to rights. Olive made haste to him.

"Mr. Carlton, where did you pick up that sublime information?"

"What?" asked he, busy with his straps and buckles.

"That we are to be consigned to the Union to-morrow, and our house and furniture let to the highest bidder, plate included?"

"Did Leta tell you that?"

"Something equivalent to it," laughed Olive.

"She did, did she. A young goose! I perceive you have kept it from her: I saw she did not understand me: so I laid the blame on my pony, poor quiet creature, and flew away from her, without saying more. Miss Olive, I am truly sorry: this infatuation of your father's has given me a sleepless night."

Olive felt herself in the dark. "Will you tell me what there is to be sorry for, Mr. Carlton, or what is the nature of my father's infatuation. Is it a tale concocted in the village club-room?"

Mr. Carlton turned from his harness and looked at her. He was a fine man with a ruddy countenance, silver hair, and a dark eye. "Are you asking seriously, Olive? Or are you carrying on a jest with me?"

"Nay," said Olive, "are you carrying on a jest with us? Is there, or is there not, anything to tell? Papa was with us this morning: he hinted at nothing."

"Then you don't know it?" he uttered in amaze.

"I know nothing. What is there to know?"

"My dear Miss Olive, I surely believed you knew all—more, indeed, than I do. I thought I understood from Mr. Canterbury that his daughters were privy to the arrangement; it must have been my own mistake. Well, I don't regret having told you," he continued, "for it would be a cruel thing for it to come upon you like a thunderbolt; and he gone."

Olive grew uneasy: she saw how serious was Mr. Carlton. "Please to tell me all."

"My dear, your father dropped me a note to say he was going to make his last will and testament, and asked if I would be one of the executors: I dropped a note back to say Yes. Well, the will was prepared, and in talking over the matter with Mr. Canterbury when I called on him yesterday morning, I said to him—like old friends do say such things to each other—that I hoped he had taken good care of his daughters. And, to my utter surprise, I found he had cut you off with the most paltry sum conceivable—five thousand each."

Olive's cheeks burnt like fire.

"So I told him I would be no executor to that will; and therefore, if he could not make a better, he must find somebody else to act: I wouldn't. And away I came in a huff, and nearly fell over Mrs. Canterbury, who was at the study door when I opened it."

"The property is left to her?" asked Olive, with flashing eyes.

"Of course; to her and the boy between them. I was too vexed to retain particulars; it was enough for me that it was left from you and your sisters. Why, Miss Olive, my old friend must be a three or four hundred thousand pounds man, and the least he ought to do would be to halve the money, and bequeath you and your sisters fifty thousand each: some people would say that was barely justice to you, seeing that until a year ago you were heiresses to the whole."

"How did this family matter get abroad?" abruptly asked Olive.

"Oh, it is known everywhere," was the Irish answer; "we were talking about it at the magistrates' meeting yesterday."

"Who told it there?" persisted Olive. "Did you?"

"I don't think I did—I am not sure, though. I know we began talking of it, all in a hurry, and forgot to send up the memorial about a prisoner to the secretary of state. When the meeting was over, Lord Rufort came out with me, and asked me the particulars."

"Your poor tongue!" thought Olive.

"And that's all, my dear. And don't you forget, if this wholesale thieving is carried out, and you are deprived of your own, that there's more than room for you all at the Hall—though it won't be such an 'all;' not half enough; for Jane will be at the rectory, I suppose—and you must come there for good and be my daughters."

He shook her hand as he spoke, and hastily ascending to his gig, drove off out of her sight, for his eyes were filling. Miss Canterbury went back to her sisters, who had waited for her at the stile.

"Walk on home with Millicent, will you, Jane. I must return to the village; I have business there."

"Return to the village now!" echoed Jane, looking at her watch. "It has struck half-past five. You will scarcely be home by six; you will have no time to dress."

"Then I must dispense with dressing for one evening, or with dinner," Olive returned, in a bitter tone.

Miss Canterbury left her sisters standing in surprise, crossed the stile, and walked with a firm step along the field path. It was a pleasant and rather nearer way to the village than by the road, and they preferred it in fine weather. To say she felt indignant at what she had heard, would not be saying enough; but the first thing to be done was to ascertain whether the tale were true, for Mr. Carlton's information could not always be depended on. Her father's lawyer lived at a villa at this end of the village, his office being in a neighbouring town. He was a man of extensive practice, and moved in good society. Olive proceeded to his house, and found he was at home.

Mr. Norris came to her immediately. The young ladies knew him well. Olive, without any preface of compliments, faced him as he came in, and spoke in a commanding tone.

"Mr. Norris, what is this I hear about my father's will?"

"How have you heard it?" was his rejoinder.

She drew herself up, with a look which plainly questioned his right to inquire. "In the same way that others have heard it: it is the common topic of the neighbourhood. Did you make it for him?"

"I did. The reason I inquired where you had heard it, Miss Canterbury, was that I hoped it might have been from himself. I think if Mr. Canterbury would only converse with his daughters respecting it, he might be brought to see his decision in a different light. Pray be seated, Miss Canterbury."

"I prefer to stand. Will you give me the heads of the will?"

"I find that its particulars have really got abroad, so that I can have no scruple in doing so," he replied. "I cannot but think Mr. Carlton is the traitor: not an intentional one, poor man; but, if ever a secret does get entrusted to him, it is a secret no longer."

"What is the amount willed to me and my sisters?" impatiently interrupted Miss Canterbury.

"Five thousand pounds."

"Shameful!" responded her heart. "And the rest to Mrs. Canterbury?" she inquired, aloud.

"Mrs. Canterbury has her settlement and a handsome sum; but the bulk of the property is left to the infant. In case of its death, it becomes Mrs. Canterbury's."

"All of it?"

"All. It passes to her absolutely and unconditionally."

"Mr. Norris, do you call this a just will?"

"It is the most unjust will I ever made," he replied, with warmth. "I said so to Mr. Canterbury. I assure you, Miss Canterbury, that if you and your sisters have been thus dealt by, it was not for want of remonstrance on my part. All I could venture to urge, in my position as legal adviser, I did urge; but Mr. Canterbury has in this instance proved himself a self-willed client."

"My father must have been influenced—as he has been in other matters," remarked Miss Canterbury. And Mr. Norris's raised eyebrows and expression of countenance told that he more than agreed with her.

"Mr. Carlton will not act as executor," he resumed; "he told Mr. Canterbury so, and he called at my office and told me: he said he had managed hitherto to keep his hands out of dabbling with injustice. Since then I have seen Mr. Canterbury, and suggested to him that a more equitable will should be made."

"What did my father say?"

"That he had been advised it was not an unequitable one; that a wife and son usually inherited to the prejudice of daughters."

"Advised!" scornfully ejaculated Olive. "Mrs. Kage has had to do with this—more than Mrs. Canterbury. Does he call five thousand pounds a fitting portion for us, brought up in the luxury we have been, and with our expectations?"

"I submitted that question to him, Miss Canterbury, almost in the same words you have used. He replied that you already inherited five thousand pounds each by the death of your mother—as is the case—and that five thousand would make it ten."

"Ten thousand pounds for the daughters of Mr. Canterbury of the Rock!" was Olive's resentful comment.

"Ten thousand, all told," quietly replied the lawyer. "Mrs. Kage has a like sum."

"A like sum! Bequeathed by my father?"

Mr. Norris inclined his head in the affirmative.

Olive's breath left her. A hundred remonstrances rose to her mind, a hundred indignant protests to her lips. So many, so tumultuous were they, that none were uttered.

"Is there no appeal, no redress against these unjust wills?" she exclaimed, when her silence had spent itself.

"The only appeal can lie in getting the testator to revoke them," he replied, looking meaningly at Miss Canterbury. "When once the testator has passed away, the will becomes law, and must be carried out. I will urge the bearings of the case again on Mr. Canterbury, and——"

"Thank you," interrupted Miss Canterbury, "it is his family who must urge it upon him: if only to save his name from disgrace."

II.

In one of the Rock's gorgeous drawing-rooms, newly furnished and decorated, and quite shining again with mirrors and gilding and resplendent vanities, sat Mrs. Canterbury, young, and lovely as when her husband had brought her home to it, twelve months before; but ten times vainer, ten times more self-willed than she had been, even then. She was attired in a fine morning robe of French cambric, beautifully embroidered, and much adorned with rich pink ribbons and delicate lace; and—though her sunny curls were much too youthful for it—she wore a little cap of the same pink ribbons and lace. At a distance, half reclining on a soft velvet ottoman, with one cushion propping up her back and another her feet, was Mrs. Canterbury's mother, the Honourable Mrs. Kage, a faded lady, all nerves and languishment. She had taken up her abode at the Rock some weeks before, when her daughter was confined to her chamber, and she did not seem in a hurry to quit it; for its quarters were on a different scale from those of her own narrow home. And, seated close to Mrs. Canterbury, was a gentleman who had that morning unexpectedly arrived on a few hours' visit, a distant cousin of Mrs. Canterbury's, and who had once thought her—more of an angel than man, young, ardent man, often thinks woman.

"Do you find me altered?" she was asking of him.

"Altered for the better. I never saw you looking so well, or so——"

"So what?" returned she, in her conscious vanity.

"So fascinating, Caroline. I know not why I should have hesitated. For such praise, honestly given, cannot do harm to a married woman."

Mrs. Canterbury felt amused. "I think that must be a new theory. Is it one of your own, Tom?"

"I should have said *ought* not," he replied, correcting the former phrase. "How is Mr. Canterbury?"

"Oh, he is very well. He is always in his study from ten till twelve, over his tenants, and his farm-business, and all that trumpery."

"I am glad to see you so happy, Caroline," he continued. "I trust you have found the bliss, in your married life, that you hoped for; found it in all ways."

"Yes, thank you; of course," she answered, flippantly, but with the crimson rising in her lovely cheeks. "Oh, Thomas," she continued, in a deeper tone, "do not let us play at talking fine with each other. You know that in marrying a man of—of—Mr. Canterbury's age, one does not expect a bower of bliss, all lilies and roses."

"Very true," he quietly replied, "one cannot have everything in the very brightest of marriages. You have a superfluity of luxury and wealth, Caroline, and that, I expect, is what you mostly married for."

"Of course I have everything in that way, more than a superfluity. And then he is so fond of me: that's tiresome."

He was inclined to laugh.

"I can tell you that it is. I must not go there, lest I take cold; or I must not stir here, lest I fatigue myself: I'm not rheumatic, and I'm not sixty."

"All for your good, Caroline. I dare say you find it so."

"I might if I tried it. But when he says I am not to go anywhere or do anything, I immediately go and do it. But I tell you what, Tom," she added more earnestly, "I have found out that to have all your wishes fulfilled, ere expressed, to know beforehand that your slightest whim will be carried out, does not bring happiness. It creates weariness and satiety, but not happiness. I often wish myself back in the old days when we had but five hundred a year, and I had to tease mamma before I could get a new dress bought; it seems now, that to cut and contrive, and spin out our income, was a real pleasure: it was a daily object to live for, don't you see. Not that I would part with any of my present wealth; I wish I had more."

Mrs. Canterbury had rung the bell, and the answer to it was the nurse with the infant. The young mother took him in her arms, and carrying him straight up to her cousin, held him out.

"Is not mine a darling baby, Tom?"

His calm face changed to hectic; a red, glowing hectic, spreading to the very roots of his hair. Perhaps it was the surprise: or perhaps he did not like babies. Whatever may have been the cause of his emotion, he rallied from it bravely.

"A fine child, indeed. Will you allow me to try my hand at nursing?"

Mrs. Canterbury put the infant into his arms. "A fine child you call him! that is a compliment very wide of the mark, Tom; or else it shows how much you know about babies. He is not a fine child, for he is remarkably small, but he is a very pretty one. They say he has my eyes, and all my features."

"What is his name?"

"Thomas."

He looked up quickly. "Thom——" but his eager tone was changed for an indifferent one. "Who chose that old-fashioned name?"

"I chose it," she answered, casting down her drooping eyelids towards some point on the baby's dress. "I like the name."

The child set up a scream. Mrs. Kage set up another, from her ottoman, and, dropping some of her scent bottles, which she was never seen without, stopped her ears. Mrs. Canterbury laughed, took the infant from the arms that were strange to it, and sent it away by the nurse.

"Make *that* your object, Caroline," he whispered—"to train him up to good."

"Good! He will have good enough without my training him. He is born to loads of wealth."

"Thomas, what brought you here to-day?" interrupted an affected voice from the ottoman.

"The rail, ma'am."

"*Farceur!* I meant why did you come?"

"To pay my respects to you and Mrs. Canterbury. Was not that a laudable object?"

"And to think that you would not go to India to be a Nabob! Such a delightful offer, that of being made into a Nabob. How could you refuse it?"

Caroline Canterbury glanced at her cousin; perhaps not intentionally:

he did not, however, glance at her. She resented it as a slight, and a feeling of pique stole into her vain woman's heart.

"India's a bad climate, Mrs. Kage, giving one the liver complaint. I was careful of myself, you see."

"But, Thomas——"

Mrs. Kage was interrupted. At that moment Mr. Canterbury entered the room, followed by his daughter Olive, who, having consulted with her sisters and with Mr. Rufort the previous evening, had determined to make a personal appeal to Mr. Canterbury. She had come to the Rock, unaccompanied, at an hour when she knew her father would be alone in his study. The servant who answered the door to her happened to be a fresh one, Mrs. Canterbury's own footman, a fine gentleman just engaged for her from London.

Olive walked in, and the man stared. But he seemed to recollect something. "I beg your pardin, mem, are you Miss Canterbury?"

"I am Miss Canterbury," she said, and was walking on. He placed himself before her.

"Then if you please, mem, will you step in this here parlour? You are not to go on, mem."

Olive turned her lofty face upon him. He did not altogether like its air of command.

"Mem, Mrs. Kage told me that you were not to go in to Mr. Canterbury, should you happen to call, but were to be showed in here, and herself fetched down to you. She ordered it, mem, and I could not think of disobeying of her."

"Sir!" burst out Olive, "do you know to whom you speak? I am in my father's house. Stand aside."

He stood aside. As Olive walked further into the hall, the butler met her.

"Neel," said she, in a calmer tone, almost an indifferent one, "you had better tell that man who I am. He does not appear to understand, I think."

Neel looked all astonishment at the new footman—whom he did not particularly favour; and ushered Miss Canterbury into her father's study.

But she gained little by entering it. Whether Mr. Canterbury suspected her errand, certain it is, he left it immediately, and took refuge in the society of the drawing-room. Olive went also: she had come to speak, and she would do it.

At first it was a Babel of tongues, Mrs. Kage contributing more than her share. Olive's tone was subdued, but resolute. Their guest would have retired, but was prevented by Mrs. Kage and Mrs. Canterbury: they may have hoped his presence would deter Olive.

"Is it not enough that you turned us from our home?" Olive's voice was heard, rising from the confusion, more in plaint than anger. "That was distressing, but nothing to this last injustice. Sir, the whole county is ringing with it."

"What injustice?" gasped Mr. Canterbury, looking from one to another, as if he wanted protection. His wife went up to him, and put her arm firmly within his.

"The injustice of disinheriting us, your unoffending and always dutiful daughters—we have ever been so, sir, you know we have; and of bequeathing your money to strangers."

Mrs. Kage let fall a bottle of something which filled the room with odour and stained the ottoman. "My dear Miss Canterbury, this is really shocking—you call your papa's beloved son a stranger!"

"Yes, Olive, he is my son," echoed Mr. Canterbury, as if it were something to catch at.

"I have not forgotten it, sir. And, as your son, he ought to receive a large proportion of your fortune. Mrs. Canterbury ought also to receive a proper portion; she is your wife. Think not we would wish to be unjust, sir, or to deprive others of what they ought to receive. You might provide amply for them—what, perhaps, even themselves would think ample—but you should also provide for us. Mrs. Canterbury, speak: am I urging anything that is not perfectly fair and just?"

"Now, Olive, don't bring me in. I told Mr. Canterbury these things were to be settled without me, and that I should say nothing, one way or the other. If he likes to leave his money to me and the ducky, of course he can; on the other hand, if he leaves it to your part of the family, I don't prevent him. I am neuter."

"In taking your word, Mrs. Canterbury," replied Olive, and she was unable quite to repress all signs of sarcasm, "I can only remark that, were I you, I would not be neuter. You might respect your husband's good name, and urge him to remember it. Papa! it is the thought of you, no less than our own claims, the hope that no shadow may rest upon your memory in future years, that has brought me up this day."

"It was a most extraordinary procedure for you to come at all, my dearest Miss Canterbury, whatever may have been your motive," drawled Mrs. Kage.

"Friends in plenty would have come for me, madam, but, in my opinion, this subject should, as far as possible, be confined to the family, hence the motive of my procedure," retorted Olive. "Papa, will you do us justice? will you leave us a fair share of your great wealth? We were brought up to expect it."

"I—I—you said what I left my daughters was a fair share, Mrs. Kage," uttered the unhappy gentleman, appealing to the ottoman.

A delicate pink tinged the lady's faded face: she buried it in some pungent smelling-salts.

"Oh—if you are good enough to ask *my* sentiments, dear Mr. Canterbury, I can but express them. I do think it a very nice sum indeed, for single young ladies."

Olive turned towards her. "It is five thousand pounds."

"For each of you, dear Miss Canterbury; but——"

"And you, madam, receive ten thousand in the same will."

Mrs. Kage gracefully opened her fan. "Really these are Mr. Canterbury's affairs, not mine. I am surprised at you, Miss Canterbury."

"Father," again pleaded Olive, "you have ample wealth to leave to whom you will, ample for us all. I only urge the injustice that we, your children, should be excluded."

"The baby's his own child," resentfully interrupted Mrs. Kage.

"Thomas, dear, do pray get me another cushion for my back. And set light to a pastile, will you. I am overpowered."

"That son may die," said Olive, looking at her father and Mrs. Canterbury.

Nobody spoke.

"In which case, if what I hear be true, the whole property goes to Mrs. Canterbury: it is to be hers unconditionally and at her disposal: the whole property," emphatically added Olive, "save this wretched five thousand to us, and the ten to Mrs. Kage."

"Oh, but you know he is not going to die," broke in Mrs. Canterbury, in a pretty little voice of affectation; while her cousin, who held a pastile in one hand and a light in the other, forgot both, and stood gazing at her, as if transfixed by what he heard.

"You do not only destroy our prospects, but our happiness," proceeded Olive. "I speak more particularly of Jane. Her marriage would have taken place before Christmas, and now Lord Rufort has ordered his son to break off the match. Papa"—and Olive's eyes filled, which only made her raise her head the more proudly—"it is a great humiliation to bring upon us."

Mr. Canterbury fidgeted on his legs, but his wife held his arm tight, he could not fidget that.

"You have not done it of your own free will," pursued Olive, "and, that you have not, is well known to all, for you have been ever kind to us, and would be so still; you will be, if you are left uninfluenced. Will you be so, papa? will you only be just?"

"I will take these family matters into consideration," was Mr. Canterbury's reply, "and you shall hear from me. You had better retire, Olive."

She moved towards the door, but, ere passing out of it, turned her face on Mrs. Kage and Mrs. Canterbury. "And if the result of my father's consideration be unfavourable to us, if the birthright of his children is thus to pass from them to you, I can only assert, from my true heart, that we shall be happier in our poverty than you will be in the wealth so gained. It is far better to be the spoiled than the spoilers."

Olive was gone. Mrs. Kage, with her collection of nerve-auxiliaries, stepped daintily from the room to enjoy the composing quiet of her own chamber; Mr. Canterbury, feeling rather little, no doubt, in many ways, returned to his study; and Mrs. Canterbury and her cousin were left alone.

"Did you ever witness such a scene, Tom? Quite vulgar, as mamma expressed it. This will give you a specimen of what those Canterbury women are."

He was in profound thought, and did not appear to hear her. Mrs. Canterbury went to the fireplace and began knockimg the fire about.

"Caroline!"

The accent was so sharply imperative that she dropped the poker and turned to him.

"Did I understand clearly—that Mr. Canterbury's large fortune goes unconditionally to you?"

"No; not if you understood that. The greater portion goes to the child. I have my settlement and——"

"I was alluding to the contingency of the child's death," he quickly interrupted. "In that case, it becomes yours. Caroline, take the advice of a friend: you know I am one: do not have the property so willed."

"But why?" she exclaimed. "If my baby should die—but he is not going to die, he is a hearty little fellow—what more natural than that his money should revert to me?"

"A large sum," he mused. "Take my advice, Caroline, let it not revert to you: or let a portion of it only revert to you. You may marry again; and your husband——"

"Whatever are you thinking of?" cried Mrs. Canterbury, breaking the pause he had come to. "You speak mysteriously, and are looking mysteriously, just as though your visions were far away, in the future or in the past. Where were your thoughts, Tom?"

"I hardly know," he answered, with the air of one awaking from a reverie: "they had gone roaming without leave. But do not suffer all that money to revert to you, contingent on the boy's death."

She did not reply, and presently he spoke again.

"Mr. Canterbury's daughters must have their share, Caroline. They have an equal claim with you: some might deem a greater claim."

"It is not my affair: you heard me say I was neuter. It lies with Mr. Canterbury."

"Caroline, mark me—it would not bring you good."

She tossed back her pretty curls. "I tell you it is no affair of mine."

He fixed his keen, luminous eyes upon her, and spoke in an impressive whisper: "'Remove not the old landmark; and enter not into the fields of the fatherless. For their redeemer is mighty; he shall plead their cause with thee.'"

"Why—what in the world—have you turned parson?" she uttered, in extreme astonishment. "Have you the Bible by heart?"

"A verse or two of it that my mother taught me in my boyhood," he carelessly answered, as he threw open one of the windows and leaned out.

III.

Whether of his own decision, or whether by the decision of his wife and her mother, cannot be told, though it may be surmised, but Mr. Canterbury's unjust will remained, and was to remain, in force; his daughters being, so to say, disinherited. The news went forth to the neighbourhood, and everybody in it cried out Shame.

Mr. Rufort, who had been away some little time on leave of absence, proceeded to the Miss Canterburys' house on his return. Jane was alone, her sisters having taken advantage of the November sunshine, to walk out. Her heart sank within her as she rose to receive him: she could only suppose it was his final visit.

"So I hear it is all definitively settled, Jane," he observed, after a little time spent in general conversation.

"Yes: I am ashamed to confess it, for papa's sake," she replied, feeling truly uncomfortable.

"And for somebody else's also, I should say," added Mr. Rufort. "His wife has had more to do with it than he, and Mrs. Kage no doubt most of all."

"We have been fixing on our plans," resumed Jane. "Papa intends to continue our present allowance during his life; and we are going to save out of it. We shall dismiss one or two of our servants, and lay down the carriage, and in short, try and live more in accordance with the style we shall be obliged to adopt, after—in after years."

"Whom do you mean, by saying 'we?'" asked Mr. Rufort.

"Ourselves," she replied, thinking his question superfluous. "Olive, and Leta, and myself."

"But what is the rectory to do, Jane?"

"Oh, Austin, do not play with my feelings," she returned; "you will make them overflow: I can scarcely speak to you, as it is."

He crossed over to her sofa, and, sitting down, drew her head to a resting-place. "Will you have me or not, Jane? You know what the revenues of the living are; a very mite, compared with those of the Rock; poor, even, compared with what you enjoy here: will you come home to me and venture on them?"

"What—in defiance of Lord Rufort? Oh, Austin!"

He bent his face down on hers, kissing it between every sentence. "Lord Rufort has come to his senses, Jane. I was with him this morning, and he informed me that if you and I like to set up upon bread-and-cheese, he will not oppose it, as it is a matter chiefly affecting ourselves personally. He only makes one proviso: that when we shall have filled the rectory with children, we do not go to him to keep them."

The tears were stealing down her glowing cheeks. "Is it true?" she softly whispered.

"Quite true, Jane. So far as my father's consent and approval are concerned, I may take you home to bread-and-cheese to-morrow—upon the bread-and-cheese view of the affair, his lordship dwelt particularly—but the scruples are on my part now."

She glanced quickly up.

"Much as I had learned to love you, Jane, I should never have asked you to share my small income, but for your possessing ample means of your own. I should have felt that I was not justified in doing it, reared, as you had been, in luxury."

"Would your scruples have been for me, or for yourself?"

"Jane!"

A bright smile stole over her face. "We shall not be so very badly off, Austin: I have a little still, you know."

"Then, my darling, you are mine. I shall have you before Christmas yet, Jane."

WINTER REMINISCENCES OF ALGIERS.

Among the many places which the proverbial curiosity or restlessness of the British traveller have "invented" during the last few years, none is more deserving of remark than the country and capital of French Algeria. For some time previously it had been a resort known to the merely adventurous—those who for love of sport or danger will penetrate to the poles or the equator; its proximity, its abundance of game, no less than the prevalence of continual warfare within its borders while all Europe was at peace, offering irresistible attractions to that school of wanderer. But lately the country has acquired a new interest in the eyes of our countrymen, for, in addition to having been largely visited by the ordinary tourist, it now appears in the light of a lounge for the winter idler and a refuge for the invalid. The novelty of finding all the curiosities of Eastern costume, habits, architecture, religion, &c., within an easy week's journey of London—sights which were supposed to render necessary a much longer and more expensive trip, even as far as Alexandria or Constantinople—is no doubt a recommendation which will tend to increase the attractiveness of Algiers beyond the other Mediterranean resorts. As an introduction to the old Moorish city, Mr. Davies's little book* is a welcome publication. There is food in it for every kind of reader. The sportsman and the naturalist will, we hope, find incentive enough to induce them to follow the author's lead with greater advantages and more time at disposal than the latter had under the peculiar circumstances of his stay. For general information, the value of the book consists in the pleasant gossiping manner in which it is written, indicating the objects worthy of attention rather than learnedly or pedantically imparting knowledge. The author has made the great mistake of copying too largely from his journal, and names, or ill-disguised descriptions of persons with whom he associated, are too freely introduced. This, however, is a matter apart from our present purpose. It is because we recognise his attractions and general usefulness that we feel bound to speak a word of warning to one class of readers into whose hands his "Visit to Algiers" will be sure to fall: we mean invalids, or rather those whom he seems particularly to address, invalids suffering from complaints of the chest. It is possible that many unfortunates so afflicted might be tempted, from what they there read, to fancy Algiers to be simply a Madeira brought within a quarter of the distance. We have seen a statement to such effect made elsewhere; and we have known many victims of the delusion. And as we know, also, the blind obedience which sufferers and their friends render to the lightest word of the faculty, we wish to add a little to the layman's stock of knowledge on the subject.

We do not affect any medical lore, nor shall we attempt to arraign any well-founded opinion. All we assert and think we shall prove is, that the ideas entertained by English medical men as to the climate of Algiers being favourable to consumption are founded on hearsay. The history of their knowledge on the subject we believe to be as follows: In the month

* Algiers in 1857. By the Rev. E. W. L. Davies. London: 1858.

of March, 1856, a Scotch Galen—it would serve him only right to call him by name, as the Speaker does a disorderly member of the Lower House—visited Algiers. For what purpose he went there we know not, for it can hardly be pretended that it was to make an experiment of the climate in the sanitary point of view now under discussion, seeing that before the month of March the African winter has long passed away. He stayed barely a week; but is said to have received most satisfactory evidence, in meteorological statistics, from the French physicians resident in the country. Returning home, he published his information, and, we suppose, enforced it by his own opinion, was largely read, enormously believed, and undoubtingly followed. There were many of his countrymen resident in Algiers during the winter of 1856-57, and all declared that it was through his means, primarily or secondarily, that they had found their way thither.

We have never met with this gentleman's production, but we suppose that the following figures and statement, which Mr. Davies quotes, evidently from good authority, are the arguments generally used on this side of the question. Describing his difficulty in choosing a winter refuge for an invalid, our author says: "Gibraltar, Malaga, and Algiers were severally recommended; but *from the following report*, lighted upon at the last moment, Algiers was preferred, and thither we bent our steps. 'Winter, 62.13 deg.; spring, 61.04 deg.; summer, 75.09 deg.; autumn, 78.26 deg. The mean temperature of Algiers for the whole year being 69.13 deg., it most approaches that of Malta, but exceeds it by 2 deg., Malaga by 3 deg., Madeira by 4 deg., Rome by 9 deg., Nice by 10 deg., and Pau by 13 deg. Cairo is 3 deg. higher (mean), yet its winter is 4 deg. colder than that of Algiers.' A land of promise, wherein it would appear that the heat of summer is not excessive, and the bitterness of winter is altogether unknown, and under a conviction that the above figures represented facts, at least for one year, we left England in a storm of snow," &c. The figures can stand for what they are worth; the rest of the case calls for remark. We again quote from Mr. Davies's authorities:

"It is a significant fact that consumption is comparatively unknown amongst the Arabs. Exposed as they are by day to the heat of a burning sun, and by night to the fogs of the Metidja, or to the chilling winds of the snow-capped Djurdjura, subject to all the vicissitudes of a wandering wild life, houseless, comfortless, not only supporting existence, but flourishing on fare that would starve a Dartmoor crow, it does seem remarkable that, notwithstanding these privations, they should escape a scourge that devastates so large and so fair a portion of the human race; whereas, their neighbours of the city, the Moors, the Jews, and the Turks of Algiers, engaged in embroidery and sedentary pursuits, well housed, well fed, and enjoying the advantages of a climate in which frost never frets the most delicate flower, wither under the influence of consumption, and die by dozens annually."

As we said before, we are not physicians, but we consider that common sense has a right to criticise these authoritative *dicta*, inasmuch as any inference drawn from them must depend on the ordinary rules which apply to all processes of reasoning. The "fact" so much relied upon—viz. that in a certain climate consumption is unknown—at most proves nothing

more, we submit, than that climate alone is never the cause of that disease; while if we give fair prominence to the other "fact"—viz. that even in the (supposed) favourable climate the disease extensively prevails among the sedentary and confined classes of the inhabitants—we are at a loss to see how the reasoner makes any case in favour of his climate. Again, the immunity from such a disease as consumption of an almost barbarous nation, like the Arabs, is a point of no value. Amongst a people leading the life here described there would be few delicate children born, and none would live beyond their birth. If we had any statistical information of the mortality among the early Britons, is it to be supposed that the figures would not tell the same tale?

Yet this seems to be all that can be said by its advocates in favour of Algiers as a climate beneficial to consumption. The proposition may indeed be provable, for all we know, by other evidence, or be rendered probable by analogy drawn from the effects of the air of the country upon other diseases akin to the one in question. Livingstone, in his account of the climate of South Africa, shows that certain disorders of the blood positively wear out by a residence in the Cape Colony. Some such effects *may* be found to be worked in the North. All that we, as unlearned persons outside the pale of science, pretend to at present is to deal with the evidence which those inside vouchsafe to us, and *that* we must declare to be unsatisfactory. It is possible, too, that in some cases, or at certain stages, of this ever-varying and treacherous disease a tonic, bracing air, such as that of Algiers, may prove temporarily alleviative by improving the system, if not permanently beneficial. All this part of the case, however, has yet to be made out.

And what does the experience of individuals say in respect of the proposition contended for? Mr. Davies seems to speak with an authority upon this head painfully weighty upon himself, and which commands our utmost sympathy and respect. But it should be remembered that he can hardly be held to have witnessed the complete experiment of a winter in Algiers. He did not, he tells us, arrive there till the second week in February, when the warmth of spring had for the most part succeeded the chill, rainy season—a period which, in the particular winter of 1856-57, any invalid who experienced its depressing influences will never forget. And though our author is evidently a warm-hearted enthusiast, he is far too honest to be a partisan. It is curious that, *with one exception*, the opinions of his fellow-residents *whom he quotes*—at least those whose case entitled them to be heard—are at variance with his own. We hear them tell of the trials of the damp during the winter months, and the treacherous hot suns and icy winds, accompanied by that dreadful annoyance, the fine white dust, which marked the entire spring. Had he further extended his inquiries among his countrymen, he would have found, we have reason to think, an opinion uniformly unfavourable.

But even granting that the case in favour of the climate was much stronger than appears above, there are many discomforts inseparable from a residence in Algiers, which can only be known by bitter experience, and of which an invalid ought to be made aware ere he is induced to cross the Mediterranean. What we say we hope is dictated by no other feeling than a desire to make the truth known. We have found too many people who, when asked their opinion of a place, allow

enthusiastic admiration of something about it to prevail, and talk in a random style, which looks like unqualified approval, instead of fairly setting forth the *cons* as well as the *pros*. It is only due to Mr. Davies to say that he is not one of these. No one would be much enamoured of a place where, according to his description, that important step, the finding of a first lodgement, was attended by so much difficulty. He says: "The Hôtel d'Orient stands in front of the Grande Place, and, from its airy situation and commanding view of the sea, thither we first bent our steps, and inquired for rooms. After ascending three flights of stairs, floored with tiles, and very slippery, we were shown two apartments of small dimensions, for which three francs each per day was demanded, and these being the only vacant rooms in the house, we declined occupying them, on account of their inconvenient height. We then tried the Hôtel de la Régence, also on the Grande Place. . . . Here, again, rooms on the second étage, up fifty weary steps, at three francs each, were our Hobson's choice."

We can confirm his account of the Hôtel d'Orient. The situation is the best in the town; and when you get to the top of what our author elsewhere well calls the dreary "treadmill" of eighty-four steps to the third, or of one hundred and twelve to the fourth and last, story (on which alone, as will be explained, are the apartments for visitors), you certainly are rewarded by a splendid o'ertopping view of the city, harbour, and distant snow-capped range of the Djurdjura. Besides, on the top story, one had only to step from the window on to a terrace of asphalte running round two sides of the building to obtain a most agreeable lounge. But it required strong lungs, or sadly taxed weak ones, to mount constantly to such a height. The nuisance, however, of the stairs is not peculiar to one hotel; but in a greater or less degree is universal throughout the country. Why things should be so arranged we never heard explained. The Hôtel d'Orient was the worst specimen, for there one had to mount two whole flights, or fifty-six steps, before one got to the public part of the hotel, the ground-floor being occupied by shops, and the first-floor, or *entresol*, being the dwelling-place of the host and his family. The second-floor contained the salon for meals and the cooking premises; and the third and fourth the apartments for visitors. The Hôtel de la Régence is almost as well situated as the Orient, and the internal arrangement, we believe, is similar. Beside these there were the Hôtels de Paris and de Rouen. At the former the stairs were much more convenient, the height not being nearly so great, but standing in a narrow street there was no view from the windows. The latter was very badly placed in a close, stuffy slum, and totally out of the question, we should think, except in cases of emergency. There are others in the town far worse even than this, which it is needless here to mention.

Of those hotels we have named, we should say for bachelors the Hôtel de Paris for our money. One great advantage it offered to invalids was that of a fire in the dining salon. All through the chill wet days of winter such a necessary was unknown at the Orient. When one complained of the cold, mine host used comfortably to remind his hearer that in summer it was often necessary to flood the tiled floor several times in the course of the day to keep down the temperature. It wanted very

little more than such a description as this to make one's teeth chatter. However, there could be no remedy, for there was no fireplace.

As to the charges and accommodation at the hotels, Mr. Davies says: "For pension in the salon, which included breakfast at ten and dinner at six, with half a bottle of very ordinary wine at each meal, a charge of seven francs was made for each person; then fire, bougies, service, tea, coffee, and even hot water were charged extra. Thus, all complete, the expense of a visitor at this hotel (de la Régence) would be about fourteen francs a day, or one hundred a week."

On the highest floors, to which bachelors were generally condemned, the daily charge for a room was a franc and a half, but with this difference a pensionnaire at any hotel in Algiers could not reckon his weekly expenses at less than the sum here mentioned. He must, if an invalid, drink better wine than the ordinary bottle on the table; a fire in his own room was necessary by night, at least in the damp winter and early spring, particularly in a tile-floored apartment with a very small modicum of carpet; and the other extras which Mr. Davies mentions are equally indispensable. Yet for a sum equivalent in English money to 4*l.* a week, what were his prospects of winter comfort?

The food was very indifferent: as with all French cookery, the best show is made of very inferior materials, but the meat in Algiers was far below the average of French fare. One heard as an excuse for the occasion, and to account for the dearness of meat, what Mr. Davies repeats, that "in consequence of the long and unusual rain which fell during the autumn of 1856, and the total want of shelter among the pastoral Arabs and colonists, no less than 600,000 head of cattle perished in the interior." But in a country where pasture is *always* very poor, it is hardly to be wondered at that the meat should be poor also. One saw the wretched specimens of oxen, sheep, pigs, and kids on their way to the shambles, and afterwards their poor carcases suspended in the shops: all the cooking art in the world could not change that meat. The French love eating, and manage to make a dinner out of a great variety of small kickshaws, not caring for the "cut and come again" joints; but we heard more than once a diner at Algiers reject a dish in utter despair, declaring that to enable him to accomplish it the host must find him teeth as well as a knife.

Mr. Davies says the fish-market was well supplied: it might have been so for all we knew at the hotels, where soles, sardines (not nearly so good as sprats), whiting, and occasionally mullet, formed the staple of the pension dinner. Game, or what in France represents it, from wild-boar, woodcocks, and partridges, to starlings and goldfinches, was common enough. The latter were better, on the whole, than we could have supposed—the less said about the former, perhaps, the better.

Generally the best items in the bill were the vegetables and fruits. "Green peas were to be had all the winter (not in the hotels, however), wild asparagus and new potatoes in February, and Alpine strawberries in the month of March, besides all the vegetables and many more than we have in England, in great profusion and excellence." The commonest vegetable is the artichoke. There were few days on which it was not put on the table on the chance of one's taking it as a dish. Round

Algiers it is thought worthy of cultivation, but in the wilder province of Constantine it is a simple weed, growing luxuriantly on the road-sides and among the corn, looking at a distance like a ground-thistle, and being equally advantageous to the crop. Both sorts are much eaten by the French: often raw as a beginning of a meal. A large thistle-head would be about as palatable and nutritious. The cultivated specimen was bad enough; we were contented with the experiment on that, and never ventured on the other kind.

Such is the fare which one gets in Algiers living the life of a bachelor pensionnaire in an hotel; and it is for the benefit of this class especially that we write. Boarding by special contract at an hotel, of course, was a different thing. An Englishman could probably then have anything he desired or would pay for, but his weekly bill would be doubled. So, too, in lodgings, with servants of your own, you might probably fare somewhat better, if neither trouble nor expense were spared. But we heard of failures even in these, and that where both the necessary conditions were complied with. Besides, good lodgings for bachelors were rare within the town (it would be too cold to live outside); and they are hardly to be recommended on account of the solitude. The experiment of an English boarding-house, we hear, has not met with the success it deserved, principally, we believe, from the highness of the charges necessary to secure good accommodation.

An invalid, therefore, going to Algiers should fully count the cost, remembering that, after all, there are certain things which he cannot get for love, money, or trouble. For instance, a glass of wholesome beer (of course no man in his senses would drink French beer in Algiers a second time for nourishment) is simply not to be had. At a place called the "Café Kolb"—from the name of the brewery whose "fabrication" was sold there—they sometimes imported a stray cask of what was styled "Bass" by the colliers serving coal for the steamers, but this, if "Bass" at all, was sick and unattractive. Again, such a thing as a coal fire, or a grate to burn it, was unknown. Wood was the sole fuel, and that was dear and bad; it would burn the second day only after having been baked the day before. The one real fire we saw in Africa was at Batna, some sixty miles south of Constantine. The wood crackled and reddened till one said with the prophet, "Aha!" while at the same time the house was filled with the fragrance. This was cedar, magnificent forests of which cover the mountains between Batna and the desert. But at Algiers the only fuel worth having is the wild olive. During their first occupation of the country, the French recklessly drew upon, without renewing, the supply of timber, and trees of any size are as yet rare at any reasonable distance from the city.

Let the invalid, we repeat, consider all this, putting on the other side of his paper the many comforts, nay, luxuries, which he can obtain in poor abused old England for an expenditure of 4*l*. a week, and go to Algiers if he dare. Perhaps in a few years, when English wants and English capital to supply them have made themselves felt, things may be improved; but, speaking at the present time, everything starves in Algiers for want of the funds necessary to give enterprise a start.

As we began by saying, we are addressing now only those suffering from one form of disease, the distressing effects of which, all doctors who

are honest will agree, require that the patient should enjoy a certain degree of comfort above all things. But we doubt not there are many forms of invalidism of which a residence in Algiers would effect a complete cure. The novelty, the beauty of the country, the very struggle to do the best you can for yourself, all might be highly beneficial. With these our present business does not lie. We have discharged our conscience in representing the possible disappointment which might be felt in the former cases from a too hasty determination to winter in North Africa; we shall now find little more on which we can differ from Mr. Davies in recommending Algiers as well worthy of the attention of our countrymen.

We proceed to give some random impressions of the country, still occasionally borrowing from Mr. Davies where he can afford a better account than ourselves. Our first distant view of the city of Algiers, as seen from the sea, the morning sun shining brightly upon it through the half-cleared mist—the relic of a stormy night—made us suppose that we beheld some vast stone-quarry or chalk-pit scarped out of the hill-side. This is the prosaic metaphor of a common mind; the Arabs much more poetically compare its appearance in their songs to a diamond set in emeralds and sapphire. The unvarying hue which makes the city so prominent an object is due to the fact of there being no chimneys, windows, or sloping roofs to mark any lines or shadows in the mass of white; but the cause of its extreme brilliancy is dreadfully unromantic. It is not attributable to either marble or alabaster, but whitewash, with which all the native buildings, public or private, sacred or profane, are from sanitary motives profusely smeared. The Moors are a very clean people. Algiers is, as Mr. Davies remarks, quite remarkable for this virtue. Standing, as it mostly does, on the steep slope of a hill, the frequent rains wash the neatly pitched streets, and quickly carry down all the impurities. But in addition to this, and in the more level parts, where nature renders no assistance, the work of the scavenger is of daily repetition.

"From three to five in the morning the Arab scavengers swept the streets and carried off the refuse of the city on their unshod and noiseless donkeys. Thus, when the world was astir, nothing that could offend the eye or nose of the most sensitive person ever appeared, even in the most unfrequented streets; in fact, what with drains, fountains, scavengers, and the natural delicacy of the Moorish population, no city ever presented a cleaner appearance—a feature by no means remarkable in the provincial towns of the Continent. It is quite sufficient internal evidence against Homer that he never visited Algiers as it is now, or he would not have failed to give it the happy distinction it so well deserves—that of 'the well-scavenged city.'"

For ourselves, who visited Constantine, another chief city of French Algeria, in dirty weather, and slopped in the dirt, and smelt the smells, and saw the masses of sewage—the growth of centuries—forcing their way, like glaciers, uncared for down the cliffs, with the birds of prey hovering overhead, we could, on our return, well appreciate the cleanliness of Algiers.

Mounting from the harbour to the city, we land on the "Place Royale," the centre of bustle of the French part. One feature here

strikes a stranger as odd, that this the best and, with the exception of the Place de Chartres, which is a market-place, the only square of any size, should be occupied by other than government buildings; particularly when, after a short experience, you find that many of the important public offices, which it is necessary for a new comer to visit, are stuffed away in some of the dark labyrinths of the native town. The cause of the arrangement in question is a characteristic one. The government wanted to induce some men of capital to embark in the building of the theatre, and the bait offered was the lease, on advantageous terms, of the ground surrounding the Grande Place. Hence we find there, beside the two principal hotels, two staring cafés, the diligence offices, and the buildings occupied by the two clubs, or "cercles," the ground-floors of the last, as well as of the hotels, being tenanted by fashionable shops. The humble Bourse, with the guard-house behind it, stands in one corner mean-looking and wooden, like a small dog-box in a large yard, reminding one of a habitation in primitive San Francisco.

The great *desideratum* throughout the country is shade: we have before mentioned the scarcity of trees and the cause thereof. In a climate, however, where everything grows so rapidly, this ought not long to be an evil. But if the specimen which the Place presents of planting trees in the town is to be copied, the attempt will not be a very successful one. The trees there seemed to be singularly ill-chosen for the purpose, the foliage being thin and light, so as to be easily disturbed by the wind; reminding us when one sighed, like the prophet, for a covering for one's head, of the bitter reproach of Scott's beautiful lines,

> Variable as the shade
> By the light quivering aspen made.

Mr. Davies speaks rather grandiloquently of the orange-trees in front of the Hôtel de la Régence on the same Place. It seems a pity to disturb the beauty of the idea conveyed by "a grove of orange-trees," but we must absolutely declare that they were not nearly such fine shrubs as one sees in any decent conservatory at home. Planted in boxes, they seemed not to have the ordinary care taken to allow room for their increasing roots, for most of them looked uncommonly yellow, many of them were nearly bare of leaves, and all were anything but umbriferous. The only place where shade was to be found near the town was under the *belles ombres* in the garden of Marengo, just outside the old gate of Babel-Oued. This was a very delightful lounge, where, from the exalted position of the promenade, the sea breeze blew in untainted by smells of harbour or market.

In the native town, shade is obtained by the narrowness of the streets. To such an extremity is this feature carried in the private parts of the city, that, if there were windows in the fronts of the houses, opposite neighbours might shake hands across the street. The houses do not actually meet at the top, but that is all. The streets in Canton are narrow, and are covered over at the top with blinds to keep out the sun, but this caused a feeling of closeness sometimes almost overpowering to a European. By the Algerine method, however, not only the glare of the sun but the heated atmosphere also was excluded; and on entering these passages from the more open streets one experienced a chilly feeling as

in a cellar. But it must not be supposed from this contiguity of buildings externally that there was any want of space for locomotion or breathing inside the houses. In every dwelling of any importance the whole centre of the building is a square open to the sky, on all sides of which are arranged the various chambers, with two or three floors, as the case may be; balconies running round the upper stories, like as we see, only on a somewhat larger scale, in old country inns in some parts of England. The description of Priam's palace in the second Æneid, after Pyrrhus breaks down the gate,

Ædibus in mediis nudoque sub ætheris axe, &c.,

always occurred to our mind on beholding the penetralia of an Eastern mansion. The flat roofs afford, it is said, abundant scope for such practice of exercise and airing as the Moorish lady is allowed to indulge in. Mr. Davies mentions how, after the first occupation of the city by the French, the Actæon-like curiosity of the conquerors was punished for invading too closely this sacred asylum of beauty undisguised. Some French, he says, "were rash enough, occasionally, to mount on the roof of an unoccupied house, and with telescope in hand to survey deliberately the dark-eyed beauties as they watered their roses, or sat enjoying the soft sea-breeze of their charming climate. The act proved a fatal one to many a brave young officer of the French army; the crack of the rifle was heard, and the victim was seen to topple headlong on the terrace." The hand which struck the blow was unseen, and no inquiries were ever able to reveal the secret vindicator of the sanctity of the harem; so the sport was abandoned as dangerous and uncompensating. Shakspeare, if not historically correct in describing the Moor as dark-skinned, did not exaggerate the influence of the green-eyed monster—the demon of jealousy—over his savage nature.

From the opportunities we had of observing the roofs of the native houses, we should imagine there is no longer any temptation to incur danger of this sort. In the first place, too many French houses, four or five stories high, have risen all round, and even in the heart of, the old city, to render privacy any longer possible; and from the general appearance of the *locus in quo* itself, we should say there was nothing about it showing it to be still the resort of the delicate fair. No "roses" certainly were visible; nothing, in fact, appeared to relieve the intolerable monotony of the whitewash except an occasional line with clothes drying, excessively suggestive of the most unromantic matter-of-fact. Besides, the number of closed carriages one met everywhere, the crowds of women above the lower orders in the omnibuses and in the streets, made us suspect that great "demoralisation," as Mr. Davies calls it, of the Moorish ladies has taken place, and that in Algiers, at least, they are no longer the willing victims of jealous seclusion.

The varieties of population in Algiers cannot fail to strike the most casual observer. Except, perhaps, at Bombay and Alexandria, it would be impossible to find collected together so many diverse species of the genus man. Mr. Davies describes the appearance of the Grande Place, when crowded, with great spirit. His costumes in particular strike us as remarkably correct. The idle hour of band-playing in the afternoon was generally the signal for the greatest gatherings. Every nation of Africa,

and half Europe besides, would be then fully represented on that two acres of ground. We think, in the matter of external appearance, the Africans had greatly the advantage. Nothing could be more stately and respectable than the portly Moor of the city, or the Arab chieftain of the desert; and their costumes were often handsome and always becoming. Neither quality could with justice be predicated of the European specimens generally. The fussy, full-blown French militaire, whose importance looked as if it would be the death of him, and the unmistakable vulgarity written on every lineament of the man of trade, combined with the *outré* style of dress adopted by each, would have constituted a contrast with the Oriental almost laughable, if we did not know that, by virtue of a something which was not seen, these funny little men had conquered and fairly hold in subjection those magnificent sons of Anak. The single exception to the unpicturesqueness of the European costume was that of the Spaniard and Mahonese of the Baleares, with their plaids and jauntily-set velvet-trimmed hats. In spite, however, of the levity of their dress and the roguish, Celtic twinkle in the eye, they are fine, industrious fellows, and form the life-blood of the languishing colony.

We were not a little surprised to find how many of our fellow "cives Romani" are located in Algeria. We heard "British subjects" numbered at something short of ten thousand; and our wonder only ceased on discovering that the rolls were made up of Maltese and Ionians. And very suspicious, troublesome customers they are, and very closely do the police look after them in their various migrations. The sight of the passport of a "British subject" always sets the latter on the *qui vive*, as we found once to our cost at Philippeville. Our passport having gone to be *viséd* without our bodily attendance, we were sent for from office to office, and the matter was only explained and apologised for afterwards by the information above given.

However, do not let us be unjust. The position of Algiers as an outlet to France cannot fail to be appreciated; and accordingly French rascaldom and blackguardism has its full share of representation in the colony. Shopkeepers are excessively chary in their dealings with faces whom they do not know, and even virtuous John Bull is often made to suffer vicariously for the sins of others, in the mistrust and suspicion with which he finds himself treated.

These awkward phenomena naturally make association between strangers difficult and unsatisfactory. But the great drawback to anything like sociability in Algiers is no doubt the predominance of the military. All arrangements are made with a view to their interest. For instance, such a thing as a table d'hôte is unknown throughout the whole country; the militaire fears, no doubt, the levelling tendencies which such a contact with the civilian would produce. He would not be able to maintain the airs of a grand signor towards the man with whom he has just before exchanged the amenities of the table. The consequence is, that as a pensionnaire in an hotel you may dine for weeks and months in close proximity to your fellow-creatures without any nearer approach to society or civility than if you had been so many dumb monkeys. Every one has his separate table; every one, therefore, stands on his dignity. Talk of the coldness of an Englishman, it is geniality itself compared to the hauteur with which yonder unfledged sous-lieutenant of chasseurs looks down on every one not of his own cloth!

We must refer to Mr. Davies's pages for a better and fuller description than we shall have time to give of many topics of interest: such as the rides and drives and picturesque scenery in the environs of Algiers: the objects worthy of a visit within the town itself; the curious medley with which he jostled in the omnibuses—(it would never do to be a day in Algiers without rattling about in these lively little affairs); the excellence of the coffee at the *Cafés Maures* (he might have added, the generally detestable nature of the French compound); to all of which he does full justice. He writes like a man who had his eyes about him, and who was always under efficient guidance, so that he has missed few things which are any way worth chronicling. But our own space is drawing to a narrow span; we have only room for one or two remarks more. One shall be on the subject of the Moorish baths.

We had heard and read so much in books of Eastern travel of the luxury and benefits of the baths at Constantinople and elsewhere, and we were so credibly assured of the exact similarity of the method in use among the Moors to that in the East, that though we groped our way along rather a doubtful street, it was with some confidence in the coming enjoyment. This was a little damped on being conducted up a most treacherous step-ladder into an unmistakable cockloft—a place like what at home our gardeners would stow apples or onions in over an outhouse. Here we were shown two mattresses, and told that they were ours, and that we might deposit our clothes upon them. There were other mattresses on the other side of the loft, seemingly occupied by large bundles of clothes, which, however, from an occasional movement, we detected to be men. Here we stripped, sundry wraps being handed to us by a smart little boy with his eyes averted, and finally a pair of wooden slippers, in which we again pattered down the ladder at considerable risk to our necks. Thence we turned into a dark domed apartment paved with flags, sloppy under foot, and steaming with the concentrated force of twenty laundries. Blinded, stupified, and unable to breathe, we resigned ourselves to our fate, and with returning consciousness found ourselves seated alongside a portly Moor—a well-known judge—upon a hot plate, such as one sees in school kitchens to keep kettles boiling; only, luckily for our skin, this one was made of stone, not iron. Thence we were invited into a still darker side cell, a number of which surrounded the main washhouse, and were here handed over to the tender mercies of a sturdy nigger. The performer began by ascertaining the suppleness of all our joints, turning and twisting our limbs till we rather feared a dislocation, but in such hands one is helpless, and remonstrance is vain, for your tormentor cannot understand a word you say. He next proceeded to souse us with soft soap from head to foot, to the peril of one's eyesight, for the smart was considerable, and then to use upon our poor unstrung carcase what Mr. Davies well calls "a swab." It appeared to be made of serge, or some such pitiless material, and this was applied for the space of about ten minutes with all the vigour a powerful man was capable of. This over, there was no comfort of warm dry towels for us; we were simply swathed in the garments we had worn before, and again laid upon the hot plate to dry. Then a second time tottering up the step-ladder, we were invited to repose upon the mattress, and a cup of very indifferent coffee, as a make-peace, was brought. But rest, repose, was impossible;

we were heated, and our brain throbbed. We remained just long enough to cool, for prudence' sake, and then hastily dressed and escaped from this den of the Inquisition. We could have borne all but the semi-suffocation, which oppressed us for hours afterwards, and filled our dreams at night. We should recommend no one but a very strong man to undergo the process in Moorish language called "bathing," and only under an overpowering sense of duty. At any rate, let him enter upon it as he would any other struggle in life, and not with any anticipation of enjoyment. Delicious odours, soothing vapours, graceful attendants, luxurious couches, must give way before a practical reality of which the principal features are darkness, scrubbing, steaming, and a dreadful smell of yellow soap.

An additional incentive now exists to visit Algeria, in the greater facility with which the stranger can travel from one end of the colony to the other. Till the summer of 1857, in order to reach the province of Constantine from Algiers, it was necessary to encounter the inconvenience of a two days' voyage to Philippeville. Nothing could well exceed the discomfort of this. The steamer was generally not a trader, but a man-of-war conveying government stores. You were not recognised as anything but a second-class passenger, admitted on board by favour of the post-office: the number of berths, *i. e.* shelves to sleep upon, was limited. You scrambled for precedence for your ticket at the Poste Restante the morning the vessel sailed, the alternative of not obtaining one being that you must sleep on the hatchway or on deck. The three or four first-class cabins which the ship contained were reserved for officers in the army, or those fortunate travellers who had a letter of introduction to the captain. In fine weather you could manage tolerably; but one rough, wet night we shall never forget, crammed into a compartment with eight others, one Englishman, five Frenchmen with not strong stomachs, and a Jew with a very weak one, the crowd of dripping wretches who could get no other shelter filling up the hatchway-stairs, by which came our only supply of fresh air, and threatening to stifle us outright. Now we imagine there will be no longer any necessity for this voyage by sea. That great country beyond the Djurdjura eastward inhabited by the Kabyles, which one used to regard as a *terra incognita*, has been brought into subjection to the French, and opened from end to end for traffic. With their usual industry, the conquerors have, we hear, built forts in the heart of the country, and penetrated it with roads, so that travelling there is probably by this time as much an institution as it was in any of the elder parts of the colony.

The extraordinary people who have thus, after many years of resistance, submitted in an almost bloodless campaign to the French yoke, deserve a passing mention. Their origin is so ancient as to be lost in fabulous obscurity. They boast themselves to be the remnant of the true Autochthons, but whether of a Numidian or a still earlier stock is uncertain. Protected by their mountains, the wave of conquest which has so often rolled over their country has never merged their nationality. Their religion, which is Mahomedan, is the only badge which any of their temporary masters have fastened upon them. In their language, customs, and institutions, they bear no relation to their neighbours the Arabs, the latter having an almost feudal organisation, the former being a vast democracy. Warlike and prompt to resent an insult as they have

always been, they are most industriously devoted to the arts of peace; and the amount of civilisation to be found amongst them, and the excellence to which they have carried many forms of manufacture is said to be astonishing for a people so isolated. Mr. Davies says: "During the late war their gunpowder was found to be so fine and strong, that the French pronounced it to be English; but it was afterwards proved to be of Kabyle fabrication. Soft and luxurious carpets fit for a palace; cloths of wool, if not equal to our tweeds, yet far better than some of the shoddy productions of Yorkshire, emanate from their looms. They also fabricate their own arms, implements, and leather, the last of excellent and durable quality." One other great proof of their advanced civilisation is to be found in their skill as coiners. Spurious money was at one time common in the colony, and was satisfactorily proved to have issued from a Kabylian mint.

We shall hope, therefore, that the next "Visit to Algiers" with which the public is favoured may include a tour through the country of the Kabyles. There is no petty detail connected with such a people which would not be intensely interesting.

Mingle-Mangle by Monkshood.

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEWALS:

IX.—Voiture.

Of all the deceased members of the French Academy commemorated by Pellisson in his account "Des Académiciens en particulier," the most celebrated, probably, is Vincent Voiture. Him Boileau once glorified as, despite his foibles,

> ——cet auteur si charmant,
> Et pour mille beaux traits vanté si justement.*

For him La Fontaine, in his youth, had, we are told, an almost exclusive admiration, and to him the allusion refers in the old poet's Epistle to Huet,

> Je pris certain auteur autrefois pour mon maître;

while in a prose letter to Saint-Evremond we find La Fontaine placing Voiture between Rabelais and Marot as his sometime masters, who had taught him what he might be, and made him what he was.† Saint-Evremond himself, though allowing that Voiture ought to have suppressed a great many of his Letters, is enthusiastic (for him) on the merit of the Letter-writer at his best, of whose works he declares that "there is something in them so ingenious, so polite, so fine, and so agreeable, that it

* Boileau, Satire XII.

† La Fontaine: Epître (à l'Evêque de Soissons), Lettres (à Saint-Evremond, 1687).

takes away all the relish of the Attic *salt* and the Roman *urbanity*, and eclipses outright the wit of the Italians and the gallantry of Spain."* It was "with the works of Voiture," as a choice present, that Pope directed the "Epistle to Miss Blount," beginning,

> In these gay thoughts the loves and graces shine,
> And all the writer lives in every line;
> His easy art may happy nature seem,
> Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
> Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
> Who without flattery pleased the fair and great;
> Still with esteem no less conversed than read;
> With wit well-natured, and with books well-bred:
> His heart, his mistress and his friend did share,
> His time, the Muse, the witty and the fair.
> Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
> Cheerful he played the trifle, Life, away;
> Till fate scarce felt his gentle breath supprest,
> As smiling infants sport themselves to rest.
> Ev'n rival wits did Voiture's death deplore,
> And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;
> The truest hearts for Voiture heaved with sighs,
> Voiture was wept by all the brightest eyes:
> The Smiles and Loves had died in Voiture's death,
> But that for ever in his lines they breathe.†

Thus Alexander Pope. *Credite posteri.* In the next generation a very different estimate was set on Voiture, by Samuel Johnson, sturdy Englishman to the core—an estimate to which many will subscribe who don't read Voiture, and some who can't read him—a subscription-list much fuller than Pope could ever secure to *his* testimonial,

> Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate.

Rough old Samuel thus appraises Voiture and *hoc genus omne* of epistolary French fribbles: "A slight perusal of the innumerable letters by which the wits of France have signalised their names, will prove that other nations need not be discouraged from the like attempts by the consciousness of inability; for surely it is not very difficult to aggravate trifling misfortunes, to magnify familiar incidents, repeat adulatory professions, accumulate servile hyperboles, and produce all that can be found in the despicable remains of Voiture and Scarron."‡

But Voiture must be admitted to have had, both in verse and prose, as Mr. Hallam affirms, a considerable influence over the taste of France. "He wrote to please women, and women are grateful when they are pleased." French poetry under Ronsard, and even Malherbe, had lost the vivacity inspired by Clément Marot. Voiture once again made playfulness the fashion, and

> Led the way
> From grave to gay,
> And from severe to lively.

He was without the naïveté and genial naturalness of the old Marot type, but he was sprightly enough to make "apparent ease and grace" an ac-

* Saint-Evremond: Au Maréchal de Créqui. † Pope: Miscellanies.
‡ The Rambler, No. CLII.

ceptable innovation. "In reality, the style of Voiture is artificial and elaborate, but, like his imitator Prior among us, he has the skill to disguise this from the reader."* But it is rather by his letters than his verses that Voiture made a name, or at least keeps one. They begin about 1727, when he was eight-and-twenty, and are addressed to the hostess and habitués, for the most part, of the Hôtel Rambouillet. Of these Letters, once the rage among fine ladies, and the envy of fine gentlemen, Mr. Hallam's report is, that, although much too laboured and affected, they are evidently the original type of the French epistolary school, including those in England who have formed themselves upon it. "Pope very frequently imitated Voiture; Walpole not so much in his general correspondence, but he knew how to fall into it. The object was to say what meant little, with the utmost novelty in the mode, and with the most ingenious compliment to the person addressed; so that he should admire himself, and admire the writer. They are of course very tiresome after a short time; yet their ingenuity is not without merit.

"Balzac is more solemn and dignified, and it must be owned that he has more meaning. Voiture seems to have fancied that good sense spoils a man of wit. But he has not so much wit as *esprit;* and his letters serve to exemplify the meaning of that word. Pope, in addressing ladies, was nearly the ape of Voiture. It was unfortunately thought necessary, in such a correspondence, either to affect despairing love, which was to express itself with all possible gaiety, or where love was too presumptuous, as with the Rambouillets, to pour out a torrent of nonsensical flattery, which was to be rendered tolerable by far-fetched turns of thought. Voiture has the honour of having rendered this style fashionable."† But if the bad taste of others had not perverted his own, Voiture, the same intelligent critic maintains, would have been a good writer: his letters, especially those written from Spain, being sometimes truly witty, and always vivacious. Voltaire, who speaks contemptuously of Voiture, might have been glad to have been the author of some of his jeux-d'esprit; that, for example, addressed to the Prince of Condé in the character of a pike, founded on a game where the prince had played that fish. We should remember, also, that Voiture held his place in good society upon the tacit condition that he should always strive to be witty.‡ What hard work *that* is, who but has tried it can tell? However true it may be that *nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*, hardly less true will be the sentence if for *sapit* we read *desipit*, meaning that *desipere in loco* which is reckoned so *dulce*, but which like other verbs is subject to the fluctuations of moods and tenses. Voiture's only right of admission to "good society" was his prowess as a wit; witty he must be to keep his footing, witty whether he will or no, whether he can or no: what business has he there at all, unless to emit scintillations, and strike off conceits, and invent hyperboles, all to please the fair?

He was born at Amiens, the degenerate son of a free-living wine-merchant. Degenerate his father at least considered him, if not a changeling—to which latter opinion the old toper seriously inclined, for the lad was a water-drinker, and a puny-looking thing, *qu'il n'aimoit point;* whereas a younger brother could toss off his glass bravely, and

* Hallam's Lit. of Europe, III. 5. † Ibid. Pt. III. ch. vii.
‡ Ibid. § 20.

was so pronounced a type of the jolly companion and good fellow, that the head of the family held him in tender regard (*qu'il aimoit fort tendrement*). Monsieur the wine-merchant (wholesale by the way) was well known to people about Court; and in Paris and at the Court his son Vincent was brought up. Now as the Court, according to Pellisson, is the theatre of envy, young Voiture's birth was often made a subject of malicious witticism. Was it not natural that, in such a sphere, his father's son should be made a *butt* of? He one day accidentally entered a room in which some officers, guests of the Duke of Orleans, were tippling to the top of their bent; and one of them, the Baron de Blot, is said to have improvised this couplet, glass in hand:

> Quoi! Voiture, tu dégénère?
> Hors d'ici, maugrebi de toi,
> Tu ne vaudras jamais ton père:
> Tu ne vends du vin, ni d'en boi.

(Whereas worthy Voiture père did *both*, and both wholesale too.) Another time the following epigram was made, on the report that Vincent was courting the daughter of a Purveyor of Meat to His Majesty, and that the match was likely to come off:

> O que ce beau couple d'amants
> Va goûter de contentements!
> Que leurs délices seront grandes!
> Ils seront toujours en festin,
> Car si la Prou fournit les viandes,
> Voiture fournira le vin.

The great ladies and great gentlemen with whom he was allowed to mingle, appear to have amused themselves without much scruple at the expense of his origin. He is told at a game of proverbs that his last is of bad vintage—he had better broach another cask. He is told, after beginning what he means to be a good story, that the company have had that before, many times over—can't he "draw" them something fresher than that? M. de Bassompierre said it was a pity Voiture was not of his father's trade, "because being so fond of sweets (*les douceurs*), he would have made us drink nothing but hypocras." And again, that whereas "wine gave heart and life to other men, it made Voiture swoon away;" from which we infer that Voiture hated to hear of the shop, and was perhaps as sensitive to allusions to cellarage and wine-casks, as was Sir Piercie Shafton to the remotest reference to bodkin or shears.

He held an appointment of some trust in the household of the Duke of Orleans, whom he followed into retirement in Languedoc, and by whom he was despatched on business to Spain. At Madrid he was "highly esteemed," and wrote some Spanish verses of such purity of diction that "everybody believed them to be by Lope de Vega." Olivarez is said to have delighted in his company, and, at parting, to have solicited his correspondence. From Spain he made a visit of curiosity to Africa. Twice he visited Rome, and was sent to Florence with the news of the birth of Louis XIV. He filled various offices at Court, receiving wages to the amount of 900 livres as one of the king's maîtres-d'hôtel, and 2000 livres as "l'introducteur des ambassadeurs chez Monsieur" (Gaston, Duc d'Orléans). He enjoyed some pretty pensions too—according to Tallemant

more than eighteen thousand livres in one year. M. d'Avaux, the Surintendant of Finance, appointed Voiture his *commis*, merely to let him receive the emoluments of what was an absolute sinecure. If the wine-merchant's son was not rich when he died, the cause

(For this effect defective comes by cause)

lay in his passion for gaming. He lost fifteen hundred pistoles in one night, as Pellisson records with emphasis. According to the same authority, he was "of a very amorous temperament, or at least pretended to be so," and boasted of his *bonnes fortunes* high and low, rich and poor, one with another. He died unmarried, aged fifty or thereabouts. He was small of stature, with a well-formed head, black eyes and hair, and a face not over-burdened with expression. He had a happy manner of saying good things, *avec une naïveté ingénieuse.*

Such, at least, is the portrait given of him by himself and his friends. In Mlle. de Scudéry's great Portrait Gallery he appears to less advantage, and the artiste, it must be allowed, was a quick discerner of character, and certainly not disposed to set down aught in malice. Voiture is the *Callicrate* in her "Grand Cyrus:"—a "man of low enough birth, who, by his *esprit*, had come to be on an equal footing with whatever was great at Paphos, whether among men or women. He wrote very agreeably both in prose and verse, and in a style so gallant and so far from common that he might almost be said to have invented it: at least I am quite sure that I have never seen anything it could be said to imitate, and I think I may say that no one will ever imitate it but imperfectly. For in fact, out of the merest trifle he would make an agreeable letter; and if the Phrygians say true, that whatever Midas touched was turned to gold, it is yet more true to say that whatever passed through the mind of *Callicrate* became a diamond: it being certain that from the most barren, mean, and least *galant* topic, he would extract something brilliant and pleasurable. His conversation too was highly diverting at certain times and seasons, but it was very unequal, and there were times when he bored others nearly as much as most people bored him. In fact, there was in his *esprit* a delicacy which might occasionally be better called caprice than delicacy, so excessive was it. His person was not over well made; however, he made an open profession of gallantry, but that universal, for it is true that one may speak of having loved persons of every rank in life. One quality he had, perilous for a lover, it being certain that he was as fond of making believe to be beloved, as of being so. . . . . Moreover, it has always been known to everybody that in his heart he rather adored Venus Anadyomene than Venus Urania; for, in short, he could not understand that there could be such a thing as passion apart from the senses, and he had not a little difficulty in believing that an entirely pure affection existed in the world. Nevertheless, not only was it his lot to be endured by all the ladies, but by several he was actually beloved; so that we are not to be astonished if *Parthénie* [Madame de Sablé], *toute sage* as she was, tolerated him; and so much the less from his living with her more respectfully than with any other lady, and never telling her he was in love with her, unless by way of raillery, and in a manner which would not allow her to take offence," &c.

Victor Cousin expresses his conviction that the portrait of *Callicrate*

was drawn from an intimate acquaintance with the life and character of Voiture; and that Mlle. de Scudéry was animated, when she painted it, by the generous desire of vindicating her sex, and of defending the cause of "noble and perfect gallantry," which had suffered wrong from this *bel esprit corrompu*. They seem to have got tired of him at last at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, where he took liberties that now and then went a little too far. That Hotel was not by any means a Liberty Hall, but he set up for its chartered libertine. "Voiture seul s'y licenciait un peu, mais Voiture était sans conséquence, et sur ce pied-là on lui passait bien des bouffonneries." While all the fine gentlemen of that circle were surrounding Angélique Paulet with the most "gallant homage," Voiture ventured a little further. "She had considerable relish for his wit, and there grew between them a sufficiently tender intimacy, all within the bounds sanctioned in that noble society; but on his presuming to overpass these bounds, she repulsed him still more rudely than Julie had done." This refers to his having the impudence, one day, to kiss the arm of the fair Julie d'Angennes, who thereupon showed him her opinion of his effrontery in prompt and legible style. Angélique could appreciate his esprit, but she could not stand being chucked under the chin like a little girl, and she too snubbed Voiture on the spot. The fact is, Monsieur Vincent Voiture was inordinately vain, and seems to have thought he might go all lengths, conquering and to conquer. Self-interest was, in his case, the only counterpoise to self-love. His position among high folks compelled him to flatter, whereas his natural disposition led him to snarl and bite. He was annoyed when others were successful—for alien success appeared to him a usurpation of his own exclusive and indefeasible rights.* He would fain have all the world to himself, and occupied about him, without a moment's interruption. His only *éloges* were for those who could eulogise him in return. He was the hanger-on of great people, from whom he received good places and pensions as many as he could hold; but then, from fear of appearing to be under obligations and in a state of inferiority to them, he affected an almost insolent air of familiarity with his patrons, insomuch that Condé once said, "Really this man would be unbearable if he were one of ours." He was obsequious and peevish by turns; now charming and sensible, anon domineering and ill-behaved. Such was his irritability that you had to be extremely cautious what you said to him, and how you said it—the least slip might provoke a storm. Out of pure vanity he aspired to be reckoned *le mourant des grandes dames*, and is said to have adopted mean contrivances to keep up this character. Meanwhile, in private life, he was a libertine and debauchee. No wonder that the writer of the "Grand Cyrus" had a dislike for a man so blind to the beauty, so unversed in the doctrines and practice of Platonic love.

The Letter he wrote on Tasso has been called his "patent of literary nobility," as proving him to be "too gallant a man to be allowed to remain in the *bourgeoisie*."† In corroboration of his pretensions to move in the best society, he fought four duels—two of them, we are told, "after the most romantic fashion of a poet,"—in one instance by the light of the

* See Cousin's *La Société Française au XVIIe Siècle.* T. ii. pp. 20 *sqq.*

† *Foreign Quart. Rev.*, Oct., 1843.

moon, in another by that of four torches. But he knew that literary reputation had been the making of him, and that to stand his ground among dukes and duchesses he must maintain his pre-eminence among letter-writers and sonneteers. Not that he was a professed or professional author. So far from that, he never printed his "works," which, when eventually collected and published after his death, consisted of epistles and *vers de société*, an unfinished romance entitled "History of Acidalis and Zelide," and some miscellaneous poems in Latin, Italian, and Spanish. He and Balzac are commonly held to divide honours among the beaux esprits of the *ruelles*. Both of them, says M. Demogeot, owe the best part of their celebrity to the letters they wrote: both of them use so as to abuse "the charming, perilous gift of esprit." Balzac is more serious and dignified, Voiture more *facile* and ingenious; the former shows more of the author, the latter is more the man of the world: if Balzac recals the emphatic gravity of Spain, Voiture's is rather the artificial elegance of Italy.* Yet, as Philarète Chasles has remarked, over and over again, in one and another of his volumes of Compared Literatures, the *mignardises galantes* of Voiture, though they retain something of an Italian tint, are, above all, Castilian. He was of the Italian section, in short, of the Spanish school. It was Marini who "gave birth to his beribboned poetics" and his *concetti-hispano-italiens*.† With these, however, Voiture contrived to hit to a T the taste of the times. His *aimables et spirituelles correspondantes* found him delightful. His grand art has been said to consist in surprise—his perfection, in inventing something unexpected, be it ever so whimsical or absurd. He was more free and frisky than Balzac in his correspondence, more far-fetched in his conceits, more intricate in his compliments. He turned trifles and tinsel to more account, and made more show of his spangles. "He says still less than Balzac in a greater number of words. He knows better how to combine the light allusions, the pretty caprices of language current in the society he affects. Balzac had at the least some general ideas: with Voiture all is local, we have the wit of a réunion of *initiés*, a *papillotage* of pretty little nothings, of imperceptible details of enigmas of gallantry, such as frequently require the reader's most unflagging attention. A clever child of twelve years old, Mlle. de Bourbon, has characterised Voiture better than any of his critics; her opinion was that 'he ought to be preserved in sugar.'‡ Seduced by his engaging faults, his contemporaries saw in him the most perfect of writers: people disputed over his letters: the Condés, Grammonts, Lavalettes, D'Avaux were the correspondents of a wine-merchant's son. Boileau himself was carried away by this torrent of admiration: without hesitation he placed Voiture by the side of Horace. This infatuation of an age may be extravagant, but is never inexplicable. The fact is that Voiture reintroduced into French literature what France loves best of all, *l'esprit*. His writings were a welcome reaction against the wearisome style so much cultivated in the sixteenth century. The grateful nation forgave much to a writer who was the first

* See Demogeot's "Hist. de la Litt. Fr.," ch. xxix.

† See Chasles, "Le XVIIIe Siècle en Angleterre," pp. 285, 317; "Etudes sur l'Espagne," pp. 110, 276, 287, 294; "Etudes sur le Moyen Age," p. 100, &c.

‡ Lettre de Voiture à Mlle. Paulet.

to make no pretence to be other than a man of the world. Voiture was the spoilt child of public opinion."*

M. de Sacy's comparison of Voiture with Balzac is somewhat different: "Balzac," he says, "cannot be mentioned without naming Voiture as well. They are two celebrities whom posterity has indissolubly associated together, two geniuses, however, of a very distinct cast. Voiture is not a declaimer of words, but a declaimer *d'esprit.* He seeks what is acute and ingenious in thought, as Balzac does what is brilliant and pompous in expression."† The same critic, in another of his Essays, claims for both these authors a first-class place in French authorship: "Balzac and Voiture, with faults that it was perhaps inevitable for them to have, in order to carry their age along with them, were evidently minds of the first rank. They sinned merely from the exuberance of their endowments. If they are too frequently above what is good, delicate, eloquent, never do they fall below it. Let us bear in mind that the whole seventeenth century acknowledged them as its masters, and that Boileau himself, Boileau! places Voiture by the side of Horace."‡ M. Cousin, whose endeavours to "draw Voiture out of the undeserved and universal oblivion into which he had long since fallen," have been so far successful as to stir several editors§ to reproduce him, and whose low estimate of the moral character of the man is frankly expressed,—is yet proud of having, as he calls it, "re-established his just rights to renown," and maintained the opinion of Mme. de Sévigné, and Boileau, and La Fontaine. "Voiture est le créateur d'un genre où il est resté le premier, même après Saint-Evremont et jusqu'à Voltaire."‖ His letters and light verses M. Cousin styles *un monument unique,* all a-glitter with the rarest gifts, with an infinity of esprit, with a comic *verve* that never dries up, but jets out and spurts up at the slightest hint, a boldness which allows itself entire liberty, and an art which knows how to say whatever is to be said, be the subject or the season what it may.

If Pascal gives it as his *pensée* that a good poet is no more wanted by the State than a good worker in embroidery, M. Sainte-Beuve¶ considers he must have been just reading one of Voiture's sonnets. *That,* it seems, will alike explain and vindicate—as applied to poetry à la Voiture—pensive Pascal's dictum. Elsewhere, however, Sainte-Beuve allows that "Voiture lui-même a des éclairs de sensibilité dans le brillant,"**—and quotes, not without sympathy, the sonnet of "a very good judge in so delicate a question," M. Guttinger, who thus addressed A Lady to whom he sent the Works of Voiture:

> Voici votre Voiture et son galant Permesse:
> Quoique guindé parfois, il est noble toujours.
> On voit tant de mauvais naturel de nos jours,
> Que ce brillant monté m'a plu, je le confesse.

* Demogeot, § "Influence de l'Espagne."

† De Sacy: "Variétés Littéraires," i. 93.

‡ Ibid. p. 108.

§ *E.g.* M. Ubicini in 1855; M. Roux in 1856; and, we believe, a still more recent instance. Does the demand actually beget all this supply?

‖ "La Société Française au XVIIe Siècle," par M. Victor Cousin, t. ii. p. 20.

¶ "Portraits Contemporains," p. 260.

** "Tableau de la Poésie Française au XVIe Siècle," p. 380 *note* (ed. 1848).

On voit (c'est un beau tort) que le commun le blesse
Et qu'il veut une langue à part pour ses amours;
Qu'il croit les honorer par d'étranges discours;
C'est là de ces défauts où le cœur s'intéresse.

C'était le vrai pour lui que ce faux tant blâmé;
Je sens que volontiers, femme, je l'eusse aimé.
Il a d'ailleurs des vers pleins d'un tendre génie;

Tel celui-ci, charmant, qui jaillit de son cœur:
"*Il faut finir mes jours en l'amour d'Uranie.*"
Saurez-vous comme moi comprendre sa douceur?

Whatever reply M. Guttinger's Lady Presentee might be able to give to this note of interrogation, we, poor strangers and foreigners, may be forgiven our inability to comprehend, or apprehend, or "take in," as the Sonneteer can, *all* the sweetness of Voiture's verse. But we can respect the homage here paid to the old versifier—and accept it as a favourable commentary on Voiture's good points, which it presents to the best advantage, not without some artificial *couleur de rose:* it pardons him for being sometimes starched and finical, because he is "always noble"—it is thankful for a "mounted brilliant" of his, after so much that is crude, unlicked, cubbish, and pseudo-natural in modern literature—it even admires his impatience of common diction and every-day style, in treating of such a thing as Love—it contends that for *him* the unreal style he affected was a real thing ("true for you," as the Irishman says),—and while claiming for him the merit of having penned verses full of tender feeling, it avows the Sonneteer's conviction that had he been a woman he should have loved Voiture. In which enthusiasm we shall be incapable of sharing, until Voiture be shown to have written far better verses, and to have been a much more lovable man, than any extant evidence goes to prove. And yet supposing oneself a woman, a Frenchwoman too, of the seventeenth century,—what guarantee dare one give, in that case, against getting to be in love with Voiture, or anything else freakish and unaccountable? At any rate, all hypotheses apart, that *badin et charmant* personage had his female adorers. "*I* was adored once," saith Sir Andrew Aguecheek, as tall a man as any in Illyria. Voiture had adorers more almost than he could reckon on his fingers; admirers of both sexes more than he might compute by the hairs of his head.

To understand something of the true kind and degree of his influence, we ought to have seen him in his element at the Hôtel de Rambouillet. There he sits, among dukes and duchesses, himself the observed of all observers, though not at all the glass of fashion or the mould of form. He jests placidly, and there is an elegant rustle of approbation. He utters some bantering conceit, and is rewarded by the simper of a marquisate, the smiles of a duchy. He makes up or dresses up a story, and a genteel buzz of interest pervades the assembly. There we see him, quite at his ease, and all in his glory. He chats respectfully with the noble hostess, whom alone, of that illustrious circle, it is his habit to spare; for even Voiture, and Tallemant even, were disarmed of their malice by a being so excellent as Catherine de Vivonne, Marquise de Rambouillet. He addresses fanciful compliments to the daughters of

the house, who, under their mother's auspices, share in its management—the benign Julie d'Angennes and her more exacting, less accommodating sister, Angélique. He rallies Mlle. Paulet on her list of conquests, begun with her teens, and multiplying and intensifying exceedingly as she grew up. He utters magniloquent and looks unutterable things at Mme. de Sablé, with whom he affects an "equivocal familiarity" in public, and is not publicly put down *parce qu'on passait beaucoup à Voiture.* With the Duc de Montausier, whom Cotin and Ménage declared to be the original of Molière's *Alceste*, and who eventually married Julie d'Angennes, he discourses of love and war, the "Garland of Julia," and the tactics of Turenne. With Gombauld his talk is of madrigal, and epigram, and ode. He bandies repartees with Julie's pet bishop, little Godeau, *grand évêque de Grasse*, and his grave-and-gay soldier-friend, Arnauld de Corbeville, whom Mme. de Rambouillet called her "poëte carabin ou son carabin poëte," and whose facility in verse-making she often turned to use. Chapelain is proud to exchange compliments with Voiture; Conrart is eager to discuss with him the last *séance* of the Academy; minor magnates are glad to be on bowing terms with him, and await his next *mot* with the patience of justifying faith—faith that it will come, in due time, and be worth waiting for, and worth repeating out of doors. Why would he not print and publish his good things? why not do himself the justice of enshrining in immortal volumes these otherwise perishable treasures? The prestige of Voiture's name was yet in its prime when Pellisson, in his History of the Academy (composed three or four years after Voiture's decease), inserted a jeu d'esprit of his, apropos of "that amusing dispute which arose at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, as to whether we ought to say *muscardins* or *muscadins*, the Academy deciding in favour of the latter"—to which dispute Pellisson alludes, only, he says, because "it serves to explain a *raillerie* made by M. de Voiture against those who were for saying *muscardins*, and which has not been printed." This "hitherto unprinted" fragment, relique, posthumous tid-bit, was hailed with acclamation, we warrant, by an admiring France. It is a pleasant specimen of Voiture in his sprightly mood, and may be here quoted to illustrate the manner of the man, as well as the sort of questions ventilated by the Rambouillet wits, and pronounced upon in solemn conclave by the French Academy:

Au siècle des vieux palardins,
Soit courtisans, soit citardins,
Femmes de cour ou citardines,
Prononçoient toujours muscardins
Et balardins et balardines;
Même l'on dit qu'en ce temps-là
Chacun disait rose muscarde;
J'en dirois bien plus que cela,
Mais par ma foi je suis malarde,
Et même en ce moment voilà
Que l'on m'apporte une panarde.

THE SEXTON'S BROTHER.

It was bitter cold; the spider was frozen in his web, and the bird glued to the ivy-bough.

The very dead were frozen in their shrouds.

Well, they didn't care for that at the Duke of Marlborough's, on New Year's-eve, 1760, not they. Still the wind over snow sounds drearily even to those who sit round a fire, and though logs blaze in a glow of crimson, against which the still unconsumed fragmeuts stand out dark and sharp, like the black roof-tree of a burning house, when a single flake of snow finds its way through smoke and flame, and hisses in the little fiery gulf below, it does make one shudder at the death and desolation without.

How the drifts are piling up over the gravestones in the quiet churchyard, and up-darkening the old kings of the painted window, and substituting a poor pale shadow for their crimson sunset stain that loves to linger all the noon long about the half-defaced brass of the De Tracys in the chancel, like a memory of blood shed long ago, or like those dusky spots that blot the boards of the long corridor of the Moat House.

The moon upon snow, good lack, is a dreary sight, but there wasn't even that to-night; and if there did linger a star or two you couldn't well see them till you looked about; and they didn't light the night, for it was the glimmer of the snow, that even in the darkest places, in thick coverts, and under matted trees, cast a pale reflexion on all surrounding things. 'Twas Nature in her grave-clothes, so the village crones said, and laughed; for even life, and hope, and infancy, reminded them only of the grave, how much more, then, this very ghastly image of the face of death!

And the wind drifted the snow as it rose slowly and silently as the waters of a new deluge over the prints of man and bird, twisting up in white columns like smoke when the north wind caught up a handful and cast it away with a howling laugh as his deadly gift to man. For the snow, though beautiful and fair, and of the very colour of the May blossoms, brings suffering and death to man; though it shelter the bud, pile warm over the flower, and hastens on the spring, it slays the shepherd in the fold and the watchman in his sheltered nook. It smiles and slays; the angel of the snow is passionless and cruel, mocking at prayer, for she is the youngest daughter of winter and the white death. And up through the snow—for foul things will float up—peered still the dead things of autumn, the withered reeds and the last leaves red and brown.

It drew colder towards midnight, and the very owl was chilled deep in the sheltering ivy, the sleeper's breath froze upon the cottage pane, the child awoke crying, and the weary peasant tossed restless in a dream of men lost in snow gullies, and buried where they fell by the snow that slew them. The dog howled in the kennel, and the cock crew from his perch, awoke by the light of the snow, rather wishing than believing it were the dawn.

The deep footprints round the village forge, where the idlers had

crowded at nightfall to warm themselves at the sight of the ascending blaze, to rejoice in the roar of the bellows, or to wonder at the perpetual firework of the sparks, and crimson their blue faces in the warm light, grew fainter, and still the snow fell on, as if it would never cease till it had buried the world. There was still one uncovered track, and that led to the village inn. There, round the kitchen fire, sat the dignitaries of the village: the tailor, a thin, wizened fellow, you may know him by the needle and thread stuck in his coat-sleeve, and who is warming his lantern jaws over the steam of a pot of buttered ale, and at present examining with a curious eye the deep cuff of the landlord's coat, which he proclaims "very curiously cut, and undoubtedly the work of a man of parts." By his side sits the blacksmith, who, having just probed the fire, from the mere habit acquired in the stithy, is eyeing the poker enviously, with a look which seems to say, "If that's your cast-iron work, I could beat out better with my old hammer." Then there are half a dozen farmers looming red through smoke-clouds; and, not to be overlooked if you wished, the landlord, a perfect butt, both as to size, shape, and capacity for holding liquor, with a face as red as a London sun in a fog.

Just opposite his old high-backed seat of honour are the sexton and the schoolmaster, engaged in a controversy, which, having long existed in whispers, has at last risen above and silenced all the smaller circles of conversation, and merged all into one. Both are lean, cadaverous-looking men; but the sexton, being dressed in a faded black coat of the minister's, who has gone home about an hour, looks more angular and bony than the schoolmaster, who rejoices in an old brocade waistcoat of the squire's, glowing with a twining mass of faded roses as big as cabbages; very gorgeous for the dog-days, but, to say the least, somewhat chilling in cold December.

"I tell thee what," said the schoolmaster, angrily, for a man of his dignity, and the more angrily as he had just burnt his little finger in attempting to use it as a tobacco-stopper, "the story is a flat remnant of paganism and heathendom, and I'll never believe it. I say again, gentlemen, does it sound like Christianity?"

"Yes, yes," said the sexton, a waspish little man with a malicious mouth and hard-lined features, looking snappishly round at those he addressed, "it is so as sure as the Pope's in Rome."

"Is what true?" said the landlord, suddenly roused from a reverie which had some affinity to sleep. "What is it that makes gossips quarrel over good ale, that should be the very milk of human kindness? Adzooks! let's have no schism here."

"Why, why, Master Nicholas, who believes that the white rose flowers under the snow, and a lot more stuff that King George should know of, will not credit me when I tell him that I—I, Griffin Denner, parish sexton, saw this night three years, with mine own eyes, a light playing round the coffin-plate of old Sir Robert Fortrose—such a light that I could read the name by—and when I said a charm, and muttered the Lord's Prayer backwards, it disappeared and left the vault in darkness. Haven't I heard my grandmother say a thousand times, that when the old baronet was buried they found his body the next night thrown out of the grave, and lying stiff and stark in his grave-clothes at the grave's edge, with his teeth set just as if he died in pain, yet he went off in a sleep, the waiting

woman told me. Say what you like, there's a curse gone out 'gainst the family—there's a curse gone out 'gainst the family."

"Poh!" said the schoolmaster, "nought but that curse we all suffer from—poverty."

"And a bitter curse it is," said one who had not before spoken—a morose-looking man, the brother of the sexton, and who lived with him as a poor dependent, having been, if report said true, a highwayman till a chance shot from some traveller's pistol lamed him for life; "and there's only one greater, and that's riches, though I should be glad to bear it." And he laughed savagely, rousing himself for a moment from a now habitual manner of crawling and hypocritical servility. "We sell everything in this age—our own lives and our daughters' virtue. 'Tis the first thought of the son by the bed of his dying father, and makes him bear the loss with resignation." And as the man spoke, such a fiendish sneer distorted his features that those who saw him shuddered. "With money, a leper's life," he continued, "though his brain be seared with fever and his hands be red with blood; but without it man is but a thing fit to chain up as you would a bull-dog to snap at beggars and tear thieves, and to feed with the broken scraps that you cannot eat."

"Hold thy tongue," said the sexton, with the air of an offended superior. "A man of good parts need never want ample food and a comfortable home while a relation or a friend lives."

"The leavings of plates that the dogs reject, and the scanty crumbs of a miser's table, are always to be had."

"Robert, Robert!" said the sexton, "thou knowest that I keep from thee nought, for we all know that 'tis of thyself thou speakest. I will not bear this ingratitude, this passionate humour, from one whom my own hands feed. Thou knowest I am poor and old, and yet I toil willingly on, and divide my pittauce with thee. A few nights' less carding, an honest life, and thou wouldst have been rich and free, sound in body, pure in mind, and clean of hand."

"And who art thou, miserable carcase robber," said the cripple, as he limped violently from his seat, throwing down the table and scalding the thin tailor with a jug of mulled ale, advancing as if he would lift his hand against the grey head of his brother, "to talk of clean hands and pure life? filcher of rings from corpses' fingers, pilferer of grave linen, profaner of the peace of death!" Then suddenly, as if checking his paroxysm of rage by a sudden spasm, he lifted his fallen chair from the ground, and held out his hand to his brother. "I cannot help this violence of temper; but forgive me, William, for I have done you wrong."

Without a word the sexton held out the proffered hand, and shook it warmly.

"It wants but five minutes to midnight," he said, after a short pause; "and, brother, we must to the belfry to ring the year in with the Fortrose knell, so make ready."

And in a few minutes of reluctant lingering the two brothers, so quickly reconciled, rose and left the room.

"Say what you like," said the landlord, looking up after a long interval of thought, "I don't like that brother of Denner's, and as sure as I live he'll make a bad end of it. If he doesn't stretch a rope some time or another may I never score a pint of ale again."

"'Tis a harsh saying," replied the schoolmaster, "and hath less of good-nature than thy ordinary talk."

The conversation, for a moment hushed by the brothers' quarrel, now rose louder than ever, as fire is kindled fiercer by the wind that for a moment beats down its flame.

"And what knell is this?" said a man more wizen-looking than even the tailor, and no less a person than the village barber, several days' beard growing on his chin, peering eyes, and an anxious, hen-pecked face, a great retailer and a no less eager recipient of news; "'tis a strange hour and season for a knell."

"Why, if thee wern't a stranger, Master Winkin," replied the landlord, "thee could never ask about such an old tale as that. Didst never hear how old Sir Robert Fortrose, in a hard night's drinking, on just such a night as this—a new year's night—ran his only son through the heart in a drunken quarrel, as they both sat alone at midnight over their wine, and when day broke, and the servants came into the room, they found the grey old father raving mad, moping and moaning in his chair at the head of the old table, and cursing at his son for a poor milksop, because he wouldn't pledge him in another bottle, and not far from him, with his hands spread over the table, and his head hidden, lay the dead son, the dark-clotted blood frozen and fastening him to the board, and the old man's fingers red with it, for it had trickled amongst the glasses?"

"Ah! 'tis a sad story," said another auditor, dressed in a shabby livery, who had in his youth been a servant at the Fortrose's, "and there's no human hand will ever wash that stain out of the boards; a many a morning I have rubbed at it till my very heart ached, and as sure as there are fish in the sea, before nightfall it would break out again in a red rash. There's something not right about the old house. When I was a boy I used to be frightened into shivers—and yet I was a sprightly boy—to see the old portraits following me with their eyes, or at night to see the fire flames twinkling and forming in strange figures, dogged by shadows over the wainscot; and often on a windy night, when I have had to come alone down the long north corridor to put up the shutters in the red parlour, as the room was called, I've fancied I've heard shrieks and gurgling sounds, and the jingle of glasses, and then a drip, drip, like blood upon the floor; and I've stood there saying a prayer, and afraid to open the door, ay, half an hour."

"But tell that story, William, about the keyhole," said the landlord, patronisingly, trying to obtain a share in the glory of the lion of the evening.

"Oh, it's a mere nothing," said William, looking down with a smile of gratified vanity, and repeating, in a very slow voice, as a hint of its importance, "nothing—at—all."

"The story! the story!" cried the whole company, eagerly, drawing in a closer circle round the quondam butler, who, filling his pipe with the artful coy delay of a practised tactician, began, in a much longer story than we have room for, to narrate that, on one particular occasion—it was a December evening, about five o'clock—the family were abroad, and he was left alone to take care of the house. He had been sitting before a great wooden fire in the hall, watching the black logs glow into red, rib

into fiery gaps, and then fall away into white ashes, till, getting tired of this reflective, but rather monotonous amusement, he got up and looked at the sunset, the deep cloudy blue change into molten gold, and then settle into a melancholy grey; and at the instant the sun went down a low, dirging wind sprang up, and as he heard it a strange cloud of melancholy fell over him, although he was naturally a cheerful youth, and the best dancer in the village—here he held out his thin leg and patted it—and he tried to whistle "Lilikilew," but it wouldn't do, so he thought he'd just go up-stairs, and, like a boy's curiosity, as it was, look through the different rooms that he had never yet seen to see all was right, and to divert his spirits. And, clapping on a laced cocked-hat which hung on a pair of antlers in the hall, and seizing an old gold-headed crutch-cane, he took it into his head to fancy himself for a moment the squire, and the old ghost-house his own. So up he went slowly the old oak stairs that led up from the hall to the gallery of the bedrooms. But all of a sudden the thought of the dreadful night struck him, and he felt as if a hand of ice were laid angrily on his shoulder, but when he turned and looked fearfully round, and there was nothing—fool that he was! of course there was nothing—but he thought of how he heard they carried the body up those very steps, and how the blood dripped from it as they bore it up, and how the madman hollowed and shouted with laughter till the hall rang again at the dolt who could not carry three bottles, and when he saw the blood said it was a burning shame to see such good Burgundy wasted. But he tried to dismiss these things, and on he went to the old state bedroom, but everything wore such a funereal aspect that his very blood turned cold. The chill of the damp room struck him like a vault, and as he opened the first creaking door the dusty black hearse-like plumes on the huge crimson brocade bed waved mournfully; and as he entered rapidly he thought he saw a white shadow pass across the old mirror that stood on the faded gilt toilette-table, and though there was no wind that could be felt the pictures flapped on the walls, as when a strong wind enters the room. And at this moment a door in a distant part of the house slammed violently, a bell rang in the state chamber, and he could bear it no longer, but hurried down, dropping his hat as he shut the door, but afraid to return even a step to pick it up, and fancying, as he hurried down the long corridor, that he heard light footsteps behind him, and the stiff rustling of silk gowns; and as he passed each door, from which seemed to come low voices, he trembled lest one should open with a burst and disclose some hideous sight. And as he was putting his first footstep on the stair, he remembered that the old amber cane that dangled by a thong of perfumed leather from his wrist was supposed by legend to have belonged to the murdered man, and although he held it not, it seemed as if a bloody sweat still hung about it as he grasped it, and he threw it down in horror, and it rolled with a clatter to the hall below, strangely, as he thought, to his astonishment and horror, snapping in two as it touched the marble floor. Having picked up the fragments, to be carefully repaired at his leisure, an irresistible curiosity must needs impel him to peep through the keyhole of the Red Parlour, which opened from this very hall at the end of a small dark passage, and, creeping on tiptoe, he looked in, and when he looked, to his indescribable heart-sickening terror, he saw another eye, bright

and luminous, looking through, too, from within, and when he listened the death-bell rang in his ear, and the wind seemed like voices wailing over the dead; and as the door suddenly flew open and showed no one within, he swooned in terror. When he came to it was dark night, and a dozen servants were bending over him, for the family had suddenly returned while he lay in his trance.

As he told this strange detail of the fears and invention of a superstitious serving-man, full to repletion of family legend and "auld world" story, the death-bells instituted by the Fortrose family to be rung annually on New Year's-eve, and to ring which muffled peal the two brothers had sallied out an hour since, boomed out on the cold dark night, adding a deeper melancholy to the sad relation of family crime and its dreadful retribution.

The bell had long ceased, and the greater part of the fireside circle—all but a few jolly bachelors who feared no domestic chidings—the landlord, and a few veterans who never retired while there was a friend to season the cup and pass the tankard, when a low faint knock was heard at the outer door.

"Is that a knock?" said the wizened tailor, timorously, "or the w—w—ind?"

"The wind," said the landlord, stoutly, knocking the ashes from his pipe with ten times a louder noise.

"There it is again!" cried the tailor, looking over his shoulder.

There it was again: a low, feeble knock, more like a death-watch, or a dying beggar, than any noise a human being's hand would make.

"It's an omen," said one.

"Somebody should go and see what it is," cried another.

"It may be robbers," shivered a third, as if he felt a draught.

"It's the wind," said the landlord, decisively; "the wind is in the habit of a-doing it." And the conversation proceeded for some minutes, when again a low knocking, a little louder than before, such as a bough makes when the wind beats it in a sort of rude cadence against a door or window-pane.

"Man or devil, here goes!" said the landlord, provoked by finding it wasn't the wind after all, and snatching a candle from the table with one hand, he grasped the huge kitchen-poker in the other, though not one of his suggestive advisers ventured to follow the daring adventurer.

In a moment his cry of mingled horror and surprise drew them all to his side, and in an instant afterwards he entered the inn kitchen bearing the body of an old and apparently dying man in his arms, and placing him in his own seat, began to chafe his frozen limbs with all the assiduity of a kind old nurse.

"Good God, it's the sexton!" cried half a dozen voices in chorus.

The old man lay like a child helpless in the landlord's arms, insensible, his eyes closed, and his mouth opening and shutting like that of a dying man, blood oozing from a large wound in his forehead. With great difficulty they forced a little brandy down his throat, and after some minutes of assiduous care, the old man began slowly to open his eyes, look round wildly, as if his reason were somewhat shaken, and to mutter half inarticulate words—"Spare me—I'm an old man—help!" Then, as he revived more and more, he rose slowly and feebly to his feet, and

raising his hand to the wound in his forehead, exclaimed, "God be thanked, I'm safe!"

This story and his wonderful escape, are soon narrated. On leaving the inn, he walked as quickly as he could towards the church, carrying the lantern, and leaving his brother to follow at a slower pace. He observed that he loitered behind, and muttered words that he could not hear; and when he turned the light of the lantern upon him, he turned away his face with a curse, as if the light dazzled and annoyed him. They passed through the churchyard without a word, except that he observed under the yew-tree a long shallow grave, recently dug, but still almost full of snow, but he made no remark upon it to his brother, who had walked quickly on, and had already succeeded in "raising" his bell and commencing the accustomed knell. They had finished, and he was complaining of the cold, when he suddenly saw, by a rapid movement of the shadows on the belfry-wall, his brother's hand raising a mattock to brain him. He turned round, and before he could utter a cry or seize a spade that stood by the wall to defend himself, he received a blow on the forehead and fell senseless. He awoke with a sense of suffocation and of a weight pressing on his face and limbs. He was buried alive. He tried to scream, but no sound came. He struggled stronger in all the agony of despair. He felt the earth yield to his efforts; despair lent him strength; his head was freed, and his hands once slowly drawn forth, he released the superincumbent weight that pressed upon him. After resting for a long time and clinging for support to the yew and the tombstones, he crawled out of the churchyard and made his way to the nearest house—the inn.

Many were the groans, sighs, and exclamations of indignation and of pity with which this narrative of a half-completed fratricide was listened to, and deep and long was the consultation as to what steps should be taken to track the murderer and bring him to justice. At last they resolved, as the night was far spent and the day well-nigh at hand, to bind up the old man's wound, wrap him in blankets, place him in the warmest nook beside the fire, and while he refreshed his exhausted frame by sleep, to watch silently for the first dawn of day as the signal to sally forth in pursuit of the wretched object of their deserved hatred.

An hour or two had passed. The old man, worn out with the fatigue of his struggle for life, and exhausted by loss of blood from his wound, had sunk into a feverish and restless sleep, broken by sudden starts, horrible groans, and broken exclamations. Thin grey streaks had already barred the east, and were kindling into minute veins of fire. The dawn had already commenced, and the landlord had given the signal for starting, having left the old man in the care of the thin tailor, whose ardour for the pursuit had gradually oozed out at the thoughts of a day's work lost and the chance of a life-and-death struggle with a desperate man.

The landlord had armed his party, and they were still circling lingeringly, whispering around the fire, as the landlord unbarred the door, when a loud hurried knock attracted their attention. The landlord threw open the door: it was "the Sexton's Brother," pale and trembling. With an air of affected gaiety he bid the landlord good morning, and asked him what news was stirring.

"Very strange news," said the landlord, in a deep, hollow voice, as he

dragged, rather than led, the questioner into the room with affected merriment, his companions having, at the sound of his voice, gathered in a circle round the fire, so as to hide the sleeping man. "But what ails thee, man?" he said, clutching him by the collar in a sort of savage wonder, which the unsuspecting man took for blunt jocularity, "why, thy grizzled hair has turned grey since we last met."

Ere the wretched man could answer, and while he was stammering out his own ignorance of the fact, a sight appeared which was as blasting to him as if the dawn of the day of judgment had suddenly reddened in the heavens, for the circle that surrounded the fire suddenly giving way, the sick man, wrapped in a white sheet, which had been thrown over his blankets, and a white bandage surrounding his brow, stained here and there with blood, arose and stood before him.

For an instant only the murderer stared at his intended victim as if an angel had descended from the sky, his eyes almost leaping from their sockets, and glaring with incipient madness; the next, he uttered one shriek and fell dead upon the floor. The blood gushing from his mouth and nostrils told too plainly that a blood-vessel broken had occasioned his death. As he fell, some pieces of gold coin rolled from his pocket, declaring at once the object of the contemplated crime and the fruitlessness of his guilt.

For what object the murderer came to the inn on the morning after the perpetration of his crime could never be ascertained. It is supposed that, after the dreadful scene in the churchyard, he had returned to his brother's house, broken open a chest, as it was afterwards found, laden himself with the spoil, and hastened forth on the road to London; but the way was across fields, and the snow had buried all the usual landmarks. Fear, the agony of a tormenting conscience, and repentance at the crime, destroyed his memory, and rendered him vacillating and thoughtless as a child. He walked round in a circle without knowing it, and when day broke, found himself not far from the very spot where he had set out—so, at least, it was conjectured by the footprints tracked over the snow. Once, it appeared, he had sat down, as if to die, but the desire of life was too strong, and he arose and went on. That unaccountable impulse that impels murderers to their ruin drove him, it is further conjectured, to knock at the door of that very inn where himself and his brother had been happy inmates but a few hours since.

Avarice, heightened by a rankling hatred, and superstitious terror suddenly paralysing a mind already shaken by a night of conflicting passions, were sufficient motives to impel a bad heart to crime, and ample causes by which to explain this sudden retribution. He was buried in the very resting-place that he had prepared for another.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF NAPOLEON I.*

WHATEVER divergence of opinions may exist in this country as to the character of the present Emperor of the French, all must be unanimous in conceding that none is so well acquainted as he with the temper and feelings of the French nation. To the true Gaul, the history of his fatherland only dates back to the first Revolution. He is perfectly indifferent to the deeds of Valois and Bourbons, but he puts implicit faith in the first Empire and the glory which it brought upon his fatherland. Over camp-fires or in crowded barracks the conversation always turns on one point—the wars of the Republic and the Empire. Grey-headed sergeants tell of the glorious days when there were truly giants in the land, and the conscripts listen with awe-struck reverence to the story of Marengo or of Austerlitz. In the army not the slightest incident connected with the Napoleonic cycle of victories is unknown. You may learn how this one from a miller's son became a marshal—ay, even a king—and at the recital the recruit's eye flashes with unwonted fire, and he calls to mind with ecstasy the great Emperor's doctrine, "that every private carried his marshal's staff in his knapsack." And yet, were you to ask these Tyrtæi of the Revolution for a description of Fontenoy, they would regard you with amazement, and avow their ignorance of a battle mayhap as glorious as any ever fought by Frenchmen, for there they had the rare honour of compelling Englishmen to retreat.

This feeling of enthusiasm for the first Napoleon is so universal in France, that the first measure taken by the prince-president was to foster it in every possible degree, and since his accession to the throne he has done his utmost to add to the apotheosis of his uncle. A commission has been appointed to trace his passage through life, and every house inhabited by him on his road to the Tuileries will have an inscription placed upon it, bearing the date of its occupation by him. But a far grander and more sterling memorial of the great man will be found in the collection of his entire Correspondence, which has been going on for some time, the result being the publication of the first volume, to which we propose calling our readers' attention. The committee entrusted with this difficult task made an appeal to the French nation for contributions, and thousands of letters were sent in, which have enabled Napoleon's very thoughts, as it were, to be traced day after day. Although these letters cannot add to his glory, they furnish a better comprehension of his prodigious destiny, the prestige which he exercised over his contemporaries, and of the irresistible impulse which forced France into restoring his dynasty on the throne. We think that the commission have acted wisely in confining their attention to Napoleon the warrior and legislator, and omitting letters merely referring to domestic matters, for their readers will be able to better appreciate the incessant labour he devoted to the welfare and progress of his country. To furnish some idea of his zeal, we may mention that the archives of the empire contain no less than forty thousand documents of Napoleon's Correspondence, and the Depôt of War

* Correspondance de Napoléon Ier. Publiée par ordre de l'Empereur Napoléon III. Paris: Henri Plon. Vol. I.

more than twenty thousand. And this exclusive of the thousands upon thousands entrusted to the commission by his relatives and private individuals.

The first letter in this volume bears date 25th October, 1793, and is addressed to the Committee of Public Safety from Toulon, where Napoleon had just assumed the command of the artillery of the army of the South. Even at the outset we are struck with admiration at the incessant activity he displays in organising and improving the *matériel.* In every letter he complains of the neglect to which the army is exposed, and is never forgetful of self-praise. Thus he writes: "Three days after my arrival the army possessed an artillery, and the batteries of the Mountain and the Sans-culottes were established." After enumerating all the improvements he has made and projected, he adds, "You will grant some merit to these different operations, citizen minister, when you learn that I am alone to direct the park—the military operations and the arsenal; that I have not a single sergeant-conductor, and only fifty gunners, of whom many are recruits." Thanks to his combinations, he was enabled to announce to the committee, on the 24th of December, 1793, that Toulon had fallen, and the English squadron had run a narrow chance of escape. On his return to Paris he maintains a close correspondence with his brother Joseph, which has been already published. One striking passage, however, deserves quotation here, as showing how quickly the Parisians forgot the horrors of the guillotine.

Luxury, pleasure, and the arts are regaining ground in an astonishing manner. Yesterday "Phèdre" was played at the Opera for the benefit of an old actress; the crowd was immense from two P.M., although the prices were trebled. Carriages and élégans reappear, or rather it seems to them like a dream that they ever ceased to dazzle. The libraries, lectures on history, chemistry, botany, astronomy, &c., succeed each other. All is piled up in this country to distract and render life agreeable. All are striving to escape from their reflections: and how is it possible to entertain gloomy views in this working of the mind and noisy activity? Women are everywhere—at the theatres, promenades, and libraries; in the cabinet of the savant you meet very pretty women. Here alone, of all places in the world, they deserve to hold the helm. Thus the men are mad about them, only think of them, and only live for and by them. A woman requires six months in Paris to learn what is due to her and what her empire is.

And yet the young general must have chafed terribly at his forced inactivity. Memoir after memoir he sends in as to the uses to be derived from the army of Italy, and he draws up instructions, by direction of the committee, for General Kellerman, commander-in-chief of the army of the Alps. They are masterpieces of strategy, and dimly foreshadow the victories Napoleon is himself to gain. Then we find him offering his services to proceed to Turkey and organise the army of the Sultan, as a check to the designs of Austria and Prussia, but the committee are of opinion that they cannot let him leave France as long as the war lasts, so they reappoint him to the artillery. Next comes the great day, the 14th Vendémiare, an IV., when Napoleon is second in command of the troops that defeat the sections, and finally restore tranquillity to Paris. Within a week the incompetent Barras is deposed from the command of the army of the interior, and Napoleon takes his place. Still his thoughts ever turn longingly to the army of Italy. He knows what can be done in that part of the world, and chafes at the thoughts of

opportunities neglected. At length he gains the object of his ambition—he is appointed commander-in-chief of the army of Italy, and another interesting event occurs simultaneously:

To Citizen Letourneur, President of the Executive Directory.
Head-quarters, Paris, 21st Ventôse, an IV.

I have requested Citizen Barras to inform the Executive Directory of my marriage with the Citoyenne Tascher-Beauharnois. The confidence the Directory has displayed towards me in all circumstances renders it my duty to instruct it of all my actions. It is a new tie attaching me to my country; it is a further pledge of my firm resolve only to find safety in the Republic. Greeting and respect.

Bonaparte,
General-in-Chief of the army of Italy.

Letter No. 90 in this series is in so far interesting as it is the first occasion on which the general subscribes himself Bonaparte, and the next following is the memorable proclamation addressed to the army on the opening of the campaign: "Soldiers! you are naked and ill-fed: government owes you everything, and can give you nothing. Your patience, and the fortitude you have displayed in the midst of these inhospitable rocks, are admirable, but they bestow no glory upon you—you are gaining no renown. I will lead you to the most fertile plains in the world. Rich provinces, great cities shall be in your power, there you will enjoy honour, glory, and wealth. Soldiers of Italy! will you fail in courage or constancy?" But if the soldiers construed this into a tacit license to "rifle, rob, and plunder," they were doomed to be terribly disappointed, for the young general punished all such excesses with unexampled severity. We come across a multitude of general orders, in which Bonaparte pitilessly orders men to be shot for plundering, and for a while the provost-marshal had no leisure time of it. But Bonaparte was perfectly in the right; the men were insubordinate and ill-disciplined, and he knew that he could not trust them until he rendered them amenable to his authority. Had he not instituted these rigorous examples, his army would have been defeated in the first general action, for nothing demoralises so much as licence. Our great Duke was well aware of this, and the history of his first campaign in Spain is equally fertile in examples of severity. By these means, the troops, whom the Iron Duke called the worst in the world, ended by defeating the French in every engagement. We would the more urge this point, as a contemporary appears to us to have made an utterly false estimate of Napoleon's character, and refers to indifference of human life what was in fact the result of stern necessity. See how Napoleon writes of his army to the Directory:

The treasury has often sent us bills which are protested; one of 62,800 livres has just been so, which increases our embarrassment. I found this army not only wanting everything, but undisciplined, and in a chronic state of insubordination. The general discontent was such that the evil-wishers had got hold of them; a dauphin company had been formed, and Chouan and anti-revolutionary songs were sung. I had two officers accused of having shouted "Vive le roi!" tried by a court-martial.

The battle of Montenotte was the first victory achieved in Italy by the Republicans. The Austrians were again beaten at Millesimo, and on the

next day at Dego, where nine thousand prisoners, twenty-two guns, and fifteen flags were taken. But in the midst of these glorious successes, the horrible propensity for plundering disturbed the commander-in-chief, and at length drew from him the following fierce general order, dated from Lesegno, 22nd of April, 1796:

The general-in-chief expresses to the army his satisfaction at its bravery and the successes daily gained over the enemy; but he sees with horror the fearful pillage to which certain ill-conditioned men give themselves up, and who only join their corps after a battle to indulge in excesses most dishonourable to the army and the name of Frenchmen. In consequence, he orders: 1st. The chief of the staff will hand him, within twenty-four hours, a report on the moral conduct of the adjutants-general and other officers attached to the staff. 2ndly. The generals of division will send, within twenty-four hours, to the general commanding, their opinion as to the morality of the field officers who have served under them since the opening of the campaign. . . . . The generals of division are authorised to break on the spot, or even send to Fort Carré at Antibes, those officers who by their example authorised the horrible pillage which has gone on for several days past. Generals of division are authorised, by the nature of the circumstances, to shoot on the spot officers or soldiers who, by their example, excite others to pillage, and thus destroy discipline, produce disorder in the army, and compromise its safety and glory. Every officer and sub-officer who has not followed his flag, or who, without a valid excuse, is absent during a battle, will be dismissed the service, and his name sent to his department that he may be branded in the eyes of his fellow-citizens as a coward.

These repeated allusions to the officers furnish very sufficient proof that, from the highest to the lowest, every man was trying to carry out in their integrity the provisions of the first proclamation, and it was only the love with which all regarded Napoleon that caused them to submit to such stringent orders. The proclamation, however, appears to have produced the proper effect, for allusions to the subject grow rarer and rarer as we proceed through the volume. And yet the army had behaved splendidly in the field; in a fortnight it had gained six victories, captured twenty-one flags, fifty-five guns, several strong places, conquered the richest part of Piedmont, taken fifteen thousand prisoners, and killed or wounded more than ten thousand men. Let us quote from the general's proclamation to his army: "You were in want of everything at the commencement of the campaign; you are now abundantly supplied; the magazines taken from your enemies are numerous; the siege and field-artillery has arrived. Soldiers, your country has a right to expect great things from you; you will justify its expectations? The greatest obstacles are doubtlessly overcome; but you have still battles to fight, towns to take, rivers to pass. Are there any among you whose courage fails them? are there any who would prefer to go back and await the insults of this servile soldatesca? No. There are none such among the conquerors of Montenotte, Millesimo, Dego, and Mondovi. All wish to be able to say with pride on returning to their villages, "I belonged to the victorious army of Italy."

After the defeat of Cherasco, the Sardinians were glad to sue for peace, and Napoleon consented to an armistice, on condition that four strong places should be handed over to him as security. His rear thus protected, he proceeded into Italy to secure some tangible reward for his victories. The following letter, written to M. Faypoult, will furnish the best idea of the scheme he designed:

We reached Acqui yesterday. Beaulieu is flying so fast that we cannot catch him up. To-morrow La Harpe will be at Tortona, where I much desire to have a conference with you on essential objects. Send me a memorandum—geographical, historical, political, and topographical—on the imperial fiefs adjoining Genoa, that I may draw the most benefit from them. Send me a report about the Dukes of Parma, Placentia, and Modena; the force they have, the strong places they possess, and in what the riches of their countries consist; above all, send me a statement of the pictures, statues, antiquities, &c., at Milan, Parma, Placentia, Modena, and Bologna. When we made peace with Spain, the Duke of Parma should have joined us. Why did he not do so?

Soon after, writing to Carnot, Bonaparte informs him that he has sent him twenty of the best pictures by Corregio and Michel Angelo, and hopes, if matters go well, to be able to send him two millions of francs shortly. He commences raising the sum by levying two millions on the Duke of Parma, who also provided the pictures. So soon as this matter was satisfactorily arranged, Bonaparte set out in pursuit of the Austrians, and came up with them at the bridge of Lodi. He considers this the boldest operation of the whole campaign. Beaulieu had drawn up his army in battle array, and thirty guns defended the passage of the bridge. The Austrians kept up a terrific fire, and the head of the French column began to yield. A moment's hesitation would have lost everything, but Berthier, Lannes, and others rushed to the head of the column and carried all before them. In his despatch to the Directory, Napoleon specially commends Berthier, who on this day was gunner, trooper, and grenadier. This victory opened the whole of Lombardy to the French, and Bonaparte was already entertaining ambitious dreams of signing a peace in the capital of astonished Austria. But matters were not to progress so rapidly, for the army of the Rhine was far from supporting him in the way it should have done. At the same time Napoleon was thwarted by the Directory, who proposed dividing the army of Italy into two, and giving the command of one half to Kellerman. This Bonaparte vigorously resisted:

If you surround me with all sorts of embarrassments (he writes to the Directory)—if I must refer to the commissioners of government at every step—if they have a right to change my movements, to take away or send me troops, expect nothing good henceforth. If you weaken your means by dividing your forces—if you break in Italy the unity of military thought—I tell you with pain, you will have lost the fairest occasion to impose laws on Italy. In the present posture of affairs here, it is indispensable that you should have a general possessing your entire confidence. If it were not myself, I should not complain; but I would try to redouble my zeal in order to merit your esteem in the post you might entrust to me. Each has his own way of carrying on war. General Kellerman has more experience, and will do so better than I; but together we should do it very badly. I can only render essential service to my country when invested with your entire and absolute confidence. I feel that I require great courage to write you such a letter; it would be so easy to accuse me of ambition and pride, but I am bound to express to you all my feelings, as you have ever given me testimonies of your esteem which I must not forget.

The Duke of Modena was the next potentate to feel the weight of Republican anger; he was fined seven million five hundred thousand francs in cash, and two million five hundred thousand more in kind, as well as twenty pictures, to be selected by the commissioners of the Republic. Among the latter was Corregio's celebrated "St. Jerome," estimated to be worth two hundred thousand francs. So soon as this

little business was settled, the Milanese were invited to share the blessings of liberty, equality, and fraternity with the French, and a new constitution was drawn up for them. In the mean while, the siege of the citadel was being pressed on vigorously, and Napoleon was inflicting fearful punishments on those who wished to hold on to the old order of things. In his proclamation to the inhabitants of Lombardy, he says: "The general-in-chief, faithful to the principles adopted by the French nation, which does not make war on peoples, desires to leave a door open for repentance; but those who, within twenty-four hours, have not laid down their arms and taken anew the oath of obedience to the Republic, will be treated as rebels, and their villages burnt." What a practical satire on the boasted liberty. The Milanese, who actually dared to take up arms in defence of the old state of things, were mercilessly condemned by a military commission and shot. Such was the equality offered them, and if they naturally declined it, they took the responsibility on themselves. Pavia, too, had the audacity to withstand the French, and had the most exemplary punishment inflicted upon it: and, Bonaparte tells us, had the blood of a single Frenchman been shed, he would have erected on the ruins of the city a column, on which would have been inscribed "Here stood the town of Pavia." But, after all, this is a mere exaggeration of the doctrine of fraternity.

The battle of Valeggio expelled the Austrians from Italy, and the French outposts were stationed on the mountains of Germany. The capture of Verona caused a general flight of the émigrés, rather fortunately for the town, as Bonaparte told the deputies that if the King of France had not quitted Verona before the French passage of the Po, he would have burned to the ground a town bold enough to believe itself the capital of the French empire. The defeat of the Austrians was followed by an armistice between the French and the Neapolitans, the latter escaping, strangely enough, without having any little bill to pay. But Napoleon was by this time beginning to get into an awkward position, and hardly knew which way to turn. The siege of Milan, the troops to guard the Milanese, and the several garrisons, demanded fifteen thousand men; the guard of the Adige and the positions in the Tyrol occupied twenty thousand men, and the blockade of Mantua twelve thousand, so that the conqueror only had six thousand men at his disposal. Most pleasant is the way in which he intersperses illustrative anecdotes in his letters to the Directory. Here, for instance, is a sample:

I must not conceal from you a trait which depicts the barbarism still prevailing in these countries. At St. George's there is a convent from which the nuns had fled, as it was exposed to cannon-shot. Our soldiers went in to occupy it. They heard cries; they rushed into a court-yard, broke into a cell, and found a young person seated on a miserable chair, her hands fastened by an iron chain. This unfortunate woman begged for life. Her irons were broken. By her face she was about two-and-twenty. She had been in this state for four years, because she had tried to escape, and obey, in the age and country of love, the impulses of her heart. Our gendarmes took particular care of her. She displayed great interest for the French. She had been beautiful, and joined to the vivacity of the climate the melancholy of her misfortunes. Whenever anybody entered, she appeared restless; and it was soon learned that she feared the return of her tyrants. She asked in mercy to be allowed to breathe the fresh air: they told her the grape was whizzing round the house. "Ah," she said, "it is death to remain here."

All this time Bonaparte was up to his neck in business: at one moment sending a million to General Moreau for the relief of the army of the Rhine, then corresponding with the Grisons and exchanging three thousand (stolen) quintals of wheat for horses, and promising to send some thousand firelocks if it were sure the Republicans would use them against the Austrians; or issuing stinging general orders to stop the abuses still too prevalent in the civil departments of the service. All this while proclamations are being showered upon the Tyrol, the imperial fiefs around Genoa, and quarrels picked on every feasible occasion with the governor of Venice to have an excuse for invasion. Next, the young general went to settle conclusions with the Pope, "a grenadier who stole a chalice being shot in front of the army at Bologna." This town was occupied by General Augereau, at the head of four thousand eight hundred men, and the Pope was politely invited to come to terms. The excuse for this outrage was the assassination of the French envoy Basseville, which must be paid for. An armistice was soon concluded, by which the Pope agreed that the legations of Bologna and Ferrara should remain in the hands of the French, and the fortress of Ancona delivered up to them. The other articles were as follow:

The Pope will deliver up to the French Republic one hundred pictures, busts, vases, or statues, to be chosen by commissioners to be sent to Rome; among which objects will be the bronze bust of Junius Brutus, and that in marble of Marcus Brutus, both now in the Capitol, and five hundred MSS. The Pope will pay the Republic twenty-one million livres in coin of France, of which fifteen million five hundred thousand will be paid in gold and silver, and the other five million five hundred thousand in merchandise, horses, and oxen, to be selected by the French agents. This sum will be independent of the contributions levied in the legations of Bologna, Ferrara, and Faenza.

This result was not arrived at without a war of words; for M. d'Azara, Napoleon said, had the impudence to offer five millions in money and three in goods, while Bonaparte began by asking forty millions, ten of them in kind. However, the crafty Roman applied to the government commissioners, and gained from them the fact that it was impossible for the French, under present circumstances, to march on Rome. Hence Napoleon could only sack the twenty millions by making a night march on Ravenna, which brought the negotiator to his senses. In addition to the money, Bonaparte seized two hundred bronze guns, eight thousand firelocks, and a large quantity of ammunition, which fully paid the expenses of the expedition. Turning his attention to more pressing affairs, it is quite refreshing to find Bonaparte writing to General Despinoy at Milan: "Do not go to sleep among the pleasures of Milan, and, above all, do not write letters to turn the head of our poor chief of the staff; for, since you have told him about a pretty actress who awaits him at Milan, he is dying of impatience to get there." Before long the French and Austrians came into collision again at Borghetto, where the latter received a tremendous thrashing, as usual. From the report to the Directory we may quote the following, reminding us of our own Guards in the Crimea:

Claude Roche, rifleman in the 2nd company of the 11th half brigade of light infantry, was the first to leap into the enemy's entrenchments, killed the officer, and without waiting to take his watch or plunder him, seized his sabre, killed an Austrian, and took three prisoners. Jean Gerin, of the same company,

aimed his firelock at twelve Austrians: it missed fire; he rushed upon them with his drawn sabre, cut off the arm of the first, and the others fell on their knees asking for quarter. Ardienne, sub-lieutenant in the same company, the same man who at Borghetto took the 13-pounder, was always present in the entrenchments at the head of his riflemen, animating them by his noble example.

In the mean while the siege of Mantua was being pushed on, although it was a novelty in warfare that Serurier had only seven thousand men to blockade at least ten thousand. Hence the Austrians made repeated sallies, in which they were always defeated; but they hoped to be soon relieved, for strong reinforcements were being pushed on to join Würmser. Napoleon estimates these at sixty-seven thousand men, while he had himself only forty-four thousand to oppose to them. Hence he is very anxious for the arrival of his own reinforcements, and writes to the Directory in the most pressing manner, though without any favourable result. All this time his eye was turned covetously towards Genoa, and the following letter, addressed to M. Faypoult, envoy of the French Republic in that city, we regard as a masterpiece of diplomacy:

Genoa's time has not yet arrived, for two reasons: 1st. The Austrians are being reinforced, and I shall soon have a battle; if a conqueror, I shall have Mantua, and then a corporal's guard will be worth the presence of an army at Genoa. 2ndly. The ideas of the Executive Directory do not appear to me fixed yet. It has ordered me to demand the contribution, but it has not prescribed any political operation. I have sent off a messenger extraordinary with your letter, and have asked for orders, which I shall receive in the first decade of the next month. Between whiles, forget all the causes of complaint we have against Genoa. Make them understand you and I no longer interfere in the matter, since they have sent M. Spinola to Paris. Tell them we are very pleased with their choice, and that it is a guarantee to us of their good intentions. Tell them positively that I was very satisfied with the measures they took as regards M. Gerola; in short, forget no circumstance which may cause hope to arise again in the heart of the senate of Genoa, and keep them lulled in security till the moment of awakening.

By this time General Bonaparte considered himself sufficiently strong to try conclusions with the government commissioners, and at Castiglione he gives an awful rap on the knuckles to a citizen Garreau, who had dared to make a requisition to General Vaubois, contrary to instructions. The conclusion of the letter is in Bonaparte's most nervous style: "When you were a representative of the people, you had unlimited powers: all the world made it a duty to obey you. Now, you are a government commissioner, invested with great authority, but positive instructions regulate your conduct; so adhere to them. I know that you will repeat the statement that 'I shall behave like Dumouriez:' it is clear that a general who has the presumption to command the army a government has confided to him, and to give orders without the decree of the commissioners, can only be a traitor." But the time had now arrived when Bonaparte was to display his wondrous strategic ability, and by deserting the siege of Mantua and abandoning his forty guns, gain the most daring victory the world's history has ever yet known. But we must tell the story in the hero's own powerful language:

Head-Quarters, Castiglione, Aug. 24, 1796.

CITIZEN DIRECTORS,—Military events have succeeded each other in such rapid succession since the 11th, that it was impossible for me to write to you before. Some days back, the twenty thousand men sent by the army of the

Rhine to the Austrian army had arrived, which number, added to the numerous recruits drawn from the interior of Austria, rendered this army extremely dangerous. The opinion was generally spread that the Austrians would soon be in Milan. On the 11th, at three in the morning, General Masséna's division was attacked by a very large force: it was obliged to give up the valuable post of La Corona. At the same time, a division of fifteen thousand Austrians attacked Sauret's division at Salo, and occupied this essential post. Brigadier-General Guien, with six hundred men of the 15th demi-brigade of light infantry, shut himself up in a large house at Salo, and braved all the efforts of the enemy who surrounded him. Brigadier-General Rusca was wounded. At the same time a body of Austrians fell upon Brescia, surprised four companies I had left there, and took two generals and several field-officers who had remained behind in sick quarters. General Sauret's division, which should have covered Brescia, fell back on Desenzano. In these difficult circumstances, pressed by a numerous army which the advantages it gained must necessarily embolden, I felt I must adopt a vast plan. The enemy, by descending from the Tyrol by Brescia and the Adige, placed me in the centre. If my army was too weak to face two armies, it could defeat them in detail, and by my position I was between them. It was therefore possible, by a rapid retreat, to surround the enemy's division which had arrived at Brescia, take it by surprise, and utterly defeat it, and then return to the Mincio and force Würmser back into the Tyrol. But, to execute this project, I must raise the siege of Mantua—which was almost taken—in twenty-four hours, and abandon forty guns, and then recross the Mincio and not give the enemy's divisions time to effect a junction. Fortune smiled on this project, and the battle of Desenzano, the two combats of Salo, and the battles of Lonato and Castiglione, are the results of it.

This scheme Napoleon carried out with wondrous precision. On the 13th a desperate combat took place, in which the Austrians lost six hundred men on the battle-field, and six hundred prisoners. On the 14th Augereau entered Brescia and seized upon all the enemy's magazines, while, on the 15th, the position of the army was imperilled by the cowardly conduct of General Valette, who ran away from the enemy at the head of eighteen hundred men. Bonaparte, however, soon cashiered him, and made preparations for the coming battle. On the 16th the wonderful battle of Castiglione took place, which we must describe in Bonaparte's own words:

The 16th, at daybreak, we found ourselves face to face. General Guien, who was on our left, was to attack Salo. General Masséna was in the centre to attack Lonato, and General Augereau on the right menaced Castiglione. The enemy, instead of being attacked, attacked General Masséna's vanguard at Lonato. It was already surrounded, and General Pijon captured, and the enemy had even taken three horse-artillery guns. I then formed the 18th demi-brigade and the 32nd in close columns of battalion, and while we advanced at quick march to pierce the enemy, they tried to surround us. This manœuvre appeared to me a certain guarantee of victory. Masséna merely sent some skirmishers on the enemy's wings to retard his progress. The first column, on arriving at Lonato, forced the enemy. The 15th regiment of Dragoons charged the Hulans, recaptured our guns, and delivered General Pijon. In an instant the enemy was scattered. He tried to fall back on the Mincio. I ordered my aide-de-camp, Brigadier Junot, to put himself at the head of my company of the Guides to pursue the enemy, gain the start at Desenzano, and so force him to retire on Salo. On arriving there, he found Colonel Bender with a portion of his regiment of Hulans, which he charged. But Junot, not wishing to amuse himself by charging the tail, made a turn to the right, attacked the regiment in front, wounded the colonel whom he wished to take prisoner, when he was himself surrounded, and, after having killed six with his own hand, was ridden down, thrown into a ditch, and received six sabre cuts, none of which, I trust, will

prove mortal. The enemy effected his retreat on Salo; but as the town was ours, this division wandered about the mountains, and nearly the whole of it was captured. During this time the intrepid Augereau had marched on Castiglione and taken the village. During the entire day he kept his ground against forces double his own. The élite of the Austrian army was there: it received reinforcements thrice. The resistance was vain: they were obliged to quit the field of battle and fly before our impetuous soldiers.

The enemy lost on this memorable day twenty guns, two thousand to three thousand men killed and wounded, and four thousand prisoners, among whom were three generals. The next day Bonaparte was in great peril at Lonato, from which he only escaped by his rare presence of mind. A flag came in while he was there, summoning the commandant of Lonato to surrender, because he was surrounded. The fact was, that the scattered divisions of the Austrians had reassembled, and wished to cut their way through. Bonaparte was greatly embarrassed, for he had only twelve hundred men at his disposal; but he sent for the messenger, ordered his eyes to be unbandaged, and told him that if his general entertained the presumption of capturing the commander-in-chief he need only advance; and added that, unless the division laid down its arms within eight minutes, he would grant no quarter. The whole column laid down its arms immediately on hearing that the terrible Boney was so close. They were in a strength of four thousand infantry, two guns, and fifty cavalry. The next day the contest was renewed, and resulted in the total defeat of the Austrians. Justly might Bonaparte pride himself on the result.

In five days, then, another campaign has been finished. Würmser has lost in these five days seventy field-guns, all his infantry caissons, twelve thousand to fifteen thousand prisoners, six thousand men killed and wounded; and nearly all his troops came from the Rhine. Independent of this, a large portion of his army is dispersed, and we continually make prisoners during the pursuit. We have lost, for our part, thirteen hundred prisoners, and two thousand killed and wounded. All the soldiers, officers, and generals have displayed under these difficult circumstances a great amount of bravery.

In the midst of all these triumphs Napoleon has family disturbances to fatigue his mind. Thus, in writing to Carnot, he begs him to look after his young brother, a commissary of war at Marseilles, who proceeded to Paris without leave. He complains that this youth (evidently Lucien) has always had a mania for politics, and begs he may be sent to the army of the North to keep him quiet. But it proves how critical his own position must have been when he is forced to swallow his enormous pride, and write to Carnot: "If there be in France a single man, pure and of good faith, who can suspect my political opinions, and venture any doubts as to my conduct, I will renounce at that moment the pleasure of serving my country. Two or three months of obscurity will calm envy, re-establish my health, and put me in a position to fill with greater advantage the confidential posts the government may wish to entrust to me. It was only that I left Paris at the right moment that enabled me to render great services to the Republic. When the moment has arrived, it will only be by leaving the army of Italy opportunely that I shall be able to devote the rest of my life to the defence of the Republic. The great art of government should be not to let men grow old. On entering on a public career, I adopted as my principle, Everything for my country." Almost simultaneously he sends the Executive Directory the following estimate of the generals he has under his command:

I believe it useful, Citizen Directors, to give you my opinion of the officers employed in this army. You will see there are very few who can be of any use to me. BERTHIER: Talents, activity, courage, character: all for himself. AUGEREAU: Much character, courage, firmness, activity; is accustomed to war, loved by the soldiers, fortunate in his operations. MASSÉNA: Active, indefatigable, has boldness, quick perception, and promptitude in deciding. SERURIER: Fights like a soldier, takes nothing on himself, firm, has no brilliant opinion of his troops: is sickly. DESPINOY: Hesitating, no activity, no boldness; is not fit for war, not loved by the soldiers, and does not fight with his head. Besides, he is haughty, and possesses some sense and healthy political opinions. Good to command at home. SAURET: Good, a very good soldier, not educated enough for a general; not at all successful. ABBATUCCI: Not fit to command a sergeant's guard. GARNIER, MEUNIER, CASABIANCA: Incapables; not worthy to command a battalion in a war so active and serious as this. MACQUART: A worthy man, but no talent, although sharp. GAULTIER: Fit for an officer: has never had any experience of war.

And here we must reluctantly stop, not for want of matter, but out of consideration for our other collaborateurs on *Bentley*, whose pages we might easily fill with extracts from this wonderful book of seven hundred pages. We trust, however, that our extracts will go far to prove that this is the most important work issued from any press since the "Wellington Despatches," side by side with which these volumes must range in every well-regulated library. Strange to say, though, this publication, while increasing our admiration for the great man who dragged France out of the mire, has lessened our respect for the individual, for it proves that Napoleon was made of the common clay after all. We are lost in wonder at the effect produced by his astounding combinations, which introduced an entirely new system of warfare; but we feel, involuntarily, a shudder at the cold-blooded pertinacity with which he extorted money for the use of the languishing Republic. While he was shooting men for stealing a bottle of wine, he was, himself, an arch thief; and no prince, who once entered his web, could escape without a severe squeeze. Every article of value that could be wrung from these helpless victims was hurried off to Paris to swell the reputation of the conqueror, and, so long as he could keep the Directory in good humour, he cared little for any violation of the law of nations. Perhaps, however, this may be ascribed to the system: the principles of equality and fraternity required due development, and Napoleon, who had by this time formed his ambitious plans, could have hit on no better scheme to disgust the world with republican principles. We do not find that he enriched himself at all by these impositions on the weaker instruments that came across his path only to be crushed and thrown away; let us, then, hope that he wished to teach the world a severe lesson as to the fallacy of republican doctrines—and if so, he certainly was quite successful.

One word, in conclusion, of heartfelt thanks to the present emperor for the conscientiousness with which he has reproduced the letters of his great uncle. It would have been easy to suppress those portions of the correspondence which weighed heavily on Napoleon's character, but he has acted the wiser part in printing these letters just as they were written. The effect will be only the greater, for, in consideration of the eminent services Napoleon Bonaparte rendered his country, we can willingly condone his weaknesses, and grant that, "take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again."

TWICE AVENGED.

PART III.

I.

CERTAINLY the meeting with Lady Torwood and Mrs. Heathcote tended materially to make Captain Fletcher's and Mr. Noel's stay at Leamington more agreeable. The two fair widows made a great sensation there that winter, each after her fashion. Lady Torwood, though she went out very little, holding a species of court and surrounded by humble vassals; Mrs. Heathcote followed by less awe-stricken admirers, especially in the hunting-field, where she shone conspicuous. Mammas who feared any loss of time on their daughters' parts, and had taken them to Leamington for the campaign there, said that Lady Torwood was intolerably proud and stiff; and that as to beauty, you derived far more satisfaction from looking at a statue, for that she entirely lacked expression. As to Mrs. Heathcote, they wished anybody had influence enough with her to prevent her going on in the way she did. They really did not like *their* daughters to make a companion of her. And this, perhaps, was not to be wondered at.

After his first visit to her, Paul had been quite easy on the score of his feelings towards Eleanor; he never hitherto believed it possible that he could feel so calmly towards her. He viewed her character in quite a different light now; the divinity had sunk into a mere woman, with a soul of about the usual altitude—not lower: he must not be too hard upon her. Yet he never wondered that she had seemed a divinity to him. He still acknowledged that she was more beautiful, more admirable than by far the greater number of women you saw. And her quiet, refined manner cast a halo of superiority around her which he admitted was enough to make a devotee of so young and enthusiastic a man as he had then been. He knew better now, and he took a strange cynical pleasure in testing his present feelings towards her, seeking her society that each time he might feel the more conscious of his own freedom, and revel in it.

Paul Fletcher was, as you will perceive, playing with edge-tools, and where *this* foe was concerned, perhaps it would have been wiser if he had let his discretion prove the better part of valour.

"You really are going too far, Charlie," said Paul Fletcher to Mr. Noel, as they walked one day to Lady Torwood's, the meeting point of a riding party which they were to escort. "I shouldn't have presumed to say so if you hadn't started the subject. But do you or do you not want to marry Mrs. Heathcote?"

"'Pon my word then, I don't know," Mr. Noel answered, with a rueful countenance.

"And do you or do you not want to marry Miss Ellis?"

"Not on any account," was the decided reply. "I may want steadying, but such ballast as that would sink me at once. By all the widows in Christendom it would, then! But," Mr. Noel added, pathetically,

"notwithstanding all that, I expect to find myself married to one or both of them some day without knowing it!"

"Then I should recommend you to think about taking flight as soon as you can," said Paul, laughing.

"Think! but I tell you, my boy, that when I'm with one of them she rattles away so that I can't even hear myself think—and the other thinks so much, that it seems waste to do it oneself too!"

The party (consisting of the two widows, Miss Ellis, and a Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, connexions of Eleanor's, and excellent humdrum people, who were never in anybody's way) was soon mounted, and *en route* for Stoneleigh and Kenilworth. Paul and Eleanor, as usual, rode first, followed by Mrs. Heathcote, who was a beautiful rider, and looked particularly well on horseback, and Mr. Noel; Caroline Ellis and Mr. and Mrs. Churchill rode abreast, and brought up the rear.

"The estate has improved immensely since then," said Lady Torwood, continuing their conversation. "You would not know the farms again if you were to go over them. All *your* tenants have thriven and made them thrive, and Mr. Burton tells me it is now one of the most flourishing properties in ——shire."

"I am delighted to hear such a good account of my nursling," said Paul, lightly, "and hope it may answer its present promise."

"Poor Lord Torwood took great interest in my old home," Eleanor went on resolutely, "and in all the people about it, and we spent two or three months there during—— He had planned a new village school just at the gate leading into the meadow from the high road, and would, I think, eventually have made it his pet place. I assure you we neither of us ever forgot to whom we owed its preservation."

"I have always understood Lord Torwood was a most benevolent man," Paul answered, determined not to be behindhand in the subject she had chosen.

"You would have liked and respected him, I am sure," Eleanor said, gravely.

A huge note of interrogation seemed to dance up and down before Paul as he heard this last remark; but he did not say anything.

"I live now chiefly at Chesterton, my dower-house," resumed Lady Torwood. "I have neither courage nor spirits to face the solitude of Vaughan with—its recollections."

"They must indeed be mournful ones," Paul said, considerately, "after what you have just told me. Your last associations with it must be very sad."

"My last?" Eleanor repeated, looking straight before her. "Yes, my last. But I have many bitter associations with what was once a very happy home."

Paul shrugged his shoulders slightly. "Why nourish them?" he said. "I had thought you were more philosophical, Lady Torwood. Let the dead past bury its dead!"

"But even then I am bound to be its chief mourner!" Eleanor answered, with some bitterness, "Believe me, I am not ambitious of the post. Will you give me my 'warrant of release' from it?" she added, suddenly, and looking round at Paul.

"If I had had the power," Paul answered, again in a light tone, and

with an icy smile on his lips, "it should have been given long ago—without your asking what you have a right to command." And a Grandisonian attack again caused Captain Fletcher to bow to his horse's mane.

A slight sigh escaped Lady Torwood.

"But are you sure this is the way?" said Mr. Noel to his fair companion, as they branched off the Lillington road, instead of taking that followed by Paul and Eleanor. "Does it rejoin the Kenilworth road again?"

"Oh, it's all right," said Mrs. Heathcote, laughing, "we shall get to the end of it by-and-by. Mr. and Mrs. Churchill and Caroline are following us most dutifully and sheepishly, and so *we* have the majority on our side. Never mind the others, Mr. Noel. I dare say they're very happy. You know that's a very old story now. What? *don't* you know? Did Paul Fletcher never tell you? Of course not, by-the-by, for there's no doubt she behaved shamefully to him." And Mrs. Heathcote proceeded to enlighten Mr. Noel, as far as her knowledge went, on the past history of Lady Torwood and Captain Fletcher. "But I see it's all coming right again," Milly ended, cheerfully; "it's such fun her being a widow!"

"There's no doubt that that must make her more irresistible," said Mr. Noel; "and so you played her this trick on purpose, Mrs. Heathcote?"

"What trick? Oh, the road, you mean? I never said there *was* a road round, though there might have been; I never came this way before. But we've ridden too far to turn back. Do look at Caroline, plodding along on that great heavy black horse; I wonder she doesn't come off, for she isn't thinking in the least about what she's doing."

Mr. Noel did look, and during the remainder of the ride became unusually taciturn, notwithstanding the sallies of his very lively companion.

Paul and Eleanor, meantime, pursued their onward course without looking behind them. The day, which had been very bright when they started, now began to darken; heavy masses of cloud gathered overhead, and soon the low sough of the wind and a few big drops of rain came as harbingers of the storm.

"Do you think it will be heavy, Charley?" Paul called out, looking round; but no Charley answered, neither was any such individual in sight.

"They must have lagged behind," Paul said to Lady Torwood; "we had better push on, though, and not wait for them. It is getting very heavy, and I think you had better take shelter in Kenilworth. They are sure to join us there, as that was to be the limit of our ride."

It was good advice, for the rain was gradually increasing, and soon fell in torrents mingled with hail, while a cutting north wind struck chill upon Eleanor's not very robust frame. The best plan, Paul thought, was for them to take shelter at the inn till the storm was over; the others were just behind them, he said, and would rejoin them. So they rode on as fast as they could, and before long Lady Torwood was safely installed before a bright fire in the inn-parlour, where Captain Fletcher, after having had the horses put up, speedily rejoined her. After watch-

ing for some time in vain at the window, Paul decided that it was no use expecting the rest of the party any longer, begged Lady Torwood not to be uneasy—they must have taken a wrong turn at the cross roads, or ridden desperately home again; but as *she* was safely housed now, they had much better remain where they were till the rain was over, and make themselves as comfortable as they could under the circumstances. So Eleanor resigned herself to her fate and the fire, which after all, when she looked at the sheets of rain plashing against the window, was not a bad alternative. The fire crackled cheerily, Paul drew a comfortable arm-chair to one side of it, while Lady Torwood dried her habit at the other, and presently the tidy little waitress came "trippingly," as Mr. Tennyson would say, with a tea-tray in her hand, which she deposited on a little table beside them. "Missus had sent it up, as she thought the lady might like the chill taken off her."

Paul had never seen Eleanor make tea, he remembered (a trifling recollection, to be sure), as he now watched her, since that last evening at Vaughan. Whatever she did was gracefully done. She certainly was more beautiful than any one he had ever seen.

He was rather amused with this little episode: he would not have believed, two years ago, that he could be thrown so completely *tête-à-tête* with her as he was to-day, and have been so quiet and unconcerned. Captain Fletcher's spirits rose with the occasion. He felt a general sensation of *bien-être* stealing over him, a strange lightness of heart. It was the contrast between the outlook and the in, he thought; we are material creatures after all. It was the fire that gave him such a particular sense of satisfaction. Lady Torwood did not seem so fully to share it, therefore Captain Fletcher became compassionate, and did all in his power to enliven her. When he unbent, no one could be a pleasanter companion than Paul, and now he exerted himself to the utmost, and with success. Eleanor became animated also, and, in short, it would be impossible to imagine a more agreeable hour than they both spent in the little inn-parlour at Kenilworth. We don't think they once mentioned Amy Robsart or Tressillian, which would have been the right thing to do in the right place, but the former subject would have been too dismal for their present mood, the latter infinitely too prosaic. An odd change had come over Paul Fletcher that afternoon; the tea must have been made with water from the fountain of oblivion. It was the Paul Fletcher of three years back that sat there—buoyant again with youth and spirits, "pétillant d'esprit"—not the stern, satirical personage who had ridden away that day from Leamington, and bowed with such ceremonious dignity to Lady Torwood over his horse's mane, on the way. Paul had forgotten everything that day; forgotten his disappointment, his bitterness of spirit; it was Eleanor Vaughan who sat beside him—Eleanor Vaughan, his first love! As they talked, the inn-parlour at Kenilworth vanished, they sat once more in the well-known library "at home," as Paul had once fondly called it. Eleanor was in her gentlest mood; gently, and with smiles, she looked into that loving face—ah! so through life her eyes would ever meet his!—so through youth, and middle life, and hoar old age—so till death it would be! No cloud of falsehood or betrayal had ever darkened, would ever darken, the brightness of those eyes!

And as they sat thus together, the oaken door at the end of the room opened, Eleanor's deer-hound bounded in, and in the doorway stood the dear old squire, with his silvery hair, and kindly face, and cordial smile, while——

Illusion, alas! The door had opened—but it was the door of the parlour at Kenilworth, it was only "missus, who had sent up to say that the rain was over, as the lady wished to know." So there was no more time for dreaming. The evening was closing in and they must make the best of their way home. But the spell was still on Paul; for when the horses came to the door and he had helped Eleanor to mount, he laid his hand suddenly on hers. "Are you *very* sorry it rained?" he said, looking up at her.

"Not very!" Lady Torwood smiled, in some surprise.

And when, after a quick, silent ride back to Leamington, they entered Lady Torwood's drawing-room at the Regent, where poor Mrs. Campbell was anxiously expecting them, it was with almost his boyish gleeful manner that Paul exclaimed, going up to her, "Here she is, Mrs. Campbell—you see I've brought her safely home to you!" and shook the old lady by both hands in a manner that caused her to look up bewildered.

"What spirits Captain Fletcher is in, my dear?" Mrs. Campbell said, in an inquiring tone of voice, after he had made his exit in the same rather wild manner.

"Paul?" said Lady Torwood; "yes, he is more like himself to-night." And for a few minutes she leaned thoughtfully against the chimney-piece.

"It was very thoughtless of Milly Heathcote to take the wrong road," Mrs. Campbell went on, indignantly.

"Very," was Lady Torwood's complacent rejoinder.

"Caroline told me when she came in that she followed them, of course thinking Mrs. Heathcote knew the way. You know she never sees anything; she doesn't even see that Mr. Noel evidently regards her with an eye of affection, but maintains that he is paying his addresses to Mrs. Heathcote. As if *I* couldn't judge," Mrs. Campbell added, drawing herself up with a jerk. "It might have been *very* disagreeable for you!"

"Very," said Lady Torwood again, but without taking the trouble to inquire to which part of Mrs. Campbell's speech the latter remark pertained.

II.

PAUL FLETCHER's warning to Mr. Noel had not been uncalled for; for, to own the truth, that gentleman had contrived to place himself in a rather awkward predicament. With that peculiar turn for compliment which his compatriots are celebrated for, Mr. Noel had rarely been in Mrs. Heathcote's society without so conducting himself as to appear entirely her slave—an apppearance which, to be still further candid, the fair and fast widow had done her best to convert into a reality. Whereas, on the other hand, strange as it may appear after his decided disavowal to Paul, the steady, solemn qualities and charms of Caroline Ellis were gradually bringing Mr. Noel's volatile affections to an anchor. A crisis of some kind he felt was at hand, and he became more and more con-

vinced of this as he found himself *tête-à-tête* with Miss Ellis the morning after their ride towards Kenilworth. He had called with Paul to inquire after them, and the latter, hearing Lady Torwood was fatigued and still in her room, had left him at the Regent, Mr. Noel suddenly remembering that he had something very particular to say to Mrs. Campbell. When he entered the drawing-room, however, he found, to his surprise, *only* Miss Ellis there, Mrs. Campbell being with Lady Torwood. However, as she probably would come down again soon, he thought he might as well remain till she did so, and that was how he found himself *tête-à-tête* with Caroline. Mr. Noel was in an unusually grave mood that morning. His companion, on the contrary, seemed to have acquired some of his surplus vivacity. Indeed, it was generally observable now that in Charley's presence a greater amount of vitality animated Miss Ellis's otherwise apathetic nature.

"And you think you have really no prejudice against Ireland, Miss Ellis?" said Mr. Noel, continuing a conversation which now and then touched upon dangerous ground.

"Caroline and I will come and pay you a visit there if you like, Mr. Noel," said a voice at the door, which made him start. Mrs. Heathcote had a way of coming into the room without being heard, which, to say the least, was sometimes dangerous. "I delight in Ireland, and want of all things to see more of it. We were only quartered at Belfast when I was there, before we were ordered out, so——Where's Eleanor, Carry? Tired? I'm sorry the ride or the society should have been too much for her!" Mrs. Heathcote went on, laughing.

Miss Ellis lapsed into her customary stolidity. Mrs. Heathcote always acted like a refrigerator upon her.

"It's getting late, too," said Milly, taking out her watch. "One o'clock." (Mr. Noel had been precisely an hour and a half waiting till Mrs. Campbell came down.) "I have been at the pump-room since twelve, waiting for a friend who had appointed to meet me there, and he—*she*, I mean—*left* me there."

Here Mrs. Heathcote coughed, and poor Charley became hot all of a sudden. He had quite forgotten the engagement Mrs. Heathcote had made for him the previous day! He was in for it now, he felt.

"Some more important engagement, however, I suppose," Mrs. Heathcote continued, playing with her watch-chain. "My friend lacks your punctuality, I am afraid, Mr. Noel." And the fair widow raised her eyes deliberately to Charley's face.

"Don't be too unmerciful, Mrs. Heathcote," he said, rallying. "I am sure your friend will never so transgress again! If *you* are too severe upon our faults, where are we to find merciful judgment?" an ambiguous speech on the part of Mr. Noel which might be differently interpreted, as his side glance at Miss Ellis showed he intended it should.

"The criminal confides too much in my humane indulgence, I have no doubt," Milly answered, now looking down and buttoning her beautifully-fitting glove. A pause ensued.

"I think I had better go and see if Lady Torwood is coming down," said Miss Ellis, putting down her work.

"Not on any account, Miss Ellis," Charley exclaimed, hastily. "I beg you won't disturb her on my account—*pray* don't go! I must be going myself directly—a very particular engagement."

"I am glad to see that (unlike my friend) you are so particular, Mr. Noel," Milly said, dryly. "Never mind, Caroline dear, I can wait." And Mrs. Heathcote settled herself yet more comfortably in her arm-chair. "What a beautiful bouquet?" she said, looking round the room; "where did you get it?"

"Mr.——" began Caroline.

"Paul Fletcher sent it for Lady Torwood by me this morning," Mr. Noel interrupted, with equal truth and politeness.

Caroline opened her eyes wide and looked steadfastly at him. Charley returned the look beseechingly. Mrs. Heathcote unbuttoned her other glove.

"Have you and Eleanor the same taste in flowers, then, Cary?" she asked, quietly. "White camelias and violets are your favourites, are they not? That was such a lovely bouquet you sent me for Lady Maynard's ball on Tuesday, Mr. Noel! And, by-the-by, I quite forgot to thank you for the songs. It was so kind of you to remember them!" Again Caroline looked up.

Mrs. Heathcote grew every moment more relenting towards the culprit, and better satisfied apparently with herself; and so the conversation went on, Charley finding it more and more difficult to keep the "juste-milieu" between his two fair companions, till at last, in despair, he rose to go, and departed with the consciousness that Caroline's manner to him had entirely changed since the morning, and that its haughty offended composure formed a marked contrast to Mrs. Heathcote's, as his tormentor smiled him a gracious farewell, and took her bonnet off as he left the room, "to have a little chat with dear Caroline," as she herself expressed it.

Lady Torwood had recovered from her fatigue, and was able to receive Captain Fletcher when he called again that afternoon "on his way" past the Regent. The change remarkable on the preceding day was still apparent in him. He had found fairy treasure at Kenilworth. Ah, it was more than magic, though!—it was, or might become, reality! Why should happiness not again be his? He had had his fill of disappointment—looked dreary solitude long enough in the face; his share of the trial which in some form must come to all, was at an end. Might he not take the weight of caution and suspicion from off his heart and let it beat and bound again as it *had* done of yore? The poor heart in its stone-prison yearned so earnestly for freedom!

"How good of you to come again," Lady Torwood said, extending her hand from the little couch on which she sat near the fire.

Paul smiled as he held the delicate hand in his own. (Paul's hand was a very characteristic one, not small or fleshy, but well shaped and with determination in every muscle and line of it; a hand that looked as if it had never been idle, and as if it could handle an oar or a rod—ay, and sterner implements too, with equal facility.)

"Are you quite rested?" he said, in answer. "I am afraid I rode too fast for you; I think I forgot what I was doing—I forgot everything yesterday."

"Did you?" Lady Torwood blushed as she said. She did not merely change colour as she used to long ago; this time the blush came straight from her heart. "I feel quite rested now, though. But I am not equal

to very much exertion yet. Repose is a blessed thing—repose of mind and body." And Eleanor sighed rather sadly.

Paul looked anxiously at her. She did indeed not look robust, though the subdued air and tone about her to-day made her more charming than in her most brilliant hours. There was something touching in the half-humility of her attitude as she sat with her usually haughty head bent down, and her hands lying folded together on her lap, gleaming white upon the dark drapery of her gown. She *was* subdued in reality—she was changed; had she, too, not known much sorrow of its kind? and after all, had she been happy in the life she had chosen, had it not perhaps been one long regret and repentance?

Such thoughts passed through Paul Fletcher's mind as he watched her.

"Repose?" he repeated. "It depends so much on the individual mind which seeks it. With us men, for instance, action is often the greatest repose. It requires a certain amount of happiness to enable one to find repose of mind in rest of body. To escape from a greater evil to a lesser is, I believe, the truest repose—and so I have often found it in great exertion. A racked and wearied mind and heart often prove the best goad to bodily work. They make fine soldiers in every profession."

"They give the energy of desperation, if you will," said Lady Torwood, looking regretfully at Paul, "and the after-weariness of over-fatigue; but exhaustion is surely not *rest*."

"Can you teach me what *is*?" Paul said, earnestly.

Lady Torwood shook her head.

"I must first find it myself," she said. "Charity fulfilled, preachers would tell you, is the surest step towards it; and in charity lies one thing—forgiveness of injuries"—her voice trembled as she went on—"and if you would find rest yourself, to give rest first to another; where you have been injured, to forgive!"

Paul Fletcher started. Outwardly calm, within he was terribly agitated. He knew by the tone of her voice, by the eyes raised to his as he stood leaning against the chimney-piece beside her, that Eleanor Vaughan—Eleanor whom he had so loved—was now a suppliant before him. Eleanor—humbled, repentant—once more free.

"Eleanor!" he said, looking down into her face.

So in the old days he had looked, so called, the suppliant then himself. How had she answered *then?*

Once more his eyes met hers, and though the same haughty glance did not now repel him, still they could not meet his long. Eleanor's eyes were not true eyes, and Paul felt it. In an instant the spell that had for the last two days been on him was dissolved—the fairy gold turned to dross. It was but glamour over him; the old deep first love was dead; it had not revived, it never would again. He looked at the hand that now covered Eleanor's face, and guarded by its diamond circlet he saw the plain gold wedding-ring. It acted like a counter-charm. For that ring, for glitter and tinsel like those diamonds, she had bartered his heart and his love—destroyed the happiness of his youth. Cold, ambitious, worldly as she had then been, her nature could not now be so entirely changed. False she had been—false she would still be; twice she had betrayed him—she would betray him again. He could forgive her, but he never could trust her again; never honour and confide in her as his

soul felt it must honour and confide in her whom it chose as its mate. Without truth, on what foundation could he build his happiness? All this passed with lightning rapidity through Paul Fletcher's mind during the intense pause that followed the utterance of her name. Lady Torwood did not speak, but as much as was in her nature to feel she then felt. It was in an altered tone, but one of great feeling, that Paul Fletcher spoke again.

"I am not wrong in thinking that you speak of the past?" he said. "And if it be so—if ever a thought of me has given you a moment of unrest—one pang of self-reproach—let it be so no longer. For my sake, and for the sake of olden days, Eleanor, believe me—that I *have* forgiven, that I do now forgive!"

He took her hand in his and held it with the kindliness of a friend—no fervent clasp as in those olden days. He now felt calmly and with friendliness towards her, as she had wished he should. Again Eleanor raised her beautiful eyes to his, but Paul met their beseeching glance unwaveringly. He had decided; he never could waver from this resolve again.

A deadly paleness overspread Lady Torwood's face, and, as she turned her eyes downwards, a tear went slowly rolling down her cheek and fell on Paul's hand. It atoned for much. And if Paul Fletcher had been twice betrayed, we believe that in that moment he was a second time avenged.

The next day Captain Fletcher left Leamington, thereby giving rise to sundry surmises, among which the most popular was that he had been refused by Lady Torwood. His wound still causing him much bad health, he regretfully sold out of the army, and went abroad by his doctor's orders. Previous to his return from Caffraria he had inherited from a distant relation, and though not precisely a *rich* man, was at any rate entirely independent, and thus enabled to roam whither he would over the world's surface; in which agreeable employment he spent the next two years, acquiring perchance wisdom, perchance happiness, perchance rest—and perchance also, neither one nor the other.

Mr. Noel's affairs came to what you will doubtless consider a more satisfactory conclusion. His last meeting with Mrs. Heathcote had decided the matter, and turned his feelings towards her into those of perfect abhorrence; while, from force of contrast we suppose, Miss Ellis's star became quite in the ascendant. His peace with her was not so difficult to make as from her former stolidity and dignity of character one might have imagined, and very shortly after Caroline Ellis became Mrs. Noel. The marriage has improved them both we are happy to hear, Caroline's sterling sense and straightforwardness acting as an excellent counterpoise to Charley's rather flighty and (to speak moderately) imaginative character, which in its turn acts as leaven upon hers.

Lady Torwood, whom we take leave of two years after the last scene we have recorded, was then still unmarried, though besieged with offers and in the full zenith of her beauty. People said that the beautiful widow was still entirely wedded to the memory of her husband. Poor thing, she had been so devoted to him.

NIS.

YESTERDAY—AND—TO-MORROW.

By W. Charles Kent.

But Yesterday—ah, me! it seems no more—
Life came to me with laughter in her eyes,
Came deftly dancing where lay strown before
Sweet flowers of varied dyes.

She flung the radiance of her magic smiles
On all around—on humblest grain and leaf;
Drew pleasure even from pain with tender wiles,
A joy from every grief.

Earth seemed a playground, every home a game,
All Time one holiday, where, turn by turn,
Athletic Sport and sunburnt Leisure came
Alternate skill to learn:

The art of action, and the gift of dreams—
Reality of simplest mien and giant mould;
Romance in radiant mail, crowned as beseems
With nodding plumes and gold.

As though 'twere Prospero's isle, the air seemed full
Of delicate sounds—ah! daintiest tones to hear—
The Fairy Legends, that with elfin rule
Bade tinselled fays appear.

When from the spider's thread wee antics swung,
Or in pale rings upon the moonlit sward
Danced to melodious chime from blue-bells rung
By Oberon's twinkling sword.

To-day—poor handful of Time's golden sand:
The more we grasp it, glides the gold away!
Spent billow bursting on the eternal strand,
And vanishing in spray!

To-morrow—word in which the grave lies hid:
Dread, doleful, calm, and death-like term of woe!
Sound as of mould upon the coffin lid—
Dropped on the clay below.

Echo from lips, when I can hear no more
Each dear home love that trembled on a breath:
Powerless to pierce—so potent oft of yore!—
"The dull cold ear of Death."

Sweet sunbeams sleeping on the daisied grass,
Soft zephyrs toying with the seeded bloom—
To-morrow's disc, as in a magic glass,
Shows through its mystic gloom.

Beneath the turf, fresh air, and sunlit flowers—
Ah, well I know my mouldering form shall be!
To-morrow brimming o'er with radiant hours
My sight may never see!

But Yesterday what now is, was not then—
This sense of joy and grief, of hope and fear:
To-day—an instant!—brings To-morrow, when
Earth rounds but to a tear.

MAZARIN AND HIS NIECES.*

THE ordinary limits within which biography should confine itself have been much outraged of late by writers who, charmed by those fine figures which stand out in the relief of history, as their portraits do in the gallery of Versailles, have made these great and haughty personages the pleasant means of bringing upon the scene a whole group of brilliant contemporaries. M. Amédée Renée had, however, far too extensive a subject before him when he proposed to himself to write the history of all those seductive daughters of the South whom the wand of the wizard, Cardinal Mazarin, brought to the court of France, to dilate upon extraneous matters; he had enough in the Martinozzis and the Mancinis, the Lauras, the Anne-Maries, the Olympes, the Maries, the Hortenses, and the Marie-Annes, without encumbering himself with adventitious personages, so, like many another, he makes a virtue of what with him was a necessity.

And truly the subject was a strange one—strange almost to scepticism! It is difficult to believe, in our own times, that so much impropriety of conduct could have been united with talent and beauty in the same persons, and could have ensured for so long a time position and power. It is impossible, our biographer himself avows, to precisely determine even who Mazarin himself was, or whence he came. The thousand pamphlets of the Fronde, known as the "Mazarinades," delighted to dwell on this tender point, and never omitted to sneer at the unknown origin of this wondrous family. They all, however, agreed upon one point, with slight variations of detail, and that was that the cardinal was son of a hatter or cap-maker of Palermo, in Sicily, expelled the country by bankruptcy. They all agree, too, with difference of details, that his youth was full of vicissitudes; that in the army he was a gambler and a cheat, and as a member of the Church, he was a creature of servility.

One author only—Walckenaer—writes in a different tone. "Contemplate," he says, "that child playing on the shore of Sicily, near the town of Mazarra. His family has not even a name; he is one of the children of Peter, of that fisherman whose humble hut you see beyond there; yet the day will come when that urchin will be Jules de Mazarin, clad in the Roman purple." Except that the father's name was Peter, the rest of this portrait is mere romance. As to the origin of the family name there seems, however, to be the same amount of unanimity as is to be traced in other points, where all is confusion and obscurity. Scarron writes:

> Elle fit du val de Mazarc
> Sortir ce ministre si rarc;
> De Mazare vient Mazarin,
> Comme on dit le Manceau du Mainc,
> Le Tourangeau de la Touraine.

Count Leon de Laborde, however, confers on Peter letters patent of nobility, and says that the cardinal derived his arms—the fasces and axe

* Les Nièces de Mazarin: Etudes de Mœurs et de Caractères au XVIIe Siècle. Par Amédée Renée.

—from Julius Cæsar! One of the best hits in the Mazarinades occurs *à propos* of this patrician assumption:

> Pour parler avec équité,
> Il n'est personne qui ne sache
> Qu'il a justement mérité
> Les verges, la corde et la hache.

A still more recent authority, one to whom M. Renée appears to attach great credit, determines that Pietro, born in Sicily, and taking his name from his birthplace, Mazarino, went to seek his fortune at Rome, where he became steward to the Connétable Colonna, who married him to his "goddaughter," Ortensia Ruffalini. Jules, their child, brought up by the Jesuits at Rome, charmed every one by the precocity of his talents and the seductive grace of his manners. At seventeen years of age he went in the suite of the abbé, afterwards Cardinal Colonna, to Spain. Here he not only gambled, but fell in love with the daughter of a notary; and had it not been for the old Connétable Colonna, who recalled him to Rome and to his studies, Jules might have been for ever lost to history.

On his return to Rome, the future cardinal appears to have gambled and studied alternately with equal success. He also performed the part of Saint Ignatius, patron of the Jesuits, in a drama, with such majesty and eloquence that Rome was filled with wonder. It was at this epoch that Jules, weary of theology, became a soldier. He could gamble then to his heart's content, and would probably have remained for ever a papal officer if the chance, so rare to the papal troops, had not presented itself of active service, and this decided the youth's vocation. "Captain" Mazarini was employed to negotiate, and he did so with such great success that he determined to persevere. So great was his enthusiasm, that this hybrid—half military, half priestly negotiator—once rushed between the ranks of the French and the Spaniards with a cross in his hand, shouting out, "Peace! peace!" There is said to have been a picture at the Capitol which represented this incident.

Captain Mazarini returned to Rome, abandoned regimentals, and assumed the cloak and violet stockings. It was at this epoch that he married his sisters advantageously—the eldest to Girolama Martinozzi, the youngest to Lorenzo Mancini, a Roman baron. The father, Pietro, wedded at the same epoch, the mother of Jules being dead, a lady of high birth, Portia Orsini. Jules had at the same time been deputed to Avignon as vice-legate, and so successful was he, that he is said to have transmitted both money and jewels to his sisters on the occasion of their marriage.

After residing two years at Avignon, Mazarini was appointed nuncio to Paris, where he arrived in great state. Such was the favour in which he was held by Richelieu, that he soon after this abandoned Rome altogether, changed his name to Mazarin, and devoted himself to the service of France. The minister obtained a cardinal's hat for him, and at the death of Louis XIII. the queen-regent was seen with surprise to invest this favourite of Richelieu's with her confidence.

Mazarin, now prime minister, remained for five years without any member of his family being near his person. But when he deemed his position to be sufficiently firmly established, he sent for, first, the eldest

daughter of Madame Martinozzi, and two daughters and a son of the Mancinis. Madame de Noailles was deputed by his eminence to convoy his nieces from Rome, and Madame de Nogent awaited their arrival at Fontainebleau, whilst the Marquise de Sénecé was appointed their governess. They were at once received by the queen-regent with every mark of kindness, and all parties were anxious to see the children and pay their court to them. The all-powerful minister placed his nephew and nieces at once upon the same footing as princes and princesses of the blood. It was only five years afterwards that Mazarin sent for another batch of nieces. M. Renée insists upon this fact, which, he says, Sismondi, Rœderer, Capefigue, and the Duke de Nivernais, a descendant of the Mancinis, have all been in error upon. Laura Mancini and Anne-Marie Martinozzi were pretty girls, but Olympe was very dark, or, as is said in one of the Mazarinades,

> Les sourcils d'une âme damnée,
> Et le teint d'une cheminée.

Anne-Marie was a blonde with soft blue eyes. Laura was olive-complexioned, and pretty. Olympe had expressive eyes, a long face, and a sharp chin. The nephew was sent to the Jesuits' college, but the young ladies were all lodged with the cardinal at the Palais Royal, the queen's own residence. Mazarin had formerly resided at the Hôtel de Clèves, but latterly he had taken up his abode with the queen, and herein lies the secret of the power of the wily Italian, of the reception given to his relatives, and of the scandal that found an outlet partly in Mazarinades, and ultimately in that rebellion known to history as La Fronde.

Mazarin was at that epoch forty years of age, "l'un des beaux hommes de la cour, et le plus séduisant de tous par sa grâce, son élégance italienne, et le soin le plus exquis de toute sa personne." Such was the man whose fortune depended upon the favours of a Spanish lady, idle, passionate, who had been handsome, nursed in flattery, and trained to gallantry and romantic love. As to the connexion between the cardinal and Anne of Austria, its nature is attested by existing letters. The only question that history has still to solve is, were they married? This view of the subject is maintained in the Mazarinades and by La Palatine. It was said that "Captain" Mazarin was only a lay cardinal, a very convenient subterfuge. Upon this delicate subject, our author says: "It is possible that Mazarin, a lay cardinal, adopted this plan of a secret marriage in order to tranquillise the queen's scruples. It is true that nothing in their letters alludes to this matrimonial tie; but it explains their amorous correspondence, and as the admission would cut short all scandal, *nous ne demandons pas mieux !*" A very convenient way also of writing history.

Nothing shows better the perfect feeling of security which the cardinal had arrived at—whether by the ties of marriage or of a more Platonic affection, matters little—than that, weary of the part he had to play with the queen, he established himself in a palace of his own, only, however, at the end of the garden, and he adorned it with everything that was most exquisite in Italian art—painting and sculpture. The Fronde alone came to disturb the tastes and pleasures of his eminence. When the court had to quit Paris for Saint-Germain, his three nieces were entrusted

to the care of the nuns of Val de Grâce. Mazarin was obliged to come to an agreement with Condé that he would not marry his nieces without his consent. The subsequent arrest of the prince and of his brother at the Palais Royal, after the court and cardinal had returned thither, did not stay the disorders; the revolt had spread to the provinces, parliament had declared itself opposed to him, Gaston was at the head of the Fronde, and no alternative was left to the minister but to quit the country.

Mazarinades were now at their height. The attention that the cardinal paid to his person, his hands, his moustache, daily curled, his pomatums, his lemonades, his made dishes, his pastry, even his bread, were made matters of ridicule. The nephew and nieces were expelled from France by parliament; they joined their uncle at Peronne, and together took refuge at Bruhl, near Cologne. One of the most curious results of this exile was the marriage of Laura. She had been affianced to the Duc de Mercœur, brother to the "Roi des Halles," and the duke gallantly followed the exiles, and carried out his engagements, to the infinite annoyance and vexation of Condé. Mazarin, like the Medicis, always looked to the matrimonial alliances of his nieces as a means of attaining or securing power. He knew whence came his own successes, so he established an *escadron volant* to affirm and to consolidate them. He had already caught the Duke of Candale, the wealthy heir of the Epernon family, but the prize had been removed by death.

Mazarin did not cease to correspond with the queen during his exile, and at the expiration of a year, having sold the place of steward to the Marquis de la Vieuville, she sent him money enough to raise six thousand men, with whom he was enabled to penetrate through the enemy, and to join the queen and the king at Poitiers. He was accompanied on this occasion by his nephew Mancini, who is said to have been a youth of great promise, but who unfortunately fell in the fight that subsequently took place in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. Notwithstanding the setting in of winter, Mazarin, assisted by Turenne, carried on hostilities with great vigour. He seemed to have entered heart and soul into his old profession.

When at length success attended upon his efforts, and he had once more established the queen at Paris, he sent for three more nieces, two Mancinis and one Martinozzi, besides a nephew, in order to extend his alliances. The eldest was Laura Martinozzi, who wedded the Prince of Modena; the second, Marie Mancini, who wedded the Connétable Colonna; and the third, Hortense, who became Duchess of Mazarin. The youngest, Marie-Anne, did not come from Rome till some time afterwards, and she became Duchess of Bouillon.

The first surprise that Mazarin reserved for the good Parisians on his restoration to power was the marriage of Anne-Marie Martinozzi with the Prince of Conti, and that at the very moment when parliament, in red robes assembled, was condemning his brother Condé to death. He effected, indeed, an alliance with one royal prince at the very moment that he was carrying out the destruction of another.

Deaths and marriages kept constantly succeeding one another in the cardinal's family. Madame Mancini died in Paris at the age of forty-two. Her death, as well as that of her son, who was slain in the Faubourg

Saint-Antoine, had been predicted by her husband, who, like all the family, was a dabbler in astrology. Olympe Mancini was next wedded to a prince of the house of Savoy. Then Laura, Duchess of Mercœur, died at nineteen years of age; and the same year Mancini, the astrologer, died at Rome, not without having uttered certain prophecies in regard to the cardinal which were anything but palatable. The cardinal had also, as we have before seen, lost his eldest nephew; but he had two others, the eldest of whom became the Duke of Nevers; the youngest was killed, when only twelve years of age, by his fellow collegians, when tossing him in a blanket.

There still remained three nieces to provide for, and with them, although under the careful superintendence of Madame de Venelle and of the queen herself, matters did not go on quite so well. The letters that are extant of Mazarin's, both to the queen and to the governess, attest to the difficulties that he had to combat with. These flighty young ladies came out in January, 1660. The Muses hastened to record the fact, but their virulence had abated since the days of the Fronde. They were no longer spoken of as *ces petites harengères*. They were now—

Les illustres Mancines,
Du Louvre à présent citadines.

The cardinal effected less advantageous marriages for his younger nieces than he had done for the elder ones. His health was now failing him. He had been three months on an island in the midst of a river, buried in fogs, negotiating a treaty, and he had contracted a sickness which soon carried him to his grave. It is strange but true, that the statesman who had done so much for his family died regretted by none. Hortense has left an explanation of the circumstance in the statement that the man who was the most urbane, polished, and polite of all other men in public, was the most rude, tyrannical, and even brutal at home. ("Mém. de la Duchesse de Mazarin:" *Œuvres de Saint-Real*, t. v.)

We have seen that the eldest niece, Laura Mancini, was espoused at Bruhl, at the time of Mazarin's exile, by the Duke of Mercœur. This young lady had been destined for the Duke of Candale, who died young, at Lyons. But it is doubtful if the marriage would ever have come off, for the duke was one of the handsomest and most gallant men of his day, and he kept postponing the wedding till his death. His friend Saint-Evremond said of him: "In the latter years of his life all our ladies were in love with him. After having set them against one another by the interests of gallantry, he brought them all together in tears for his death." The marriage of Laura with the Duke of Mercœur was the source of much scandal. The duke was summoned before the parliament, and he excused himself in the best way he could, by saying that his marriage took place before the exile of the cardinal, and that he had only been to Bruhl to see his wife and not the exiled minister. The duke was ridiculed as a man without character; but this does not appear to have been substantiated by his conduct, for so great was his devotion to the cause of Mazarin, that he challenged his own brother, the Duke of Beaufort, in his defence; he put down the rebellion in Provence, and carried on a successful war in Savoy and Modena. "Mercœur," M. Renée sums up, "malgré son caractère timide et mou, était brave."

As to Laura, she was, wondrous to relate, a pattern of goodness—a lady of angelic virtues—so much so, that the Queen of Sweden used to banter the Chevalier de Grammont for the love which he bore to her, and the little gratitude that he could expect. She had three children, the eldest of whom was the celebrated Vendôme, the conqueror at Lazzara, and the second was a grand prior. Unfortunately, she died in childbed of her third, and her death so afflicted her husband, that he withdrew to a convent of Capuchins, where he remained shut up for several days. Although still young, he allowed himself to form no more attachments, but, taking orders, he entered with fervour into his new vocation, and died a cardinal and legate of the Holy See in France.

The life and character of Laura Mancini form a pleasant contrast to the fortunes of most of the other nieces of the cardinal. Anne-Marie Martinozzi was married against her inclinations to the Prince de Conti, who was not only ill-favoured by nature, being little and hump-backed, but was also still less favoured morally, being passionate, perverse, dissolute, and unprincipled. Marie herself, a good and pious young woman, had been affianced to the gay deceiver, the Duke of Candale; but he resembled the Prince de Conti, who, in marrying Marie, said, "He did not care which niece he had, he wedded the cardinal, and not a woman," in that point, and was polite enough to cede his betrothed to his rival. As for the unworthy Conti, he is said not only to have contracted a bad disorder immediately previous to his nuptials, to the subsequent sad sufferings of a good and chaste lady, but also to have been in such a passion with his poetical secretary, Sarrazin, on the conclusion of the marriage, as to have killed him with a pair of tongs.

This precious scion of a once chivalrous aristocracy had passed the Sorbonne, and was in reality a prince-abbé, having vowed, in 1663, to live and die in the company of Jesus. The cardinal did not, as he had promised, give the prince the office of connétable, but he conferred on him the government of Guienne, and he built an hotel for himself and wife on the Quai Malaquais, in Paris.

As is often the case, inconstant himself—for he not only devoted himself, after his marriage, to Madame de Sévigné, but he is said to have entertained a violent passion for his relative, Madame de Longueville—he was excessively jealous of his wife, and he even extended this jealousy to the person of the king himself. A certain Marquis of Vardes, as handsome as Candale, and far more agreeable, was, it appears, however, really more to be dreaded. Madame de Conti was, in fact, a woman of the world before she became a saint. She passed, by degrees, from indifference to faith. She began by reforming her toilet and visiting the poor. She sold, in a year of scarcity, full 60,000 crowns' worth of jewellery, to feed those who were in want.

A widow at twenty-nine years of age, a great prince is said to have offered her his hand, which was declined. The alliance, according to Port Royal, would have raised her three degrees higher than the influence of her uncle the cardinal could effect for her. The allusion is supposed to be to Monsieur, brother of Louis XIV. Anne-Marie died of apoplexy at thirty-five years of age. The manner of her death is related at length by Madame de Sévigné. She left 20,000 crowns to the poor, and as many to her servants. One of her sons, the Prince of Conti, was

depicted by Saint-Simon as being one of the most perfect gentlemen of his day; the other married a daughter of Louis XIV. and De la Vallière, and died at twenty-four years of age.

The next of

> Les Mancini, les Martinosses,
> Illustres matières de noces,

was Laura Martinozzi, who was asked in marriage at sixteen years of age, and wedded by Alphonse de Modène, without his even seeing her. The Prince of Modena wanted at that time the support of France against Spain, and, as a result of his son's marriage, he was made generalissimo of the French troops in Spain. This was a regular system with the cardinal; all his nephews, or their relations, became commanders and governors. There were now three—the Duke of Modena and Duke of Mercœur, in Italy, and the Prince-abbé of Conti, in Catalonia. Alphonse was less warlike than his father, and on the death of the latter, and his succession to the throne, he, with the concurrence of his uncle—the cardinal—negotiated peace with Spain. He did not, however, live to enjoy it long, for, afflicted with gout, he died at twenty-eight years of age, in 1662, leaving two children, a boy and a girl, and Laura as regent. The boy was unfortunately as afflicted as the father; and when Laura, after ruling for some years with great capacity, withdrew to a convent, leaving the throne to her son, he soon sank, the house of D'Este dying with him.

One of the most interesting features, to us as English, associated with this cardinal's niece, is, that by the instrumentality of Louis XIV., her daughter—as great a bigot as herself, and therefore an apt subject for upholding popery in England—was married to the Duke of York, afterwards James II.; and the house of Stuart was expelled the country, in the persons of herself, her royal husband, and her son.

Olympe Mancini, who was brought up with the young prince afterwards Louis XIV., and was so familiar with him that even a closer intimacy was at one time dreamt of, was, after disputing their lovers with her fair cousins, wedded to Eugène de Carignan, of the house of Bourbon, in Savoy, and who was, in consequence, created Comte de Soissons. The marriage of Olympe did not, however, in any way interrupt the friendly relations that had so long existed between herself and the king. Louis XIV., who had been initiated into those arts in which he afterwards so much excelled by *Cateau la Borgnesse*, never passed a day without a visit to the Hôtel de Soissons. The cardinal had to supply his nieces with hotels, at the same time that he conferred some provincial or army appointment on their husbands. Poor Olympe, who had been done out of the Prince of Conti, the Prince of Modena, and Armand de la Meilleraie, by her sisters and cousins, was also destined to be eclipsed in the king's favours by Marie Mancini; but this did not last long, for after his marriage, Louis XIV., tired of the jealous Marie, renewed his intimacy with Olympe. The cardinal took advantage of the circumstance to get her appointed superintendant of the queen's household. As to the count, we are told that during the king's secession to Marie, he was much mortified at the neglect shown to his wife, "for he was," Madame de Motteville tells us, "un honnête homme et

surtout un bon mari." It would be curious to know what Madame de Motteville understood by her idea of a good husband! The Count de Soissons was, however, so good a husband, that he was ever ready to fight for his wife's privileges. Thus a quarrel arose at court between the Duchess of Navailles, as dame d'honneur to the queen, and Olympe, as superintendant. Madame de Navailles had certain windows walled up by which the king, it is said, used to pay nocturnal visits to the maids of honour. She even told the king to his face that she would fulfil her duties, and would not permit that the maids should be no longer maids of honour. Olympe, on the other hand, was much less severe in her restrictions, and the dispute that thus arose betwixt the two ladies divided the court into two parties, till the husbands also interfered, and the Comte de Soissons called out the Duke of Navailles.

The king, in the mean time, having fallen in love with La Vallière, he assigned to the Marquis of Vardes, of whom we have before spoken, the task of taking Olympe off his hands. This Vardes was the son of one of Henry IV.'s mistresses, and his affairs of heart and honour were equally numerous. The most brilliant of his conquests, and the most touching of his victims, is said to have been the Duchess of Roquelaure: "elle était parfaitement belle et sage." The duchess, abandoned like all the rest by Vardes, died of grief at the early age of twenty-three. The Prince of Conti once found this "des hommes de France le mieux fait et le plus aimable" by the bedside of his wife, Anne-Marie Martinozzi, and that a few moments after he had declined taking a drive with him, on the plea of fatigue after hunting. Vardes was as successful with Olympe as he had been with Anne-Marie; her passion for the marquis became so ungovernable as to be manifest to all except to her husband, who, when a quarrel happened between the lady and her lover, went to bring him back and to effect a reconciliation. This "charming man" deceived and abused the friendship of the king, his master, that of Madame, the king's sister, and that of all his friends and mistresses in their turn: "C'était comme un goût d'artiste auquel il ne résistait pas.".

At length an order of the king's came like a thunder-clap to take away her dear De Vardes from Madame de Soissons. He was imprisoned in the Bastille, and removed thence to the citadel of Montpellier. The count and countess were also exiled for a time, and then restored again to favour. "Such a loss," our historian says, "was a bitter trial to the countess, but her heart did not consume itself in vain regrets. De Vardes had left more than one disciple. The most brilliant of all was that Marquis of Villeroy, whom the ladies designated as *Le Charmant.* He was admitted to the Hôtel de Soissons on the same footing as Vardes had been before. If we were to believe the songs and secret chronicles of the day, *Le Charmant* had also others, who succeeded to him in their turn; but, we are told, "no serious writing comes to back them, and, whatever may be said of it, history, were it even the history of ladies, cannot be exactly founded upon songs."

When at the age of thirty-five Olympe lost "un mari si facile pour elle;" she lost, at the same time, one who is elsewhere designated as "un mari paisible, honoré, considérable, et qui était un brave et dévoué champion." The only fault of the Comte de Soissons was his blind passion for a worthless woman, and he died not without suspicions of having been

poisoned when on his way to join the army of Turenne, of which he was one of the most distinguished officers.

Olympe was at this time much given to the practice of magical arts. Horoscopes were drawn, astrology practised, and various systems of divination were in vogue at the Hôtel de Soissons. An "old gentleman" signalised the death of M. de Soissons by making a white horse appear in a glass of water held in the hand of a child in the presence of Villeroy, of Vendôme, and of Madame de Bouillon. The coincidence has certainly a guilty aspect about it. It was not surprising, however, that Olympe should be addicted to magical arts, when the cardinal used to consult horoscopes himself in reference to the marriages of his nieces. But Olympe did not content herself with necromancy. She got implicated in the notorious case of Madame de la Voisin, which followed, after a brief interval of four years, upon that of the Marchioness of Brinvilliers. La Voisin implicated the Marshal de Luxembourg, the Countess of Soissons, and her sister, the Duchess of Bouillon. The marshal was arrested and imprisoned for two years at the Bastille; Madame de Bouillon browbeat and mystified her judges, and got off. Olympe ran away terrified, as she says, at the hostility of M. de Louvois and of Madame de Montespan, who were determined upon her ruin. M. Amédée Renée, following in this matter the kindly views enunciated by Madame de Sévigné, does not believe that Olympe dabbled in the "poudres de succession." She had eight children, and none had perished, and she lived on good terms with her mother-in-law, the Princess of Carignan. What she consulted La Voisin about is supposed to have been limited to the subject of the king and his mistresses, and the art of making herself beloved by the former.

The persecution of the Countess of Soissons was, however, something frightful. "M. de Louvois," the Abbé de Choisy relates, "pursued her *jusque dans les enfers*." In all the towns and all the villages that she had to pass through she was refused reception at the hotels; she had to sleep on straw, and to suffer the insults of the populace, who called her a witch and a poisoner. At Brussels she was so persecuted, that had not the Count de Monterey, governor of the Low Countries, interfered, she would have been torn to pieces by the populace. A dance of cats tied together was got up in her presence. The gates of Namur, of Antwerp, and of other towns were actually closed against her. "Nous ne voulons point de ces empoisonneuses," said the authorities, backed by the populace. The persecutions of the fair and frail one were not, however, destined to last for ever; she was fortunate enough to find a refuge in the arms of the Prince of Parma. "M. le Prince de Parme," wrote the mother of Marshal de Villars, "est donc amoureux de la Comtesse de Soissons? Ce n'est pas un joli galant." If the prince was not handsome, he was, however, both wealthy and powerful, and what is more, could protect Olympe in her misfortunes. The countess herself, it must be remembered, was forty-two years of age, and, in the words of her biographer, "n'offrait plus d'amorce à l'ambition; il faut donc croire que son commerce n'était pas sans quelques charmes."

Olympe left five sons and three daughters in France, under the charge of the Princess of Carignan. The eldest, the Count of Soissons, married the beautiful but illegitimate daughter of a squire called La Cropte-

Beauvais. Great was the indignation of the princess his grandmother, who disinherited him; of his mother, although herself so irregular in her conduct; and of all his relatives. Louis XIV. alone sympathised with him, for he had made vain attempts upon the virtue of the lady himself, and had to put up with her friend La Fontanges, whom she acknowledgedly surpassed in beauty as she also did in chastity. The Count of Soissons, persecuted at the court of France, sought military employment abroad, and soon found an honourable death. His beautiful widow died a poor, broken-hearted wanderer, and his children also perished when young.

The second brother, Prince Philip, died of the small-pox. The third, the Chevalier de Savoie, perished from an accident. The fourth, the Chevalier de Soissons, distinguished himself by falling in love with his aunt, the Duchess of Mazarin, and killing a rival in her affections in a duel. The fifth, Eugène Maurice, was, as usual, where there were five, destined for the Church, and from being a persecuted, despised little abbé, became, in the service of the States-General, the "Grand Abbé de Hollande." Eugène de Savoie, hated by Louvois and despised by Louis XIV., soon cast off the sacerdotal habits and entered the service of the emperor. On hearing this, Louis XIV. said, laughingly, "Do you not think that I have sustained a great loss?" It was indeed a great loss, and such a one as he little suspected. He sent without a regret a sword to his enemies which was destined to shake him on his throne; he gave to them a general as great as Turenne, whilst his own armies were entrusted to a La Feuillade and a Villeroy. With one man more Louis XIV. would have died the arbiter of Europe—he would have been the "grand monarque" to the end. By losing the little abbé, France also lost many a province.

The Countess of Soissons, after an ineffectual attempt to return to France when Madame de Montespan was succeeded by another Esther, threw all her energies into the service of her illustrious son. For his sake she visited Spain and England, and her memory is gloomily associated in the former country with the death of the queen, upon whom she is said to have practised her abominable arts. This extraordinary woman died at Brussels in 1708, in the enjoyment of triumphs over her enemies. "How many people of Versailles, how many old acquaintances, did she not find (Villeroy among others) among those prisoners with whom the conqueror of Oudenarde and of Malplaquet filled the fortresses of Germany and Flanders! She saw the throne of Louis XIV. tremble before the shocks given to it by her son; she witnessed the defeats and the humiliation of the court that had banished her; and the mother of Eugène expired tasting the last pleasure of pride and vengeance."

Marie and Hortense Mancini, who came to Paris after the Fronde, were educated at the convent of the Filles Sainte-Marie at Chaillot, and when they were brought from thence to the Louvre, their contemporaries said that the cardinal intended them as companions to the king in the place of Olympe,—an apparently scandalous supposition, yet which, M. Renée says, "ne choque en rien les vraisemblances." Marie was not successful at first; the king preferred Mademoiselle d'Argencourt; but being on the point of death from a fever contracted during the war in the Low Countries, Louis XIV. was so affectionately nursed by the Italian, that

he felt bound to reciprocate her attentions from gratitude, and although not remarkable for beauty of person, Marie possessed such a highly cultivated mind that she soon became a first favourite:

> Le roi, notre monarque illustre,
> Menoit l'infante Mancini,
> Des plus sages et gracieuses,
> Et *la perle des précieuses.*

Somaize also gives a place to Marie Mancini in his great "Dictionnaire des Précieuses." In the pride of her affection, Marie disdained the interests of the queen and even those of her uncle the cardinal, seeking for the honour and welfare of her lover, whom she did everything in her power to educate in that independence of character which had not yet manifested itself in him. A change came upon the scene when Louis started with his court for Lyons to meet his proposed bride, Margaret of Savoy. Marie, however, nothing dismayed, "chevauchait à ses côtés," for the greater part of the journey had in those times to be performed on horseback. When a halt took place, Hortense and Marie-Anne amused the queen, whilst Marie was with the king. Louis was pleased at first sight with his intended, but Marie, or some one else—most likely Marie—so calumniated the young princess, representing her as humpy, that the king soon grew cool, and was in a happy condition to receive the overtures of Don Antonio Pimental, who arrived at Lyons to supersede the alliance with the house of Savoy by one with the Infanta of Spain. The Duke of Savoy rode off in disgust, the cardinal comforted the mother with a pair of earrings, and as to Margaret herself, she is said to have preserved an admirable tranquillity and reserve under such painful circumstances.

Marie had, however, gained a step, and she was now at the height of her favour with the king. It is even said, when Don Juan of Austria arrived with his *folle*, called Capiton, to cement the matrimonial alliance with Spain, that Louis XIV. spoke openly to the cardinal, and said he preferred to wed his niece, and that the cardinal objected. His objections have been supposed to have been founded on state policy, the importance of an alliance with Spain, and the hostility that would be aroused among all parties, the queen, the French people, and throughout Europe, at such an opportunity for securing peace being thrown away for one of the cardinal's nieces. M. Amédée Renée, however, prefers a less likely and more domestic explanation of the fact, in the circumstance that Marie despised her uncle, and fancied herself influential enough to succeed in winning the king without the assistance of either queen or cardinal. If so, she made a great mistake; for Mazarin, going to the conferences in the Pyrenees, did not choose to leave Marie with the king, but sent her, with her two younger sisters, to the citadel of Brouage. The king is said to have cast himself on his knees to the inflexible minister. As to the proud Marie, she turned to the monarch in tears, and taunted him: "Vous m'aimez, vous êtes roi, et je pars!" If the first version of this story is accepted, that Marie was sacrificed to political exigencies, it is a relieving point in Mazarin's otherwise despicable character; if, however, it was a mere quarrel between uncle and niece, it only adds to the turpitude and insignificance of the minister. The correspondence, however,

that followed between Mazarin and the king, as also with his niece, when he discovered that the lovers were in active correspondence with one another, are sufficient to establish that M. Amédée Renée's view of the subject is not the correct one, and that the cardinal really sacrificed his own and his niece's interests to those of the king and the country which he had so long served. Mazarin showed himself upon this occasion to have been a worthy successor of Richelieu.

Marie managed to have another interview with the king at St. Jean d'Angely, and, as might naturally be expected, the passion of both parties was only increased by opposition. The cardinal, however, triumphed; the marriage of Louis XIV. and of the Infanta of Spain was consummated, and a matrimonial arrangement was made for Marie with the Connétable Colonna, in order that she might be removed altogether from Paris, where it was justly opined her presence would interfere with the happiness of the newly-wedded royal couple.

The very idea of such an alliance threw Marie into a state of despair. Unable to wed the king, she would have preferred Charles of Lorraine, who had shown her marked attentions; but the cardinal was inexorable, and she was removed to Milan, where her nuptials were celebrated like one going to a sacrifice. Still the first years of her wedded life are said to have been happy enough. Prince Colonna was to her "un mari facile, indulgent, fort épris." Everthing was done, also, to render her residence at the Palais Colonna agreeable. Conversaziones, concerts, balls, and plays succeeded to one another, to the great scandal of the Romans, where the ladies lived in retirement. In the course of time Marie bore three sons to the connétable, the eldest of whom married a daughter of the Duke of Medina Celi, minister in Spain. But in the course of time, also, the affections of the connétable and those of his lady grew cool, and from coolness sprang aversion. M. Amédée Renée tells us that, having suffered greatly in childbed, Marie "recourut au remède le plus héroïque pour éviter de nouveaux périls." She severed herself from her husband, but it does not appear whether she did as much with her old lover, the Chevalier of Lorraine, who had joined her at Rome, and with whom, the Duke of Nevers, her brother, and her sister Hortense, each successive day was passed in some new pleasure, promenade, cavalcade, collation, or hunting-party. The connétable, on his side, sought for indemnification in the person of Princess Ghigi. The relations of *La Connétable*, as Marie was called, with the chevalier became at length so notorious, that, with the perspective of an imprisonment at Palliano, a stronghold of the connétable's on the frontiers of the Roman States, she fled with Hortense to Civita Vecchia, whence they made their escape in a felucca to Provence. The two sisters were, however, arrested at Aix, disguised in the habiliments of the male sex. Hortense was allowed to proceed into Savoy, whilst Marie found a temporary shelter in the Abbaye du Lys. But not remaining quiet, and insisting upon seeing the king, she was also sent after her sister into Savoy. Nor did she remain there long, for, quarrelling with the duke, she left Savoy for the Low Countries, where she was arrested and imprisoned in the citadel of Antwerp. Upon her liberation thence she proceeded to Spain, to try her fortunes in that country, but at Madrid they placed her in a convent as a dangerous person. The connétable, her husband, also came over from Italy to see her, but it does

not appear that they came to terms of reconciliation. The Marchioness of Villars wrote of her even at this epoch: " C'est vraiment un caractère original, qu'on ne peut assez admirer, à le voir de près comme je le vois. Elle a ici un amant." The latter appears to have been an indispensable contingent to the Mancinis at all times. The connétable, however, did not admire these proceedings, and he had the fair and frail one imprisoned in the Alcasar of Segovia. Different convents in Spain served each in their turn as a prison for this unfortunate lady. " Elle revint en France, assure-t-on ; et cette femme, qui avait vécu dans les grandeurs et qui s'était vue si près d'un trône, ne laissa point de traces de ses derniers pas."

What a melancholy exit! It is possible, her biographer says, that the cardinal, in opposing her marriage with Louis XIV., saved him from a fate similar to that of Louis XVI. But is the suggestion a fair one on any grounds? Was Marie Antoinette guilty? and had Marie wedded Louis XIV., was the character of that monarch as weak as that of Louis XVI.? Proud, clever, and courageous as Marie was, is it likely that she could ever have ruled le Grand Monarque as Marie Antoinette did Louis XVI.? And even laying that aside, is it at all likely that Louis XIV. would have been more constant to Marie than he was to any one else? " Dans sa chûte profonde," concludes her biographer, " elle contemplait peut-être avec orgueil le règne de Louis XIV. Elle n'a eu qu'une page, il est vrai, mais cette page couvre sa vie, et l'histoire n'oubliera pas ces mots charmants: 'Vous m'aimez, vous êtes roi, et je pars!' "

With all her faults, it is impossible not to admit that Marie was one of the most remarkable characters of the day, and one of the nieces of Mazarin most to be pitied. Whatever might have been the results of her marriage with Louis XIV., it is admitted that she was his saving genius by inspiring him with a just and royal pride, and it by no means follows that she would have been a Marie Antoinette to him; on the contrary, if we are to believe the Duchess of Mazarin, her sister, and a good authority, she was chaste when she wedded Colonna. The loves of Louis and Marie were first loves on both sides, and whether it was from fear and dislike on the part of the cardinal, or from the necessities of state policy, still was Marie sacrificed alike by king and minister.

Hortense Mancini, the next in succession, had as many suitors as Penelope. First on the list came our own Charles II. when an exile. The cardinal had somehow or other neglected to consult his niece's horoscope, for he twice declined a banished prince whom he lived to see soon afterwards restored to his throne. Or was it that he deemed it more suitable to offer a little girl of fourteen or fifteen years of age to the veteran Turenne? Be it so or not, the latter had the good sense to excuse himself on the plea of absence of inclination on the part of the young lady herself. Next on the list came the Prince of Portugal, whose want of success is involved in obscurity. It is the same with respect to the Duke of Savoy, who became a competitor for her hand. Mazarin appears to have had a complicated matrimonio-political game in view. He wished to detach Coligny from Condé by an alliance with Hortense, but the gallant soldier was not to be caught by such a bait, however tempting. Mazarin then turned his thoughts to the Prince of Courtenay, but he soon gave up the idea; the Courtenays, albeit de-

scendants of Louis-le-Gros, and once rulers at Constantinople, were almost penniless, and of all his nieces, Mazarin favoured Hortense most, and intended her for his heir. When Charles II. reascended his throne, negotiations were once more opened by his queen-mother Henrietta; but whether Charles himself was spiteful, or Mazarin dissatisfied, the negotiation fell to the ground.

All this time a youth of low parentage, Armand de la Porte, son of a soldier of fortune, Marshal de la Meilleraye, loved Hortense for her own sake, and that to such a degree that he used to say he would wed her even if he was to die three months afterwards. Mazarin, returning from the conferences at the Pyrenees, stricken by death, selected this true lover for his heir, on the condition that he would assume his name and arms. Thus for the trouble of wedding the person he loved, one of the prettiest women in France too, this fortunate youth became Duke of Mazarin, one of the wealthiest men in the kingdom, and governor of Alsace, Brittany, and Vincennes. The cardinal, dying shortly afterwards, the young couple went to reside at the Palais Mazarin, which is said to have surpassed the Louvre in magnificence.

Unfortunately, with all these wondrous advantages, there was no happiness for Armand de la Porte. It seems quite enough that a Mazarin should be concerned that there should be evil spirits in the house. The frequent visits that the king paid to the duke's wife came first to disturb his equanimity. Armand loved his Hortense too much to be a "mari facile" after the fashion of the Mercœurs, the Contis, the Colonnas, and the Soissons. He determined to remove his wife from the scene of temptation, and with this view he travelled about from one place to another. "L'image du roi, et peut-être de beaucoup d'autres, le poursuivait, et ne laissait reposer nulle part ce juif errant de la jalousie," says M. Renée, thereby sadly implicating the character of a young wife and mother. Jealousy at length drove the unfortunate duke mad. He took offence, as did the Jansenists of the Fronde, with the naked statues of Italy, and the licentiousness of the paintings of Titian and Corregio. He did not, like Tartufe, throw his handkerchief at them, but he daubed his paintings, and broke up his statues with a hammer. Colbert, sent to the Palais Mazarin by the king, alone succeeded in saving a few *chefs-d'œuvre*. Not satisfied with these extravagances, he told the king that the angel Gabriel had warned him that misfortunes would overtake him if he did not give up his connexion with Mlle. de la Vallière, but the king laughed at him. This same madman was engaged in perpetual lawsuits. He had some five hundred in reference to the cardinal's estates alone. He expressed no surprise; he used to say, he knew that they were wrongly acquired. Another peculiarity he had, and which is alluded to by Voltaire in his letters, was to appoint his attendants by lottery; and thus his doctor became a groom, and his chaplain a cook.

It was natural that matrimonial felicity could not long last between such a man and a Mancini. Hortense ran away from his mad tricks, and took shelter at her brother's house. A reconciliation was effected; but, wearied out, she at length sought protection within the walls of the abbey of Chelles, the abbess of which was her husband's aunt. The duke, however, interfered with the king, and got her removed by force to the convent of the Filles de Sainte-Marie de la Bastille. Here she found a

fellow-prisoner, the Marchioness de Courcelles, known as "the Manon Lescaut of the seventeenth century." The two together were enough to turn the convent upside down. They used to throw slops over the nuns, put ink into the holy water, and play a thousand other pranks.

The two fair and flighty prisoners having been removed to the abbey of Chelles, the duke made an attempt to carry off his wife by force of arms, but he failed signally, for the abbess handed over the keys of the monastery to Hortense, who herself appeared before her husband and refused him admission. The next day, her brothers-in-law, the Count of Soissons and the Duke of Bouillon, came to her aid with a body of armed men. They even obtained an act of parliament which re-established Hortense in the Palais Mazarin, and appointed the Arsenal as a residence for her husband; but being threatened with a reversal of this verdict by the higher Chambers, she, with the assistance of the Chevalier de Rohan, effected her escape on horseback disguised as a man, to Nancy, whence again, aided by the Duke of Lorraine, she got to Geneva, and crossing the Alps, joined the Colonnas at Milan. It is sufficient to show what a desperate character was this Hortense, that her husband, who had rushed to the king's bedside to inform him of her flight and to ask for assistance, intercepted a letter at this very time, in which she intimated to the Chevalier de Rohan that "c'étoit la conduite d'un ami de me donner les moyens de m'éloigner de lui (her husband); mais ce n'étoit pas trop celle d'un amant!" And yet, when she reached Milan, she had established such intimate relations with a gentleman whom the chevalier had appointed to escort her, that neither the connétable, nor his wife Marie, nor her brother the Duke of Nevers, could prevail upon her to dismiss him from her service. It was not till after visiting Venice and Sienna, and they had arrived at Rome, that the said gentleman made such a fool of himself as to weary Hortense till she consented to his being sent away.

After quarrelling with everybody at Rome, this turbulent spirit left to return to France, in company with her brother the Duke of Nevers; but on passing through the town of the same name the Duke of Mazarin sent his archers to arrest her, and she was only saved by the townspeople, who rose in her favour. After an interview with the king, who insisted that an income of 24,000 francs should be settled on her, she was reconducted over the frontier by "deux gardes du corps et un exempt."

It was not long, however, before, accompanied this time by her sister Marie, who had fled from the connétable her husband, she landed once again in Provence. The intention of the two ladies was to take refuge with the Marquis of Vardes, an exile in Montpellier. But the Duke of Mazarin having again sent his archers in pursuit of Hortense, the latter was obliged to sail for Savoy, where she was well received by the Duke Charles-Emmanuel, who had been one of her suitors. The natural consequence of this new intimacy was great jealousy on the part of the reigning duchess, but Hortense held her own, and kept up a little court at Chambéry till the death of the duke, when, the duchess compelling her to quit the country, she took refuge in England at the court of another of her old suitors, Charles II.

When the Duchess of Mazarin made her appearance at Whitehall she created a great sensation. She was now near her thirtieth year, and in

the height of her charms. The queen and the favourite, the Duchess of Portsmouth, were for a moment cast in the background. But Hortense sacrificed all her chances by falling desperately in love with the Prince of Monaco, and Charles, in spite, withdrew her allowance of 4000*l.* sterling, which he had in the first burst of his admiration assigned to her. This pension was, however, subsequently renewed, and rooms were given to the duchess at St. James's, where she as usual held a little court of her own. Beauty, wit, and talent did not reign aloue at these "salons." Saint-Evremond, at that time an exile in England, tells us that the said salons became the head-quarters of a new kind of game, at that time first brought over to England.

It was also at this epoch of her life that occurred the strange incident of her own nephew, one of the sons of Olympe, the Chevalier of Soissons, who had come over to England, falling in love with her, and challenging her then favourite, the Baron de Banier, whom he was unfortunate enough to kill in a duel. "Je ne croyais pas," wrote Madame de Sévigné, "que les yeux d'une grand'mère pussent faire encore de tels ravages." Hortense was much afflicted for a time by the loss of her lover; so much so, that she closed her house, put herself in mourning, and even meditated withdrawing to a convent.

A few years afterwards, another catastrophe came to afflict this unfortunate lady. This was the overthrow of James II. and of the Romanist party. William of Orange was not in the habit of conferring pensions on pretty women. She accordingly tried to get away from London, but her creditors objected to this. M. de Mazarin wrote to her, in answer to a request for money, that she need not pay them, as they were heretics! She next became implicated in a Romanist conspiracy, but her friends not only saved her, but got a pension of 2000*l.* a year for her from the king. She was thus enabled to continue her residence in this country. Her habits, indeed, are said to have become quite English; not only did she give good dinners, refreshed by excellent wines, but we are told, "elle se passiona pour les courses, les chasses, les paris, les combats de coqs!" This for a lady spoken of by Saint-Evremond as "the intellectual Queen of England," and by La Fontaine as

Mazarin, des amours déesse tutélaire!

There is no doubt, however, that Hortense, with all her beauty, talent, and wit, was not only given to love and gambling, but also to imbibing strong liquors. Saint-Evremond himself reproached her with this failing; and the Abbé Viguier recorded also, on her decease, that she had for some time only supported herself on eau-de-vie. Hortense, being taken ill, retired to Chelsea, where she died in the arms of her sister and of her son, on the 2nd of July, 1699. The duke, her husband, went to law with her creditors for her body; and so this poor Hortense fell, after her death, into the possession of him from whom she had fled all her life—her inveterate persecutor—her husband. As to Saint-Evremond, he could never eat truffles any more; they used, he said, to make him think of how he had enjoyed them with poor Hortense, Duchess of Mazarin!

There only remains the history of one more of these truly remarkable nieces of Cardinal Mazarin to relate. This was Marie-Anne Mancini, afterwards Duchess of Bouillon, and whose career presents the same

vicissitudes, as also the same leading errors, as those of the other nieces. Richelieu had spared the Duke of Bouillon, an accomplice in the conspiracy of Cinq Mars, on the condition that he should give up his town of Sedan to the king. The negotiation was carried out by Mazarin, who, at the same time, promised one of his nieces to the duke. He did not, however, fulfil his promise in his lifetime, although the interests of the duke were backed by Turenne, his uncle. Thus Marie-Anne remained unmarried at the death of the cardinal, with the government of Auvergne and an income of 400,000 crowns. It is true, also, that Marie-Anne was at that time only thirteen years of age. She was pretty and precocious : at six, she had made verses; at thirteen, her songs and sayings circulated from mouth to mouth; she was quite a little personage at court. The poets of the day wrote of her as—

> Marie-Anne de Mancini,
> Fille d'un mérite infini.

Combined with this were all the pretensions of a spoiled child, success in dancing, plays, and other courtly diversions, and great self-possession. The Duke of Bouillon having urged his suit on the death of the cardinal, he was married to Marie-Anne at the Hôtel de Soissons, in the presence of the king and the two queens, on the 22nd of April, 1662.

The duke was a good soldier, but a bad courtier, and still less of a literary man, so the duchess of fifteen years of age had to uphold alone her courtly and literary connexions, and to preside at the Hôtel de Bouillon—her little academy. The obligations of maternity drove her for a time to the retirement of Château Thierry. It was here that she made acquaintance with La Fontaine, and to her the credit is given of having instigated, or at least encouraged, the penning of the well-known Fables. It was her, we are also told, and not Madame de la Sablière, who first designated La Fontaine as "le Fablier." The poet returned the kindness of the duchess by singing her praises, not, however, Frenchman like, without a reference to self:

> Pour moi, le temps d'aimer est passé, je l'avoue.
> La mère des Amours et la reine des Grâces,
> C'est Bouillon; et Vénus lui cède ses emplois.

On her return to Paris, La Fontaine accompanied the duchess, and was introduced to the society of the Hôtel de Bouillon, including her sisters, Mesdames de Soissons and Mazarin, her brother the Duke of Nevers, the clever Duc d'Albret, who, at twenty-six, became Cardinal de Bouillon, Turenne, Molière, Corneille, and others. These literary coteries were as narrow-minded and as fanatical as in our own times. One Pradon, a poet of the Hôtel de Bouillon, having taken for subject the Phèdre, also assumed by Racine, the Bouillon coterie filled the theatre for six nights, till they had hissed the play off the stage. Truth, however, ultimately prevailed; Racine succeeded, and Pradon was covered with ridicule and contempt.

In the mean time, if the Duke of Bouillon did not haunt his wife like a jealous monomaniac, he was not a very attentive husband; he had no sympathy for her academy of poets and beaux-esprits, and when he was not engaged in combating Turks and Christians, he used to betake

himself to Château Thierry, or Navarre, to hunt wolves, boars, and stags. La Fontaine says of him :

> Vous saurez que le chambellan
> A couru cent cerfs en un an.

As might be anticipated, he was accordingly soon supplanted by his own brother the cardinal, concerning whose intimacy with Marie-Anne " il courut des bruits fâcheux !" But she compromised herself still more signally with the Count de Louvigny, and she was obliged, in consequence, to withdraw for a short time to the convent of Montreuil in order to do penance. Thus it was that at the same time the three sisters, Marie, Hortense, and Marie-Anne, were immured in convents for the same peccadilloes.

After a brief confinement, Marie-Anne, however, reappeared in society as charming as ever, and laughing as heartily as any one at the misadventure that had befallen her. The Duke of Nevers also introduced her to the turbulent soirées of the Hôtels Vendôme and of the Temple, where, according to her biographer, she was " exposée à en entendre de belles ; mais la déesse Bouillon aimait l'esprit à tout risque."

One of the greatest misfortunes in life that happened, however, to the Duchess of Bouillon arose from the family failing of dabbling in the black arts. It was the only religion, says M. Renée, that the cardinal taught his nieces. Marie-Anne used to be present at the evoking of spirits at the Hôtel de Soissons. She also, as we have before seen, was charged with being an accomplice of La Voisin's. One of the initiated, Le Sage, bore evidence against her that she had asked for poison to get rid of her husband in order to wed her nephew, the Duke of Vendôme. The duchess appeared in court with all her friends around her, and ridiculed her judges. After her interrogatory, she said, " I never could have believed that wise men could have asked such foolish things." And when the councillor of state, La Reynie, asked her if she had really seen the devil, she answered at once, " Yes, I see him now before me ; he is ugly and old, and disguised as a councillor of state." Marie-Anne was more lucky than Olympe ; she got off with flying colours ; but the king was not so easily satisfied, and he sent her in exile to Nérac.

In 1687, Marie-Anne went to England to see her sister Hortense, whom she had always abetted in her revolts against the Duke of Mazarin. There are, however, said to have been other motives for this journey. Be this as it may, she was well received at the court of Charles II., and she soon became an adept at the game of " la bassette," introduced by her sister. Her arrival in London became the occasion of a kind of poetical tournament between La Fontaine and Saint-Evremond, the one exalting Hortense, the other Marie-Anne.

> Marianne sans pair, Hortense sans seconde.

At the death of James II., William caused the duchess to be conducted, in his own yacht, to Rouen, and Paris being interdicted to her, she took refuge in Navarre, from whence she directed her steps to Italy. She was joined there by her eldest son, at first Count d'Evreux, and afterwards Prince of Turenne, a youth of the greatest promise, but who was unfortunately killed at the battle of Steinkerke. Another son, the Duke

of Albret, was governor of Auvergne, and the third appears to have been a simple chevalier of Malta.

Madame de Bouillon is said to have preserved all her charms of person and manners up to her death, in 1714. She was, says Saint-Simon, the queen of Paris, and of all the places to which she was exiled. Her husband, children, the Prince of Conti, the Duke of Bourbon, all who frequented her society, were like the grass of the fields before her. She gave herself airs of superiority over all around her. She depended upon her wit and her beauty for their vindication. She was the same under all her trials and reverses.

Such were the nieces of Mazarin! These brilliant parvenues rose up in the midst of the society of the seventeenth century as if called forth by a fairy's wand, till they actually encumbered the throne. They mingled their blood with everything that was illustrious in the country; they gave birth to the last Stuarts, to the Modenas, the Carignans, the Vendômes, the Contis, the Bouillons, and the Colonnas. In the midst of such splendour there occurred catastrophes and falls so sudden as even to astound the seventeenth century. Nor did the blood of the Mancini bring happiness to the illustrious houses with which it mingled itself; the house of the D'Estes, of the Stuarts, of the Vendômes, of the Contis, the Bouillons, and the Soissons, were soon extinguished. It was especially by intelligènce that they shone: the Duke of Nevers and his sisters are deserving, on that account alone, of a page in history; the Vendômes, Prince Eugène, and the Duke of Nivernois, their children, inherited this distinction, but the ardent blood of Italy, which gave birth to heroes, soon consumed itself in its own flame.

In contemplating the character of these precious ladies in another point of view, great allowance must be made for the times in which they lived. "Ces belles pécheresses que nous avons rencontrées," says their biographer, "si elles cédaient aux séductions, se relevaient aussi avec une force héroïque; on parlait autant de leurs pénitences que de leur feintes, et la religion trouvait des saintes dans ces héroïnes de l'amour." History is always moving in cycles—not, as some fondly imagine, in a perpetually ascending line—and we see in the present day, just as in the times of Mazarin, a powerful dynasty strengthening itself by family alliances with the heroes of the day. Let us congratulate ourselves, at the same time, that more correct views are now entertained of courtly propriety and social integrity than what obtained in the brilliant but lax days of Louis XIV., of Charles II., and of the fanatic and cruel James II.

FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.

A MODERN STORY.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LE MARCHAND D'HABITS.

WHEN that estimable Norman gentleman, Monsieur Auguste Mercier, informed Mr. Yates that he was well acquainted with Paris, he spoke no more than the truth. There are certain seasons when the country is an agreeable place of residence; certain events also occur when it may be desirable to change the air of the city for the purer breezes of the plain; and when the season and the reason combine, the country has a decided advantage over the town. But this is only for a time. After all, the man of business or of pleasure always returns to the place which brings him the greatest profit or gives him the most amusement, and, acting on this principle, Monsieur Auguste Mercier was found in Paris more frequently than elsewhere—by his friends, you will understand, for there were those in the opposite category by whom he would much rather not be found. On account of the latter class, indeed, he was fain very often to shroud his somewhat classical appellation beneath the first that suggested itself—Rigaud, Caron, Glatou, no matter which—while his most intimate associates called him "Le Poulain," a name which, apart from its allusion to horse-dealing, signified in their jargon one who was more than commonly skilful and daring in the pursuits to which they were all addicted. Nicknames, in fact, are a necessity amongst the members of the predatorial profession, in which society Le Poulain occupied a distinguished position.

The same motive which led to the adoption of a *nom de guerre*, also influenced its proprietor in the choice of an abode, and accordingly Auguste Mercier took up his residence in Paris, now in the Rue Mouffetard, then in the Rue de Charonne; at one time near the Barrière d'Enfer, at another on the Butte de Chaumont, always preferring some outlying locality, and never remaining long enough in one place to become what is termed "mouchique à la section," that is to say, well known to the police.

After parting with Mr. Yates at Rouen, Auguste Mercier lost no time in conveying himself by rail to Paris, directing his steps, when he arrived there, to the *faubourg* Saint-Antoine, where, having many acquaintances, he was sure of being speedily and safely housed.

A man's selection of a friend is not always guided by the rank he holds, and if Auguste Mercier sought his in the person of Jean Courapied, whose ostensible occupation was that of a *roulant*, or one who obtains his living by buying and selling old clothes, it is to be presumed he valued

him for other qualities than the merely adventitious ones of public consideration and worldly prosperity, for, sooth to say, Jean Courapied could boast of neither. But in the absence of those virtues which, in England, ensure testimonials to their possessor—teapots of silver and purses plump with the more precious metal—Jean Courapied had a cool head, a quick eye, and nimble fingers, which now and then helped him to a silver teapot, and occasionally, but more rarely, to a purse of gold; and it is just possible, though unacquainted with our English custom, that the Parisian *roulant* may have regarded these spoils as testimonials also—to his dexterity. Whether this were the case or not, Jean Courapied stood high in the estimation of Auguste Mercier, and to the very high chamber in which he dwelt in the Rue Sainte-Marguérite—the eighth above the ground-floor, or the first from the roof, whichever you please to call it—Le Poulain lost no time in proceeding as soon as he had secured his own *gîte*.

Youth, vast audacity, a wide sphere of action, and greater personal strength, gave the *soi-disant* horse-dealer a superiority over the merchant of old clothes which the latter did not attempt to contest; on the contrary, he considered Auguste Mercier more in the light of a patron than an equal—though the law, perhaps, would have made no such nice distinction—and was readily obedient to his orders.

As regarded trade—its condition being Mercier's first question—Courapied confessed that it was bad—very bad. The legitimate branch, he said, was in the hands of the monopolists, and that which honest men of another sort lived by was going to the dogs—nothing could be made of it.

"Imagine to yourself," said Courapied, "from seven o'clock this morning till eleven I walked through four *arrondissements*, and only picked up one hat, two coats, and a single pair of pantaloons; then I was on the *carreau* for three hours, and could only get rid of the hat at anything like a profit; 'The Wolf in Boots'—that's Monsieur Borel—and 'The Blue Butterfly'—that's Madame Broc—keeping down the market to suit their own ends! What they care about most is, not the interests of poor devils like me, who do all the work, but the *revidage*, the share they get at the wine-shop, where they buy and sell without risking a *sou*. Such traffic is neither just nor generous! Those who follow it cover themselves with shame. But what does that signify to them? They fill their pockets and leave us to starve. Then, a man's opportunities are worth nothing now-a-days. The forks and spoons are all made of white metal; there's nothing solid left, nothing worth the risk of taking or the trouble of carrying. I haven't earned the price of a bottle of *eau d'affe* (brandy) this three weeks—my *ange gardien* has nothing to do—and if things go on much longer in this way I must *balancer la canne* (turn open robber) without any more ado!"

"A sad state of affairs, indeed!" said Mercier, laughing, "but don't grumble, Jean; when things are at the worst they mend. I've not come back to sit in a corner and pare my nails. There's work to be done that I know of, *qui mettra de l'onguent dans la crépine* (which will put money in our purses); only we must be quick about it! You are high and dry, you say? *Eh bien, donc, voilà une roue de derrière* (well, then, there's a hind-wheel—a five-franc piece). *Va chercher*

une rouille de tortu (go and get a bottle of wine), and then we'll talk over the affair."

Vin bleu, for those who can afford no better, regales many a *voyou* (scamp) in Paris, but Courapied returned with something better.

"*Vrai pivois de rougement*" (good red wine), said he, putting down the bottle with an air of pride.

"*Ah ça, sifflons la linotte*" (let us have a jolly carouse), exclaimed Mercier, gaily; "it will give you the wit to understand what I want you to do."

The two worthies then began alternately to fill and empty the mutual glass which stood between them.

"You spoke just now, Jean," said Mercier, at the first pause—"you spoke of four *arrondissements*. Numéro Douze is the favourite, of course, but did you happen to look in at Numéro Trois?"

"Nibergue!" (no!) replied Courapied; "not to-day."

"But you know it, like the rest?"

"If I know it! I should think so! Tell me the street—I was very nearly saying the house—I do not know."

"The Rue Coq-héron, for example!"

"*Ah! c'est du pétrousquin, ça!* (oh, they are all citizens there). I don't do much business in that quarter at any time. Nevertheless, I take it in my rounds."

"Well, at numéro dix, in the Rue Coq-héron, there lives a *marchand de dominos* (dentist) of the name of Clovis. Some friends of his at Rouen, where I came from this morning, have just sent him a boy to take care of who has *valsé* (run away), or something of that sort, from the other side of *le grand salé* (the sea). Those that belong to the boy want him back again, quietly, without giving *le dabot* (the prefect of police) any trouble. You understand! Now, I wish to find out all about the family of this Monsieur Clovis;—who they are, what they do, where they go to, and so forth. It is not quite convenient for me to be seen in that part of the town in the daytime, but you, with your *flac* (bag), may go anywhere. So, to-morrow, instead of beating up the *Quartier Latin* for the *montants* (pantaloons) of the *carabins* (students), you must be off to the Rue Coq-héron and make it your business to get all the information I require."

"And when I have got it?"

"Then I set to work."

"That is to say, you try to get hold of the boy."

"Yes."

"And afterwards?"

"We shall see!"

"What is the boy like?"

"How can I tell? I never saw him. You must discover that."

"After all, it will not be difficult. Yes, you may reckon upon me. I will find out what I can."

After some further discussion, in the course of which more wine was fetched and disposed of, the friends parted for the night.

Next morning Jean Courapied was early in the field, and the Rue Coq-héron resounded to his cry—"Habits! habits! galons!"—accentuated with more than usual emphasis, its prolongation, like the voice of

a ventriloquist, taking always the direction he wished to give it. But before he brought it to bear upon the domicile of Monsieur Clovis he made a careful *reconnaissance* of the premises. As if to avoid a slight shower, though had it rained cats and dogs he would have borne the pitiless pelting with indifference, he ensconced himself beneath a *porte cochère* nearly opposite, and there kept watch.

He had not waited long before three persons appeared at the street door. He had previously observed some heads thrust out of the first floor windows, to ascertain, without doubt, if the rain were over, and now the owners of these heads seemed satisfied and were preparing for a walk. They consisted of a man and two boys; the former seemed about forty years of age, of heroic stature—that is to say, of the height that is considered heroic in France, and which is anything but tall—and with a good deal of importance in his aspect, as if he had always some great operation on hand, and was in every way equal to its performance. The boys were handsome lads of fifteen or sixteen, of nearly the same height, alike in complexion, but not in expression of countenance, the shorter of the two being the more vivacious, while a shade of thoughtfulness, if not of sadness, was in the smile of his companion. The question as to the weather, after a mute appeal to the sky, was settled by an approving nod from the elder of the party, and all three set off arm-in-arm down the street, Monsieur Clovis—for he was the chief personage—performing the part of *pot-à-fleurs* in the middle.

The skies brightened, and at an interval of some twenty minutes two women came down stairs. One of them, round, pretty, and neatly dressed, was evidently the *bourgeoise*—the other, with a basket on her arm, was a servant; they were, in fact, Madame Clovis and Madeleine, her cook, on their way to the *Marché des Innocents*, for the *menu* of the *pot-au-feu* and the inevitable salad.

Still Jean Courapied waited and watched, his eye roving up and down the front of *numéro dix*, and at last his patience was rewarded by seeing a young woman shake a small carpet at one of the windows of the *second*. This was the kind of person he desired to see, and straightway he shot his voice into her ear.

"*Habits! habits! galons!*"

It seemed to be a special invitation to the young woman, who at once looked into the street. Jean Courapied caught her glance before it reached the pavement, and, holding up his bag, repeated his cry, but in a gentler, a more insinuating tone. The girl shook her head; Jean Courapied cast an imploring look; she shook her head again; Jean Courapied smiled; the girl laughed. It was enough: he crossed the street, and disappeared in the dentist's entrance; at the same moment the girl left the window.

Half an hour afterwards the *roulant* was in the street again. His cry was still the same, but it was a mechanical movement, the mere effect of habit, for he looked neither right nor left.

And yet his bag seemed no fuller than when he went up-stairs.

But his head was full, and he was in haste to impart its contents.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE NORMAN GENTLEMAN.

The information obtained by Jean Courapied consisted of everything that the *femme de chambre* was able to tell; and when a damsel like Mademoiselle Florine makes use of her tongue for half an hour, it is not difficult to suppose that a good deal may be told. As far as related to the *bourgeoise* and his wife, the *marchand d'habits* learned all his employer desired, but the intelligence he received respecting the other members of the family was less precise. She could only say that the boys had just come up from the country, she believed, to finish their education in Paris, for her master, Monsieur Clovis, had taken them that very morning to begin their studies, as *externes*, at the Lycée Charlemagne.

Returning to the *faubourg* Saint-Antoine, he straightway unfolded his budget. Mercier was delighted to find the *roulant* had succeeded so well. He closely questioned his emissary about the two boys, having expected to hear of only one, but here the *roulant* was at fault: he had himself seen them both, but could not, of course, speak to their separate identity; he supposed the *Poulain* knew which he wanted; however, there they were, daily, in the streets; he could point them out at any moment, and it was agreed that he should do so the same evening.

Accordingly, as the afternoon advanced, the confederates stationed themselves at a wine-shop in the Rue Saint-Antoine, and waited till the students of the Lycée Charlemagne broke up for the day. The quick eyes of Courapied soon singled out Walter and Jules, and once indicated, they lived in the Norman's recollection. But something more was necessary. To discover the English boy Mercier followed them home, keeping as near them as he could in the hope of overhearing their conversation. To do this was not difficult, for they talked with all the freedom of youth, but sharp as were the Norman's ears, he could detect nothing insular in the pronunciation of either, and as what they said referred altogether to the events of the day, he very nearly had his labour for his pains. A slight incident, however, put him on the scent. It was dusk, and the two boys were within a few yards of home, when a large dog came bounding out of the doorway. The dog was Tonto, the dentist's cherished pointer, whose sporting life was an absolute sinecure, for his master never put him in the way of exercising his faculties in a legitimate manner; on the other hand, he was allowed his liberty at all seasons: muzzled or unmuzzled, it is all the same in France, whether we speak of dogs or men, and saving the opportunity of biting at will, Tonto's liberty was perfect. The pointer had just been let out, and, making a sudden rush into the street, came violently into contact with Jules Vermeil, and, getting between his legs, laid him sprawling on his back in the gutter. Jules rose in a great rage, which he vented on the unhappy dog in a favourite execration, and pursued him with the malediction till he was out of sight. Walter helped his friend out of the gutter as well as he could for laughter, in which the other now as heartily joined, and they both then ran into the house. But the words uttered had not been lost on Mercier.

"J'entends le numéro" (I'm awake now), he said to himself, and after quietly reconnoitring the locality, he retraced his steps to his own quarters.

Arrived there, he gave himself up to reflection. How should he proceed to entrap the *gamin* for whose capture he had been promised so large a reward? To carry him off by force was no easy matter, nor was it consistent with his own safety to be seen too often in the line of streets which lay between the Rue Coq-héron and the Lycée Charlemagne. Some stratagem must be devised to lure the boy separately—or if need were, with his companion—to a remoter part of the town, and then, with the assistance of the *roulant*, the abduction might be effected. To make acquaintance, casually, with either or both of the boys, should be his first proceeding.

We have said that Auguste Mercier was well-looking, and to this advantage he added as good an address as knavery can wear, the difference being understood between the *fripon* and the honest man. In the character of a horse-dealer the *blouse* and the *bonnet de nuit* were appropriate enough, but the Norman knew the value of external appearance too well to trust to that costume in his present undertaking. He must figure as a *rupin* (gentleman), and to procure the necessary disguise he had only to go to Jean Courapied.

The resources of the *marchand d'habits* were at once at Mercier's service, and he was speedily equipped in the attire of a person of fashion. Besides the physical fit, there was a moral fitness in the dress he chose, for it had just been purchased of the valet of a minister who, though the fact was not publicly known, at least at that time, was to the full as great a rascal as Auguste Mercier himself. Nevertheless, the Norman walked the streets without being mistaken for the minister, and, what was more to the purpose, without being recognised in his own individual capacity.

By dint of constant observation Mercier soon became acquainted with the habits of the family in the Rue Coq-héron. He knew all about the sporting weaknesses of Monsieur Clovis,—this was partly attributable to the original revelations of Mademoiselle Florine; he knew that Madame Clovis did not object to pleasure excursions; he knew that the boy he had his eye on was as gay and thoughtless as if he had been born a Frenchman; and, knowing all these things, he resolved to take the earliest opportunity of turning his knowledge to account.

One fine morning the Norman, being on the watch, observed an unusual bustle in the dentist's apartments, and his conclusion that the family were preparing for some expedition was presently confirmed by the appearance in the street of Florine, who, whisking round the corner, retured with a *citadine*, into which Monsieur and Madame Clovis entered, accompanied by Walter and Jules. Mercier was near enough to hear the dentist desire the *cocher* to drive to the railway station in the Rue Saint-Lazare, and thither he immediately proceeded in another carriage, arriving in time to see the party get out. Keeping close behind them, he soon found, by the repeated inquiries of Monsieur Clovis, that their destination was Asnières, the great suburban place of recreation for all the *badauds* of Paris. As the dentist was rushing to and fro, demanding of every one which was the right *bureau*, Mercier stepped up, and with great politeness offered to conduct him to it, remarking that he also was bound for the same place. They took their tickets at the same

time, and a first act of civility accomplished, the Norman followed it up by another. He was in the constant habit, he said, of travelling up and down the line, and knew the position of all the carriages; it would be a very great pleasure to show monsieur and madame—here he took off his hat—those which were for Asnières.

Upon the invitation of Monsieur Clovis—he should not otherwise have dreamt of intruding—Mercier entered the same compartment, and it so happening that no one else joined them, he laid himself out to improve the occasion. Deferential compliments to madame, solid observations to monsieur, and pleasant words to the boys, soon established him in the good graces of all the party, and, by the time they reached Asnières, he had accepted the dentist's offer to share the amusements of the day. He did so with a little reserve, still fearing to intrude, but Monsieur Clovis would take no denial, and when the entreaty was enforced by the smiling request of madame, the Norman's hat went off again, and he placed himself entirely at the lady's disposition.

If there is one thing that a Parisian understands less than another, and if, at the same time, there is one thing in which a Parisian experiments oftener than another when out for a holiday, that thing is the mysterious science called "canotage"—a word which we should translate by "boating," if the word were in the slightest degree applicable. Asnières is the head-quarters of the *canotiers* of Paris, and a marvellous sight it is to assist at its regattas. There was probably nobody in the whole department who enjoyed these aquatic festivities more than Monsieur Clovis; certainly nobody seemed to give himself up to them with so much *abandon:* it was the supplementary feature of his intensely sporting nature. To hire a *canot* was, then, his first proceeding after leaving the train, and it was only after some discussion with Madame Clovis that he was dissuaded from leaving the professional *canotier* on shore, when the party embarked on the perilous flood—for perilous it would indeed have proved without the presence of a steersman. Walter and Jules were by no means novices in boatcraft, for they had often pulled on the Seine, at Rouen,—the Norman was able also to manage an oar,—but the dentist, who professed to know the most, was, I am sorry to say, as utter a tyro as ever floated. The "crabs" he caught, the way in which he all but dislocated his arms in pulling the boat round, the false strokes with which he splashed the universe, were feats of aquatic skill which required to be seen to be believed in. Belief, however, was easy for those who did see, and none of the spectators had much difficulty in exercising their trusting faculties, for in every *canot*—and there were hundreds on the water—a similar exhibition was being simultaneously made, amidst the shrieks, and shouts, and laughter, as well of those on board the boats as of the multitudes that lined the river's brink. None of the party appeared to enter into the fun with greater relish than Auguste Mercier, though all the while the darkest thoughts ran in his mind. To upset the boat and drown them all, to escape himself and plunder the dentist's house, to hurry to England with proofs of the boy's death—ah! he forgot, that was prohibited—he must deliver him alive; well, let them live—let them be gay—he would be gay, too, till the moment arrived for being serious.

The *promenade sur l'eau*—it is a good phrase, and suits the Parisians—was, therefore, accomplished without any fatal result, and when even

Monsieur Clovis had had enough of it, the party landed for dinner at the *restaurant* in the park. The repast was a famous one; Madame Clovis vowed it was "délicieux," and in the best taste; Walter pronounced it first-rate, and his opinion was echoed by Jules; and what the little dentist thought of it may be gathered from the fact that he graced its consumption by calling for three successive bottles of champagne. And the Norman? He was so impressed with the excellence of the dinner that he positively insisted on paying for it, and, but for two reasons, he would have done so: in the first place, Monsieur Clovis would not hear of such a thing; and in the next, it was never his intention to keep his word. But the demonstration was sufficient: it satisfied the exhilarated dentist that Monsieur Delablague—so the Norman now called himself—was a man of perfect honour and worthy of his friendship.

After dinner there was a promenade through the park, after the promenade dancing, after the dancing fireworks, and after the fireworks a merry scramble to the train, and a lively, though somewhat noisy, conversation—interspersed with song—all the way back to Paris. Everybody declared they had never spent so pleasant a day, and, for their parts, Monsieur and Madame Clovis felt certain they had never met with so agreeable a person as Monsieur Delablague. What added to his merit was, perhaps, the fact, that he had invited them all to be his guests in an excursion on the following Sunday to Saint-Germain. He would, he said, have gladly accepted the invitation of Monsieur Clovis to dine in the *interim* in the Rue Coq-héron, but, unfortunately, business of importance compelled him to visit his estates in Normandy, and he should not be able to return to Paris till the end of the week. It was, therefore, arranged that the party should assemble at a given hour at the *embarcadère*, in the Rue Saint-Lazare, where he had first had the honour of meeting with monsieur and madame.

And with his hat in hand and a very low bow, The Norman Gentleman took leave of his amiable friends, leaving behind him, as we have said, the most enviable reputation.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE FETE DES LOGES.

If Monsieur Delablague had done it on purpose—which, of course, was out of the question—he could not have hit upon a more appropriate day for this proposed excursion than that which had been chosen. It was the *Fête des Loges*, a festival which always empties Paris of its pleasure-seeking multitudes, very much as, with reference to London, Fairlop-fair, or more recently extinguished Greenwich, were wont to do; and its resemblance to those once popular holidays was as close as the several specialities of French and English entertainment admit of. There were the same sort of theatres, booths, and shows, the same quacks, prodigies, and nondescripts, the same devices for fixing the attention of the public, and the same inducements held out to them to eat, drink, and be merry; if dancing were more in the ascendant, and the military element more circumfused in the arrangements of the *Fête des Loges*, these differences must be ascribed to what artists call the local colour—in other words, to the tastes and habits of the French people.

To the family in the Rue Coq-héron the *Fête des Loges* held out the additional attraction of novelty. Once in his life Monsieur Clovis had been there, and though it was a long time ago, his recollection of its amusements was sufficiently vivid to furnish him with plenty to talk about, infinitely to the delight of Walter and Jules, whose experience was limited to the annual fair of Rouen, an absolute nothing in comparison—so Monsieur Clovis said.

As usual, it seemed to all the party as if the expected Sunday would never arrive, but it came at last, and not one minute beyond the time appointed the guests of Monsieur Delablague ascended the steps of the station, where the Norman gentleman was already waiting. He was not, however, alone, but begged to present his friend—in point of fact, the Intendant of his estates, whom he had brought up with him from Normandy—by name Courapied; and a good name it was, Monsieur Delablague jocosely observed, for one who had so much ground to get over as fell to the lot of the Intendant of so large a property.

The appearance of this individual was not very much in his favour; he had a very grimy face, and hands to match, as if soap were not amongst the luxuries in which he indulged; his coat, though lustrous, did not, somehow, appear quite new; his pantaloons wore a gloss which the dyer could, perhaps, have accounted for better than the tailor; and there was a peculiar gleam in the varnish of his boots which might have suggested to a frequenter of "The Black Forest" in the Halle aux Chiffons that they had only just left the *boutique* of the *mastiqueur*, a class of persons so called from their skill in reviving old leather. There was, in short, a kind of dirty glitter about the whole person and apparel of the Intendant which showed to more advantage by gas-light than beneath the rays of the noontide sun. But, after all, what does dress signify? The man it covers is the question, and if the Intendant merited the esteem of his master, and Monsieur Delablague declared he did, why should anybody sneer at his rusty habiliments? That he was disposed to be useful on all occasions there could be no doubt, for he carried a large basket, which the Norman gentleman pointed to with an air of great satisfaction, remarking to Madame Clovis that on occasions like the present he always laid in his provisions in Paris: as to the wine, that was to be had of excellent quality at Saint-Germain. But besides his utility, there was one point about the Intendant which particularly recommended him to Madame Clovis; he appeared to be very fond of young people, following in that respect the example of Monsieur Delablague, who warmly shook hands with Walter and Jules, as well as with Monsieur Clovis. Jules returned these demonstrations with much more fervour than Walter, who was not so impressionable as his friend, and rather shunned than courted the notice of his new acquaintance. He might, however, have been ten times colder than he was, without in the least affecting the gaiety of the Norman gentleman, or the good humour of the Intendant.

Saint-Germain, the cynosure of the Parisians, offers many points of resemblance to our own Richmond, but its attractions are even greater. From its lofty terrace, which overhangs the Seine above a vine-covered slope for more than half a league, the view embraces an immense panorama, closed in the foreground by the Château of Maisons on the left hand and the Aqueduct of Marly on the right, and extending, as far as the eye can reach, from the woods of Montmorency to the distant

heights of Montmartre, the light vapour that floats over Paris failing to obscure the city's noblest monuments, amongst which the Arc de l'Etoile and the Dôme of the Invalides stand out in conspicuous relief; while intermediately appear, amidst the windings of the river and broad masses of foliage, a countless host of shining villages and sites that have long been historical. History, too, offers much in Saint-Germain itself; its old castle, which witnessed the celebrated *coup de Jarnac* in the ever-memorable duel; its *Château Neuf*, built by Henri Quatre, where his daughter, the widowed queen of Charles I., ended her days, where the Grand Monarque first saw the light, where James II. of England kept his melancholy court, and closed his ignominious career, and where that which was once a royal chapel is now a famous *restaurant;* but, above all, its wide-spreading forest, with its hunting pavilions and lodges, the last of which have given their name to the coveted *fête* of the French metropolis.

With the beauty of the scenery the Clovis party were enraptured, but historical associations did not much disturb them. With all his accomplishments the dentist was not very deeply read, his wife's *forte* lay elsewhere, Walter and Jules were only too willing to forget everything that savoured of their studies, and as for the Norman gentleman and his follower, it would be doing them a great injustice to suppose that they thought more of the past than the present.

Monsieur Delablague, indeed, had such practical ideas, that the first thing he did was to send the Intendant to secure an agreeable spot in the forest where, after enjoying the pleasures of the *fête*, the party might assemble to dine; he also gave him one or two other commissions, assuring Madame Clovis, whose good-nature would have retained him to share in their amusements, that not to perform his accustomed duties would render honest Courapied supremely unhappy. This being so, the Intendant took his departure, laden with his basket, and Monsieur Delablague was left to entertain his guests alone. He was quite familiar with all the localities, and after a rapid promenade through the parterres and the environs of the *château*, he led them, where all the world was streaming, to the avenue that conducted to the head-quarters of the *fête*, which was held in an open space in the middle of the forest. There were sights and sounds which gave tokens of its existence long before the scene of festivity was reached. The joyous temperament of the holiday-makers declared itself from afar with the noisiest and most explosive manifestations, the laughter and shouts of the crowd at one moment rising high above, at the next being altogether lost in the beating of drums, the roaring of wild beasts, and the crashing of instrumental music; while every one hurried onward as if life and death depended on the race, as if a moment lost were never to be redeemed, though all knew that a hundred repetitions of the same spectacle awaited them throughout the day.

On the outer rays of this focus of enjoyment were *saltimbanques* of every description:—intrepid gladiators slaying each other after the highest Roman fashion,—wonderful athletes for whom no weight seemed too heavy, no feat of strength too unattainable,—flexible men whose attitudes, no less than their words, proclaimed them to be boneless,—vaulters, dancers, tumblers, who spent half their time in the air, and only asked for free space in which to display their agility, and a few sous to re-

ward them for it. Within this circle appeared the exhibition of trained animals,—hares beating drums, monkeys fighting duels, dogs counterfeiting death for desertion, the victims of implacable courts-martial; then hideous people who made exhibition of themselves,—deformed men with exaggerated heads and movable humps,—children whose faces were of two colours, black on one profile, white on the other,—porcupine youths, bristling all over with quills,—ladies six feet high with redundant whiskers,—savages, dwarfs, giants, giants and giantesses, cannibals, and the devourers of stones and serpents. Then, as you drew nearer, the centre were offered more intellectual pleasures; the fine arts attracted on one side with panoramic views and running descriptions of all the cities, mountains, rivers, ruins, waterfalls, deserts, and volcanoes in the universe—on the other the drama loudly called attention to the latest and most popular French victory, to the bloodiest and most authentic French murder, and to scenes of the fiercest love, the most overwhelming jealousy, the deadliest revenge, that ever were presented on the stage, at rates varying from one to five sous for each admission; and intermixed with and confounding all, the drum, the gong, the horn, the clarionet, the cymbals, the trombone, stunned every ear and confused every listening faculty.

"Through this mix'd crowd of glee and game" the Clovis party roved delightedly, by no means the worst customers to the various shows and theatres. It was the privilege of Walter to take care of Madame Clovis, for her husband chose to *flâner* by himself, and Monsieur Delablague had taken Jules under his special protection. Several hours passed in the gratification of their appetite for wonders, and then they began to think it was time to gratify an appetite for something more substantial. Jean Courapied, who returned with the information that he had found exactly the sort of place he was sent in search of, now undertook to show them the spot. It certainly did credit to his taste for the picturesque, as far as that consisted in loneliness, for it was in one of the most solitary parts of the forest. Thither, in the course of the morning, he had carried all that was provided for the sylvan repast, including some of the notable wine which Monsieur Delablague had spoken of, and he had spread it on the turf at the foot of a large oak which bore the name of Saint-Fiacre, that popular Parisian saint, the patron of the hackney-coachman, having also a *fête* of his own in the forest of Saint-Germain.

After the noise and confusion of the day, it was delicious, said Monsieur Delablague, to get away from the crowd to a quiet place like this. Madame Clovis echoed this sentiment, and her husband declared he would not let Saint-Rémi go by without endeavouring to obtain permission to shoot here, on hearing which remark the Norman gentleman observed that Monsieur Clovis need take no trouble on that head, as he, unless he deceived himself, had interest enough with the administrator-general of the royal domains to procure him the privilege of "le sport" whenever he wished to use it. In the happy frame of mind produced by this announcement, Monsieur Clovis sat down to dine, and equally happy seemed all the rest of the party: Monsieur Delablague had catered liberally, the viands were excellent, the wines abundant, and nothing could exceed the hospitality of the host or the active ministration of his Intendant, so that altogether a gayer party than that which was now gathered together had seldom met in the forest of Saint-Germain.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE END OF A FETE CHAMPETRE.

A *fête champêtre*, when skies are propitious and the company in good humour, is so agreeable a thing that it is a pity harm should ever come of one; and yet some of the pleasantest pic-nics we have known have been marred at the close by an unlooked-for *contretemps:* the sword hangs over our heads whether we dine beneath a gilded ceiling or under the greenwood tree.

If Monsieur Delablague had any defect in his capacity of founder of the feast, it was simply that his hospitality was a trifle too pressing. He not only set the example of drinking freely, but seemed anxious that all his guests should do the same. Madame Clovis, of course, easily excused herself, and on the part of Walter and Jules she said that, having been brought up in a cider country, they had no liking for wine. There remained, therefore, only Monsieur Clovis and the Intendant to do justice to the *rasades* of the noble Norman.

At first the same wine went indiscriminately round, but when Monsieur Delablague suggested "toasts," he caused a separate bottle to be placed before each.

"I remember, monsieur," he said, addressing Clovis, "that when I had the honour of dining in your society, last Sunday, at Asnières, you regretted that the *restaurateur* had none of your favourite Pomard. I have been fortunate enough to get some which Courapied was assured is excellent. I trust, however, that we shall not be obliged to drink it all ourselves, but that madame will yield to your importunity, if not to mine, and taste what you yourself prefer!"

"You are too good, monsieur," replied the lady, laughing. "Clovis and I have different tastes. Burgundy is too heady for me; besides, I have taken quite sufficient, and I think, *mon ami*," she said to her husband, "you are exposed to some danger there."

"How?—danger, madame!" asked the Norman, rather hastily.

"If he drinks a whole bottle of Pomard," returned Madame Clovis.

"Don't be afraid, wife," said the dentist; "we *chasseurs* can stand a good deal. Can't we, Monsieur Delablague?"

"You are right," observed the Norman; "there is nothing so fortifying as an out-of-door life. I am constantly in the open air, and so is my Intendant. You do not find this wine heady, Courapied?"

"See, it goes down like water!" said the Intendant.

"Stop! stop!" cried Monsieur Delablague; "you go too fast for us. I wish to give a toast. Since madame will not join, we must take our revenge by drinking her health. Fill again, Courapied. A la santé de Madame Clovis!"

The toast was duly honoured, and as the dentist drained his glass, the Norman winked at his confederate, and made a mark with his left thumb on his left cheek, which the other repeated.

Walter, who happened to be looking at Monsieur Delablague, observed this signal, and was struck at the same moment by the villanous expression of the Norman's countenance: a single moment had sufficed entirely to change its character. It made him feel uneasy, nor was that uneasi-

ness removed when the Norman smiled again. He began to fear he was in bad company, and resolved to take the first opportunity of imparting his thoughts to Monsieur Clovis. Little chance, however, was afforded him of doing so, for Monsieur Delablague kept up a quick fire of toasts, and to every one of them the dentist responded. Finally, the Norman gave: "Au premier chasseur de Paris," coupling with it the name of Monsieur Clovis, and to this direct compliment the hero of the plain of Montrouge felt himself called upon to reply.

He did so in terms which, fluent at first, became less and less clear as he proceeded, until his language grew quite unintelligible, and he suddenly came to a dead stop; he looked round him with a stupified air, stammered out a word or two more, closed his eyes, opened his mouth to yawn, and then fell back against the tree at the foot of which he was sitting, with his head hanging on his shoulder.

Madame Clovis, Walter, and Jules, all started up in affright and ran to his assistance.

"Qu'as-tu, mon ami," cried his wife, "art thou indisposed? What has arrived to thee, Noël? Speak then!"

But Noël Clovis was much too far gone to speak. The drugged wine had done its work effectually.

The Norman, who professed great anxiety, inquired if Monsieur Clovis was subject to fits, and being answered in the negative, gave it as his opinion that the heat of the day and the excitement of the *fête* had caused this indisposition, which he trusted was only temporary. But while his lips said one thing his eyes said another, and again Walter noticed the same sinister expression which he had observed before.

After repeated but fruitless efforts to revive the dentist, who now lay with his head in his wife's lap, his eyes closed and breathing heavily, Monsieur Delablague proposed that they should go for medical assistance.

"Courapied," he said, "shall hasten to Saint-Germain—you, monsieur" (addressing Walter), "can run down this avenue to the fair, where, doubtless, there are doctors enough for our purpose—I shall have the honour to stay——"

"No!" said Walter, interrupting the Norman; "Jules and I will remain with Madame Clovis. You know this place, sir, better than we do. As it is getting dark, I might lose my way."

"You are afraid, it appears, of being in the dark!" said the Norman, with a sneer.

"I should be afraid," retorted Walter, "to leave Madame Clovis here at such an hour and——" he was about to say "with you," but he checked himself.

"Prove your courage, then, monsieur, by staying alone. I will go to the Loges, and your friend, who evidently is without apprehensions, shall accompany me. Two can search better than one."

Jules eagerly embraced this proposal: he had been captivated by the Norman's ostentatious kindness throughout the day, and felt, moreover, a strong desire to have another peep at the *fête*.

"Jules may do as he likes," said Walter; "I, at all events, mean to protect Madame Clovis."

The Norman laughed derisively.

"Adieu! madame," he said. "I leave you with your protector! We

will return, however, as quickly as possible. Be off, Courapied—*file le sinve*" (a cant term for "keep on our track").

"Excuse me an instant, monsieur," said the Intendant; "I may want my basket to bring back medicine."

So saying, he caught it up and disappeared;—Monsieur Delablague and Jules turned down another avenue, and Walter was left alone with Madame Clovis, who was still endeavouring to restore her husband, and had paid little attention to the conversation.

As the voices ceased, however, she looked round, and perceived Walter standing beside her.

"I thought you had gone too," she said.

"No, madame!" replied Walter; "I could not leave you quite alone. What do you think is the matter with Monsieur Clovis?"

"It is impossible for me to say," she answered. "I never saw him so before. He continues quite insensible, but seems in no pain. It is astonishing!"

"I wish we had never come to this *fête!*" said Walter. "This misfortune would not then have happened."

"God knows!" replied Madame Clovis. "Noël might have been taken ill at home!"

"But that would have been different. You have a doctor who lives next door."

"Ah, yes! I wish he were here. Oh, mon Dieu, if Noël were to die!"

It was a natural association—the doctor first, then death—and Madame Clovis, whose firmness had endured till now, gave way to tears. She sat with her handkerchief to her face, and Walter, fearing to disturb her, remained silent.

Half an hour went by in this manner. At last she spoke.

"Are they not gone a long while?" she asked.

"Quite long enough, I think," replied Walter, "to have been back before this. I almost wish now that I had gone! I should have told the first person I met what I wanted, and soon have got a doctor, if there was one to be found. But I did not like what Monsieur Delablague said, nor the way in which he looked before he spoke to me; so I stayed."

"How did he look, then? I observed nothing."

"Oh, so wickedly! As if he wished to kill somebody."

"When was that?"

"Before Monsieur Clovis was taken ill, and afterwards. I wish I knew what those words were."

"What words, *mon ami?*"

"Oh, something he said in a sort of *patois* to that dirty-looking fellow Courapied, before they set off. But never mind, Madame Clovis. It may have meant nothing. Only I wish Jules would return with the doctor."

"Stay!" exclaimed Madame Clovis. "I hear some one coming."

Walter jumped up hastily and looked down the avenue.

"No," said he; "you were mistaken."

"I thought I heard voices. There!"

Walter listened.

"Yes, that was a cry, certainly."

"Hark!"

Once more they listened. It was no mistake. The cry seemed nearer.

"A moi! à moi! Wal-terre!" came shrilly along the glade.

"It is the voice of Jules," said Walter. "Good God! what can have happened to him?"

"Oh! run—run and see."

"But you, Madame Clovis?"

"Never mind me; I shall be well enough here till you come back."

Walter needed no more urging. He rushed down the avenue, and at the first opening in the forest took the direction from whence the sounds proceeded. He ran straight on for several hundred yards; the cry, which before seemed on his right hand, now came from the left; he had overshot the place, and turning back dashed along a narrower path, that led more into the heart of the forest. Other voices, as he advanced, mingled with that which first had reached his ear, but distinguishable above them was the screaming appeal of Jules. Walter forced his way through a tangled brake, and came out upon an open clearing. Though the day was fast waning, sufficient light remained to enable him to see Jules struggling between the Norman and Jean Courapied, the latter trying to bind him while he writhed in the arms of the former. Without pausing to consider the disparity of his strength, or its uselessness, against that of two powerful men, Walter leaped over the trunk of a fallen tree, and with another bound threw himself on Courapied. The Roulant staggered beneath the sudden assault, but quickly recovering himself, uttered a tremendous oath, and dropping the coil of rope, shook off the adventurous boy.

"Villains!" shouted Walter, panting for breath, "release my friend."

"Ah, it is thee, Wal-terre," cried Jules. "Oh, for Heaven's sake, messieurs, let me go!"

"Release him, I say," reiterated Walter; and as he spoke he darted past the Roulant, and clasping Jules round the body strove to drag him from the Norman's grasp.

"Satire-mâtin!" growled Mercier; "haul this imp off, Courapied!"

The Roulant seized Walter by the arm and nearly twisted it out of the socket, compelling him thus to relinquish his hold of Jules, but it was only to fasten on his cowardly assailant, who now tried to throw him on the ground; vainly, however, for Walter clung to him like a limpet to a rock.

"Throw yourself down upon him!" shouted the Norman, "while I settle this one,"—which he did by striking Jules a heavy blow on the head that felled him to the earth. The Roulant meantime executed the manœuvre suggested by Mercier, and fell with Walter, hoping to crush him beneath his weight, but the boy was too quick for him, and when they reached the ground he was uppermost, with his knees on Courapied's chest and his hands on his throat.

"He will strangle me!" gasped the Roulant; and this consummation might have chanced if the Norman had not now come to the rescue. Fixing his strong hand on Walter's collar he tore him from the prostrate man and hurled him several paces off. Agile as a panther, Walter recovered his feet and ran to raise Jules, who had swooned from the effects of the Norman's blow.

"Cowards! villains!" he cried, "you have killed him! Ah, my dear, dear Jules! Help! help! : Murder! murder!"

For a moment the two ruffians held colloquy together.

"Comment faire cesser ce clarinage?" (how shall we stop this noise?)

"Faut faire goûter le lingre" (he must taste the steel).

It was the Norman who spoke last, and he drew a knife from his breast. The light fell on the blade, and Walter guessed his intention. To resist an armed man would have been madness; there was space between them still; his only hope of escape was in flight.

And, active as he was, he might have succeeded, had he been familiar with the forest paths; but he took a wrong turning, and found himself headed by the Roulant, who had separated from the Norman to intercept him. He turned again, but it was only to confront his second and most formidable pursuer. Once more he raised his voice and shouted for help with all his might. Alas, there was no help for the unhappy boy! The fierce Norman was upon him. One moment the knife glittered in the air—the next it was buried in Walter's bosom. He reeled and fell.

"Il ne gouale plus" (he has left off singing), said the Roulant, coming up.

"Non, c'est fumé!" (no, it's all up with him), replied Mercier, wiping the bloody knife.

"I think so," said the Roulant, kneeling down. "What's to be done with the body?"

"Jette-le dans le pousse-moulin" (throw it into the river), returned the Norman, "if you like to carry it there. I must go back and secure the young God-dem."

"No, thank you," said Courapied, "the load is too heavy. I'll lighten it, however, for the next comer."

And he immediately began searching Walter's pockets. There was not much in them; only a handkerchief and an empty purse—the last embroidered with the letter C. It was the gift of poor Cecile.

"Au diable la marmite!" (the devil take the purse), exclaimed the disappointed rascal, "but it will sell for something;" and thrusting it with the handkerchief into his own pocket, he got up and followed the Norman.

He found him lifting Jules from the ground.

"Où est la roulotte?" (where is the carriage?) asked Mercier.

"Labago" (down there), answered the other, pointing over his shoulder.

"Laissons derrière le sabris. V'là la luisante qui paraît!" (let us get out of the forest. The moon is rising).

Making a cradle of their arms they carried Jules with stealthy steps to the edge of the forest, where the wall, recently broken down, offered the means of exit. A *patache* was standing beneath a tree, to which the horse was fastened. Courapied got in, and Jules, resistless and hardly conscious, was placed beside him. The Norman then untied the animal, leaped quickly on the driving-seat, and freely applying the whip, took a by-way across the country till he fell into the road called "Le chemin de Quarante Sous," which leads direct to Mantes.

AN UNDISCOVERED ISLAND.

BY HENRY WALTER D'ARCY.

On the 16th of December, 1857, I took my passage from Sydney for Buenos Ayres in an American ship of 400 tons burden. Besides myself, there were six passengers on board, one Englishman and five Americans; and a lady, the wife of one of the latter.

On reaching latitude 35 deg. south, longitude 175 deg. west, we were assailed by a hurricane. Our captain, however, was an excellent seaman, his crew composed of thorough sailors, and his ship a very taut craft. We therefore wore out the storm, without, as it was supposed, more damage to the vessel than the loss of our foretop-gallant mast and the springing of a slight leak. This last circumstance caused our worthy skipper some uneasiness, as we were, from his reckoning, very far from the nearest land. He was therefore exceedingly surprised when the look-out man hailed us with —"Land on the larboard bow."

"The fellow must be drunk or blind," cried the captain, "or my sextant out of order." With these words he proceeded to mount the rigging.

We anxiously watched him as he went aloft. As soon as he had reached the main-topmast he applied his glass to his eye, and swept the horizon to larboard, and at once hailed us with—

"The chap's right. I see the land looming about five knots off, on the larboard bow. We should have viewed it before, but it's covered with a haze."

As may be imagined, the ship's course was at once laid in the direction of the land, and in about an hour we arrived off a low shore covered with dwarf trees. To our utter surprise, however, we perceived a large town built close to the water's edge, and presenting every appearance of civilisation. As the sea was deep all round, we came close in shore, and cast anchor in fourteen fathoms water. There was a large crowd assembled on the beach, and as soon as we had come to an anchor a small boat pushed off and made towards us. What astonished us the most was, that the inhabitants, so far from being naked savages, were all clothed, and wore wide slouching hats. Their costume appeared quite strange to us.

The boat which had left the shore soon came alongside, and a man in the bows hailed us in a language we did not understand.

"I must be wrong in my reckoning," observed our skipper, "but may I be 'tarnally flammergasted if I know where we have got to."

A tall, fair man now came on board. He wore an immense slouched hat, and had a short beard cut to a point, and long flowing hair. He was dressed in a sort of doublet, made of blue silk. Having set his foot on deck, he advanced and spoke some words which nobody understood, but from the signs he made it was evident that he was asking whence we came. The captain pointed to the west, when our visitor uttered the words "Vaut Nauteeōné?"

"Hang me if his lingo be not something like ours," said the skipper; "the chap evidently means to ask what nation we belong to. America!" he continued, in answer to the question.

Our visitor uttered the word after him, and said, "Note Aingleès?"

"How the deuce can the fellow know anything about England?" said the captain, "and where could he have picked up those few words of our talk?—oddly enongh pronounced, notwithstanding."

The whole boat's crew were now invited down into the cabin, and some excellent brandy placed on the table. Our skipper mixed several glasses of grog, hot with, and handed them to his guests, who with one accord, after having tasted the liquor, exclaimed, "Vairee gohòd."

"If that does not mean 'very good,'" said the captain, "may I be mastheaded until the day of judgment."

After a while, as we became used to their pronunciation, we discovered that the language of our new friends was neither more nor less than a corrupt sort of English, and before half an hour had elapsed we could make each other out.

As may be expected, we were all anxiety to go ashore, and the captain's gig having been got ready, we followed in the wake of the native boat until we reached a sort of pier, on which were assembled a crowd of people, with astonishment and curiosity expressively depicted on their countenances. On landing, we were accosted by several dignified-looking persons, dressed in the same fashion as their countryman who had boarded our vessel, the predominating colour of their doublets being blue. "Vailcomè hairè," was the observation of a portly man of fifty, who shook us all by the hands. We replied, speaking as distinctly as possible, "that we were most happy at making his acquaintance;" but it was evident that no one understood our way of speaking.

We were now invited to enter a nondescript sort of vehicle, drawn by four animals resembling sheep, with long necks and legs, and proceeded through the town, the streets of which were not paved, but well and cleanly kept. The ground-floor of the houses on either side, which generally consisted of a ground and first-floor, were composed of shops, or rather booths. We remarked names over them which were in large Latin capitals, painted blue. We at length drove up to the door of a house much larger than the rest, when our host, alighting, signed to us to do the same, and then conducted us through a spacious court, in which was playing a small fountain, into a large room not inelegantly furnished. On the floor was a carpet made of a mixture of silk and wool; a divan, covered with silk damask, encircled the apartment, in the midst of which were tables and arm-chairs. Our host left us for a few minutes here, and returned with a lady and two children. He introduced the former to us as his spóoòse. The lady was dressed in a costume of blue silk of a most peculiar form. She was a very handsome woman, with auburn hair, dressed in a fashion resembling that of Englishwomen in the days of James I. Round her throat she wore a necklace of small diamonds and rubies, and on her fingers several large silver rings, set with the same kind of stones.

Our host shortly afterwards conducted us into another chamber, which was evidently the dining-room, as upon a large table was spread a white linen cloth, covered with plates and dishes containing roast and boiled meats, puddings, pastry, and some magnificent pineapples and other fruits. The plates and dishes were all made of silver, at the side of each cover were laid a knife and fork, also of silver, with blades of polished sea-shell. There were no glasses on the table, but by each cover was a mug of silver.

Having seated ourselves, we partook of a most elegant repast, the

liquor we drank consisting of the fermented juice of the pineapple, and it was delicious.

I must here observe, that in the year 1627 the island, which was then uninhabited, had been peopled by the survivors of an English ship wrecked on the coast. As far as we could learn, there were now about twenty-five thousand people in the island, being the descendants of ten persons—four men, four women, a boy and a girl.

Before the conclusion of the meal we had begun to understand each other, the language spoken by our new friends being a sort of corrupt English, chiefly differing from our way of speaking by its pronunciation and accent.

It appeared that our host was the chief of the island. He informed us that since the wreck, from which the original settlers had landed, no communication had taken place with any other part of the world, and from the timber on the island not being of a size large enough to build any other craft than small boats, it had been impossible to venture any great distance from the land. A few attempts to make voyages of discovery had indeed been made, but neither the boats nor their crews had ever been seen again. The only sort of craft belonging to the inhabitants are very small fishing-boats, which never lose sight of land.

We were hospitably invited to take up our abode in the house of our host, and to remain as long as we might wish, and, as it eventually appeared that our vessel had suffered more damage than was imagined, and there being no large timber on the island, it became evident, as our skipper informed us, that we should be obliged to make a stay of at least four months. We did not, however, regret the delay, as we felt we were among friends, and that nothing would be spared to render our sojourn as comfortable as possible.

Before proceeding with my narrative, I will relate how it happened that we found an English colony on an island which had hitherto escaped the researches of all the navigators of these seas.

As far as was known by the present inhabitants, an English ship was wrecked during a violent storm upon the northern coast, which is very dangerous on account of the numerous reefs that surround it. The greater portion of the crew had taken to their boats, but were seen to perish by those left on board. These persons, who remained on deck until the water had become calm, were ten in number. They consisted, as I have before observed, of ten persons—four men, four women, a boy and a girl. Fortunately for them, the ship remained for several months firmly wedged upon the reef on which she had struck, and they were enabled to bring off many things that proved of inestimable service to them. From these ten persons were descended the twenty-five thousand present inhabitants of Salvation Island, such being the name given to it by the first settlers. For about a hundred and fifty years a regular journal had been kept by the first colonists and their successors, but unfortunately it had been destroyed, about seventy years before our arrival, by the house in which it was deposited having been consumed by fire. In consequence, the history of the first settlers was a matter of tradition. There must, however, have been among them persons of genius and practical talent, as by their means a desert island had become not only a populous but a civilised country.

The island, which is about the size of Guernsey, contains one town and several flourishing villages. The land being low, and appearing from the ocean constantly covered with haze, it cannot be perceived from any great distance from the shore, which accounts for its having remained undiscovered for so long a period. The soil is very fertile, and the greater portion of it is under cultivation, the chief productions being corn, sugar, fruit, silk, and cotton. Pineapples are so abundant that the wine of the country is made from the juice of the fruit. There are no ferocious beasts; a few venomous snakes and scorpions being the only obnoxious animals remaining. There is still some game to be met with, consisting of golden and silver pheasants, partridges, and hares. The domesticated animals consist of a large species of lama. In the interior of the country is an extinct volcano, which supplies the natives with sulphur. Silver and copper ore are plentiful. A little gold and lead are to be met with, but no iron.

The government of the island consists of a chief (pronounced "sheeàif"), elected for life, and an assembly composed of, at present, twenty representatives, termed "tousànts," from there being always one for every thousand inhabitants. They are all elected for life, by every male and female of nineteen years of age and upwards. For the last eighty years the dignity of chief has remained in one family, the great-grandfather, the grandfather, and the father of the present chief having been all in turn elected.

It was at the house of the chief that we were lodged, there being no establishment worthy of the name of inn in the town; and had there been, such was the hospitable nature of our host that we should not have been suffered to take up our abode in it.

It was evident to me that one of the first settlers must have been a Presbyterian minister, as the religion of the island was Presbyterian, differing very slightly from the rites of the Scottish Church. There were no less than four places of worship in the town, and every village possessed at least one.

The island is traversed by very good roads, the vehicles being rude cars, hung upon leathern straps; the leather is made from the skins of the lama, which is a most useful quadruped. It gives abundant milk, its flesh is good, its wool is made into very tolerable cloth, and the animal is used to dràw light carriages; it can also be mounted, provided the rider be of light weight. Innumerable flocks of these inestimable animals pervade the surface of the island, and form the chief riches of its inhabitants. There are several kinds of precious stones to be met with, the most valuable being diamonds, rubies, and topazes. The two former, however, are of small size, while the latter are large and brilliant.

The principal manufacture of the country is silk; mulberry-trees of small size being abundant. A beautiful blue dye is procured from a flower, the name and genus of which I forget.

The inhabitants of Salvation Island are of a most gentle nature, and possess very handsome forms and figures, particularly the women, many of whom are beautiful. I presume they owe their charms to their simple mode of life and the climate, the latter being the most delicious that can be conceived, for, although the island is situated almost within the tropics, a constant cool sea-breeze from the south-east by east prevents

the heat from becoming oppressive; besides, the sun is constantly veiled with clouds during nine months of the year.

After a few weeks we got quite accustomed to the pronunciation and accent of the inhabitants, and could converse with them without difficulty. The hospitality of our host continued ever on the increase. In his company and car we visited every portion of the island, and made several excursions to a house he possessed in the interior. His questions were numerous concerning the history of the inhabited world since the period of his ancestors having been separated from their kind. Fortunately for him and his fellow-countrymen, the few books that had been saved from the wreck had not been consumed by the fire which had destroyed the archives of the community seventy years previously. Among these books were several of Shakspeare's plays, and histories of England, France, Spain, and Italy. Some were in manuscript, and others printed in the rude manner of the epoch. As may be conceived, the chief's, as also his fellow-countrymen's knowledge of English history, did not go further down than to the commencement of the reign of Charles I. The tragic death of the martyr king, and all the subsequent stirring events that had occurred, were unknown to them, and, as may be expected, all the books we had with us were perused with avidity.

I have already alluded to the beauty of the women. I do not think that in any other portion of the globe exist such faultless charms. Their dispositions are most amiable, and in a very short time after our arrival there was scarcely a single man who had arrived in our ship, and who was under fifty years of age, but was in love; indeed, a general petition was made to our captain to entreat him to remain altogether in the island, but the skipper observed that he had a valuable cargo on board, and that to remain would be robbing his owners. I must observe that he was fifty-five years of age, and had a wife and family at New York. I confess, that had I not myself had a wife and family at Tours, in France, I should have been content to remain for the rest of my life in the island. As it was, all the unmarried passengers chose that course, and remained.

The Sabbath is most religiously observed by the little colony, every person being obliged, under a penalty, to attend at public worship at least once on that day, unless prevented by illness or infirmity. All the shops are closed from Saturday at sunset until the Sunday at the same hour.

There are, naturally, few public amusements in the island; the chief diversions, however, consist in wrestling, foot-races, and shooting at a mark with bows and arrows for prizes, which are in general small sums of money.

Although gunpowder is made in the island, the bow is the arm in use, for the only guns in the possession of the inhabitants are some old matchlocks saved from the wreck.

Justice is administered in a very simple manner. Thieves and other misdemeanants are tried by a judge and a jury, composed of seven persons, the latter being of the same sex as the accused. As for heinous crimes, they may be said to be unknown, not a single murder having taken place to the knowledge of the oldest inhabitant. Adultery is considered a misdemeanour, and punished by a public whipping on the bare back.

A short time after our arrival, a young man and woman were thus punished upon a platform erected in a square used as a market. An hour before sunset the two offenders were brought out, and, first, the woman was tied up to two perpendicular poles and her back bared, but in so decent a manner that her bosom was not exposed. Two women then proceeded to inflict thirty-nine lashes upon her shoulders with a rod made of rushes. The infliction was by no means severe—so little so, indeed, that I overheard the boatswain of our ship, who was standing near, remark, "Mercy on me, do they call that flogging?"

After the woman had been whipped (she was, by-the-by, a lovely creature), she was untied and led away, looking very much ashamed of herself, and her accomplice tied up in his turn. He received the same number of lashes, but they were inflicted in a more severe manner, as they were laid on by men, and the instrument used was a whip, the thongs of which were made of string; still, our boatswain observed, that it was a mere sham of a flogging.

It must be observed that adultery is by no means of common occurrence, or, at least, the misdemeanour is not frequently brought to light; besides, the inhabitants are a very moral people, and there is a great deal of shame attending a conviction.

Thefts and other misdemeanours are punished by whipping and exposure in a sort of stocks. Imprisonment is not in use.

Plays are never performed in the island, there being no such a thing as a theatre; but public recitations from Shakspeare are frequent. On an English stage they would not be understood, from the peculiar manner of pronouncing, of which I will attempt a description, as far as possible, from a declamation I heard of "All the world's a stage." It was pronounced nearly as follows:

Aul te vaurld's a staujc,
Aund aul te main aund vomain màiairlee plauyairs;
Tai hauv tair aisceets aund tair aintrauncàis,
Aund oné maun cen hees teemé plauz maunec paurts.
Te auets, &c. &c. &c.

I must observe, that in familiar conversation the inhabitants always make use of the pronoun thou, pronounced tóoò.

Since the wreck of the original settlers, no ship from any part of the world has ever visited the island. On several occasions, during the storms which have taken place, ships have been seen running before the wind in the distance, but have never come sufficiently near to observe the signals made on shore. The lowness of the land, and its appearing from the sea almost constantly enveloped in haze, has evidently been the reason of its never having attracted the notice of any passing vessel. Had it not been that the day was unusually clear at the time we neared the island, we should in all probability have passed without observing it. The water to the south, east, and west is very deep, and free from reefs; but on the northern coast there are many hidden rocks, which would render the navigation very dangerous, and any ship getting among the reefs in a gale would be almost sure to perish.

I have already observed that all the unmarried passengers on board our vessel got married and remained in the island. I called upon one of them about a fortnight after the ceremony; he told me that his wife was

a most devoted and affectionate creature, anticipating his every wish, and seeming to exist for him alone. "I have no near relations in my own country," he observed, "and I never wish or intend to leave this place."

I have already mentioned that the government of the island is carried on by a chief elected for life, and by an assembly of "tousànts," also chosen for life. The election is carried on in the following manner:

When a chief, or a tousànt, dies, the inhabitants of the whole island are called upon to choose another in the place of the deceased. The election commences thirty days after his death. An enormous earthenware bowl, with a hole in the lid, is deposited in the market-place from sunrise to sunset, and strictly guarded for a week. During that time, everybody in the island, both men and women, of the age of nineteen and upwards, is allowed to throw into the orifice a small flat piece of shell, with the name of the person he votes for inscribed thereon. At the end of the week the bowl is broken, and the contents examined, when the person who has most votes is elected. There is no intimidation or speechifying, and during the election nothing uncommon appears to be going on.

There are seven magistrates or judges in the island, termed justices (pronounced joostissés). They judge every case, whether criminal or otherwise, assisted by a jury of seven persons, termed deciders (pronounced desseedèrs). In criminal cases these deciders are always of the same sex as the accused: from their decision there is no appeal. The right of pardon is vested in the chief, who carries on the government assisted by the tousànts.

At the end of five months, our ship being thoroughly repaired, the skipper gave us notice that he was about to set sail. Our departure, however, was delayed by at least half of the ship's company deserting, and it took several days to hunt out their hiding-places and bring them on board. As it was, the boatswain's mate, two able and one ordinary seamen were left behind, every search after them proving fruitless.

We had in vain invited some of the colonists to accompany us in our voyage; they were all so attached to their native land that they one and all declared they would sooner die than leave it. I did not wonder at their determination, for had I been a single man I would willingly have remained myself.

At length the moment for weighing anchor arrived. I am sure that very few of the inhabitants of the town were absent from the beach as we entered the captain's gig, and such a scene of shaking hands ensued, as beggars all description. We had met with the warmest hospitality while ashore, and felt most unhappy as we quitted it. The name of the excellent chief, Miles Brant (pronounced Meelés Braunt), will, I am sure, remain till death in the memory of those who for five months slept under his roof. May God bless him, and protect the flourishing little colony in that far-off land!

We arrived at Buenos Ayres at the commencement of August, where I left the ship, which was to proceed to New York, and took my passage for France, accompanied by an Englishman, who had been my fellow-passenger from Sydney. We arrived at Bordeaux on the 13th October, from whence I proceeded by railway to join my wife and family at Tours.

UP AMONG THE PANDIES:

OR, THE PERSONAL ADVENTURES AND EXPERIENCES OF A FERINGHEE. BEING SKETCHES IN INDIA, TAKEN ON THE SPOT.

PART I.

ANY one who was in England during the summer of 1857 will recollect how, one morning, on taking up our newspaper, and looking carelessly through its closely printed sheets—scanning the leading articles, glancing at the playbills, or getting muddled over the Money Market and City Intelligence—our eyes were arrested by the announcement of the mutiny of a native regiment in India. At first, in our ignorance of, perhaps inattention to, the affairs of that country, we put the paper down, munched our muffin unconcernedly, continued our breakfast, and thought but little of the matter. Another mail, another mutiny! Mail succeeded mail, but still the weary burden was the same, till we awoke from our dream of fancied security, examined the map of Hindostan very attentively, and came to the dreadful conclusion that the native army of Bengal had risen *en masse*, and that India was in flames! From home to home, from town to village, the tidings flew far and near, high and low. Every newspaper teemed with the dreadful news; telegraph-offices were beset with eager, breathless crowds, anxious to gain further information; the funds fell; the ministers shook their heads (in the vain hope of finding something in them); by night in London did the news-criers ply a busy trade, as in street, and square, and squalid lane they shrieked the sought-after accounts, and disposed of the eagerly-bought second editions.

Then followed those frightful and heartrending details which struck all Europe with horror, blanched every lip, and made the blood of England to run cold. Awe-stricken, we read in each succeeding paper how darling friends whom we had parted from, it might be, a few short months before, or whom we had hoped ere long to greet and welcome back to their native land, had fallen victims to Sepoy cruelty. Mail after mail, in sickening confirmation of the truth of the sad story—mail after mail told how some "nearer one still, and a dearer one yet than all other," had been immolated on the shrine of black-hearted treachery and Asiatic cruelty, till one by one the bereaved and heart-broken mourner found that all he ever loved or cared for had been snatched from him, and had passed away for ever. It was a bitter occupation for the weeping mother that attempt to realise that her darling boy, who but last year had left England in all the pride and excitement of the commencement of a soldier's career, was now no more. It was strange and horrible to read over that last letter now so cherished, and to see the absence of suspicion expressed therein, or how, hoping against hope, he had proudly vaunted the staunchness and fidelity of those very men who perchance, ere the ink was dry, had lopped off the hand that wrote it. It was hard to believe, and harder still to realise, the dreadful indignities and sufferings to which tender women and innocent children had been exposed. It was a dreary, dreary task that waiting for the next mail, in the fond expectation that it would point out

some bright spot in this dark horizon. But no! there was no pause, no respite; thick as hail did the blows fall, and the eagerly looked-for next mail brought but a repetition and extension of those horrors, so frightful that in many cases the narrators dared not describe them—those cruelties and savage outrages which threw all past atrocities far back into the shade, and compared with which the hitherto unequalled "noyades" and "mitraillades" of the Reign of Terror, or the inhuman tortures practised by a Marat or a Robespierre, were as nothing, till one rose from the perusal scared and terrified, and cried involuntarily, "Is not this all a dream?" But it was no dream—a stern and awful reality—a crisis to meet which England must brace every nerve, strain every energy, and put out the right arm of her strength; her power was trembling in the balance, her Indian empire hung upon a thread, which one false move might sever. The occasion, indeed, was awful, but England was equal to it. Expeditiously were the measures for the defence of her Eastern empire commenced, steadily were those measures continued. Nor can one ever forget how one drew a long breath of relief as one read day after day how regiment after regiment left her shores, and with what delight one hailed each announcement of fresh departures—a long stream of war which poured continuously from England's bleeding side—a stream which was destined to wash out the cruel stain, to palsy and arrest the dark and blood-stained hand in the reeking triumph of its treachery, and to revenge, as all hearts prompted, the base indignities and savage ill-treatment of our murdered countrywomen and children.

Reader, it was with this avenging stream that a certain individual—a Feringhee, to adopt the title which our black foes delight to give us—left old England, and here will that individual commence his tale.

Suppose me, then, aboard one of those magnificent transports which, about the time above mentioned, sailed or steamed day after day from England's well-loved shores—suppose aboard a living freight of some seven hundred men and upwards—suppose that the white handkerchiefs on the pier have waved their last adieux, and are now wiping the tears from glistening eyes—suppose that throbbing hearts ashore, ay, and aboard too, are beating quick and heavily—suppose that we are looking over the vessel's side at the fast receding shores, which somehow or other seem to have a thick mist hanging over them—(how is this? for it is a bright, fine, sunny day!)—suppose the engines to be rattling out their never-varying song—and suppose, in fact, that we at last are fairly under weigh. Don't be afraid, reader, I am not going to bore you with a description of a voyage which was like all others, neither more interesting nor less monotonous: there was that chaotic confusion on first going aboard so characteristic of, and inseparable from, occasions of this sort; there was the old sensation of stifling and suffocation on entering one's small dark cabin, with a smell of paint, tar, horsehair cushions, ropes, wood, and bottled beer; there was the old necessity for physical exertion to effect an entry into one's narrow berth; there was the old up-and-down, up-and-down business on getting out to sea, with the old result, that misanthropical tendency to lean silent and pensive over the vessel's side apart from one's fellow man; those sudden and surprising departures from the dinner-table; those guttural and mysterious noises issuing from the surrounding cabins, and all those numerous ills that flesh (at sea) is heir to.

Let us then draw a veil, as novel-writers say, over this period of suffering and misery, and behold us, ere many days are over, emerging from our cabins radiant in the proud consciousness of having come into possession of our sea-legs, and of having passed through the ordeal, after paying the usual tribute of wretchedness and—ahem ! et cætera—at Neptune's watery shrine. I will not detain you at St. Vincent (Cape Verde), that aridest and barrenest of isles, of which all that can be said is that it is hot, rocky, and uninteresting ; nor is any very long description of the tropics necessary ; we found them much the same as usual, hot, calm, and flying-fishy ; the "line," I may as well remark, in order to remove all doubts which may exist on the subject, is *not* marked or traced upon the surface of the deep—possibly having been washed out. We saw several ships, and shot at porpoises, and ate, and drank, and slept a great deal, and examined the compass and the chart very attentively, and looked over the vessel's side at the glittering waves, and up aloft at the tapering masts, and yawned, and read books, and wrote letters, and got up a newspaper, which died a natural death after a few weeks, owing to the contributors, from confinement, want of exercise, indigestion, and general bad humour, becoming splenetic and personally abusive. And so the days passed by, and we speeded on—on—on upon our outward way.

Then by degrees we got into lower latitudes, where we saw whales disporting themselves, and Cape pigeons, and albatrosses, and we were very nearly frightened into not firing at the latter birds by a perusal of the "Ancient Mariner;" and then we wearied, and yawned again, and slept, aud ate, and looked at the chart again, and on the whole felt more bored than ever we had done in our life. Oh, and then the bad jokes we made !—*faute de mieux ;* they were quite miraculous in their short-comings. I distinctly recollect our being so hard up on one occasion that we actually accepted as a *bon mot* a paltry attempt to obtain notoriety by talking of getting into other latitudes by *degrees ! !* And the extent to which we played ship-quoits and bull, and tried every means from champagne to chaff to make the days slip quickly by, as we sped on, still on upon our outward way.

Our voyage, as above described, continued with but little to break its weary monotony until our arrival at the Cape, when we heard, and some anxious hearts were soothed and comforted by the news, that Havelock's force had effected a junction with that small body of English men and English women, on whom, as they held those few square yards in Lucknow against all rebel Oude, opposing with calm heroism the desperate attacks of fanatics or the wily devices of traitors, the eyes of all Europe had been fixed with an earnest, anxious gaze, a gaze which was but withdrawn from time to time to glance hurriedly and nervously at the progress made by the advancing succours, which, we now had the pleasure of hearing, had at last reached them. Here, too, we heard of the fall of Delhi, so long hoped for and so long expected ; and, in fact, affairs in India generally had apparently assumed so favourable a hue, that many of us thought, not without a pang, that we should be too late to have a crack at the niggers after all; and anxious to get on, impatient of delay, we were not sorry when we once more felt the heavy trembling motion of the revolving screw, and found ourselves steaming merrily away into

the Indian Ocean. Again long days of sea and sky, and nothing more; again tossing up and down upon the wide open sea, the steady beat of the engines seeming as it were slowly to mark the weary time which lazily slipped by.

But stay !—the scene shifts. Ceylon, with its scented breezes and its shady groves is reached at last. Beautiful Ceylon! with your tropical scenery and rich and varied vegetation, almost realising a dream of fairy-land, and justifying the enthusiasm of that traveller whose fancy tempted him to fix on you as the Garden of Eden of old, worthy a Byron to sing sweet praises of thy charms, worthy the pencil of a Claude to immortalise on canvas thy fair and blooming landscapes!

Oh! island *fait à peindre*, fain would I tell of the pleasant stroll which we enjoyed that warm summer evening beneath thy graceful cocoa-nut-trees, whose tall heads waved lightly to and fro, fanned by a gentle breeze; fain would I tell how enraptured we were by thy beauties, and how we revelled in the luxuriance of thy charms; of thy cottages, half-hidden behind budding banks, o'erhung by thick and fruitful foliage, of thy woodland walks and shady dells, &c. &c., until I speak with a grateful reminiscence of the delightfully Oriental sensation of sitting, for the first time, at dinner beneath the cooling influence of a punkah, of the epicurean pleasure we derived from that never-to-be-forgotten *bonne bouche* a prawn curry, and how, as we looked around and saw black servants waiting on us, Indian chairs with elongated and luxurious arms, provoking to a sweet after-dinner *dolce far niente*, and a general Indian indolence prevailing, we thought to ourselves, as we complacently reclined in the chairs aforesaid, puffing white wreaths of smoke from our delicate Manillas, and sipping our iced brandy-and-water, that now indeed did we feel purely and thoroughly Oriental, unconsciously striving the while to give an Eastern tone to our conversation, and talking of tiffin, and calling for more brandy pawnee with an air a rajah might have envied.

Hoist the blue-peter, weigh anchor, and once more away nine knots an hour through the blue waters, the land momentarily growing dimmer in the distance till the fair isle is out of sight, and we think of it but as a past and pleasant dream, as we gaze once more on sea and sky, tossing up and down upon the wide and open sea, and once more speeding on, still on, upon our outward way. A few days, and "Land, ahoy!" calls our attention to the flat, low outline of the Madras coast, towards which we are proceeding for the purpose of landing a portion of our living freight. Steadily we steam onward, till at last, plain and distinct, Madras is before us: not as we had expected—not a noble town, Eastern-looking and magnificent—not surrounded by fine trees, or backed up by high and rugged hills, but a comparatively insignificant-looking place—with some fine buildings, of course—a large proportion of "black town," and a large fort, the whole situated on an arid, open coast, with not a bay, or creek, or curve to break its monotonous outline, and the whole place looking dull, hot, and not the least like the capital of a flourishing and extensive presidency. A high surf is breaking angrily upon the open beach, and around us crowd a noisy fleet of those very extraordinary Mussoola boats in vogue on this Coromandel coast, the thin planks of which are not nailed but sewn together, and built light and pliable as

leather, to carry them safely over the foaming waves that come rolling in across the Bay of Bengal, and in which no English boat could live when the swell runs high.

Natives in dresses forcibly reminding one of night-shirts by their scantiness and simplicity, and others in no dresses at all, flock on board. What they all want Heaven knows. The dark crews of the Mussoola boats talk all at once, waving their black, skinny arms, and gesticulating inelegantly with their dusky, naked forms, and quite realising one's *beau-idéal* of imps and others the inhabitants of " another place" (as they say in Parliament), to which, in point of heat, even India must yield the palm; and a shudder involuntarily comes over one as he reflects that to the merciless cruelty and savage devices of fiends of this form and dye were our poor countrymen and women exposed; and, perchance, the same idea flashed across the minds of the soldiers, for they exhibited an unjust but somewhat natural desire to throw every nigger as he came on board over the vessel's side, while a John Bullish longing on the part of muscular individuals to measure their strength and enter into a single combat then and there with a " round dozen of 'em" became apparent, and seemed at one time, if not checked by the strong arm of discipline, to be on the point of being indulged.

Presto! away once more! and, like a shifting scene in a dissolving view, the Coromandel coast, with its fringe of white foam, fades swiftly away, and once more we see the blue sea gliding rippling by, till on the succeeding slide of this the ever-varying magic lantern of nature appears painted, in dull reddish colours, the low muddy outline of the Sunderbunds, those deadly swamps where the sway of the royal Bengal tiger is divided with King Death, who here holds high court, with all his obsequious myrmidons, Messrs. Fever, Malaria, and Co.; and that he asserts his supremacy and power to the utmost in these dreary marshes may be seen by the emaciated faces and tottering forms of those adventurous sportsmen who, considering the skin of a tiger to be cheaply purchased at the price of a ruined constitution, have dared to beard the cruel monarch in this his securest stronghold, and have paid—how heavily, judge by those pallid cheeks—for their temerity and love of sport.

Steadily beat the engines, and swiftly do we approach this fatal tract, and at last enter one of the hundred mouths of the celebrated Ganges. The river narrows as we go steaming up it, guided and directed along our tortuous and difficult course by the experienced hand and eye of one of the numerous pilots in the service of the H.E.I.C., and cheered on our way by traditions redolent of shipwreck and disasters connected with those hidden shoals and sneaking banks which we are passing so rapidly, related to us by the pilot with a sort of professional *gusto* which is peculiarly charming, but traditions, nevertheless, sufficiently awful to make one begin fervently to wish one was well out of it.

That night we anchored at Diamond Harbour, about forty or fifty miles from Calcutta; on the morrow our voyage would be completed!—for one hundred days had it been dragging its weary length along. One hundred days at sea!—an age! a lifetime! and yet, long and dreary as this time may have been, there is a peculiar feeling, almost that of parting with an old friend, in the knowledge that to-morrow your voyage will have ended; you hate the sea, you detest being aboard ship, you are

not the least bit nautical in word, thought, or deed, but still it seems hard to realise that this life, to which you have resigned yourself with a passive reluctance for a century of days, shall to-morrow be at an end, and you begin to look more kindly on the old ship now you are going to leave her; and the tanned and weather-beaten faces of the tarry, dirty, hard-working sailors assume a more friendly aspect; you find that you have imperceptibly contracted friendships, the strength of which you were ignorant of until it comes to the time for dissolving them.

We weigh anchor for the last time! Beat away merrily ye engines, for to-night shall ye be at rest! Rumble away old screw to your heart's content, and show to us this Calcutta, of which we have heard, and read, and thought so much!

A pretty river is the Hooghly, though somewhat muddy, twisting and meandering about between pleasant banks, covered with the most luxuriant vegetation; the cocoa and the palm-trees proudly rearing their stately heads above the thick tangled jungle, which crouches in dense masses round their feet, clothed in all the varied hues of Nature's sylvan livery, from the dull green of the thick rank grass, growing tall and high in the rich shiny soil, to the bright reddish yellow of the falling, fading leaf, or the yet more cheerful colours of those glowing flowers which appear to have wandered by mistake into this dark labyrinth of vegetation, and to be now peeping out their gaudy heads in an endeavour to discover a means of escape to some more genial spot where their bright faces will no longer be shaded from the sun's burnished rays, nor their "sweetness wasted"—as it now is—"upon the desert air;" prickly pears, too, hug in a close embrace the scarce less prickly brier, and many another plant, whose name is unknown to me, grows in that closely-packed group of botanic marvels—plants with broad flat leaves, plants with long thin leaves, plants with short stumpy leaves, bearing now berries, now fruit, now flowers, and mixed up in prodigal and bewildered confusion, as though Nature wished to make up for the flatness of the scenery, and to give to the stranger, as he passes these thickly-clad banks, samples of all the various materials with which she has adorned this same country of Hindostan, and to acquaint him by this lavish display of her charms with the diversified and extensive nature of the wardrobe wherefrom she clothes alike the snow-capt mountains of the Himalaya and the burnt, wide-spreading plains of the ever-summery South. Sly creeks, which try hard to look like rivers, and wind about under this delusion in the most self-important manner, stroll away independently from the main course of the stream, but, apparently becoming alarmed at the idea of losing their way in that dark-wooded shore, stop short abruptly, after feebly swaggering a short distance, and remain shy and embarrassed, trying *not* to look like elongated duck-ponds, or vainly endeavouring to hide their shame and confusion by getting under the black shadow of friendly trees, or, in some cases, brazening it out by taking up a position near a village, and assuming the most ridiculous airs, as if those clumsy, old broken-down native boats were huge and prosperous East Indiamen, freighted with rich merchandise, and the slimy mud in which they lie, quietly rolling away, was the clear water of some vast and navigable stream. This village, too, upon thy banks, oh! little vain-glorious creek! is as unlike a vast mercantile capital as can be!—such quaint, unassuming, tropical-

looking little places, reader, affording no display of Gothic, Elizabethan, or other architecture, save that which may possibly have existed in the rudest periods of the antediluvian era. A strange, dull stillness (so unbroken that you fancy you can almost hear the subdued hum of a million summer insects, rendering it yet more palpable) hangs like a pall over these mud-built cottages, against the low brown walls of which, or against the dark trunks of the surrounding trees, white-clad forms stand out in strong relief as they flit to and fro—a somewhat ghostly reminder that these Indian villages really are the habitations of men. Here and there a few naked children, more black than rosy, are rolling about on the hot-baked ground, as though making a desperate effort to amalgamate themselves with their original element, to which sooner or later we must all return, and which, as regards colour, they so nearly resemble.

A diversion is here effected; we run to the vessel's side to have a look at a few corpses which are floating leisurely down the stream, with large, unclean birds calmly seated upon them, with outstretched wings, and glutting their obscene maws, disputing savagely with one another the pieces of flesh which they tear off the black carcase, the spirit of which has long since fled.

More cocoa and palm-trees on the banks, more tangled jungle, more mud villages, more sly creeks, more white spectral forms, more naked children, till the ever-twisting river discloses to our view scenery of a somewhat more civilised description: a house! actually and literally a habitable house! with a nice little garden, then a bit more jungle, then another house! two! three! opening upon us in quick succession as we enter "Garden Reach," till the banks present one long vista of pretty villas, with their green verandahs, looking bright and pleasant in the warm sun, while the fast narrowing river enables us to dispense with glasses, as our eyes roam delighted over the fair scene. English faces peep from the windows, ayahs (native nurses) carrying English children stroll about the beautiful gardens which stretch down to the water's edge, and so rapid has been the transition from barbarous wilds to civilised scenes, that one can hardly credit that the eye, which now runs over the fair proportions of these villa-palaces, and the blooming gardens laid out with English taste and neatness, was but five minutes since gazing on rude mud villages, surrounded by naught save the dense and savage jungle.

V. D. M.

THE REJECTION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MOAT-GRANGE."

I.

"WELL, if he ain't a grand sight, I never saw one. Why, his head's a stretching all down, past here, and his tail's not out of the lodge gates yet!"

The speaker was a country-woman, standing inside the partially opened door of one of a row of cottages, and peeping out. The doors of all were similarly being peeped through, though the shutters to the windows were closed, and the women and children, who were thus gazing, exhibited signs of having quitted their various household occupations, to look at the passing sight.

The intelligent reader may imagine, by the woman's remark, that some indescribable animal of fabulous length was looming by; but it was nothing of the sort: for the "head" was represented by two solemn mutes, gorgeously apparelled in the blackest of black, and the "tail" by a couple of undertaker's men, equally orthodox to look at; the middle comprised all the paraphernalia of a most extravagant funeral; coaches, horses, plumes, velvets, fringe, bâtons, attendants, carriers, mourners, ribbons, crape, white handkerchiefs, and pomp and vanity.

"I wonder what he cost now!" continued the woman, in the vernacular of the locality, which did not pay particular regard to genders: "he'll be a sight to remember, he will; and to tell our children on, when we grows old."

"Ah, she have done the thing handsome, she have; she haven't spared no money," replied the matron at the contiguous door, to whom the observations had been made.

"No more she oughtn't to spare it," retorted the first, in an indignant tone: "ain't it the last money he'll cost her?"

"Except the moniment over his grave in the church. I dare say they'll put him up a brave one, from the flagstones to the roof. But, I say, what was up, as it were put off from yesterday till to-day? It were to have been yesterday."

"Some relation of madam's, as were to come from Lunnon for it, and he couldn't get here afore to-day."

"Hush!" whispered the other. "Who's this?"

A gentlemanly-looking man, betraying somewhat of a military air, had been walking up the road, and halted close to the women, to gaze at the passing procession. He was a stranger.

"Whose funeral is that?" he inquired of one of them.

"Mr. Canterbury's, sir," both replied at once. "Mr. Canterbury's, of the Rock."

"A magnificent funeral. He must have been a man of some note."

"The richest gentleman for miles round, sir," answered the woman whose tongue was the loudest. "He were our landlord."

"Ah," returned the stranger, glancing down the row of cottages, "that explains why you are all shut up."

"There's not a house on the estate, sir, poor or rich, but what's shut close to-day. He has been took off sudden, like, at last; and not to say an old man neither: three weeks he were ill."

"Does he leave a family?"

"He leaves a young wife and a child. His second wife, she were, and quite a baby, by the side of him. His own daughters, sir, was years older than she were."

"And it's she and her child as gets all his big fortune," interrupted the other woman, jealous that the first should have the best of the talking. "The Miss Canterburys have been nobody with their father since he brought home his young wife, and they had to leave the Rock and live away. Good ladies they be."

"Are there many daughters?" asked the stranger, who appeared to listen with interest.

"Four, sir: two married, and two——There, sir, look, look! In that shiny black coach-and-six, what's a passing now, there's a gentleman a sitting forrard; you can see him well, through the glass."

"What of him?" inquired the listener, wondering at the sudden abruptness of the woman.

"Why, sir, he's the husband of one of the young ladies, that's why I showed him to you. It's Mr. Rufort, Lord Rufort's son, and he married Miss Jane. He's our rector, but another gentleman is to bury Mr. Canterbury, and Mr. Rufort goes as a mourner. There! in that next shiny coach, that old gentleman with grey hair, a sitting bolt upright, that's Lord Rufort. It's just the way he sits his horse, and never bends his head one way nor t'other. The young ladies have not been friendly at the Rock of late, but they have went up since their father's illness, all but Mrs. Rufort, and she was ill and couldn't leave the rectory. Mrs. Kage went up too, she did; and she's stopped there."

"Who is Mrs. Kage?"

"She's young Mrs. Canterbury's mother, sir. Her father was a lord too, and she ran away from home, when she was a girl, to marry Captain Kage, and it's said the old lord never forgave her. He's never left her no money, that's certain, and they was as poor as anybody till Miss Kage picked up Mr. Canterbury. It's known her mother put her on to the match."

"A match worth 'putting her on,' by all account," remarked the gentleman, as he turned away.

The procession moved on to the church; and when the poor worthless body, it had escorted, was consigned to its kindred dust, the procession moved back again. A very few only of the immediate connexions of the deceased entered the Rock; the rest left the mourning coaches for their private carriages, and were driven off to their respective homes.

Those who entered the Rock were three, and Mr. Norris, the family solicitor, made four. Mr. Carlton, of the Hall, who was no relative; the Honourable and Reverend Austin Rufort, son-in-law to the deceased; and Thomas Kage, a distant relative of Mrs. Canterbury's. All these were marshalled by Mr. Norris into the room where the family had assembled: Mrs. Canterbury and her mother; and the two Miss Canterburys, who had gone to the Rock that morning. Mrs. Canterbury young and lovely in her widow's cap and her heavy black robes, sat with her boy on her knee: she had taken a whim to have him brought to her.

Mr. Norris proceeded to read the will. Its provisions were known beforehand, and had been the talk of the neighbourhood for their injustice: nearly the whole of the property, some eight or ten thousand a year, was bequeathed to Mrs. Canterbury and her child, to the exclusion of Mr. Canterbury's daughters by his first wife. "And I appoint Thomas Kage sole executor."

This last sentence, read with emphasis by Mr. Norris, was heard with surprise by several in the room, and with the most intense surprise by Thomas Kage himself. He was a little man, with a pleasant, truthful countenance, and bright dark eyes. He looked up in unfeigned amazement, and the colour came flushing into his face. Mr. Norris ceased reading, and silence fell on the room.

"Would any one present wish to look at the will?" Mr. Norris inquired, holding it out.

"Oh dear no," murmured Mrs. Kage, in her simpering, affected voice, as she fanned herself with a great black fan, and sprinkled some essence on the floor. "You can put it up, Mr. Norris."

Perhaps the lawyer deemed that the Honourable Mrs. Kage did not represent the interests of the whole company, for he held it out still, and glanced at Mr. Rufort. But Mr. Rufort answered by a bow of denial.

"There is no more to be seen than you have read, Norris, and our seeing it would not alter it," observed the plain-speaking Mr. Carlton. "My dears," he added, walking up to the two Miss Canterburys, "is it your wish to look at it?"

"To what end?—as you observe," replied Miss Canterbury. "No."

Mr. Rufort rose, as if to leave. Mrs. Kage, who assumed a great deal of authority at the Rock, though cloaked under a display of ridiculous inertness, addressed him.

"My dear Mr. Rufort, you are not going! We expect you to remain to dinner."

"Thank you. Mrs. Rufort's indisposition prevents me. Olive, shall I take charge of you and Millicent?" he continued in a low tone to Miss Canterbury.

Miss Canterbury's reply was to rise and put her arm within his. "We will also wish you good day, Mrs. Canterbury."

"Dear me, how very unsocial!" broke in Mrs. Kage, as she had recourse to her smelling-salts. "We thought you would all have stayed with us, dearest Miss Canterbury."

"Olive," interrupted Mrs. Canterbury, in a half hesitating voice, "we shall be happy if you will remain. Do not bear malice."

"Malice!" returned Miss Canterbury, and her tone was certainly free from it, "we do not bear any: you are mistaken if you think so. To-day is not a day for the indulgence of malice, Mrs. Canterbury."

"At least say farewell in cordiality."

Mrs. Canterbury put out her hand, and Olive took it. Olive then stooped and kissed the child, her young half-brother, a gentle little fellow two years old. Whatever undue influence had been at work, to give him the fortune, part of which ought to have been hers and her sisters', it was no doing of the child's, and Olive Canterbury was too just to visit ill-feeling upon him. Millicent also kissed him, and followed her sister and Mr. Rufort from the room.

"And now I'll go," cried Mr. Carlton, "and I wish you good day,

ladies. And I wish *you* luck over your office, sir," he added, in a marked manner to Mr. Kage: "it is one I scorned to undertake. Good day, Norris."

Mr. Norris had been folding up the will, and now laid it on the table. "Sir," said he to Mr. Kage, "any information or assistance that you may require, I shall be ready to afford. The first step must be to prove the will. But you are in a higher grade of the legal profession than I, and I need not offer superfluous suggestions," he concluded, remembering that Mr. Kage was a barrister.

"What a mercy that the scene has gone off so tranquilly," sighed Mrs. Kage, when, on the departure of the lawyer, she was left alone with her daughter and their cousin. "I expected, I don't know what, from the Canterbury women and that meddling Mr. Carlton. The presumption of *his* coming in to hear the will read! Had I been in your place, my dear, I should mildly have requested his withdrawal."

"Oh, what did it signify, mamma, whether he was present or not? I expect Olive Canterbury had sanctioned it."

"Darling child, how petulantly you speak!"

"Because I feel petulant," returned Mrs. Canterbury, who had truly spoken in a most fretful tone.

Mrs. Kage heaved another resigned sigh. Some persons might think she had not much cause for sighing, since she had just inherited to the tune of ten thousand pounds, just double what was left to the Miss Canterburys. "I feel inclined to retire and compose myself for an hour. These gloomy epochs in daily life try one's nerves distressingly: it is a mercy they don't come often. Of all ceremonics, funerals are the worst for delicate susceptibilities, and a will-reading——Thomas, you see, now, why I despatched a second and more urgent summons to you," Mrs. Kage broke off her fanning and her sentence to say. "I am sure you will look well after my dear child's interests."

She stepped, mincing, from the room. Mrs. Canterbury looked hard at her cousin: was it his marked expression of severity, cast towards her, which had caused her to "feel petulant?"

"Thomas, you are angry with me. What is the matter?"

"Whose business was it to make me executor to this will?" he uttered.

"Mr. Canterbury was, I think, the first to propose it, and I and mamma gladly acquiesced: there is no one I could like for it half so well as you."

"You ought to have assured yourself first whether I was willing to act."

"Would you have refused?" she quickly said.

"Yes. As others had already done."

"*Others* had not," she returned. "Only one had refused; Mr. Carlton. My husband asked no one else."

"I wish he had asked me. I feel this as a blow; I really do."

"You had better decline to act now," she resentfully rejoined.

"Such was my decision when the announcement came from the lawyer's lips. 'I will not act; I will proclaim publicly that I will have nothing to do with it,' were the thoughts that rose within me."

"You do not care what becomes of me or my interests."

"I am anxious for your best interests, Caroline: and, if I do consent to act, it will be at a cost that I would not encounter for any one else."

"What cost?" she exclaimed.

"The periling of my good name, and the coupling it with reproach and injustice. This is a will that must have censures cast upon it far and wide; what has hitherto been a mark for private scandal in its confined locality, henceforth becomes public, and the world will vie in hurling scorn at it."

"We know what the world's scorn is worth," she slightingly interrupted.

"Ay, Caroline; but I spoke of the scorn of good men. I, as your cousin and the sole executor of the will, cannot hope to escape: complicity is the least dark reproach that will be thrown at me. It has already begun: when Miss Canterbury and her sister bowed to me on quitting the room, and when Mr. Carlton followed with his marked words, I felt like a guilty accomplice, conscious that I was so appearing to them."

"I remember, a long while ago, you took *their* parts!"

"Yes," he vehemently interrupted, "and the conversation I then held with you ought to have prevented my being thus drawn in. Caroline, I said all to you then, that I thought I was justified in saying: I besought you not to suffer so unjust a will to stand; not to deprive Mr. Canterbury's daughters of their rights. Were the case mine, I would cut off my right hand, before it should so grasp the property of others."

Mrs. Canterbury let fall some tears. "My husband was a kind husband to me, and I will not hear this reproach cast upon his memory."

"I cast reproach to you, not to Mr. Canterbury. He is gone. And were he not, were he sitting by your side, there, now, I would honestly aver before him that to you reproach was due, rather than to him. He was blindly fond of you, as the old are apt to be—excuse my plainness, Caroline, but this is no moment for mincing matters. Fond of you, indulgent to you, your husband would have listened to your slightest suggestion. You had only to say, 'Leave me and the boy less, and do justice to your daughters,' and he would have done it. I am convinced of this: Mr. Canterbury was not by nature an unjust man."

Mrs. Canterbury wept in silence: though she had never loved her husband, she felt natural grief at his death; and in this moment she was feeling it very much, and it was mixed up with a little self-reproach and a great deal of vexation.

"Just tell me one thing," she sobbed forth, as she drew her quiet little boy closer to her, "is this a fit theme for the very day that my husband is put into his grave?"

"Perhaps it is not," he returned, "but the conversation arose with circumstances; neither of us entered upon it with premeditation. We will resume it to-morrow, Caroline; and by that time I shall have reflected whether or not I will act."

"No," dissented Mrs. Canterbury: "if you choose to take till to-morrow to decide whether you will perform the part of a friend to me and this fatherless babe, you must do so, but if you have more to say on this point, say it now, for not another word will I listen to again."

"Not now: you have reminded me that to-day should be sacred."

"Now or never," she impetuously said; "it shall be for the last time."

"Then repair the injustice of the will," proceeded Mr. Kage. "Entirely you cannot; in a measure you may: continue to the Miss Canterburys the income hitherto allowed them by their father. And should this little fellow ever be taken from you," he added, laying his hand on the child's head, "repair it effectually, by giving up to them a fitting share of their father's fortune."

Mrs. Canterbury had opened her eyes very wide, astonishment driving away her tears. "The income allowed to them was fifteen hundred a year!" she interrupted.

"I know it."

"And mine will not be much more than four thousand—including what I am to receive as personal guardian to the child; allow them fifteen hundred a year out of it, did you mean that?" she reiterated, unable to overcome her surprise at the proposition.

"It is what I should do, Caroline."

The young widow tossed her head with a trace of her old impetuosity. "I would not so insult my husband's memory as to render his acts null and void. He did as he thought well, and I shall abide by it."

"Then you will not repair the injustice inflicted on the Miss Canterburys?"

"No, I will not—if you mean that giving them my inheritance would do it. But I do not recognise the will as unjust."

"I am ashamed to hear you say so, Caroline."

"What did I sell myself for, but to be rich?" she retorted, forgetting decorum in her angry heat. "Let the subject cease."

The following afternoon, Thomas Kage proceeded to the residence of the Miss Canterburys; but they were not at home: the servant said they were at the rectory with Mrs. Rufort. As he was turning towards it, he encountered the stranger, spoken of as having watched the funeral on the previous day. Both gentlemen stopped.

"Kage, it's never you!"

"Captain Dawkes, I think. How are you? I supposed you had sailed for India: I saw the departure of your regiment some weeks ago."

"Captain Dawkes no longer, unless by courtesy: I have sold out. Which way are you walking? This? I'll turn with you: all ways are the same to me, for I am an idle man just now; and a horribly bored one."

He put his arm within that of Mr. Kage, and they went onwards. "I leave for London to-night," remarked Mr. Kage: "are you making a long stay here?"

"The Fates know. Kage, you are a good fellow, I remember that, of old; don't proclaim to everybody you meet in London that you have seen me here. The mischief is, I have been going too fast, and it has left me more debts than money. I am here on the quiet, dodging from sheriff's officers."

"Be at ease: I will forget that I have seen you," said Mr. Kage.

"I only got here the night before last—meandering about from one buried-alive village to another, like a wandering ghost. I wish I was a ghost sometimes."

"It is only a temporary embarrassment, I hope, like your former ones."

"I have got a rich old aunt, you know, and, if she would help me, it would be but temporary, but she has gone crusty. My liabilities compelled me to sell out, and she actually let me do it, and so ruined my prospects, rather than square up. She had done it for me often before."

"There is whence the cause of her refusal may have come," remarked Mr. Kage. "You had tired her out."

"But one with her wealth has no right to be tired," argued the ex-captain. "Where's the use of rich relations, unless they shell out their money?"

Mr. Kage laughed.

"I look upon a rich relative as the greatest misfortune a fellow can be hampered with," continued Mr. Dawkes, "especially if she's an old maid and got no children. Where can she bestow her tin, but upon you? you naturally argue, and of course you go on extensively on the strength of it. But for this aunt of mine, I should have turned out as sober as a Quaker. I have written her fifteen pathetic letters since my rustication, and not one has elicited a reply. I came out strong in the one that went up yesterday, enlarging upon a tempting stream hard by, which looked frightfully like a soothing solace for griefs and sorrows: I paid threepence at the library for a novel to compose it from, and as she's a rigidly religious woman, I expect its effect will be an answer despatched, flying, on the wings of Crœsus, to prevent the hinted-at catastrophe. What brings you to this part of the country, Kage?"

"I came to attend the funeral of a friend."

"Oh, that's it: I see you are in fresh mourning and a crape on your hat. I hope it was a maiden relative, overdone with tin."

"No, it was Mr. Canterbury, of the Rock."

"That fine funeral! what a sight it was! I thought it must have been a duke royal's till I heard the name. He leaves hundreds of thousands, does he not?"

"Not to me. Have you seen much of the scenery round about here? It is very beautiful."

"What do I care for scenery? if it were gold mines, I might look at it. People are saying his will is an unjust one."

"Very unjust," replied Thomas Kage; "Mr. Canterbury has left his large fortune to his wife and son, to the exclusion of his daughters."

"She is well tied-up of course, the wife?"

"She is not tied-up at all: and if the boy should die, the whole fortune reverts to her absolutely. The good old notions of right and wrong seem to be out of fashion, now-a-days."

"Completely so," assented Mr. Dawkes; "witness my selfish old aunt."

"And now I must leave you," said Thomas Kage, "for this is the rectory."

He sent in his card and was admitted. Mrs. Rufort, who after a long

illness had come down that day for the first time, sat in an easy-chair by the fire, and her sisters, Olive and Millicent, were near her. Miss Canterbury, apologising for her sister's illness, rose in her stead to receive Mr. Kage. Her manners were politely stiff: she presumed he had called relative to business connected with their father's will.

"Relative to it," replied Mr. Kage, "but not to its business. Miss Canterbury, Mrs. Rufort, allow me to speak freely, allow me to state my plain sentiments: I have come, hoping to do so."

Certainly he was free so to do, Miss Canterbury chillingly observed.

"More than two years ago I was present at the Rock, during a painful interview; you cannot have forgotten it, Miss Canterbury. I should have been glad to tell you how much I disapproved of what then came to my knowledge, and how entirely my sympathies were with your cause and your sisters', but opportunity was not afforded me, and I was too great a stranger to seek it. I gave my cousin, Mrs. Canterbury, my opinion, before I departed for town, and I hoped and believed that what I said might induce her to urge the claims of justice on her husband. I heard no more of the affair until yesterday: and you may judge my surprise when I found that the obnoxious will remained in force, and that I—*I!*—had been appointed sole executor."

They all looked at him: he had an earnest, honest face, and he spoke in an earnest tone.

"Then—do we understand that you were not aware of the appointment; that you had not been consulted?" asked Miss Canterbury.

"Most certainly I was not. If I had been, I should have refused to accept it, and yesterday, in the mortification of the moment, I inwardly resolved not to do so: setting other feelings aside, I rebelled at my name being so prominently allied to an act of injustice. But I took the night for deliberation; I strove to see what I ought to do. I reflected that my refusal could not remedy the injustice or alter the conditions of the will; that it could do no good to any one, but might bring trouble and embarrassment on Mrs. Canterbury and her child; therefore I have decided to act, believing it my duty so to do. I could not help coming here to explain this, and to beg of you not to misjudge me."

Miss Canterbury's manner warmed to him insensibly: she was a great reader of characters, and she felt sure he was a conscientious, right-minded man.

"I will no longer misjudge you," she exclaimed. "I will regard you as a friend: you look and speak like one."

His eyes lighted up with pleasure. "But you did not look upon me as one yesterday."

"Not altogether as one. Though I saw your start of amaze when you were mentioned as executor, and it puzzled me: I could not suppose you had been appointed without your own acquiescence."

"I would wish to be a friend to all," he observed, "so far as my poor power lies. Life is not so long, or the grave so far off, that we need spend the one, and prepare for the other, in making enemies and sowing hatred."

"Very true," murmured Miss Canterbury. "And I have lived half the time allotted to man."

Mr. Rufort came in, and the explanations were renewed. He grew equally pleased with this gentleman, and pressed him to spend the remainder of the day with them. Thomas Kage hesitated, as he glanced towards the invalid chair. "I would not wish to intrude," he said.

"If you are thinking of me," cried Mrs. Rufort, bending forward, with her own sweet smile, "I shall be very pleased to have you. I have been so long confined to quiet, and my chamber, that a friend to dine with will be a welcome change. It will make me think I am getting well."

"As you are, Jane," interrupted Mr. Rufort.

"Yes, I trust so: but it is a slow process. Do stay, Mr. Kage."

"If I may dare to do so without offending Mrs. Canterbury. I hardly know: she is touchy at times."

Olive fully assented to that: she knew it too well.

"I will return now, and tell her I am engaged to Mrs. Rufort. Should she reproach me with slighting the Rock, I must plead the fact that, if I am to be executor, I act for Mr. Canterbury's daughters as well as for her."

He left the rectory, Mr. Rufort accompanying him to the gate, where they stood talking. Hovering within sight was Captain Dawkes; and when Mr. Kage was fairly on his way, he joined him.

"Kage, could you do a fellow a service?"

"What is it?"

"Lend me ten pounds. I'm regularly down in the world, and it will be an act of charity. I will repay you the instant I finger the remittance from my old aunt, and it's safe to come."

"I have not so much with me," replied Mr. Kage. "And my journey back to town I must keep for."

Mr. Dawkes bit his lips. "Couldn't you borrow, for that, from the rich widow you are stopping with?"

"No, Dawkes, I cannot do that. I will see what I can lend you," he added, taking out his purse. "Five, six—and some silver. I can let you have four pounds, if it will be of any use."

"Make it five, Kage, make it five; you don't know how desperately I require it."

The tone was one of painful entreaty, and Thomas Kage, after a moment's hesitation, put five sovereigns in his hand. Captain Dawkes was unaware that, to do this, entailed his returning to town in a second-class carriage: *he* would not have been capable of the sacrifice, trifling though it may be deemed.

II.

TWELVE months went by, and Thomas Kage was ready to resign his executorship: some law details had thus protracted the settlement. The deed of release was forwarded for Mrs. Canterbury and the other parties to sign, and Mr. Kage also left London for the Rock: there was no legal necessity for his presence there, but he chose to spare the time for the journey. The terminus was two miles distant from the Rock, and upon looking for the omnibus which usually met the train, Mr. Kage ran against Mr. Carlton.

"Don't get into that jolting omnibus," cried the warm-hearted squire, "let me drive you in my pony-gig; there's room for you and your portmanteau too. I came to look after a parcel of books, and it has not come."

They were soon bowling along the road, Mr. Carlton full of gossip, as he loved to be. In relating some news, he mentioned the name of Captain Dawkes.

"What, is he here—here still?" exclaimed Thomas Kage, in surprise.

"Do you know him?" returned Mr. Carlton.

"A little."

"He is nothing of a sportsman; the greatest muff in the field you ever saw: he is fonder of in-door sports than out-door ones," continued Mr. Carlton, significantly. "I fancy he is likely to become a relation of yours."

"A relation of mine! In what way?"

"Rumour goes that he will marry Mrs. Canterbury."

"Ridiculous!" involuntarily burst from Thomas Kage.

"I suppose she does not think so. He is a good-looking blade, and is heir to a large fortune: as much as hers, they say."

"Who says it?" quietly asked Mr. Kage.

"Who? I don't know. Everybody: and he says it himself."

"How has he become intimate with Mrs. Canterbury?"

"Through living in the neighbourhood. He has been here a long while: ever since Mr. Canterbury's death, it seems to me."

"How and where does he live?" questioned Mr. Kage, who appeared to be absorbed in what he heard.

"First of all, he was at the inn, and then he removed to a little furnished box there was to let, and had his sister down. He took it from month to month at starting, but now he has it by the twelvemonth."

"And is intimate at Mrs. Canterbury's?"

"Uncommonly intimate. Is at the Rock every day of his life. Folks say that Mrs. Kage went up there, and took her daughter to task about it: but Mrs. Canterbury is her own mistress, and will do as she likes."

"I thought Mrs. Kage was living at the Rock. It was agreed that she should, as Caro——as her daughter was so young."

"Ay, there was something of the sort arranged; Mrs. Kage's proposal, I believe: but it did not last long; nobody thought it would, and she went back to her own home. She assumed too much domestic control, and Mrs. Canterbury would not put up with it. Mrs. Canterbury visits a great deal, and is extremely popular in the county."

"In spite of the unjust will."

"She and Mrs. Kage got a deal of blame at the time, but people seem to have forgotten it now."

"Ah," mused Thomas Kage, "time is the great obliterator of human actions, whether they be evil or good."

When they reached the Rock, Mr. Carlton halted, and shouted for the keeper to open the lodge gates. She came running out.

"I will walk up to the house," said Mr. Kage. "I should prefer it, for my legs are cramped. Thank you for bringing me."

He took out his portmanteau, and carried it inside the lodge, observing that he would despatch a servant for it. The woman took it in her hand, to test its weight.

"It's not heavy, sir. My boy can run up with it at once."

"Very well," replied Mr. Kage.

He was close at the house when he heard the sound of voices at a distance, and on looking to the spot, he saw a gentleman playing with a child; now running with him, now tossing him, now carrying him on his shoulder. It was growing dusk, but Thomas Kage had no difficulty in recognising Mr. Dawkes, and the child was the young heir to the Rock.

Mrs. Canterbury was alone when he entered: she had just come down, attired for dinner. Her weeds were discarded, and she wore a black lace dress, and a shower of ringlets, sunny and luxuriant as in former days. Her emotion at the sight of her visitor was vivid, and he could not fail to observe it.

"Oh, Thomas! this is, indeed, unexpected."

"I wrote you word last week I should be coming."

"But you did not say when. And I never thought you meant so soon."

"Am I too soon, Caroline?"

"Oh no, no; my surprise is all gladness. Have you come from London to-day?"

"I will answer as many questions as you like, when I have taken off some of this travelling dust; but I had better do it first, for it must be close upon your dinner-hour."

Mrs. Canterbury caused him to be shown to his room, observing that her mother and a friend would dine with them. They were present when he descended: Mrs. Kage and Mr. Dawkes. Dinner was waiting, and they went in. Mrs. Canterbury took the head of her table, and he, Mr. Kage, the opposite place.

"You have been making a long stay in this neighbourhood," observed Mr. Kage to the captain.

"I like it," he replied. "I think I shall settle here."

After dinner the child came in, little Thomas Canterbury. He was too gentle to be a spoilt child, but his mother seemed wrapt in him. Mr. Dawkes appeared equally wrapt: he took the boy on his knee, fed him with sweet things, kissed him and fondled him: and this continued until the ladies retired and took the child with them. As soon as they were gone, Captain Dawkes took out his pocket-book and laid a five-pound note by the side of Mr. Kage.

"Kage, I owe you a thousand apologies for not having repaid you before. When I heard you were likely to come here, I felt delighted at the opportunity to relieve myself from debt."

"You might have sent it," observed Mr. Kage.

"I know I might; I was always going to do so, but negligence is my failing. Thanks for the loan."

"Have things got straight with you?"

"Oh, quite so. My ancient relative relented, and came down like a brick."

It was not altogether a merry evening. Thomas Kage was silent and

thoughtful, the ex-captain evidently constrained, and Mrs. Kage shot keen glances from her eyes at both, under cover of the tops of her essence-bottles. Mrs. Canterbury alone was in an overflow of spirits. By ten o'clock, the two dinner guests had left, and Mrs. Canterbury and her cousin were left alone. She caused the chess-table to be brought forward, and set out the men.

"You will play, Tom, will you not?"

He drew his chair up and commenced the game. In five minutes Mrs. Canterbury had checkmated him. He began to put the pieces up.

"But will you not play again?" she asked.

"Not to-night. My thoughts are elsewhere."

He finished his employment, pushed the table back, and dropped into a musing attitude. Mrs. Canterbury glanced at him, as she played with the trinkets that were hanging from her chain. "Is anything the matter, Thomas? You have been as solemn as a judge all the evening."

"Is it true," he abruptly said, "that you are likely to marry Dawkes?"

"My goodness! what put that in your head?"

"Is it true, Caroline?" he more sadly repeated.

"No, it is not. But why can't people keep their mischief-making tongues to themselves?"

He did not put absolute faith in her denial. "It was imprudent, Caroline, to allow a stranger, of whom you know nothing, to become so intimate here."

"Mamma has been setting you on to say this!"

He shook his head. "Let me tell you what I know of Dawkes. He has been a wild, gay man, up to his ears in debt and embarrassment; when he came to this neighbourhood it was to be safe from his creditors. Now, Caroline, reflect for one moment—to such a man as this, what a temptation a fortune like yours must hold out!"

"Few men have been exempt from embarrassment at some time or other of their lives," observed Mrs. Canterbury. "Captain Dawkes's having been in debt, ought not to tell against him, now he is free from it."

"How do you know he is free from it?"

"Of course he is. He lives here openly, and seems to have plenty of money."

"He may have paid his debts; he may have plenty of money now; I do not know that it is not so, and you do not know that it is. But——"

"What a shame it is people can't mind their own business!" interrupted Mrs. Canterbury. "They interfere with me in the most unwarrantable manner: they say I visit too much, and they say I left off my ugly widow's caps too soon—I wore them twelve months, and they were spoiling my hair! And now they have been talking to you about Captain Dawkes."

"I was about to observe that the tastes and pursuits of Captain Dawkes—I have seen something of them—are not calculated to bring happiness to a wife, Caroline."

She smiled; a bright, laughing smile. Mr. Kage was vexed; he thought it a derisive one.

"Caroline, I speak for your sake only, your happiness."

"Then you really do care for my happiness!"

"I have never cared for any one's so much in life. You knew it once, Caroline."

Mrs. Canterbury had risen and was standing with her elbow on the mantelpiece, and the red glow of the fire deepened to crimson the blushes on her cheeks. Or had they deepened of themselves? any way, they were rich and beautiful. Thomas Kage thought so as he stood close to her, far too innocent and beautiful to be thrown away on Barnaby Dawkes.

"I *thought* it once," she hesitatingly said, "until——"

"Until when?"

"Until I married. But it was all over then."

"Not so: I am anxious for it still, and I wish you would let me try and guide you to it."

"How would you begin?" she merrily said.

"First of all, you should break off the intimacy with Dawkes——How was it brought about?" he interrupted himself to ask.

"It began by his taking a fancy for my boy. He made acquaintance with him and his nurse in their walks, and the child grew so attached to him, nothing was ever like it. How could I help being civil to one who is so fond of my child?"

"Let there be truth between us, Caroline," he interrupted, in a pained tone.

"I am telling you truth: I will tell you all. I care nothing for Captain Dawkes, and, I only like him because he loves the boy. But he has grown to like me in a different way," she added, "and last week he asked me to become his wife."

"What was your answer?"

"That I would not: and it was a very decided 'would not,' admitting no hope. But he still comes here. It would kill him to separate from the child, he said: whether he still hopes to make an impression on me, is his look-out: I don't know, and don't care."

"Then you do not love him, Caroline."

"No; it is not to him that my love is given."

"That tone, Caroline, would almost imply that it is given elsewhere. Is it so?"

The flush of crimson in her face was so great that she turned it from him. He took her hand and held it between his.

"Would you have me go through life alone?" she sadly asked. "Why should I not marry again? Some mothers call girls at my age too young for wives. I am not three-and-twenty."

"My dear, I hope you will marry again: my only anxiety is that you should marry for happiness. What is the matter?"

Mrs. Canterbury had burst into tears. "It is such a lonely life," she whispered; "it has been so lonely all along. I married—you know about it, that I did not care for him—and I found I had grasped the shadow and lost the substance: I tried to carry it off to others and be gay, but there was the aching void ever in my heart. Since I have been free, it has been the same: no real happiness; nothing but a yearning after what I have not. Sometimes hope springs up and pictures a bright future: but it flies away again. I have never," she continued, raising her eyes

for a moment, "breathed aught of these, my feelings, to man or woman: I could not to any one but you."

"Caroline, you are indulging a love-dream! Who is its object?"

She was trembling excessively: he could feel that, as he held her hand, which she had not attempted to remove. Alone with him in that quiet evening hour, her heart full of romance and sentiment, Caroline Canterbury may be forgiven if she betrayed herself. Though she had heartlessly rejected Thomas Kage to marry a rich man, she had loved him passionately then, and she loved him passionately still.

"Who is it, Caroline?"

"Do not ask me."

"Who is it, Caroline?"

"*Need* you ask me?"

No he need not, for in that same moment the scales fell from his own eyes. Her agitated tone, her downcast look, told him what he had certainly not had his thoughts pointed to. He dropped her hand, and went and leaned his own elbow on the mantelpiece, with a flush as rosy as hers.

"Caroline," he whispered, breaking a long silence, "was *this* your dream?"

She was vexed at having betrayed her feelings, and sobbed hysterically. He waited.

"It cannot be," he continued to whisper, when calmness came to her. "Whether it might have been, whether the old feelings might have been renewed between us, I have never allowed myself to ask. There is an insuperable barrier."

"In my having left you to marry Mr. Canterbury."

"Mr. Canterbury is gone and has left you free. The barrier lies in his unjust will, in your having inherited, and in my being its executor."

"I do not understand you," she faintly said.

"Our former attachment was known to some. Were I to make you my wife now, who but would say it was a work of complicity, planned between us: the money bequeathed to you, and I the executor! Caroline, were you dear to me as formerly, as perhaps you might become again, I would die of heart-break, rather than marry your money, and so sacrifice my good name."

Her face and lips had turned of a stony white, and her heart felt turning to stone within her.

"Answer me one thing," she said; "when you urged me to induce Mr. Canterbury to make a more equitable will, and leave me less, was this your motive?"

"No!" he earnestly answered, "I spoke only from a love of justice—I wished you to be just, I wished you to retain the good opinion of men. From the day of your marriage with Mr. Canterbury, I have never thought of you but as lost to me: and I schooled my heart to bear."

Recollection, remorse, grief were telling upon her. She shook as she stood, and turned to lay hold of something by which to steady herself. He could but walk across the rug to support her. "I suffered then as you are doing now," he whispered.

"Let me make it up to you!" she returned, heeding little what she said in her despair—"let us make it up to each other. You do care for me still—I have riches—I have my love—let me make it up to you."

"It is those riches that make it impossible. Caroline, do not tempt me: it can never be."

"Then you reject me!" she bitterly exclaimed.

"As a wife: I have no other alternative. But, Caroline, we can be dear to each other still—as brother and sister."

"Brother and sister! brother and sister!" she wailed; "that is not a tie to satisfy the void of an aching heart."

"Caroline, my darling sister, you must school your heart," he whispered. "*I* had to do it—I have to do it still. Any warmer feeling, any more sacred tie is impossible between us. Be composed; be yourself."

"Yes, I will be myself," she answered, as she turned from him to seek her chamber. "Farewell, Thomas."

"Good night, Caroline," he replied; "we will meet as usual to-morrow, and forget all this."

He stood at the door, which he had held open for her to pass through, and his own heart ached as he heard the smothered burst of anguish which escaped from hers. It was a painful rejection he had had to give, but in his opinion a necessary one.

And as poor Mrs. Canterbury tossed on her sleepless pillow, she felt that retribution was already overtaking her, and through the whole live-long night she bewailed the possession of the riches that were not justly hers, that had brought this misery and mortification upon her, and divided her for ever from the only one who had indeed made her day-dream.

A RUSSIAN STATESMAN.*

No state in recent times has so rapidly attained power and influence as the Russian. This was more especially owing to the genius of Peter the Great, who dragged his resisting nation on to the path of European civilisation. The activity of this marvellous man excited a degree of enthusiasm which was evidenced by the numbers who flocked to aid in his labours. Many of these, it is true, were adventurers, but, on the other hand, many were men of decided character and brilliant genius. The newly-founded capital on the Neva enticed a multitude of persons, who were thence scattered over the country. When the master departed this life, they fairly earned the reputation of supporting the edifice, and gradually adding to its size. Britons and Frenchmen, Danes and Dutch, rivalled the natives in carrying out this heavy task, but the Germans were the most prominent of all. The conquest of the Baltic provinces had enlisted the services of thousands of these, from which Russia derived great benefit. But Germany proper did not remain behind. She sent the cautious and polished Ostermann, whom Russia has to thank for the peace of Nystädt, and for the regulation of her foreign relations; she gave the terrible Münnich, whose restless zeal created a

* Des Grafen J. J. Sievers's Denkwürdigkeiten zur Geschichte Russlands. Von C. L. Blum. Leipzig: C. F. Winter. Vols. I. and II.

new army organisation so good, that on the first engagement between the Russians and their arch-foes the Turks, the former were enabled to blot out the disgrace which had clung to them since the treaty on the Pruth. Probably, however, no one exercised a more beneficent influence in Russia than JACOB JOHANN VON SIEVERS. And yet, who speaks of him now, or who knows his transcendent merit? He shares the lot of the others who, since Russia has fully entered into European history, did the most towards augmenting her dignity and power by their silent activity and devotedness. Their deeds, however, are forgotten by an ungrateful nation, or, worse still, purposely ignored and misrepresented.

Sievers was descended from an old family resident in Holstein till the commencement of the Thirty Years' War, but which eventually settled in Esthonia. He was born on the 19th of August, 1731, and was fortunate in having parents who taught him to fear God and honour the king. To his mother he was utterly devoted, and in his old days was fond of comparing her to Lady Holdernesse, "whom good old George II. always treated with greater respect than other ladies, because she was the best of mothers—suckled her own children—was for years envoy at the Hague—and so soon as a child had to be quieted, she retired." His father, too, was a sturdy, upright man; and the first words he taught his son to write on his slate were, "Do right, and fear nobody." It was at first intended that the lad should be sent to Sweden, where a relative had promised to adopt him, and he actually got as far as Reval, whence his great-aunt, however, carried him off in triumph, and bore him back home. So this project was knocked on the head. Soon after, however, an uncle who held a high position at Petersburg, and who, it was whispered, was a favourite of the Empress Elizabeth, visited his brother's estate, and took a liking to the subject of our memoir. He offered to take him with him to the capital, and this offer could not be refused. His father gave him his blessing, and the advice, "Whatever you have to do, do it willingly." In 1744, we find young Sievers, as ensign in the College of Foreign Affairs, taking the oath in the Lutheran church of Moscow, and busily engaged in his official duties. In the mean while his uncle had married a lady of spirit, and had got well before the world, and young Sievers went to live with him and profit by the lessons his aunt gave him in the ways of the world. That she was competent to do so will be seen from the following anecdote: Some splendid silk stuff was once sent from Paris, which the empress would much have liked to purchase, but found it too dear. The Baroness Sievers immediately purchased it, and appeared in it on the empress's birthday. The latter had scarce noticed the splendid dress, ere she exclaimed: "Ei! ei! that stuff was too dear for me!" The baroness cleverly replied, "How could anything be too dear to me in celebration of my empress's birthday?"

The first foreign embassy to which young Sievers was attached was at Copenhagen, which he joined in the beginning of 1748. The travelling directions his uncle gives him are instructive enough for quotation:

The uncle writes that his nephew had by this time, he hoped, safely reached his parents' house. On his departure, he and the aunt had recognised his good heart, and both felt comforted that his faithful servant Ossip was accompanying him. On German ground he must not let himself be cheated with his money: plenty of swindlers would soon flock round him, as he had himself learned. In

Dantzic he could consult with the Russian resident Scherer as to the continuance of his journey. Ossip must be careful, though, not to get quarrelling with the postilions in Pomerania or elsewhere, for they did not understand a joke. "If he reminds you," the old gentleman goes on to write, "whenever you may forget to commend yourself to God night and morning, do not be angry with him, for I bade him to do it. . . . . Son of my heart, beg thy dear grandfather with all reverence for his blessing, and remember the father's blessing builds the children's houses; what, then, will not a father's father's blessing effect? It is surely powerful, you may believe me. Have thy life long God before thy eyes and in thy heart, and guard thyself lest thou consent to any sin or act against God's command. And when thou canst help the needy, if thou hast much, give abundantly; hast thou little, so give that little with good and faithful heart. For alms absolve from sins, and from death, and leave us not in our need. Share thy bread with the hungry, and cover the naked with thy clothes." In this manner the uncle goes on for a while, and embroiders his teaching with the best passages from the Bible. A pleasing proof, it seems to us, of the way of thinking at that day, when coming from the mouth of a perfect gentleman, who was afterwards to perform the functions of Supreme Marshal of the Court. But that these are not mere words, is continually proved by the way he treated his nephew.

Sievers, but a youth of seventeen, was fortunate in being attached to an ambassador like Baron Korff, who was a literary Mecænas, and devoted to the *belles lettres*. We have no details, however, as to the mode of life our hero pursued in Copenhagen, and, indeed, ere long he was transferred to the English embassy, at the request of Count Czernischew, who was a friend of his uncle's family. George II., who was then seated on the British throne, had such a longing for his native land that he visited it nearly every year. His château of Herrn-hausen, near Hanover, was his favourite residence. Here he had spent the summer of 1748, thence guided the concluding negotiations at Aix-la-Chapelle, and among his other amusements visited Gottingen in state, and founded its university. Princes and courtiers flocked into the brilliant court, which Sievers also received orders to join. George II. returned home on the 25th of November. Admiral Anson, the celebrated circumnavigator, had conveyed the king out, and on his return the truth of his title, "Foul-weather Jack," was confirmed. A storm assailed the fleet, which was in greater danger than Anson had ever experienced on his longest voyages. Sievers, too, was in imminent peril, but at last succeeded in landing at Lowestoft, as the packet-boat could not put into Harwich.

A strange change awaited the young man in London. He had been educated in a capital where all seemed to hang on the nod and the smile of a mistress, and had just come from a court where the law itself freed the monarch from every restraint. In London he found, to his surprise, the mob apparently governing, and he did not dare to walk the streets in clothes of a French cut for fear of being insulted. His mode of life in this country will be best seen from a letter he wrote his father:

On Sundays he went to church in the morning or afternoon, generally to the English, in order to pursue his studies in that language. His evenings he spent in a coffee-house, and read the English papers over a cup of chocolate. Monday morning an English teacher came to him; in the afternoon he visited the fencing-room. Tuesday was post day, and he spent it at the count's. Wednesday and Thursday the teacher came again. He went every day to the coffee-house, and spent half an hour in the way he described, and his sole pleasure

was to argue with somebody about the news. He also visited the park two or three times a week. This was a spacious ground near the court, in the centre of which was a large canal, surrounded by promenades, not particularly agreeable, but greatly visited because there were no others. The king was often wont to enjoy the fresh air there. In Copenhagen he had played a little, but he had left it off here, for the play was so high. The theatre, too, was terribly dear—three shillings in the pit, and five in the boxes; hence he only visited it once a week, for the sake of the language. Fencing was very necessary, but cost him, although his master was the cheapest in London, two guineas for the first month, and one for the next. This monotony was interrupted by his summer residence at Kensington, whither Count Czernischew had gone in the spring. Sievers considered it advisable to follow him there, both for the sake of the fresh air and to prove his zeal to the count. Kensington was the place where the king held his court in summer, and though his lodging cost him as much as in London, he had a larger room, and dined at the count's table, which was not usually the case. Hence he was enabled to live for seven to eight pounds a month, and his only difficulty was where to get the money from.

In another letter to his uncle, who, while not refusing to send him money, wishes to know how it was spent, Sievers gives a more detailed account of his expenses. He begins by saying that as he was known to be the nephew of a great gentleman, he was expected to make a figure. Although he dined daily at the count's, he was invited out to other houses generally once a fortnight, and had to give the servants more money than the dinner was worth: two or three shillings or more, if the house was large and the number of servants great, was the least that could be given. This custom was so general, that when a guest was about to leave a house the servants barred his way, and impudently held out their hands for vails. He took care to go out as little as possible: still he must reckon these presents at four pounds. In the same way he must, every Christmas, give vails in his own house, at the count's, and wherever he visited, and these amounted to at least four pounds more. Although he frequently supped with the count's children, still it was not an every-day occurrence, and then he ate some bread-and-cheese at home, or supped at a tavern. This he would put down at about five pounds. At New Year he gave the head of the Lutheran Church in the Savoy one guinea for his chair, and also, for the support of the school and poor, a whole or half-a-crown at each quarterly collection—as well as what he laid every Sunday in the collecting-box—in all, amounting to two or two and a half guineas. He paid for his lodgings at Kensington during the summer six shillings a week, making in six months more than seven pounds. Tea, sugar, and breakfast during that period came to about five pounds. He wore out yearly eight or nine pairs of shoes, each pair costing six shillings. He had been obliged to buy two pairs of white silk, two pairs of black silk, and two pairs of woollen stockings, without reckoning several pairs of under stockings, costing three pounds ten. "Every year," he continues, "I have been obliged to buy half a dozen fine shirts with ruffles, which cost me ten pounds. The English pay great attention to linen, and often judge a man by it, without looking at his coat. Hence I am forced into expense for my linen, as I dine nearly daily at the count's, where there are guests who notice this. I calculate my linen at six guineas."

From the rest of his letter we find that the cry of "Reform your tailors' bills!" had not yet been heard in England, for a plain frock-coat

cost fourteen guineas. For his court coat Sievers was obliged to pay twenty-five guineas, and a half-mourning frock-coat cost eight pounds. A hat cost a guinea, and a peruke three guineas. Circulating libraries were reasonable enough, for Sievers only paid one guinea a year for that indulgence. Philosophical lectures could be visited at an outlay of one shilling each time.

In 1752, a dangerous illness compelled Sievers to give up his appointment and return to Petersburg. Among the acquaintances he formed in London was that of the celebrated Baron Neuhoff, once king of Corsica. He visited him in prison in the company of Stanislaus Poniatowski, who was then making his grand tour through Europe. On recovering from his illness, Sievers consented to follow his uncle's wishes and enter the army. He obtained his commission as first major, and was appointed quartermaster of divisions by Count Schuwalow, grand master of the artillery. His services were soon required in the field, and at the battle of Grossjägerndorf a ball struck him in the chest, but his gorget saved him from a mortal wound. Apraxin, the commander-in-chief, to everybody's amazement, did not follow up his success over the Prussians, but fell back on Memel, while Sievers was sent on to Petersburg to give the empress verbal explanations of his conduct. Apraxin, however, was recalled, and his place taken by General Fermor. When Sievers rejoined the army it had already crossed the Vistula, and was marching on Cüstrin, but Frederick came up with it at Zorndorf and gave the Russians a tremendous thrashing. Fermor was forced to retreat, and consoled himself by closely investing Colbert. Hence Sievers was summoned to Petersburg, ostensibly as a mark of favour, but, in reality, to give the empress a full account of the battle and the relations existing between the generals.

His health still continuing in a dangerous state, the doctors advised Sievers to obtain a furlough and proceed on a tour through Italy. This advice was followed, and in 1761 he arrived at Vienna, whence he proceeded, *viâ* Schaffhausen, to Turin. After making the grand tour through Italy, we find him comfortably settled at Naples. In a letter he writes home to his father about this time on money matters, he says: "For Heaven's sake do not disappoint me in this, for a nephew of the Archbishop of Petersburg ran into debt 3000 roubles in Naples and then disappeared. The credit of Russians is so ruined here, that, on my arrival, I could not have obtained a glass of water for nothing." A year's stay in this glorious land quite restored Sievers's health, and he returned home without thinking of the hearts he had broken. Still he was not in a condition to serve: he therefore finally retired from the army with the rank of a major-general and a pension of 300 roubles.

The accession of Catherine II. to the throne of Russia was destined to produce a great change in Sievers's career. The empress determined on appointing the best talent she could find to the governorships, and her choice fell upon Sievers to be the first governor of the province of Nowogrod. There was ample work for a governor who desired the welfare of his country, for Nowogrod was 1700 versts long and 800 broad. It was bounded by Poland, Lithuania, Esthonia, Finland, Russian Lapland, and Sweden, and when Sievers undertook his new duties he found the government in a deplorable condition. In the report he sends in to the

empress, Sievers goes into a full detail, from which we shall extract, as furnishing an idea of the state of Russia one hundred years ago:

I found the archives of the government covered over with the ruins of a vault in an old arsenal, where they had been deposited. There were arrears of more than two and a half millions. Of two or three hundred civil petitions addressed to the governor, hardly four a year were decided. There was no police through the whole extent of the country. These duties were performed by the centgraves (sotzkis) of the several parishes. The commands of the Voivode were addressed to these men, of whom there were two or four. As, however, they could neither read nor write, the sexton explained the orders to them, and wrote the report. There was no post except that of the Yamtshiks between the two capitals. The entire trade of the empire with the Baltic was carried along a single road, and the canals and harbour of Vishney Nolotschok were the property of minors, for whom the senate had appointed a guardian. Since the freedom of the nobility, the governor could not entrust them with any useful work, or they would only take that which was profitable—which it was dangerous to give them. Letters were carried through the secretary of the Yamtshiks, who paid 20 roubles annually into the Chancery as postal revenue. There were from 1100 to 1200 criminals in prison, and more than a thousand let out on bail. Among the prisoners were at least twenty gentlemen. The salon of the government clerks was used as their prison. Only one, Prince Jeltschnoi, was in the common prison with the other criminals, with a block on his foot and his hands bound, and in each of the five provinces there were at least fifty wretches under torture.

The new governor set to work indefatigably, and we must do the empress the justice to say that she did all in her power to further his views. She maintained a constant correspondence with him on every possible subject, and her letters, though written in heart-breaking French, reveal an infinity of sympathy and sound sense. Here is one we will quote *in extenso*, as proving the truth of our remarks:

Monsieur le Gouverneur de Novogrod. Il y a deuz jours, que je Vous ai ecrite une longue pancarte, que Vous aurés reçu j'espere, apresent je m'envais repondre à la Vôtre du 3 Mars. J'ai lue d'un bout a l'autre Votre rapport du Senat, je suis persuadée qu'il n'en reçois pas souvent de pareilles, celles çi Vous ressemble, elle est née sensée et remplite d'esprit d'ordre et même de la Bonté de Cœur de mon Gouverneur et elle ma fait plaisir, taché q'ua Stara-roussa l'on batise si faire ce peut sur des fondement de pierre que a vuë de pays porter des batimens pareil, et pour touttes les petites ville suiré ce plan: a un second incendie dont les Villes de bois ne manquent jamais, s'est autant de fait et l'on pourra çelon les circonstances obliger les habitans a des meilleures batisses les fauxbourg de Twer sont bati ainsi apresent dans le gouvernement de Smolensk quoiqu'il n'y ait que 90 Maisons. Je Vous ai parlé dans ma precedentes de Karostina. Je Vous souhaite des patates et moins de voleurs adieu je Vous ecrit tout d'une traitte apres une lettre de six page au General Braun.

CATERINE.

But while Sievers was receiving these marks of kindness from the empress he served so well, the expenses entailed on him by his repeated progresses through his government brought his finances into utter confusion, and the Russian authorities, even at that day, had a convenient mode of paying in promises. Hence we find, in the governor's correspondence with the empress, repeated prayers for small gratifications to enable him to pay his way, which the empress generally evaded. He was too honest to make money by the thousand-and-one crafty means

known to Russian officials, and, strange to say, the empress could not appreciate such characters as his. If a man did not rob when he had the opportunity, she considered him a fool, and deserving penury. As a chance of extrication, Sievers determined on marrying a young lady, as he supposed of large fortune, but here he was again disappointed, for her father was over head and ears in debt, and she was herself naturally extravagant. While in this dilemma, which pressed so feelingly upon him, Sievers thought of his country, which was much in the same condition from the want of currency, and he induced the empress to establish the first national bank, which proved at the outset a great convenience, although eventually diverted to such discreditable purposes. This was the last great work Sievers could carry through for some time, owing to the outbreak of the Turkish war. It was the policy of the empress to carry on war at any cost, for she knew herself hated in the army, and that if the officers were allowed time to plot, she would not remain on the throne a week. How great was the consumption of troops is proved by the fact that Sievers's government supplied close on fifty thousand recruits during the six years' continuance of the war.

At the outset of the campaign the Russians were triumphant on land and sea. General Bauer defeated the Turks severely in the same neighbourhood where Peter the Great had been on the verge of destruction sixty years before; while the great naval victories at Chios and Chesme, gained for the Russians by the bravery of British officers, added much to the renown of her arms. Alexei Orlow, the pretended commander-in-chief, gained all the glory. Catherine found it advisable to flatter the vanity of the nation, and satisfy the ambition of dangerous men like the Orlows, at the expense of truth. It is true that all her contemporaries were not deceived, for we read in Falkenskiold's History that Orlow, who had never been to sea in his life, on receiving orders at Venice to take the command of the fleet, cried in amazement, "They must all have gone mad in Petersburg!" Admiral Elphinstone, whose bravery really gained the victory, told even worse stories, when he said that the man who had been so bold at the downfal and murder of Peter III., crept at the decisive hour, pale as death, into the cabin, that the terrible cannonade might not injure his delicate nerves.

Before long the plague began to rage fearfully in the frontier towns of Poland, and Sievers was immediately ordered to proceed and check its ingress into Russia. During his absence his wife supplied him with all the court news. Here is a specimen of the way in which Russian ladies mourn the absence of their lords:

Petersburg, 18th October, 1770.—Your description of the town of Savoltche is pleasing and surprising; it really causes me pleasure to travel through such well-built and populous towns as those of your government. I shall never forget that charming Stara Russa: it made such a deep impression upon me that it is quite indelible. Yesterday I attended the court for the first time: it was crowded. I wore my mourning still. I thanked the empress and the grand duke in a black dress, and yesterday I was also dressed in black from head to foot, with numerous jewels. I had a good look at Prince Henry: he is not handsome, I must confess, but ugly beyond his fellows; he squints fearfully, is very short and thin, his heels are wonderfully tall, and so is his powdered *toupet;* but he is said to possess talent, and that renders him handsome in comparison with those whose personal appearance does not offend you. He received

a costly sable jacket as a present, and the queen gave him the brilliant St. Andrew's ribbon, all in diamonds, as well as the epaulette—in all, worth over 30,000 roubles. The day before yesterday he visited the monastery, and it is said he was delighted with all he saw. It has been noticed that at first he scarce saluted people, but he has already grown much more polite, and makes deeper bows, &c.

For six months the pestilence raged incessantly in Moscow, and three-fourths of the population had quitted the city to bear the seeds of the plague to other parts. The authorities fled too, and the populace gradually gained the upper hand. Then the most frightful excesses took place, and superstition was fated to add to the horrors. A serf-merchant asserted that an image of the Virgin over the Barbara gate had restored his health, and complained of the little reverence paid her. The rumour soon collected thousands round the gate, and the archbishop, who knew the danger of infection, ordered the statue to be removed. This kindled the people's fury: the archbishop was forced to take shelter in the monastery of the Don, but it was broken open, and the archbishop dragged out and murdered. So dangerous was the temper of the people, that Catherine thought it advisable to send Gregory Orlow to Moscow to exercise his personal influence. On his return to the capital, Catherine received him with a triumphal arch, over which was inscribed, "Moscow saved from misery to Orlow," and a medal was struck, on one side of which was Curtius leaping into the gulf; beneath it the words, "Russia, too, has such sons." Sievers, however, who had exposed himself for months, did not receive the slightest acknowledgment. Further favours were bestowed on Orlow, and he was eventually sent as plenipotentiary to negotiate peace with the Turks. How magnificently he behaved on the road we find in a passage from one of Madame de Sievers's letters: "Count Gregoryevitch supped on passing through Kiew with our uncle, and was friendly or good enough to make little Jacob a corporal in the Horse Guards." Sievers no sooner conquered the plague than the cares of his government fell heavily upon him, and he knew nothing of domesticity. His wife, however, kept him always *au courant* with all that was going on, and her letters constantly reveal her anxiety as to how the empress is disposed towards him. All this while the correspondence between Catherine and Sievers was continued, and she at length attained such confidence in him, that she took scarce any step without having first consulted him.

The empress was not reclining on a bed of roses: the grand duke was rapidly approaching his majority, and many fears were combined with that event. When the conspiracy against his father broke out, it was the design of the leaders to make him emperor, with his mother as guardian. Alexei Orlow's boldness gained her the throne, which she had managed to keep for ten years. Panin, the grand duke's instructor, detested Orlow, and had produced the same feeling in his pupil, so that, after much irresolution, the empress found herself compelled to give her favourite up. But Panin had no wish to leave her without a favourite, and he looked round the court for a substitute. A handsome officer of the Guards, to whom he made overtures, had, however, the boldness to decline them. Count Manteuffel—such was his name—preferred to retire to his estates in Livonia. But Panin soon found a willing tool, and the court learned to its amazement that an unknown young man,

Wasilschikoff, had thoroughly ousted the favourite. The news reached Orlow at Fokshani, and utterly overwhelmed him. Hoping that his presence at court would regain him his power, he threw himself into a kibitke, without servants or wardrobe, and travelled day and night to the capital. He was recognised, however, at the last station, and an imperial order was handed him to retire to his estate at Galchina. Soon after, the empress, to break his fall, procured him the patent of a prince of the German Empire, and offered him which he pleased of her summer palaces. He immediately pounced on Czarsko Zeloe, where he amused him exceedingly well with gambling and drinking. The following letter, relating to his goings on, written to Sievers by his brother, is highly characteristic of the age:

> I have just quitted a masquerade which began this morning at ten, and will last till the same time to-morrow. Prince Orlow gave it gratis to the nobility and largest merchants; the day before yesterday the Prince of Holstein gave a public masquerade; last Wednesday was one to which admission was paid. Seventeen couples of nobles, dressed as Esthonian peasants, with two starosts and a bagpipe-player at their head, pretended to come from Count Orlow's estate, Lode. They all commended themselves to the protection and favour of their gracious master, and the women and girls gave him flowers and other rustic presents. The prince received them very kindly, danced with nearly every lady, and then regaled them at a table where only these peasants were allowed to sit. Each fellow had a letter on his coat, which made up the words as they sat at table, "Vivat, es lebe Prinz Orlow!" How do you like this honour? it seems to me only suited for the highest personages. Three days later the prince regaled his serfs, as they are called here, at his own house. After the supper, his kubias drew a lot for each lady, representing 60, 70, up to 80 roubles. Had not the time been so short, he would have sent for 10,000 roubles' worth of brilliants from Petersburg. In addition to the amusements the prince offers the town, every one is full of the favours which, as a half-exiled man, he dispenses. Count Tiefenhausen received the Anne order through him, and is beside himself for joy. Not long ago the conversation at the old prince's was about a piece of sandy land belonging to the crown, on which the prince was building a house and spending some thousands on the garden. When Orlow heard this, he asked the prince if he would like to receive the piece of land as a present. The old prince was startled: but Orlow said he would give it him, and he might be sure of having it. The last post brought the ukase giving the prince the land.

In the correspondence kept up between husband and wife, while Sievers was busily engaged in carrying out his great canal system, which was of such vital importance to Russia, we find about this time the first mention of the terrible Potemkin, who retained his place as favourite till his death. He was evidently the only man Catherine feared, and he managed to keep her in first-rate order. Again we notice the name of Pugatschew, whose rebellion caused such terrible excitement and alarm. The empress had cause for feeling both: the growing discontent of the nation at her wanton expenditure had been augmented by pestilence and famine. In vain did the great Frederick implore her to stop on her mad course: although his influence was so great, his warnings availed naught. Hence the nation caught eagerly at the chance of emancipation offered by Pugatschew, and thousands had flocked to his banners, almost ere the news of the insurrection had reached the capital.

This man, a simple Cossack, aroused a storm which spread with terrific violence through the whole of Southern Russia. He had been engaged

in the Prussian and Turkish campaigns, and was present at the storming of Bender under Count Panin. Then he had wandered about the country as an adventurer and robber, until he was at length taken prisoner and carried to Kazan. His gift of narration soon attracted the attention of his fellow-prisoners, and thence spread through the town. The commandant's wife, Frau von Brandt, no sooner heard of this, than she ordered the prisoners to be brought before her. As the Cossack pleased her greatly, she soon induced her husband to take off his chains. Suddenly he disappeared, and was not seen again till he emerged among a gang of his friends at the fair of Makariew. Some Guardsmen just arrived from Petersburg asserted that he was the exact image of Peter III. This made a deeper impression on Pugatschew than on his comrades. The Raskolniks, his co-religionists, honoured Peter's memory, as he had been severe against the orthodox Church, and thus avenged their sufferings. They found the bold adventurer a refuge among the Cossacks of the Jaïk, where a degree of fermentation had been perceptible for some time. A bold and enterprising man like Pugatschew soon kindled the ashes of sedition into a flame. He made his appearance publicly as Peter III., promising to rescue the nation from the oppression and misery it had so long endured. At the same time he stated that he would extirpate the puffed-up nobles, and this brought swarms of serfs to join him. The workmen in the Ural Mountains, mostly criminals, no sooner heard the cry of freedom than they joined the rebels by thousands. The Mongols and Tatars thought the hour had arrived for their old supremacy, and the Bashkirs also rose in arms. In this state of matters, Sievers wrote an affecting letter to the empress, which she answered on the 11th of September:

My Governor of Nowogrod,—I perceive with satisfaction, from your letter of the 3rd, that you are engaged with the preparations for my voyage to Moscow. The reports you have heard about the rupture of the peace are utterly false. Prince Repnin, who will proceed to Constantinople as envoy, was delayed in the camp by the illness of Marshal Rümanzow: he also sends a letter from the new vizier, which confirms the peace, and evinces much zeal for the exact performance of the treaty. Marquis Pugatschew was utterly beaten on the 25th August, 100 versts beyond Czarizyn's, by our hero Michelson. The Cossacks of the Don were following on the villain's heels, and Major Duve, who brought the news, will not hear any doubts as to his capture. Still the bear's hide must not be sold before the beast is caught. So much is certain, though: guns, booty, men, and brutes, all fell into Michelson's hands. The traitor fled with loosened rein, accompanied by his usual tail of fifty Jaïk Cossacks, towards Astrakan. There he will not trouble the water: but 1500 Cossacks of the Don with fresh horses on his heels, give a hope of seeing him captured. Adieu! Fare ye well.

Catherine.

And this took place, although not so soon as was anticipated. Treachery on the part of his friends gave the fugitive up. Thus Russia was freed from a plague which had raged more furiously than the real pestilence. But another cause of ruin was now slowly growing up, which caused Russia more serious injury than any natural misfortune: this was the sudden elevation of Potemkin, to whom we have already alluded. When Catherine drew to her side one of the Orlows, to whose boldness she

owed her power, every one perceived in this step the offering of a reward for services rendered. Although their connexion could not be morally justified, still it was natural that she should summon her friend to share in her splendour and enjoyments. Before long it was generally believed they were married, and great was the surprise, even in an age when morality was regarded as an incumbrance, at her suddenly quitting Orlow for a younger favourite. But this was not the end of it, and the caprices she displayed brought irreparable injury on her country, as her history only too plainly teaches us.

On the day her husband was overthrown, Catherine placed herself at the head of the troops who came over to her. She suddenly perceived that her sabre wanted a sword-knot, and she asked for one. A young sergeant sprang forward, gave her his, but, while in the act of retiring, his horse began plunging wildly. The empress regarded the bold rider with a smile, and his marked features and colossal figure attracted her attention. The next day he was appointed officer of the Guards and chamberlain. For a time he could not overcome the jealousy of the Orlows, and Count Panin saved him by sending him on a mission to Stockholm. On his return he behaved more discreetly, and at length re-entered the imperial circle. Suddenly, however, he retired to the Newski monastery, and bade adieu to the world, as it seemed. Russian and German writers have generally placed this comedy six or seven years later—viz. at the close of the Turkish war—but our author has papers to prove the truth of his statement. Catherine sent her confidante, Countess Bruce, to arrange for her a private interview, and the immediate consequence was Potemkin's restoration to the brilliant world. But the empress had not yet broken with Orlow, and she thought it better to send Potemkin to the war, with letters of recommendation to Rümanzow, who tried in vain to make a general of him. The troops knew least of all about those heroic achievements with which Russian historians credited him. With the fall of Orlow, Potemkin thought it time to return to court. This took place in February, 1774. He was immediately appointed adjutant-general, and the prey he had been waiting twelve long years for was at length in his clutches.

On the day that Pugatschew was executed in Moscow, the empress commenced her celebrated progress to that city. No glad shouts greeted her from the populace, although they welcomed enthusiastically the young grand duke, against whom Potemkin had already begun to turn his mother's heart. It was at this period that Catherine terminated her plans for the new government of the country, and Sievers was raised to the rank of Governor-General of Twer and Nowogrod. At the same time he was presented with 20,000 roubles and the Alexander Newski order—the first reward he had received for twelve years' indefatigable service. But all these honours did not prevent him doing what he considered his duty to the empress. Thus he writes to her the following postscript:

> What I now say to your imperial majesty will serve to you as a new proof of my feelings for your sacred person. You, too, are the only one to whom I dare to speak. The Moscow reports which reach us here give the post of favourite to another fortunate mortal, and assert that Prince Potemkin, to hide his indifference and want of capacity, will travel through his governments and only return in a monk's gown, which, as they say in Moscow, suits him even worse than the blue

ribbon. This says that city which he loves so heartily. The wish of your good subjects—and they are a considerable number—is that the successor to the favourite may have no further function entrusted to him than that of pleasing his amiable benefactress; and this is the wish, too, of a man who will have the name of Catherine engraved on marble, jasper, and granite.

The empress replied to this: "Zeal dictated your postscript: I have burnt it." These mutual naïve confessions show the intimate terms on which they stood. But in all probability she showed the billet to Potemkin, for from this time he pursued Sievers with a rancour which eventually caused his downfal. But Sievers was in the seventh heaven of business: he was earnestly engaged in carrying out all the reforms the empress desired, and created himself a rare number of enemies by his exertions to stop corruption. His chief enemy was the procureur-general, Prince Wäsemski, who thwarted his plans in every possible way. The character of this prince will be found admirably portrayed in the Princess Dashkoff's Memoirs, which created so great a sensation some twenty years back.

In the mean while the empress was losing all feelings of womanly dignity, and the people were growing more and more disgusted at the reckless extravagance. It seemed Catherine's misfortune to be continually giving to the nation with one hand and taking away with the other. The rejoicings produced by the new constitution had scarce terminated when the Russians saw themselves more than ever humiliated by the uncontrolled passions of the empress. Hence they joyfully greeted the unexpected appearance of Alexei Orlow at court, for they saw in him the only man who could make a stand against the omnipotent Potemkin. Catherine immediately sent for him, received him in the most flattering manner, and implored him to become a friend to Potemkin, in order that the "marvellous man," guided by him, might not utterly embitter her life.

Alexei, true to his reckless character, declared himself her slave, and his life at her service. If Potemkin disturbed her peace of mind, she had only to command: he should disappear at once, and she would never be troubled by him again. But he could not enter into court intrigues, to gain the attachment of a man whom he must despise and ever regard as the greatest enemy of the state. Here the empress burst into tears. Orlow retired, but returned in a few moments, and continued: "I know for certain that Potemkin has no real devotion to your majesty. He only regards his own interest: cunning is his prominent talent; and he is striving to withdraw you from business, and lull you into a state of careless sloth, that he may assume the power himself. He has injured your fleet, ruined your army, and, worse than all, lowered your reputation in the eyes of other powers, and turned away the hearts of your subjects. If you decide on removing so dangerous a man, you may dispose of my life; but if you cleave to him, I can be of no service to you in the execution of measures in which flattery, falsehood, and corruption are the most necessary qualifications." "The empress," Harris continues, who has treasured up this terrible scene, "was greatly affected by this extraordinary speech, confessed her belief in all he said of Potemkin, thanked him most fervently for his zealous offer, but said she could not endure the idea of such harsh treatment. She wished that the count would not think of leaving Petersburg, as she felt sure she should require his counsel and assistance."

Potemkin soon upset her resolutions by asserting that the Orlows had

gone over to the grand duke. Catherine was so weak as to insult Count Orlow seriously, and embittered both brothers to such a degree, that they spoke openly against her. This only drew her closer to Potemkin, who now began to carry out all his infernal designs. In the first place, he closed up all access to the empress, and then he pursued his machinations to get rid of Sievers, for he was jealous of his long and confidential correspondence with Catherine. Before long an opportunity was afforded him to sever the two old friends: Madame de Sievers refused to accompany her husband to Twer, and soon after quitted his roof for ever with Prince Putiätin, to whom she was eventually married. The empress mixed herself up in the matter very zealously, and certainly behaved with great injustice to Sievers. She had been gained over to the opposite party, and she would hear nothing he had to say. He was condemned without the evidence being heard. In his fury, Sievers took a precipitate step, which utterly ruined him: before the arbitration was terminated he went to the house of one of his brothers-in-law, and carried off his three little daughters. This drew from the empress a very severe letter, in which she heaped reproaches on Sievers, and drove him nearly mad. Still, in the midst of his domestic misery, he did not neglect business; but the determined way in which the empress thwarted his every wish, compelled him to demand his dismissal, which was eventually partially conceded. He gave up his governorship, but was obliged to retain the supervision of the water communication.

In the mean time the empress was more and more losing her taste for the administration of her kingdom, and her caprices drew from Potemkin the following just appreciation of her character: "She has sunk beyond all description; never remains of the same opinion for a day; was unacquainted with the wants of her own kingdom; suspected her friends and trusted her enemies; was so jealous of her own opinion, that she would follow no advice that did not agree with it; she had become quite careless of renown, and only listened to the grossest flattery. In short, her character yielded to the first blast of passion, and healthy counsel and logical sequence were lost upon her." Sievers, indeed, grew so convinced of the fallacy of attempting to carry out any of the great designs he had at heart, that he begged for his entire dismissal, which was granted him, and he retired tranquilly to his estate in Livonia, whence he watched the progress of affairs with an aching heart.

With the death of Frederick the Great, Potemkin had full scope to carry out all his ambitious designs, and his first step was to subjugate the Crimea, which had been declared independent in the last treaty of Kutchuk-Kainardji. In this campaign Potemkin displayed all his tiger-like propensities. Out of 50,000 fighting men the Crimea possessed, only 17,000 were left alive. The hero received the title of the Taurian, and, in addition to other presents, the Tauric palace. He also had an opportunity of pocketing three millions of roubles which the empress had given him for the administration of the new territory. When Catherine decided on her journey to the Crimea, he was obliged to confess the peculation, but the empress was so engrossed by him, that she advanced still larger sums, which he again appropriated. On the 7th of January, 1787, she swelled Potemkin's triumph by commencing her progress to the Crimea. At Cherson she was joined by the Emperor Joseph, who

accompanied her to the end of her journey. Ten millions of roubles were expended in festivities, and yet these were found insufficient. In 1788, the Turks were goaded into a declaration of war by the brutal conduct of Prince Bulgakow, and Potemkin assumed the command of the Ekatherinoslaw army. His exploits, however, were confined to the capture of the fortress of Otschakow, which nobly withstood him till the 17th of December of the same year. In the mean time, Russia was threatened on the other side by the Swedes, who prepared to attack Petersburg itself. In such a state of things Sievers could not remain quiet, and he addressed a long letter of advice to the empress, followed by another soon after, in which he makes the following curious remark relative to Cronstadt:

> I congratulate your majesty on the victory lately gained. Admiral Gregh fulfilled my expectations. But in my former letter, referring to the open roads to the capital, I forgot to speak of the most dangerous—namely, the shallows between Cronstadt and the Sisterberg; gun-boats could easily pass through these, and possibly half-galleys as well. I heard this from the late Admiral Mordwinow, when accident enabled me to see a ground chart of this portion of the gulf on his table. Aud will not such vessels pass between Croustadt and the coast? Pardon, most gracious lady, the zeal of your faithful subject.

Gustavus III. was betrayed by his nobles, and Russia saved from this danger. In the south the war terminated after the fourth campaign with the capture of Ismail, and Potemkin hurried to Petersburg to induce the empress to further his ambitious views of utterly destroying Turkey. He was most brilliantly received, but the empress was in great embarrassment. All the great powers were pressing her to terminate the war, while Potemkin wanted to carry it on. His presence was, therefore, necessary with the army, but he could not make up his mind to go. She wished him away, but did not dare tell him so. So great was the terror of his name, that no one would venture to hand him his orders for departure. At length the empress took heart, and gave him directions to make peace at any price, and the order to depart at once. Strange to say, the violent man yielded without a word, and set out for the army at once.

In the mean while, Repnin, to whom he had entrusted the command of the army on his departure for Petersburg, had gained a brilliant victory over the Turks at Matschin. The grand vizier sued for peace, and Repnin signed the preliminaries at Galatz. The next day Potemkin arrived, and bitterly reproached Prince Repnin, who had gained such a magnificent victory for his country. Potemkin's plans were thus utterly thwarted. He felt that his charm was broken. The court, which had hitherto obeyed his nod, had dismissed him. Now the reins of the army even slipped from his grasp, and he had been building his boldest schemes for years on holding these. How far his plans went, who can say? People talk of princely berrets and royal, nay, imperial crowns, at which he aimed. He was capable of anything. He had gradually crushed or removed every one that stood in his path by that impudence peculiar to himself. He had exhausted the resources of the empire, and had gained possession of all the remaining strength. And for what purpose? Evidently to deal a traitorous blow, for which his courage deserted him at the decisive moment. Catherine understood him thoroughly: she knew

what she might venture against him, and, when the hour arrived, threw him overboard with the greatest gentleness. Repnin would certainly not have acted as he did had he not been confirmed by privy instructions from his mistress.

Potemkin was forced to put up with everything. He could not even prevent the conclusion of the separate treaty between the Turks and the court of Vienna. He must even offer his assistance in paving the way for peace at Jassy. But his hour arrived before this was completed. He had appeared at Jassy with all the Oriental pomp in which he revelled. It was not difficult to foresee that such indulgences must overcome even a stronger man than himself, and it had been noticed, on his last visit to Petersburg, that he was strangely altered. When he arrived at Jassy, the Moldavian fever was raging there, and it attacked him too. Still this put no bounds on his luxurious course of life, as the best physicians recommended: he ate and drank all he thought proper. The restlessness which always tormented him now became insupportable, and drove him away from Jassy. But he had hardly travelled twenty miles before he asked to be lifted from his carriage. He was laid on some carpets beneath a tree. Here, in the arms of his niece, the Countess Branicka, who had lived with him for the last few years, the death overtook him which he had tried to fly from, on the 15th of October, 1791.

We really shudder on a closer examination of this man. We know not which most to admire, the man who, without any particular talent, managed to remain at the pinnacle of fortune for years with the dexterity of a rope-dancer; the empress, who, in spite of the cares and sorrow he ever occasioned her, looked with renewed satisfaction on the antics of the creature she had raised; or, lastly, the people who were robbed, oppressed, and trampled on by him, thousands of whom he led to death as victims of his hollow ambition and infertile vanity, and which yet treasures him in its memory as a national hero. The news of his death drew from Sievers the remark: "So then the fearful man, who once said in jest he would yet become a monk and archbishop, is dead; but how? naturally? or did Providence find an avenging hand? or was it the Moldavian fever?—a present of the land which he had rendered so miserable before he had the government of it." We can see that in those days everything was thought possible.

And here we must leave our Russian Statesman contented on his Sabine farm, until his oppressed country summons him once more to her aid. Up to the present, only two volumes of his *mémoires pour servir* to the History of Russia have been published, but so soon as the others have appeared, we shall return to the subject with great interest. We think, though, we have shown sufficiently that the life of such a man as Sievers deserved to be made known to the world.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER;

OR,

A NIGHT AT MESS IN THE COLONIES.

MR. BRIGHT left the house of L., X., and Co. joyously enough one morning in 18—. A bill just cashed, where money was wanted, gave a lightsome heart, and he descended the steps with a sort of triumphant bound and smiling countenance, as much as to say, "Well, 'tis all right now." He was just in the humour to do a generous act or to enjoy fun.

A group of four or five persons standing near the house—at first scarcely observed—presently attracted his notice. One amongst them was an acquaintance, the other a stranger. Yes, decidedly a new comer—a fresh arrival—an importation—quite a novel bale of goods.

Which side had been kept uppermost during the voyage 'twould have been hard to say. His head was of vast space, of the pumpkin form; his brow did not in the least "speak the nature of a tragic volume;" on the contrary, the general expression was exceedingly like "long odds and long faces" in the *Comic Annual*, at the settling for "the Derby," after an outsider (say "Dangerous") had won. Now the proportion of the brow to the remainder of the face was as the heel might be to the rest of a foot; his eye had o'er no particular expression "mastery," though, as the sequel will show, it did "sound the parley of provocation;" for the trunk, or body (as they say in the riding-school), it was a fair medium between that of Falstaff and a certain lean apothecary described as riding on a white horse. If his face was not an index of his mind, perhaps his *understandings* were, for they were enormous! If Hogarth be taken as an index, and that the line of beauty be a curve, his legs were beautiful, from their convexity; they were no twinkling feet, his, but "made to tread, not skim the earth."

Mr. Bright joined the group, and accosted the stranger, Mr. Longhead. Two Hottentots had that morning, at an early hour, suffered the extreme penalty of the law on Gallows Point, near Imhoff Battery; their crime murder. Apparently their execution had formed the subject of conversation, for Mr. Longhead observed that "he had never seen a man hung;" and shortly afterwards, when the topic turned upon a dinner-party, that "he had never seen a military mess." Mr. Bright was in uniform, and in a bland, gentle, and winning manner expressed his extreme regret—that—"really—he could not promise to gratify his first desire at so short a notice—people were so infernally particular in these days; but as to the latter, he was sure that—(eagh!)—he should only be so—so glad if Mr. Longhead would do himself and brother officers the honour of—(eagh!)—dining with them—had a cook, really—(eagh!)—shall send you a regular invitation. Good morning—good morning, Mr. Longhead—good morning."

At mess that night Mr. Bright did not fail to mention the oc-

currence of the morning, at the same time suggesting, as it would be Mr. Longhead's first mess-dinner, that they might have some fun. Accordingly, it was at once proposed, and soon settled, that the invitation should be a general one, as more dignified, and in the name of "the colonel and officers of the —th Regiment, requesting the honour of Mr. Longhead's company at dinner on Wednesday next" (that day week); the dinner to be a burlesque. A committee was chosen, rules drawn up, a president and vice-president appointed, every one to act a particular and specified part, the whole to be duly rehearsed (except the eating and drinking—the latter, even in 18—, was not at all requisite); so that with adopting one proposition, amending a second, and rejecting a third, the evening passed busily and livelily enough, until towards its close, when Mr. O'Rourke quaintly observed, "It's all very fine and mighty well, but, just suppose he takes it into his head to fight, who amongst us, I would greatly like to know, shall have the preference?" There was a slight pause. This contingency had not been provided for. Every one then generously offered to waive his claim in favour of O'Rourke himself. "No, no, boys; not that exactly; fair play's a jewel (duel?). Come, let's throw for it—the lowest is the man." Poor Captain G. threw lowest. He is, alas! now no more.

Who was Mr. Longhead, and what did he at the Cape of Good Hope? He was the only son of a rich and influential London merchant —a partner in the before-mentioned house of L., X., and Co.—and the young man came out to do something, or nothing, in the house.

Mr. Longhead had created an interest of which he was quite unconscious. One of the officers had seen him in the street, and was sure 'twas he, and no one else—"none but himself could be his own parallel." Another had made a pretext of inquiring concerning the sailing of a vessel, and there sat Mr. Longhead—"the Douglas in his hall." Assurance was made doubly sure. The burlesque was to border on extravaganza. The rehearsal took place, and Wednesday came at last.

As the clock struck seven, the drummers and fifers struck up "The Roast-beef of old England," but ceased abruptly upon the entrance of the "observed of all observers," Mr. Longhead. The officers had assembled in the square, outside the mess-room. As Mr. Longhead advanced, Mr. Bright did ditto to meet him. When they had shaken hands, the officers (numbering only eight) formed open ranks, facing inwards, at open intervals. One fifer played the air of "See the conquering hero comes," and led the way down the ranks, the officers bowing severally to Mr. Bright's friend and their guest as he passed them. Mr. Bright conducted him in the steps of the solitary fifer, who played till they reached the mess-room.

The president, in taking his place, awarded the post of honour, on his right hand, to Mr. Longhead, the others having their respective places assigned them. A sergeant now marched in a party, posting two sentries behind the president's chair; he passed round the table to his left, posting one behind each officer, till he came to the stranger, where, as Mr. O'Rourke afterwards remarked, he placed three—*one, three deep;* the sentries' arms were carried—their bayonets fixed; Mr. Longhead

regarding this military movement with mixed astonishment and curiosity. The president called "Attention!"—"Draw swords!" Out flew the blades: "Gentlemen, the usual honours, 'The Crest of the Regiment!' —Present arms!" The sentries did so, as laid down by Torrens and other muffs; the officers ported their swords, and lowered them, with their points meeting as nearly as possible on the centre dish; seeing which, Mr. Longhead gradually raised his arm, then slowly stretched it out, his hand and fingers extended in the direction of the sword points; the word was given to shoulder arms and return swords, and permission granted to the gentlemen to be seated. The sentries were dismissed. "Faith," said Mr. O'Rourke, in a sort of theatrical aside to his neighbour—"faith, we're as safe as the middle herring in a barrel of salt fish, so we are. Did you twig his hand?"

The president presumed that Mr. Longhead had often dined in the Tower with the Guards?—No, never.—With the Life Guards or Blues, then?—Another negative. In fact, it was his first mess dinner. The president expressed the greatest astonishment.

Capt. G. Mr. Longhead, we military men, you see, are great sticklers for forms and ceremonies.

Mr. Longhead. It must be very nice being in the army.

Mr. Bluff. Pipeclay.

Capt. G. Oh, sir, you honour us poor lobsters quite as well perhaps in our brown coats—eh? For my part, nothing in my mind like "the freedom of the City."

Mr. Bluff. Gammon.

Mr. Vice. Order there—order!

Mr. Bright. Well, what do you think of the crest of the —th? In their opinion no regiment has a better. [It was no more their crest than it was the badge of a ticket porter.]

Mr. Bluff. Some people's geese are always swans.

Mr. Longhead again thought it very nice, and wondered how they could take it about with them, and asked if they did.

Capt. G. Oh no, for it's always a standing dish.

Captain Gimbo remarked, "G., there's no such thing as catching you upon the horns of a dilemma—eh, Bluff, what do you say?"

Mr. Bluff (to servant). Bring—horn of ale.

Capt. G. I say, Gimbo, old fellow, you might just as well take the bull by the horns at once as speak to Old Sulky.

Mr. Vice. Order, gentlemen—order! I must have order!

It may be as well to describe in some measure the style and character of "the first mess-dinner" Mr. Longhead ever sat down to, and how the table was set out, not omitting to state what this crest was that they were all talking about.

The table had two boxes placed one at each end for the plates of the president and vice to rest upon, of proportionate height to their chairs, which had been raised in order to give them an imposing and commanding position. The tablecloth was the union-jack of Great Britain. Of the soup there is nothing particular to state; and the names the fish bore from their godfathers and godmothers, viz. King Klip, Cabaljan, &c., were deemed, from want of euphony, sufficient chokers to a stranger, even without the bones. The side dishes, six in number, were highly decorated,

and set off with carved vegetables, pastry, or rice in fantastic forms. Those on the near side, peaceful; on the further side and opposite to the stranger, warlike. The centre dish on the further side (a delicate little attention in compliment to the stranger) was a model of St. Paul's in pastry and rice. The dome being removed, it was found to contain a fricassée. Flanking it on one side were "côtelettes à la Soubise," surrounded by figures of Punch and Shakspeare, a ballet girl and Milton, Judy and Newton. On the other flank, the pâtés took the form of the court cards. Each dish had its motto: the domed building, "Don't rob Peter to pay Paul;" Punch held a little flag, whereupon was inscribed, "Punch cures the gout, the colic, and the phthisic;" the king of spades,

> The hoary majesty of spades appears,
> Puts forth one leg, to sight revealed,
> The rest his many-colour'd robe concealed.

On the near side, in the centre, a tongue seemed to be licking a pair of fowls, it being left to the imagination to decide whether from relish or simply affection. A front of fortification in rice, with cannon of vegetables duly mounted, protected the interesting group. In short, one side was as good as the other in design, and both not bad when taken inside. The top dish was a goose, garnished by two huge black-puddings, bearing a line each:

> And fat black puddings, proper food,
> For warriors that delight in blood.

Mr. Vice was entrusted with the care of a sucking-pig, but, as an inferior in office, was only allowed one line from the same author:

> Fat pig and goose themselves oppose.

The epergne had a truly singular appearance. Amidst the flowers there was a duck, supposed to have retired to roost for the night, whilst two Cape crayfish, far larger than lobsters, were represented crawling up its branches, as one might imagine the smallest insect in Brobdignag to be doing at that very time.

But what was the centre dish—the regimental crest? Neither more nor less than a bull's head boiled whole with the skin, hair, and horns on! The horns were six feet eight inches from tip to tip, the points covered with gilt paper, the bottoms of two soda-water bottles made large protruding eyes—Jealousy herself, the green-eyed monster, could not match them. It must be recorded, that to make this dish tidy, the skin was left long enough to hide any unsightly appearance arising from the absence of the gentleman's stout neck. The head was supported on the animal's own four great toes (one can't say pettitoes in this case), after the manner of death's head upon marrow-bones.

This opportunity will serve to state that the second course was after the manner of the first—"enough is as good as a feast."

The different designs were duly explained to Mr. Longhead, who praised the cook's artistical skill. Champagne was handed round with a liberal hand, conversation flagged not. Mr. Bright had asked his friend if he could not detect the slightest possible flavour of hippopotamus in the pâté. "Wasn't sure—was it really?—very nice. Certainly he did

think it rather different from a London pâté." G. advised him never to refuse a porcupine ham; Gimbo thought a giraffe's tongue much better, only you could not *always* get them; while the president gave his casting vote in favour of the rhinoceros jelly one got on the frontier. Marvellous stories were told of adventures both in love and war; Mr. Longhead enjoyed himself, his questions were more numerous, his answers more free and longer. Every one had, of course, taken wine with their guest.

Eau-de-Cologne and lavender-water were handed round when the finger-glasses were put on, O'Rourke observing "how stingy it was of the messman, that a man couldn't have tincture of myrrh at the same time, for it was mighty improving to the gums."

The climax of the evening had now arrived, when, following the dessert, two hand-barrows, the last of the properties, were placed against the wall to accommodate such gentlemen as would not go "home till morning," and then could not go of themselves if they wished; at least the presence of the barrows was so accounted for to Mr. Longhead. The faithful historian must here confess that, in spite of the rehearsal, the actors, at the best, but smothered their laughter.

The usual royal toast was proposed by the president, and drunk. Permission being given to Mr. Bright, he rose, and spoke as follows:

"Mr. President and Gentlemen,—Words cannot express—I cannot express—the Bank of England can't express—notes of admiration sufficient wherewith to measure adequately the honour conferred on us this day. The Duke of Wellington and the army are thankful for it. The toast I propose—now, when I say toast, you will understand there is no allusion to roasting bread at the fire—no, gentlemen, emphatically I say (and the president will correct me if I am in error)—that will come by-and-by with the anchovies. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, I give you the health of Mr. Longhead, coupling therewith the mercantile interests of England. (Much applause.) Gimbo, you're a shopkeeper; you're another, G.; even the president himself is a shopkeeper. ('Order!' from Mr. Vice.) Did not that great soldier Napoleon call us all a nation of shopkeepers? and so we must be. ('No shop,' from Bluff.) All this sinks into insignificance when compared with a counting-house; it was sometimes noble, and always honourable. (Hear, hear.) He would prove it. Had his hearers forgotten their history? was it lost upon them? if not, then they would surely remember that 'The king was in his counting-house, counting out his money!' And was it not notorious how often the House of Commons was counted out? (G.—'Was that honourable?') But there was another house—not the House of Lords—no, he meant the house of L. and X. (Great cheering.) He had that morning had a bill cashed at par. (Much excitement, mixed with groans.) He now called upon them to rise, as one man, and support that house. (Every one threatened to draw bills in the morning but Bluff, who said, 'Don't count chickens before hatched.') From the French polish on your boots, gentlemen, to the unicorn's balm, that makes 'lisser et fixer' the very hairs of your head, are you not indebted to merchants? Whence the tobacco, or the port? ('Or the Irish whisky?' from Bluff.) Yes, and the whisky—I thank my friend. For all these neces-

saries of life, gentlemen, we are indebted to merchants. May they long continue to transport them, as they do us, with joy, and may this arid and habitable part of the globe long continue to receive such transports of bliss unalloyed by those transports that make Botany Bay a—a sheer hulk. (Cheers.) Mr. President, our guest has been reared in the lap and cradle of Commerce, and he does that lady credit; his dwelling-place, like John Gilpin (being 'a citizen of credit and renown'), the 'resort and mart of all the earth,' as Romeo says. Our distinguished guest, like Moses—I allude, gentlemen, to the Vicar of Wakefield's son, who began his career early, and was a dealer in horses and green spectacles (a sad spectacle for his anxious parent, doubtless). Mr. Longhead, jun., will never so treat Mr. Longhead, sen. His very name is guarantee sufficient. (Bravo!) What are the merchants of Damascus, of Bagdad, or even the Merchant of Venice himself when contrasted with those of England? ('Hear,' from Mr. Longhead.) The latter made fuss enough in sharpening his knife, but I assert—I dare to say fearlessly, boldly, and without dread of contradiction, and in the broad face of day, too, if requisite—that it is just probable his knife had the Sheffield mark upon it. (Applause.) Gentlemen, I again remind you of your glory as shopkeepers; before us stands the scion of a leading London firm—I say firm, stable as a stall of integrity; forget not that in London is the harbour, basin, and dock of all trades, save one—the slave trade. ('Shame, shame!' from the president —not of the United States.) Gentlemen, let us drink the health of Mr. Longhead and the mercantile interests of England." (Vehement and long-continued cheers greeted Mr. Bright as he sat down, very thirsty.)

The toast was drunk with three times three, and one cheer more.

Mr. Longhead rose. Cries of "Hear!" taps of the table, "Silence!" "Hurrah!" and cheers, emphatically marked his rising.

Mr. Longhead thus addressed his hosts: "Gentlemen, unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, I thank you all, and that gentleman for proposing the honour of drinking my health. I am sure, and I wish Mr. X., or my father—(a pause)—(Cheers, and cries of 'Glad to see them!')—I am sure it's very nice in the army, but mamma wouldn't let me, though I'm tall enough, because I'm—I suppose—I—I mean, I'm an only son—though I've got sisters though. (Here the two junior ensigns offered to marry them, and devilish glad to do it.) I beg to thank you for the honour—and I am very much obliged—and here's to all your healths in return—and I wish you many happy returns—and I drink your healths." (Thunders of applause.) Mr. Longhead did not immediately resume his seat, his neighbour Gimbo having pushed his chair quietly back out of his way, and the speaker was very nearly brought to "the floor of the house."

The wine circulated freely in medium between the president and vice. Mr. Longhead declined singing. O'Rourke said he would endeavour to make him some amends for not having seen the Hottentots hanged that morning, and sang "The night before Larry was stretched." Gimbo sang concerning the "Conversation 'twixt the Monument and St. Paul's," and the president "Wapping Old Stairs," both in compliment to the stranger's place of nativity.

Various were the topics discussed—Joe Miller and Baron Munchausen

being taken as models. Marvellous were the exploits in love, war, and midnight adventure, but Gimbo and G., the principal narrators, dwelt mostly on stories of wild beasts: amongst others, they related that lions had been seen to crack Bushmen's, Hottentots', and Kaffirs' heads in their jaws like hazel-nuts, merely eating the brains, having dined already heartily on Boers' Vraws, who were always fat and nice, like pigs at an agricultural show. One day a man pursuing an elephant in marshy ground fell into the hole made by his leg, and there stuck fast till the elephant generously returned, put his trunk round him, and pulled him out with a flop, like a cork from a ginger-beer bottle. Upon which O'Rourke remarked, "It was a pity a fox didn't happen to pass, or he might have brushed his clothes."

A glass of wine with Mr. Longhead.

G. called out to Bright, and said: "Bright, I don't think your friend would much relish being charged by a rhinoceros?"

Bright. Mr. President, I appeal to you; my friend is insulted.

The President rose and said: "It appears to me there is but one way of settling this affair; it would, in a case so gross as this, be most unbecoming in G. to offer an apology; and as to your accepting it, Bright, it is quite out of the question. Mr. Vice, ring the bell."

The bell was rung; the mess waiter appeared. "The president wants you."

President. Bring up coffee and pistols for two. You have heard the order, gentlemen; do you abide by my decision, or shall I report the affair to the colonel in the morning?

G. and Bright both bowed to the president.

The mess waiter returned, bringing with him on a large silver salver two cups of coffee and a brace of pistols.

"Are you sure," inquired the president, "that the pistols are carefully loaded?"

"Yes, sir, the drum-major loaded them himself."

"Gentlemen, take your coffee whilst Mr. Vice measures out twelve napkins—it will steady your hands."

The ground was measured, and the principals were posted. The pistols being handed to them by Mr. Vice, Mr. Longhead entreated, and implored them not to proceed; he did not in the least mind what had been said of him; and tears literally filled his eyes.

The president whispered confidentially that most likely only one of the combatants would be killed, and if they did not fight they would both be obliged to leave the service. "Gentlemen, you will observe me drink this glass of claret; I shall do it slowly. You will fire the instant I turn up the heel-tap."

They fired together; the pistols having been heavily loaded with powder, one of the mess servants, posted outside for the purpose, broke a pane of glass in the window behind Bright, as if the bullet had passed through it.

Bright said it was very near, but he was not yet satisfied; but the prayers, entreaties, and anguish of poor Mr. Longhead prevailed with the president, who bade the combatants shake hands, and sending out the pistols, he ordered a glass of hot brandy-and-water and a cigar for each of them, and bade them sit together.

The excitement of the above scene, and "the pepper in the soup," at last overcame Mr. Longhead, and he sank into a deep and heavy sleep. How was he to be got home? How fortunate the hand-barrows had been brought! He was so heavy in his sleep they rolled him on to it. Gimbo, G., the president, and Bright were bearers. Their arms began to feel fatigued with so weighty a burden, and, singularly enough, they put it down to rest just where one of those tiny streams come down the Heirengracht, and the bearers saw the waters gradually rise, till overflowing the dam the upper part of his stout legs had formed, a pretty little waterfall jutted forth on the other side. Gimbo, who was fond of Shakspeare, seeing Longhead still fast asleep, said, in a soliloquy, "Canst thou, oh partial sleep! give thy repose to the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude!" G. remarked, "If he had a headache in the morning, it would be an awful one, judging by the size of the head itself." Bright said it could be proved from Pope that he was sober now, though he might have been drunk before the cloth was off, for

> Shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
> And drinking largely sobers us again.

And that last tumbler of brandy-and-water was so stiff! The president proposed, instead of chopping logic at that hour of the morning, they should proceed, which was accordingly done. The barrow being removed from under "the Illustrious Stranger," he was left on the steps of the house of L. and X., where Bright first made his acquaintance. All the bearers but one ran off, taking with them the hand-barrow. Bright rang the bell violently, then ensconced himself behind a tree till he saw the door opened, and then followed his companions. Thus ended Mr. Longhead's first night at mess.

The acquaintance of Mr. Longhead, so singularly begun, was not dropped; on the contrary, being a thoroughly good-tempered, good-natured fellow, apologies were made to him. His second and subsequent mess-dinners were strikingly unlike the first. No one afterwards enjoyed the story more than himself, and never more was trick of any kind played upon him.

The smoke from Mr. Longhead's cigar often rose in peace with that of the officers who occupied the guard-room benches in Government Gardens, and, mingling in contented unison, was at length gradually dispersed. And so fared the smokers!

Mingle-Mangle by Monkshood.

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEWALS:

X.—Balzac.

Jean-Louis Guez de Balzac was born in 1594 at Angoulême. At twenty he began to travel in the service of the Duc d'Epernon, to whom his father (a gentleman of Languedoc, wedded to a lady who brought him as her marriage portion the lands of Balzac) was "attached." In Holland he became acquainted with Théophile, and is said, by that loose-living and loose-tongued reprobate, to have there brought upon himself, by his unbridled excesses, the maladies about which his letters were afterwards so plaintive. Whatever degree of truth, or of untruth, there may be in this charge, subsequently brought by a notorious demirep against a man of high character, as well as literary fame, the young traveller must have had his hours of study and application; for it was at this early period, and in this foreign land, that he composed his Political Discourse "sur l'état des Provinces-Unies." Soon afterwards he was engaged as agent by the Cardinal de La Valette, and in this capacity spent eighteen months at Rome during the years 1621-22.

His stay in Italy had, on his own showing, the happiest influence on his style. It led him to compare Italian diction, its graces, harmonies, and finished art, with the rude and roughshod movements of his native prose. Returning to France, he began to exercise himself in composition. The result was that, what Malherbe had been to French poetry, Balzac became to French prose: united, they have the credit of inventing French polish. His ear was good, his knowledge of the Latin classics was extensive, and his study of Italian literature had been minute; by which endowments and acquirements he so far profited, that, as one of his biographers says, "he contrived to introduce a harmony and precision of style which were before unknown in French prose, and which acquired him the name of the most eloquent writer of his time, and the reformer of the French language."

By some writers he has been put down on the list of assiduous visitors at the Hôtel de Rambouillet. M. Ch. Livet, in a recent contribution to the *Moniteur* (27th July, 1857), has proved, to the contrary, that he very rarely assisted at the reunions of the Marquise. The fact is, Balzac confined himself pretty closely, after returning from Italy, to his estates on the banks of the Charente, from which he only stirred five or six times during the rest of his life, to show himself in Paris. He came thither attracted by the promised favour of Richelieu, who had sought his friendship previous to becoming Minister and Cardinal, and to whose good-will he was eventually indebted for a pension of two thousand francs, and the honorary titles of Councillor of State and Historiographer of France. But the pension appears to have been far from regularly paid, and as for the honorary titles, Balzac called them *magnifiques bagatelles*, and was manifestly out of humour with his fortunes in the capital. His "proud soul," says D'Olivet, could not stoop to the patient endurance and

cringing acknowledgments required from aspirants to success at court. "He had no wish to obtain by dint of persistance and importunity the favours he considered due to the splendour of his reputation, and preferred what his rural possessions afforded him, honestly, of the necessaries of life, to those superfluities which at court would have cost him too dear." Perhaps, adds the good abbé, a regard to the state of his health formed part of his philosophy: why run after riches, if you are not in a condition to enjoy them? For Balzac was not thirty years old when he began to complain that life was a burden to him; he felt older than his father, he said, and as "used up" as a ship that has thrice made the voyage to India. Balzac was renowned for his hyperboles, and probably these are of them. That malicious Théophile, however, would point to Holland, and talk of wild oats, and say, *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*

The first volume of the "Letters," by which the Seigneur de Balzac made his great reputation, and yet retains it, or the name and tradition of it, was given to the world in 1624, when the writer was in his thirtieth year. They caused, we are told, a general revolution among the beaux-esprits, who had hitherto formed a Republic, the dignities of which were shared among many; which Republic all at once became a Monarchy, in which M. de Balzac was raised to royalty by the suffrages of all. He was not talked of simply as the most eloquent man of the age, says Boileau, but as the only eloquent one. His glory was not only preeminent, but unique. According to Ménage, nothing could equal the eagerness of the public to get hold of a new volume of the Letters: no other present could gallants devise that would be so acceptable in the boudoirs, and so instantly devoured by the *beaux yeux*, of their mistresses. There was a rush for early copies, and the booksellers made something handsome by this Balzac-fever, happily for them so contagious and so violent in the ravages it wrought.

Thus installed in lofty state on the "throne of Eloquence" as his admirers magniloquently phrase it,

> He was monarch of all he surveyed,
> His right there was none to dispute.

He saw, in the words of l'Abbé d'Olivet, what, perhaps, was never seen elsewhere among authors, the jealousy of contemporaries silent before him. But what literary jealousy could not, dared not essay, was attempted by the zeal of a young Feuillant, named Dom André de Saint-Denis, who fired up at some "indiscreet expressions" of Balzac—the great letter-writer having remarked that "there are certain petty monks who are, in the Church, what rats and similar animals were in the Ark." Irate young Andrew avenged his order by publishing a piquant little bit of polemics. He was answered by Balzac's friends. The answer begat rejoinder, and rejoinder provoked reply, and so the wordy war went on, not the least doughty of the warriors being the general of the Feuillants himself, Father Goulu, who, under the *nom de guerre* (literally, for once) of Phyllarque, published two volumes, in which he treated Balzac not only as a plagiary and an ignoramus, but an atheist and debauchee. In these delectable tomes, entitled "Lettres de Phyllarque à Ariste," Jean Goulu calls Jean-Louis de Balzac execrable, detestable, abominable, impious, an enemy of mankind, a corrupter of youth, a disturber of the

public peace, a criminal guilty of treason against heaven and earth; infamous, profane, an Epicurean, a Nero, a Sardanapalus,

And everything that pretty is,

in the vocabulary of spiritual slang. Good Abbé d'Olivet has no sort of sympathy with this rampant churchman, and comments on the utter absence of aught in Balzac's writings to show cause for this furious onslaught —that maligned genius being "in reality a man of good morals and full of religion." The damage done him by Father Goulu was insignificant, though the pamphlets it cost him to write, and the explanations it obliged him to put forth, were hurtful as a "wear and tear" on his spirits.* He kept on writing a variety of *petits ouvrages*, all bearing the same impress, on subjects critical, ethical, political, and theological—maintaining, at the same time, an ample correspondence with his friends, if only to keep up his prestige as the very prince of letter-writers. His "Aristippe, ou de la Cour," dedicated to Christina, Queen of Sweden, and treating of the duties of royal and ministerial persons; and "Le Prince," described as a sort of commentary on the politics and events of his time, with a panegyric on Louis XIII. as the model of a good king; are less than caviare to the multitude of to-day. Better known is his "Christian Socrates," a treatise on the religion and morality of the new dispensation, and containing some wise and healthy reflections on the mischiefs of fanaticism, the fallacies of persecution, and the vice of hypocrisy, together with salutary cautions against an over-speculative tendency when dealing with the mysteries of faith. Besides which he composed Latin elegies and epistles, and a rather lively satire on pedants, "Le Barbon," which he dedicated to Ménage. By Ménage were published his Latin verses, &c., after his death, which occurred in 1655. He was buried, in conformity with directions he left, in the cemetery of the Hôpital d'Angoulême, to which institution he bequeathed a legacy of twelve thousand francs. Another item in his will consisted of a sum of two thousand francs made over to the Académie Française, to found a prize for eloquence in prose composition, that art in which he enjoyed the credit of being *facile princeps*.

In our notice of Voiture it has already been shown, that if that sprightly gentleman represented the *élégance factice* of the Italians, Balzac is considered to be akin rather to the *gravité emphatique* of Spain. His diction,

* He had the character, however, of caring for none of these things. Addison refers to this magnanimous indifference, with admiring respect: "The famous Monsieur Balzac," he says, "in a letter to the Chancellor of France, who had prevented the publication of a book against him, has the following words, which are a lively picture of the greatness of mind so visible in the works of that author. 'If it was a new thing, it may be I should not be displeased with the suppression of the first libel that should abuse me; but since there are enough of them to make a small library, I am secretly pleased to see the number increased, and take delight in raising a heap of stones that envy has cast at me without doing me any harm.'

"The author here alludes," adds Addison (awful alliteration), "to those monuments of the Eastern nations, which were mountains of stones raised upon the dead body by travellers, that used to cast every one his stone upon it as they passed by. It is certain that no monument is so glorious as that which is thus raised by the hands of envy. For my part, I admire an author for such a temper of mind as enables him to bear an undeserved reproach without resentment, more than all the wit of any the finest satirical reply."—*Spectator*, No. 355.

says M. Demogeot, is of a slow and steady gait; his wit is of the heavy-armed sort; if he smiles, it is with effort; if he is jocose, it is without gaiety. His bons mots are never impromptus; they have all a premeditated look. His sentences are elaborately rounded, his periods all studied for effect. His every *phrase* "advances with quite Castilian dignity, affords a reader its little reflection, more or less ingenious, then makes room for another which affects exactly the same movement and the same turn. His periods are produced by system, not by inspiration, and seem all cast in the same mould: we perceive in every one of them the labour of a detached and independent composition. They follow one another like so many cadenced sonnets, harmonised and crowned by a *pensée brillante*." The critic likens this style to the solemn monotony of the waves, that come in regular succession to break upon the beach, each bringing its tribute, one of glittering sea-shells, another of sterile sea-weed. The style gives assurance of a man who writes for the sake of writing: it is not the thought which urges the pen, it is the pen which goes hunting for a thought, and which does without one when nothing turns up. Accordingly there is no pervading plan, no *ensemble;* the writer's style lives by what it picks up on the road.* Balzac does not march straight to a point, he promenades about; for him the essential matter is the route—with the question of arrival at his journey's end he is very slightly concerned. As he passes along, he gathers contrasts, comparisons, antitheses, parallelisms. He takes as much pains in finishing off his works as the ancient sculptors to make gods.† What is lacking in this imposing framework is an informing soul—some grand idea, some serious interest. When by chance he gets hold of some such theme, then his eloquence becomes "veritable." In his "Socrate chrétien" (or, as M. Sainte-Beuve *spirituellement* calls it, "l'Isocrate chrétien") are to be found impressive pages, on the spread of the Gospel, for instance, and the Hand of God concealed behind the events of history. The writer's misfortune was, his not having to deal with serious affairs. His eloquence is generally hollow and empty. Thrown back upon itself, its barrenness is the penalty of egotism. A haughty recluse in his country château, Balzac has scarcely any real intercourse with his fellows. He is, to borrow his own descriptions, in the *Lettres Diverses* and *Le Prince*, "at the antipodes, where there is nothing but air, land, and a river. To find a man, you must make ten day's-journeys and more:"—his "only communication is with the dead:"—"seeing none but dumb creatures, and passing his life among dead and inanimate objects," he "travels without guide and without companion:"—he "looks upon all that is going on in France or among neighbouring countries as the history of Japan, or the affairs of another age." All this devotion to cabinet work and French polish will cost him something, if it is thus to cut him off from the sympathies and social instincts of his human nature. The coldness of the cosmopolite grows upon him, and settles about his heart.

Balzac is commended, however, by Mr. Hallam, as a moralist with a pure heart, and a love of truth and virtue (somewhat alloyed by the spirit of flattery towards particular persons, declaim as he may about courts and

* Demogeot: Hist. de la Litt. Fr., 355 *sq.*
† Lettres de Balzac, livre i. lettre 17.

courtiers in general), a competent erudition, and a good deal of observation of the world. Upon his style Mr. Hallam remarks, that he wanted the fine taste to regulate it according to the subject: hence he is pompous and inflated upon ordinary topics; and the result is, that in a country so quick to seize the ridiculous, not all his nobleness, purity, and vigour of style, nor the passages of eloquence which we often find, have been sufficient to redeem him from the sarcasms of those who have had more power to amuse.

"He passed all his life," says Vigneul-Marville, "in writing letters, without ever catching the right characteristics of that style.' This demands a peculiar ease and naturalness of expression, for want of which they seem no genuine exponents of friendship or gallantry, and hardly of polite manners. His wit was not free from pedantry, and did not come from him spontaneously. Hence he was little fitted to address ladies, even the Rambouillets; and indeed he had acquired so laboured and artificial a way of writing letters, that even those to his sister, though affectionate, smell too much of the lamp. His advocates admit that they are to be judged rather by the rules of oratorical than epistolary composition.*

Saint-Evremond ridicules the taste of an age (his own) in which "the affectation of Balzac, that destroyed the natural beauty of thought, passed for a noble, majestic style."† Balzac, says St. Marc Girardin, "writes with *noblesse*, but intoxicates himself with his expressions, and often disguises the poverty of his thoughts under the pomp of words."‡ Michelet characteristically describes the France of the seventeenth century as the product of two *caducités*, "of empty Spanish bombast, and of Italian rottenness. Accordingly, in the matter of literature, the vigorous moment of that century, its middle period, is marked with the wrinkles of decadence. A ridiculous preoccupation about form, disfigures not only the Balzacs and other rhetoricians, but the most serious writers."§ Sainte-Beuve laughs at Charles Nodier for incidental mention of *le sage et vertueux Balzac*, and says he must have forgotten that this estimable writer was not the least in the world a philosopher or a sage, but just a useful pedant with an ear for harmony, under whom French prose was taught excellent rhetoric: *voilà tout.*‖ Elsewhere the same critic styles Balzac a "bel-esprit vain et fastueux, savant rhéteur occupé des mots."¶ In the *Causeries du Lundi* he is more respectfully treated: "Balzac applied himself to letter-writing and made it his peculiar domain; he was, during the whole of his life, the great *épistolier* of France. Any subject for a letter answered his purpose as affording material for esprit if not for eloquence: 'a nosegay, a pair of gloves, a piece of work about a crown-piece; praying the mayor of a town to get a bad roadway repaired, commending a law-case to a magistrate,'—all this sort of thing, thanks to his pen, became a text for beautiful thoughts and language, and furnished him as amply with the means to please as 'all the glory

* Hallam's Literature of Europe, vol. iii. part ii. ch. vii. § 17.
† Dissertation on the word Vast.
‡ Essais de Littérature et de Morale, t. ii.
§ Hist. de France, t. xii. ch. xiv.
‖ Portraits Littéraires, t. i. ("C. Nodier.")
¶ Ibid. t. ii. ("Molière.")

and all the greatness of the Romans.' "* *L'emphase*, Henri Beyle affirms, is opposed to the genius of the French language,—hence he could "see in Balzac the future lot of Messieurs de Chateaubriand, Marchangy, d'Arlincourt,"† and others of the school of emphasis, phrase-worship, and wordy pomp. Philarète Chasles calls Balzac (in conjunction with Voiture) the "last echo of the detestable school" of Aretino, with its accumulation of epithets, repetition of words, and overlaying on of colours.‡ Again: "Balzac, a tedious and heavy prose-writer, imposes Castilian etiquette on his phrases."§ The same critic's researches in Spanish literature abound with similar allusions: "Balzac is Spanish. His lay sermons present a second volume of Balthazar Gracian's verbose and solemn amplifications."‖ Of his connexion and misunderstanding with Théophile,¶ the following version is adopted by this sharp-pointed penman: Théophile was still young when the death of his patron, Henri IV., spoilt, or seemed to spoil, his prospects at court. At this juncture he became intimate with a young man of eighteen, very vain, tolerably well instructed, fond of literature, luxury, leisure, and pleasure. This was Balzac. The conformity of their tastes detaching them, no doubt, from the confusion and anarchy that were beginning to reign in France, they arranged to travel together. So these two voluptuaries make their way to Holland, that country of free ideas and austere morals. Théophile, a Huguenot gentleman, is delighted at finding himself among the hardy burghers who have just humiliated Spain. Balzac abuses the too facile pleasures offered by the taverns of Amsterdam, and meets with a cudgelling, which Théophile undertakes to pay back with his sword. On their return they quarrel, and their mutual accusations inform us of their favourite pranks. Their great intimacy changed into burning animosity; and from their recriminations, "reduced to their true value," says M. Chasles, it seems proved (*il paraît avéré*) that Théophile showed himself to be a man of courage and given to strong drink, Balzac a debauchee and an ingrate, and that the Dutch doctors retained an unfavourable remembrance of the latter. They preferred the Huguenot, who left no heel-taps, and who exulted in their newly-gained freedom, "cette liberté qui ne peut mourir," and in whose odes they hailed the declared foe of Popery and the Spaniard. Balzac found fault with the harshness of these verses, and could not enter into their "generous hardihood;" whereupon Théophile accused him of cowardice: the one, unquestionably, was imprudent; the other, timid. Balzac foresaw the reform of literary style, and gave his hand to severe old Malherbe;

* Causeries du Lundi, t. viii. ("Guy Patin," § 2.)

† "Racine et Shakspeare."

‡ Chasles sur l'Arétin, 471-2.

§ Chasles, Des Variations de la Langue Française, 380.

‖ Etudes sur l'Espagne, 110.

¶ By the way, neither Théophile nor Balzac is the real surname of either of these authors. Old Mr. Disraeli comments on the fact, in his essay on the "Influence of a Name:"—"*Guez* (a beggar) is a French writer of great pomp of style; but he felt such extreme delicacy at so low a name, that to give some authority to the splendour of his diction, he assumed the name of his estate, and is well known as Balzac. A French poet of the name of Théophile *Viaut*, finding that his surname, pronounced like *veau* (calf), exposed him to the infinite jests of the minor wits, silently dropped it, by retaining the more poetical appellation of Théophile."—*Curiosities of Literature*, First Series.

Théophile preferred nobleness and boldness of thought to purity of diction. In later years, by the time that Balzac had come to be regarded as a man not only of surpassing genius, but of immaculate respectability, Théophile was scouted as an obscene song-writer, a roaring reprobate, and reckless blasphemer. Balzac was not backward, we are told, in spreading these ugly reports about his sometime crony, and lending them the "authority of his pompous and perfidious language." It is set down as one of the *lâchetés* of his life, that he exaggerated the misdoings of the poet, and represented him as "a new Mahomet, troubling the peace of men's consciences, overturning weak minds, and menacing the Church." This was as good as giving him a shove towards the stake. *C'était le pousser au bûcher*. To escape which consummation, Théophile betook himself to various hiding-places, none too soon, and after all got cast into prison, whence he sent forth spirited and satirical answers to the charges brought against him, not forgetting in particular to "brand the baseness of Balzac" as he thought it deserved. He tells him that he had fully merited and fully reckoned on his, Balzac's, friendship. Then bitter irony sets off indignant complaint: "In the vanity you have of excelling in humane literature, you have committed inhumanities which have something about them of fever heat; but I can see that in speaking ill of me, you have suffered greatly, yourself. Your defamatory missives are composed with so much labour that you chastised yourself, in ill-doing; and your punishment is so connected with your crime, that you rouse both anger and pity, and one cannot be wroth with you without also being sorry for you. You call this exercise in calumnies, the divertisement of an invalid. True it is that were you in sound health, your work would be of quite another sort. Be more moderate in this labour of yours; it feeds your indisposition; and if you go on writing, you will not live long. I am aware that your mind is not fertile, and this piques you, unjustly, against me. If nature has treated you badly, that is no fault of mine; she sells dearly to you what she gives to others. You have a knowledge of French grammar, and, by the people, at least, you are supposed to have written a book; the learned say that you steal from the Spaniards what you give to the public, and that you only write what you have read. . . . Your style has slavish flatteries for some high people, and buffoonish invectives against others. . . . When you get hold of some thought out of Seneca or Cæsar, you fancy yourself a Censor or Emperor of Rome." And so he goes on, using hard words, but not without a modicum of home-truths in them, as regards the literary character of Balzac, let alone the impeachment on his moral worth. On *that* question, suffice it here to remark, that at any rate, except with the Theophilites at one end of the scale, and the frantic Feuillants at the other, Balzac both lived and died in the odour of sanctity. "I repeat it," emphatically writes the Abbé d'Olivet, "not only his faith, but his morals were truly Christian, and his death was of the most edifying kind. Who can read without emotion the narrative we have of it? What sentiments of humility, of resignation, of confidence in God! His weak health had long since warned him to prepare for his last hour. With this view he had built for himself two rooms in the Capucins' monastery at Angoulême, whither he retired frequently in the course of the year. His desire was to be interred among the poor of the Hospital.

"But of all the proofs," the Abbé d'Olivet continues, "that an author

can give of his religion, I am not sure but one of the least to be mistrusted is the reconciling himself with persons who, *mal à propos* and from levity of heart, have laboured to disgrace him. For M. de Balzac, then, nothing can be more glorious, nothing more exemplary than his reconciliation with the Feuillants. All was conducted, on one side and the other, by the rules of charity. Dom André de Saint-Denis, who had been the aggressor, went expressly to see Balzac, who not only received him with open arms, but swore a tender friendship to him, of which, in fact, his last works are quite full. He even wished to leave to the church of this monk a monument of his piety; and as his ideas were not limited to anything of a vulgar kind, his present was a *cassolette de vermeil*, with an endowment for the purchase of perfumes." Said we not well that such a testator died in the very *odour* of sanctity?

The Academical Abbé's éloge of Balzac, as a man of letters, takes its stand on the averment, that he found the secret of giving to the French language a structure and harmony which it had not heretofore possessed. That is the specialty, the differential merit, assigned to the great prosateur. And to bring out the facts of the case, D'Olivet indulges in a retrospective glance at the history of his country's literature. Up to the time of Francis I., he observes, the language was sadly neglected (or may not the truth be that D'Olivet, like Boileau, was very imperfectly acquainted with pre-Franciscan authors?). "It emerged from chaos, so to speak, together with the arts and sciences, of which this prince was more the father than the restorer. And in truth it made astonishing progress within a brief space of time, as we see by the writings of Amyot, in prose, and, in verse, by those of Marot; but, intent on their more pressing wants, the writers of this period thought less of polishing our language than of enriching it." (M. Livet remarks on this phrase, that D'Olivet was forgetful, when he wrote it, that the language has not enriched but impoverished its nomenclature, when polishing itself off, *en se perfectionnant.*) Well, at last Malherbe came, and introduced just cadence into verse, and taught his countrymen by example the meaning of harmonious numbers. But Malherbe was only for applying *cette cadence* to poetry; as for prose, he laughed at any who said that it too admitted of harmony: if you write harmonious periods, said he, you make verses in prose. So overladen with barbarisms, solecisms, and provincialisms, are Malherbe's own letters,* that his notion of the matter seems quite intelligible. "Apparently the ear of Malherbe was made only for poetry." And yet he is said† to have recognised the merit and future glory of Balzac; for being one day upbraided with his habit of praising nobody and approving nothing, the old poet answered, "I approve of what is good, and to show that I *do* approve of something, I have to inform you that the young man who wrote these letters will be the restorer of the French language." And on another occasion (also related by Segrais): "Malherbe, who had succeeded in poetry, was conscious that his prose was good for nothing . . . —'Shall I tell you,' said he, 'who it is that writes well, or rather who will write well? 'Tis this young man they call Balzac.'"

To M. de Balzac, then, on the Abbé d'Olivet's showing, was reserved the glory of proving that the French language was susceptible of har-

* Livet. † By Segrais.

mony, without the help of verse; that there could be such a thing as "numerous prose," without the constraints or appliances of metre. He may, personally, have made a bad use of the discovery, by misapplying or misemploying it; but let the credit of the discovery be allowed him.

This allowance is not conceded without exception, by competent scholars. *Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona*, and there flourished harmonious prose-writers before Balzac. So at least M. Saint-Marc Girardin, for one, maintains; and he is a good judge of such matters. "Balzac," says he,* "has the credit of having created in France the *style noble*. Before Balzac, D'Urfé knew how to speak a rich and noble language; before Balzac, *he* knew how to give harmony and light to his periods." Many another critic, no doubt, could stand up for many another old author, as Balzac's precursor in the creation of *périodes nombreuses*. Meanwhile, *de facto*, if not *de jure*, Balzac has the prestige, and is in possession. And possession is nine points of the law—whatever it may be of equity. Historian after historian of French literature will continue to give Balzac a chapter on the score of his established traditional right.

We must not omit Voltaire's estimate of him, for it fairly reflects the standard opinion, now as then: "At that time Balzac imparted numbers and harmony to prose. It is true that his letters were inflated harangues; he wrote to the first Cardinal de Retz: 'Vous venez de prendre le sceptre des rois et la livrée des roses.' He wrote from Rome to Bois-Robert, in speaking of scented water: 'Je me sauve à la nage dans ma chambre, au milieu des parfums.'† With all these faults, he charmed the ear. Such is the power of eloquence over men, that Balzac in his day was admired for having found this little section of ignored and necessary art, which consists in harmonious choice of words; and even for having often employed it out of place."‡

The nineteenth century has a Balzac of its own, whom it reads, or used to read, largely enough. For the very different Balzac of the seventeenth century, its appetite is far from keen: it is content to take him upon trust, or, at the most, to dip into him here and there, in the belief (and generally with the experience) that a little will go a good way. He is still served up in elegant extracts. In M. Léon Feugère's collection of "Chefs-d'œuvre of French Eloquence," for example, Balzac is the initial name. With him opens that "gallery of great writers," and it is but the honour due, says M. de Sacy, to the father of the *beau style*. This genial commentator pronounces Balzac "delicious to read by bits at a time." Certain *morceaux*, detached from the context, have the effect of

* See his Essay on the *Astrée* of D'Urfé. ("Cours de Littér. Dramatique," t. iii. p. 101.)

† Voltaire might have enlarged divertingly on Balzac's observations in and upon the Eternal City, wherein his practice was, not to inquire into the political position of the papacy, or the manners and morals of the people, but, as Philarète Chasles says, to describe, in dainty phrases, the "long siestas of Rome caressed by the soft tempest of fans;" (!) the air of his room renovated by divers perfumes; his luxurious reveries, under groves of orange-trees, "to the murmur of a dozen fountains;" above all, his delicate repasts, composed of "birds fattened on sugar." See the Essay on some of Boileau's Victims (included in the Studies on Spain).

‡ Siècle de Louis XIV., ch. xxxii.

illusion: you might almost think yourself listening to Montesquieu or Bossuet, such ingenious and subtle thoughts, or even great and strong ones, are brought out by him while bringing out the capacities of the language. "I admit that it is wearisome to read Balzac for long together. But open his works at hap-hazard, take the first of his letters that comes to hand; for some minutes you will be under a spell; at this school you will feel your tongue growing richer, your ear becoming severer in its demands."* Can it be Balzac?—asks the same critic, in another place—can it be that *artiste en phrases?* is it not rather the author of the Discourse on Universal History, Bossuet himself, who wrote the following lines?—(that is to say, the original of our translation): "It is very true that there is something divine, nay, let us say there is nothing but what is divine, in the maladies by which States are troubled. These dispositions, these humours, this hot fever of rebellion, this lethargy of servitude, come from a higher source than men imagine. God is the poet, and men are only the actors. These grand pieces that are played upon earth have been composed in heaven." And then as a fragment à la Montesquieu, the following passage on the defeat and suicide of the Emperor Otho is offered: "The Emperor Otho was conquered because he had not the patience to conquer. He slew himself out of delicacy, and liked better to perish at once than to give himself further trouble. He was in want neither of counsel nor strength; he had the finest troops, and the most desirous of acquitting themselves well, that ever were seen; and yet, because of one unprosperous day, he surrendered victory to an enemy in all respects his inferior, and gave up the game because he had lost at the first throw. He renounced empire, honour, and life, all from inability to support any longer the doubts and uncertainties of the future; and the care of musing daily over his affairs appeared to him so burdensome, that, to be in some sort at leisure, he determined on betaking himself out of the world." *Pour être à loisir*, in the penultimate sentence, is naturally condemned by M. de Sacy as "too pretty," and spoiling the seriousness of the context. However, *voilà bien Balzac*, "an admirable artist, who abuses his talent as sculptor and painter,"† not satisfied with extorting from a *pensée* all that it can suggest in the way of noble or picturesque expression, some piquant turn, or some flourish of style, but refusing to abandon it, though drained of its contents, and falling into mere repetition and laboured wordiness, after thoroughly exhausting what there was in it of the natural and the new.

* De Sacy: Variétés Littéraires, t. ii. ("Prosateurs Français du second ordre.")
† Ibid. ("Chefs-d'œuvre d'Eloquence Française.")

ANCIENT HUNTING IN IRELAND.

BY FITZ-HERBERT.

He shewed him, ere they went to soupere,
Forestes, parkes, ful of wilde dere.
There saw he hartes with thir hornes hie,
The gretest that were ever seen with eie.
He saw of them an hundred slain with houndes,
And som with arwes blede of bitter woundes,
He saw, when voided were the wilde dere,
Three fauconers upon a faire rivère,
That with their haukes han the heron slain.
CHAUCER'S *Frankeleine's Tale.*

HUNTING seems to have been a favourite pursuit in Ireland from before the time of the Venerable Bede's remark, that the island was famous for the chase of the stag, down to the palmy days of hunting the fox, when the merry city of Kilkenny was the Irish Melton. Having in my hot youth occasionally joined the gallant sons of the soil in this latter body-and-mind-strengthening sport, I can bear witness to their passion for the manly exercise, and will, before entering upon my present theme, put on record a little anecdote I heard whilst among them in proof of the joys of mere hare-hunting in the mountain paradises of Paddysland.

I was a hobbledehoy when I first took up my residence in the Green Isle—that land of gay Gaels and sporting Anglo-Irish—and though a Sassenach-bred Irish youth, not *de pur sang* (as the French say), but Anglo-Irish by the spear side, and Saxon by the spindle, I had not inherited as much love for the chase as if I could claim descent from St. Hubert, the Saxon patron of the art; and being then of a poetic, as now of a literary turn, was greenly enthusiastic enough to treat my companions over claret with choice quotations from British poets, such as the charming verses from "L'Allegro," where

The hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.

Some of my new friends were so pleased with these beautiful lines as to ask me if I could repeat the entire poem; but, during my attempt to comply with their wish, my short memory, and interruptions from the jolliest of the good company, caused several checks. At length, when I came to the apostrophe to "The mountain nymph, sweet liberty," and then sonorously gave out,

Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free,

an old master of hounds, one of the elderlies of the party, broke in, in a rather unsportsmanlike manner, exclaiming that these verses reminded him of a case in point, which he would beg to instance, since it practically proved the delights of hunting; and practical opinions are, said he, preferable to poetic. "I remember," quoth he, "going down to

visit a college chum of mine in the county of ——" (here he named a remote shire in Munster), "whom I hadn't seen for some twenty years, for he had passed most of that time as vicar of a snug living there. On arriving, I found my old comrade grown stout, and very rosy about the gills. His sixty or so of years had left him but few white hairs on the top of his short and shapely body; but he was as jovial as any country parson has a good right to be. His vicarage house, a comfortable box, on the sunny side of the Kilmascuddery hills, is admirably situated for hare-hunting, for the mountain sides are unenclosed, and there were lots of hares. One of the first sights my host showed me was his kennel, in which he kept a small pack of beagles. You know, boys," continued the speaker, who himself had formerly had a kennelful of fox-hounds of his own, "I think hare-hunting child's play, yet must say I enjoyed the four or five days' pretty sport my kind friend showed me. Well, gentlemen, when Sunday came round, we duly went twice to church, and the vicar gave us a brace of excellent rural discourses. Dinner finished the day; the mutton was right good, and my host's little wife allowed us an extra bottle of port, in consideration of our blank day. Mistress 'Bessy'—so the vicar called his better-half—was a feminine and duodecimo edition of himself, and, in fact, though she was not a faulty personification of matronly mirth, with whom a man might live freely in unreproved pleasures, as my young friend" (turning to the present writer) "says, and, moreover, a man might live very comfortably, for she was a capital housekeeper, she was by no means a model of a mountain nymph. The decanter being placed on the table, madam withdrew, and her rubicund and warm-hearted spouse threw himself cozily back in his arm-chair. 'Dick!' says he, presently. 'Well, old boy!' says I. 'Troth,' says he, 'I've been thinking,' says he—and he paused. 'What is it?' I asked. 'It is this,' says he. 'I've been thinking'—and he hesitated, but continued, turning his eyes up to the ceiling—'all I said in the sermon this morning about eternity, and the happiness of the future state, is quite true. But, Dick, my boy, if—if I could sometimes see an old friend like you, and keep Bessy and the little beagles, I'd be very happy where I am!' "

We all laughed heartily at this natural expression of a sense of profound contentment. For my part, whenever it has recurred to me, I cannot but liken it to the matin chirrup of a bird; and I verily believe that if an accusing spirit ventured to fly up to have it registered, the recording angel would spurn him away.

As I have said, I used to enjoy a run now and then whilst living in the Emerald Isle, after I became habituated to the nature of the country and to the peculiar style of jumping required for its strange fences—those stiff banks of earth and stone topped with furze; for I am free to confess that I funked at first, and particularly the first day, on finding myself mounted on a slashing mare, standing on the edge of a small cover on the top of a hill that would make a decent mountain in Leicestershire, and that, when a whipper-in shouted "They're off!" my well-trained huntress instantly followed his lead, by half-leaping, half-scrambling, like a cat, over a tall fence, the sight of which I shall never forget. Two or three in the field would not, I fancy, have been sorry to see the young Saxon sprawling; but I kept saddle, except during a brief sit upon the mare's neck. This was the first meet of the season, and what between mortal

dislike of similar jumps, and a day's hard riding, I lost nearly a stone weight. Since that time, so many years have passed over my head, and that lost weight has been so well made amends for, that antiquarian pursuits are more suitable to the reader's humble servant than the pursuit of either fox or hare. Yet my vanity is now gratified in a not very dissimilar manner, for I flatter myself that not a F.A.S. of the whole pack forming the Antiquarian Society has a keener scent for tracking an archæologic investigation through library coverts, or is faster in hunting it from folio to folio. My *cor de chasse*, purchased many years ago in Brittany, and such as each of our allies, the sportsmen of France, still bears in the chase, has been exchanged for a steel pen, with which let me now proceed to inscribe some notes on my proposed theme, antiquarian gossip being, indeed, my mode of giving tongue.

Solinus, who penned his quaint *Polyhistor*, or account of many nations, in the first century of the Christian era, describes the natives of the Green Isle as much given to idleness, games, and hunting. This latter pastime, to which primitive Paddies were so addicted, was, be it noticed, by no means idle sport, since it may be believed that pursuit of *feræ naturæ*, or wild animals, formed almost the sole mode of supporting life at that period. In all likelihood, cows, sheep, and horses were then not only exotic in "icy Ierne" (as a Roman poet styles the hyperborean isle), but almost as rare as lamas and giraffes are there now. In those early ages, "when wild in woods the naked savage ran," the runner depended for raiment, as well as food, upon catching a beast, whose peltry he could make into a paletot.

A memoir of St. Patrick, in the Book of Armagh, mentions a certain territory in Ierne as one "where deer and swine abound." Cambrensis declares that he never elsewhere saw such an abundance of boars and wild swine. The flesh of these animals was held in high estimation by all nations in northern latitudes, and especially by the Irish, who are stated, in the sixteenth century, to prefer it to all other. The number of leper hospitals anciently existing in the country seems to prove the general use of this food. Yet, sedulously as I have searched, I have not found any accounts of hunting the boar in hyperborean Hibernia.

It seems indubitable that the variety of the *cervus* species, commonly called the "great Irish deer," or, scientifically, *cervus megaceros* and *cervus elephas*, was rendered extinct in its indigenous island by the toils and missiles of man, since remains exist showing the wound of an arrow that had pierced to the bone. The view of that relic of, perhaps, an antediluvian buck bore my ideas back upon the wings of time to that obscure period when man first trespassed into the land, when it was as fresh as from the hand of nature, and when the

> Huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
> Infamous hills, and sandy, perilous wilds

of Ireland were tenanted but by mammoth deer, shaggy buffaloes, and wild swine. And, following this retrospect, I bethought me, oddly enough, of the ensuing sentence I recollect to have seen in a French grammar of geography, printed in Paris so recently as 1812: "Les forêts (d'Irlande) sont remplis de sangliers, de cerfs, et de meurtriers!" The schoolmaster was much abroad in this matter; but his teaching shows the French traditional idea of the state of our sister kingdom.

Many specimens of the enormous antlers of this gigantic variety of deer have been sent to this country, as presents, to adorn the ancient halls of our nobility. In 1597, the Archbishop of Dublin sent Sir Robert Cecil a stag's head "of rare greatness," dug up near that city. This noble head and horns is perhaps still to be seen at either Hatfield or Burghley, and may have given occasion to the witty passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy of "The Scornful Lady," in which, on the hero picking up *Abigail's* glove, dropped by her as a lure, he exclaims: "What to do with it, beside nailing it up among heads of Irish deer, to show the mightiness of her palm, I know not!" The palm of an antler is, of course, the flat part at the end, so called from its resemblance to the palm and fingers of a human hand. In the museum at York there is a skeleton of one of these giants of the deer tribe, towering above all others of its species. Living examples of this splendid animal are said to still roam in the Siberian forests of the Demidoff family, and, if so, some exertion on the part of the Zoological Society might result in importing a pair, that would begin a breed, in this country, of these sylvan four-footed Titans, under encouragement such as the late noble owner of Knowsley Park would have zealously given.

Hunting, necessarily the first care of the savages who soonest settled in the British Islands, was, of course, carefully taught to their sons; and, indeed, there is a passage in Froissart, whence it may be conjectured that noble youth among the Gael of Ireland were regularly trained, from the age of seven years, to cast the javelin, the original use of which was, doubtless, like that of the bow and arrow placed into a Spartan boy's hands, viz. to empower him to kill something for dinner. Such an education closely resembled that given to his son by the old warrior, celebrated in the ballad of "The Welshmen of Tirawley," who,

> As ever the bright boy grew in strength and size,
> Made him perfect in each manly exercise;
> The salmon in the flood,
> The dun deer in the wood,
> The eagle in the cloud,
> To surprise.
> On Ben Nephin,
> Far above the foggy fields of Tirawley.
> With the yellow-knotted spear-shaft, with the bow,
> With the steel, prompt to deal shot and blow,
> He taught him from year to year,
> And trained him, without a peer,
> For a perfect cavalier.

The Gael seem to have often been compelled to eat the produce of the chase uncooked. How, it may be asked, did they obtain fire, in their dank forests and dark ignorance of lucifers, and in the difficulty of transferring a Promethean spark from a flint-and-steel tinder-box to leaves and sticks moist with fog and rain? It is well known that the Scottish, or northern Irish, continued, even in Queen Elizabeth's time, whenever they could procure fire and water, "to lap their meat in a raw cow's hide, and seeth it in a hollow tree," by setting this primitive boiler over a fire.*

The process by which raw venison was rendered eatable is minutely

* Moryson.

described in the romance of "Perceforest," where a Scottish knight-errant, having slain a deer, asks his companion if he will eat some. "If we can make a fire," was the reply. "By the soul of my father!" swore the northern warrior, "I will dress some for you after the manner of my country." He then drew his sword, cut off the branch of a tree, bent it in two, and placing a leg of the deer between, fastened the ends of the bent branch with his horse's halter, which he then drew so tightly that the blood was squeezed out of the flesh, and the meat became dry and sweet. Then, taking some salt, with pepper and ginger, from under his saddle, he powdered the venison with these condiments, and, after he had rubbed them well in with his hand, presently fell to with such zest on the ham thus summarily prepared, that his companion, who was suffering from hunger, could no longer restrain his appetite. "Sir," quoth the Scottish knight, "when I am in a certain desert in Scotland of which I am lord, I sometimes hunt for a week or a fortnight, without entering either castle or house, or seeing either fire or living thing, except wild animals, which I eat dressed in this manner, and am better pleased with, than I should be with the dishes set before an emperor. Come," continued he, "let us now drink some water from this spring, which the Creator has provided for all, and which I prefer to all the ales of England."

There is a charming simplicity in this description of ancient life in a Highland forest, especially in the knight-errant's preference for pure water from a woodland well. Perhaps the ales of his time were not so good as now, for one would be glad of a draught of Bass's palest beer, or even of "the mildest ale," as *Christopher Sly* says, after a meal on that rude kind of deer ham.

As a pendant to this picture of wild life there is one of a mode of existence followed for some time by a famous rebel Anglo-Irish knight, Sir John of Desmond, who is described as living, during the year 1580, upon the mountain of Slieve Bloom, "in a manner worthy of a true plunderer, for he slept but upon couches of stone or earth, he drank but of the pure cold streams, and that from the palms of his hands or from his shoes, and his only cooking utensils were the long twigs of the forest, for dressing the flesh-meat carried away from his enemies."*

Although we know that a knight named Barry, a brother of Giraldas Cambrensis, was the first to man a hawk in Green Erin of Streams, the question as to the dates at which the first horse and hound were imported into that island will certainly remain unsolved. The employment of cavalry in war there does not appear to be of very antique date. Certainly, horses are frequently mentioned in "The Book of Rights," a compilation made *circa* 908; but it is also noticeable that there are several allusions in that volume to the superior value of "noble French steeds," which, with other passages, implies that the best horses of the time were imported. Indeed, the indigenous breed was probably little superior to the wild ponies of Wales and the New Forest. Englishmen, who were philhippists, or lovers of horses, from early ages, did not condescend to allow the name of horse to Irish and Scottish varieties of the equine race, but denominated them "hobbies"—a term I shall by-and-by commentate on.

The above-quoted curious record of the "rights" of Irish kings states

* Annals of the Four Masters.

that a certain chief in Connaught was entitled to be presented with "three hounds for his forest hunting-shed." The Gaelic term for this hut is *durmha a-n-dairibh—i.e.* a shed in an oak wood, which was a shealing, or temporary cabin, such as the Highlanders were also accustomed to erect. So recently as a hundred years ago, Lord Altham, whilst hunting in the counties of Wexford and Kilkenny, used to remain out for weeks in the open field, with his huntsmen and hounds, sheltered only by tents.

Before the Green Isle was conquered by the Normans, its monarch, or, in fact, its chief of the strongest clan, which was almost as nomad as a Scythian horde, appears to have been regarded in the light of a king of herdsmen; and we may reasonably suspect, notwithstanding later bardic effusions about Tara's halls, that his best house was little better than a large hunting bothy. However this was, his mode of chasing the deer was, doubtless, on the same grand scale that prevailed until recently with the cognate Gael of Scotland. The Celtæ, we are informed by Pausanias, surrounded whole mountains and plains with their toils; from which we understand that entire clans joined in encircling a district so as to hem in the herd of deer it contained. Indeed, the Irish word for hunting, *tinchoil*, signifying a circuit or circle, demonstrates the mode in which the prey was secured; and the French word *chasse*, still in use, shows that the chased animals were actually driven *en masse*, as when Earl Percy "drove the deer with hound and horn." Hunting, says an Erse proverb, is a good help, but a poor livelihood; and in times when it was practised for the sake of obtaining food, its objects were not allowed law. When a multitude of the Irish Gael assembled for a general slaughter of the four-footed dun denizens of their country, they first encompassed the herd, and then, advancing on all sides with loud cries, enclosed the animals in a small space, and, presently, left them an outlet at some favourable preconcerted spot, where the chieftain and his party were stationed. This manner exactly resembles a Spanish *batida*, an assemblage of hundreds of men, who collect and drive the game through a defile, in which a hut, or arbour of boughs, has been constructed for the king and his attendants, to protect them from the rush of the deer, and whence he may shoot at them as they pass. A grand *battue* of this sort, in which Fionn M'Coule, the archetype of "Fingal," stood apart, with his famous hounds, Bran and Sgeolan, whilst his warriors beat up some vast Irish wood, has been recently brightly described in Dr. Drummond's spirited translations of Ossianic poems:

> Thence wide dispersed our venturous bands were seen
> In forest glade or torrent's dark ravine,
> Prepared, with bended bow and ready aim,
> To wing their arrows on the flying game.
> When sprang the startled deer with rapid bounds,
> We on them slipt a hundred eager hounds,
> And as far as eye its circling glance could throw,
> Lay many a wounded hart and bleeding roe.

The Irish and Scottish small breed of horse, anciently called a hobby, undoubtedly gave origin to the term "hobby-horse," signifying an agreeable pursuit, since our present phrase, that a man is on his hobby, means that he is pleasantly mounted and pursuing his favourite object. In this

view, I incline to fancy that the description of horse in question was much esteemed for hunting and hawking, especially by the fair sex, as we shall presently see, and also by gay prelates and sporting abbots, who took after Dan Chaucer's lordly "Monk,"

> An out-rider, that loved venerie;
> A manly man, to ben an abbot able,
> Ful many a dainte hors hadde he in stable.

The word "hobby" seems to derive from hopping and hobbling, ambling, or moving irregularly. I have met with no description of the horse of the Scottish borders, on which the "hobblers," or irregular cavalry of that district, were mounted; but Holinshed describes the Irish variety as "easy, ambling, strong hackeys, and very swift runners." In fact, the hack in question was proverbially, as a "hobby-horse," easy of pace.

When Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, came over as lord-lieutenant in 1449, among the presents by which the native chieftains endeavoured, in their fashion, to propitiate this popular prince, were "two hobyes for my lady the duchess," sent by Bernard, chief of the O'Byrnes of Wicklow. Besides this gallant gift, the Irish lord also presented his royal highness, who was extremely beloved, and who was received, say the native annalists, with "great honour, glory, and pompe," with a more profitable benevolence, in the shape of four hundred "beeves," or fat cows, "for the use of his kitchen." From another record of the same period we obtain a notion of the money value of a similar nag. A certain "whighte palfraye," which a chieftain named M'Mahon agreed to give the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, in consideration of favour shown him in procuring terms of peace from the viceroy, was, according to the agreement, if it were not delivered, to be recompensed for by the payment of twenty kine, at 6s. 8d. each.* Now by this computation we learn the ordinary value of cows, and that this palfrey was valued at 6*l.* 13s. 4d. Let us say that, if these cows, which were of a black and inferior breed, would be worth twenty-fold now, the hackney in question would now be worth 133*l.* 6s. 8d. If it had not been that such presents as these were, according to Gaelic custom, ordinarily made by the native chiefs to the viceroy, we should be inclined to think they savoured of bribery, rank and gross as that the poet wrote of:

> Oh! that such bulky bribes as all might see,
> Still, as of old, encumber'd villany!
> A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil!
> Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil;
> Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door;
> A hundred oxen at your levee roar.

According to various archæologic anecdotes, Irish horses and hounds in mediæval times were so enviable, that lordly neighbours of their owners were sometimes tempted to break the spirit of the tenth commandment, to the extent of not only coveting, but carrying off such goods. One instance of these breaches of divine and human laws will suffice for the present. It seems that, in 1495, a young northern chief, named Con O'Donnell, was informed that a certain Scoto-Irish lord, called M'Eoin (whose un-Gaelic title was Baron Bissett, of the Glynns of Antrim), pos-

* History of Farney, co. Monaghan. By E. P. Shirley, Esq., M.P.

sessed "the finest wife, steed, and hound, in his neighbourhood."* Young Con had long before set his mind upon the said steed, which was so famous as to be known by a name, viz. *Dubhacoite*, *i.e.* Blackfoot, and which he had arrogantly demanded of the owner, by sending messengers expressly for it, but which Lord Bissett, confiding in his remoteness from the covetous and powerful warrior, had refused to surrender. O'Donnell also desired to set eyes on his neighbour's fine wife, but, to do him justice, he appears to have observed the gradation laid down in the commandment, seeming to have cared to have, not M'Eoin's house, but his horse, rather than his wife. Thus incited, and being evidently provoked that any one man should possess three objects so superior and desirable, he mustered a little band, consisting of twelve score axe-men, or galloglasses, and about sixty horse, and, marching rapidly, surprised M'Eoin's house by a night attack, "and," says the chronicle, "immediately made himself master of M'Eoin's wife, his steed, and his hound, together with all his other wealth; for he found the famous steed, and sixteen other horses, in the house on that occasion." Subsequently, relenting somewhat, the rapacious chief restored the plundered wife, but not the horse: such was this Irishman's preference for the equine race over the fair sex. Second in fame to this steed was a celebrated horse that belonged to the renowned Shane O'Neill, and which was long remembered by its romantic name of "The Son of the Eagle."

At the time the Earl of Sussex, the great nobleman introduced in the romance of "Kenilworth" as the powerful rival of the haughty favourite, Leicester, was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the latter, then Lord Robert Dudley, and master of the horse to the young Queen Elizabeth (hope of her Protestant subjects), addressed the following letter to the viceroy, desiring his assistance to procure her majesty some Irish hobbies. This interesting epistle, as yet inedited, shows the esteem in which this class of horse was held.† If the date I assign, 1561, be correct, the young huntress queen was then twenty-eight years of age, and the day on which her careful master of the horse wrote was her birthday. By other original letters, it seems that he succeeded in obtaining several of these horses for her majesty's use.

LORD ROBERT DUDLEY TO THE EARL OF SUSSEX.

"MY GOOD LORD,—For lack of messenger I use my Lord of Kildare's servant to bring your lordship, with my good lady and sister, my most harty comendations, and many thanks for your good remembrances of me; I trust you—both make accompt of me to be ready to my power to doe you all the pleasure and frendships I can, wherein I wyll not fayle you as oft as you prove me.

"The quene's maiestie, thanks to God, is in very good health, and is now become a great huntresse, and doth followe yt dayly from morning tyll nyght: she doth minde out of hande to sende into that countrey for some hobbyes for her owne saddell, especyally for stronge hardie gallopers, which are much better than her geldings, whom she spareth not to trye as fast as they can goe, and I fear them much; but yet she will prove them, for your lordship doth knowe the maner of ambling geldings' gallopp, both hard and uneasye; in this matter she must have your lord-

* Annals of the Four Masters.

† Cotton MS. Titus, B. xiii. 15.

ship's helpe, and yf she may light uppon a good horsse, swerly she shall have a great good turn, and I think myself happye. Your grey hobby is all the horses she travayleth on. My Lord and Lady live ye both well. In hast at Wyndsor this 7th of Sept. (1561?)

"Your Lordship's,

"R. Duddley.

"My very good Lorde of Sussex, L.L. of Ireland."

As to the ordinary ancient mode of hunting in Ireland, when a few men would join, and, taking out as many greyhounds, contrive to slay more deer in a day than the most practised forester can now stalk in a month, I cannot find any graphic account of it. In those ages, hunting was occasionally undertaken on a grand scale, as in Scotland. In more early ones, when the Gael were in a state of barbarism, hunting was the occupation second in importance to war, because, primarily, it was requisite for procuring subsistence, and, secondarily, for lessening the number of destructive animals in the land. Whenever a clan had lost all their kine and sheep by a raid, there was little left for them except to live by the chase, with the adventitious aid of cattle-stealing on a petty larceny scale. We may imagine that, when so pinched for food, they were light and lively in pursuit of any edible animal.

The magnitude of expeditions of old in Scotland against denizens of her dense forests and rugged mountains is astonishing. In 1523, King James V. went out to hunt with twelve thousand men, and killed eighteen score harts. Next summer, in three days, he killed thirty score harts and hinds. An old writer thus graphically describes a great Highland hunting match:

"In the year 1563 the Earl of Athol, a prince of the blood royal, had, with much trouble and vast expense, a hunting match for the entertainment of our most illustrious and most gracious queen. Our people call this a royal hunting. I was then a young man, and was present on that occasion. Two thousand Highlanders, or wild Scotch, as you call them here, were employed to drive to the hunting-ground all the deer from the woods and hills of Atholl, Badenoch, Mar, Murray, and the countries about. As these Highlanders use a light dress, and are very swift of foot, they went up and down so nimbly, that in less than two months' time they brought together two thousand red-deer, besides roes and fallow-deer. The queen, the great men, and others were in a glen, when all the deer were brought before them. Believe me, the whole body of them moved forward in something like battle order. This sight still strikes me, and ever will, for they had a leader whom they followed close wherever he moved. This leader was a very fine stag, with a very high head. The sight delighted the queen very much, but she soon had occasion for fear. Upon the earl's (who had been accustomed to such sights) addressing her thus: 'Do you observe that stag who is foremost of the herd? There is danger from that stag, for, if either fear or rage should force him from the ridge of that hill, let every one look to himself, for none of us will be out of the way of harm; for the rest will follow this one, and, having thrown us under foot, they will open a passage to this hill behind us.' What happened a moment after confirmed this opinion, for the queen ordered one of the best dogs to be let loose on one of the deer; this the dog pursues, the leading stag was frighted, he flies by the

same way he had come there, the rest rush after him, and break out where the thickest body of the Highlanders was. They had nothing for it but to throw themselves flat on the heath, and to allow the deer to pass over them. It was told the queen that several of the Highlanders had been wounded, and that two or three had been killed outright; and the whole body had got off had not the Highlanders, by their skill in hunting, fallen upon a stratagem to cut off the rear from the main body. It was of those that had been separated that the queen's dogs and those of the nobility made slaughter. There were killed that day three hundred and sixty deer, with five wolves and some roes."*

In a future paper I propose to enter fully upon the subject of similar grand chases in Ireland.

From the description given of the Gaelic Irish by the chronicler Froissart, it may well be believed that they were excellent huntsmen, whether on foot or on horseback. They are described as frequently living in their extensive forests in huts made of boughs, and as being so light of foot, that no man-at-arms, were he ever so well-mounted, could overtake them. "Sometimes," says the chronicler, "they leap from the ground behind a horseman and embrace the rider—for they are very strong in their arms—so tightly that he can noway get rid of them." This mode of embracing must have been more unpleasant than even the Cornish hug, since it often proved as fatal as if a bear had hold of the party, who had less chance of escape than Fitz-James when the dying Roderick Dhu grappled him:

> Now gallant Saxon hold thine own!
> No maiden's arms are round thee thrown!
> But desperate grasp thy frame might feel
> Through bars of brass and triple steel!
> They tug, they strain! down, down they go,
> The Gael above, Fitz-James below.

Froissart's informant had, indeed, been taken prisoner in that very manner, which he thus describes: "During a skirmish between the Earl of Ormond and an Irish clan my horse took fright, and ran away with me, in spite of all my efforts, into the midst of the enemy. My friends could never overtake me; and, in passing through the Irish, one of them, by a great feat of agility, leaped on the back of my horse, and held me tight with both his arms, but did me no harm with lance or knife. He pressed my horse forward for more than two hours, and conducted him to a retired spot, seeming much rejoiced to have made me his prisoner." In fact, the mode described was a savage but excellent manner of taking a horseman, in times when securing a ransom was a valuable mode of obtaining riches.

This marvellous swiftness of foot was doubtless employed in the chase of quadrupeds as well as mounted bipeds. It would seem to have been inherited by a young Irish nobleman, and was exhibited before the English court on one occasion, if we may believe that the following curious bet was performed on foot. Old gossiping Pepys writes, 11th August, 1664: "This day, for a wager, before the king, my Lords of Castlehaven and Arran (a son of my Lord of Ormond's), they two alone did run down and kill a stoute bucke in St. James's Park."

* Barclay's "Contra Monachomacus."

THE PURITAN AT CHRISTMAS.

By Walter Thornbury.

Steadfast-in-the-Faith came in,
Rubbing at his mouldy chin;
Yellow satins rustled past,
Stately dancers circled fast;
Pages fretted with their feathers,
Gallants with their sword-belt leathers;
White hands played with ribbon rose,
With my silk scarf and its bows;
When the dragon tumbled in,
With his green and crimson skin;—
Souring up his bitter face,
Said the man of special grace,
Turning up his yellow eyes,
"Vanity of vanities."

Crimson scarfs blew like a flame,
As the maskers singing came,
Fingers dallied with the lute,
Not a single voice was mute;
Twenty pairs, a merry set,
In the dance's windings met;
How the baron, with his finger,
Chode if any dared to linger;
Eager faces press and strained
At the windows, diamond-paned;—
Screwing up his wizen face,
Cried the man of special grace,
Turning up his yellow eyes,
"Vanity of vanities."

When the white-hot log was burned,
And the wassail-bowl was churned,
With the red and yellow skin
Of the apples bobbing in;
When the brandy flickered blue,
And the maidens chased the shoe,
When the mummers scrambled in
With the jester's piebald kin;
When the bagpipes' merry scream
Shook a year's dust from the beam;—
Lengthening his shrivelled face,
Said the man of special grace,
Turning up his saintly eyes,
"Vanity of vanities."

SOME OF THE WAYS IN WHICH JOHN BULL SPENDS HIS MONEY.

The true John Bull is generally represented as a patient, plodding, industrious, money-getting animal. There is a wide difference, however, between accumulating money and dispersing it again. The former is often gathered in by small economies, petty meannesses, and a vast amount of patience. The latter is often squandered in the most profuse and reckless manner. There are plenty of people in England who, having made themselves comfortable after this fashion, settle down easily in life for the sole purpose of enjoying in their own way the fortunes they themselves have helped to make. Then it is that the characters of such persons are fully displayed.

The Cartwrights are a specimen of the class. Mr. Cartwright possesses extensive coffee plantations in Jamaica, where he has spent the best part of his life with the one object of making money, and having succeeded in his aim, he and Mrs. Cartwright have returned to England for the purpose of enjoying their gains. Having secured a large house in a good country neighbourhood, they have set about embellishing it. Oh the sums that that drawing-room furniture has cost! The hangings, ma'am, all silk damask, at a guinea a yard at the lowest calculation; and the chairs splendid walnut, none of your nasty veneering; and the ormolu tables, and the glass chandeliers, and the steel grates all burnished —why, it takes the maid three hours a day hard work to keep bright! —to say nothing of the pile of the carpet that your feet sink down into, and the lovely gilt mouldings. That room, ma'am, has cost Mr. Cartwright fifteen hundred pounds, he declares upon his honour, counting in the pictures on the wall; and hasn't he a right to be proud of it? It is not a room to sit in every day, or a room that you can allow the common air to enter, or even a fire to be lit in, except on very grand occasions. Oh no, it is a room to be sealed up hermetically as far as regards fresh air—a room that wears in general modest garments of brown holland over all its articles to screen them from the vulgar gaze and the contaminating sunshine—a room, in fact, dedicated, not to the Cartwright penates, but to the pomp, and pride, and circumstance of the Cartwright show-life.

But we are neglecting the rest of the establishment, which is all in keeping. Such beds!—we should be afraid to sleep in them—such mirrors, such hangings, "such exquisite taste displayed throughout!" exclaims Mr. Walnut, who is the great London upholsterer and cabinet-maker honoured by the Cartwright patronage, and who is supposed to have aided and abetted in the interior arrangements. So engrossed has Mrs. Cartwright been in preserving untainted the purity of her carpets and the brilliancy of her steel grates, that she has lost all the colour and contour she brought with her to England, and is becoming day by day

more haggard, anxious, and careworn. So great a responsibility do riches bring along with them, it almost seems as though there were a curse in the very handling of the gold!

People say Mr. Cartwright has expended a fortune in his house; and his motive for doing so begins at last to dawn upon the neighbourhood. He invites those who have called upon him, particularly those who give good dinners, to come and feast at his expense. It is a banquet he invites them to, not a dinner. We are almost afraid to scratch the gorgeous plate set before us with the common necessity of eating that hunger enforces, and when we do eat, we feel that it is gold that we are eating and drinking too, everything is so costly and expensive that we see there.

Mrs. Cartwright herself is splendidly dressed. She informs little Mrs. Brown in confidence that hers is a thirty-guinea affair, but that you cannot get a good silk under that. Little Mrs. Brown, who is aware that her own silk was far beneath five pounds in the first instance, and owns to being a "turned" one now, acquiesces meekly, and assures Mrs. Cartwright that she, too, always finds expensive things are the cheapest in the end, thereby trying to impose upon the good lady's credulity that she herself is in the habit of buying them.

The conversation is very set and formal. There are frequent dead pauses, after which some adventurous spirit launches forth a remark as a feeler, which is instantly checked if it meets the slightest rebuff on its way. In fact, these feelers are so sensitive that they are always put forth in the very mildest manner. Then there is a timid request to Mrs. Cartwright to show them over her beautiful house, and the grand lady consents very graciously, as indeed she has been expecting this petition ever since she left the dining-room. And then there are such exclamations of "Oh, how lovely!" "How very beautiful!" "How happy you must be in such a charming house—it is quite a paradise!" &c. &c., that it must be strange indeed if she is not gratified.

When Mrs. Cartwright gets back to the drawing-room, the grand piano is opened, and one young lady performs a sounding piece of music, and another sings some misty words that might be pretty if only you had the chance of hearing them. Then the gentlemen saunter in, and talk politics, and agriculture, and hunting, all to themselves in little knots, occasionally approaching the ladies to make inane remarks upon the weather, or the country, or anything that they think is low enough to meet their comprehension. It is not at all a party where you can draw off into a snug little flirtation, or sit beside a friend and chat away easily and familiarly, but everybody is on their very best behaviour, and our host and hostess the most so of all.

A simple-looking young girl says she likes parties in which there is no formality, where people can drop in to dinner or tea without being asked, and be made welcome to whatever is on the table. She is talking to Mr. Cartwright's nephew at the time, and hopes he will drop in to tea with them to-morrow evening in this fashion; but Mrs. Cartwright, who has listened to the disquisition, takes her up severely, and begs she will not spoil her nephew by giving him those sort of indiscriminate invitations; that it gets young men into slovenly habits that dropping into houses at all times and hours without being formally invited; and she would much

prefer a set invitation at any time to a general one—people then know what they are to expect. The party dwindles away after this. Mr. Cartwright is pompous and dignified to the last, and the house has certainly made an impression.

Mrs. Cartwright is wearily occupied all the next day in seeing the silver properly counted and put away, in fastening all her splendour up again into brown bags, and descending from last night's pomp into the usual cold proprieties that grace the Cartwright ménage. Of course the Cartwrights have no children, which is a blessing, as they would be sure to spoil the furniture, but Mrs. C. has a French maid, which doubtless she considers far better, and Mr. C. is of opinion she must be the happiest woman in the world, with nothing to do except to look after her establishment, and not even the care of tending a flower, as the gardener takes all that trouble off her hands. Poor Mrs. Cartwright! she tries hard to be as happy as she thinks she ought to be; but there is such a thing as gilded misery, and in spite of her house and furniture, her French maid, and her superb carriage and horses, she looks sometimes terribly miserable, and as though she would not object even to the vulgarity of a friend dropping in at all hours, or the liberty of her life in Jamaica, if she could be transported back there!

Captain Davis, who is now a rich, tough bachelor of fifty, has quite another theory about spending his money. "My money," he argues, "was surely sent me for my own enjoyment. I don't know why I am expected to make ducks and drakes of it to please other people. I shall carry out my own hobbies with it."

Poor Captain Davis! he should have said his hobby, for, beyond perpetually smoking a small black pipe, which is too universal a failing to come under that name, he has really only one hobby—boat-building. It is rather a wearisome hobby, too, as the boat-builders would tell you, for he can only conceive one kind of boat, and, whether little or big, all his boats must be built on this model. "When you have found out a good thing," he says, "stick to it. What's the use of always altering and upsetting one's own notions and other people's?"

And he does stick to it—always with the black pipe in his mouth—looking on to correct the smallest deviation from his plan. But he rarely goes to sea in his boats. He generally gives them one trial, to ascertain that they are sound and weather-tight, and then they are directly in the market. They don't stay there very long to be sure, for he will generally take half price for them, observing, sagely, "Well, I have had my pleasure in building them, and of course one must pay for one's hobbies." Somebody once advised him to turn ship-builder, but, after debating the question, he said he was of opinion that it was not every one who would like to build exactly after his model, and as he should not choose to be put out with whims and fancies, he thought he had better remain as he was.

Mr. Evans is another rich bachelor, but of a different genus. He sacrifices himself and his fortune entirely to the ladies. It is for them that he keeps that elegant drag and four, that expensive and neatly-arranged bachelor establishment, and those beautiful gardens and conservatories. Not only his money, but his person, his mind, his accom-

plishments, all are devoted to the fair sex. Not that he has the very smallest idea of marrying any one of them—not even that the very shadow of a heart exists beneath his white waistcoat, but it flatters his vanity to have a number of well-dressed women hanging about him, and if he attains that end it is really very immaterial to him whether he, or his turn-out, or his delightful gardens are the most run after and admired. Mr. Evans is the most useful man in getting up a pic-nic, or bringing provisions, or obtaining flowers when they are at unheard-of prices, and between him and the ladies it is a mutual interchange of vanity and obligation, and nothing else. Sometimes, if he sees a very young lady of the party, he tries to persuade her that he has not yet outlived his young days of sentiment, and that there are feelings beneath that white waistcoat the cold world little dreams of. Then he plunges into poetry and romance, but as his literature is generally of the very oldest order, it is only upon the young ones that he can ever impose. He, too, is most likely to live and die spending his money after this exact fashion, and never altering it.

And now, having glanced at some of the ways in which John Bull disposes of his cash, let us try for once if we can be a Solon, and solve that world-mystery, how to get the greatest amount of happiness out of our money. And first, be content with what you have, and, while cultivating your tastes, do not indulge your hobbies. Unless there are circumstances against it, we would advise all our friends to live up to their income, but not beyond it; to let a certain sum be put aside yearly for charities and casualties of any sort; another sum for housekeeping and dress; and a third for the gratification of their pleasures and tastes—and these cannot be too simple. Little things make up the sum of human happiness. Without true taste John Bull may revel in money, and spend it in the wildest eccentricities, and yet never derive half the pleasure or benefit from it that is known and felt by the man of limited means, yet refined ideas.

THE FRENCH ALMANACKS FOR 1859.

POPULAR literature must always be more or less the exponent of national feelings and aspirations. Excepting in respect to politics—a subject which is tabooed on the other side of the Channel—the French almanacks are peculiarly illustrative of the fancies and impulses of the hour. Hence it is that we return to them each succeeding year with undiminishing interest; aware that the expression of the most potent and the most stirring influences are interdicted to them, we still, even in their lamb-like and shorn condition, look to the position which they take, the literary verdure they crouch in, the poetic boughs they shelter under, and the sarcastic breezes beneath which they writhe, as so many indications as to which way the wind blows.

M. Ch. Nisard, in his excellent work on "Popular Books," M. Victor Fournel, in his article on "La Littérature des Quais," and M. Rattray, in the *Moniteur* for 1853, have exposed at length a peculiarity in French literature which as yet only obtains in a minor degree in this country, and that is the system of "colportage," or book-hawking; it is by such means that the white, blue, and yellow-covered backs of the almanacks are made to delight the eyes of the humblest peasant in the land, and he to whom even "Monte Cristo" and the "Mystères de Paris" are by their price sealed books, has still a few sous for his Almanach Comique, Astrologique, or Prophétique; there are almost none who have not one penny for a Nostradamus, or a Véritable Double Liégeois, or Normand. Hence the influence of the almanack, and if it did not contain that which is essentially French its day would long ago have gone by.

But before we proceed with the lighter and more characteristic features of the almanacks for 1859, let us, in accordance with what has become now an annual custom, take a glance at the progress of literature and the drama during the past year. With regard to literature, if we were to believe the courtier feuilletonist, M. Jules Janin, "peace, silence, and labour" are favourable to its development; and as the first two are pre-eminently enjoyed under the existing system, it is manifest that the third is only wanted to ensure the desired result. And to the proofs! M. Thiers has completed his sixteenth volume of the "History of the Consulate and the Empire," and M. Louis Blanc is continuing his "History of the Revolution." Now the latter labour is not precisely going on under the régime of "peace and silence."

Great and worthy works have, however, been produced during the past year. Witness Michelet's "Richelieu et la Fronde," which, if not history, is a truly interesting narrative; Guizot's "Mémoires," loyal, serious, and conscientious, have been commenced; Beaumont-Vassy has written the "Histoire de mon Temps;" Lanfrey has penned an "Essai sur la Révolution Française;" Eugène Pelletau has produced two new books; we are indebted to M. de Barantès for his "Etudes Littéraires et Historiques; Villemain has sent forth his "Mémoires;" and we have also had the "Mémoires de Béranger et ses Dernières Chansons." Such have been, indeed, the chief literary productions of this year.

Among the minor, but scarcely less interesting publications, we may mention the fables of M. Pierre Lachambaudie, the songs of M. Nadaud, and M. Charles Blanc's History of the Great Exposition of Manchester. "This fine work," says M. Jules Janin, "is full of revelations for the ignorant among our species. It indicates to the reader all kinds of unknown lands, pictures, and paintings, with even the name of which he was before unacquainted." Then, again, there is the story of the life and death of Marie Antoinette, written by two brothers, Edouard and Jules de Goncourt. "Who can read it without tears?" "The book is an elegy, a 'complainte,' a *De profundis*." A very pretty romance, "La Maison de Pénarvan," opened the doors of the Academy to M. Jules Sandeau. M. Moleri's tales, "Les Fièvres du Jour," are also highly to be commended, not merely on account of their intrinsic merits, but on account of their rare morality.

M. Hippolyte Castille has published certain "Portraits Politiques et Historiques," said to be of more than average biographical merit, and M. Claudius Saunier has published a work entitled "Le Temps, ses divisions et ses mesures, eux époques anciennes et modernes." A work called "Aventures de Guerre," by M. Moreau de Jonnès, contains a very curious chapter of old French history. The Princess Belgiojoso's "Scènes de la Vie Turque" have, with many other works above enumerated, been before noticed in our pages. M. Joseph Sue has written "Henri le Chancelier," the effect of which appears only to have been to remind people that Eugène was dead! Nor must we omit Alexandre Weill's "Histoire Juive," M. Marmier's "Quatre Ages," and M. François-Victor Hugo's "Normandie Inconnue," a work carefully digested in our pages. The same scion of an illustrious house is said to be engaged in a new and complete translation of the works of Shakspeare.

M. Edgard Quinet has published a complete edition of his works in ten volumes; the house of Michel Lévy has completed the "Histoire de la Littérature Dramatique," in six volumes; nor must we omit to mention the "Roi Voltaire," by Arsène Houssaye, although reviewed by us, nor even "Fanny!" "O Fanny, vicieuse, attrayante, épouvantable, abominable et trop réelle créature, allons, cachez-vous, ma fille, sous toutes les toilettes, dans tous les boudoirs. Laissez-vous lire, et tâchez d'éviter les grands moralistes, les austères philosophes, les censeurs moroses, les héritiers de La Harpe et de l'Abbé Trublet."

According to Jules Janin, the finest and most sympathetic book of the year is that which has emanated from the pen of M. de Sacy, "Les Variétés Littéraires." Every page is impressed with honest sentiments and perfect loyalty. It is an exquisite and delicate production, written in the tone of the seventeenth French century, and in that marvellous style which distinguished the times of La Bruyère and Madame de Sévigné.

M. Alexandre Dumas fils, one of the most successful, yet by no means most judicious, dramatic authors of the day, did not allow the year to go by without an addition to his already large list of "Dames aux Camélias," "Demi-Mondes," "Dianes de Lys," and "Questions d'Argent." The last of this clever but reprehensible series has been the history of a natural son, whose mother is abandoned by the father at the very epoch of his birth. The child grows up, and as he is without constraint or prejudices, he troubles himself very little about his father, pushes his

way in the world, and attains to such prosperity and distinction, that the father is grievously distressed at not having recognised a son who conferred so much honour on him and cost him so little. But it was too late; the young man had made a resolve to have only a mother, and all that the father could obtain from him is to be called uncle! Small materials, and those not of the most inviting character, wherewith to make a comedy in five acts! but there is so much sparkling wit, so much movement and animation, and Rose Chéri played the mother so well, that "Le Fils Naturel" met with nearly the same success as the author's other contributions to a lax morality and a corrupt social system.

A dramatic writer, who penned another comedy in five acts for the same theatre (Gymnase Dramatique), called "L'Héritage de M. Plumet," met with a very different reception: the play was one of the great failures of the year. The same fate awaited "Le Retour du Mari," a comedy in four acts, like the two preceding in prose, and which was only played at the Théâtre-Français after a preliminary loud sound of trumpets. To repair the damage done, the inexhaustible Scribe was appealed to, and he produced "Feu Lionel, ou Qui Vivra Verra," a light love-piece of the most gossamer materials, the history of a brave garçon, who throws himself into the water for love, and, being rescued, is so thoroughly ashamed at having made such a fool of himself, that he never ventures into society again, till dragged there by the relenting object of his affections. Nor is this all that the veteran dramatist produced during the past year. With the assistance of M. Legouvé, "Les Doigts de Fée" was brought out at the Théâtre-Français, in five acts, and, after much opposition, finally succeeded in establishing itself as a favourite for six long months. Yet are the materials, as is usual with most modern French dramas, of the very slightest description. A noble girl—a demoiselle, as they used to be called—cast off by her parents, expelled from her home, poor and unprotected, succeeds in making her fortune by dint of zeal and talent; the said fortune not being a castle in the air, solely because it is an equally illusory thing—a stage fortune. M. Ernest Legouvé and M. André Thomas set to work, each in his own way, to concoct a monster, but they succeeded so badly, their monster was so ugly, unmanageable, and repulsive, that he was hissed off the stage. M. Legouvé brought out "Le Pamphlet" at the Théâtre-Français, and M. Thomas "Le Pamphlétaire" at the Vaudeville, and both with the same ill success. They seem, indeed, to be rather the parts contributed by two "collaborateurs" to one play, disjointed, than two separate plays. In both the "monster" is the "pamphleteer," not in the ordinary sense of the word, but in that of the vilest of mankind—the defamer, the slanderer, the calumniator. It is possible, as Horace long ago said, for high art to make a serpent pleasant to look at, and to render even a moral monstrosity supportable, but the attempt to bring so vile, so disreputable, and so repulsive a creature as the mere slanderer on the stage, met with a most signal failure.

The moral sense ever makes a wide distinction between the cowardly calumniator, the depraved, low, unprincipled assassinator of a fellow-creature's good fame, and the bad, but hearty—the corrupt, but courageous—the criminal, but clever—bandit. Hence, whilst "Le Pamphlet" was driven from the boards of the Théâtre-Français, and "Le

Pamphlétaire" fell worse than flat at the Vaudeville, "Les Chevaliers du Brouillard"—as the French, who identify London with a fog as we do a comet with its coma, have designated their rendering of that reckless sprite Jack Sheppard—was being enacted night after night at the Porte Saint-Martin with a success quite unparalleled.

M. Emile Augier celebrated his admission into the Academy with the aid of a "collaborateur," M. Emile Foussier, by placing his finger on a great sore in the Parisian social system. He proposed to himself to solve no less a problem than how so many young and pretty women, married to fellows without a sou, manage to wear so much lace, ribbons, and jewellery, embroidered jupons, new bonnets, and dresses at one hundred crowns. Well, the said problem has been solved in the play called "Les Lionnes Pauvres," and which is proclaimed to be "a terrible and highly dramatic comedy," in the only way that it could be solved, by holding forth that such young, poor, and pretty wives must have "friends" who are better off or more generous than their husbands. Having thus placed their fingers on the great social wound, the collaborateurs set to work to probe, expose, and sear it with a coolness which partakes too much of the charnel-house. Jules Janin declaims, and justly so, upon this modern aspect of the drama in the present day, that it cannot laugh, it is always in a passion. "Why so much furious indignation," exclaims the critic, "when there is irony at your service? Did our fathers get red with anger at the little 'marquises' without money and the 'lionnes pauvres' of olden times? No, they laughed with that glad laugh so replete with irony and sage admonition which at once sufficed to chastise crime and to recommend virtue."

M. Augier has been more successful in a little comedy in verse called "La Jeunesse." Nothing can be more unassuming. It is the old story: *Philippe*, a poor young man, is in love with his cousin *Cyprienne; Madame Huguet*, the young man's mother, is naturally averse to the marriage. The trials are somewhat conventually Parisian, but the triumph is that of the World—youth against age and prudence. The comedy, which begins as a love story, and is worked out as a satire, ends like a pastoral poem—an eclogue after Theocritus:

> *Phil.* Soyez témoins pour elle,
> Bois pleins d'ombre et de mousse ou rit la tourterelle!
> *Cypr.* Soyez témoins pour lui, vous qui portez conseil,
> O champs laborieux sous le poids du soleil!
> *Phil.* Qu'ainsi soit notre vie à la fois rude et douce;
> Je serai la moisson, toi l'ombrage et la mousse.

We give a specimen, for comedies in verse are rare things now-a-days in the capital of the civilised world.

Gavarni has familiarised us with those types of mischief, "Les Enfans Terribles;" the drama introduced to us this year, "Les Femmes Terribles!" The piece was successful, but it contains many most reprehensible things. Imagine at a dinner-party, in a mixed company, a Madame de Ris eulogising the youth and beauty of the Countess of Aranda, but adding how much it is to be regretted that she walks in the loneliest parts of the Bois de Boulogne with a young gentleman. And then such an interruption as "Madame, I am the husband of the Countess of

Aranda. Tell me the name of her lover, madame!" Then again a young man, M. Fauvel, meets a lady in the Bois de Boulogne—a lady who is more loving than wise. To his horror he is confronted by a real husband. "Never dreamt of such a thing!" exclaims M. Fauvel. "I to go and deprive a respectable person like M. de Pommerol of his wife! Never dreamt of such a thing! What a femme terrible! A woman in love with me! a *liaison!* Never contemplated anything of the kind. It was the love of a moment—a love of the Bois de Boulogne!" M. Fauvel thereupon renounces Madame de Pommerol, and asks M. de Pommerol the hand of his niece, and M. de Pommerol—the "mari facile" of existing times—actually grants the impudent demand!

The really best-written play of the year was M. Mallefille's "Les Mères Repenties;" but it will not bear analysis. It is positively repulsive—the struggle between a poor and a wealthy Cyprian as to the marriage of their son and daughter! The "Rose Bernard" at the Ambigu-Comique has, for centre of interest, the same disagreeable phases of society—so incessantly, and it would appear so unnecessarily, pushed forward on the modern French stage—a woman abandoned by her lover, and sacrificed, with her child, to a wealthy match.

The "Martyr du Cœur" was another of the class known as "terrible dramas," but it had an even greater fault—it was not successful. The revolt in India was duly introduced to the French theatrical public—and their name is legion—by "Les Fugitifs;" and M. Ch. Edmond actually introduced, and that successfully, "Les Mers Polaires" to a French audience!

A work worthy of the author of "La Juive"—M. Halévy—was brought out at the Opera during the past year. But there are complaints made that "La Magicienne" was neither well cast nor effectively brought out. Two new ballets were composed: "Marco Spada" for Madame Rosati, and "Sacountala" for the light and bounding Madame Ferraris. "Quentin Durward," the "Carnaval de Venise," "Chaises à Porteurs," and the "Valet de Chambre," have been the successful repertory of the Opéra-Comique.

The drama of life is that which is enacted out of doors. The revolt in India, the Berbers of the Desert (Tuariks), increased intercourse with Japan, the progress of Singapore as a free port, Pierre Puget, the artist of Marseilles, and his house—a little gem of street architecture—the improvements in Paris from boulevards to sewers, the ever-recurring fires of Constantinople, Indian antiquities, the old châteaux of France, country sports and scenes, objects of natural history, specimens of the animal kingdom and a few of art, with the ever-varying types of social life, always repeating themselves, however varied they may be in their phases, are absolutely all the resources of the Almanacks for 1859. Cherbourg, Brest, and the imperial promenades came, we suppose, too late; or are the progresses of the head of the state tabooed as political subjects?

As for the trifles light as air by which the current in which popular thought moves can sometimes be guessed at, they are lighter, less defined, more shadowy than ever. There is the perpetual theme of "étrennes"—the ever-recurring bugbear of the Parisians; there is carnival and the bœuf gras; there is the canon-méridien of the Palais Royal; there are the

"canotiers" of Asnières, with their "petits Leviathans;" there is the "chasseur" of the plain of Saint-Denis, shooting springboks with a telescope and bears from a balloon; there is the nuisance of Europe—the organ-grinder—in full play; but there are only the hats and crinolines of 1858—legitimate subjects for ridicule—in which we have been able to detect novelty.

Marcelin has one page in the "Almanach d'Illustrations Modernes" devoted to a new phase in Parisian fashions, that of villa life, and strangely, too, is it illustrated! "On ne vient pas à la campagne pour s'amuser," says a lady, chiding a playful boy and girl. "You must not walk on the grass, you must not dirty yourselves, you must not heat yourselves, you must not run, you must not scream." It is always what must not be done, never what may be done, except "take one another by the hand and walk up and down." Then there is the enthusiastic angler. "It is true," says the French Walton, "that there are neither trees, nor flowers, nor fruit near my villa, nor even slopes or views; but I have the water!" And lastly, there is Scotch hospitality. "I should, with pleasure, ask you to put up at my house," says the Caledonian villa resident to a carriage party, "but I have no stables, and my house is too small. Besides, there is an excellent inn in the village, where you will be quite comfortable." The illustration to this latter subject has a decided *Punch* look about it.

For essentially French types we must go to the courts of correctional police. There, as with ourselves, the perfection of national quintessence is to be met with:

Fanard cannot certainly be accused of entertaining prejudices; he is the first to declare that when he made Clara Patissier his wife, she had few claims to the orange-blossoms; so we must believe him to be sincere when he comes before the magistrate to affirm that Madame Fanard has once more committed herself, and that, worse than all, with a friend of the house—one M. Polonais.

And it is further to be noted that this is not the first time that such a thing has happened; Fanard openly avows the fact; he is not romantic, he had passed it over; he had suffered in his vanity and in his best affections, but

"Il n'est point de douleur que le temps n'affaiblisse;
L'amour reprit ses droits et l'hymen son service."

This time, however, the cup of bitterness has overflowed, like Arnal in "Un de Plus," the last has been too much; he has flooded over with indignation, and has resolved to grapple with the evil at its root.

"Yes, gentlemen," he said, "I found the Sieur Polonais in criminal conversation with my wife."

Polonais.—"Monsieur Fanard, you have deceived yourself. I have nothing wherewith to reproach myself."

Fanard.—"Reproach yourself, that is possible, but I have much to reproach you with."

Polonais.—"It is true that I vaguely embraced your wife."

Fanard.—"Vaguely! thanks, indeed, for such vagueness! Luckily, I have a witness, who was passing by on the fortifications, and who saw my dishonour as I did myself. What makes it worse, gentlemen, is, that the Sieur Polonais was my friend; that he partook that very day of my wine and my own 'charcuterie,' and that he did so every day; and I left him in all confidence with my wife, so it must have been after I had gone away that they went to humiliate me on the fortifications."

Polonais.—"Gentlemen, I do not deny that I offered my arm to Madame Fanard for a little walk, but it was with the most honest intentions—nothing could

be more so; and it is M. Fanard, whom drink had rendered as jealous and as furious as a roaring lion, who saw what was nothing more than butter in the frying-pan!"

Fanard.—"I tipsy? I had only eaten a bit of bread, not being hungry, as you know full well."

Polonais.—"True, you only eat a bit of bread, but you forgot to say you dipped it in brandy."

The President.—"Well, we will hear the witness."

The witness thereupon raised his arm as if he was about to catch a fly on the ceiling, but it was simply to give solemnity to his oath, that he would tell the truth and nothing but the truth. This accomplished, he declared that he knew nothing of the matter whatsoever.

Fanard.—"What, did you not pass by the fortifications?"

Witness.—"I do not say that; so truly did I pass by, that I found you there in an incomparable state of inebriety, and that you told me so many foolish things that your conversation made me sea-sick?"

The President.—"You did not see the accused?"

Witness.—"I beg pardon, they were quarrelling with monsieur."

The President.—"In what attitude were they?"

Witness.—"Why, they were standing, disputing with monsieur."

Polonais.—"You see, Monsieur Fanard, that you deceived yourself."

Fanard.—"Well, really I cannot understand the matter."

Polonais.—"What, a good fellow like you to go and prosecute me without rhythm or reason?"

Fanard.—"Ah! it is all that scandalising portress, who came to me and said, 'Père Fanard, there's your wife and your friend Polonais gone out together,' and that led me to follow you."

Polonais.—"But, my good Fanard, you see that the old hag took advantage of your credulity, for you are credulous."

Fanard.—"I know I am, but it is because it is not the first time that my wife has played me tricks."

Polonais having said a few more soothing words to Fanard, who is as open to flattery as the aged Nestor himself, the latter declared himself satisfied, that he withdrew the charge, and the two friends departed together to consume M. Fanard's wine and charcuterie, and perchance to indulge in an occasional vague compliment to Madame Fanard.

An hypercritical correspondent to the almanacks writes to the following effect:

Sir,—I read in a work on Statistics, which has been recently published, that there are in France 1,700,843 medical men and only 1,400,651 sick persons in the year, and that there are 1,900,405 barristers and only 998,000 cases to plead.

I am ready to grant the number of doctors, lawyers, and trials—statistics can easily procure the numbers necessary to a basis for such a calculation; but as to the sick, that is another thing.

Who can say how many there are ailing in France? Is it the custom the moment a person feels himself or herself unwell, to run to the statician of his parish and say:

"Sir, I have a colic?"

"Sir, I have a cold in my head?"

If this was the case, the statician would inscribe the nature of your complaint in his register; he would then send in his reports to the central statistical office, and nothing would be easier than to know, not only how many sick there are, but also what diseases prevail every year in France.

But every one knows that nothing of the kind is done; and that when statistics number the sick of the eighty-six departments, it manifestly commits itself to statements of the most fanciful description.

It is by the same process that statistics were enabled to count within a few hundred how many sparrows there are in France. There are in round numbers, it is said, five millions. They have also reckoned the May-bugs that destroy our trees in spring-time.

O statistics! how did you arrive at these conclusions? Did you hold these sparrows and cockchafers in your hands?

And yet they come and tell us that statistics are a cold, dry, positive science, enemy of poetry and imagination!

I believe myself that on this occasion it was simply wished to spite the doctors by endeavouring to make them believe that they are more numerous than patients.

The unusually hot summer has suggested certain researches in chronicles of old, which are more amusing than trustworthy. In the year 900, we are told, for example, that the heat was so great, that hydrophobia broke out among the poultry. The Abbé Eudes, bit by a hen, was stifled between his mattresses. It was on the occasion of the hot summer of 1100, that Jehan Chaffaroux, of the parish of Croix du Trahoir, seeing the Parisians as thirsty as crocodiles, invented coco for their comfort. In 1200, several quails fell in the city. They were found to be roasted. In 1300, ibises were seen in the Seine, and an alligator was captured sleeping on the Island of Croisy. In 1600 several persons were turned to negroes by the great heat. In the century following, Madame de Maintenon used the first umbrella, and Louis XIV. appeared before his courtiers without a wig. In 1812, the MS. plays at the Théâtre-Français took fire, and to prevent a similar catastrophe from spontaneous combustion, the Odéon had all its manuscripts daily watered. Hence the flatness with which the pieces produced at that theatre have ever since gone off.

The demolition of houses, and the creation of new streets, squares, and boulevards, has given origin to recriminations on the part of two old friends in the Quartier Latin—the Rue Mouffetard and the Place Maubert.

There are some Parisians who rejoice to think that the Rue Mouffetard is to be enlarged, and will have its name changed.

Let the Rue Mouffetard be widened, that is desirable, but as to the other change, I by no means participate in the satisfaction of certain Parisians.

It is in vain that they tell me that the name of Mouffetard reminds one of nothing. Have you ever heard of a battle of Mouffetard, of a Marshal de Mouffetard, of a learned man, a poet, an orator, a lawyer—of any great man whomsoever, who was called Mouffetard?

The name comes from Mons Cetardus, the monticule on which the Rue Mouffetard sprang up; now, if Mouffetard represents Mons Cetardus, it is going back as far as possible. There is therefore no necessity for preserving the Rue Mouffetard; neither history, nor science, nor philosophy, nor literature, are interested in its preservation.

Whereupon the papers of the day have exhausted their ingenuity in suggesting a new name for the Rue Mouffetard. One would have it Rue Fontainebleau; another, Rue d'Italie; another, Rue de Rome; and another, Rue du Midi.

I prefer Rue Mouffetard just as it stands. Mouffetard pleases me. Mouffetard has something in it *sui generis* special and peculiarly Parisian, that imparts to it a charm.

There is already a Barrière Fontainebleau at Paris,—that is sufficient. There are no end of Rues du Midi. As to Places de Rome, Places d'Italie, and

Places du Midi, France is full of them. But there is only one Rue Mouffetard in the world.

Utter the word Canebière, and visions of Bastides, of bouillabaisse, and of mistral pass before the eyes; you involuntarily become a Marseillais. Do you wish to think of Paris? just murmur the word Mouffetard! and instantly the perfume of fried potatoes will invade the atmosphere, you will hear the very tin-tin of the dealers in coco, you will see philosophers pass by with lanterns (not modern Diogenes, but "chiffonniers").

Zouaves have been seen in the Crimea, who, being supposed to be dead, have opened their eyes on hearing the word "Mouffetard," and asked for a glass of brandy.

The Rue Mouffetard, no one knows why, has become historical; one of the most historical streets, indeed, of Paris. It is consecrated alike in proverbs and songs. If the Rue Mouffetard goes, the Place Maubert follows its fate. We shall soon read in the papers:

"The name of the Place Maubert, which reminds one of nothing, is about to disappear, to give place to another designation. People only hesitate between the following: Place Abélard et Heloïse, Place des Réalistes, Place de la Scolastique."

I aver that the Rue Mouffetard and the Place Maubert are indispensable to the splendour of the capital; without them Paris will be incomplete, and the Parisians will never consent to their suppression. Touch not the Rue Mouffetard!

Our old friend, the "Almanach Prophétique," follows up its usual paper on very high tides, by a pseudo-scientific essay on what it designates as the return of the seasons to their normal condition—a very desirable thing, for we prefer the regularity of the past to the irregularity of the present, and do not affect cold springs and hot Christmases. The influence of Providence in terrestrial as well as celestial matters, is illustrated by a charming apologue, which we translate, at the risk of its having already appeared elsewhere in an English garb:

A philosopher, who had long and deeply studied men and things, came one day to doubt God, and to recognise nothing but fatality as the principle moving all things here below.

When a misfortune struck the masses, or an individual, a province, or a kingdom, he would sigh, and bending his head, would say to himself: "It was so written; may the decrees of destiny be accomplished!"

One day this philosopher was walking in a vast forest, pondering over the miseries of this world, the greatness of nature, and the marvellous things that incessantly pass before the eyes, the causes of which are unknown to us.

And then, turning his thoughts in the direction in which they habitually ran, he interrogated the past, the present, and the probabilities of the future, muttering in conclusion, "Everything is written; may the decrees of destiny be accomplished!"

His reflections had brought him to a huge rock, from the foot of which there flowed a limpid spring, which poetically disturbed the silence of the forest as it rolled over its pebbly bottom.

The philosopher stopped and contemplated the rivulet. "Little thread of water," he said, "you will go to increase the stream, that will swell the river, which in its turn will flow into the ocean. What a sublime idea! Spring, thou art life; rivulet, thou art the individual; river, thou art humanity; and thou, ocean, thou art death, in which everything is swallowed up!"

As he thus spoke to himself there came up a soldier, harassed with fatigue and perishing from thirst; perceiving the spring, he hurried towards it, and throwing himself on his knees he drank heartily of the cool waters. He then rose up and continued his way.

The sound of his footsteps had barely been lost in the distance when there arrived a young peasant to fill his gourd at the source. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation of joy, stooped down, and picked up an object, which the philosopher saw was a purse, no doubt fallen out of the soldier's pocket, and he made off with it with quick steps.

A strange interest captivated the fatalist; without knowing why, he remained motionless in his place; he had a presentiment that something was about to occur.

Nor was it long before an old man, bent down with years, arrived at the spring. He seemed to be accustomed to come there, for he sat down as if familiar with the place. Scarcely, however, had he been seated, than the soldier, who had first attracted the philosopher's attention, came back, and going up to the old man, he said, in a threatening tone:

"Give me back my purse."

"Your purse, young man! How should I be in possession of it?"

"When I was drinking at this spring I lost it. Come, old man, restore that which does not belong to you, and which constitutes my whole fortune."

"I swear, by my mother, that what you ask is impossible. I cannot give you back that which I myself do not possess."

Then the soldier, furious at the loss of his money, and exasperated by the denials of the old man, who he felt certain must have found his purse, drew his sword and struck him with it. The poor old man sighed and fell dead on the green sward, which was bathed in his blood. Then the soldier, terrified at what he had done, hurried away.

"Fatality!" exclaimed the philosopher, still seated on his rock; "that man was born under an evil star, and, innocent himself, he has paid the debt of the guilty. Fatality!"

"Silence, mortal! and do not blaspheme God, interrupted a voice like thunder; "weak reptile, does it belong to you to blame the decrees of Him who is all wisdom and omnipotence?"

The philosopher turned round and perceived a genius, which, surrounded by a bright halo, fixed its sparkling eyes on him.

The man prostrated himself, and worshipped the messenger of Heaven.

"Raise thyself," continued the latter, "and learn by my mouth the explanation of that which has led thee to blaspheme. That old man, whom you pity, and whose death surprises you, because you deem him to be innocent, has deserved his punishment. Many years ago he laid an ambuscade for the father of the soldier whom you have just seen, and assassinated him. The Eternal, in his immutable will, ordained that the murderer, who had escaped human justice, should fall beneath the blows of the son of his victim. Thus is everything wisdom in heaven, as all is error on earth below; man, worship, resign yourself, and do not seek to penetrate into mysteries which are beyond your comprehension."

Having said this, the angel disappeared, and the fatalist, convinced by so manifest a proof of the falseness of his system, renounced it, and became for ever after a pious dervish. As to the young peasant, his sudden acquisition of money betrayed him, and he received the punishment due to his crime.

Algiers is represented to us in the spirit of prophecy as being, in the year 3200, the centre of civilisation—a result which does not well accord with its geographical position. People from all parts of the world will crowd there by balloons, by African railways, submarine tunnels, and by the Gibraltar viaduct. Among the many strangers that will crowd there, not the least interesting will be the Niam-Niams, or people with caudal appendages. The fashion of wearing such will, at that time—that is to say, when Algiers shall have become the centre of the civilised world—have become general. No doubt of it.

The influence of the moon, and more particularly of lunar days, upon individuals is subjected to the test of experience. Louis XVI. was born on the fifth day of the moon (August 23rd, 1754); he ascended the throne on the fifth day of the moon; royalty was abolished the fifth day of the moon, and he was condemned to be beheaded ("à avoir la tête tranchée," as the editors coolly express it) on the fifth day of the moon. Napoleon I. was born on the thirteenth day of the moon; he lost his throne on the thirteenth day of the moon, and the battle of Waterloo was fought on the thirteenth day of the moon. Louis-Philippe was born on the nineteenth day of the moon; he was called to the throne on the nineteenth day of the moon, and he lost it on the nineteenth day of the moon. The Duke of Orleans was born and was killed on the fifth day of the moon. Muhammad, according to Islam, was born at the new moon, and the Hegira, or of the Flight, commences that day. It is manifest that we are all lunatics. The Emperor Napoleon III. was born the 20th of April, 1808, the twenty-fourth day of the moon. If precedents were of any value, his fall will happen on the same day; but, according to the editors, "he will never meet with the fate of those sovereigns who have had the misfortune of arriving at the summit of their greatness on the day of the moon which coincided with that of their birth."

The following is not a bad specimen of the straits to which modern prophets are brought by the spread of education, in order to find pabulum for their readers. A burgomaster of the canton of Vielsalm, of an idle and procrastinating disposition, was always in arrears with the register of deaths, which he had to supply each quarter to the registrar-general of Holland. Wearied and vexed one day at the reminders he had received, he wrote back: "There have been no deaths in my parish the last quarter, and I can assure you there will be none the next."

As the future cannot but interest us more than the past, we may mention that the prophecies for 1859 are as follows:

January.—Widow Calumet, portress, Rue Coquenard, in spite at a lodger who has failed to make her a New-Year's present, will go every morning and ask him to make his will in her favour.

February.—Mam'selle Catherine, cook, affiliated to the Hippophagic Society, will serve up a fillet of a horse under the pseudonym of a fillet of beef. Great indignation of the recipient. Intense cold. An Academician is buried in an avalanche on his way to the palace of the Institute. Devotion of a cantonnier, who succeeds in rescuing him. Masked balls are at their apogee. A female débardeur indulges in excess in champagne, which excess is the cause of her being, a little later, shut up in the "violon"—just punishment for her gluttony.

Great surprise of a dealer in lamps, who suddenly sees all the lamps in his shop lighted up without a cause.

The bœuf-gras begins to attract attention; it weighs 2800 kilos this year more than the last. The jury with whom it rests to give it a name cannot agree; an exchange of blows takes place on the subject.

March.—Races are announced under the happiest auspices. A horse rebels against its jockey, and refuses to take a wall fourteen feet in height.

Late cold weather. A ninny who had been induced to take down his stove upon the first appearance of the sun, is now much perplexed. He goes and asks for a place at his neighbour's hearth, but is refused. A fabulist composes an apologue in honour of the incident.

A chronicler in a daily paper having nothing better to do, relates the siege of Troy in twelve columns. Homer brings an action against him for piracy.

Fatal curiosity of a young lady who was bent upon consulting tables. The tables turn against her in both senses of the word.

Great rejoicings in honour of the birth of a calf with two heads.

A lion escapes from the gardens of the Zoological Society in the Bois de Boulogne, and spreads terror at the Porte Maillot.

Happy news! a grandson of M. Prudhomme's is weaned and taken from its nurse. M. Prudhomme, in his delight, dresses up the scion as an artilleryman, and introduces him into society.

April.—Grand Exposition of Fine Arts. The young artist Coqsigrue having had his realist picture, "The Plague in a Salon," refused by the jury, casts himself into the well of Grenelle.

The sculptor Barabas, a gigantic artist, has cut out with his powerful chisel a group as large as the Madeleine. The doors of the Exposition are, unfortunately, too small to give it admission. Satanic smiles on the part of the immense artist.

Showers of concerts.

A celebrated pianist will execute a brilliant sonata with the tip of his nose. He thereby fractures the same, and is obliged to replace it by a nose of silver. National subscription to procure the same.

Display of new fashions at Longchamps. Great success of the Israelite coat with long flaps, which are fastened beneath the boots by straps. Resurrection of coats with cod-fish tails.

Terrible tragedy in the firmament. The sun, in a moment of provocation, kicks the moon, which causes great fermentation among the stars. M. Babinet arrives in time to interfere.

Chivalrous feat on the part of a gallant man, who throws himself at the feet of a lady to declare his passion, and remains forty-eight hours in that attitude, as fatiguing as it is eloquent. Luckily, he has had the precaution to provide a two-pound loaf and a few sausages, so that he may sustain the inward man during the trial to which the obdurate lady submits the outward one. The husband arrives in the mean time, suddenly, from abroad. The gallant has the happy idea of passing himself off for a shoemaker, who is taking measure of the lady's foot. This explanation completely satisfies the husband—type of all other husbands.

May.—Two Normans came to admire the Assyrian kings in the Museum of the Louvre, and are disgusted to find that they are of stone.

First representation of a pantomime at the "Folies Nouvelles," which attracts all Paris. The other theatres, jealous of its success, suppress the dialogues from their pieces, and insist upon their actors expressing themselves only by signs.

Irruption of May-bugs!

A gold mine is discovered at Montmartre. This leads to the tumbling down of the windmills. Crowds of Chinese and Australians arrive to work at the new placers.

Danger of visiting a house by night where there is a dog which one has not been introduced to. Dogs are still more *sur le quant à soi* in that respect even than the English.

A child is baptised by the name of Nicodème Panurge Babylas.

Début of a dancer without legs, who executes the most classic "pas" with the aid of his crutches.

The Shah of Persia sends a large order for nurses to the merchants of Paris.

June.—Munificence must have its limits. That is what a young lady cannot be made to understand who addresses herself to an old solicitor with whom she is in favour.

A gentleman will mix himself up with our privilege of foretelling the future by looking into a pail of warm water, but he will be justly punished for his rashness, for a sapper and miner, to whom he has intimated disagreeable things concerning his *payse*, will thrust his head to the bottom of the pail.

The promises of a magnificent vintage having rejoiced all hearts, a member of the society of "Cousins de Bacchus" comes home in such a deplorable condition as to receive a severe admonition from his wife.

July.—Disgraceful plot of a nephew, who, in order to get rid of his uncle, invites him to breakfast, in the hopes of killing him by indigestion. The uncle, however, a veteran at table, devours without effort a pâté de foie gras, a caneton de Rouen, a langouste à l'Américaine, and a whole melon, not to mention bread and butter and radishes. Obliged to keep pace with him to conceal his machinations, the nephew himself dies of indigestion, and is buried without ceremony.

Vesuvius indulges in eruptions this year far more terrible than those of the past. An Englishman, who has hastened to the spot "pour assister à ce spectacle," sees his wife crushed by a mass of rock vomited by the volcano.

August.—The "garçons de café" persevere in not filling the "petit verre" of their habitués up to the brim.

Astonishment of a garde champêtre on discovering an ostrich's nest on the plain of Beauce.

The season for sea-baths opens under the most happy auspices. A bourgeois of Paris goes to Dieppe, and spends the day in collecting enormous pebbles on the beach, in order to remove them to his domicile. His wife also lends her assistance in the undertaking.

The packet of the Messageries Impériales, arriving from the Greek Archipelago, brings word that the nymph Calypso still remains unconsoled for the loss of Ulysses.

September.—"Ouverture de la Chasse."

Extraordinary and marvellous adventure of the grocer Beaupanne, who has had the imprudence to trust himself alone in a forest infested with rabbits. The rabbits surround him, make him prisoner, and tie him to a tree. Luckily he is, after a prolonged detention, set at liberty by a châtelaine of the neighbourhood.

A disagreeable contretemps happens to a gentleman who has ventured to the sea-side in an excursion-train. Having taken advantage of the brief time left at his disposal to bathe himself, his clothes are carried away by the tide, and he has to make his way back, to the surprise of his fellow-travellers, *en caleçon.*

A stag, closely pursued, takes refuge in the offices of the Almanach, Rue de Seine, Faubourg Saint-Germain (be particular about the address), where it is killed with a paper-knife.

A medical man invents a specific against colds in the head, and makes his fortune. Some persons try the same remedy for corns, and find it perfectly successful.

Fall of an aërolite, which upsets the Tour Saint-Jacques.

October.—An "Arthur," surprised in a boudoir where he had no right to be, has not time, when effecting his rapid exit, to take all his effects with him, but leaves a boot as a "pièce de conviction." The husband, getting possession of it, acquires the unpleasant habit of obliging whomsoever he meets to try it on, hoping by that means to discover its legitimate proprietor.

At this time of the year the daily papers announce the passage of numerous flocks of wild-ducks, which portend a rigorous winter.

A paper of little circulation, in order to surpass them, announces that a Polar bear has been seen in the wood of Meudon.

A Parisian is invited to the vintage at Suresne, and he witnesses, for the first time, how the grapes are trod down. His reflections on the subject are far from agreeable.

The Sieur Pied de Loup, keeper of a boarding-house, invents a new species of haricot, still more indigestible than any that have been in use up to the present time.

A medium is spoken of as advancing in the direction of Paris. This medium

—such a one as has never been seen before, and will never be seen again—is a hundred times more powerful than M. Hume.

First representation of a great drama, which lasts twenty-four hours without interruption.

November.—Carried away by his ardour, a chasseur pursues a chamois, not only on the plains but also on the mountains, and he in consequence becomes inadvertently placed in a position of considerable danger. (That is to say, on an isolated rock, about as high as the obelisk in the Place de la Concorde.)

An ambassador arrives at Paris from the Niam-Niams, to inquire of the most skilful surgeons if there are no means of amputating the monkey-tails which furnish so much matter of ridicule to the journalists of Europe. (For Europe read France.)

Invention, by one of the most skilful dancers of the capital, of a new dance, which is performed with the eyes bandaged.

Chimney machinists make their appearance in Paris, to the discomfiture of the Auvergnat sweeps.

Another incident of "haute vénerie!" A chasseur finds himself pursued by a stag which he had undertaken to capture.

December.—Notwithstanding "les grands froids," a master-swimmer astonishes the multitude by floating under the Pont-Royal.

The first notifications of concerts for the season appear on the walls of Paris, and spread desolation throughout the city. Many take advantage of the circumstance as a pretext to enable them to escape to the country, and thus avoid having to make the usual New-Year's gifts.

Grand meeting of landlords in Paris. They come to the unanimous decision that in future it shall be to them, and not to the porters, that New-Year's gifts shall be made by the tenants and lodgers, as shall also be the case in the instance of the denier à Dieu and the Christmas log.

Happy Parisians! they must have attained the very confines of the millennium! With the exception of that very old and oft-repeated complaint regarding "étrennes," they do not appear to have a care to vex them, and if we are to judge by the prophecies for the ensuing year, there is nothing before them but sunshine and merriment—another interval of three hundred and sixty days, with nothing to do but laugh at the little social oddities and mishaps appertaining to themselves and their good friends and neighbours—the wolf-like nation with the prominent teeth!

MR. THORNBURY'S "EVERY MAN HIS OWN TRUMPETER."*

It appears to have become an established rule among the working bees of literature, that every young and rising author should produce what the Germans would call his "Meisterstück," in the shape of a novel, before he can lay claim to a recognised position as a Master of the Guild. Mr. Thornbury, already favourably known as a truthful and modest critic in art matters, has obeyed the custom of the profession, and has at length furnished a specimen of his literary and inventive powers in the shape of a three-volume novel. Not satisfied, however, with accomplishing this feat, he has ventured to enter the lists against Dumas the inimitable, and has laid the scene of his story in the period of Louis XIV. Comparisons are at all times odious, and, in this instance, so closely has Mr. Thornbury followed the model, that the reader involuntarily fancies he must have read it all before. We cannot, therefore, award this novel higher praise than by stating that it resembles a first-rate translation, in which none of the original spirit has been lost during the process. But when this feeling has been overcome, and we sit down calmly to judge the merits of Mr. Thornbury's novel by the standard he has himself set up, we can only regret that he has undertaken so daring a task, for Dumas is, after all, unapproachable, and we can detect traces through the story which seem to show that Mr. Thornbury arrived at the same opinion when too late. There is such a wonderful reality in Dumas, such an aptitude in adapting historical incidents to the purposes of romance, and such happy audacity in ignoring everything that runs counter to his plan, that we demand from any imitator more than he has the power to effect. Hence, then, Mr. Thornbury has injured his own success by aiming too high, and while allowing him great talent and a certain cleverness in displaying his varied reading, we miss something in the story which was necessary to the perfection of an historical romance. What that indefinable something is we are not prepared to say, but the fact remains the same. Perhaps it may be a want of vitality, and a misty impression that, however vivid the colouring may be, the characters are not real flesh and blood. This is, however, a speculation on our part, and many readers may form a different opinion: we only describe the feeling which affected ourselves on the first perusal of the work—that the story was overlaid by carpentry and stage effect, and that while the descriptions were excellent and faithful, they only distracted our attention from the characters who appeared on the stage. Taken for all in all, however, we have rarely to record so successful a first appearance as that of Mr. Thornbury as a novelist, and we feel sure that the defects we have felt it our duty to point out will disappear with ripened experience. In his poetry, Mr. Thornbury has always evinced a tendency for rich and bright colouring, and his efforts are never so happy as when he has to describe the gallant exploits of the long-haired, feather-brained Cavaliers. That period of our history

* Every Man his own Trumpeter. By G. W. Thornbury. Hurst and Blackett.

is evidently the object of his favourite study, and we therefore regret that, after having illustrated it so well in very harmonious verse, he had not laid the scene of his novel in our own country. In such a way he would have avoided any involuntary imitation, and we do not think the incidents of the Stuart era have been so rifled as to prevent another novel on that interesting epoch being written. With Mr. Thornbury's undoubted ability, he could have produced a novel far more attractive to his readers, and, better still, would have had the field to himself.

The story of "Every Man his own Trumpeter" is written in the form of an autobiography, and is extremely simple. At the outset we find a young Gascon gentleman, Cæsar de Mirabel (no relation of his namesake in the "Inconstant"), setting out, like a certain M. d'Artagnan, to make his fortune by his sword in Paris. He receives an appointment immediately on his arrival, and indulges in all the wild revelry of the Musketeers of the Guard. He has the misfortune, however, to incur the hatred of one of his fellow-officers, M. Lazare, who is notorious as a duellist, and whom the hero challenges to show his pluck. Of course he comes off triumphant, and his sword breaking short as he stabs Lazare, leads to the suspicion that he wears secret armour, and on examination this is found to be the fact. Now this is a very effective incident, but, unfortunately, it has already served Mr. Lever in good stead. After this our hero calls on his uncle, the Abbé de Bellerose, a good-tempered, selfish *bon vivant*, with whom is staying his niece, Aurore, who is destined for a convent, but naturally falls in love with the young Mangeur de Cœurs. At a masked ball he protects her from an insult offered her by the omnipotent D'Argenson, who rewards his interference by sending him to the Bastille. The description of this prison is very vividly written, and there is really much valuable historical information, but the incidents bear a suspicious resemblance to the prison scenes in Dumas's "Regent's Daughter." There is the same mode of communication among the prisoners, the same employment of spies to worm out their secrets; but there is certainly great originality in the way our hero escapes from prison, disguised as a pastrycook's lad, after the governor and his guests have been stupified by the help of an Italian quack, who is also a prisoner. Mirabel, with his friend, young Bellerose, seeks shelter at the house of the abbé, who exerts his court influence to procure them a pardon. This is effected by means of Madame de Maintenon, who extorts a promise from the young lover that he will do nothing to prevent Aurore entering the convent. He is then appointed to the Blue Musketeers, and the regiment soon after sets out for the seat of war in the Tyrol. Before leaving, however, Mirabel has an opportunity of meeting all the wits and authors of Paris at the house of the abbé, and the conversation that goes on among them is described with much effect and careful study of the best authorities. In fact, it is just like reading that chapter of the "Vicomte de Bragelonne," in which Fouquet gives a supper to the poets, and we are afraid we must give the preference to the latter. But these unlucky comparisons beset us at every turn, all through Mr. Thornbury's choice of a subject, in the proper treatment of which they could not but spring up. The campaign gives our author many opportunities for dashing descriptions of camp life and bold exploits, but they all sin in one respect—they

are spun out to too great a length. The vigour of a cavalry charge must be compressed into as small a compass as possible; the description should gallop as fast as the chargers. If it begins to lag the effect is quite destroyed. Still there are many picturesque bits studding the pages, and here and there we come to a passage that stirs the heart like the sound of a trumpet. The hero, however, soon gets into trouble by renewing his friendship with his old enemy, Lazare, who is striving to undermine him, and works him ill in every way. Mirabel behaves most gallantly in the destruction of a mill occupied by the enemy, and is then detached by his colonel to undertake the defence of St. Damian, a town menaced by the Camisards. Here, of course, he performs the most marvellous achievements, but, after an heroic defence, want of food and the express authority of his colonel force a surrender upon him. The colonel has been killed by the machinations of Lazare when coming to the relief of the beleaguered town. The discovery of the colonel's body is written in Mr. Thornbury's happiest style, and we will therefore extract it as a specimen brick:

"It was the colonel 'now or never' dead, with his face to heaven, and all his wounds upon his breast; his helmet was half off, the hollow full of rain water. Clinging to him and quite dead, as if he had been trying to defend his body from insult, lay a pretty boy—the colonel's pet, as we used to call him. Some said he was his son; he used to write his letters and amuse him at leisure moments. There he lay, his pale cheek resting against the colonel's broad breast; his yellow curls stiff with blood. You might have thought the colonel sleeping, for the heavy eyelids and firm, sullen mouth wore no expression of pain. His death was a pistol-shot in the right temple, the blue orifice of which could be seen when we turned the brave man's head, which the men did with hasty awe, as if dreading he would awake with some rough reprimand. It must have been a dreadful struggle before he died, for the sand hollow where he lay was churned and trodden into a pit with the scuffle of eddies of horsemen, the dark marks of hoofs all concentrating in one central whirlpool, where the colonel still lay. From scraps of the regimental colours being still clutched in his stiff, stone-cold hands, and being scattered here and there upon the yellow dust-heaps of the sand, or the bloody mire and ground-heaps of the turf, where it was most splashed and ridden, we conjectured that it was in a fierce contest for the trophy of the colours that the brave soldier had died. His white lappels were black and scorched with powder, his sword-sheath lay bent and broken under him, his high boots were cut as if with downward strokes of his adversaries' sabres that had missed him, or that he had parried. His breast was studded with gashes and stabs; his breastplate was miry and dented, and scratched with sword strokes; his left hand was gashed and bloody; his right still held the handle of a broken sword so firmly that we could not detach it without violence; his great flap-waistcoat was stripped of its gold lace. As for the poor boy, he was completely cloven by a stroke that had swept through his collar-bone down to his lungs."

From this point the story moves on with gigantic strides; and we need not stop to tell how virtue is eventually triumphant, while Lazare is struck by lightning while crossing swords with Mirabel. All, of course, terminates happily at the end of the third volume, and we feel sorry that

the story is finished. It is one of those books which it is impossible to lay down when you have commenced the perusal; and, although we have felt it our duty to point out the difficulties against which Mr. Thornbury has had to contend, we consider his novel one of the best the season has produced. More satisfactory is the impression it leaves upon us, that Mr. Thornbury is capable of still greater things, and we think he may be reckoned among the novelists of his day who will meet with more than ephemeral success. The fact that we have devoted so large a space to our analysis of a novel is a sufficient guarantee of the estimation in which we hold it.

THE ORPHAN'S DREAM.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

We laid him, weeping, on his couch,
But when he slept he smiled,
For once again a mother's face
Looked sweetly on her child;
And when he woke he told us how
His little hands had striven
In vain to catch that snow-white robe
That floated back to heaven.
"Oh! will she never come again?"
He asked us, broken-hearted,
"Then let me sleep and dream once more,
For then we are not parted."

In vain we told him she had fled
Away from worldly care,
And, pointing to the sunny skies,
Had now her dwelling there;
His pallid cheek still paler grew,
His eye no more seemed beaming,
And when our little Orphan smiled,
'Twas but when he was dreaming.
One morn we came, he spoke not then,
We saw, half broken-hearted,
His hands *had* clutched the snow-white robe,—
They never more were parted.

FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.

A MODERN STORY.

By Dudley Costello.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

BAD NEWS.

The vicissitudes of a life of labour had taught Monsieur Perrotin philosophy. He had learned how to bear with personal privation, and could suffer for himself alone without a murmur. But philosophy had not yet instructed him in the art—which many acquire so easily—of not feeling for the privations and sufferings of others, and his attachments, where he formed them, were deep and enduring. It was not in the hey-day of young blood, nor with the fervour of youthful passion, that he had courted Rachel Loring; he was attracted towards her by the calm conviction that in marrying her his happiness would be secured, and this conviction had not deceived him. The closer his acquaintance grew, the stronger became his affection, till the common but unreasoning process was reversed, and that which began in esteem ended in love, and this without any jealous alloy, for what Rachel loved, Monsieur Perrotin loved also. Hence his fondness for Walter was second only to his fondness for his wife. The departure of the boy, on whose education he had bestowed so much care, was a pang to him, but still greater was the enforced journey of Rachel, though his loneliness was relieved by the letters which came from both. When, however, these communications ceased, and days of expectation went by without any tidings from either of them, Monsieur Perrotin's philosophy was rather severely tested. Walter's silence might, indeed, be accounted for by the numerous distractions of his new mode of life, but that of his wife was a painful enigma. Her last letter told him of her arrival in Yorkshire and of the accidental meeting with Matthew Yates, and she then promised to keep him *au courant* of everything that befel her, day by day as it occurred, —yet now a whole week had gone by without a single line!

As long as he could, Monsieur Perrotin kept his apprehensions to himself, but the heart—even of a philosopher—demands expansion, and one morning, after waiting for a full hour beyond the postman's accustomed time, and waiting as usual in vain, he sallied forth to take counsel with Monsieur and Madame Vermeil.

It was a fine, autumnal day, and the golden sun, the clear blue sky, and the freshly-blowing air, seemed to invigorate and enliven all the out-of-door world, as Monsieur Perrotin passed on his way to the Rue des Carmes. There, too, the sun shone brightly, casting his strongest rays on the confectioner's glowing shop, and leaving the other side of the street in darkest shadow. For conformity's sake, it ought, perhaps, to

have been otherwise, but Nature delights in contrasts, and often wears the gayest aspect when man's heart is at the saddest. That of Monsieur Perrotin was heavy enough at the moment, but was destined soon to be much heavier.

The functions of *demoiselle de boutique* were generally performed by Mademoiselle Cécile, when that young lady was at home from school, but on this occasion the care of the shop had been confided to a neighbour, a somewhat sweet-toothed old personage, who, in reply to Monsieur Perrotin's inquiry after Madame Vermeil, said, as well as a mouth full of strawberry-jam would allow her to speak, that a great misfortune had just happened to the family.

Good Heavens! What could it be? To whom did it relate? were Monsieur Perrotin's instant questions.

That, the old lady, still hampered by the strawberry-jam, could not take upon herself exactly to say. Madame Vermeil's *bonne* had only summoned her five minutes before, while she herself ran for the doctor, because her mistress was in violent hysterics. She had been requested to mind the confectioner's shop, and she was doing so (after her own fashion) when Monsieur came in.

Whatever concerned the Vermeil family affected Monsieur Perrotin; moreover, a vague fear impressed him, and he stopped to ask no more questions, but ran hastily up-stairs, leaving the substitute of Mademoiselle Cécile to diminish the confectioner's stock at her leisure.

The hysterics had not been overstated. Madame Vermeil was lying on a sofa in her husband's arms, sobbing and laughing wildly, while Cécile, pale as a sheet, knelt on the floor, with difficulty retaining one of her mother's hands in hers. This was the scene that met Monsieur Perrotin's view as he entered the room.

"Ah, my friend!" said Vermeil, looking round as Cécile pronounced their visitor's name—"I am glad—and sorry, too—to see thee."

Say what has happened!" cried Perrotin.

"Cécile, give that letter. Ah, calm thyself, my angel, my cherished one! Thy child will yet be restored to thee!"

But the husband's words were unavailing; Madame Vermeil still sobbed and struggled, a prey to the strongest emotion.

Monsieur Perrotin would have withdrawn, but the confectioner begged him to remain, while Cécile placed in his hands the letter of which her father had spoken. Thus urged, he read as follows:

"MY DEAR COUSIN,—A sad calamity, difficult to relate, has overtaken us all. Noël, for whose life I have had fears, is still lying on a bed of sickness, and the children——ah, there, *mon Dieu*, that is what is the most afflicting—how shall I tell you things which I do not myself understand! But yet all that I know must be told. Listen then! A week ago we all went to the *Fête des Loges* in the forest of Saint-Germain—it is four leagues from Paris, and everybody goes there—in the company of a newly-made acquaintance, Monsieur Delablague, a so-called Norman gentleman, who, indeed, invited us to be of his party. He had with him a person named Courapied, the intendant of his estates, who alone acted as his servant. The *fête* was brilliant; your dear Jules and his friend, for whom I have an equal regard, enjoyed all they saw, the *spectacles* above

everything else. At a late hour of the afternoon we repaired to dine in a part of the forest called the Carrefour of the Châsse de Saint Fiacre, and scarcely was the dinner over when Noël was attacked by a stupefaction which threw him into a sudden swoon, the cause of which it was impossible for me then to divine, though, since, its real nature has been established. On this event arriving, all, except Walter, who stayed with me, went off quickly in search of medical assistance, your dear child Jules accompanying Monsieur Delablague, while the other person took a different direction. For a long time we waited, Noël always in the same state of prostration, but nobody returned. At length cries of distress came to our ears; we heard the voice of Jules calling for help, and then Walter ran to find and save his friend. Faintly, after a while, I heard other sounds, and then all was once more still. I was in despair! Impossible for me to leave Noël, who lay on the ground like a person dead; useless that I should search in the depth of night in that forest for those dear boys! I could only kneel in my tears and pray to the *bon Dieu* for help, which was granted at last, but—I dare not conceal it from you—to me only. It was daylight: I had passed the night in fruitless attempts to restore my husband—in vainly screaming the names of the lost children—when a *garde champêtre* came to the spot. What we had desired the night before on Noël's account was then procured—a conveyance to remove him to the nearest surgeon, who at once declared that my husband had been made the victim of an infamous plot, the wine given him to drink having caused his stupefaction, from which it needed the utmost skill to recover him. But the darkest part of the affair consisted not in this so cowardly project—it showed itself in the disappearance of the darling boys, of whom we could obtain no news, though for what purpose they have been carried away it is not possible to imagine. At once researches were made in the forest, but all to no purpose, and since that time the police of the department and of Paris are making constant inquiry, hitherto, however—and my heart bleeds that I should have to say so—without success. I am lost in astonishment not less than is my sorrow at this so cruel bereavement. Be of some comfort, notwithstanding, for it is certain—as the police observe—that the boys have sustained no personal injury. Had they worn fine clothes, with rings and watches and much money, it might have been different, but this, they say, is an abduction for some particular purpose, which time, and the opportunities that the police always have, will bring to light. I embrace you both, and dearest Cécile, with all my heart; and Noël—from his bed—does the same. Your desolate but devoted friend for life,

"ROSALIE CLOVIS.

"Be persuaded that if we receive intelligence of the lost ones I write immediately."

Monsieur Perrotin's dismay on reading this letter was little less than that of his unhappy friends. His first thought was for Rachel. What would be the effect on her of this distressing news? The entire object of her journey to England—that journey which she had undertaken at so much risk—was through this unlooked-for misadventure completely frustrated! And by what means? Who were this Norman and his

Intendant? No mention was made by Madame Clovis of any third person, or the suspicions of Monsieur Perrotin would naturally have fallen on the Englishman Yates. But he knew that Yates was in England, a fact which had already awakened his fears on Rachel's own account. Then, what motive had these men for carrying off Jules—the disappearance of Walter being apparently only the consequence of his courageous interference? In the midst, however, of his own distress he could not witness the grief of Madame Vermeil without endeavouring to add to the consolation which her husband offered. By degrees, and by the aid of Monsieur Bellegueule, the *pharmacien*, who came and administered a *tisane*, the universal French remedy whether sorrow or stomach-ache afflict the patient, she became more composed, and consented to lie down with Cécile at her side, while Vermeil and Monsieur Perrotin took counsel together as to the course they should pursue. The discussion was a long one, many plans were proposed and rejected, but eventually they came to the conclusion that the confectioner should go at once to Paris, while the Teacher of Languages remained in Rouen. If, at the end of a week, no tidings of the boys were obtained, and nothing was heard of Rachel, Monsieur Perrotin announced his intention of proceeding direct to England, not only for the purpose of finding his wife, but for that of exposing the whole situation respecting Walter, fearlessly and without reserve, to Sir James and Lady Tunstall.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

On the night that proved so disastrous to poor Walter the forest of Saint-Germain was traversed by two travellers in a cabriolet, who, somewhat belated, were making the best of their way along the high road from Pontoise to Versailles. Their journey that day had been a long one for a single horse, and the animal, with that aptitude for crawling which distinguishes French horses the moment they feel the collar, took advantage of a very slight inequality in the ground to proceed at his most leisurely pace. This characteristic was impatiently commented on by one of the travellers, who spoke with a strong Irish accent.

"See there now, doctor," he exclaimed, "the confounded baste is at it again! I give you my word of honer the road's as level as a billiard-table, there's not the rise of an inch in a hundred yards; but it's my belief that the garrons in this country, bad luck to 'em, have their fore-legs longer than their hind ones: they're only made for going down hill. Sure we'll never get home to-night!"

"Give him the whip again, colonel," said his companion.

"The whip is it? faith, he minds that no more than he would a sermon. I declare to you, doctor, I'm quite sore with bating him."

"That ought to be his case, not yours," replied the other, "though I must say he's not very thin-skinned."

"Thin-skinned! his hide is as tough as an alligator's. Stay, what's the matter with Carlo? What's he about there? Hark to him how he's giving tongue!"

Carlo was a large Irish setter, whose impatience seemed to resemble that of his master, for until then he had been ranging some distance in

front of the cabriolet, but, not being followed so rapidly as he expected, had come swiftly back, and now stood with his feet firmly planted on a mound by the roadside, and his head raised high in the air, awaking the echoes of the forest with a protracted howl.

"Pull up, colonel!" said the doctor.

"That's soon done," returned the colonel. "I never saw a creature take a hint so quickly. Good dog, Carlo! What is it, my fine fellow?"

The travellers both jumped from the cabriolet and approached the spot where the setter was standing. The moonlight enabled them to see a dark object lying across a heap of leaves, and, stooping down with outstretched hands, he who was called "the Doctor" pronounced it to be a human body.

"Be still, Carlo," cried the colonel; "what is it you say—a body?"

"Yes, and warm,—help me to raise it—carefully—so, rest his back against the heap—turn his face to the light—ah, quite a lad—wet—and with blood too!"

"Murdered, doctor?"

"Wounded to a certainty—perhaps killed! No! that moan is a sign of life."

"Poor boy! How came he this way, I wonder! What's to be done?"

"Give me your flask. Keep his head that way. We must make him swallow a few drops. That's well. Now mind him till I get my case. Lucky it's handy—I have it in my great-coat pocket."

He ran to the cabriolet and soon returned with lint and bandages. They untied the boy's neckcloth, opened his shirt, and with a skilful hand the doctor stanched the blood which was still oozing from his wounded breast.

"How far do you call it from here to your house?" asked the doctor.

"At the next turn of the road, which leads direct to it—rather more than a mile."

"We may manage, I hope, for that distance. He must be kept in a recumbent position. I will hold him in the carriage while you lead the horse."

The doctor got in first, and with little effort, for he was of stalwart frame; the colonel placed the suffering boy in the attitude required. They then slowly moved on, Carlo, who had been an attentive observer of all the proceedings, keeping close to his master's side. Half an hour sufficed to bring them to the pretty village of Maisons-sur-Seine, where the colonel rented a small *château*. He had been expected some time, and the servants were all in attendance, so that no delay took place in carrying Walter in-doors, where an immediate and careful examination was made of his wound. It was deep and severe, and caused the doctor to return a grave reply to his friend's anxious inquiry as to the probability of the boy's recovery. If inflammatory action did not supervene—— but there is no necessity for us to be technical; indeed, the doctor himself was very little given to use the jargon of his profession, being a straightforward person who always went direct to his purpose. Let it suffice, then, if we say, that though Walter did not die, his condition for some weeks was one of great uncertainty, and that what the Nor-

man's knife failed to accomplish was very nearly brought about by fever.

Pending his recovery, it may be desirable to state who was his hospitable host, and who his medical attendant.

The former was an officer in the British army, who had served in various parts of the globe, always meritoriously, and latterly with the greatest distinction in the Sikh war, where he had obtained his colonel's brevet, and converted his previous companionship of the Bath into the rank of a knight commander, so that those who designated him in full addressed him as Colonel Sir Hercules Kilbryde, K.C.B. A few wounds of his own, the actual number of which he did not give himself the trouble to reckon, together with the wear and tear of climate, caused him to leave India some eighteen months before the event which has just been described, and after re-establishing his health at one of the German baths, he went to Paris, and being pleased with the environs, settled for the autumn at Maisons. Shortly after his arrival there he heard of the return of his regiment to England, and forthwith sent an invitation to his oldest ally, Dr. Kane, the surgeon of the corps, to come over and pay him a long visit. The invitation was promptly accepted, and thus the two friends were housed once more together. On the day on which Walter was found in the forest, they had been on an excursion to the neighbourhood of Pontoise, and to the fatigue of the much-abused horse it was principally owing that the discovery of the wounded boy was made.

"Isn't it an odd thing, doctor," said Sir Hercules, one evening, while Walter's symptoms were still doubtful—"isn't it odd, I say, that the same sort of thing should affect people so differently? Here now is this boy with only a single prod from a knife, as you tell me, and even you can't prophesy whether he'll live or die; while at Sobraon I got six at least, lance-thrusts all of 'em, besides a couple of bullet-wounds, and divil a bit the worse I found myself all that day, only a little stiff maybe when the night came on and the fun was all over!"

"Everybody, colonel, hasn't your iron frame, and you forget the excitement, which carries a man through anything."

"Bedad, that's true. I don't see what's to stop a fellow so long as he keeps his legs!"

"Unless he happens to lose his head," said the doctor.

"Ah, that indeed!" returned the colonel, gravely. "How do you suppose the poor boy got his hurt?"

"It was from some one a good deal taller than himself by the direction of the blow, and the arm was a strong one that dealt it."

"No accident, then?"

"I should say, certainly not; a fierce stab, most likely in the heat of passion."

"And not a deliberate robbery?"

"No. If he had been rifled in the way such fellows generally do their work, they would hardly have left this behind them, which I took off his neck from under his shirt. It is true it had slipped round to his back, but the ribbon was there."

As he spoke, Dr. Kane pulled out the cameo ring which Mary Tunstall had sent to Walter by Dufourmantelle.

"It's a swate face that," said Sir Hercules, after looking at the head attentively. "I dare say now it's one of the goddesses!"

"Not unlikely. Psyche, perhaps. If so, she is well matched with a Cupid,—the Cupid of the picture that we saw in the Louvre the other day. He is as slender and well made, and quite as fair."

"Is he a Frenchman, think you?"

"Don't you suppose so?"

"Well—no!" replied Sir Hercules, after a moment's hesitation. "He has an English look."

"I agree with you in that respect."

"And what's more," continued the colonel, "he puts me in mind of somebody I know. Who can it be? For the life of me, now, I can't remember. Ah, I have it! A woman—the loveliest I ever saw—she that married poor Cobham of ours—you don't recollect him—it was a year or two before he joined us. He was drowned with his detachment going out to Canada. It was a runaway match, doctor, a Gretna-green affair, and I was in it."

"Pars magna, I make no doubt."

"I was one of the pa's, if you mane that, for I gave her away. It's curious that I should be reminded of her face at this distance of time; I don't know now whether it's my fancy or not, but the goddess here, Psyche, has a look of her, too! Poor thing," added Sir Hercules, musing, "I wonder how it all ended! I never heard what became of her. Maybe she died!"

"What was her name?"

"Edith Scrope. The last time she signed it was just above my own in the vestry-room of St. Cuthbert's, 'in merry Carlisle.' How old should you say the boy was, doctor?"

"He seems about sixteen."

"Would it be any harm for me to have another look at him?"

"I am going to his room now. You can come too. But you must not speak nor make the slightest noise."

Sir Hercules threw away his cigar, took off his slippers, and softly followed Dr. Kane up-stairs.

Walter's head was thrown back on his pillow, the flush of fever was on his cheek, and he breathed heavily.

Both watched him in silence.

Presently his lips parted, and he uttered some indistinct words.

Dr. Kane bent down to listen. After a short interval he turned round and whispered to the colonel:

"We were right. He speaks English."

"What did he say?"

"'Rachel, dear!' And then, 'Mary!'"

Sir Hercules again fixed his eyes steadily on the sleeping boy, who spoke again, louder and more plainly than before.

"Let him go!" he cried. "Kill me, but let him go! Rachel! Rachel! They are taking him away!" And he threw his arms out and tossed uneasily. Dr. Kane made a sign to his companion to leave the room. Half an hour afterwards, when he went back to the *salon*, he found Sir Hercules deeply meditating.

He looked up as Dr. Kane entered.

"I can't get this likeness out of my head," he said. "Another strange thing! It's come across me—I'm sure I'm not wrong—Rachel was the name of Mrs. Cobham's maid, and a very pretty girl she was into the bargain!"

"Well," said Dr. Kane, "if he belongs in any way to the people you speak of we shall find it out by-and-by. I am glad to tell you that I think there is a favourable change, but we must be very, very patient."

CHAPTER XL.

IMPRISONMENT AND ESCAPE.

WHILE Walter was being conveyed to an hospitable home, his companion in misfortune was also travelling, but with prospects very far from pleasant. Jules's conductors had bundled him into the *patache* with as little ceremony as if he had been a mere bale of goods, and it was some time before he recovered his senses sufficiently to remember what had happened. Even when he did collect his scattered faculties, he could only recal the fact of the outrage in the forest: how he became the inmate of the vehicle which nearly jolted him to death with every movement wholly exceeded his comprehension. Nor less the purpose for which he had been placed there. He was, however, quite alive to the consciousness that no great good was intended him, and, in the hope of discovering the purpose of the Norman and his follower, lay perfectly still to listen to their conversation. But he gathered little from what they said, every third word being some cant phrase only understood by themselves, and thus he remained in darkness and discomfort for several hours, sadly revolving over his own condition and wondering what had happened to Walter, of whose fate he was entirely ignorant. It seemed to Jules as if the day would never come, nor this wearisome journey be brought to a close. At last, however, some streaks of light appeared, and shortly afterwards the *patache* rumbled beneath a gateway, and then stood still.

The Norman now spoke to Jules for the first time, saluting him by the epithet of "Goddem," and ordering him to get out of the carriage. He obeyed as quickly as he could, for his limbs were cramped and stiffened by confinement, and scrambling to the ground he found himself in a large and very dirty court-yard, enclosed within stables and other outhouses. The morning was wet and raw, adding greatly to the dreariness of the place, and Jules, shivering with cold, hunger, and fatigue, sought shelter under a shed while the horse was taken out of the *patache* and put into a stable. This done, the Norman desired Jules to go with him. Obedient —for there was no remedy—Jules followed out of the yard, a dependency on a solitary *auberge*, on the front of which was painted, in large, upright letters, the usual intimation—"Ici on loge à pied et à cheval." Over the door also appeared an inscription, which informed the wayfarer that the house was called the "Hôtel du Loyal Postillon," and further, that it was "tenu par Rougeventre."

Early as it was, the household were astir, perhaps because they strictly followed the country custom in France of rising some hours before daylight, perhaps on account of their being in the habit of receiving night-

wanderers of the class to which Auguste Mercier belonged. The last supposition is probable enough, for he was encountered by Monsieur Rougeventre himself as a guest whose presence occasioned no surprise, though he stared hard at Jules, apparently wondering what brought him there; but a glance from the Norman checked any curiosity which he might have felt on the subject. Jules also cast an inquiring look on the innkeeper, but however "loyal" the "postillon" under whose auspices the *auberge* flourished, he saw nothing in Monsieur Rougeventre's countenance expressive either of loyalty or kind feeling, and the project he had formed of proclaiming his wrongs faded away as quickly as it rose. Courapied having joined them from the stable, Mercier now ordered breakfast, and when that meal was over he took the landlord apart to talk to him. The result of their conversation was an intimation to Jules to accompany Monsieur Rougeventre and the Norman up-stairs, where he was thrust into a miserable bedroom, and told by Mercier that he might sleep, if he liked, for the rest of the day. Screwing his courage up, he demanded by what right he was subjected to this treatment, and was proceeding with his remonstrance when the door was shut in his face, the key turned outside, and he was left alone.

Though not at all wanting in courage, Jules's temperament was of that nature which injury readily provokes to tears, and his first act was to throw himself on the bed and cry for half an hour. He then got up and paced the room to and fro, loudly venting his rage against Mercier and Courapied,—and it must be added against Monsieur Rougeventre also,—all three of whom he stigmatised by the appellations of "lâches" and "misérables" to such an extent that he must have sorely suffered for his imprudence had either of those gentlemen been within hearing. Fortunately for him they were at that moment carousing below, pledging each other in frequent glasses of the landlord's "sacré chien," that choicest and strongest description of brandy being more to their taste than any other kind.

But if unheard by the objects of his indignation, there was some one in the house whose ears his voice had reached, and Jules was made aware of it by a gentle tap at his door during one of the intervals of his passionate exclamations.

"Who is there?" he asked, in a cross tone, angry and ready to defy the whole world.

"It is only I," was the reply in small, feminine accents.

"And who are you?" inquired Jules, less fiercely than before.

"Come nearer the door and I will tell you. I must speak very low, for your room is close to the staircase. Can you hear me?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I am Lucine, my father keeps the *auberge;* it was I who poured out your coffee at breakfast."

"I remember you—you are a very pretty girl."

"Nonsense."

"But it is true."

"Never mind about that! What have you been brought here for, and why are you shut up?"

"I know no more than you do. It is a wicked shame, but I shall denounce the authors of it to justice!"

"To do that you must get away first."

Jules seemed to think so, and remained silent.

"Listen," resumed Lucine. "I happened to be near your door"—she did not say she had crept up-stairs to peep through the keyhole—"and heard you crying. I thought it such a pity! I will help you to get away if you are willing."

"Willing! Mon Dieu! Certainly. But how? Tell me, Lucine! I shall love you for ever!"

"Have you been to your window yet?"

"No! But I shall do so. Ah!" he exclaimed, returning to the door, "it looks out upon that detestable court-yard. It is very far from the ground. My neck would be broken were I to jump."

"I think so too," replied Lucine, "but yet it is not impossible for you to escape that way. Can you ride? Are you afraid to mount a horse?"

"I am afraid of nothing," said Jules, proudly.

"In that case," answered Lucine, "count on my assistance. The people who came with you—I believe one of them to be a very bad man—are drinking with my father. It still rains hard, and no one is about the house, I will slip out to the stable and get a horse ready. Then, if I am able, I will raise a ladder to the window—there is a long one in the yard—and you have only to descend."

"Ah, but you will hurt yourself with that ladder. No, dearest Lucine, do not make the attempt. Rather will I remain for ever here!"

"We shall see—we shall see. Adieu,—for a little while!"

"Adieu!"

Noiselessly she withdrew from the door, but, to the prisoner's surprise, in a few moments he heard her voice again.

"I forgot one thing. I want to know your name."

"My name is Jules Vermeil. My father is the principal confectioner of Rouen, and a member of the Legion of Honour. I am a student of the Royal College of Charlemagne in Paris; my mother——"

"That will do," said Lucine, and this time she took her departure.

The dirty court-yard had now some attraction for Jules, and he hurried to the window to watch the proceedings of Lucine. As she passed through the arch she looked up and smiled, waving her hand as a signal to Jules not to show himself too openly. It was broad daylight, his eyes were quick, and he saw that he had not merely been paying a compliment when he told her that she was pretty; she seemed about the same age as himself, and being a susceptible young gentleman, with no other predilection—not even the *souvenir* of Séraphine—he straightway fell in love.

While the first throes of his new passion were agitating his bosom, Lucine was busy in the court-yard preparing the means for his escape. The labour of placing the ladder was less than she had anticipated, for it was already standing against an open hayloft, and she had only to turn it over and over till it reached the gable-end of the house, and when near enough to the window Jules was able to fix it in position: Lucine then kept it steady below, and as quickly as might be the prisoner stood beside his deliverer. The ardent youth would have embraced her on the spot, but this demonstration Lucine avoided,—either on account

of the rain, or, it might be, the publicity of the act—and, whispering "Vite! vite!" ran away to the stable. Thither Jules followed in all haste, and when he emerged, some ten minutes afterwards, he bestrode a bare-backed steed, more remarkable for bone than blood, and very liberally endowed in the articles of mane and tail. It may seem to the unreflecting reader that to consume ten minutes in mounting a horse, when a person is in a hurry to escape, is wasting a great deal of time, but let that reader reassure himself—the time was not wasted. Lucine and Jules had each several things to say. The place where the *auberge* stood was on the skirts of the forest of Bizy, and it was necessary for Lucine to explain clearly the road Jules ought to take in order to strike the railway at Vernon, the nearest station. This, after one or two interruptions of thankfulness on the part of Jules, which made Lucine look a little rosier, was at last satisfactorily accomplished, but when the railway was mentioned there arose a difficulty. The object of Jules was to get to Rouen as fast as he could, but unluckily he did not possess a single *sou*, his trifle of pocket-money having been expended at the fair, the day before, in the purchase of a small gold heart and cross, which he intended for his sister Cécile—unless, indeed, some other fair one intercepted the present. He was obliged, therefore, to expose his penniless condition to Lucine, and he did so with hesitation as well as doubt, not liking to make the revelation, nor expecting any good to come of it. His doubt was, however, speedily removed, for Lucine, with a smiling face, informed him that, *Dieu merci!* she was the owner of a couple of five-franc pieces, and the money, luckily, was in her pocket: she gave it him with all her heart. Jules would not hear of such a thing; it must be a loan, not a gift; he would restore it the moment he reached Rouen, and leave a pledge of his sincerity—here he took out the little heart and cross—behind him. No!—he did not mean a pledge—she must wear that for his sake—not for a few days only, but for ever! Ah, might he hope——Must I explain further why ten minutes were consumed by Jules in clambering to his horse's back?

At the archway, Lucine peeped out, and, the coast being clear, the lovers—how short a time it takes to convert strangers into lovers!—bade each other again farewell. As it was not necessary for Jules to pass in front of the *auberge*, his road lying in a contrary direction, he did not start at a gallop, but walked his horse slowly away, turning often to look at Lucine; but when the angle of the building hid her from his sight, he shook the bridle of his *destrier* and rode off at a good pace towards Vernon, while Lucine, with a flushed cheek and quickened breath, stole back to her father's roof.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE TABLES TURNED.

As nothing ever happens in the way that mortals expect, so the programme of Lucine was disturbed by an unforeseen occurrence. It had been arranged that on the arrival of Jules Vermeil at Vernon he was to seek out a certain inn, the position of which was clearly described, and there give up his horse to the *garçon d'écurie* to be sent back in the course of the day to the Hôtel du Loyal Postillon. Having made restitu-

tion of the steed, he was then to proceed to the station and take the first train to Rouen. A letter to Lucine, announcing his safe arrival at home, was to be the third act of the eventful drama.

The obstacle to the successful issue of this programme arose out of the fact that Jules, who possessed many accomplishments, knew nothing of the science of equitation. We have seen how he set out on his journey, and as long as the pace was moderate he managed tolerably well, but when his horse, which was rather fresh, increased its speed, his difficulties began: as the canter became a gallop the rider's heart (that heart which he had just disposed of) flew into his mouth, and his presence of mind departed: dropping the rein, he seized the mane, and the beast, having his head free, and knowing well the sort of rider he had to deal with, did just what he liked, till Jules could stand it no longer, and, losing his seat altogether, was pitched head foremost into a muddy ditch, where he lay for some moments half stunned, while the author of his mischance, freed from all encumbrance, wheeled sharply round and galloped back towards his stable.

Recovering from his fall, and finding that no bones were broken, Jules now began to consider what was best for him to do. The spot where the accident occurred was something more than half way to Vernon, and he resolved to push on a-foot and reach that town as quickly as he could: he had time to do so, he hoped, before the tell-tale horse revealed his flight. Once at Vernon, he fancied himself safe. He accordingly walked briskly on, and in the course of an hour arrived at a small village, where, on inquiry, he found he was only a league from his place of destination. In less than another hour he came within sight of the town, but before he proceeded to the railway station he stepped into a little *cabaret* to refresh himself with a glass of wine. The fatigue of the previous night, the wet and dirt through which he had tramped, and the rents in his clothes occasioned by his tumble, had rendered his personal appearance anything but respectable, and the owner of the *cabaret* declined to supply the required refreshment until he saw the colour of the traveller's money. With a gesture of indignation, Jules thrust his hand into his waistcoat pocket for one of the five-franc pieces which Lucine had given him, but, to his utter amazement, not a vestige of a coin was visible. He felt in every other pocket, but with no greater success, and at last was compelled to admit that he had nothing about him. On this, the *cabaretier*, observing with a sneer that he saw how it was, bade him try the trick on somebody else, and very quietly put back his bottle on the shelf, while burning with shame and resentment Jules turned away from the inhospitable door.

What was to be done now? It was plain that the money had been jerked out of his pocket during that infernal gallop, or else he had lost it when he fell into the ditch. In either case it was irrecoverable, for, even if he knew where to look, it was impossible for him to go back to seek it. To do so would be to expose himself to the risk—almost the certainty—of meeting with the fellows from whom he was escaping, as there could be little doubt that when his evasion was discovered—which might already be the case—his former captors would guess the route he had taken, and follow in hot pursuit. He must leave his money behind, then ;—but how get on without it? That, however, was only a se-

condary consideration. He wanted protection more than money. He would claim it at the hands of justice, as he had already threatened when in colloquy with Lucine.

To find out where "justice" resided was now his object. The streets of Vernon were narrow and crooked, offering no unapt resemblance to The Law's approaches, and painfully he hobbled through them with only one shoe to his foot, the other having been lost in the ditch. At last he reached the market-place, the focus of all movement in every French country town, and was not long in discovering the Mairie, the building proclaiming itself not only by an inscription in gold letters and a tri-colored flag which waved above the portico, but by a group of *gendarmes* who were assembled before it.

A *gendarme*, generally speaking, is not a very accessible personage, there is so much cocked-hat-and-boots about him, and the sabre which he trails upon the pavement is in itself so formidable ; moreover, the recollections of Jules with regard to the class were disturbed by disagreeable associations ; but to counterbalance these things there was the sense of his own importance, which he very rarely lost sight of, and the necessities of the case. Approaching the group, therefore, Jules addressed himself to the one who appeared to scowl the least, though there was not much difference between them in that respect, and requested to be presented to the Mayor of Vernon.

"Plaît-il ?" said the man, opening his eyes very wide, as if he had not heard aright.

On the repetition of the request, the *gendarme* looked at Jules steadfastly, and burst out laughing.

"What does he want ?" asked one of the others, taking his pipe from his mouth and drawing nearer.

"*Le drôle !*" replied the first—"he desires to make the acquaintance of Monsieur le Maire !"

"He may have good reason for wishing to do so," observed the interlocutor, ironically. Then, turning to Jules, he said, "What hen-roost have you been robbing ?"

An accusation of murder, with the certainty of conviction, would have affected Jules less than did this scornful question. His eyes flashed fire on the *gendarme* as he replied,

"When people say 'six feet of stupidity,' they always mean a *gendarme*. Do I look like a robber of hen-roosts ?"

"As like," answered the gendarme, nettled at being called stupid—"as like as one thief is to another."

"If I resembled a thief," returned Jules, "as nearly as you resemble a jackass, the judge's decision would not be difficult."

This remark created a laugh at the expense of the second *gendarme*, and brought forward a third person, who had been standing aloof reading a paper, and who now inquired what was the matter ?

"Mon brigadier," said the *gendarme* whom the retorts of Jules had irritated, "je crois qu'il y a quelqu'un ici qui désire manger le morceau." (I think, brigadier, that some one here wants to make a confession.)

"If you command here, monsieur," said Jules, speaking to the new comer, "I beg to be heard. I ask it in the interests of justice."

"Certainly," replied the brigadier ; "what have you to say ?"

"I have just escaped from the hands of assassins, monsieur. I demand that they be pursued and arrested."

"This is serious," said the sub-officer; "come with me."

He led the way into the mayor's office, and that functionary being communicated with, presently made his appearance. Jules was forthwith submitted to interrogation in the usual manner—that is to say, as if he who made the accusation were himself the criminal—a peculiarity in the mode of administering the law which always obtains in France, and sometimes elsewhere. The *procès-verbal* drawn up, and a *prise-de-corps* signed, immediate steps were taken for verifying the former and putting the latter into execution. The first part of the business was the removal of Jules to prison until he could be confronted with the persons whom he had accused,—the second, the despatch of three mounted *gendarmes* in search of them.

Jules, who had never calculated on passing the night in gaol, inveighed loudly, but in vain, against this decree, and while he is chewing the cud of fancies more bitter than sweet, we will return to the *auberge*.

Gentlemen of the profession on which Monsieur Auguste Mercier conferred so much *éclat*, rarely allow their talents to remain unemployed if the slightest opportunity offers for turning them to account, and as the rain continued to pour, precluding all possibility of stirring abroad, even had he been so minded, he turned his thoughts towards the best mode of occupying his time until dinner was ready. Jean Courapied, for a stipulated sum, half of which he received in Paris, had agreed to bear an equal part with Mercier in the abduction of the English boy, whom they intended to convey to Havre, there to await the arrival of Matthew Yates from England. The *Roulant* was consequently somewhat flush of cash, and from the burden of that cash Mercier proposed to relieve him. He accordingly suggested play, and to escape from *ennui*, a malady with which even rogues are occasionally visited, Courapied consented to the proposition.

What should it be? *La Robignole* (a game played with walnut-shells and a small bit of cork, like the pea and thimble)? *La Jarnaffe* (Prick the Garter)? No. The *Roulant* had no fancy for sleight of hand: he rather preferred dominoes, at which game he fancied himself particularly strong. Unfortunately none were to be found—so at least Monsieur Rougeventre said, replying to Mercier's look when asked for them—and cards were necessarily substituted. All Frenchmen, of whatever class—unless they happen to be men of science or grocers—play games of chance with skill; but then there are degrees of skill, and though Courapied was no tyro, he had to do with one who was *passé maître*, not in skill merely, but in that peculiar exercise of ability which gains for him who employs it the unenviable appellation of Frimousse (*Anglicè*, a cheat). Mercier's great dexterity consisted in his being able to *faire le pont* (bend a card) so slightly as to be almost imperceptible, and in cutting for the king at Ecarté, it may be imagined what was his advantage. Courapied lost, of course, and kept losing—with now and then a permitted amount of luck—and as they played *rubis sur pieux* (for ready money) he was soon in a fair way of being completely cleaned out.

This consummation had nearly arrived, when Monsieur Rougeventre, who had been watching the game, happening to look up, uttered a cry

of surprise and hastily left the room. In a few minutes he returned, well-nigh out of breath, and in a state of great excitement:

"Diable!" he exclaimed, as soon as he could speak, "I fear something has happened!"

"What do you mean?" asked Mercier and Courapied both together.

"I ran out," he said, "because I saw my black horse standing in the middle of the road. He was ready bridled and covered with mud and foam, as if he had been galloping fast. The court-yard gate was closed. I had to open it before I could drive him in. What did I see when I got there? A ladder standing at the open window of the room where we put the boy. Depend upon it, he has somehow given you the slip!"

Down went the cards, before Courapied's last *franc* was utterly gone, and with a tremendous oath the Norman bounded up-stairs, followed by the other two. Without waiting for the key, Mercier dashed his whole weight against the door and staggered into the room. It was empty! The Norman seized the landlord by the throat.

"This is some trick of yours!" he cried. "Where is the boy?"

Extricating himself from Mercier's grasp, Monsieur Rougeventre protested that he knew no more than he had already told him, but the Norman would not be convinced, and a fierce altercation arose between them. While it was at its height, Courapied suddenly called out:

"V'là les grippe-Jésus! Desmaraillons!" (Here are the *gendarmes!* Let us be off!)

Mercier cast his eyes towards the window, and perceived two of the party who had been sent from Vernon approaching the front of the *auberge*.

"The back way! the back way!" he shouted. "Run to the wood, Roulant!"

He reached the foot of the stairs in a moment and opened the back door, Courapied close at his heels; but before he could set his foot outside he was confronted by the third *gendarme*. Mercier drew a pistol from his breast, levelled it at his opponent, and pulled the trigger. The weapon missed fire. At the same instant down came the *gendarme's* sabre with a heavy sweep, and Mercier, whose right arm was half cut through, dropped on the ground. This was enough for Courapied, whose courage was not of a high order: he fell on his knees and begged for mercy. By this time the two other *gendarmes* had entered the *auberge*. The prisoners were fettered together and locked in a cellar until the officers of justice had refreshed themselves after their journey.

To propitiate them as much as possible, Monsieur Rougeventre served up the identical dinner which had been got ready for the Norman and his companion—and as those worthies had ordered the best the house could produce, the *gendarmes* — fastidious people when they dined at their own expense—declared themselves very well satisfied. It was only in the nature of things that Monsieur Rougeventre should express himself greatly horrified at finding that those whom he had harboured were persons of bad character: he had naturally supposed that the parties were simple travellers—a gentleman and his son, attended by a servant. "To think of criminality in such a category! Mon Dieu!"

"Of course," observed the principal *gendarme*, with a lurking smile—"of course that was your belief as an honest man! Nevertheless, Mon-

sieur Rougeventre, you must be kind enough to come over to Vernon to-morrow morning to depose to the circumstances under which these men arrived at your house. The carriage in which they travelled will be necessary amongst the *pièces de conviction.*"

"I will drive it myself," said Monsieur Rougeventre, cheerfully; "also the horse of those *scélérats.*"

Auguste Mercier and Jean Courapied occupied separate cells that night on either side of the one in which Jules Vermeil was confined, and the impartiality of justice was further exemplified in the identical character of the several prison arrangements. In the moral position of the prisoners there was, however, a little difference. Fatigue, if not innocence, made Jules sleep soundly; Mercier's wound and the rage he felt at losing his prize, rendered him wakeful enough; and Courapied passed the night in revolving the best method of getting out of the scrape into which the Norman had led him.

The examination on the following day presented some features which were not altogether without interest.

The statement made by Jules respecting his own abduction was fully corroborated by the unreluctant testimony of Monsieur Rougeventre, who, fearing to be compromised, incriminated his associates after the most approved fashion. Nor was this friendly feeling confined to the host of the Loyal Postillion; it extended to Jean Courapied, who, when it came to his turn to be examined, volunteered evidence against the Norman for which the court was by no means prepared. We must not search too narrowly into his motives, but I believe that the real cause of the Roulant's conduct arose from his conviction that Mercier had cheated him the day before: a night's consideration of the subject had certainly satisfied Jean Courapied that his money had not been fairly lost. There might have been another reason also—the desire to save himself; but in any case he made a clean breast of it, and revealed the fact that Mercier had stabbed Walter in the forest of Saint-Germain, leaving him there for dead: in support of his assertion, he produced the purse and handkerchief which, he said, the Norman had given him to keep.

On hearing this story, and beholding the objects which had belonged to Walter, Jules, who loved him like a brother, burst into an agony of grief, and was removed fainting from the court,—the proceedings of which were suspended till he was well enough to reappear. This did not take place for several days,—and, in the interim, he was nursed at the house of the mayor, who had discovered that his friends were of high respectability in Rouen. Another discovery was also made before Mercier and Courapied were finally committed for trial: the Norman found out that all the trouble he had taken to secure his prisoner had been literally thrown away. Deceived by the words which Jules was in the habit of using, he had taken it for granted that he who said "Goddem" could not possibly be other than English. It might, however, have been some satisfaction to one of his fierce nature to think that, after all, he had killed the boy who was the cause of his present trouble.

JOURNAL OF A WEEK'S SHOOTING IN THE EASTERN PROVINCE OF CEYLON, IN JANUARY, 1857.

Jan. 13—My coolies, sixteen in number, having left on the 10th of January, I bid farewell to Glenloch and my bereaved family. This leaving home on a Shikaar trip is the only drawback to its real pleasure, as I well know Ellen is kept in a perpetual state of alarm during my absence. I was to have been accompanied by my friend Captain Wilkinson (late of the 15th), losing, at the eleventh hour, a most excellent companion and an accomplished fellow-sportsman. Met Lyon Fraser and Jilks on the Rambodda Pass, came to an anchor on a log, and after smoking the calumet and passing round the fire-water of the pale face, they bid me good speed. Got into Newera Ellia at two P.M. Had some tiffen, and walked on to Wilson's bungalow, which I reached at half-past six P.M. Dinner, and turned in. Distance walked and ridden thirty-five miles.

Jan. 14.—Up at three A.M. Bright moonlight. Had a cup of coffee, and started to walk to Attampyttia Rest-house, where I expected to find my horse. Walked very fast, as it was most indescribably cold. Did the distance, thirteen miles, by half-past six A.M., and was considerably disgusted to learn that my nag had been seen going into Badulla the day before. No help for it; and having drunk a bottle of beer even at that early hour with molto gusto, I sped on my way. Took *the short cut*, like an ass, and getting too much way down the steep, struck my little toe against a projecting stone, and knocked the nail off. Very painful. Breakfasted at Dickwelle with Mr. Hall, and got into Badulla at three P.M. Dined with the Judge, E. H. Burrows, and got to bed very early in consequence.

Jan. 15.—Up at three A.M. Toe awfully painful. Started at four o'clock by most lovely moonlight. Felt very done up, but got much better by the time I reached Passera, making Alipoot* at eleven. I consider the distance twenty miles. Made a light breakfast off a couple of biscuits and a glass of grog. Under weigh again at one P.M. Found the sun most dreadfully hot, and had a most fatiguing walk until I got to a decent riding road, when I mounted "Popjoy," and rode into Bootel. Having ridden for the last hour and a half at a hard gallop, I am much mistaken if the whole distance to Badulla is less than thirty-seven miles, most of the road being very stony and broken up. Found my servant Lazarus and a few coolies waiting my arrival, the bulk of the men, with the heaviest loads, haying left that morning for Kattregam.† Took up my abode in the same shed that Shipton and I occupied last year. Head man very civil.

* Formerly an out-station for the Ceylon Rifle Regiment, but now a mass of jungle. The inhabitants of the village a most ruffish set of Moormen. Very few supplies to be had; in fact, without a warning letter from the acting government agent, nothing could be obtained on this route to the low country.

† Kattregam contains a large Hindoo temple, which in the month of August is visited by some thousands of pilgrims, many of whom come from Juggernaut, and as a finale to their travels, perhaps, from Delhi even.

Jan. 16.—Up at four A.M., having slept very well, and my toe very much improved. Started to walk to the Galghé* (rocky cave), taking a gun-bearer, "Maliappu," with me and my single rifle. Shortly after starting it came on to rain heavily, which it continued to do till eight A.M. Had a shot at a spotted buck in some scrub, and missed him in first-rate style. Must leave off smoking now until after dinner, and get a steady hand again. Got to the Galghé at nine A.M. Distance from Bootel sixteen miles. The road very good, but would be all the better if some of the logs were cleared away and the sides opened and re-cleared. Had some breakfast, and rode into Kattregam, the distance marked by posts being nine miles. Had a row with some Moormen, who refused to allow me to occupy the verandah of a tiled temple. Big words and big stick most successful. Felt very feverish and seedy. Went down to the river, and was glad to meet "Bab Alli" and "Soor Appoo" with the rice-cart from Hambantotte. Had a most delicious bath, and on my return found the coolies had all come up. An old villager promised to point out to me an old rogue elephant within a mile, who was said to commit nightly razzias in the village gardens. Took Bab Alli and the villager. Found the elephant standing in a chena, ran at him, and greeted him with a No. 10 in the temple, and forthwith took formal possession of his tail. Regular old rogue, with a very vicious general appearance. Struck up wind, and after a short walk saw two deer, one a very fine buck; as there was no chance of getting nearer to him, owing to the jungle being so thorny on each side of the glade, I took a steady aim with the single rifle at his throat as he stood fronting me, and killed him dead with the bullet through his windpipe; distance measured one hundred and thirty-nine yards. Carried him home, and gave half to my coolies and half to the village people. To bed at eight, very feverish and used up.

Jan. 17.—Never did I pass such a night as this last. I went to bed completely done, and did not close an eye until daylight warned me to get up. I was, moreover, disturbed by an accursed bird (Cingalese devil-bird), which flew round and round the shed with a succession of shrieks something between the sound of setting a saw and rending Horrock's longcloth. How ardently I wished for a loaded shot-gun, and I would soon have stopped his fun. Some fakirs who lived near the temple yelled at stated intervals, in imitation of a pack of jackals. These men had come all the way from Delhi to keep watch over the grave of one of their brotherhood who had departed this life in the fullest odour of sanctity.

Started at eight A.M. for Kattagamma, which usually might be considered seven miles off, but, owing to the rains having made a large artificial lake, I was obliged to make a long détour, not getting there until past eleven. Here I pitched my tent, and made the coolies build some bough huts for themselves.

Went out at three P.M., and after a long walk came upon some fresh elephant tracks; followed them up, and found a small herd in terribly thick thorny jungle. Got close up to the largest, but found it impossible to fire, owing to the impenetrable thorns between us. At last took a

* This cave not only offers shelter to the traveller, but also excellent water, obtainable from the fissures in the rock. This is the only water procurable within twenty-four miles after leaving Bootel.

random crack at his or her supposed head. No effect, except a violent rush away, and a few blasts on the trumpet! To follow them up was a simple impossibility. Shot a large bull buffalo on my way home, and brought away his tail for soup, and his tongue to be stewed. Saw a great many tracks of elephants, and am full of hope that some of their tails will be mine ere long.

Sunday, Jan. 18.—Tried to have a bath this morning, but the water was most impure and full of leeches. Sent coolies off for good water to the Yallé river, distant about two miles. Lay in bed reading all morning. Wrote to Ellen, and despatched a Cingalese with the letter to Hambantotte. Went out in the afternoon to look for a deer for the coolies. Did not meet with one, but shot an immense large boar with my small rifle. The tusks of this beast were singularly fine. On my way back to camp I saw Bab Alli, who was walking in front of me, suddenly jump back and point to the ground. On coming up, I found it was a huge python in the act of performing its powers of deglutition upon a fine hare. Cut a stick and killed the snake. He had swallowed nearly the whole head and shoulders. This snake, called by the natives "pimbera," resembles the boa. It was about twelve feet long. I asked Bab Alli if he had ever seen any very large ones. He told me that they were so large as frequently to swallow a deer. (This I know to be a fact.) I asked him if he ever heard of one swallowing an elephant. He said he had never known a case himself, but his father had frequently seen such an exhibition. Rather too much to swallow, Mr. Bab Alli! Had all the guns well cleaned this morning. My battery consists of a four-ounce single rifle, two No. 10 rifles, and a single-barrelled No. 14 rifle. These are all two-grooved,* and were made expressly for me by Mr. Beattie, of Regent-street, certainly the best maker for large game shooting I know. I have also a No. 16 rifle by Westley Richards, and my old No. 16 shot-gun by Charles Moore—all good guns and true. I was very glad to turn in at eight P.M.

Monday, Jan. 19.—Up at four A.M., and away before five. Saw nothing but a few stray deer, very shy. At eight o'clock came across fresh tracks of elephants, and succeeded in following them up. Made out two large females and a calf. Got close up to the largest, and tried the effect of the No. 4. Strange to say, the cap snapped, although I had loaded most carefully (snapping off a cap on every barrel, and seeing that the muzzle moved a piece of paper on the ground, which is the best test of the nipples being clear). As there was a stiff breeze blowing, the elephant took no notice of my propinquity beyond *half-cocking* her ears. As I looked round to take a fresh gun, I saw two more elephants just rounding a small patch of jungle. I immediately ran back, and, rushing in between them, killed them right and left. Getting a fresh No. 10, I ran back and killed my first friend with an ear shot, followed up the second, and secured her with the remaining barrel, but had to settle her with Westley. We then had great fun in securing the calf, and tied him up securely to a tree. I hope to take him home safe and sound to my

* Weight of four-ounce single rifle, 15¼ lbs.; weight of No. 10 double-barrelled rifles, 13½ lbs. each. I have often run a mile at top speed with one of these latter, but the four-ouncer is rather too weighty, except for stalking an old rogue.

little daughter Emily, who is always begging me for an elephant. Walked for two hours without seeing any fresh tracks; suddenly came upon the track of a single elephant, and came upon him in some broken, rocky ground. Tried to stalk him, but he saw me, and came down upon me at railway speed. I brought him up at about eight yards with a shot in his temple, which appeared to bother him, and then running close up to him, dropped him dead. He was a very old male, and as vicious a looking specimen of a rogue as any to be met with in the Park *chenas.** Had my breakfast by a stinking tank, and had a jolly snooze in the Mexican grass hammock that Nicholson gave me. This hammock is quite an "institution," for one of my gun-bearers carries it folded round his waist; triced up between two trees in thick shade it forms the very acme of a sportsman's siesta. Up and away at three P.M.; afternoon's sun most deadly. Took up the young elephant *en passant*, and homewards. The young snuffler roared at first like great guns, but when the coolies slackened the ropes, he put his trunk round my leg and followed me like a lamb. Perhaps he thought my dirty green Derry trousers resembled his affectionate parent's leg. On getting to camp I had him securely fastened to the wheel of the rice-cart, and I saw the young beast (who resembled an overgrown pig) swallow several balls of rice (boiled) that the coolies gave him. Total killed up to this evening: six elephants, one buffalo, one buck, one hog.

Jan. 20.—The first news I had when I got up this morning was, that the young elephant had bolted in the night, which rather surprised me, as I saw him well secured with a good piece of English lining rope.† This is very vexatious, so I must try and get another one for Emily. Started in an easterly direction, towards a place called "Bootellay," in a parallel line with the Yallé river. After an hour's walk we came upon a large female elephant and a half-grown companion. She made a run for it, and I had to put three bullets into her before she bit the dust; the young one fell to the remaining barrel. Having loaded up, I trudged on again, and came upon several fresh tracks, but none of them were very satisfactory. At last we heard a trumpet in some thick bèdé (thorny jungle), and got up to a herd of nine and killed four in a lump, taking six shots. Oh! Fred Palliser,‡ had you been here not a tail would have escaped us. My face and hands were torn to pieces, and my clothes shockingly ill-treated by the thorns, which, as usual, were of the most subtle and diabolical description. After loading, *and taking a horn*, and cutting off the tails, on I went. Twigged a fine herd of deer§ feed-

* *Chena*, or *Hayna*, means jungle grown up in felled forest land that has been cultivated and abandoned, about one or two years old, full of briers, and a favourite lounge for *a rogue*.

Bèdé is the thickest species of thorny jungle found in Ceylon, full of waaght abitjees, and every description of fishhook, including the real Limerick sneck-bend, all done in thorn.

Mōōkalāne is virgin forest nearly free from underwood—a splendid arena to catch a herd in.

† I discovered when out in January of this year (1858) that the small elephant was stolen by some Tavelam people (bullock-drivers) and taken to Batticoloa. I may yet live to be even with them.

‡ A great friend of mine, and the crack sportsman of Ceylon. One of the most splendid rifle-shots to be met with anywhere in the East.

§ The spotted deer abounds everywhere in the low country of Ceylon, especially

ing up wind, and went to stalk them with the No. 14. After half an hour's severe toil I got a shot within range at a most splendid buck; but whether from the previous excitement with the elephants or nervousness, my hand shook to such a degree that I perpetrated a most disgraceful miss. Struck into some thick bèdé which bounds the heavy forest on the banks of the Yallé river, and came upon innumerable fresh tracks. Hit one off, and, after pursuing it for a hundred yards, came suddenly upon a single elephant, who made off, roaring and trumpeting, at an awful rate. Got a shot at him going up a bank without stopping him, ran him for some minutes more, and then, clapping on extra steam, I cut him off going round a big thorn-bush, and killed him with a ball in the temple. Went on to the Yallé river, now quite close by, and had a most delicious bathe. Really this river is *par excellence*, I think, superior to any other flowing stream in the island. Certainly nothing mixes so well with brandy as its pellucid waters. Had a siesta. Homewards in the afternoon. The Cingalese tracker, "Soor Appoo," who was leading, suddenly stopped short, and yelled out, "Wallaha! wallaha!"* (a bear, a bear). I caught the No. 10 out of his fist, and seeing a black bundle a few yards off in the dark jungle, I let drive, and, running in, found I had killed a very fine bear. The ball struck him slick between the eyes; the man said he was in the act of springing upon him when he rushed back. Not having time to skin him, we cut a pole and made three of the coolies carry him. We got out of the bèdé at some large boulders of stone, close to what I think is called the Yallé Rock (a high sugar-loafed peak). Sent some of the coolies on with the bear towards camp, and beat up the plain nearly to the base of the rock. Coming round some large mimosa-bushes, I saw a herd of ten or twelve thundering elephants feeding. The sun was very powerful, just setting, and full in my eyes. I got well up to the herd, and dropped the two leaders right and left. The others bolted into the jungle; I cut in after them, but the thorns brought me up, and I fired several shots in a wild and undecided manner. I killed one with the last barrel loaded (the big No. 4) whilst stopping to get Charles Moore, which was, together with the No. 14 single rifle, in the rear. I heard a deuce of a scrimmage, and cries of "Arné, dorie, arné!"† (elephant, sir, elephant), and found myself shut off from my guns by an immense elephant, with a horribly furious countenance. I ran towards my people, and met my gun-bearer, Maliappu, with the small rifle. I had just time to cock, turn round and fire, and shot my friend, who was hard after me, as dead as a door-nail. This elephant was one of the first knocked down, and had come to his senses, and came up to have the row out. This was a very narrow squeak for some of my coolies, who would,

in the Putlam and northern districts of the island. Some of the large bucks which have come under my notice are well worthy hours of toil to get within range of. Their flesh, however (excepting the tongue and liver), is insipid to my taste. I should be afraid to put down here the dimensions of some horns killed by Mr. Sam Baker and Mr. Palliser, but they are stupendous—say forty inches!

* The Cingalese and Moormen in the Hambantotte and Batticoloa districts have a most intense horror of Bruin. I myself have seen some men who have met with most dreadful disfigurements; especially one case, in which three-quarters of the man's face were torn away, leaving the remainder a most disgusting sight. This man was attacked unawares whilst felling mallilla wood.

† Arné, Malabar for elephant.

perhaps, have come to grief had the rifle not done its duty. The ball had only $1\frac{1}{8}$ drachm of powder behind it. This day evidently must be marked with a white stone, ten elephants being more than any sportsman has killed to his own gun for some years past in a day.* Had Frederick Palliser been with me, we should not have lost an elephant we saw. I got home at eight P.M., dreadfully tired, and not equal to my dinner. Had a pipe and turned in. Total killed up to this evening: sixteen elephants, one bear, one buffalo, one deer, one hog.

Jan. 21.—Did not get away from camp until six A.M. "Die Morgenstunde hat gold im Munde" (for gold, read "elephants' tails," which are rewarded at the government tariff† of *five shillings each*). Rode through the tank to Kattagamma village, our course being nearly in the same direction as that of yesterday. Found a good many fresh tracks, but could not succeed in hitting any of them off successfully. Made a vain attempt to stalk a fine spotted buck, but could not get within range of him. After a long trudge through some disgusting thorny brakes, tangled with huge creepers, we came upon quite fresh marks of elephants; these I followed for above an hour at a bursting pace as fast as the villanous jungle would permit. Halted, and had a pull at the bottle, and whilst drinking "Luck," heard a trumpet "*up wind.*" I quickly bolted off, and, after a tough walk, got up with the herd, who were standing in a dense thorny jungle; in fact, every twig a fishhook of calibre. Killed the first I got up to, and when in the act of pulling trigger at another, a shot close behind me caused me to look round. Bab Alli having discharged my second No. 10, swearing an elephant was charging me behind (I was running at the time), I stopped for a second and lavished all kinds of expletives upon him for daring to fire. On again, and dropped a large female, accompanied by her young one, which latter I would not meddle with. Being terribly blown with the chase, I brought to for a few seconds, when suddenly "*whir-r-r,*"‡ and down came the real GENUINE *rogue*, with ears cocked, and lofty action. I had the No. 14 rifle in my hand, and shot him dead almost in the centre of my people. This is the second time this rifle of Beattie's has stood me in good stead, and the effect with $1\frac{1}{8}$ drachm of powder is certainly wonderful. This was a narrow shave, for I had only this No. 14 to depend upon. From this place, after removing the caudal appendages, I wended my way to

* Captain Galwey, Frederick Palliser, and his brother Edward (now a captain in the Royal Military Train) shot, I think, twenty-four in one day's shooting in the Park country. Major Skinner (commissioner of roads), who was an intense admirer of elephant shooting some years ago, killed some thirteen elephants on more than one occasion in the day's sport to his own gun. Think of that—six brace and a half!

† In certain districts of the island the damage done by elephants to cultivated lands was so great, that the government agents fixed a price on every elephant's tail "*of five shillings,*" payable at the Cutcherry on the production of the same, together with the *tip* of the *animal's trunk*. In the Jaffra district the planters give a reward of 5*l.* for each animal killed, as they are very mischievous amongst the young cocoa-nut plantations. I myself became entitled to a reward of twenty-five guineas for killing an old rogue elephant on the Rajawelle estate a few weeks ago.—April 1st, 1858.

‡ The trumpet of an elephant in the act of charging, and when within a few yards, is very trying to the nerves, and the only remedy "in such an hour" is a No. 10 double-rifle, with six drachms of powder behind a well patched bullet.

the Yallé river, and had breakfast and a bath, and a capital sleep in the grass hammock. Started for camp when the sun was getting low. Saw a fine spotted buck in the pathway, and, on firing at him, thought I had missed, seeing the ball strike beyond him. On walking up I found him dead by the side of the path in the jungle, the ball having passed through his heart. Stalked a large buffalo, and shot him with the "four ounce." Stopped and had the horns cut out, as I had promised Swinburne Ward a good bull's-head to match the large horns of the female I killed last year. A strange circumstance happened when I was drawing near camp. Passing through some thickish scrub, a large alligator bolted away* nearly under my feet; as he was rushing up a bank I fired at him with the No. 14 rifle. The bullet struck him at the back of the head, and split it up like a lobster: at the same time his tail went up, and he looked a most hideous brute. Suddenly he set to work and lashed the bushes, but a second shot under his forearm stopped his capers. He was three times the length of my loading-rod, which is three feet and a half long. Got home so utterly done up, that I could not look at my dinner. I had, however, eaten a very good breakfast. I begin to feel that without a companion—a kindred spirit—to share the toils and the spoils, and at night o'er the pipe thrice to slay the slain, I cannot carry on much longer, as I am getting heartily tired of my own company. Total killed up to this evening: nineteen elephants, one bear, two buffaloes, two deer, one hog, and the alligator of course.

Jan. 22.—Away before sunrise, and down the Kattregam road. Shot a fine young buck close by the tent, and sent him back. Rode on for five miles towards Kattregam, and came upon fresh tracks crossing the road. Sent my horse home, and followed the marks but the wind was very unfavourable, the herd having taken the alarm to leeward of us, and had to give them up, the jungle being too dense and thorny to make any progress in, after game. On the *qui vive*.† Went back to the road, and came upon another fresh track, which I resolved to follow, the wind being slightly more in my favour. The jungle appeared dreadfully unfavourable for shooting in, being so dense in parts, that to see an elephant half a dozen yards beyond one's nose appeared an impossibility. Soon heard my friends crashing a short way ahead, and killed the two biggest of the lot, and after a long run, in which I expended all my ammunition except a solitary barrel of "Westley Richards," I got a

* In the Hambantotte district there are small tanks here and there scattered through the jungle, and generally inhabited by alligators. I have frequently seen these hideous monsters in dense jungle, perhaps on a migratory tour to some neighbouring tank. Some of the rocks bordering the water show the marks of steps hewn out of them, well worn by the feet of those bygone generations who once inhabited the vast cities of former ages, whose relics still meet the eye in most portions of these dense jungles. Strange that their fate is so perfectly buried in the past, and no link left. I allude more particularly to the once vast city of *Maha-Tisseram*.

† In elephant shooting in Ceylon now-a-days there appears to be in the company of every herd an old male, who appears to take the duty of *outlying picket*, and very frequently, after the discharging of one's whole battery into the main body, he is apt to make *his* appearance, when there is nothing left but to cut and run. Elephants are not the same placid animal as they "used to was;" and I never go up to an elephant without expecting to be charged most instantaneously, and am rarely wrong in my anticipation.

good ear shot, and killed a third. Had there only been fair play to run, I would have picked up the whole lot, which consisted of a herd of six. Nothing, in my humble experience, ever came up to the thorns in this jungle. Palliser* will remember the elephant we chevied at Wellawy, and the style of jungle ; this, if possible, was a "worser." Returned to camp to breakfast—the sun most fearfully hot. I must, however, pay this country the compliment of saying that the nights are deliciously cool and no mosquitoes, consequently I sleep most capitally. The only drawback is the want of a good pool to bathe in. I send all the loiterers in camp off to the Yallé river every afternoon, each man bringing home his cooking-chatty full of nice clear water ; consequently, I always have a dozen to empty over my head in the evening when I return. Went out again at three P.M., but did not come on any elephants, so I fancy the country is getting alarmed by the heavy reports† of my battery. Saw an old hog trotting along, and, out of spite, sent a four-ounce bullet through him, cracking both his shoulders into splinters. Walked home at an easy pace, tired and knocked up.

Total killed up to this evening: twenty-two elephants, one bear, two buffaloes, three deer, two hogs, and the alligator.

Jan. 23.—Resolved to shift camp to "Palitoo-Pane, distant about twelve miles. Started off the tent, baggage, and rice-cart, and went on ahead myself with the trackers, and came upon fresh tracks. After proceeding along the road for some miles they struck off into the jungle. Followed on, and had a long, weary walk. Came to a halt, when Bab Alli said that the wind was very unfavourable, that the elephants were proceeding down wind, and we should never get near them. Not being in the most serene temper at the time, from the labour hitherto expended in vain, I ordered him to go on. Strange to say, we had not proceeded a quarter of a mile when I saw three large elephants feeding to our right. Made a small circumbendibus, in order to get a favourable slant of the breeze, which was eddying all kind of ways. The game quickly became aware of my presence, upon which I ran in at the nearest as hard as I could spin, and killed with a bullet in the temple. I immediately gave chase to the next one, to whom I am ashamed to say I administered the whole remaining contents of my battery, killing her with the small rifle—nine shots in all! I had to run like a fiend to keep up with her, and a stern chase being a long chase, I kept firing on every opportunity that the inequality of ground gave me, in hopes I might disable her. My last chance was cutting her off whilst crossing the dry

* Also the old Moorman, "*Callander*" by name, who came in for some "dry blows," and whose gun blowing off half his fingers, rather astonished him. *Verb. sap.:* so much for "Liége manufacture" and Curtis and Harvey's diamond-grain gunpowder.

† The report of a gun (especially in hilly ground, where there is more reverberation) is quite enough to send any elephant miles out of the district. I remember, at Condawatawenne (below the Park country), seeing an old rogue on the opposite side of the tank—certainly a distance of *two miles*—make a clean bolt on my clearing my barrels with a couple of good caps. The GENUINE *rogue*, however, will not unfrequently anticipate the shooter, a shot, however distant, putting him immediately on the *qui vive*, and to see him in this state, aroused, wide awake, and "*tout à fait éveillé*" on an opposite hill, is an amusing sight, and his activity in searching and wishing to meet the apparent danger would astonish a novice, "et nullus error."

bed of a nullah, and I succeeded in bagging her whilst ascending the bank. This was an enormous female, with very large tusks. Had to go back to get the first one's tail. He was an old male, and had an old bullet-wound in the bulb of his trunk, most likely made by Lennox's* rifle a couple of years back. Got to Palitoo-Pane just as the coolies had finished pitching the tent. Had some breakfast, the chief "plât" being a large dish of "*tyre*," which Lazarus had procured from the village. Tyre is similar to English junket, and is made from buffalo's milk in these diggings. It reminds me of what we used to have in the German tea-gardens called "Mackai." At three P.M. I started towards Yallé, and walked on until nearly five P.M. without seeing anything. Came upon a single elephant feeding away with his head in a big bush. Getting close up to him I gave a most hideous yell, upon which he popped his head out to see what was up! I instanter gave him a No. 10 in the ear, when he sank to the ground as gracefully as any elephant under such circumstances could be expected to do. One of my coolies, who had never seen an elephant before, bolted away with the most terrific shouts, and, as he carried the bottle, it was important to bring him back. He was caught at last, and on being brought back, some of the old hands rubbed him from head to foot with the blood that bubbled and frothed up from the bullet-hole. Such a Red Indian I never saw before. I wish I possessed the skill to make a sketch of this group. Turned homewards, and whilst walking along the main road close to the sea, I came upon two large elephants feeding in a tank. I had only time to fire at the last as he was disappearing into the jungle, and planted a ball from the four-ounce in his back.† Bab Alli told me that these two elephants were well known, were both males, and always appeared inseparable, but had constantly been seen fighting. Indeed, when I came upon them they appeared to have had a round or two, as they stood head to head. Thundering big fellows they were, too! On my way to camp, when approaching the village (which consists of three huts!), I was nearly transfixed on the horns (not of a dilemma, but) of an enormous buffalo belonging to a large tame (?) herd. Sent for the head man, and ordered him to tie his beasts up, or they might be charging the tent during the night, which would disturb my slumbers most materially. Got home at eight A.M.; not an atom of appetite for my dinner, so drank a pint of very fiery and powerful military port wine,‡ and turned in.

Total killed up to this evening: twenty-five elephants, one bear, two buffaloes, three deer, two hogs, and, of course, the "halligaiter."

* Now Major Lennox, R.E. (V.C.), who killed a great many elephants in these jungles whilst he was stationed at Point de Galle.

† On my way back to Badulla the tail of this elephant was brought to me, but I could not find out where the bullet had struck him. The man described the elephant as having fallen a few yards beyond where I last saw him, so I fancy the large four-ounce ball must have smashed his spine.

‡ Brandy is certainly the best drink for the Ceylon sportsman. A little, well diluted, keeps one up wonderfully, if taken either when flagging from over-exhaustion, or from the depression consequent upon excitement. Sherry is also a most excellent friend; but, alas! beer must be avoided, partly from the effects of the sun after drinking it, and more particularly from the expense of carrying it about.

Jan. 24.—Away on the wings of the morning. I should have ridden some miles, as the trudging through the deep sand through which the road winds is trying to the muscles and calves, but my horse has got a nasty cut on his withers, from his saddle not being well stuffed. On in the same direction as yesterday. The natives say there are no deer at Palitoo-Pane; however, I saw a most magnificent spotted buck shortly after leaving camp. I did not get a shot at him. Made for a very high rock, with waterpools all about, and found fresh tracks of a large herd, which we took up and followed for upwards of two hours through some horrid scrub, until the tracks became so faint, owing to the short grass and rocky ground, with a burning sun blazing down, that we came to a check whilst the Malays made a cast for the spoor, which, after several failures, was successfully hit off, and away we went again for a good half hour. I was so fortunate as to come upon the herd feeding in open ground; the wind, however, was bad, shifting and swirling all round the compass. I made at the biggest of the lot, and he walked straight towards me, trumpeting and switching his trunk about, as I made my way at him through the grass and briers. When within eight yards I dropped him with a shot in the temple, but he was not dead, as he struck at me with his trunk as I ran close by his head. The herd had already made off, so I ran as quickly as I could, and managed to cut one big one off, catching her in the ear, and sending her down with an awful crash. I then got a fresh No. 10, and am sure ran fully a mile before I got up to another; doubling past him, being a small one, I got up to the others, and as they were stumping away through an open space, I got a good shot at the leading elephant's ear and killed her. Strange to say, although upon dry land, I now became so violently *sea-sick* that I was obliged to lie down, otherwise I should probably have bagged one or two more of this herd. Had to take several pulls at the O D V before I could get over the marine malady, and had a long walk back in search of the first elephant knocked down. Came upon No. 2, who had been killed by an ear shot. In this case the bullet (a conical No. 10) had traversed the head and come out on the opposite side of the temple,* just above the eye, showing wonderful strong shooting in the rifle. Found the first elephant doubled up, sitting on his haunches, but unable to get up. He lashed at me most viciously with his trunk as I walked up to him and gave him a quietus in the ear with the single No. 14. Had breakfast and a bath at a tank containing some half-putrid water full of animalculæ, and after a comfortable siesta started for camp about four P.M. I never experienced anything like the heat of this afternoon, the sun's rays actually piercing through one's brain—quite as powerful as old Sol can be in Calcutta about five P.M. in April. Saw no elephant tracks. A buffalo rushed out of a water-hole and bolted into the jungle close at hand, but after a couple of seconds' deliberation with himself out he came again, pawing the earth and tossing his horns. Taking the 4 oz., I took a steady aim at his throat as he was

* An elephant generally always (except in unequal ground) falls *to the shot.* In shooting elephants on a steep mountain-side, it is dangerous to run below them in following up, as they might topple over like an avalanche in their struggles. I remember F. Palliser telling me of his brother (Captain E. Palliser) being nearly squashed on one occasion, his death being inevitable, when a small rock diverted the mass of flesh a few feet from him.

holding his head up, and killed him with the ball through his windpipe. He came down such an everlasting smash that he knocked half of one of his fine horns off, splitting it, otherwise this would have been a splendid head. To camp, and found my dinner completely composed of prawns, and a curry of the same material, really wonderful to eat. I fully expected letters from home and some newspapers to enliven me, but, alas! nothing has come to hand—"et je suis désolé."

Total killed up to this evening: twenty-eight elephants, one bear, three buffaloes, three deer, two hogs, and the "allegory."

Sunday, Jan. 25.—Being a day of rest, I did not get up till seven A.M., and walked down to the sea, about half a mile off, and had a most delicious dip in the briny. About eight miles off saw the waves breaking upon the "Basses." Not a sail in sight, however. On my return to camp, had to upbraid my housekeeper (*i. e.* to give him a thundering good walloping). My people generally, with all the flesh they have eaten, are getting lazy. Actually nothing for breakfast—so, taking Charles Moore, I killed six couple of snipe in half an hour's shooting, and, at the request of the coolies, knocked over a lot of paddy-birds, silleries, and cranes. I heard this morning that the old Moorman tracker who accompanied me last year in this jungle (Callander by name), and who met me and Palliser at Wellawy, blew half his hand off with a French double-barrelled smooth-bore when firing at a small tusker* near Yallé. The gun burst into a thousand splinters. Many people hereabouts appear to have been wounded by bears. Surely it would be better policy of the government agents to offer a large reward for the destruction of these brutes, than the trumpery fee of 5s. for every elephant's tail brought in. Make the reward 1*l.* for a bear, and the same for an alligator above a certain length. A child has just been killed by one of these latter gentlemen near Hambantotte; and a man was shown to me at Kattregam, the calf of whose leg had been torn away a few weeks before by one of these diaboli whilst he was fishing in the tank.† At four P.M., through Bailey's kindness, I received a tapal from Badulla with overland letters, papers, and epistles from Ellen. Also, *Observer* newspaper and other local publications, through the kind thoughtfulness of Burrows. Sat up very late reading the papers and writing to my sposa, as the messenger returns to Badulla at blick of day. Had all the guns carefully cleaned and oiled for to-morrow. I cannot conclude this day without alluding to my dinner this evening, which consisted of buffalo-tail soup, buffalo-tongue stewed with cucumber, a roasted peahen as big as a Norfolk turkey, roast snipe, and snipe curry, winding up with a *chef-d'œuvre* in the shape of a large custard in a saucepan made of peafowl's eggs. To

* This man was shooting elephants for the government reward of 5s. I am delighted to think that government has not granted further sums for the destruction of this noble animal in any district, so there is every probability of their meeting death with the gun in a creditable manner, instead of finding destruction or a wretched wound at every pool or stream where exhausted nature compels them to drink at, every moonlight night, and where as surely the crafty nigger sits safely ensconced behind some unassailable rock, or perched on some equally safe overhanging tree.

† This man I found to have died on my return through Kattregam. I am inclined to think that the commonest attention from a surgeon would have saved him, but the healing art is not to be met with in these wildernesses.

the disgust of Lazarus, I contented myself with the snipe curry, and would not even look at the "custard." Poor devil! he appeared hurt at my want of appetite.

Monday, Jan. 26.—Up and away at five A.M. Very seedy, however, consequent upon sitting up so late reading. We went off in the direction of Kirinde,* about four miles, and struck into the jungle up wind. After a long, weary, hot walk, came upon the fresh tracks of a herd, and followed up the same until nine A.M., over dreadfully rocky ground, and thorns of all sorts. After pushing through some awful jungle, we made the herd out feeding ahead of us. Unfortunately, the wind was most unfavourable, and immediately on obtaining the first view they threw up their trunks and bolted at the most tremendous pace. I rushed after them at top speed, until I was brought up completely blown by the infernal bèdé, wholly impenetrable to nobody but the man in brass, who certainly might have done so had he been good on his pins. So disgusted was I with my long tramp and my ill success, and well knowing from the dryness and want of moisture that I should remain out the remainder of the day without the chance of tracking anything in the shape of elephant, that I at once made up my mind to be off home. The want of a companion and of cheerful conversation preys most shockingly on my spirits, and I can stand it no longer. On my way home, I slaughtered a big bull buffalo. Poor old devil! he was game to the last, and it took me three No. 10 bullets to send him to the happy hunting-grounds, where, I trust, I may again meet him, if provided with as good weapons as I possess at present.

On my return to camp, paid up my friends Bab Alli and Soor Appoo, and starting with my coolies made Kattregam at six P.M., with all hands and "appurts." Distance from Palitoo-Pane to Kattregam sixteen, perhaps seventeen long miles. In bringing my journal to a conclusion, I must give every credit to my shoemaker, Mr. Kronenburgh, of Kandy, by whose eminent skill and scientific principles I was always delightfully *chaussé*, and during all my hard runs over rocky ground, sand, and thick grass, his canvas leather-tipped lace boots carried me "o'er all the ills of life" victorious.

Total game killed during one actual eight days' shooting: twenty-nine elephants, one bear, three deer,† four buffaloes, two hogs, and one alligator.

Jan. 27.—Left Kattregam very early, having been prevented from sleeping by the accursed fakirs, who shrieked and yelled all night as fiends only can yell and shriek. My coolies rather knocked up with their yesterday's tramp from Palitoo-Pane. On nearing Bootel a messenger brought me the tail of an elephant, killed by a stern shot by the four-ouncer. I reached Bootel by four P.M., and killed eighteen couple of snipe and five teal. The head man exceedingly civil, and very much

* Kirinde is the station from which the works for the erection of the lighthouse upon the "Basses" are being carried out. Here are also large government go-downs for the reception of salt, so largely manufactured by nature in the immediate neighbourhood.

† I could have killed many more deer and buffalo, but, as I have before mentioned, the alarm spread to elephants by the discharge of fire-arms renders the elephant shooter most chary of disturbing the surrounding hills and valleys.

pleased with the taste of sherry and brandy—a mark of civilisation I leave to the consideration of Father Gough and the Temperance movement in general; but as he said he felt much the better for the *quant. suff.* I gave him, I refer the above society to him personally (if by letter post paid).

Rode into Badulla at two P.M. Shortly after leaving Bootel saw tracks of elephants, and heard them crashing in some heavy jungle through which I passed. Too *blasé* to wait for my coolies and guns. Received a most kind welcome from my friends Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, who kindly stationed horses on the road for the next day, thus enabling me to reach Glenloch, and once again to find myself surrounded by a kind wife and jolly children after a most delightful excursion; and for chronicling which, if these rough sketches ever meet the eye of friends at home, I shall think myself trebly repaid by their kind perusal.

GERMAN ALMANACKS FOR 1859.

We are much gratified at finding in the German Almanacks for the ensuing year a very decided change for the better as regards the views entertained about England. Up to this period it was impossible to take up a German Almanack without finding some heartrending tale about English poverty or crime, which made the reader shudder and bless his good fortune in not being born across the water. We believe, though, the German writers did not invent these stories; they generally stole them from such eminent social philanthropists of the French school as write about England with a blessed ignorance of the subject. According to these luminaries, English society is divided into two great antagonistic classes: the one consisting of the selfish and heartless rich, the other recruited exclusively from a broken-hearted and starving proletariat. The refrain of all these stories was the same, although the incidents varied; in some cases the wife being sold for a pot of beer, in others the husband being ruthlessly seized by the ruffianly squire, and transported across the seas without benefit of jury. Individually, we can afford to laugh at such stories, but when we remember the effect they produce on many thousands of German peasants, it is matter for congratulation that the authors have so altered their tone. In all the stories we have read this year, not one alludes to the disgrace of England, and even the inevitable accounts of the Indian mutiny are written with admirable impartiality. It is true that, here and there, a writer may try to palliate the revolt by attacking the Company's government, but, to their credit be it said, not one dares to apologise for the brutal atrocities of the Sepoys. Among other articles which have afforded us signal pleasure in the perusal, we may refer to one headed "The Christian Soldier," giving the biography of General Havelock, while the myth of Jessie of Lucknow furnishes occasion for the publication of the music of "The Campbells are coming," which, we trust,

will henceforth become a standard melody in Germany. We need not dwell on the causes of this sudden change in the feeling towards England; probably, they may be found in the more intimate relationship we have entered into with Prussia, while the policy which has led our government to draw more tightly the bond connecting us with Austria may have done much towards producing this altered feeling. Let politicians talk as they please about Austria not belonging to the German family, and being an *imperium in imperio*, at any moment of peril Germans are only too glad to gratefully remember the sacrifices Austria has made for the independence of Germany, and although Prussia may indulge in bickerings with her powerful neighbour, these would cease at once were the common fatherland seriously endangered. Whether these views are right or wrong time will show; still the fact remains the same, that the Almanacks, which form the sole reading of thousands of German peasants, have altered their tone towards England, and, for our part, we are very glad to welcome the change. And now to see what novelty we can pick out of them to amuse our readers.

We always take up Auerbach's Almanack first, as we are sure to find in it much that is both profitable and amusing. Auerbach himself is the purest type of the honest patriotic German; imbued with a sincere love for his country, he never allows himself to be drawn away by fine-spun theories which ruin the intellect of too many of his literary brethren, but in all he says or writes he goes straight to the point. If he have a fault, it is that he still adheres to that splendid myth of German unity, but, for the last few years, he has kept this idea very much in the background, for neither the times nor the temper of the people are favourable to the promulgation of such views. Still he does his best to hold up before his readers the great deeds of their ancestors, and reads them eminently practical lessons about the necessity of imitating them, if they desire to keep up the dignity of their fatherland. The present issue of his Almanack commences with a story of universal interest, bearing the name of "Frederick the Great of Schwaben," which we shall proceed to analyse, as showing in what a charming manner Auerbach recals the historical reminiscences of his country.

On the morning of the 9th of November, 1759, a busy scene was going on in the house of the master baker Kodweiss, on the market-place of Marbach. Women were crowding in to receive their baskets of bread which they were going to carry out to Ludswigsburg, for it was the last day of the military manœuvres. An elderly person was delivering the bread to the women, while a younger one was sitting at a table, writing down the quantity each received. As the last woman received the basket, she addressed the younger female as follows:

"Well, Mrs. Captain, have you no message for the captain, if I happen to see him?"

"Yes, yes, wife," the person addressed replied, and there was a most pleasing expression in her voice. "Tell him that I am, thank the Lord, well and hearty, but I cannot come to him as I had promised. I dare not venture it——"

"You are right; it would not be proper for you to go into the midst of the noise and confusion. You are not safe of your own life there, let alone when you bear another life beneath your heart. Yes, yes, through the whole town you never hear anything else than 'There isn't such another honest and kind

madam as the captain's lady, and now, when she has a right to be haughty, she is just the same as when she was called Baker's Lisbeth, and yet every one could see that she would become a somebody, there was something so noble about her.' "

"You must not praise me so to my face," said the young wife.

"Why not?" continued the talkative old woman, turning to the mother. "It would not be easy to find another who would bear, as an honest wife, what she has to bear. The husband goes to the wars and leaves the wife at home, and the husband comes back into winter quarters, and in the summer comes a child."

The younger person interposed, seriously, "Come, come, gossip, the others are far ahead of you, you will have to make haste if you do not wish to lose the sale." She rose, and broke off the conversation.

The baker's only daughter had married a young surgeon, to whom she was tenderly attached. They were both studiously inclined, and desired to break through the narrow restrictions of citizen life in those days. The young wife was fond of poetry, especially of Gellert and Klopstock, and played the harp, to which she sang. But although all this was considered improper in the baker's daughter, it was now considered only right in the captain's lady. The young husband, who had served with a Bavarian hussar regiment in the Netherlands during the War of Succession, found he could not earn a sufficient income as a private surgeon, and therefore joined the army again. He became ensign and adjutant in the Wurtemburg regiment of Prince Louis, which took the field against Frederick II. of Prussia, and eventually was promoted to a captaincy. But his wife could not be induced to live within a garrison town. Society was outraged at this deplorable period by the extravagance of the smaller courts. Bribery and purchase of appointments, carried on quite openly, and the bold overthrow of all the barriers of morality, had produced the most terrible consequences, which only the greatest caution and severity could guard against. At the fortress of the Hohen-Asperg, the once-celebrated prima donna, Marianne Pirken, was now imprisoned. She had given information to the duchess, who had fled from her husband three years back, and was therefore confined in a gloomy cell, where it was said she had gone mad, and amused herself by forming garlands of straw. In the July of the year of which we are writing, the noble Moser had been taken to the fortress of Hohentwiel, while the unscrupulous Montmartin governed the plundered country, and the Italian singer Gardella the youthful and handsome duke. These excesses had produced a feeling of repugnance through the whole nation, but more especially among the women. Hence the young wife refused to accompany her husband to the new residency, where he was quartered, and he was obliged to confess her in the right.

On the day when our story opens, a cousin of the captain's, an idle young student, who called himself the "everlasting Studiosus," arrived at Marbach, determined, as he could be nothing else, to become a godpapa to the hourly expected child. While waiting for dinner, he walked off to the Roman excavations just made near the town, and came back triumphantly with an altar of Vulcan he had found, which would make him renowned through the whole learned world. The old baker invited him to accompany the party to the camp, adding that as he had just come from a Roman camp, he might compare it with a Wurtemburg one. This drew a ludicrous description from the student, of what antiquarians

would find hereafter in the ruins of a modern camp: there would be nothing but a broken bottle, a powder-box, a powdering cloak and torn pigtail, a waistcoat without a back, an artificial calf made of wadding, and so on—over which articles the savans of the year 2000 would cudgel their brains in vain. After dinner, the whole party, including the captain's wife, set out for Ludwigsburg, after the young woman had ordered the maid to put two bundles of straw in the back of the cart, for she knew that, on the return, her father would invite wayfarers to jump up. Off then they started to the camp, accompanied by the captain's brother, who was a miller and farmer in an outlying village. So soon as the review was over the captain joined them, and they spent a merry hour together, the student comparing the camp with ancient Troy, and calling the married couple Hector and Andromache. But their joviality came to a sudden termination, for the young wife was taken alarmingly ill, and there were grave doubts whether she could be carried home in safety. At length, however, she was lifted into the cart, and laid on the straw she had provided for a different purpose, while the captain accompanied her, having easily obtained leave from Colonel Friedrich von der Gablenz, who promised to stand as godfather if the child were a boy. The next day solved all doubts: a child was born, and, to the father's delight, it was a boy. On the following Sunday, the 11th, he was christened and received the names of John Christopher Frederick. The party was a jovial one, and many jests were made about the boy's future career. But these did not appear to suit old Kodweiss, the grandfather, for he said:

"I do not know what you want of the boy. Why must he become something remarkable? His grandfathers on the father's and mother's side were bakers. That the son has become a captain is no rule: it is only right and proper that the grandson should be a baker."

All joined heartily in the toast.

But the student would not be put off thus, and asked, "Cousin Captain, your son has so many names, what are you going to call him?"

The captain seemed somewhat surprised, his eye sparkled, but he did not dare to express his reverence for Frederick II. in the presence of so many, although his colonel shared his feelings. Without saying, then, in what direction his thoughts turned, he replied, in a loud and cheerful voice, "Frederick!"

"So be it, then!" the student exclaimed. "And my toast is, 'Long live Frederick the Great of Schwaben!'"

* * * * *

His name, however, is

FREDERICK SCHILLER.

In Treuwendt's Almanack we find a capital story about old Fritz, whom Mr. Carlyle has so recently made us acquainted with. We may add, by the way, that had the author of "Frederick the Great" had the same opportunities as ourselves of reading the German Almanacks (which he probably thought beneath his notice), he might have filled up his sketch of old Fritz with much local colouring, and rendered him even more interesting than he now stands out from his canvas. We could refer him to half a dozen stories, especially in W. Alexis's Almanack, which give a most startling picture of the Tabak's Collegium and the high freaks carried on there. One we can call to mind, when the king played a trick on his court fool by introducing a grenadier, dressed up as an innocent milkmaid, bearing a monkey in swaddling-clothes, which he or she insisted

was the result of her acquaintance with that arch deceiver. And when the poor baron was compelled to take the animal in his arms, and it returned his affection by clawing his face, great was the glee of the old king, until the monkey, attempting to escape, perched on the royal periwig, and sent the powder flying in all directions. Several more such anecdotes we can remember, which, although not aspiring to the dignity of history, throw a vivid light upon the court amusements of that day. For the truth of the anecdote we are now about to tell we cannot vouch, although we believe we have met it before, though in a different shape.

It is well known how fond Fritz was of tall soldiers, and that he was never particular where he obtained them from. He had his crimps out in every direction, and tallness was a perfect curse to a man, for he never knew when he might be hauled off from his wife and family and forced into the Grenadiers. Desertion was not of the slightest use, for height only set a swarm of pursuers on the track, and the man's last state would be worse than the first. Unfortunately, too, the king did not pay his sons of Anak very liberally. They had tried various petitions in vain, and at length determined on taking the king's charity by storm. With this purpose they one day marched to head-quarters, and brought their petition to the knowledge of his serenity much in the same way as the pious Gellert tells us of the beggar with the drawn sword. The king, himself a soldier, and having his heart in the right place, would not stand any intimidation. He rose from his seat and walked up to the petitioners. His eyes flashed fire as he drew his sword and angrily commanded, "Halt! attention! twos about! right face! march!" They obeyed like lambs, and marched out of the palace without a word. Much pleased at the result, the king determined on taking a ride, and started off only accompanied by one adjutant. While crossing the sandy plain that begirds Berlin, his eye fell on a young peasant girl, who was busily engaged in picking weeds. She was a magnificent specimen of a woman —a regular six-footer—and the king regarded her with a longing eye. A few such women as that would save him money in recruiting. He rode up to her, then, and asked if she were married. She replied in the negative, which increased the king's delight. He then asked her if she could read writing, and was so pleased at her inability that he hurriedly scrawled a note, which he gave her with a dollar, bidding her deliver it to the captain on guard at the palace. Having thus done a good morning's work, the king rode off in high glee.

In the mean while the peasant girl cogitated in vain as to the officer's motive, and she had no particular wish to go into the city, for she would thus miss a meeting with her young man, Christian, a private in the Grenadiers, who evinced no dissatisfaction at her height. Still, she felt she must not disobey the officer, so she set off rather unwillingly, but, meeting an old grey-haired woman from her village on the road, she offered her half a florin to carry the note for her. Mother Pinkin gladly obeyed, and in due time reached the palace, where the note was duly handed to the captain. He read it and re-read it, then stared at the old woman, and began swearing after the fashion of our army in Flanders. But it was all of no use, the king's orders must be obeyed: he was ordered to marry the bearer of the note to the tallest of the grenadiers; and though he might think the king's wits had gone wool-gathering, that

was no business of his. With a heavy heart, then, he ordered the sergeant to pick out the tallest man. There was no difficulty about this all agreed that Private Hennisch was the tallest man in the guard-house, and he was soon ordered out to hear of his good fortune. It was all of no use for the poor fellow to say that he was already engaged to be married, and was only waiting for permission, the king's will must be obeyed. Besides, as the captain cleverly suggested to him, he had no right to be so particular, for were not kings and other potentates forced to marry women whom they had never seen? He was better off than they, for he had the prospect before him of his old torment soon dying.

As a last resource, the soldier appealed to the old woman, for, at any rate, she could not be forced into a marriage against her will. But Mother Pinkin said, with a smile, that she had been six-and-twenty years a widow, and was much too faithful a subject to disobey the commands of her king. There was no help for it, and the chaplain was summoned. Just at this moment, who should make his appearance in the distance but Christian, who was a good inch taller than Hennisch! He was soon dragged into the guard-house, and, despite his protestations, married to the old woman. Our readers must bear in mind that this story occurred at least fifty years before the outbreak of the French Revolution, and that the monarch possessed a will of iron, while soldiers were not supposed to have any will of their own. Poor Christian received a thaler from the captain to enjoy himself on his wedding-day, after a hint had been offered that there would not be the slightest harm in his getting rid of the old witch in any way he thought proper.

While Christian was brooding over his wrongs, and his new wife had gone to expend the thaler in sausages and schnapps, who should make her appearance but his tall young woman, to whose neglect his present misery was owing! Reproaches and excuses, tears, prayers, consolation, and abuse followed each other so soon as the truth came out. Christian attacked Rose because she had not, herself, executed the monarch's will, while the girl alleged that, had she done so, perhaps Hennisch would have had no objection to marry her. At length, they joined in abusing the old woman for not telling the truth, until she drank all the spirits, and was unable to utter a word in self-defence. Thus a wretched night passed, and in the morning the king ordered the young couple to appear before him. Great was the autocrat's indignation when he found how he had been cheated, and he insisted on the marriage being annulled and the right couple coming together. This was soon accomplished, and Christian and Rose were rendered happy. So soon as the ceremony was concluded, the king said: "I will stand godfather to your first boy, and appoint him my grenadier, while still in the cradle, as I do not doubt but that he, like all the brothers who follow him, will not be inferior in height to his father and mother. Here is the bounty money for my future godson, which you can spend as you please." The only person dissatisfied in the transaction was old Mother Pinkin, who had been a wife so short a time.

In Weber's Almanack we find much that is interesting to the general reader, probably the best article being one called "A Hundred Years Ago," when Frederick the Great was in the thick of his victories and defeats. Our readers, however, will probably prefer a few extracts from the

"Life of a Christian Soldier," to which we have alluded already in terms of commendation. Here is a sketch of Havelock's early life:

It is not long after the capture of Rangoon in the year 1824. The last beams of India's glowing sun are gilding the oscillating palm-trees, and the domes of the pagodas of the various gods to whom altars are raised by the blind pagans of Burmah. Above all glistens the splendid Shor Dagong, doubtlessly the finest Buddha temple in the country, the pride of Rangoon; the great bell of the pagoda, the tower, with its golden crown three hundred feet in height, have fallen into the hands of the infidels, who, arrived from distant countries, have shattered the fortresses of Burmah with the thunder of their guns, and dared to treat his "golden-footed majesty" as their equal. And now these foreign interlopers were lounging through the narrow, crooked streets, or rowing about the canals, as if they were at home, and, worse than all, their orders must be obeyed without a murmur. On this evening, too, a band of young "red-coated barbarians" were going up the street laughing and chatting, or stopping for a moment to admire the dazzling splendour of the Shor Dagong, which was the more striking as it is surrounded by poor bamboo huts. The eye is still revelling in the changing play of colour, when the sharp ear of one of the officers detects the solemn strain of English psalms emanating from behind the thick walls of the pagoda. "What is the matter here?—we must inquire into this." And they hasten to the portal with eager steps. After a rapid search they find out what they are looking after, and seem much surprised. "Oh, it's old Phlos with his saints!" "What! pious Harry comes here every evening? That's the explanation of the riddle then. We might have guessed that. Oh! the old woman!" Well, let us see what the "old woman" is about, while the lieutenants of the 13th Regiment retire much more serious, despite their smiles of contempt, than when they entered. A pious congregation is seated in a lofty, spacious room. All wear the soldier's coat, and many a solemn countenance reveals the powerful effect of the words of a young man, manifestly speaking from his heart, who is expounding to them the 115th Psalm with the earnestness of a minister of God. Only the well-known uniform of the 13th Regiment reveals the fact that a lieutenant is announcing the message of salvation to his company. Around the walls hang numerous lamps, pouring a mild light upon the gloomy images which surround the hall. What a strange contrast! A man devoted to the service of the sword, penetrating with the two-edged sword of God's word through the thick crusts which a lengthened war of desolation has attempted to lay over human hearts. And now a word of hearty warning to respect the brother even in the pagan, a warm supplication for the enlightenment of the poor beings who are without Christ; and the men depart, many wiping away a tear, a band devoted to death beneath the banner of the Cross. And Havelock—for such is the name of this man with the truthful eye, the noble brow, the splendidly-formed head, full of mighty thoughts, and heart full of sacred feelings—reads once again the words of his blessed Redeemer, then closes the book, and gives himself up to his thoughts for a while. A long course of years passes before his mental eye; he sees himself the young schoolboy, trotting merrily to school. Then he enters the Charter House: here it was where his parents' Christian life, their careful teaching and warnings, made such a deep imprint on his soul; here it was that his soul, panting for salvation, first broke through the barriers of a silent and retired nature, so that, although so merry a playfellow, he inexorably demanded a Christian's life from all who were his friends, and though branded as "Methodist" and "hypocrite," wrestled for his Saviour with all his youthful strength. Possibly, too, many a gloomy picture of the past may rise before him: the fall of his paternal home, the unwelcome study of the law, and then the long, long years he had spent as a soldier in India, far away from all he held dear. Yet, whenever clouds collect on his brow, the sunlight of internal peace soon forces its way through. In all he has experienced and endured he recognises piously One whose hand watches

over him here as at home, whose eye followed with equal certainty the boy and the young man. A grateful glance, full of humble devotion and yet of peaceful joy—he bends his knee——Let us leave him alone with his God.

The weakest point in the German Almanacks is, generally, the anecdotes, which require an infinity of italics to show in what the point consists. We will, however, close our paper with one or two specimens, which we regard as the best of a very shady lot. Our readers are particularly requested not to laugh.

HOW TO SAVE WOOD.—Professor Taubmann, at Wittenburg, gave a student his advice how to get through the whole winter with only one cart-load of wood. "When your wood is brought home," he said, "have it placed in the cellar. When you begin to grow cold, carry one log after the other up-stairs till you are warm; when you grow cold again, carry it back to the cellar, which will make you warm again, and continue the process whenever you feel cold. You could not keep a fire up cheaper."

THE TWO STOCKINGS.—"Well, my dear Emily, I suppose you have been very industrious during my absence. What stocking are you knitting now?" "The second, papa." "Where have you put the first?" "Papa, I shall knit that when I have finished this one."

A BERLINER, while travelling, was handed a very long bill at an hotel, in which ten silver groschen were charged for attendance, and ten more for the inevitable wax candles. He read the bill very calmly, then took the candles, which had not been lighted, and said, solemnly, to the head waiter, "As you have charged me ten groschen for the candles, of course they are worth that sum. I have not used them, as you see, so pray take them as your *pour-boire*." He spoke, and left the head-waiter pulling a terribly long face.

A LUCKY IDEA.—First actor (firing a pistol). "Unnatural son, die by my hand!" (The pistol misses.) Second actor (falling on the stage). "It is true the pistol missed fire, O my father, but I die, in obedience to your paternal wish."

TWO PASSENGERS were conversing in a railway carriage about music. One gentleman asked the other, who appeared rather simple, "Do you know the 'Barber of Seville?'" "No," the latter replied, "I always shave myself."

A LADY was desirous of purchasing a watch. The jeweller showed her, among others, a very beautiful one, remarking, at the same time, that it went thirty-six hours. "In one day?" the purchaser asked.

HONESTY.—"Now, you must be very honest in sharing that apple with your brother, Max." "What is being honest, mother?" "You must give your brother a larger piece than you keep for yourself." "Mother, then I would sooner Hans were honest."

We fancy this will prove sufficient for our readers—at least, it is for us—but we thought it our duty to supply a specimen of German wit. The other Almanacks we have received do not contain any speciality which would force them on our notice, although they furnish an average supply of good stories.

DIED IN A FIT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MOAT-GRANGE."

The clocks were tolling the three-quarters before midnight, as a gentleman splashed through the mud and wet of the London streets, on his way to a West-end gambling-house. It was the barrister, Thomas Kage. He was not given to frequent such places on his own account, but he was in urgent search of one who was. Not a cab was to be had, and his umbrella was useless; and glad enough was he to turn into the dark passage which led to its entrance, and shake the wet from his clothes. Dark, cold, and gloomy as it was here, inside all was light and warmth, and he was about to give the signal which would admit him to it, when the door was cautiously opened and two gentlemen came forth.

One of them, he was in her Majesty's regimentals, wore a scowling aspect: and with reason. He had become addicted to that bad vice, gambling; the worst vice, save one, that man can take to himself; and this night he had lost fearfully. Mr. Kage remained in his dark corner, but some one, who seemed to have been waiting there, glided out of the opposite one.

"Major," said this last, "I must speak to you."

"What the—mischief—brings you here?" demanded the scowling officer.

"I have waited for you two mortal hours. I was just in time to see you enter; and got threatened by the doorkeepers, for insisting upon going in after you. I had not the password. Can I speak a word with you, major?"

"No," answered Major Dawkes, "I want to hear nothing. You know where I live, and you might come there. Pretty behaviour, this is, to waylay an officer and a gentleman."

"Excuse me, major, but if you play at hide-and-seek——"

"Hide-and-seek," interrupted Major Dawkes. "What do you mean, sir?"

"It looks like it. You can never be seen at your house, and you will not answer our letters. It has not been for pleasure that I have waited here, like a lackey, this miserable night: we might have sent a clerk, but I came myself, out of courtesy to your feelings. If I cannot speak with you, I will give you into custody: and you know the consequences of that."

The major drew aside with him, and a few words passed between them in a whisper. "To-morrow at twelve then, at the office," concluded the lawyer—as he evidently was. "And you will do well to keep the appointment, major, this time," he significantly added: "if you do not, we will not wait another hour."

The speaker turned out of the passage into the pool at its entrance, and then waded through other pools, down the street. Major Dawkes and his friend stood watching him. The major's cab was waiting, but his man, probably not expecting him so soon, was in the public-house round the corner: somebody else's man flew to fetch him.

"Horrid creatures these creditors are," cried the major's friend. "But it is the most incomprehensible thing in the world, Dawkes, that you should suffer yourself to be bothered in this way. Of course it is no secret that you are up to your eyes in embarrassment; there's not a fellow in the regiment owes half what you do for play, let alone other debts: why don't you pay up, and get clear?"

"Where's the money to do it? I don't possess a mine of gold."

"But your wife does. She has eight or ten thousand a year, and where does it all go to?"

"Nonsense," peevishly uttered Major Dawkes. "My wife's income is not half as much. It would not be more than that, if her child died."

"Oh, ay, I forgot—the best part of the money is settled on little Canterbury. Can't you touch his thousands?"

"I should not have waited till now to do it, if I could. His thousands are tied up to accumulate. A lordly fortune, his will be, by the time he is of age."

"But with so much money in the family—your own son's, as may be said—surely there are ways of getting at it. You might have the use of some to clear you, and pay it back at your leisure."

"So I would, if it were not for the boy's trustee," returned the major. "He's as tight a hand as you could find. I broached the point to him a few weeks ago; not taking Mrs. Dawkes into my counsels; and he cut me short with a haughty denial. He's a regular curmudgeon."

Little thought the major that the "curmudgeon" was in the dark passage behind him—Thomas Kage.

"Then, if things are like this, how can you go plunging into expense at the rate you do? You must have lost a cool three hundred to-night."

"It is in my nature to spend," cried the major; "and spend I must, let who will suffer."

"Well, it does seem hard that a sickly child should be keeping you out of your thousands a year."

So hard did it seem, that Major Dawkes gave a curse to it in his heart: and another curse, spoken, to his servant, who now came up. He entered his cab, and, giving his friend a lift, was driven home: while Mr. Kage was admitted to the hidden mysteries of the house; but with his business there we have nothing to do.

Mrs. Dawkes was at that time recovering from an illness, and had retired to rest before the major's return. He proceeded to the room above hers, which he at present occupied; but sleep he could not: anxiety prevented it, for his position was beginning to look very black. He had spoken truth when he said he was by nature a spendthrift, and his early recklessness had compelled him to sell out of the army. He then came in contact with Mrs. Canterbury, the rich Mrs. Canterbury, as she was called, a young and lovely widow; and contriving to patch up matters for a while, so that his embarrassments were not suspected, he succeeded in becoming her second husband. Some ready money thus came into his hands, which he used; his family also assisted him; so that he started clear again, and repurchased into the army. But his old habits retained their sway; he launched out into, not only imprudent

but sinful expenses; and they brought their consequences with them. Happy for him had they brought debt alone: but, to get himself out of one dreadful embarrassment, he obtained money upon a bill, which—which—had something peculiar about it, to speak cautiously; and which nobody could be found to own. The firm who had innocently advanced the money upon it, and whose junior partner was the gentleman who had lain in wait for the major that night, would hush it up, on condition of the money being found, but, otherwise, they were threatening exposure and consequences. Other parties, to whom the major was legally, if not criminally responsible, were also threatening exposure and consequences; so that altogether the major had enough to disturb his rest. He knew quite well that if all came out that might come out—apart from the peculiar bill—he and his wife should probably be *two*, for the future; and the army would drum him out of it, and society would scout him. "A nice state of affairs!" thought he; "something must be done. What a fool I have been!"

"Something." But what? He saw but one hope—that Mr. Kage, the trustee for his stepson, would allow him the use of a few thousands of the child's large fortune. The thought of this fortune, so close at hand, yet so inaccessible to him—for, if the child died, the whole of it reverted to Mrs. Dawkes—had begun to be to the major as a very nightmare: it haunted his dreams, it haunted his daily thoughts; it was ever present to him, sleeping or waking. Like the gold fever that fell on some of us, and sent us out to Australia, little better than eager madmen, so had a gold fever attacked Major Dawkes. As the value of a thing, coveted, is enhanced to a fabulous height by longing, and diminished by possession, so did this fortune of little Tom Canterbury's wear, to his stepfather, an aspect of most delusive brightness. In its attainment appeared to lie the panacea for all ills, the recompense for past and present troubles, a real, golden paradise. Major Dawkes particularly disliked children, but when he had met with Mrs. Canterbury this dislike was suppressed, and to win his way to her favour he feigned a deep love for her child—of whom she was ardently fond. In striving to ingratiate himself with the boy, he had really acquired a liking for him; a mild, gentle little fellow he was, whom anybody might love; but since this hankering after his fortune had arisen, he had grown to hate him, and to look upon him as a deadly enemy, who stood between him and light.

In the morning, the major proceeded to his engagement, and when he returned home his wife was in the drawing-room, surrounded by a bevy of visitors. Mrs. Dawkes, lovely still, but pale from recent illness, sat in their midst, elegantly attired, talking with one, laughing with another, exacting admiration from all; an adept was she in the fashion and frivolities of life. The major saw no chance of private conversation with her then.

He reappeared when the visitors were gone, and she was alone with her child, a delicate boy of six or seven years. "Caroline," said he, "send Tom away; I want to speak with you."

"Is it nothing you can say before him?"

"Are you so infatuated with that child that you cannot bear him out of your sight?" angrily demanded the major, who was in a most wretched mood, and particularly bitter against the child.

Mrs. Dawkes was surprised: his ebullitions of temper had usually been restrained in her presence. She did not condescend to retort.

"Go to that table, Thomas, and amuse yourself with the large picture-book," she said, pointing to the far end of the room, where, if they spoke low, he would be out of hearing. "What is it?" she coldly continued to her husband.

"My dear, you must pardon me; I am in trouble and perplexity," resumed the major, remembering that, to provoke his wife, was not exactly the best way to attain his ends. "I have been answering for the debts of a brother-officer, Caroline, and have got into difficulties through it," he continued, having rehearsed over the tale he should tell.

"Rather imprudent in you to do so, was it not?" interrupted Mrs. Dawkes.

"I suppose it was, as things have turned out; for he died, and it all fell on me."

"His liabilities?"

The major nodded. "I have been trying to pay it off, as I could, and have run into debt myself in consequence. Caroline, my dear," he added, in a sepulchral tone, "your husband is a ruined man."

To one who, like Mrs. Dawkes, had a splendid country mansion, and three or four thousand a year in her own right, and of which nobody's imprudence could deprive her, husband or no husband, the above announcement did not convey the dismay it would to many wives. "How shall you get out of the mess?" quoth she.

"I can get out of it in two ways: one is by paying up; the other, by shooting myself."

"Ah," said she, equably, "people who *talk* of self-shooting, rarely do it. Don't be an idiot, Barnaby."

"Caroline," he rejoined, in a tone of agitation, "if I make light of it to you, it is to save you vexation: but I speak literally and truly, that I must pay, or—or—disappear somewhere, either into the earth or over the seas."

"What can be done?" she uttered, after a pause of consternation: "we have no ready money to spare, for our expenses swallow up everything."

"*Our* ready money would not suffice. The poor fellow was inextricably involved; and"—he added, dropping his voice to a faint whisper—"ten or twelve thousand pounds would not more than pay it."

She gave way to a scream of dismay. "Oh, Barnaby!"

"But for that deceitful old aunt of mine dying and leaving me nothing in her will (I hope there's a Protestant purgatory, and that she's in it!), I should never have had occasion to tell you this. Indeed, but for the expectation of inheriting her fortune, I should not have answered for the poor fellow."

"What is to be done?" repeated Mrs. Dawkes, returning to the practical consideration of the dilemma.

"One thing can be done, Caroline: you can help me out—if you will."

"I!" she repeated.

"You can get Tom's trustee, Kage, to let me have the money. I will repay it."

"He will not do it."

"He will if you ask him: for me he would not."

"He never will," she repeated. "I know Thomas Kage too well. He is the most perfectly straightforward, honourable man breathing, ridiculously so. I am right, Barnaby, cross as you look over it: he would no more consent to lend a pound of Tom's money than he would lend the whole."

Major Dawkes's temper rose again. "Then more foolish you, to appoint him trustee! When those, named in Mr. Canterbury's will, died, could you not have kept the power in your own hands? Why need you have given it over to that worthless Tom Kage?"

Mrs. Dawkes smiled. "If you and I were but half as worthy as he is, Barnaby!"

"Will you lend it me?" growled the major.

"No. I have not the power. And if I had, I would not suffer Tom's money to be played with."

The major was angry and wroth: and the little boy, alarmed at the raised voices, left his picture-book, and stole timidly forward, halting in the middle of the room.

"You see how necessary was the precaution you find fault with," said Mrs. Dawkes. "Had I kept the control of his fortune in my own hands, it might have been wasted in supplying emergencies like the present. I should ill fulfil my duty to my child, to suffer him to grow up a beggar. I am very sorry, Barnaby, that you should have got into this dilemma, but it is not Tom's money that can extricate you."

Major Dawkes turned round and stepped against the child, not knowing he was so near: at the encounter his fury broke bounds. "You little villain!" he foamed, with a worse imprecation, "do you dare to stand between me and—and—your mother? There's for you."

It was a cruel blow he struck the child, and it felled him to the ground. The major kicked him there, in his dark hatred, his irrepressible passion, and went foaming from the room. Mrs. Dawkes raised the boy in her arms and tottered with him to a seat: she was weak from her late illness, but indignation gave her strength. For ten minutes, at least, neither spoke; the child sobbed on her neck, and she sobbed over him.

"Mamma, what had I done?"

"You had done nothing, my darling. He wants to spend your money," she added, in her indignation.

"Oh, mamma, let him have it; and we will go away from here. Papa is never kind to me now."

"Yes, we will go away—we will go to the Rock, my boy, your own home. If papa likes to follow us, and behave himself, he can; and if not, he can stay away."

"Let papa have my money," repeated Tom Canterbury. "I don't care for money."

"You do not understand, dear," was the reply of Mrs. Dawkes.

"We shall not want money in heaven, mamma."

"No, that we shall not."

"I wish I was there," sighed the child. "It is full of flowers and sunshine; and no one is cruel; Jesus will not let them be. Mamma, I *wish* I was there."

"Why, who has been talking to you about wishing to be there, Tom?" asked Mrs. Dawkes, in surprise.

He made no direct reply, he appeared to be lost in thought. "It is better than the Rock, mamma," he whispered.

Presently the nurse came in. It was Master Canterbury's hour for walking out.

"The streets are damp, after last night's rain," observed Mrs. Dawkes to her. "He shall not walk this afternoon; he does not seem over well: you must take him in the carriage, Judith. Order it at once."

The nurse did as she was bid, and then took Tom up-stairs to get him ready. The major came into the room as they left it. He was ready to strike himself down, as he had struck the boy, for giving way to so impolitic a gust. His wife listened to his apologies in haughty silence.

"Caroline, believe me," he continued; "I was betrayed out of myself, but it was in my over anxiety for your peace and comfort."

"It is for my peace and comfort that you ill-treat my child!" sarcastically rejoined Mrs. Dawkes.

"He is an angel, and I love him as such," apostrophised the major, as emphatically as he could bring himself to utter. "I was in a whirlwind of passion, Caroline, and did not know in the least what I did. I was agonised at the prospect before you: yes, my dear: for if I can't pay that poor dead man's creditors, they'll come in, into this very house, and seize upon it, and all that is in it."

"Seize our house and all that is in it!" she repeated, in consternation. "Will they seize me and Tom?"

The major gave vent to a dismal groan; but it was to hide a laugh. "No, no, my dear, but they'll take every stick and stone it contains, and you'll be left here with bare walls, you and the servants, and I shall be in prison, unable to comfort you. And think of the shock such a scandal will cause in society."

The last sentence told on the lady's ear. Society! ay, there's the terrible bugbear of civilised life. What will society think? What will society say? We care a vast deal more for society than we do for our "sticks and stones." Mrs. Dawkes was eager herself, now, to void off these disagreeable consequences, and after some mental debate, she despatched a note to her cousin, Thomas Kage.

He answered it in person. It was evening, and Mrs. Dawkes was alone. She explained to him the embarrassment, so far as she was acquainted with it, and preferred the request her husband had suggested—that he would advance some twelve thousand pounds of the child's money.

"Major Dawkes has been prompting you to ask this," observed Mr. Kage.

"He pressed me to ask it to-day, and I refused, and it caused an unpleasant scene between us," she answered, her cheek reddening with the remembrance. "But when he explained the frightful position we are in—that rude rough men, harpies he called them, will break in here and seize upon our things, and leave the house empty, of course it startled me into feeling that something must be done to prevent it. The major says they'll bring vans to take the furniture away, and pitch beds, and

such like, out of the window into them. Only think the uproar the neighbourhood would be in, at seeing it!"

"Caroline," said Mr. Kage, in a low tone, "when you solicited me to take upon myself this trusteeship, I informed you that if I did so, I must identify myself with the child's interest. I told you that I should never, under any inducement, be prevailed upon to advance you, or your husband, or any other person, any portion of the money. You must remember that I accepted it on those conditions only."

"Certainly I remember it; it is not so long ago: and the reason of my appointing you was that it should be safe."

"Then—remembering this—how can you prefer such a request as the present? I foresaw that a man, with your husband's extravagant habits, would probably become embarrassed, and——"

"And that was why you made the stipulation beforehand," she interrupted, "so that, come what would, Tom should not suffer. I see your motive now, but I wondered then. But they are not the major's own debts; they are liabilities he has entered into for a brother-officer."

Mr. Kage looked at her. "Did Major Dawkes tell you this?"

She knew her cousin well, every turn of his countenance and voice. "Thomas, you don't believe this!"

"I prefer not to discuss the matter with you, Caroline."

"Whichever way it may be, however contracted, the debts are not the less real," she continued, "and nothing but the scandal, likely to arise in our home, would have induced me to apply to you for a loan to him of Tom's money. Will you let him have it?"

"No. And I am sorry that Major Dawkes should have suggested this to you. I gave him a decisive negative eight or ten weeks ago."

"Has he asked you before?"

"He asked me then."

"Oh, indeed," she uttered, in a tone of pique against her husband, "he might have had the grace to consult me first, considering whose money it is. But you will advance it now, Thomas, for my sake."

"I would do a great deal for your sake, Caroline; but I will not be a false trustee, or part with my own integrity."

Some thought, some recollection, came over Mrs. Dawkes, and she betrayed for a moment vivid emotion. Thomas Kage took up a book that lay on the table, and turned over its leaves: he would not so much as glance at her.

"What am I to do—if people do come in here and take the furniture?"

"Go to the Rock, Caroline; that is my advice to you: go at once, and leave the major to fight out the battle with his creditors!"

"They cannot come into the Rock?" she exclaimed, in sudden apprehension.

"Most certainly not. The major's liabilities could no more touch that, or anything it contains, than mine could. It is yours for your life, and your child's after you."

"But won't the seizing these things be a lasting disgrace?"

"It is a disgrace occurring every day in families, higher in position than yours, and it is thought little of. But in this case, Caroline, no disgrace will be reflected on *you;* you are shielded from it by your own

fortune, and in the possession of the Rock. It will be looked upon as an affair of the major's entirely; one not touching you. If these things must go, let them go, and it may be a warning to the major for the future."

"He said if he could not have the money, he would shoot himself," said Mrs. Dawkes.

Mr. Kage's eyes twinkled with a merry expression. "I remember, some years ago, when the major was in want of money, he said he must have it, or drown himself. I don't think he had it; and he is alive yet. Tell him, Caroline, he will do well to forget that Tom has money. And do you go at once to the Rock, where the major's grievances cannot disturb your peace."

Mrs. Dawkes did not immediately act upon this advice. She could not tear herself, all at once, from her fashionable friends, and she suffered some days to elapse. Before they were over, little Tom Canterbury was taken ill with a violent attack of inflammation of the chest. He was in great danger, and Mrs. Dawkes hung over him, now giving way to hope, now to despair: she scarcely left his bedside.

One afternoon when he was at the worst, the major came up. The child was lying with his eyes closed, breathing with difficulty.

"I am sure there is no further hope," Mrs. Dawkes whispered, in heartfelt anguish.

The major was of the same opinion: and he most devoutly trusted it might prove a correct one. He was looking at him, when one of the servants appeared, and beckoned to the major: he was wanted below.

"You did not say I was in?" he uttered, after closing the door on the sick-room.

"The gentleman would not listen to me, sir. He walked straight in, when I answered the door, and sat down in the dining-room: and he says he shall sit there till he sees you. Mr. Rosse, he said."

Major Dawkes nearly fainted: it was one of the firm who held that dangerous bill. Go to him he was obliged, and the conference, though carried on in cautious tones, was a stormy one.

"Only a few days more," implored Major Dawkes, wiping his forehead, which had turned cold and damp. "It is impossible that he can survive, and then I shall have thousands and thousands at command, and will amply recompense you. You have waited so long, you can surely accord me this little additional grace: I will pay the bill twice over for it."

"Upon one plea or another we have been put off from day to day and from week to week. This may be as false an excuse as the others have been."

"But it is not a false excuse: the child is lying upon his bed, dying. If Mrs. Dawkes were not with him, you might go up and see for yourself that it is so. Hark! that is the physician's step."

The physician it was: he had been up-stairs, and was coming down again. Major Dawkes threw wide the door of the dining-room.

"Doctor, what hope is there? I fear but little."

"There's just as much as you might put in your hand and blow away," replied the doctor, who was a man of quaint sayings, and knew that Major Dawkes bore no blood relationship to the child. "The only hope that remains, lies in the elasticity of children: they seem ready to be

shrouded one hour, and are running about the room the next. We can do nothing more for our little patient, and if he does recover, it will be owing to this elasticity; this tenacity of life in the young. I do not think he will."

The doctor passed out at the hall door, and the major turned to his visitor. "You hear what he says: now will you give me the delay?"

"Well—under the circumstances—a day or two longer," replied the lawyer, whose firm would prefer their money, even to the exposure of the major. Let them once get clear of Major Dawkes, and he might swindle all the firms in London afterwards, for what they cared. He stepped across the hall towards the door, and the major attended him.

"But if the child should not die; if he should recover; what then?" he suddenly stopped to ask.

The major's heart and face alike turned sickly at the supposition: it was one he dared not dwell upon. "There is no 'if' about it; he is quite sure to die. When I was up with him, but now, he looked at the last gasp: the nurse thought he was dead then, up to the knees. I'll drop you a note as soon as it's over."

Night came on. The child lay in the same state; his eyes closed, and quite unconscious; battling with death. The medical men came, and came; but they could render no assistance; and it seemed pretty certain that no morning would dawn for little Tom Canterbury. Mrs. Dawkes would sit up with him, in spite of her husband's remonstrances, who told her that the incessant fatigue and watching would make her ill again. He went to rest himself, and slept soundly, for his troubles seemed at an end. The sick-room was near his own, and Major Dawkes was suddenly aroused by a movement in it. He heard the nurse come out, call to a servant, and tell him to run for the doctor. The man had been kept up all night, to be ready, if wanted. The major looked at his watch: five o'clock.

"It's over at last," thought he. "What a mercy! I did not think he'd hold out so long. Ah, they may send, but doctors cannot bring the dead to life. And now I am a free man again!"

He would not go into the death-chamber: he did not admire death scenes personally; and it would be time enough to condole with Mrs. Dawkes by-and-by. So he lay, indulging a charming vision, of the golden paradise which had at length opened to him.

The return of Richard disturbed him. He heard the latch-key in the door, and the man enter, and come softly up the stairs. The major rose, put on his slippers, and drew open his own door an inch or two.

"You have been round to the doctor's, Richard?"

"Yes, sir. He'll be here in a minute or two."

"There was no necessity to disturb him: only that it may be more satisfactory to your mistress. The child is dead, I suppose."

"Dead, sir! No; he has took a turn for the better."

"What?" gasped Major Dawkes.

"He seems to have took a turn, sir, and has rallied: and that's why my mistress sent for the doctor. Judith says she's sure he will get over it now."

Major Dawkes retreated within his room and closed the door. He felt as though the death-blow, which was to have overtaken the child, had fallen upon him.

II.

A WEEK elapsed. And little Tom Canterbury, owing, no doubt, to the "elasticity," appeared to be getting well all one way. Mrs. Dawkes, caring not even for folly and fashion, in comparison with her darling child, gave orders for their immediate departure for the Rock. If the major was unable to leave London, he could remain behind, she obligingly told him, but Tom wanted country air, and Tom should have it.

She said this the morning previous to the one fixed on for their departure. An hour afterwards, the major was crossing the hall, when a visitor's knock at the door startled him; startled him, as it seemed, to abject terror. His first impulse was to dart into the nearest room and bolt himself in; his second to dart out again, and seize Richard's arm, as he came to answer the door.

"Richard," he whispered—and the man was amazed with the wild alarm, mingled with entreaty, in his accent—"don't open the door, for your life. Go into the area and see who it is: if it's for me, say I went out of town at seven this morning, and shan't be back till late to-night. Swear to it, man, if they dispute your word."

Richard descended the kitchen stairs again, and his master strode up the upper ones, four at a time, stealthily, silently, like a man who is flying from danger. Up to the second-floor strode he, as if the higher he went, the further he was removed from it. The bedroom he occupied was on this floor, but he passed into a room opposite it, which was the day nursery.

A round table was drawn to the fire, and Judith, the nurse, stood at it, measuring a dessert-spoonful of mixture from a medicine-bottle. Little Tom Canterbury was by her side, watching her.

"What's this?" asked Major Dawkes, taking up the bottle, when she had recorked it, and put it on the mantelpiece.

"I don't know, sir; I can't read writing," replied Judith, thinking the major meant the direction, which he was looking at. If he had meant anything, it was probably the mixture, but he had spoken in abstraction, for his mind was a chaos just then. "The mixture. Master Canterbury," was what was written there.

"Does he want medicine still?" exclaimed Major Dawkes. "I thought he was well."

"It's only some stuff the doctor sends to comfort his inside, sir, which has been out of order," replied Judith. "He takes a spoonful three times a day, morning, afternoon, and before he goes to bed at night."

Major Dawkes took out the cork, smelt the mixture and tasted it, while Tom drank up his spoonful. But, as Richard was heard coming up the stairs, the major hastily returned it to the mantelpiece, and went out to meet him.

"Was I wanted?"

"Yes, sir. The gentleman was that one who never gives his name: and I saw two men a standing off, as if they belonged to him," added Richard, in a confidential tone. "They are a waiting opposite now."

"You said I was out of town?"

"I told him I'd take a oath to it, sir, if he liked—as you desired me. And he said it would be none the nearer truth if I did."

Major Dawkes's perplexities were hanging threateningly upon him. Simple debt would have been nothing, a trifling affair indeed, compared to what he dreaded. "Agony! disgrace! punishment!" thought he; "the horror and estrangement of my wife; the haughty loathing of my brother-officers; the cool scorn of the world! I am in dread danger of it all: and only because the weak thread of a wretched child's life is not broken! Why could he not have died! It was but the hesitation of the balance; a turn the other way, and—we should both have been the better. There has been a devil abroad since that night, ever at my elbow, whispering temptation."

The major did not go out that day; he did not dare to: what was to become of him on the next—and the next—and the next, he shuddered to contemplate. He dined at home with his wife at five o'clock, in her dressing-room. She felt very unwell, and had been lying there on the sofa all the afternoon.

"It is the fatigue of nursing Tom," said the major. "I knew it would bring its reaction."

"It is nothing of the sort," replied Mrs. Dawkes. "I have taken a violent cold, or else caught Tom's complaint, for my chest feels sore. Country air will set both me and Tom to rights."

After dinner Mrs. Dawkes lay down on the sofa again, and she sent word into the nursery that her boy was to be brought to her. So he came into the room with his nurse, and the major left it.

"You are not going to be ill like you were before, mamma," exclaimed the child, in an uneasy tone, putting his little face close to his mother's.

"Oh no, dear," she answered, cheerfully: "we shall both be well when we get to the Rock. The carriage will be at the door in the morning at half-past nine, you know, Judith," continued Mrs. Dawkes to the nurse: "it will take nearly half an hour to drive to the station."

"I know, ma'am: we shall be ready. Had Master Tom better take his medicine in the morning? There will be a dose left."

"No, I think not. But he must take it to-night."

"Oh yes, I shall give it him as soon as he is undressed. And that won't be long first," added Judith: "it has struck seven."

Mrs. Dawkes strained the child to her; and the child's little arms strained her. It was a long and close embrace, and he cried when he was taken from her, which was somewhat remarkable, as it was not a usual thing for him to do.

When he was gone, Mrs. Dawkes, after drinking a cup of tea brought by her maid, Fry, went into her bedroom to prepare for rest. She was irritable and impatient; so much so, that the maid asked whether she felt worse.

"Oh, I don't know," was the querulous answer. "Since I drank that cup of hot tea, my tooth has begun to ache again, enough to distract me."

"I would have it out, ma'am, if I were you," cried Fry. "It's always a distracting of you."

"Have it out! have out a tooth at my age!" echoed Mrs. Dawkes; "I'd rather suffer martyrdom. Be quick over my hair, and don't say such things to provoke me."

So Fry went on with her duties, and her mistress went on groaning, and holding one side of her face.

"Perhaps, ma'am, if you were to put a little brandy to it it might ease you," Fry ventured to say again. "Some cotton steeped in brandy and put into the tooth has cured many a toothache. Laudanum's best, but I suppose there's none in the house."

"It would do me no good," fretfully answered Mrs. Dawkes.

Fry left her mistress to rest, but there was no sleep for Mrs. Dawkes, the pain in her tooth prevented it. Now it happened that there was some laudanum in the house, though the maid had been unconscious of it. It had been brought in for some purpose several weeks before, and had stood, ever since, in the major's dressing-room. Mrs. Dawkes, in a moment of desperation, rose from her bed, resolved to try it. Her own dressing-room opened on one side the bed-chamber, the major's on the other, and she snatched the night-light which was burning, and went into the latter.

It was a very small place, little better than a closet, and had no egress save through the bed-chamber. Her own dressing-room was large, and had two entrances. Over the major's washhand-stand was a narrow slab of white marble, and on that stood the bottle required by Mrs. Dawkes. His tooth-powder box and shaving-tackle usually stood there, but since he had occupied the room up-stairs they had been removed there, the laudanum-bottle alone remaining.

Mrs. Dawkes went to the slab, and stretched forth her hand to take the bottle. Most exceedingly astonished was she to find that no bottle was there. The slab stood perfectly empty.

"Why, what can have gone with it?" she uttered. "The bottle is always there: I saw it there this very day. And the servants do not come in here, now the room's not being used."

She looked about with the light, but could see nothing of it; and, returning to her bedroom, steeped a bit of cotton in some spirits of camphor and put that to her tooth, and lay down again. The pain subsided very soon, and she was dozing off to sleep, when some one came into the room from the passage entrance. Mrs. Dawkes pulled aside the curtain. It was her husband, and her movement caused him to start back.

"Are you there? Are you in bed?" he exclaimed.

"I could not sit up. Is it late or early? Are you come in for the night?"

"I have not been out yet: it is only nine. I am sorry to have disturbed you: I did not know you were here."

He went into his dressing-room as he spoke, but came forth again immediately. "Caroline, I am going down to Kage, to see if I can't get him to do something. He ought, and he must."

"It will be of no use," she answered, drowsily. "But I don't want to talk: I shall set my tooth on again."

The major left the room, and she heard him go out at the front door; and then she sank into sleep.

Major Dawkes proceeded to the chambers of Thomas Kage, and found him in. The latter was surprised to see his visitor, and so late, for they were not on visiting terms, and there was no cordiality between them. "I will state my business in a few words," cried the major: "you may guess its nature, from what you have heard from my wife——"

"That you are in embarrassment," interrupted Mr. Kage, "and want me to advance Thomas Canterbury's money to extricate you. I cannot do it."

"Thomas Canterbury's money!" echoed the major: "you speak as if I wanted all he possesses, and the Rock into the bargain. I only wish to borrow a very trifling portion of it; three or four thousand pounds."

"Mrs. Dawkes mentioned ten or twelve thousand as the sum," remarked Mr. Kage; "but the amount is of no consequence."

"Mrs. Dawkes must have mistaken what I said I should like, for what I said I wanted. From three to four thousand pounds will be sufficient."

"Were it but three thousand pence, it would be all the same. I am surprised at you, Major Dawkes; at your ever thinking I would consent to it. It would be a positive fraud on little Canterbury."

"I shall pay you back, long before he is of age. Kage, my good fellow," added the major, wiping the perspiration from his brow—and indeed he had done little else since entering, for he seemed full of agitation—"consider the strait I am in. If I can't get money, and don't get money, there'll be nothing for it but the Insolvent Court: Mrs. Dawkes would never hold up her head again."

Mr. Kage's opinion was different: it was a peculiar case, and the disgrace would not be reflected on her: the major's extravagance had brought it on himself, and on himself only. He peremptorily declined further appeal on the subject. "Were the money my own, you should have it," said he, "but my trusteeship I will hold inviolate."

"Then to-morrow morning I must see about filing my petition," gloomily responded the major, "and your cousin, Mrs. Dawkes, will have you to thank for it."

Mr. Kage made no reply to this. "I suppose Thomas is all right again," he observed, as he lighted the major down the stairs.

"Oh, he is well; wants nothing now but change of air; and his mother takes him to the Rock to-morrow. Good night."

At seven in the morning Fry was in her mistress's room, according to orders. Mrs. Dawkes rose at once, remembering her journey: she said she felt better.

"The major must be called, Fry."

"The major did not sleep at home, ma'am."

"Not sleep at home!"

"And he is not come in yet," added Fry.

Mrs. Dawkes, no better pleased than other wives are, when told their husbands have not slept at home, proceeded to dress. During its process, she sent Fry to see whether the nurse was getting up, and meanwhile went into the major's dressing-room, for something she required. But, great as had been Mrs. Dawkes's surprise the previous night, to find the laudanum bottle absent from the slab, far, far greater was her present surprise to see it on it, in the exact place it had always occupied, as if it had never been touched. Mrs. Dawkes mechanically took it in her hand: it was the veritable bottle, labelled "Tincture of opium. Major Dawkes."

Had she only dreamt that she came? None of the servants had been through her room in the night. But on her own dressing-table was the cotton and the phial of camphorated spirit, to prove that it was no dream.

"Judith has been up ever so long, ma'am," said Fry, re-entering; "and she's now going to dress Master Tom."

Directly afterwards, in came the major, laughing gaily. "Did you think I had taken flight, Caroline? I passed the evening with Briscoe in his rooms, after I left Kage; and it grew so late, without my being aware of it, that he gave me a bed. I feared I might disturb you, coming into the house at that hour: it was two o'clock."

"Very accommodating of Captain Briscoe to keep beds ready made-up for his friends," coldly remarked Mrs. Dawkes.

"And that was a sofa," laughed the major. "You will have a splendid day for your journey: the wind——"

"Whatever's the matter?"

The interruption came from Fry. The nurse, Judith, had stolen quietly inside the room, and was standing there, with her hands clasped, and her face white and wild-looking. Mrs. Dawkes turned at Fry's exclamation. "What do you want, Judith?"

"I got up at six, ma'am," began Judith; "and when I had dressed myself I put up the things I had left last night, thinking I'd let the child sleep as long as I could. I said to myself what a long night's rest he was having; what a beautiful sleep. And I—I—went to take him up now, and I—sir—ma'am—I can't awaken him."

She had spoken like she looked, in a wild, bewildered sort of manner: and she appeared to shake all over.

"It is the remains of his illness," remarked Mrs. Dawkes: but she gazed hard at Judith; thinking her manner, and her coming at all, very strange. "Children are sure to be sleepy after an illness: take him gently up, and he will awake as you dress him."

"But I can't take him up, ma'am," returned the trembling Judith. "He—he—won't awake."

Fry stared at her with open mouth, in private persuasion that she had lost her senses.

"Will you please to come and see, sir," added Judith. "Not you, ma'am."

The major, in answer to the appeal, left the room. Judith followed him closely, and laid hold of his arm.

"Oh, sir, I think he's dead," she whispered. "I never saw death yet, but he is stiff and cold."

Major Dawkes roughly pushed away her arm with his elbow, and ascended the stairs, Judith at his heels. Mrs. Dawkes followed her, and Fry brought up the rear. Thomas Canterbury was lying in his crib, by the side of the nurse's bed; cold, and white, and—DEAD.

"He must have died in a fit!" cried Fry.

And Mrs. Dawkes fell across the little bed, giving vent to screams of anguish.

THE OPINIONS OF FIELD-MARSHAL RADETZKY.

THE last ten years have witnessed the departure from among us of many generals who distinguished themselves in the great continental war. We have suffered the loss of a Wellington, and of his favourite pupil Raglan, while Austria has to lament the death of the hero who preserved for her her Lombardo-Venetian dominions. The masterly retreat from Milan and the battle of Novara will be eternally remembered by the Austrians as the greatest achievements that distinguished the whole revolutionary campaign. Radetzky had been brought up in a good school: he served through the great war as quartermaster-general, and amassed a fund of valuable experiences, which he turned to advantage when the crisis arrived. The biography of the field-marshal has already appeared, but it is far from furnishing a correct appreciation of his eminent services in the organisation and administration of the army. This will be best understood by a study of his opinions, a short abstract of which we now propose offering to our readers.* A careful examination of these pages will prove that the field-marshal could manage his pen almost as well as his sword. Radetzky was fond of writing, and continued the practice to the last day of his life. While constantly engaged in drawing a useful application from the events of the day, he never neglected the slightest thing that would ameliorate the army or benefit the state. His modesty would not permit him to claim publicity for his opinions so long as he was alive. He feared nothing so much as one-sided criticism, or any doubt as to the purity of his motives. Now, however, that the grave has closed over him, it is but right his country should know how much he strove for the welfare of his fatherland, like the great Eugène of Savoy, whom he chose as his model. Any future biographer of Radetzky will find these papers indispensable, and they should be carefully studied by every military man who desires to obtain information on many interesting topics. Although these opinions refer to a political complication long passed by, the political views of the field-marshal, as regards the position of Austria to the rest of the Continent, possess great value, for circumstances have not so greatly altered but that the same coalitions may again spring into life. Being necessarily desirous to give our article a general character, we will, therefore, proceed to select such passages as will prove interesting to others besides purely professional readers.

Almost the first paper we stumble on contains opinions which may be useful to ourselves at the present moment, when so much is being done to enhance the value of our staff. The experiences of the Crimea proved to us that more was to be desired from a staff-officer than wearing a handsome uniform and being mounted on expensive horses, and the defects so evident in our system it is now sought to remove by the establishment of a staff college, where officers will be thoroughly instructed

* Denkschriften militärisch-politischen Inhalts aus dem handschriftlichen Nachlass des K. K. Osterreichischen Feld-Marschales Grafen Radetzky. Stuttgard: T. and G. Cotta. 1858.

in their various and important duties. We have no details at present as to the working of the new system, but, if it be carried out in its integrity, we entertain no doubt that much benefit will be derived from it. According to Radetzky's suggestions, the staff-officer should be entrusted with all movements relating to the dislocation and marching of troops; he should have the entire management of the spy-system; he should draw up the plans for the great manœuvres; undertake all military reconnoissances either on the frontier or in the interior of the country, and be employed on all extraordinary missions which will increase his local knowledge of the country. From the quartermaster-general's staff he demands an immensity of useful knowledge, which we fear we might ask in vain from our own officers of that branch. One point he presses, however, appears to us novel.

Whenever an officer of the general staff is attached to an embassy in a foreign country, the state has a right to expect from him full details on the following subjects: 1. An accurate and detailed statement of the forces of the state to which he is sent. It is not sufficient for him to send home a statement of the numbers of these forces and any changes that may occur, but it is absolutely necessary that he should be acquainted with the minutest details of the nature of the troops, their temper, education, and military bearing, their mode of marching, manœuvring, camping, and fighting, their commissariat, recruiting, and internal administration, but, above all, the character of their leaders and military chiefs. There will be no great difficulty in an intelligent officer obtaining these details, and should any occur, his ambassador is bound to assist him. So far as is possible, he should try to obtain the same information about the adjacent states in every indirect manner, and before all he must exercise the greatest possible amount of cleverness, so as not to gain the character of a spy, and compromise the home authorities. 2. He must pay the closest attention to every expression or movement that suggests war as imminent or remote. For this purpose he should closely observe the papers, journals, and magazines, the state of the fortresses, munitions of war, concentration of troops in encampments—in a word, every object that may prove of importance for his own country to be acquainted with. An experienced officer will manage, under the pretext of sociability, to form military and other acquaintances, which will enable him to obtain much valuable information; and a clever man, who chooses his friends carefully, will much sooner in this way become conversant with a state secret than if he ran the risk of being regarded as a spy. The greatest calmness and caution are the more to be recommended here, as such an officer of the embassy will always be carefully watched by the secret police of the foreign state. If he goes to work, however, with the proper secrecy, he will be easily enabled to form connexions whence he may derive valuable information in future.

The field-marshal enters into some further details into which it is unnecessary to describe here, but we may express our surprise at the *naïveté* with which this odious system is recommended. We dare say it is a common rule for all governments to carry out the suggestions of Radetzky, but they have the decency to keep it from the public ken. Here, though, we have the Austrian government gravely allowing such a plan to be made public. It would have been, perhaps, as well if we had sent an officer to make these researches before we rushed into the war with Russia, for there is no doubt we were entirely in the dark as to the number of troops that could be brought against us, or the points at which they were stationed. It is, however, some excuse for Radetzky's suggestions to the Austrian government, that the French kept up perfectly organised

bureaux d'espionnage in Austria at the time of which he is writing, and that the Russians had a general officer attached to their embassy for a similar purpose.

Another very interesting memoir, written by Radetzky in 1813, relates to the armistice by which Napoleon sought so cleverly to get the better of the allies. His object in lengthening the armistice till the 20th of July Radetzky saw through at once: he wished to bring up his reinforcements and crush the allies. From the Rhine fresh levies were coming up; from Spain large bodies of troops had been recalled; while in Italy the viceroy was forming an army. Saxony had been forced by the conqueror to send up a double contingent, and the screw was being put on the princes of the Rhenish Confederation for the same purpose. It was evident that Napoleon was employing the armistice to strengthen his army by all the means in his power. What were the Austrians to do in such a state of things? This is Radetzky's proposition:

> As regards the organisation and strength of the army, it cannot be often enough repeated that Napoleon, during the armistice, will find time and means to bring his army up to at least two hundred and fifty thousand men. If Austria take part in the war against France, it may be confidently assumed that he will be able to oppose sixty thousand men to the allies, and employ some one hundred and eighty thousand men against us. The chief object of the common plan of operations will be only to act offensively with the main army, but keep all the other forces acting on the defensive until Napoleon's main body has been beaten. This is the only way in which a favourable result may be hoped. All isolated advantages, however great they may be, when not gained by the main army, will be useless, so long as a weakening of the enemy's main strength is not obtained. Hence it is absolutely necessary that our army should be raised at once to one hundred and fifty thousand men.

But the difficulty was how to effect this. The finances of Austria were exhausted, and the emperor himself vacillating as to the policy of again drawing the sword against the redoubtable Napoleon. We all know the result: how the French, in their arrogance, defied the world in arms, and were defeated, not ingloriously, by the masses brought to bear against them, and the fatal error committed by Vandamme. The policy recommended by Radetzky was pursued, and the emperor was consequently prevented from falling on any one of the three main armies of the allies and destroying them in detail. We find our author writing from Töplitz on the 4th of September, 1813:

> Napoleon has entirely lost one corps d'armée. Four others have suffered considerable losses against General Blücher, and those opposed to the Crown Prince of Sweden are not in the best condition. The value of the plan of operations has been confirmed in spite of many difficult events in the execution, and it appears highly advisable to continue our further movements after the same principles that have already produced such favourable results. Our object should, therefore, be to cause the Emperor Napoleon the greatest possible loss, and thus continually deprive him of the opportunity of concentrating his physical and moral strength on one point. And, secondly, to cut off all communication with France, by which additional forces might join his army.

The allies must have begun to feel a strange confidence when such suggestions could be offered, and Radetzky only endorses the views expressed by Marmont when writing of this memorable campaign, who says that Napoleon was morally defeated ere a shot had been fired. And

yet it was a noble fight he fought: inch by inch he sullenly yielded his ground, and had he been only able personally to direct all the movements of the campaign, the result might have proved very different. Radetzky justly allows that the Emperor Napoleon found it much easier to gain a battle at one point with superior strength than to manœuvre simultaneously at various points against equal bodies of troops. His terrible presence aroused the enthusiasm of his wearied generals, and the fear of him drove his worn-out soldiers on against the enemy. "On the day of battle he will, and must, be superior to us. He undertakes the maddest schemes without any fear of the consequences, and carries them through with a consistency that overthrows everything that cannot keep in step with him. His way of carrying on war, however, must never be ours. He must seek general actions: we avoid them." The following memoir on the campaign of 1813, written about a fortnight before the battle of Leipzig, also appears to be a very correct appreciation of the state of the two armies:

The experiences we obtained after the opening of the campaign furnished us with the following results. The Emperor Napoleon, who at the commencement of the campaign was strong enough to crush any one of the three armies opposed to him, probably allowed himself to be deceived as to the movements of the main army, and sought it near Zittau and Gabel, while it was debouching at Dippoldiswald. This alone will explain the reason why he selected the worst of the three forward movements left to him, and attacked the centre of the allied army through Blücher's corps. With a rapidity that did all honour to his infantry, he hurried back to Dresden to prevent the main army advancing. He concentrated a large portion of his force near this capital, and thus enabled Blücher to carry out the successful operations with which we are already acquainted. Nature herself seemed to have conspired against the main army, while it was struggling with the great difficulties presented by the ground, incessant rain so ruined the roads that it was impossible for the columns to reach Dresden at the appointed time. For the same reasons neither the reserve guns nor ammunition could be brought up. Under these circumstances it was the more impossible to risk a decisive action before Dresden, as we had the defiles in our rear and General Vandamme at Königstein behind our right flank. Still the main object had been attained. Napoleon had been compelled to fatigue his troops greatly; the armies of the crown prince and General Blücher were disengaged, and enabled to assume the offensive at once. The considerable losses of the main army in the fights near Dresden and the retreat on Bohemia were amply compensated by the advantages thus obtained for the armies of Blücher and the crown prince. The madness of General Vandamme at length afforded the main army the opportunity to cope with the evil effects which accompany every retreat. From this moment there was visible in the French army a degree of indecision and timidity in moving, which overthrew every calculation based on the heroism of the chief and the willing and prompt obedience of his orders by the subordinates. This army was seen to start thrice for Silesia and return to Dresden. Its movements against Berlin, which were impeded by the happy arrangements of the crown prince, were carried out without any concert with the other French armies, and the attempt to debouch by Kulm, which had quite the character of a serious attack, could only be a last desperate step. Since that period the allies have moved in perfect harmony, and each of the three armies can boast of having been useful to the other.

The 18th of October was the decisive blow to Napoleon's power in Germany, and we find Radetzky indefatigable in his recommendations to Schwarzenberg to press on the pursuit, which he had no inclination to

do. By the victory of Leipzig the allies gained an immediate accession of strength; the Rhine princes were compelled to turn round, and their contingents were ordered to fight against their old lord, which they evinced no hesitation in doing. The retreat of the French across the Rhine gave the allies seventy thousand fresh troops at their disposition. The force with which they proceeded to crush the power of Napoleon was strangely disproportionate: the main army amounted to two hundred and fifty thousand men, the army of South Germany reckoned three hundred and fifteen thousand, while the movements were supported from Italy by one hundred thousand more; and yet Napoleon did not quail for a moment, as witness the magnificent campaign he fought in 1814, and the repeated defeats to which he subjected the allies. Had it not been for Blücher's impetuosity, and his own strange vacillation at the Congress of Châtillon, he might have maintained himself on the throne. But the modern Attila had played his part out—he had advanced European civilisation by at least one hundred years, and he was at length to make room for his incompetent successors. Strange dispensation, that the very measures by which the allies believed they had excluded the Napoleon family eternally from the throne of France, played the most decided part in raising the present emperor to the exalted post he now so worthily fills.

One of the most important improvements made by Radetzky in the Austrian army was the formation of the mounted orderly corps, dating so far back as 1814, and which has proved its value in every campaign. The principal duties of these men were threefold. In the first place, they undertook all the espionage, for which the smartest men were selected; secondly, they performed courier duties; and thirdly, they acted as gendarmes at head-quarters, and formed an escort for the general commanding during action. The established strength of the corps was five officers and one hundred and ninety men, and they certainly did very efficient service. In the late reforms of the Austrian army these orderlies have been reorganised, and form an integral portion of the staff. The advantages such a body of men offers are, that they are thoroughly up to their work, and, secondly, there is no longer occasion to detach men from the various regiments to perform these duties, as is the case with ourselves. Radetzky was always very proud of this arrangement of his, and employed the orderlies with great advantage during the whole of the Italian campaign.

There is a great gap in Radetzky's opinions from 1815 (when he was actively engaged at head-quarters in Paris) until 1827, when the movements of the Russians against Turkey called his attention to political affairs. We are much struck with the remarks he makes about Turkey, as they have been fully confirmed by recent events. He starts from the principle that Turkey is a decaying state, and that before long it must be erased from the map of Europe. The Congress of Vienna weakened its strength materially, and yet it did not arouse from its lethargy. England, by the acquisition of Corfu and Malta, threatened all the Turkish harbours, and was in a position to close the Dardanelles if she chose. Russia, who before could undertake no war against Turkey until she had secured a free passage through Poland, had a free course by the incorporation of that country, while Austria, by the acquisition of Dalmatia, was rendered vastly superior to Turkey. All this the Sultan had allowed to

go on without uttering a protest. Hence the future existence of Turkey depended on a possible agreement between Russia, England, and Austria. If a firm alliance were founded between those countries, neither France nor Prussia, whether separate or united, could prevent the expulsion of the Turks from Europe.

Russia, through her geographical position, is the natural and eternal enemy of the Porte. This immense country can only dispose of its produce through the Baltic and the Black Sea, but on both these routes nature has erected a gate through which Russia must have a free passage—the Sound in the Baltic, the Bosphorus in the Black Sea. The latter, however, forms the harbour and roadstead of Constantinople. Russia must command the Bosphorus, and yet cannot do this without imposing laws on the capital. Hence she must employ every scheme to gain possession of Constantinople, for the occupation of that city would afford the Czar more certainty and safety, and would be cheaper than holding the Sultan in constant subjection. The so-called Oriental project has been repeatedly deferred at St. Petersburg, but never entirely given up. The will of Peter the Great speaks all too clearly. Turkey in Asia, like Russia, borders on Persia. The latter state possesses all the physical elements of a powerful empire, and has repeatedly proved such to be the case. Now it is torn by internal dissensions. Russians and British regulate its policy. It wants unity and political strength. If these could be restored to it, Persia would become the natural enemy of the Porte, and a valuable ally for Austria. The Turkish Empire is, itself, much weakened. It must continually carry on intestine wars. It has always to contend against revolt on the eastern frontiers, in Greece, Syria, or Arabia. The repetition of such outbreaks gives the rebels by degrees the requisite experience. Before long, one of these rebels will either make himself independent of the Porte, and carry off a large extent of territory, or seize on the capital, and thence subjugate the whole country. The first of these possibilities is undoubtedly the better for the adjoining states to Turkey, for it weakens the Osmanli Empire.

How true Radetzky's views were is seen in the fact that Turkey lost both Greece and Egypt, and had it not been for the interference of the other powers Mehemet Ali would have hurled Abd-ul-Medjid from the throne. The misfortune is that his remarks about Turkey are as true now as when written thirty years ago: the Sultan, like the Bourbons, has learned nothing and forgotten nothing. If any optimist fancies that the slightest guarantee for the stability of Turkey was obtained by the Crimean war, he is sadly deceived. The same agencies are at work now which produced the Greek insurrection, and from every portion of that magnificent country outbreaks are daily announced. No bolstering in the world can maintain Turkey much longer, and the inevitable result must be that the Christians will rise and take a terrible revenge for centuries of oppression. And then the work will all have to be done over again: one of the great powers will get possession of the Dardanelles, and a war will ensue, very different from the last in extent and duration. One thing is certain, however, that we should be prepared for such an eventuality at any moment, and, therefore, any retrenchment in our naval and military establishments must be deprecated. So long as the present government remains in office, we have no fear of any mistaken economy, or a recurrence to that penny wise and pound foolish system which cost us such an enormous amount to repair at the outset of the last war; but with a Whig administration once more at the helm, we may have to deplore the same neglect of our resources as has so

deeply lowered us in the eyes of Europe. It is not so very long ago that a minister took credit for having three ships of the line available for the national defence, and it must not be forgotten that at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, so far had we fallen back in our preparations, that the seventeen guns required for the procession could not be supplied by all our arsenals.

Another very valuable paper drawn up by Radetzky refers to the political situation of Austria, and the possibility of a war with her neighbours. The two enemies that Austria has to fear, it is evident, are Russia and France; the latter having at her back Sardinia, to imperil the Austrian possessions in Lombardy. Even the Germanic Confederation furnishes no guarantee of security to Austria, for the smaller states might again unite themselves to France. But there is a way, according to Radetzky, by which the friendship of France may be secured:

> So soon as Austria resigns all hopes of aggrandisement in Germany—and this is quite in harmony with her interests—France will be perfectly satisfied that her frontier will never be menaced by Austria. All external aggrandisement on the part of Austria will take place in the opposed direction to France, and none of them can be injurious to that country, but, on the contrary, benefit it. France has great colonial losses to make up, and to restore the balance of power on the seas. These are its first and most pressing cares. She can be engaged in a war with Great Britain sooner than with any other country, whence, in order to concentrate all her strength on her navy, she must remain at peace with the continental powers. To this must be added that the new states now growing up in America will give a new shape to naval interests, in course of ages subjugate Europe or expose her to fresh dangers, so that it is highly probable that we shall all have to form a firm alliance. Hence, the present interests of France demand pressingly peace and friendship with Austria.

The case is different with Prussia, who cannot give up all territorial aggrandisement in Europe. She now possesses a larger territory than before the battle of Jena; but still she is territorially weaker. It is the awkwardest state on the face of the globe. Its breadth bears no proportion to its length, and its possessions are divided from each other by foreign states. She cannot defend her whole line of frontier. Russia outflanks her on one side, France on the other, while Austria threatens her front. In the rear she has Sweden, Denmark, Hanover, and the Netherlands to fear. Hence she is continually tormented by the wish of filling out the whole extent of her frontier, which could alone secure her a firm position in Europe. Hence the North German states should watch her closely, and remember that the danger of being swallowed up by Prussia hangs over their heads like the sword of Damocles. Austria, however, can never permit Prussia any territorial aggrandisement, for her own course of progress tends to the south-east, and she must have her rear well protected. Prussia learned to her cost, in the seven years' war, what a dangerous neighbour Russia can prove. At the present day Russia borders on one half the Prussian territory. The frontier from Riga to Memel is always open to the Russians, and it must not be forgotten that the Czar, by the incorporation of Poland, can lay many claims to the Prussian possessions. Lastly, we must mention that in every war Prussia engages in against Russia there is much to lose but nothing to gain.

All these considerations lead to the conclusion that Prussia, in her present

position, cannot do without the support of Austria. On the other hand, circumstances may occur in which Prussia may step forward as the ally of an enemy to Austria. Whenever a war has broken out between Austria and Prussia, the latter power commenced it by an inroad into Silesia. These attacks were facilitated by the circumstance that Bohemia was then unfortified. Now, however, when the northern frontier of that country is tolerably protected, the Prussians would probably attack us in Moravia, and send off a corps into Hungary, as occurred in former wars.

There is no doubt, however, that Radetzky is perfectly right when he says that Russia is the most dangerous foe to Austria, and that a permanent peace between the two countries is impossible. Her territory in Europe alone is sixfold as large as that of Austria; and though her population is scanty, it must be borne in mind that she makes greater progress in her growth than more densely populated countries. In Russia, the births are in a relation to the deaths, as one hundred and fifty to one hundred. Such a relation must double the inhabitants in fifty-four years. Again, regard being had to her size, Russia is the least indebted state in Europe. There are also other dangerous considerations:

We must not overlook the fact that the cabinet of Petersburg, ever since the death of Peter the Great, has followed his suggestions without making the slightest alteration: that this cabinet, as the experience of the last few years has taught, surpasses all others in craftiness and consistency, and ever carries out in their integrity the carefully drawn up plans. It has given the kingdom of Poland a wise constitution, and gained this land over to its views as well as Austrian and Prussian Poland. In our own state, along the frontier of the Bukovina, there is a powerful party in favour of Russia, and among the Greeks there is a strong feeling of sympathy for her welfare and progress. All these circumstances combined lead us to the painful confession that Russia is the power from which alone great dangers threaten our state. These apprehensions are augmented by the fact that the Czar commands great hordes of barbarians, who, although unserviceable for regular warfare, are admirably adapted to desolate a country. The general tendency of European states to grant themselves permanent constitutions affords no relief from these apprehensions. The greater portion of the Russian population stands too low in civilisation to allow us to entertain the hope that it could be so far raised during the next century as to desist from offensive wars through the possession of a state constitution.

As regards Constantinople, although Austria might be disposed to allow the western shore of the Bosphorus to be held by a King of Greece, and the eastern by the Sultan, or even go so far as to allow Russia an isolated fortress on the western coast, like Gibraltar, she could never suffer Russia to incorporate Greece, or even a portion of that country, for then she would be placed in precisely the same position as Prussia, by being enclosed and confined by the Russians.

Among other considerations to which Radetzky devotes his attention is, whether standing armies can be reduced, and their place occupied by other forces? According to his views, the most certain strength of a state will be found in a properly drilled militia. This arrangement is the most natural, and consequently the best. It supplies the state with the greatest number of combatants in proportion to its population; it keeps up in the people the consciousness that it is defending itself, and at the same time a martial spirit which will not die out, because those who are animated by it never cease to be citizens. Such a spirit renders

a nation irresistible. It can never be subjugated, much less be extirpated. The correctness of these views is nowhere proved so clearly as in ancient history. The states in those times were great and powerful through their militia. They sank generally in the same proportion as this national defence. Athens, in her most brilliant era, knew no other warriors than her own citizens; with them she withstood the power of Xerxes. Rome's citizen-soldiers subjugated the world, and maintained her supremacy till they were converted into standing armies. But the most memorable instance in later times is that of the Swiss. They conquered the powerful armies of the greatest princes, and although frequently weakened, always rose again with renewed vigour. In recent history the republic of the Netherlands offered the first example. Another will be found in the United States; but the greatest of all was the French Revolution and the Hispano-Portuguese war, in the years 1808 to 1812, in the Peninsula.

It is curious to find a man like Radetzky, who gave such a terrible example to the Italian militia, writing in this style about them; stranger still, that Milan proved the correctness of his judgment in 1848, when the militia compelled him to fall back on Verona. The result he arrives at from his considerations is that the best way for Austria to defend herself against her dangerous neighbour is by building fortresses in the interior of the country, where the militia could congregate on an invasion, and bide their time to repulse the invader. Still, on the whole, he would evidently prefer the Russians remaining at home.

Our only regret in noticing this curious and valuable work is that we find nothing in it relative to the campaigns of 1848 and 1849 in Italy. We should much have liked to form our opinion of the war from Radetzky's own statement, but a wise *réticence* has evidently presided over the choice of papers to be published. That his opinions as to the Sardinian war are in existence there can be no doubt; but whether they are safely locked up in the Austrian archives and not accessible, or whether the editor of this volume thought it advisable not to publish matters which might throw a strange light on the situation of Austria during the revolution, we are unable to decide. Still we must feel grateful for so much as is made known to us, and repeat our gratification at the publication of a work which throws a new and most pleasing light on the old field-marshal. We are also much pleased to find his opinions tallying so strongly with those of Marmont as to the campaign of 1813, for we have always had a firm belief in the authenticity of the Duke of Ragusa's statements, in spite of the ferocious attacks that have been made upon his memory. It has been too long the fashion in this country to regard Radetzky as an Austrian Gough, who won his battles by sheer obstinacy; but these opinions go far to prove that he was an able and far-sighted general. His memory is worthily revered in Austria, and the emperor has honoured him with a magnificent cenotaph; but we think he will find a monument more enduring than brass in the affectionate remembrance of the nation for which he fought so bravely and so well.

THE YOUNG QUEEN-WIFE.

By Walter Thornbury.

HOW MARGARET OF NAVARRE DISPORTED IN THE LOUVRE GARDENS.

The fountain-gods in marble strength
  Struggle through mists of silvery water;
All round the yellow blossoms press,
  Turning the crystal gold. O daughter
Of France, the darling of the sun,
  Thou Valois, royal, proud, and fair,
See how the swan, with arching neck,
  Casts snowy shadows everywhere.

Ha! when they hear her satin rustle,
  The golden shoals of Indian fish
Leap to the surface, lover like,
  Anticipating beauty's wish.
She shakes her jewel-glittering fan,
  They disappear beneath the lilies,
Turning as quick as dragon-flies,
  As fickle-swift as Arab fillies.

To see with what a sweet caprice
  Queen Margaret runs to race the swallow,
By courtly nodding poplar-trees,
  Or through the laurels in the hollow;
And now with pretty angry haste
  She flies her little Persian hawk,
Gold jesses on, at butterflies
  That skim the level terrace-walk.

Then throws herself with witching grace
  Upon the mossy violet bank,
And laughs to swooning at the page
  Claiming the jester's bells and rank;
Now mounts her dappled palfrey, which
  She governs with a silver thread,
A rope of pearls about her breast,
  A Venice tiring on her head.

A fight with rushes! How she swerves
  In madcap caracoles, and turns
Around the pompous Chamberlain,
  Until his flap-ear tingling burns;
Then strikes, with wanton page's whip,
  The piebald jester Bobinel,
Or at the snowy rings of doves
  Fires off her Milan petronel.

The fair young wife! her merry blood
  Rose effervescing like champagne;
She laughed when sullen Coligny
  Told her how hard it was to reign—
How hard to share a monarch's joys,
  And yet escape a monarch's sins;
She, mocking says, "Our Admiral
  Thinks much too crabbedly of things.

"Be this Queen Margaret's decree:
  I will, throughout our sunny France,
In every pot a capon boil,
  To light the fire break pike and lance

I banish every sullen face—
 Let all who love their Margot smile—
Perpetual sunshine I command,
 Believing melancholy guile."

To humour her, a herald page
 Blew three times on a silver horn;
And all cried "Viva Marguerite!
 The Rose, the Rose without a thorn!"
She, laughing, bowing, stroked her hawk,
 And bade them saddle for the chase,
Trying her crossbow lock—serene
 Her candid brow, her happy face.

She was the gayest, maddest thing,
 As full of gambols as a fawn—
Born some May morn, and sunbeam fed,
 Child of the sunshine and the dawn.
To see her, when the poet took
 His pen to write a canzonet,
Lean languidly against the vase,
 Over the Psyche grandly set!

Even the Chancellor grew glad
 When she would call him to the dance,
Or with a blossom, playful tossed,
 Awoke him from a moody trance.
Her laugh was good as book and bell
 To scare all evil things away;
Whene'er she came, she seemed to chase
 One half the shadows from the day.

A living carmine dyed her cheek—
 Her bosom was the sunniest snow—
A lily, summer-tinged, her neck—
 Ivory white her swelling brow.
Oh, she was beautiful!—her skin
 Was soft as rose-leaves—fie! her hand
Was white as April's purest cloud—
 She was fit queen for Dian's band!

Blue eyes she had, so soft, and filled
 With such a swimming, dancing light,
They shed a glory when they beamed,
 Starlike and excellently bright.
A Venice tiring, edged with pearls,
 Arched o'er her forehead like a wreath;—
What lapidary's angled stone
 Could match the eyes that shone beneath?

Just now—eyes sparkling with fun—
 She bade them shower the flower-leaves o'er her;
A Flora crowned, she stood to hear
 Old Ronsard touch his mandagora—
The *Sleep Song*, that he made to lull
 His mistress, whom his serenade
Had woke too rudely—sweet it was
 To hear a lute so deftly played.

And now this Juno, still in bud,
 Proud gathers up her satin train,
Laughing to scorn old Coligny
 Telling a Valois how to reign;—
Maulevrier passing through an arch
 Of flowers still dripping with the dew,
Whispers, "*The Admiral will know more*
 By next year's St. Bartholomew."

SIR HENRY SYDNEY'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY FITZ-HERBERT.

PART I.

AN interesting piece of autobiography, written by Sir Henry Sydney towards the close of his life, is in course of publication in "The Ulster Journal of Archæology;" and I do not hesitate, in drawing the attention of the reader to this instructive memoir, as it will shortly appear, a full-length, self-drawn sketch of one of the most eminent of English worthies of the Elizabethan age, to anticipate its conclusion, by giving them the hitherto unedited closing passages of a rare instance of personal narratives of that memorable era.

The autobiographer filled, for many years, and at one and the same time, the exalted posts of Lord-Deputy of Ireland and President of Wales. His graphic retrospect is valuable, in comprising a political account of his government of the former country, and is especially so, because, being addressed to the secretary of state, Sir Francis Walsingham, at the time the writer's son, the illustrious Sir Philip Sydney, was contracted in marriage to the minister's heiress, the narrative was, in consequence of this new bond of friendship between the two aged and experienced statesmen, dictated in thorough confidence; and, accordingly, reveals the secret history of Anglo-Irish politics during the writer's critical and eventful government. Yet, however serviceable this document may be historically, I incline to set value on it more for its private than public revelations, since this singular autobiography lays bare, in candid and touching terms, the griefs and distresses of a very excellent Englishman, who, although raised far above the vulgar nobility of his day by birth, connexions, inherited riches, accumulated offices and honours, and by his rare constitution of body and mind, yet—though he had long enjoyed the two highest provincial employments under the crown—exhibits himself as by no means set above adversity and necessity, such as, though not of ordinary sort, were still more galling to a man whose generous heart swelled with the pride and spirit of a Sydney.

The writer's immediate object was to explain to the father of his son's affianced bride the causes of his inability to make a befitting settlement on this son, his eldest, and one who nobly merited a lordly competence. He had the mortifying duty of confessing that, notwithstanding his own father had bequeathed to him Penshurst Place, with its broad lands, and many another rich manor; and that, though three successive sovereigns had loaded him with high offices, his fine private fortune and princely emoluments had proved insufficient; that he had plunged so deeply into debt as that he, who still governed a third part of the realm, was reduced to the humiliating apprehension that he might be cast into the Queen's Bench prison. His lofty mind was manifestly already imprisoned; he was, as he says, "trembling," for his proud heart was depressed and almost broken. In such a strait, it was little solace to him to reflect that his distress was caused, not indeed by selfish waste, but an over-liberal

public expenditure. All his income had been too little to pay for the royal style in which he had kept his house of presidency at Ludlow, and his viceregal court in the old, ruinous, castle-rack-revenue of Dublin. It availed him nothing that in past palmy days he had outshone in halberdiers, horses, and other paraphernalia his predecessors' pomp, or had lavished his money in repairing and rebuilding numerous fortresses, churches, and bridges. These were prince's works, requiring a prince's purse. But, although such reflections must have but faintly alleviated the remorse of this good and generous governor, we can forgive an improvidence so magnificent and public spirited. His claims to favourable consideration must have been well comprehended when he wrote, and it is with no surprise that we find the noble Sydney, a veteran pillar of the state, supplicating the throne he had so long and strongly supported for some solid acknowledgment of his services. His narrative, indeed, may be regarded as a memorial framed with the object of setting forth his claims upon the favour of the crown, and in another original document he sets down a financial title to remuneration by recounting several matters in which he had largely increased the revenue. In reading the former, our senses of admiration and regret for the author will be increased by knowing that, in the words of his secretary, "In the queen's service he spent his youth, his whole life, sold his lands, and consumed much of his patrimony, to the hinderance of his posterity, without any great recompense or reward."

The marriage of "the young knight, Sir Philip," who had but just received his spurs, being a main "argument" (as the classics say), let us slightly notice the bridegroom's antecedents. He was born at Penshurst, in 1554, so that he was eight-and-twenty when he married. When at school, and but twelve years old, his father addressed him a letter of counsel as to conduct, so much resembling, in some passages, the admirable advice *Polonius* gives to *Laertes*, that one would almost believe the bard of Avon had read the letter. He had been affianced to a daughter of Lord Burghley's, and, when he married Mistress Walsingham, was in love with another young lady. How, then, was it that Secretary Walsingham obtained "the honour" (as Naunton justly terms it) of becoming his father-in-law?

The dark shade concealing truth regarding the breaking off of the match between him and the "Stella" of his poetry, Lady Penelope Devereux, daughter of the chivalrous first Earl of Essex, is not at all enlightened by any revelation on his father's part. At so early an age as fifteen, his promise of future celebrity induced Sir William Cecil, the secretary of state (afterwards Lord Burghley), to consent that young Sydney should be betrothed to Anne Cecil, the powerful minister's daughter; and his father assures the secretary that, if he, the writer, "might have the greatest prince's daughter in Christendom for him," the projected marriage should still come off. However, the lady's father was not equally eager, as appears by an unedited letter, yet extant; and, in the mean while, the superior graces of Stella, sister of the handsome favourite, so inflamed the heart of the youthful poet, as to disincline him to a match that would have yielded no other charms than political influence. Sonnet after sonnet having expressed his earnest passion for the lovely Devereux, who is described as a woman of exquisite beauty, on a

grand and splendid scale, the fair lady began to regard him—wasted and woe begone as he was, the mere "ruins," as he says, "of her conquest"—with tender pity; and, presently, he gloried in an acknowledged return of love. Her heart, naturally good and guarded, though afterwards betrayed to evil, was at the same time surrendered conditionally,

His only, while he virtuous courses takes.

No one can believe that a breach of this condition broke off a match sanctioned by nature's most cherished feelings. On the contrary, the proposed union seems to have been prevented by our autobiographer at the time of the miserable death of the lady's father, who died deeply indebted, and almost disgraced by the failure of his enterprise for the recovery of Ulster to English dominion. The earl, while lying hopelessly on his death-bed in Dublin Castle, and having frequently, as this narrative states, "most lovingly and earnestly desired to see the young courtier, then affianced to the lady of his heart, he went to him with all the speed he could make, but found him dead at his coming." The visit of the illustrious Sydney to Ireland under these painful, but interesting, circumstances, is unnoticed by both his and Essex's biographers.

Our memorialist was perhaps over-ambitious in seeking an alliance for his son, whose unusual qualities form, nevertheless, an intelligible excuse for his father's idolatry. Sir Henry's secretary wrote to him on that occasion, frankly reprehending him for not keeping faith in the matter of his son's marriage. "All the best sort of the lords of England," says the secretary, "wish well to the children of the late Earl of Essex, and do expect what will become of the treaty between Mr. Philip and my Lady Penelope. Truly, I must say to your lordship, the breaking off from this match, if the default be on your part, will turn to more dishonour than can be repaired with any other marriage." The fair and hapless victim of this breach of promise was divorced (as is well known) from the man her guardians wedded her to, and being married by a former lover during the lifetime of her husband, the affair, then almost without precedent, caused so much outcry, that she and her new lord, the admirable and distinguished Earl of Devonshire, lived but a short time under the infamy cast on them by the over-puritanical temper of the times. Such was the fate of Sydney's Stella. The impassioned lover, poet, and paragon of chivalry survived his marriage but a short time. The heroic circumstances of his death are well known. His genius was such, men used to exclaim, "He seems born for whatever he goes about to do!" His fame as a generous patron of merit had spread through Europe; he has, indeed, no nobler trait of character than that he was "the common rendezvous of worth in his time." He perished in the summer of his youth, "having trod," as it has been beautifully expressed, "from the cradle to the grave amid incense and flowers, and died in a dream of glory!"

His widow, Frances Walsingham, heiress of the renowned minister, and an accomplished and, as Horace of Strawberry Hill styles her, "remarkable woman," had a different destiny to that of the unfortunate lady who had won her husband's love. On his death, an elegy was dedicated to her by a deep sympathiser, the feeling author of "The Faerie Queene," representing, with more imagination than good taste,

Stella as chief mourner! Not very long after, the nearest sufferer consoled herself by espousing Essex, the magnificent brother of that mourner, who, meanwhile, though Lady Rich, was consolable in the society of the first object of her affections. Truly, it was natural and well that these loving and lovable beings should devolve their hearts on some one or two, after their irreparable loss. Yet, somehow or other, they irresistibly remind us of a witty passage in a letter from that "paragon of the age" to Queen Elizabeth, in which, quoting a Celtic *caione*, or mourning song, chanted over a dead body, he says: "The Irish are wont to call over a corpse, 'He was rich!—he was fair! Why did he die so cruelly?'"

After the death of her second spouse, on the scaffold, the Countess of Essex united herself to a young nobleman, said to resemble her former husbands in high qualities and personal beauty — the Earl of St. Albans and Clanricarde, "a handsome, brave Irishman," who had, reluctantly, been brought forward to fill the part of royal favourite, vacant by his predecessor's execution. The daughter of the great Protestant minister even embraced her third husband's religion, having become a Romanist; and appears to have lived long and happily in the wilds of Connaught, since a visitor, the wit, lawyer, and poet, Sir John Davys, reports that he had "found the Earl of Clanricarde, and his wife, the Countess of Essex, living in very honourable style, and his lady very well contented, and everything as well served as ever I saw in England."

Let us now take up the memoir from its beginning. I should have premised that the original is in the State Paper Office, entitled, in Lord Burghley's handwriting, "Sir Henrie Sydney to Sir Francis Walsingham, 1583:"

"DEARE SIR,—I have understood of late that couldnes is thought in me in proceedinge in the matter of mariage of our children. In trouth (Sir) it is not so, nor so shall it ever be founde; for compremittinge the consideration of the articles to the Earles named by you, and to the Earle of Huntington, I most willingly agree, and protest I joy in the allyanse with all my harte. But syns, by your letters of the third of January, to my great discomfort, I fynde there is no hope of relief of her Majestie for my decayed estate in her Highnes service (for synce you give it over, I will never make more meanes, but say *spes et fortuna valete*), I am the more careful to keep myself able, by sale of parte of that which is lefte, to ransom me out of the servitude I lyve in for my debts; for as I knowe, Sir, that it is the vertue which is, or that you suppose is, in my sonne, that you made choise of him for your daughter, refusinge happly far greater and farre ritcher matches than he, so was my confidence great, that by your good meane, I might have obtayned some smale reasonable sute of her Majestie; and therefore I nothing regarded any present gayne, for if I had, I might have receaved a great some of money for my good will of my sonne's mariage, greatlie to the relief of my private bytinge necessitie. For truelie (Sir) I respect nothing by provision or prevencion of that which may come hereafter;—as this;—I am not so unlustie but that I may be so imployed, as I may have occasion to sell lande to redeeme myself out of prison, nor yet am I so oulde, nor my wief so healthie, but that she may die, and I marrye agayne and

gett children, or thinke I gett some. If such a thinge should happen, Godde's law and manne's law will that both one and other may be provided for. Many other accidents of regarde might be alledged, but neither the forewritten, nor any that may be thought of to come, do I respect, but only to stay land to sell, to acquite me of the thraldome I now lyve in for my debts.

"But, good Sir, syns her Majestie will not be moved to rewarde me, nor removed from her opinion but that the two great and high offices, which I have so long and so often welded, may and ought to be a sufficient satisfaction for any my service doon in them or elswhere;—geve me leave, paciently on your parte, though over tediously on myne, somewhat to write to you of those offices, and of my service in them, and though I play a littell too bouldly in person of myne owne herault, yet pardon me, it is my first fawlt of this kynde.

"Three tymes her Majestie hath sent me her Deputie into Ireland, and in everie of the three tymes I susteyned a great and a violent rebellion, everie one of which I subdued, and (with honorable peace) lefte the countrey in quiet. I retorned from each of those three Deputacions three thousand poundes worse than I went."

It is unfortunate that the writer of the memorial began with the foregoing peroration, penned it in a querulous temper, his main arguments being his indebted condition, and the opposition his government laboured under; since, had his circumstances been flourishing, he would doubtless have handled his pen with as much spirit as he wielded the Irish sword of state, and so proved himself a Cæsar in his commentary upon his memorable career of conquest and colonisation. The principal incidents of his active life and eminent services are published in the "Sydney Memorials and Letters of State." In the prefatory words of the editor of the Sydney Papers:

"Sir Henry Sydney enjoyed the most distinguished employments in Ireland in the reigns of Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth. And our historians agree, that he first civilised the Irish, by bringing them under obedience to the laws of England. The progress he made through the whole kingdom, at four several times, is very judiciously and exactly related in his letters to Queen Elizabeth, and the lords of the council; which show the lamentable and disorderly state that the natives then laboured under from their tenures, barbarous customs, want of commerce, &c., as well as the difficulties he surmounted in making any sort of reformation amongst them. They are the only accounts of the affairs of Ireland during that time which can be depended upon; and the prudence and vigour in government, the justness of observation, and the clear and manly sense which appear through the whole course of Sir Henry Sydney's dispatches, are sufficient reasons for not suffering them to lie concealed any longer in the dusty corner of a library."

Besides exercising the high and onerous office of governor of that distracted country, this extraordinary man also filled the responsible station of Lord President of Wales; and the contrast he draws between these two Celtic countries is not the least noticeable of his observations. The history of the former kingdom, during his eventful administration, is fully chronicled by contemporaries; and his own account of his vigorous pro-

ceedings is to be read in his printed despatches. It is, however, let me say, remarkable and characteristic of the marvellous memory and energetic mind of this veteran statesman, that, although his despatches were written immediately after the occurrences they relate to, they yield, in descriptive power, pithy style, and valuable political comment, to the compendious Memoir he dictated at the close of his career.

Before hearing his own story, we require some account of his antecedents. He was head of a dignified Kentish family, whose ancient name was rendered more honourable by his merits, and illustrious by those of his incomparable son. The celebrated seat, Penshurst Place, was conferred on his father by King Edward VI. The family had been for centuries well estated in the adjoining shires; but the fine old hall, inseparably linked with the fame of Waller's "Saccharissa" and "the subject of all verse, Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother," became their favourite residence. My remembrance of a joyous fortnight passed, long ago, among the delightful surrounds of this charming house, vividly recals its galleries of portraits, and its other historic reminiscences; especially the lines of tall trees, called "Sir Philip's Avenue," and the monument in the church to the author of this narrative. "No cultivated mind," writes Sir Egerton Brydges, in his "Imaginative Biography," "ever visits this place without deep interest. To those who have fancy and sensibility, the scene conveys a mingled delight of admiration and melancholy, and the array of images is almost overwhelming."

At the time of King Edward's accession (writes the editor of the family memoirs, quoting Holinshed) the future father of Sir Philip Sydney "was reputed for his virtues, fine composition of body, gallantry, and liveliness of spirit, the most complete young gentleman in the court." Before he was of age he was selected as ambassador to France upon some important affairs, and performed his charge with extraordinary temper, wisdom, and dexterity. We find him, on his return, in the lists as principal challenger in a tilt, in which the young but accomplished knight won fame as a fearless tournayer; and, in the following year, he married, allying himself to a high and dominant house, in espousing Lady Mary Dudley, daughter of John Earl of Warwick, and sister of Lord Robert Dudley, afterwards the proud favourite Leicester. Henceforward he assumed the heraldic badge of his wife's family, "the Ragged Staff," and became a metaphorical supporter of that symbol of power. Let us, however, hear his tale in his own words:

"When I was but ten yeres of age, and a while had been henchman to King Henrie the Eighth, I was by that most famous king put to his sweete sonne, Prynce Edward, my most deere master, prynce, and sovereign, as the first boye that ever he had; my nere kynswoman being his only nurse; my father being his chamberlayn; my mother his governesse; my aunt, by my mother's syde, in such place as among meaner personages is called a drye nurse, for, from the time he left sucking, she contynually lay in bed with him, so long as he remained in woman's government. As that swete prynce grew in yeres and discretion, so grew I in favour and liking of him, in such sorte as by that tyme I was twenty-two yeres ould, he made me one of the foure principal gentlemen of his bedd chamber. While I was present with him, he would always be cherefull and plesant with me, and in my absence gave me such words of

praise as farr exceeded my desert. Sondry tymes he bountifully rewarded me; fynally, he always made too much of me; once he sent me into France, and once into Scotland. Lastly, not only to my owne still-felt grief, but also to the universall woe of England, he dyed in my armes. Within a while after whose death, and after I had spent some months in Spain, neither liking nor liked as I had been, I fancied to lyve in Ireland, and so serve as Treasurer, and had the leading both of horsemen and footmen, and served as ordinarily with them as any other private captain did there, under my brother-in-law, the Earl of Sussex; where I served during the reign of Queen Mary, and one yere after. In which tyme I had four sondry tymes, as by letters patent yet appeareth, the government of that country, by the name of Lord Justice; thrice by commission out of England, and once by choice of that country, such was the great favour of that country to me, and good liking of the people of me."

With honourable pride our memoir-writer could, indeed, recount proofs of his singular and deserved popularity in the kingdom he so long governed. At the outset of his career, he himself had felt so good a liking for the country as to have been content to settle there; or, at least, to colonise a district that would have required his frequent sojourn, namely, the fertile barony of Lecale, of which he was, in 1557, suitor to the crown for a grant in fief· Had he succeeded in this suit, Dundrum, the fine feudal castle of the estate, might have become the seat of an Irish branch of his noble family. He proceeds:

"In the first jorney that the Earl of Sussex made, which was a longe, a great, and an honorable one, against James Mac Conell, a mightie captain of Scotts, whom the Earl, after a good feight made with him, defeyted and chased him, with a slaughter of a great number of his best men, I there fought and killed him with my owne hand, who thought to have overmatched me. Some more blood I drew, though I cannot bragg that I loste any.

"The second jorney the Earl of Sussex made into those quarters of Ulster, he sent me and others into the Island of Raghlyns, where before, Sir Ralph Bagenal, captain Cuffe, and others, sent by him, had landed, little to their advantage, for there were they hurt and taken, and the most of their men that landed either killed or taken. But we landed more polletiquely and saulfly, and encamped in the Isle until we had spoyled the same of all mankynd, corn, and cattell in it."

Let me, antiquary fashion, offer some annotations on the foregoing. The "mightie" Goliath our writer slew in single combat, in the face of the Scottish Philistines, was one of the Macdonalds, lords of the Isles, then effecting the settlement in Antrim that subsequently gave his line the title of Marquis. The rugged island Sydney boasts of having despoiled was then occupied by those amphibious warriors, who were almost politically independent, and carried on that work and war of settlement on Harry Gow's principle of "fighting for their ain brand."

To continue our extracts:

"Sondry tymes during my foresaid governments, I had sondry skyrmishes with the rebels; allways with the victorie; namely one, and that a great one, which was at the very tyme that Calleys was lost. I, the same tyme, being Christmas holiedays, upon the suddeyn invaded

Fyrcall, otherwise called O'Molloy's country, the receptacle of all the rebels, burned and wasted the same, and in my retorne homewards was fought withal by the rebels, viz. the O'Conors, O'Mores, and O'Molloy, and the people of Mackgochigan, albeit he in person was with me in that skyrmish. I receaved in a frize jerkin (though armed under it) four or fyve Irish arrows; some blood I drew with my owne hands; but my men hurt the rebels well, and truely went through their passes, straights, and woods lustily, and killed as many of them as saved not their lyves by ronning awaye, among whom, the chief captain, called Callogh O'Moloy, was one, and his head was brought me by an English gentleman and good soldier, called Robert Cowley."

The bearer of the proof of decapitation was the direct progenitor of the conqueror at Assaye, Talavera, and that great field which was more decisive than all the battles inscribed on the Arc de Triomphe in Paris. The hot skirmish briefly noticed (taking place in January, 1558, the date of the loss of England's last foothold on the Continent) is also chronicled by native annalists, who describe the celebrated Border general, our narrator's master, as having invested Fircall Forest, and vigorously expelled a horde of plunderers who had long found shelter in its thickets; and these historians notice that Treasurer Sydney soon afterwards led another expedition into the offending country, "to take vengeance upon its chieftain for his protection of the wood kerns and other insurgents." These loose sylvan depredators were a sort of clan soldiery, virtually outlaws, and compelled to live in woods in a barbarous manner, their hands against every man, and every man's hand against them. The same annalists also describe the valiant young Treasurer as ravaging all the country of that chief, who, like Vich Jan Vohr, dared extend his protection to cow and horse-stealers; and they chronicle how the woods were ruthlessly cut down, and that he gave "neither peace nor rest to O'Molloy, but chased him, banished him, and proclaimed him traitor," deprived him of his chieftaincy, and cut off his son's head. Our narrator continues: "I tarried and encamped in that country till I had cut downe and enlarged divers long and strait passes; wherby the country ever-syns hath been more obedient and corrigible;—somewhat more I did, and so I did as the country well spoke of it, and well judged of it; and I received from the then Queen comfortible and thankful letters, signed with her own hand, which I have yet to show; and when I was sent to her (as I was once or twice), most graciously she would accept me and my service, and honorablie speake of the same, yea, and rewarded me."

Resuming my archæologic comments, which might be extended but for fear of frightening the reader, let me observe that frieze-cloth derives its name from having been first manufactured in the fogs of Friesland; that our warrior wore it in the shape of a pea-jacket; and that the reason why he modestly calls the arrows that lodged in it "Irish," is, that these missiles were less dangerous, because shorter and less swiftly launched than shafts sent from English and Scottish longer bows. Our worthy author, so stuck about, must have looked like Jack Cade, as described in "King Henry VI.—Part II."

Before our autobiographist had attained his thirtieth birthday, the highest office in the country of his employment, during the absence of the lord-deputy, that of lord-justice, or high justiciary, was entrusted to

him four times. After the accession of Queen Elizabeth, and when this main hope of the Protestant people was seated firmly on the throne, the lord-deputy, Sussex, returned to his post, and proceeded with his military operations against the Irishry, doing, says a contemporary chronicler, "great good service" upon them, and, particularly, in succeeding, by stratagem, in making a prisoner of O'Niall-more, or the great O'Neill, commonly called *en sobriquet* Shane Dymas, *i. e. Shane an diomais*, or John the Proud or Ambitious, who then ruled all the natives of the north as their absolute sovereign, and was, besides, the most energetic of the several heads of the Hibernian hydra of rebellion.

The lord-deputy, though a good general, and experienced in similar warfare, having often led his red-coats against the borderers and thieves of the Scottish dales, not proving successful against the wily thane in the open field, having, indeed, suffered reverses that caused her majesty much disquiet, was ignominiously recalled, leaving the country "in a verie broken state." But, in truth, the rebel clans were but sticks of a fagot that had no bond of union. Still, it was not an easy task to break and subdue the strongest of them; and they received frequent support, in men, money, and munitions, from the Continent. Politically considered, Ireland was, at the period in view, by far the most important part, because the most vulnerable, of the English dominions; consequently, her defence, and the civil war there, were extremely costly; and, therefore, afforded state questions of cogent and exceeding anxiety. Often, verily, as eye-witnesses assure us, the news of a defeat, sustained at the sword and pike of some "O" or "Mac," made Elizabeth swear awfully, and Lord Burghley shed tears, not because of the disaster, but of her ungracious majesty's consequent ill-humour.

After some debate as to an adequate successor to the discomfited deputy, "choise was made by the queen and council of Sir Henric Sydney." The chronicler quoted from (Hooker) gives this then youthful viceroy the highest character for capacity to meet his governmental "difficulties," which were great at the time he assumed full authority, viz. anno 1565. "Great," says that laudatory, "was his knowledge, wisdom, and experience, both of the land, and of the nature, manners, and disposition of the people; wherein the more he excelled others, the more apt and fit he was to have the government." Such due qualifications for colonial administrators may be recommended to the attention of Queen Victoria's secretary for the colonies. When the new lord-deputy arrived in Dublin, he was not only "honorablie received" by the authorities, but the very "people, in great troops, came and saluted him, clapping and shouting with all the joie they could devise." This same writer then sets forth, in quaint, but graphic terms, the perilous and impoverished state of the kingdom. The district called the Pale because the towns it contained, inhabited by the Anglo-Irish, were defended by palings, or stockades, had been much wasted by incursions of bordering clans; and was frequently plundered by small bands of robbers that lurked in the surrounding fastnesses, "whereby," it is piteously observed, "the Anglo-Irish were in such penurie that they had not horses, armour, or weapons to defend themselves with." As for the soldiers in the service of the crown, they injured their friends more than their foes, for, as they received their pay but irregularly, and were maintained by the

odious custom called cess—a sort of free quarters—these swordsmen, thus battening on the tenantry, abused their privilege of demanding support, contrived to supply their want of pay by extorting money, and often subjected their hosts and the females of the family to insolence and the grossest outrage. Many of the officers and men of the army having married Gaelic wives, these native Moabitish women sometimes gave information to the enemy of the intended movements of the forces. Again, the greater proportion of the small standing army were companies formed solely of natives, whose "truth and service," in the event of a general insurrection, were considered doubtful. It is, however, to be declared, in high honour of these Irish Sepoys, that instances of determined mutiny among them can hardly be discovered. The annalist then describes, from his own observation, the state of the four provinces. Three of them were much devastated by internal conflicts, while the natural wealth remaining in the fourth, the region of Ulster, was about to be employed in supporting the intended defensively rebellious war of its dreaded king, Shane the Proud. The Leinster clans, who, being nearest to the seat of government, had felt the conquering power most severely, were, "in their accustomable manner, wholly bent on spoils and mischief." A large part of the south-western province, lately wealthy and stored with cattle, was become "bare and beggarlie," in consequence of the feud between the houses of Ormond and Desmond. Much of the western district, "one of the goodliest, pleasantest, and most fertile, and, in times past, rich, and well inhabited," lay waste from quarrels between the Earl of Clanricarde and the Bourkes of Mayo. Ulster was, indeed, well stored with corn and cattle, for it contained not only its own produce, but was the receptacle of most of the plunder of the other provinces, the freebooters of the disturbed districts being in the practice of driving their four-footed booty thither, where they could not be pursued, and where they could readily dispose of it. "But as for loyalty," says our authority, "dutifulness, and obedience to the Queen, the Ultonians were most disordered and rebellious." Such was the distracted state of Ireland when Sydney assumed the sword.

GRAEFRATH.

ABOUT a dozen miles from Dusseldorf lies the village of Graefrath, and thither we found ourselves bound one fine bright morning. It is a dreary road to that same Graefrath, and when at the rate of four miles an hour it should come in view, it is to be nowhere seen. The traveller scans the horizon, and finding it not there, he upward looks, and certainly finding it not there, he looks again, and lo! it is at his feet. If he took a good spring he would alight on the roof of the inn, or on the church, or in the fountain, to the discomfiture of the numerous washing damsels there assembled—for Graefrath is in a hole—a large and pleasant hole if you like, but still in a hole. All the drags in the world would be put on in

England where there are cautious Jehus and timorous dowagers, to go down such a hill as leads to Graefrath ; but here, the driver in utter subversion of recognised things, slackens his reins, cracks his whip, encourages his lean animals with a shout, whiffs out smoke in volumes, and sometimes on their legs, often on their haunches, and occasionally on their noses, do these sagacious creatures reach the bottom of the hill. We alight at the inn—an inn of large dimensions, with a landlord portly and consequential, and who has a daughter. We notice this maiden that she is comely, and wears a bodice of velvet and earrings of price, and has a foot she is not too proud to exhibit, and ascending in the scale of her attractions has glossy black hair arranged with marvellous skill, and lips that smile with marvellous skill too. We inquire the hour of dinner, but we might have spared ourselves this trouble, for does anybody ever dine in this staid land at any other hour but one o'clock ? We engage a seat, and then look around us.

Graefrath is an ordinary village, better paved and somewhat cleaner than the generality of German villages; but as we extend our scrutiny, we are not long in discovering an air of superiority and prosperity which owes itself surely to some more potent charm than the natural march of improvement, which, in a place so primitive and out of the way, would be scarcely any at all. Yes, reader, there is a charm hanging over Graefrath, worked by an enchanter wise and good. The wide world knows of the great curer of eyes, the renowned, the generous, the benevolent, the Hofrath de Leuw, physician *par excellence* to the King of Hanover, but restorer of sight to all those in the universe who put themselves under his spell. And distant lands send their blind and going blind to him. They come from America, from Spain, from Mexico, from France, from Holland, and from our own bright land. Some come like old Elymas, not having seen the sun for a season, but go away like Bartimeus, rejoicing in its light and glory. Some come of course only to have their sentences confirmed, for whom there is no Siloam, and by whom green fields, and sunny skies, and tender looks are things only to be remembered to their graves.

The Hofrath's* house is in the village—a substantial residence, with more pretensions to the comfortable than the elegant; but the wise man sees not his patients there—his house is his castle and is not to be invaded—he holds his court at an hotel, the "Hollandische Hof," and thither flock his patients, old and young, poor and rich, humble and patrician. The Hofrath is no respecter of persons: as they come, so do they enter his benign presence. This rule is jealously preserved by a sort of usher of the chambers, which is rather a high-sounding title for the trusty Schneider, who attends his master and regulates the order of going. If the rule is ever relaxed, it is when Schneider maliciously makes the most impatient for an interview wait the longest for it. It is said that not long ago a lady of gentle blood, but whose title and riches had proved no safeguard against cataract, heard of the fame of him of Graefrath; so she went with her horses and her chariot, and stood at the door of the hotel of the Hofrath, and she summoned Schneider, and gave him to understand who she was, as though

* "Hofrath" is an honorary title of distinction—councillor of the court.

her name were a talisman which could procure her instant admission to the presence of the sage; but she knew not Schneider nor him he served —she was indignant and demonstrative, but for all that it was the third day of her arrival at Graefrath that her eyes met those of the doctor.

But if the Hofrath's cures are numerous and world renowned, so are they within the reach of all who can get over the " premier pas" of the journey to Graefrath. Smile not in derision, gentle reader, as you call to mind the untold sovereigns, with the mystical shillings to boot, slipped as it were by stealth into the velvet and not reluctant palm of him of the soft step, and tongue soft too, and yet, alas, how often false! The fee of the great Hofrath is half a thaler, or one shilling and sixpence of English money! It need hardly be said that those who can afford more, and which may be said of the large majority of the Hofrath's patients, give more. If a rich man is cured, and he be grateful, he gives of his riches. If a poor man is cured, he gives what he can, and if he is content, so is the Hofrath. A poor woman was told that her sight could only be restored by a delicate and painful operation. " Alas, then," she cried, " I must be content to remain as I am—my means entirely forbid so expensive a remedy." " Let not that disturb thee, friend," replied the benevolent Hofrath; " by those I cure I am content to be paid—but those who cannot pay, I am still content to cure, if so be it I may." Generous Hofrath! mayst thou long be spared to be a blessing and a pride to those whose misfortune, and yet whose privilege, it is to seek thy aid!

By the time we had made ourselves acquainted with these brief particulars, a natural instinct, added to an ominous gnawing of the inner man, convinced us that the hour of dinner was near at hand; and, on arriving at the Hôtel de la Poste, we were ushered by the fair one with the velvet bodice into a salon of ample dimensions, wherein a table in the form of a horse-shoe was spread for the " mittag essen." It was a low-pitched room, with nothing much to distinguish it from other salles-à-manger. On the walls were suspended the usual number of inferior lithographs of " Herzoge" and " Herzoginnin," generals, crown princes, and other individuals entitled to the privilege of having their features transmitted to admiring posterity. Pre-eminent amongst these was the Hofrath de Leuw, the veritable genius of the place. A printed notice warned the traveller that smoking was interdicted, for of a surety tobacco-smoke can scarcely be good for ailing eyes. Another notice told how the service of the Church of England was performed every Sunday to those religiously and devoutly disposed. The eye in vain sought other objects to divert them, which, however, was of the less consequence to us, as the soup now made its appearance, and the guests, who had in the mean time assembled, took their accustomed places.

It was certainly a singular and somewhat melancholy collection of eaters. Every known disorder of the eye seemed to have its representative here, from the cataract in its triple variety of lenticular, capsular, and complicated, to the formidable amaurosis, or gutta serena, so trying and often so baffling to the skill of the oculist. As the patients greeted one another, the ordinary salutation, " How do you do to-day?" gave way to one more novel and appropriate, " How do you *see* to-day?" The generality of the guests wear a pale blue calico shade, sufficiently deep to conceal the features as effectually as the mask of a model prison. If the unfortunate wearer, in

defiance of a prohibition, attempts to catch a glimpse of passing events, he can only succeed by throwing back his head at the risk of the dislocation of his neck, and if at this moment you should be unlucky enough to catch his eyes or eye, as the case may be, you will probably feel a sympathetic and uncomfortable sensation in your own.

But what of the dinner? It is good, if somewhat homely. It is whispered that the Hofrath is rather a despot about dinner, and cries woe to the landlord who introduces upon his board the viand which may interfere with the efficacy of his remedies. We missed also those graceful, long-necked bottles from which issue the rich perfumes of the generous Asmanhaüser and the delicate Hocheimer. As did Jonadab command his sons that they should drink no wine, so in this very land of the grape is its juice forbidden to the lips of those who take counsel of the Hofrath.

But, corpo di Bacco! *our* eyes are good, *we* read the *Times* without spectacles, and neither require the lotions nor the ointments of the Hofrath, so we beckon to the maiden with the glossy hair, and proceed to give her a look which satisfies her in an instant that our eyes are whole, and persuasive and penetrating withal, and that she may safely do our bidding without fear of the Hofrath. So she brings us wine. We drink, we smack our lips, we wink our eyes, and, as we are devout and grateful, we inwardly thank Heaven we have eyes to wink. But who smacks his lips when he drinks water? The sound is an unusual and forbidden one, and we see a commotion at the table, and divers heads thrown back, and we feel that three or four pairs of eyes, such as they are, and probably an odd one or two, are concentrating their imperfect gaze upon our bottle, and then we hear a faint sigh heaved, and we cease in an instant to exult in the strength of our eyesight, and even the charm of the wine is gone!

But who are they that enter the salle-à-manger so late, and fill the vacant places by our side? Why are all those shaded heads thrown back? Why this commotion? Why is the door thrown open to its fullest extent by the landlord, so portly and consequential? And why does she of the pretty feet seem endowed on the sudden with fresh vitality?

A man is led in by a maiden. Surely it is Belisarius redivivus, who has revisited this earth in modern costume for the express purpose of having his eyesight restored by the Hofrath, and giving him an everlasting testimonial like Lord Aldborough did Professor Holloway when he cured him of his rheumatism. He somewhat impatiently lays aside his shade and reveals his face, which is grand and majestic. His figure is tall and commanding, and seems to betray nothing of that air of helplessness generally so painfully apparent in blindness—indeed, had not the pupils of his eyes appeared somewhat dilated and immovable, no other defect would have been discoverable in them. His complexion tells of a southern sky; his hair, once black and curly, is still curly, though the black is greatly outnumbered by the grey; it has disappeared altogether from his temples, but its absence only adds space and massiveness to a forehead to which Nature had given dimensions sufficiently grand and imposing. That he is a soldier we should gather from his mien, did we not from the ribbon which is attached to his button-hole, and tells of valiant deeds, and the coat buttoned over his broad chest in the fashion we call military. That he is blind, or going blind, we know because he is here, and because he is

led to his chair by one we perceive is his child the moment we carry our gaze from him to her.

She was a true daughter of Spain; her eyes would have been lustrous under any circumstances, but oh! how they sparkled here amongst that collection of forlorn, semi-opaque, uncomfortable orbs with which they came in such vivid contrast. Her complexion was rich olive, her lips ruddy and pouting, and betraying, as they parted, a row of teeth, of which the natural whiteness was enhanced because everything else about her was so dark. Her hair was raven black, and profuse in quantity, and gathered up at the back of her head in a large knot, which clearly belonged to no other fashion but the picturesque. The sparkle of her eye, which no sorrow could quench, told of spirits gay and buoyant, but her smile was gentle and subdued, and betrayed the care which made heavy her young heart. But there was a third to the party who seated himself not. He was tall and lank, erect as a poplar, his complexion swarthy, and ploughed, either by time or exposure to the elements, into innumerable minute furrows. His grizzled hair was cut close to his head, but his moustaches luxuriated, and were prodigious. They were, moreover, twirled to a point, and were objects evidently of mingled pride and solicitude. He stood behind the chair of his master, for he bore no other relationship to the blind man than that of attendant, and watched him with an eye both jealous and tender. No other hand supplied his plate, or, when empty, removed it; he replenished his glass with the pure element, he whispered in his ear the names of the various dishes as in succession they appeared at that frugal banquet. With the eye of a gastronomer he selected the daintiest morsels, he skilfully divided them, he watched their passage from the plate to the palate of his dear lord, and when, at the termination of the meal, to his anxious inquiry, "Has his excellency well dined," his excellency nodded an assent, his eyes gleamed with mingled triumph and satisfaction. As may be imagined, we could hardly be in such close proximity to so much beauty without experiencing a strong desire to put ourselves in communication with it. The recognised freedom of a table d'hôte rendered this not difficult, so, summoning up all our courage and our best French, we inquired, with becoming hesitation, what hope the Hofrath had of restoring her father's sight. She turned upon us those full, lustrous eyes, and, with an utter absence of all bashfulness, thanked us for our inquiry, and said they had only arrived in Graefrath the preceding day. They had travelled all the way from Valencia; the long and tedious journey had taxed to the utmost her father's powers of endurance, and thus prevented him having an interview with the physician, who had, however, appointed one for that same afternoon. The blind man, catching a strange voice coupled with the soft tones of his child, bent forward, and with ready acuteness recognising the accent with which we spoke a language foreign to us both, demanded if the English stranger was also blind, or under what complaint of the eye he was labouring. We had then to explain that our vision was unimpaired, but that the widely-spread frame of the Hofrath had attracted us in our rambles to a spot over which a genius wise and benevolent seemed to preside. Our conversation then took a wider range; the blue shades had gradually and silently groped their way out, leaving us the sole occupants of the salon, when the gaunt Antonio made his appearance, and

warned his master that the hour had arrived for him to meet the Hofrath. Need it be said we promptly discovered we were going in the same direction? We sallied forth, the blind man leaning on the arm of his attached attendant, we following with the gentle Magdalena, for such we discovered her name to be. A walk of some minutes brought us to the door of the hotel; the blind man entered the portal, and would have been followed by his daughter, but, suspecting her intention, he interposed:

"Enter not with me, my child," he said; "it were better for us both that I saw the Hofrath alone. I am not afraid to hear my fate pronounced, but thy presence would unnerve me and distress thee. Antonio shall enter with me; the afternoon is fair; if the strangers object not, tarry here with them." To this somewhat embarrassing suggestion the blind man's child gave a quiet acquiescence, and the patient and his attendant entering the hotel, we remained in the presence of Magdalena. As we well knew the subject on which her thoughts must be centred, to the best of our skill we sought to give them utterance by touching as delicately as we could upon the sad bereavement under which her father laboured, and we inquired what dire circumstance had brought down so grievous a visitation upon him.

"Oh, it is a sad story," she replied; "but as I can now think of nothing else, I may as well briefly relate it to you. At the close of last summer my father and I were riding late one sultry afternoon, near to Valencia, on the banks of our own dear Guadalaviar. I was never weary of hearing him narrate the stirring scenes in which he had been a prominent actor in his younger days. He was on this occasion telling me of those calamitous times when such accumulated misery was heaped upon our unhappy country by the vile factions of a court still tainted with the corruptions of a Godoy and the imbecilities of a Charles IV. My father had been present at the splendid victories of Salamanca and Vittoria—in his mind's eye those brilliant exploits lived over again, as he vigorously depicted them. I was lost to the sense of everything but his thrilling recital; the reins fell loosely upon the arched neck of the beautiful animal I rode, an Andalusian jennet, a recent gift from my father. We saw not that the clouds had gathered, and were black and lowering; we noticed not that the air was hushed, that not a leaf moved, and that nature seemed motionless, as though awaiting in terror the conflict of the elements so soon to take place; but some heavy raindrops aroused our attention. We looked around for shelter, but none presented itself. The rain commenced to fall in torrents; bright flashes of lightning followed one another in quick succession. We urged on our steeds, and presently seeing in the distance a clump of trees, we made for the sorry shelter they promised to afford us; but, oh! better had we braved the storm. My father's anxiety for me made him heedless of the danger we encountered in remaining beneath the trees during the prevalence of the lightning, which now became terrific. Suddenly a flash came, exceeding in vividness all that had preceded it, and followed instantly by a peal of thunder like the roar of a thousand cannon. The very ground vibrated beneath our feet. Then came a dreadful crash of falling timber. I gave a loud scream, and pressed my hand to my eyes, whilst my docile steed stood as if rooted to the ground, his eyes dilated, his nostrils expanded, with a white foam gathered about his

mouth, which fell in snowy flakes around him. A deathlike stillness succeeded to this fearful moment. I recovered myself, and withdrew my hand from my eyes, and oh, horror of horrors! I beheld my father stretched apparently lifeless on the ground, by the side of a huge limb of a tree torn from its parent stem, whilst his horse stood violently trembling a few paces off. In an instant I had dismounted and was by his side; in vain I looked round for assistance: I threw myself by his prostrate form, I raised his head, and taking water from a pool the falling rain had formed, I dashed it in his face. I waited, in breathless anxiety; I put my hand to his heart, and felt that it still beat, and I knew that he lived. After some moments he slowly opened his eyes, but only to close them again, as a look of pain and anguish unutterable passed across his pale face. For some minutes more he remained motionless, and then I saw his lips move and heard some indistinct murmurs escape them. I put my ear to his mouth; I called upon him, in passionate accents, to speak to me. At length I caught his words, and, oh! how my heart sank!

"'My child,' he faintly uttered, 'art thou safe?'

"I assured him that I was. He then bade me hasten to Valencia and bring aid.

"'Tarry not,' he said; 'a great calamity has overwhelmed me. God give me strength to bear it. I thank him it has fallen on me and not on thee. The lightning has bereft me of my sight. I am quite blind!'"

The utterance of the beautiful speaker was quite choked as she came to this part of her narrative. What followed was briefly told. Her father was conveyed home, and the best advice Spain could afford summoned; but no success attended it. The stricken man then heard by accident of some great cure wrought by him of Graefrath, and yielding to the entreaties of his child, who was all that he held dear in the world, for her mother in giving her birth had surrended her own life, had consented to come this long, weary way in the hopes of deriving benefit from the Hofrath's skill.

She had hardly concluded her sad tale, when we beheld the tall figure of the blind man emerging from the gate of the hotel on the arm of the faithful Antonio. To spring to his side—to seize his hand—to playfully thrust aside Antonio, and draw her father's arm within her own, was the work of a moment. We heard not the words with which she greeted her father, but could easily guess their purport; but we joined the group in time to hear the patient say, "He bids me hope, my child; he does not think my sight irrevocably gone. Ah! sweet one, if God grant I may again trace thy features and thy sainted mother's face in thine, it is all I pray for—all I desire."

We had heard enough, and had no further excuse for intruding upon their presence. We prayed Heaven to prosper the means of the Hofrath; the blind man and his daughter extended their hands; we warmly grasped them. Antonio stood by; his grim features relaxed into a look of gratitude and devotion at the hopes held out by the Hofrath. We hastened down the hill, on the summit of which the hotel stands perched, and, looking round after a few paces, found the group was hidden from our gaze.

Mingle-Mangle by Monkshood.

DOWNFAL OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

One of the chapters in M. Charles Nisard's volume* of Miscellanies, recently reprinted from the *Revue Contemporaine*, has for its subject the suppression of the French Academies, the creation of the Institute, and the re-establishment of the *Académie Française* with the title of second class of the *Institut*. Instead of taking a discursive review of the volume at large, the contents of which are too multifarious to be manageable, let us confine ourselves on this occasion to a notice of the chapter in question, and "assist" at its sketchy representation of the Decline and Fall.

As a matter of course, the more partial and exclusive the Academy showed itself, the more unpopular it became. During the last quarter of the eighteenth century this unpopularity went on increasing by a sort of arithmetical progression, which anon became geometrical, and so, as an ultimatum, finding no end for itself, found an end for the Academy. There is not a writing of the time, friendly or unfriendly, says M. Nisard, which does not bear witness to the discontent of the public at the exclusiveness of the Forty. In this matter, the highest classes in society entertained the same feelings as the bourgeoisie; and all, of the latter class, who had adopted literature as a profession, whether to win their daily bread, or to exalt themselves into credit and renown, carped and cavilled at the privileged body to the top of their bent.

A year or two before the accession of Louis XVI., the *philosophe* party, after having asked for and obtained some places for itself in the Academy, in the name of toleration, had so far gained ground that, without at present using it as a battle-field, and saying,

> "Je suis prête à sortir avec toute ma bande,
> Si vous pouvez me mettre hors,"

it already occupied one-half of the *logis*, and was on the look-out for any and all opportunities of seizing on the other. At last, its weaklings having grown strong,

> Ses petits étant déjà forts,

though not sufficiently so to venture on such a step as expelling its hosts, the philosophe party was content to leave its interests in the hand of busy Death, which grim visitor kept emptying fauteuil after fauteuil with a fatal facility all his own; the *philosophes*, meanwhile, taking good care that the vacancies should not be readily filled up except from their own ranks, by approved candidates of their proper clique: whosoever had not their password, was made to dance attendance at the doors, till all but sick of waiting—their *Open, Sesame!* was practically the only means of entry—so closely, at this period, and in this particular, did the Forty Academicians approximate in their social tactics to the Forty Thieves.

* Mémoires et Correspondances historiques et littéraires inédits—1726 à 1816—publiés par Charles Nisard. Paris: Michel Lévy frères. 1858

Moreover, the encroaching party invoked the aid of the good friends it had in the Ministry, to persecute and put down such journalists as presumed to castigate its principles or practices. And what added to the tyranny of this procedure, was, that the *parti philosophique* included in its ranks at the Academy a number of journalists, for whom their title of Academicians was in some sort a title to impunity.* Of these the most celebrated was La Harpe. This pretentious and fussy gentleman indulged in a system of acrid and aggravating polemics, which naturally provoked angry replies, some of them the reverse of civil or complimentary to the Academy itself—that corporation seeming, as matters now stood, to tolerate if not command the obnoxious attacks. Linguet, in his *Journal de Politique et de Littérature*, having taken the liberty to scoff at La Harpe, on the occasion of his stately and solemn reception-speech, the Academy was weak enough to demand the suppression of the scoffer's journal; and not only *was* it suppressed, but Linguet had the chagrin of seeing himself replaced by this very La Harpe in the literary department, and in the political by Fontanelle. Instead of being ashamed of stepping into the quasi dead-man's shoes, La Harpe exulted in his new dignity, and became more pretentious than ever; before long, indeed, his "insolence" and "peevishness" increased to such a degree, that other weapons of offence than the pen were resorted to by his victims. For example, there was circulated in 1777 a paper purporting to be signed by Jean F. de la Harpe, which acknowledges that he, the subscribed, was, on the previous night, between the hours of eleven and twelve, while returning home from a supper "de philosophie bourgeoise," accosted and assailed by a certain man who refused to give his name, but manifestly devoid of taste, gaiety, and all idea whatsoever of sound literature, and who suddenly, with a brutality worthy of the sixteenth century, paid on the right and left shoulder of the subscribed, cash down, without reserve, the sum of two hundred strokes with a cudgel, as a half-year's dividend of his yearly income, &c. &c. The signature is made by the subscriber on his knees, because he can't help himself. And the morrow sees this production current far and wide through that capital which, of all others in the wide wide world, is least likely to pass by such pleasantries unappreciated or unimproved. The pleasantry was in form a fiction, but the fiction was founded on fact.

Before La Harpe took his chair among the Forty, he had written a merciless epigram—*sanglante*, M. Nisard styles it—against Dorat, a man to whom he was under some obligations. Scarcely had he taken his seat when he renewed hostilities against this insipid author, whose *Malheureux imaginaire*, a comedy certainly of no value, he proceeded briskly to attack. Dorat, in his rage, got the *Année littéraire* to insert a letter in which he upbraided La Harpe with his vanity and ingratitude, and professedly endeavoured to administer suitable correction. A fillip was enough, it said, to rid you of a dwarf who would play the giant. Such an insult might seem to call for blood; but La Harpe spared his blood, and shed a deal of ink instead—such a deal of ink, and so black, that the Academy was "obliged to make a dyke" for the occasion, and arrest the flood in its impetuous advance. The Academy spent an entire sitting in

* Nisard, pp. 255 *sq.*

admonishing La Harpe on the sour, hard, bad tone too often predominant in his journal, whereby he exposed himself to affronts in which the honour of the Academy was compromised. "We all have an infinite love for M. de La Harpe," said malicious Abbé de Boismont, on this occasion, "but really it is too afflicting to see him constantly arriving at the Academy with a torn ear."

Though admonished, La Harpe was not corrected. If he laid the admonition to heart, it was only to cherish there a splenetic feeling against his remonstrant colleagues. He was as a man who, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck. Some letters of his, published in the *Courier de l'Europe*, bewrayed his rancour, and matters soon came to an open quarrel. But the success of his "Muses rivales," in which he had represented the apotheosis of Voltaire, so "touched" the Academy, that it took the traitor to its arms again, and fondled him as a favourite son. The *Journal de Paris* paid the cost of this reconciliation. La Harpe, having been sharply attacked in that journal, called at the office one day, to complain, in pathetic accents, that he had in a manner been picked out as a butt for public amusement. The officials made game of the complainant. Whereupon, the perpetual secretary of the Academy, D'Alembert, made *his* way in person to the office, in one of his morning walks, to ask the *Journal de Paris* to have the goodness to suspend its hostilities against a colleague who was in actual possession of the public favour, and who had friends as numerous as their arms were long. But the chief was no better received than the simple member had been. Not even a perpetual secretaryship *in propriâ personâ*, could dazzle the eyes, or damp the spirit, or bend the stubborn knees, of the office-people. This was too much for the perpetual secretary. D'Alembert was a great stickler for respecting freedom of thought, when the free-thinking was his own, or that of his party; but he had no notion at present of respecting the free thoughts, too freely vented, of a defiant *Journal de Paris*. He laid a complaint against that offender before the Directeur de la librairie, who compelled the journal to capitulate. The only terms it could secure in this capitulation were, that, when the subject under discussion chanced to be some sorry production by one of Messieurs the Academicians, the journal should be at liberty to say that the production was of a sorry sort, but should at the same time express this opinion with an air of regret, and should on no account and for no consideration incite the reader to giggle on the subject.

Having in this instance tasted the sweets of authority, even to the extent of persecution, the *parti philosophique* followed up its success by others of a similar kind. In 1781, it obtained the suspension of the same *Journal de Paris* for speaking irreverently of a composition by one of the privileged. In 1782, feeling itself "wounded by the way in which the *Journal de Monsieur*, edited by the Abbé Royou, had described the séance de la Saint-Louis," it addressed Monsieur himself, through Ducis as medium, begging him to have the offending journalist chastised—depicting Royou as an unbridled satirist, and a man of immoral life. His Royal Highness was scandalised to find his name made use of to abet the circulation of a journal *thus* edited; and forbade Royou to continue the title which implicated Monsieur in its guilt. Before long, however, the prince was made to see that the editor had been calumniated, and he then

sanctioned anew the original title of the paper. A check of more importance was in store for Academical despotism.

On the 15th of January, 1784, the *Journal de Paris* published a letter to the following effect: "To the Authors [Auteurs] of the Journal,—Gentlemen: M. Cardonne, professor of the Oriental languages at the Collége-Royal, communicated to me, some time before his death, a collection of Indian fables which he had translated, and of which he allowed me to make what use I pleased. I have the honour to send you one which appears to me suitable to figure in your journal. Through the translation the poet is yet visible: as M. Lemierre has said,

Même quand l'oiseau marche, on sent qu'il a des ailes.

You will at least perceive in the French prose a certain elegance,

Et la facilité, la grace du génie:

this *vers en maxime* is M. de la Harpe's.

"In short, it will not be without interest that a piece will be read which has escaped from the portfolio of a man of studious life, in the course of which he has never known the tedious slowness of time,—of that time whereof M. de Marmontel has said:

C'est le travail qui lui donne des ailes.

"I seize upon this opportunity of paying a feeble tribute of praise to a scholar who has not, perhaps, enjoyed all the happiness he deserved, but who could say with the Œdipus of M. Ducis:

Œdipe est malheureux, mais Œdipe est tranquille.

"I have the honour to be, etc."

"KING ELEPHANT.

A FABLE.

"A young elephant of good family reigned, not very long since, in the beautiful forests of the Ganges, over a numerous race of animals renowned for their industry. This just and altogether beneficent King (a King who richly deserves, I take it, to be a little talked about), convinced that liberty is the mother of great things, gave permission to every one of his subjects to say, do, and write anything whatsoever that was not injurious to morals, laws, or individuals. Ample use was made of this permission. Some even took upon themselves to lecture the prince on his duties, to denounce in public what they called the abuses of his government, and the prince, naturally debonair, read their exaggerations without losing his temper, and with entire readiness to make use of whatever he might find serviceable in them for the public good, for he had somewhere read, that a fool may occasionally impart counsel of importance.

"Reader, you find this prologue over-long; but you are mistaken; it was indispensable.

"Our elephant one day saw appear before him a farm-yard dog of rude exterior, a decidedly bull-headed bull, a screech-owl (*chat-huant*) of variegated plumage, and a horse of tolerably handsome make. These four animals were combined together to lodge a complaint before him

against two or three lynxes whose piercing eye had detected in them some faults mingled with good qualities. They advanced towards the king, and thus addressed him:

"*Horse.*—Some lynxes have had the audacity to tell the world that I run well enough for a single mile, but that I want breath to accomplish an entire journey.

"*Bull.*—These same lynxes discover that I don't manage my furrow amiss, but wish me a less painful and a lighter step.

"*Screech-owl.*—I am perfectly aware, with the universe at large, that my plumage has characteristic traits which pertain to myself alone: but why discover in my voice a want of sweetness and harmony? To please them, peradventure, my throat should be turned into a flute.

"*House-dog.*—To avow that I, as a faithful guardian of the house, know how to bark and show my teeth at every one who has no right to go in, is, no doubt, doing me simple justice; but to maintain that on fête-days, when all the animal world is assembled in public, it is not my native gift to perform tricks in mimicry of the actions of men, or to make myself intelligible in a language that interests, softens, and compels tears of pleasure—[*this*, the dog complains of as insulting to nature, boon mother nature, by whom he has been consciously endowed with her richest gifts, and that without measure; wherefore he beseeches the Sovereign to impose eternal silence on these lynxes—for the Sovereign's right divine it is to hinder his subjects from speaking what they think. But his Majesty bursts out into a guffaw at this enunciation of the

Right divine of kings to govern wrong;

and, having indulged to the full his elephantine explosion, proceeds to initiate old Growler into juster views of toleration, and the proper privileges of a free press:]

(Dog, *loq.*) "'C'est insulter à la nature,
Qui des plus riches dons m'a comblé sans mesure.
Sire, qu'il plaise donc à Votre Majesté
D'imposer à ces lynx un éternel silence.

"'Quand, par le droit de la naissance,
Vous reçûtes l'autorité,
Ce fut pour empêcher de dire ce qu'on pense.'
Et que répondit l'eléphant?

"Il partit d'un éclat de rire;
Et puis il ajouta: 'Sur moi, sur mon empire,
Je vous laisse, je crois, jaser très-librement,
Souffrez donc que sur vous j'en laisse faire autant.

"'Sans bruit que chacun se retire
Et retienne ce mot plein de sens et de goût:
Soyez, si vous pouvez, admirables en tout,
Si vous voulez qu'en tout on vous admire.'"

Most of the readers of the *Journal de Paris* probably regarded this apologue, M. Nisard observes, as a mere homage to Louis XVI., ingeniously put, in compliment to his Majesty's general tolerance and equity towards literary men. None of them may have suspected the author to have been prompted by another kind of feeling. But the clear-

sighted, and such as looked below the surface—those especially who had cause for concluding the elephant's lecture to be directed at themselves—could see at a glance that the fabulist had a far more extensive meaning in what he wrote. They could see for certain that the four quotations which are given in the introductory part of the letter, were not brought in naturally by the thought which preceded them, but that, on the contrary, they were the occasion of that thought; in other words, that the *préambule* had been made for the quotations and not the quotations for the letter. They concluded that the four poets there quoted, and quoted by name, must be related individually, in the fabulist's design, to the four petitioning animals. Struck, moreover, by the resemblance existing between the parts assigned to the four animals, and the habits, conduct, and private demeanour of the four men, they were at no loss to recognise Ducis in the horse, Marmontel in the bull, La Harpe in the owl, and Lemierre in the dog. And calling to mind that all four had recently been deputed by their confrères to wait on M. de Breteuil, and desire that dignitary to impose silence on certain journalists, such as the Abbés Royou and Aubert, and others,—and that M. de Breteuil had laughed in their face, and answered them in almost the same terms as those employed in the Indian apologue,—they perceived that the elephant was the Minister himself, and the lynxes the journalists. And such were, in fact, the persons intended by the author of the fable. That author was the Abbé Aubert aforesaid,—this being the only revenge he took on the reiterated denunciations of the Academy against the journalists, his brethren, and himself. Only—adds M. Nisard—there were worse-intentioned folks who averred that the animal representing La Harpe ought to have been named, not *chat-huant*, but *chat-hué*.

But the Academy went further wrong than in this system of boring the government with its petty grievances, and incurring shame by for ever appealing to the powers that be, to heal the scratches inflicted on it by the press. It had the misfortune to be sometimes defended by journalist Academicians, with a vehemence that it had not, perhaps, required at their hands, but which it was believed to relish on the whole. These doughty gentlemen were backed by the Academy when they refused to insert in their columns the apologies demanded by aggrieved parties without. The Abbé Delille, while staying at Constantinople, had written a letter to Madame de Vaisne, in which he gave her an account of his voyage to Malta, where, he said, he had been received right well, though he indulged himself at the same time in a few very trivial jokes on the Order, at whose constitution and morals he fired off a few popgun pleasantries, of mere paper-pellet calibre, and no more. "This letter made a noise; it was circulated about till it reached Malta itself, where it excited no small surprise. The Bailli de Frélon, colonel of the regiment at Malta, wrote from that island to a confrère at Paris, to justify the Order from the imputations of the poet, and to quietly bring the latter to feel that he was not only a frivolous and unjust tale-bearer, but, moreover, a forgetful and ungrateful guest. All which Delille certainly had been.

"This was in 1785; Suard was then the director of the *Journal de Paris*. The proprietors of this journal, seeing its existence more and more compromised day after day, by the chicanery practised against it

by the Academy, had shown their good sense and good taste in asking to have Suard for director and reviser of its pages, as the man whose wisdom and good faith, though he was an Academician, were most in agreement with the government which kept watch, and the journalists over whom watch was kept. And yet—the fact is a strange one, but clearly proves the despotism and blinding influence of the Academical esprit de corps—even Suard, honest and impartial Suard, refused point-blank to insert the bailli's letter, under the pretext that the *Journal de Paris* was forbidden to insert aught that told against a member of the Academy. Suard perhaps spoke the truth; but it must be confessed that he somewhat abused the almost royal right of inviolability conferred on the members of the Academy; simple equity made it the more incumbent on him to sacrifice a little of it under present circumstances, inasmuch as the bailli's letter was written with the greatest moderation; and as the Order of Malta was a power having ambassadors at nearly all the courts of Europe, it was highly rash in a journalist to treat this power as he would have done a private individual. The French government felt this, for, on the complaint of the ambassador of the Order, the *ministre de Paris*, says Bachaumont, enjoined the director of the journal to insert the letter."

Incidents of this nature, of which there were not a few, tended to spread and to deepen public distrust of the Academy; it was no longer a minister alone, like the Chancellor Maupeou, who rose against it, and talked of suppressing it,* but public opinion at large, supported by news-writers of the non-privileged majority. The more moderate were content with saying that the French Academy was useless, and with demanding its absorption in the Academy of Inscriptions. Here, at least, they said, there is an end in view, and work done, the result of which is proved by Memoirs. The same feeling had been expressed forty years previously, by one of the most respected members of the French Academy itself. "It really is a pity," wrote the Abbé d'Olivet to one of his colleagues, "to see the life led by these people. How and when would you have them work? They get up at nine o'clock, work for an hour or two, dress, go out, and there you have the whole day's history. Such is the life now-a-days of the Forty. . . . Two volumes from the Academy of Belles-Lettres are to appear at Easter. This makes the public keep saying continually that we do nothing."† It is at any rate certain, according to M. Nisard, that the Academy of Belles-Lettres was at that period, as it has been since, the object of considerable and well-merited esteem on the part of the public; and that if this learned and laborious company had the glory of now exciting the jealousy of her elder sister, she had *not* the happiness of exciting her emulation.

The nearer the Revolution approached, the more frequent and animated became the denunciations against the Forty. In 1790, a "literary man," Palissot by name, put forward an address to the National Assembly—and printed it in the *Chronique de Paris*—demanding the suppression of the French Academy, on the plea that it was a relic of

* Nisard, pp. 265 *sq.*

† Unpublished Letters of Abbé d'Olivet to President Bouhier, 16th March and 31st May, 1786.

aristocracy. In the following year, Chamfort demanded the same thing, under the same pretext and many others yet more absurd and ungrounded, in a report that Mirabeau was to have read to the National Assembly, and which tended to the destruction not of the French Academy alone, but of all the Academies. This report is designated by M. Nisard a "monument of impertinence, ingratitude, and baseness"—"from one end to the other a mere tissue of sophisms and gross falsehoods." The author of it "insolently violates the commonest social duties;" he "heaps insults on what he had delighted to honour," and showers contempt on a body "of which he had passionately desired to become a member, and on employments in which he had made it his glory to partake." Only a madman or the lowest of mankind could have even conceived, exclaims our critic, the idea of such a writing—"and Chamfort has proved that he was both." Here was a man who had obtained an early and easy entrance into the Academy, who was always applauded at the public assemblies, and well treated by littérateurs, courtiers, and placemen; reader to the Comte d'Artois and librarian to Madame, and enjoying, in these several capacities, an income of seven or eight thousand livres; but who now took upon him to decry those to whom he owed his bread and those who had forwarded his reputation, with a degree of "ingratitude, impudence, and wickedness, of which it would be difficult to find a second example."

M. Nisard does not give any particulars of Chamfort's performance; but it may be interesting to add, from other sources, some further account of that spiteful manifestation. Commissioned by Mirabeau to draw up a report on the Academies, the sour and cynical Academician only too eagerly obeyed—with an obtrusion of hatred to his order that admits but of one possible explanation—viz. in M. Paul Mesnard's words, the "morose, jealous, and ever-detracting disposition of that unhappy Chamfort." One of the worst characteristics of this turbulent epoch, envy, was his torment; in his case the less pardonable, because his talents had been welcomed and recompensed in a way that should have fully satisfied his pride. Mirabeau died before he could make use of the report, but Chamfort published it for the world's instruction. In it he reviews the history of the Academy from the beginning, placing the principal events of its career in the worst light; its establishment by Richelieu, "a man enlightened by a rare instinct as to all the means of extending and perfecting despotic power;" its exhibition, under the protectorate of Louis XIV., of "the vilest flattery to which men can descend;" its servility to the sovereign and its persecution of the patriot; its intestine discords, petty rivalries, and play of personal vanities between *lettrés*, *titrés*, *mitrés*.

Some of these reproaches were a little curious, M. Mesnard observes, as coming from one who, in his reception-speech, had topped all his brethren in eulogies on the memory of Richelieu, of Séguier, and of Louis XIV. These he appears to have forgotten, as well as the prizes which he had often written for, and not unfrequently obtained. Chamfort had now nothing but contumely wherewith to characterise the Academical prizes. The "works" (*travaux*) of the Academy were similarly exposed to contempt. His general conclusion was that as that body was becoming daily more enfeebled, and ready to fall of itself at the birth of

freedom, it was expedient, for the consolation of its partisans, to spare it a natural death. This touching compassion made some one compare Chamfort to Agnelet, killing M. Guillaume's sheep, for fear the poor things should die else,—*de peur qu'ils mouriont.**

The Academy found within her own ranks more than one less disloyal, less unnatural son, to vindicate her name against so virulent an accuser. The " elegant pen" of Suard traced a " calm and temperate refutation" of Chamfort's splenetic diatribe. He remarked that in this laboured satire was to be found nothing but what had been said before by Fréron, Palissot, Linguet, " and other illustrious enemies of philosophy." He especially set himself to combat Chamfort's assertion, that such an institution must needs be, by the very nature of it, at enmity with the régime of liberty. Morellet, who had joined the Academy in 1785, took up arms in its defence, with far more spirit and effect than Suard. He spared no sarcasms on the " ungrateful deserter." He enumerated with *sanglante* irony the pensions Chamfort had received from despotism, and his *empressement* in the saloons of that aristocracy which he now attacked with an *acharnement* of hate, and a corresponding courage, fit to disgust the worst enemies of aristocrats. He put Chamfort in a state of embarrassment by reminding him of his assiduity at the Academical sittings for ten years running, and commenting on his selecting the moment in which he saw the Academy threatened, to lift up his heel against her. If the tree must come down which has afforded you shade and shelter, at least leave to others the mournful work of striking the first blow. And again, recriminating on Chamfort for accusing the Academy of having always been chary of giving light to the world, Morellet, " justly indignant," went on to say, that while a large number of his (Chamfort's) colleagues had written in defence of the liberty of the press, liberty of conscience, free trade, and whatever else was a people's cause, " M. Chamfort, author of a few Academical discourses, and little theatrical pieces, which are anything but moral, and some wanton tales, and a weak and forgotten tragedy, loftily reprehends his colleagues for having travestied, disfigured, and concealed truths which he never employed himself in teaching and spreading abroad." But this personality in polemics would not have been enough; it was necessary to refute less indirectly the reproaches cast upon the Academy. Accordingly, this champion of the Forty now advanced to struggle against his antagonist hand to hand, and foot to foot, following him up throughout all the windings and turnings of his argument. Himself of the *philosophe* party, himself a free-thinker of the eighteenth century type, and bound by no kind of sympathy to the *ancien régime*, Morellet did honour to himself and his cause on this occasion by the spirit with which he withdrew from those who heaped " cowardly insults on whatever greatness was then falling to pieces." He had the courage to recal the beneficence exercised by the wealthy and ennobled classes during the disastrous years 1786 and 1788; and as Chamfort had tried to disarm beforehand the partisans of the Academy, by setting them down as enemies of the Revolution, Morellet bravely avowed—after first denying himself to be one of these enemies—that he was " terrified by the anarchy" into which France had fallen; and that

* Mesnard, Hist. de l'Acad. Fr. 159 *sqq.*

he held in horror "the injustices and atrocities with which so noble a cause had been sullied."

However, the difficulty was, as the historian of the doomed Academy observes, not to be and prove themselves in the right against Chamfort, but to make themselves heard. Eloquence and wit could hardly be wanting in such a body; but there was one greater want, liberty. Morellet had distributed fifty copies of his apology amongst his friends. His bookseller scarcely dared dispose of a few copies under the rose; he was in dread of the Jacobins, friends of Chamfort; and before long, alarmed at the probability of "domiciliary visitations," this discreet tradesman made away with the obnoxious sheets. It was too late to bear up against the passions of mobocracy. A polite, decorous institution, with its refined atmosphere, and its forty fauteuils, was out of time and place in revolutionary Paris. Almost from the first outbreak of the Revolution, the existence of the Academy had been little more than nominal. Its literary labours were at a stand-still; its vacancies were no longer filled up. Intestine divisions weakened it within. Such advocates and abettors of the Revolution as La Harpe, Condorcet, Chamfort, Bailly, Lemierre, Sedaine, and Ducis, were not to be silenced by their quieter conservative confrères. True, the ardour of these reformers abated sensibly as the Revolution gained ground, when moderation succumbed before ultraism, and the sans-culottes had it all their own way. Scared at the sound themselves had made, by the echo of it, and the reverberations of that echo, resounding from the dark places of the land and the habitations of cruelty, the progress party among the Academicians soon found themselves reunited with their behindhand brethren, by a common abhorrence of the new tyranny. Bailly, in July, 1791, broke with the Revolution; the *Atrées en sabots* horrified Ducis; nor was Chamfort sparing of bitter sneers against a "fraternity" which he rightly denominated that of Cain and Abel. Condorcet separated from the men of blood; La Harpe, after long persevering in his violent opinions, at last grew indignant at such hideous cruelties. By degrees the members of the Academy were dispersed hither and thither. Cardinal de Bernis, the Duc d'Harcourt, and others, had been detained beyond France from the commencement of the troubles. Maury, Boufflers, and others, had taken refuge abroad towards the close of 1791, when the Constituent Assembly broke up. D'Aguesseau was denounced before the Legislative Assembly in 1792, and kept himself concealed in his château de Fresne. The same year, Marmontel went off to seek an asylum in the environs of Evreux, and soon afterwards in a poor *chaumière* near Gaillon.* Morellet undertook, in Marmontel's absence, the direction of the Academy, and courageously discharged the functions of secretary to the last. In August, 1793, three days before the Convention formally suppressed the Academies, this "intrepid Morellet"† happily bethought him of having the greater part of the registers conveyed to his house—especially taking care for the MS. of the future edition of the Dictionary. The Convention commissioners required him to deliver up the copy of the Dictionary, which Morellet did with a heavy heart—for he regarded *le Dictionnaire de l'Académie* as almost his own personal work. They did not, however,

* Mesnard, 169 *sq.*

† Nisard, 267 *sq.*

demand from him—and he was careful not to offer—the registers, procès-verbaux, patents for establishing the company, &c. He had previously secured the portraits, which he packed up in one of the tribunes of the hall of assembly, pocketing the key: nor was he a day too soon; for already advantage was being taken of a July decree, that abolished all insignia of royalty, and all coats of arms indicative of nobility, by rushing in hot haste to mutilate the wainscotings of the Louvre, and tear away the fleur-de-lis tapestries, and deface the paintings by Lebrun and Rigaud which adorned the hall of the Academy of Inscriptions. "The *Académie Française* too had its portraits, sixty in number. These were just about being consigned to the same ruin, as well as the medals, some busts, the registers, and the vouchers. Morellet, at this crisis, did not lose his self-possession,"* but, as we have seen, stowed away the valuables under lock and key, till better days should dawn, and the reign of terror and barbarism wear itself out.

The last meeting of the moribund Academy was held on the 5th of August, 1793. It was then resolved by Morellet, the last director (and, sadly misnamed, *perpetual* secretary), by Vicq-d'Azyr, the last chancellor, and by Ducis, Bréquigny, and La Harpe,—the poor fractional remainder of a sum of Forty,—that their sittings should be adjourned to an uncertain future, uncertain and most unpromising. On the 8th (Nisard makes it the 28th), the decree of suppression went forth against all the Academies. Article I. in the *projet de décret* of the Convention was thus worded: "Toutes les Académies et Sociétés littéraires, patentées par la nation, sont supprimées." The suppression was decreed in accordance with a report presented by Grégoire, in the name of the Committee of Public Instruction. Four days later, the Convention decided, on the motion of Lacroix, that seals should be placed on the apartments of the different Academies. Towards the end of the month, commissioners were appointed to remove them, and the presence of Morellet was required. The commissioners—Dorat-Cubière and the grammarian Domergue†—treated *le respectable directeur* with no great ceremony, and talked of the defunct Academy with supreme contempt. Domergue the grammarian, shrewdly suspected of some professional jealousy‡ (he and Morellet being "two of a trade"), and his fellow-commissioner, who was "an absurd poet," and had again and again been a defeated competitor for Academical prizes,—this couplet of worthies, *Arcades ambo*, assured Morellet that the Dictionary was an ill-made book, and that it would be necessary to expunge from it all that breathed opposition to the republican spirit. Next summer the Convention decreed the confiscation of the Academy's "goods"—a natural sequel to the decree of suppression. How the Forty fauteuils found once again, in calmer times, and under happier auspices, a local habitation and a name—and yet

> Through what variety of untried being,
> Through what new scenes and changes they must pass,

before they stood on the old footing, and were recognised by the old title,—it comports not with our limits now to tell.

* Mesnard, 171. † Nisard, 267. ‡ Mesnard, 172.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

EXETER HALL has reason for rejoicing; the men of Manchester will rub their hands gleefully as they reckon up their possible profits, for has not a new country been opened up to the blessings of Western civilisation and calicoes? The benighted Japanese will no longer be suffered to adhere to their exploded system of protection, but must accept at our hands a commercial exchange, from which they will, of course, derive all the benefit. Missionaries will be sent out by ship-loads, and, before now, crafty bookwrights are engaged in throwing a flood of light upon the new country. Although so many jokes have passed current about travellers having written the account of their journey without once quitting the sound of Bow-bells, we can easily conceive this being done about Japan, and the book profiting hugely thereby. As an essentially stationary country, the manners and customs of the nation have not changed since the time that Kämpfer and Thunberg visited them, and the reports they give bear very great resemblance to the statements recently published in the *Times* with reference to Lord Elgin's visit to Jeddo. Suppose, then, with the help of these luminaries, we try to impart some information to our readers about this little-known and certainly interesting country? We are bound to take time by the forelock, as we anticipate, prior to the next issue of our magazine, that our readers will be subjected to an *embarras de choix*, so large is the number of books already being prepared on the subject.

The earliest mention we find of Japan (properly *Jih-pun*, or Sun-source Country) is in the travels of Marco Polo, who resided for seventeen years at the court of Kublai-Khan, ruler of the most extensive empire the world has ever yet seen. He tells us marvels of the wealth of the country, but the king would not allow it to be exported, so that no ships visited the island. So greatly celebrated were the riches of Zipangu, that Kublai-Khan entertained a desire to conquer it, but the expedition was driven back with a heavy loss. The first Europeans, however, who visited Japan were the Portuguese, in 1542, for we find the following passage in Hackluyt's translation of Galvano's Travels:

> In the year of our Lord, 1542, one Diego de Freitas, being in the realm of Siam and in the city of Dodra, as captain of a ship, there fled from him three Portuguese in a junco. Directing their course to the city of Liampo, standing in 30 deg. odd of latitude, there fell upon their stern such a storm that it set them off the land, and in a few days they saw an island towards the east, standing in 32 deg., which they do name Japan, which seemeth to be the island Zipangu, whereof Paulus Venetus maketh mention, and of the riches thereof. And this island of Japan has gold, silver, and other precious stores.

The notorious Mendez Pinto, however, eventually laid claim to being the first visitor to Japan, and his statements are confirmed by letters written from Macao, and published at Rome in 1566 His accounts are, however, such a mixture of truth and falsehood, that little reliance can be placed upon them. On his return to Goa, after the second voyage to Japan, Pinto brought with him a Japanese, who was baptised by Xavier, general-superior of the Jesuits in India, and who received the

name of Paulo de Santa Fede. Accompanied by this convert, Xavier proceeded to Japan and began the work of christianising the natives. The greatest obstacle the missionaries experienced was in the jealousy of the rulers, who confined them to isolated towns, and would not allow them to traverse the country on their holy labours. Still the good work proceeded with considerable success, and, eventually, some of the converted kings sent ambassadors to Europe as bearers of their submission to the Pope. They were kindly entertained by the kings of Portugal and Spain, and eventually reached Rome in 1585. They received extraordinary honours from Gregory XIII. and his successor Sixtus V.; they were dubbed Knights of the Golden Spurs, and sent home with handsome presents and briefs addressed to their princes. During their absence, however, great changes had taken place in Japan. Faxiba, a favourite general, had succeeded in subduing all his opponents, and had constituted himself sovereign lord of Japan. His first step, after the consolidation of his empire, was to banish the missionaries and destroy their churches. At this inauspicious moment the ambassadors returned home with Father Valignani, who had been appointed envoy to the kings of Japan. It was a long time ere the emperor would consent to receive the father, and then only on condition that nothing was said about religion. He accepted the presents very graciously, and matters appeared brighter for the Jesuits, when the emperor hit on the idea of ordering the Spanish governor of the Philippines to acknowledge him as sovereign. From this step came a network of intrigue, which ended by the ruin of both parties. Worst of all, the mercantile envy of the Spaniards was increased by the bitter hatred in which the Franciscans and Dominicans held the Jesuits. The former contrived to land at Nagasaki, where they built a church, against which the Jesuits protested, and the native governor pulled it down, which led eventually to a furious paper war in Europe between the two sects. Affairs reached a climax, however, in Japan with the wreck of a Spanish galleon on the coast. The pilot, when led before the emperor, began expatiating on the power of the King of Spain, and said that he began by sending missionaries into foreign countries, who, when they had converted a part of the inhabitants, were followed by troops, who easily subdued the country by the help of the converts. This was enough to arouse the emperor's fury, and he began decimating the Christians. Fortunately for them the emperor died in 1598, just as he was meditating fresh tortures, and, for a season, the missionaries were left in peace. But their supremacy was destined to be attacked by even a more dangerous foe, in the shape of the Dutch. The Dutch East India Company fitted out an expedition in 1598 to go in search of Japan, and on board one of the vessels was an English pilot, William Adams, the first of our countrymen who landed in Japan, and remained there several years.

The *Charles*, on which Adams served, was driven by stress of weather to anchor off the coast of Ximo, when the ship was soon seized by the natives, and Adams and one of the sailors were taken to Osaka to be presented to the emperor. Here he found himself "in a wonderful costly house, gilded by gold in abundance," and was treated with great kindness, the emperor being very inquisitive as to the reason of his coming. After a time, during which Adams's life was in imminent danger from the intrigues of the Jesuits, the emperor took him into his service as ship-

builder, and tried to content him by giving him "a living like unto a lordship in England, with eighty or ninety husbandmen as his servants and slaves," but he still pined for home, and importuned to be allowed to depart, as he says, "to see his poor wife and children, according to conscience and nature." The first Dutch vessel arrived at Firando in 1609, whence a deputation was sent to the emperor, which succeeded in obtaining leave to establish a factory at Firando, to supply which they might send a ship or two yearly. By means of this vessel Adams sent a letter to the English merchants settled at Java, which is still extant. After enclosing a note for his wife, "in a manner a widow," to be delivered to her at Limehouse, he proceeds to write: "You shall understand that the Hollanders have here an Indies of money, so that they need not bring silver out of Holland to the East Indies, for in Japan there is much gold and silver to serve their turn in other places where need requireth." He then adds the following description of the inhabitants: "The people of this island of Japan are good of nature, courteous above measure, and valiant in war. Their justice is severely executed, and without partiality, upon transgressors. They are governed in great civility. I think no land in the world better governed in civil policy. The people are very superstitious in their religion, and are of diverse opinions. There are many Jesuits and Franciscan friars in this land, and they have converted many to be Christians, and have many churches in the island." This letter being read to Captain Saris of the *Clove*, who arrived at Bantam in October, 1612, he determined on proceeding to Japan, and anchored off Firando in the following year. No sooner had the ship anchored than the king came off, by name Foyne-Sama, who had shown so much kindness to the Dutch, now seventy years of age, attended by his grandson. The account of the interview is amusing enough:

> They came with forty boats, or galleys, with from ten to fifteen oars aside; but on approaching the vessel all fell back, except the two which carried the princes, who came on board unattended, except by a single person each. They were bareheaded and barelegged, wearing shoes but no stockings; the forepart of their heads shaven to the crown, and their hair behind, which was very long, gathered up into a knot. They were clad in shirts and breeches, over which was a silk gown girt to them, with two swords of the country at their side, one half a yard in length, the other half as long. Their manner of salutation was to put off their shoes, and then stooping, with their right hand in their legs, and both against their knees, to approach with small sidling steps, slightly moving their hands at the same time, and crying, "Augh! augh!"

Captain Saris conducted them to his cabin, where he had a banquet spread, and the king received with much joy a letter from the King of England. After he had gone on shore, all his principal people visited the ship, bringing presents of venison, wild boar, fruit, fish, &c. The captain took several of the better sort of women into his cabin, where a picture of Venus and Cupid "did hang somewhat wantonly, set out in a large frame, which, mistaking it for the Virgin and Son, some of the women kneeled to and worshipped with great devotion." Soon after, King Foyne came on board again, and brought with him four women of his family. They were barelegged, except for a pair of half-buskins bound by a silk ribbon above their insteps, and were clad in a number of silk gowns one over the other, bound about their waists by a girdle, their hair very black and long, and tied in a comely knot on the top of the

head, no part of which was shaved like the men's. They had good faces, hands, and feet, clear-skinned and white, but wanting colour, which, however, they supplied by art. They were low in stature and fat, courteous in behaviour, of which they very well understood the ceremonials according to the Japanese fashion.

At first the ladies seemed a little bashful (writes Saris), but the king "willing them to be frolic," and all other company being excluded but myself and the interpreter, they sang several songs, playing on an instrument much like a theorbo, but with four strings only, which they fingered very nimbly with the left hand, holding in the other a piece of ivory, with which they touched the strings, playing and singing by book, the tunes being noted on lines and spaces, much the same as European music. Not long after, desirous to be "frolic," the king brought on board a company of female actors not much better than slaves, being under the control of a master, who carried them from place to place, and who exhibited comedies of war, love, and such like, with several shifts of apparel for the better grace of the matter acted.

From Firando Captain Saris and his company proceeded to Suruga, where the emperor held his court. He describes the highway as level, but sometimes cut through mountains, the distance being marked in divisions of about three miles by two little hillocks on each side of the way, planted at the top with a fine pine-tree "trimmed round in fashion of an arbour." This road, crowded with travellers, ran through a succession of farms, country houses, villages, and great towns. It passed many fresh rivers by ferries, and near many temples situated in groves, "the most pleasantest places for delight in the whole country." Every town and village was well supplied with taverns, where meals could be obtained at a moment's notice. Here two horses and men were obtained for the palanquins, like post-horses in England. The general food was rice, though the people also ate fish, wild fowl, fresh and salted, and various herbs and roots. They ploughed with horses and oxen, and raised good red wheat. The entrance into Suruga was not so pleasant, as they had to pass several crosses on which malefactors were nailed. The town itself the travellers estimated as large as London with its suburbs. All the handicraftsmen lived in the suburbs, not to disturb the inhabitants with their hammering. On being presented to the emperor (after first saluting the empty chair of state), Captain Saris was graciously received, and presented the king's letter, which the emperor took and raised towards his forehead. The captain was then requested to go to Jeddo and visit the emperor's son. That city was found to be much larger than Suruga, and with much handsomer buildings, making a very glorious appearance, the tiles and posts of the doors being richly gilded and varnished. There were no glass windows, but shutters opening in leaves and handsomely painted. From Jeddo the travellers proceeded on a visit to the seaport of Orenga, whence they coasted back to Suruga, where the imperial letter was awaiting them, granting the English the same commercial privileges as the Dutch.

The result of these interviews with Protestants was that the emperor issued still more stringent edicts against the Jesuits, who were all ordered to quit Japan. On their refusal, they were very harshly treated, and many gained that crown of martyrdom for which they yearned. The churches at Nagasaki and the monasteries were destroyed, and, as if to root out all memory of Christianity, heathen temples were built on their

sites. Still the monks would not relax in their efforts to smuggle in missionaries, and, consequently, in 1624, all the ports of Japan were closed against foreigners, except Firando and Nagasaki, the former remaining open to the Dutch and English, the latter to the Portuguese, and both to the Chinese.

Finding that the means hitherto employed had little effect upon the missionaries and their native assistants, a new torture was resorted to, known as the *torment of the fosse*. A hole was dug in the ground, over which a gallows was erected. From this gallows the sufferer, swathed in bandages, was suspended by his feet, being lowered for half his length head downwards into the hole, which was then closed by two boards fitted together around the victim so as to exclude light and air. One hand was bound behind the back, the other was left loose with which to make the prescribed signal of recantation, in which case the sufferer was at once released.

Excited by these outrages, the people of Arima, who were all Christians except the king and nobility, seeing no other hope, broke out into rebellion. Mustering about thirty-seven thousand, they took possession of a fortress, but being besieged there in 1637, they were cut off to a man. The Portuguese were accused of being the instigators of the revolt, and at once were ordered to quit the country, while no Japanese were allowed to leave it. The Portuguese ships that arrived the next year were sent back, but the governor of Macao, alarmed at the loss of such a valuable trade, sent deputies to intercede with the emperor. These were seized and killed, with the exception of fourteen of the lowest class, who were sent back to Macao, and thus the connexion of the Portuguese with Japan finally ceased. The intrigues of the Dutch had thus triumphed, and they hoped to reap the reward. Although they displayed their subserviency by giving up to the Japanese every friar captured on board Spanish and Portuguese ships, and helped in putting down the revolt of the Christians, they excited jealousy by building a strong stone fortress at Firando, which they were ordered to demolish. They obeyed, but were transferred to Nagasaki, and confined to the same small, artificial island of Desima, where the Portuguese had been so long shut up. Other measures were also soon taken to reduce their profits. The Japanese were growing alarmed at the great efflux of silver, which amounted in one year to nearly two millions of dollars, and set an appraisement on the Dutch goods much less than the old prices. In 1685 an order was issued prohibiting the Dutch from selling more in one year than the value of 300,000 taels, or about 80,000*l.* of our money. In the same way the Chinese trade, which had been largely increasing, was limited to 600,000 taels, the annual number of junks not to exceed seventy. It was at this period that Kämpfer, the most celebrated of all the travellers in Japan, entered the Dutch service as surgeon to the factory at Desima. To him we shall be indebted for many of the details we are enabled to collect.

Kämpfer reached Nagasaki on the 22nd September, 1690. On sighting land, all books relating to religion were given up to the captain, who put them in an old cask to be hidden away from the Japanese. So soon as the ship dropped anchor she was boarded by the revenue officers, who took complete possession of her. All their arms and gunpowder were taken away. "In short," says Kämpfer, "had I not been beforehand

acquainted with their usual proceedings, I could not have helped thinking I had got into a hostile country, and we had been taken for spies." Most particular was the care shown by the Japanese in comparing the ship's manifest with the persons on board. Great difficulties were raised because the steward had died the previous day, but the officers at length satisfied themselves by inspecting him to see whether he had any cross about him, and then burying him without the presence of the crew. At length, all preliminaries being arranged, Kämpfer landed for his two years' imprisonment in Desima. His object was to gain all possible information about the country, but in this he encountered many difficulties. The Japanese officers with whom the Dutch came in contact were bound by an oath not to talk with the Dutch respecting the domestic affairs of the country, its religion, or politics, and were also bound by oath to watch and report on each other. Strangely enough, the Japanese felt a contempt for the Dutch because they were only merchants, whom they place in the lowest caste. However, by great liberality, Kämpfer succeeded in gaining the friendship of several Japanese, who gave him much valuable information. The most important part of Kämpfer's work is certainly that relating to his two journeys from Nagasaki to Jeddo and back, and to these we will confine our attention, as they furnished him with the chief opportunity of seeing Japan as it was. And first for the preparations for the journey:

To complete our traveller's equipage some other things are requisite, which are commonly tied to the portmantles; such are: a string with *seni*, a brass money with a hole in the middle, they being more proper to buy what necessaries are wanted on the road than the silver money, which must be weighed—people that travel on horseback tie this string behind them to one of the sashes of the seat, foot travellers carry it in a basket upon their back; a lantern of varnished paper, with the possessor's arms painted on the middle—this is carried before travellers by their footmen upon their shoulder in travelling by night; a brush made of horsehair or blackcock feathers to dust your seat and clothes—it is put behind in a net more for show than use; a water-pail, which is put on either side of the seat, opposite to the brush, or anywhere else; shoes or slippers for horses and footmen. These are twisted of straw, with ropes, likewise of straw, hanging down from them, whereby they are tied about the horses' feet, instead of our European horse-shoes, which are not used in this country. They are soon worn out on stony, slippery roads, and must be often changed for new ones. For this purpose, the men that look after the horses always carry a competent stock along with them tied to the portmantles, though they are to be met with at every village, and are offered for sale by poor children begging along the road.

Among the natives, it is customary to wear a cloak made of double-varnished oiled paper, so wide that it covers horse and rider. To keep off the heat of the sun, travellers are provided with a large hat, made of split bamboos or straw, "very artfully twisted in form of an extended sombrero or umbrella." On their journeys they wear very wide breeches, tapering toward the legs, and slit on both sides to put in the ends of their long, loose gowns. They never go abroad without fans, and, on their journey, these articles have an itinerary printed upon them, telling them at what inns to put up. Some buy, instead of these, books of the road, sold by numbers of poor children begging along the highway. The buildings, Kämpfer tells us, are not so magnificent as those in Europe,

even the palace of the Dairi, or ecclesiastical emperor, being only one story high. The reason for this is found in the numerous earthquakes; but if not so large, the houses are superior to ours in cleanliness and curious furniture. There are no partition walls to divide off rooms, but they use folding screens, made of coloured or gilt paper, which can be removed as they please. The floors are made of boards, covered with fine mats, all of the same size, through the empire. The ceilings are covered with gilt or coloured paper, embellished with flowers, and, in short, "there is not one corner in the whole house but looks pretty and handsome: and this the rather, because all their furniture may be bought at any easy rate." The castles of the nobility are built either on the banks of rivers or on hills. They generally consist of three different fortresses, covering one another. Each enclosure is surrounded by a deep ditch and a thick, strong wall, with gates, but they have no guns.

Passing through cities and villages, we always found upon one of the chief public streets a small place encompassed with grates, for the supreme will, that is, for the imperial orders and proclamations. The governor of each province publishes them in his own name for the instruction of passengers. They are written in large, fair characters upon a table a foot or two in length, standing on a post at least twelve feet high. The oldest contain the edict against the Roman Catholic religion, and specifying what reward will be given to any person discovering a Christian or a priest. Sometimes the edicts have pieces of gold or silver money nailed to them, as a reward to any person who first discovers any criminal therein mentioned. Another remarkable thing we met with, were the places of public execution, easily known by crosses, posts, and other remains of former executions. They commonly lie without the village on the west side.

The gardens of the inns are beautifully kept up, and the more drew the attention of our traveller, as the only places where he had liberty to walk freely. They are generally thirty feet square, paved with round pebbles, laid out in a mosaic fashion. There are a few trees and shrubs, and a small rock curiously made in imitation of nature, with brazen birds and insects placed among the stones. Another ornament is usually a small temple, with a brawling stream running past, and very often may be noticed a fish-pond with live fish, surrounded by aquatic plants. All along the roads Kämpfer found an innumerable quantity of smaller inns and cook-shops, where a handsome housemaid, or two young girls, invited people to come in and buy something. The landlord and maids began blowing up the fire directly they saw a traveller in the distance. Some made tea, others prepared soup, or filled cups with saki (rice beer), which they offered to the guests. The tea used in Japan is very coarse, being made only of the old leaves, for the natives say that tea prepared after the Chinese manner is deleterious. The account given by Kämpfer of the morality of the Japanese ladies appears fully to confirm the statements recently made by writers in the *Times*. The less said about it will be decidedly the better. Suppose we turn to the account of the visit to the emperor at Jeddo:

We were conducted up two staircases into a spacious room next to the entry, being the place where all persons admitted to an audience wait till they are called in. It is a large and lofty room, but, when all the screens are put on, pretty dark, receiving but a sparing light from the upper windows of an adjoining room. It is otherwise richly furnished, according to the country fashion,

and its gilt screens, walls, and posts, are very pleasing to behold. Having waited here upwards of an hour, and the emperor having, in the mean while, seated himself in the hall of audience, Tsina-Kanei and the two commissioners came in and conducted our president into the emperor's presence, leaving us behind. As soon as he came thither, they cried aloud, "Hollanda captan!" which was the signal for him to draw near and make his obeisance. Accordingly, he crawled on his hands and knees to a place shown him between the presents ranged in due order on one side, and the place where the emperor sat on the other, and then kneeling, he bowed his head quite down to the ground, and so crawled backward like a crab, without uttering one single word.

Well may Kämpfer complain that the audience the Dutch had of this mighty emperor was a "mean and short thing:" yet, at the second audience, when the Dutch were trotted out for the amusement of the empress and her ladies, they did not fare much better, *teste* our author:

Soon after we came in and had, with the usual obeisances, seated ourselves in the places assigned us, Bingo-Sama welcomed us in the emperor's name, and then desired us to sit upright, to take off our cloaks, to tell him our names and age, to stand up, to walk, to sing songs, to compliment one another, to be angry, to invite one another to dinner, to converse one with another, to discourse in a familiar way like father and son, to show how two friends or man and wife compliment to take leave of one another, to play with children, to carry them about in our arms, and to do many more things of a like nature. They made us kiss one another like man and wife, which the ladies, by their laughter, showed themselves to be particularly well pleased with. It was already four in the afternoon when we left the hall of audience, after having been exercised in this manner for two hours and a half.

While Kämpfer was dancing at the emperor's command, he had an opportunity twice of seeing the empress through the lattice, and took notice that she was of a brown and beautiful complexion, with black European eyes, full of fire, and from the proportion of her head, which was pretty large, he judged her to be a tall woman, of about six-and-thirty years of age. The lattices were hangings made of reed, split exceedingly fine and thin, and covered on the back with a transparent silk, with openings about four inches broad for the persons behind to look through. The emperor it was impossible to see, for he kept in the background, and spoke in a very low voice. After this ceremony was concluded, the envoys proceeded to sup with the commissioners. The bill of fare is rather tempting. Tea; tobacco, with the whole set of instruments for smoking; philosophical or white syrup; a piece of stien brassen, a very scarce fish, boiled in a brown sauce; another dish of fish, dressed with bean flour and spices; cakes of eggs rolled together; fried fish presented on skewers of bamboo; and, lastly, lemon-peels with sugar—all this washed down with cups of excellent saki and two glasses of plum-wine, a very pleasant and agreeable liquor.

More than eighty years elapsed after Kämpfer's departure from Desima before we find another traveller publishing his impressions of Japan. At length, in 1775, Thunberg, a Swedish naturalist, accepted the same situation Kämpfer had held. His description of Desima tallies almost entirely with that of his predecessor. The Europeans gave themselves up to the same luxurious and pernicious habits, although a custom of infanticide had become very prevalent among the Japanese women who visited the Dutch. Thunberg only saw one girl, about six years of age,

on the island, the daughter of a Japanese mother by a Dutchman. Since that period this has grown more common. The women painted their lips with colours made of the bastard saffron, rubbed on little porcelain bowls. If laid on very thinly the lips appeared red: if thick, it gave them a violet hue, much esteemed by the Japanese as the more beautiful. Married women were distinguished by blacking their teeth with a fœtid mixture, so corrosive that the lips had to be protected from it while it was laid on. It ate so deeply into the teeth that it took several days and much trouble to scrape it away. "To me, at least," says Thunberg, "a wide mouth, with black shining teeth, had an ugly and disagreeable appearance." The married women distinguished themselves also by pulling out their eyebrows; and another mark of distinction was that they knotted their girdles before, and the single women behind.

On the 1st of January, according to custom, most of the Japanese who had anything to do at the Dutch factory came to wish us a happy new year. Dressed in their holiday clothes, they paid their respects to the director, who invited them to dine with him. The victuals were chiefly dressed after the European fashion, and, consequently, but few of the dishes were tasted by the Japanese. Of the soup they all partook, but of the other dishes, such as roasted pigs, hams, salad, tarts, cakes, and other pastries, they ate little or nothing, but put on a plate a little of every dish, and as soon as it was full, sent it home, labelled with the owner's name; and this was repeated several times. Salt beef and the like, which the Japanese do not eat, were set by and used as medicine. The same may be said of the salt butter, of which I was frequently desired to cut a slice for some of the company. It is made into pills, and taken daily in consumptions and other disorders. After dinner warm saki was handed round, which was drunk out of lacquered wooden cups. On this festive occasion the director invited from the town several handsome girls, partly for the purpose of serving out the saki, and partly to dance and bear the girls company already on the island. After dinner these girls treated the Japanese to several of their own country messes, placed on small square tables, which were decorated with an artificial fir-tree, the leaves of which were made of green silk, and in several places sprinkled over with white cotton, in imitation of the winter's snow. The girls never presented the saki standing, but, after their own fashion, sitting. In the evening they danced, and about five o'clock the company took leave.

The most important observations made by Thunberg are undoubtedly on the Japanese Flora; he was also the first to bring to Europe the use of acupuncture and the moxa. Though the view he expresses of the Japanese character is not quite so laudatory as that of Kämpfer, still he coincides with most of the Europeans who have left any account of their observations in Japan. He notices their courtesy, friendly disposition, ingenuity, love of knowledge, justice, honesty, frugality, cleanliness, and self-respect: and he repudiates the conclusion that, because the laws are severe, the people should be regarded as slaves. These laws are for the public good, and their severity ensures their observance. "The Japanese," he tells us, "hate and detest the inhuman traffic in slaves carried on by the Dutch, and the cruelty with which the poor beings are treated." Like Kämpfer, he extols the immutability of the Japanese laws and customs, the peace in which the empire is kept, the plenty which is said to prevail, and its freedom both from internal feuds and foreign encroachments. Soon after Thunberg's departure, he was followed by a worthy successor in Isaac Titsingh, who devoted himself almost entirely to a study of the history and chronology of Japan. Un-

fortunately, on his death at Paris, in 1812, his valuable MSS. were dispersed, and though M. Abel Rémusat has devoted many years to their search, he has only succeeded in recovering a small number. The matter on which he throws the most light is the marriage and funeral solemnities of the Japanese, being the translation of two works of etiquette written in the Chinese.

During the continental war, the Dutch factory at Desima scarcely paid its expenses; it was being continually left to its own devices through the fear of the annual ship being captured by the English. During this period, Doeff, the director, who was always squabbling with everybody, being forced to apply to the Japanese for assistance in money and food, was not allowed by that prudent government to eat the bread of idleness. He was set to work, with ten interpreters, in compiling a Japanese and Dutch dictionary for the use of the *literati.* One copy of this work was deposited in the imperial library at Jeddo, and in 1829 Herr Fisscher, having found the rough draft at Desima, drew up a transcript of it, not so perfect as the original, which he placed in the Royal Museum at Amsterdam. During the time that the Dutch were confined to their island, another party of Europeans were held in still stricter imprisonment in the north of Japan. Captain Golownin, an intelligent Russian officer, sent out to survey the Kurile Islands, having landed in Japan, with two officers and four men, was taken prisoner, and carried to Hakodade, a Japanese town at the southern extremity of Jeso. After nine months' captivity they made their escape, but were recaptured, after wandering about among the mountains for a week. Apart from the confinement, however, Golownin and his comrades were treated kindly enough. The guards expressed great surprise that the Russian sailors could not read and write, and also that only one Russian book was found in the officers' baggage, and that much worse bound than the French works. Hence they shrewdly asked if the Russians did not know how to print books? Playing at cards and draughts was a very common amusement. The cards were first known to the Japanese by their European names, and were fifty-two in the pack. Owing, however, to the excess of gambling, these cards were strictly prohibited. To evade this law they invented a pack of forty-eight cards, much smaller than the European. Their game at draughts was most difficult and complicated. They made use of a large board and four hundred men, which they moved about in many directions, and were liable to be taken in various ways. The Russian sailors played at draughts in the usual way, which the Japanese soon learned, and beat their teachers. The following anecdote, narrated by Golownin in his book, is characteristic:

> Our interpreter visited us the day after his daughter's marriage, and having mentioned the circumstance, said he had wept very much. "Why weep?" said we, "since on such occasions it is usual only to rejoice?" "Certainly," he answered, "I should have rejoiced were I but convinced that the man will love my daughter and make her happy; but as the contrary often happens in the married state, a father who gives a daughter to a husband cannot be indifferent for fear of future misfortunes." He spoke this with tears in his eyes, and in a voice that affected us.

Another curious proof of the value the Japanese attach to female society will be found in the following anecdote. The prisoners' meals

were at one time superintended by an old officer of sixty, who was very civil, and frequently consoled them with assurances that they would return home. One day he brought them three portraits of Japanese ladies richly dressed, which, after examining, they handed back; but the old man insisted they should keep them, observing that, when time hung heavy on their hands, they might comfort themselves by looking at them. At length, by the active intercession of a Japanese merchant taken prisoner by the Russians and treated with great kindness by them, Golownin and his companions obtained their liberty. According to our author, the Japanese merchants are an honour to their country, if they all resemble Kachi, their liberator; but, strange to say, they stand very low in caste among the Japanese. The following is the description Golownin gives of their social status:

The class of merchants in Japan is very extensive and rich, but not held in honour. The merchants have not the right to bear arms; but though their profession is not respected their wealth is, for this, as in Europe, supplies the place of talents and dignity, and attains privileges and honourable places. The Japanese told us that their officers of state and men of rank behave themselves outwardly with great haughtiness to the merchants, but in private are very familiar with the rich ones, and are often under great obligations to them. We had with us for some time a young officer, who was the son of a rich officer, and who, as the Japanese said, owed his rank not to his own merit but to his father's gold. Thus, though the laws do not favour the mercantile profession, yet wealth raises it, for even in Japan, where the laws are so rigorously enforced, they are often weighed down by the influence of gold.

The Dutch works on Japan published since 1817 are principally valuable as confirming Kämpfer, who will still be regarded as the standard authority. A very valuable account of Japanese manners and customs will, however, be found in a work by a German, Professor von Siebolt, sent in 1823 by the Dutch government to collect all possible information about the language, institutions, and natural history of the country. In 1826 he accompanied the Dutch director to Jeddo, on a visit to the emperor, following nearly in Kämpfer's old route. Just before quitting Nagasaki for Batavia, an unfortunate contretemps occurred to him. The imperial astronomer had given him a copy of a new map of Japan, constructed on European principles. One of the draughtsmen employed divulged the secret, and Siebolt was arrested. At length he was released, on giving up the map, but it is reported that some of his Japanese friends were under the painful necessity of cutting themselves open. Be this as it may, Siebolt returned safe to Holland with his collections, and founded a very curious Japanese museum at his residence at Leyden.*

In 1848, the American Commodore Biddle, sent with a considerable force to the China seas, was instructed to find out if the ports of Japan were accessible. With this view he anchored in the Bay of Jeddo with the *Columbus* and *Vincennes*, ships of the line. Nothing, however, could be effected with the Japanese on this occasion, and the ships departed again, having been treated with great civility. As several nations were taking advantage of the pretext of bringing shipwrecked Japanese home, the government found it necessary to make known through the Dutch

* See *Asiatic Journal* for 1839 and 1840, where will be found an analysis of Fisscher, Meylau, and Siebolt's works on Japan.

their edicts about Japanese never being allowed to return if they had once left their country. Various attempts were, however, still made by the Americans to obtain access to the ports of Japan, and at length growing tired of the humouring policy, they determined on sending such a naval strength as would compel a hearing. Accordingly, in 1853, Commodore Perry, having collected the American squadron in the China seas, cast anchor off Uragawa. Two or three guns were fired from the shore, and then several boats put off. The commodore assumed a high tone, and ordered the guard-boats to be withdrawn. The Japanese officer was, as usual, very inquisitive, wanting to know if the vessels came from New York, Boston, or Washington, and, putting his hand on a gun, asked interrogatively, "Paixhan?" showing that the Japanese were not ignorant of the modern improvements in gunnery. The commodore consented to wait for the reply, but finally reappeared off Jeddo with a powerful squadron on the 12th of February, 1854. On this occasion the authorities began to find that the Yankees were an intractable race, and were obliged to yield to their fate. When once convinced that the treaty was inevitable, the Japanese commissioners proved themselves very jolly fellows, as in the case of our ambassador. "They did full justice to American cookery, and were exceedingly fond of champagne, under the influence of which they became so very merry and familiar that one of them vigorously embraced the commodore, who, until his epaulettes began to suffer in the struggle, was very good-naturedly disposed to endure it." According to the treaty, the ports of Simoda and Hakodade were thrown open to the Americans.

We need not here dwell upon the treaty terminated by Lord Elgin in July last, as its terms are identical with those of the American and Russian treaties. Nor need we stop to make any extracts from "Our own Correspondent's" letters, as, after all, they are only Kämpfer, plus a certain amount of exaggeration. Thus, when our old friend tells us that the Japanese were very nice in keeping themselves, their clothes, and houses clean and neat, our new explorer tells us "that the ladies of Japan are so addicted to the bath that they take it in the public streets in the sight of all men." For our own part, we confess a slight doubt as to the extreme civilisation of the Japanese: they are very imperfect in the arts, and their only point of excellence is in their lacquer work. Their silks and porcelain are poor, their tea is almost undrinkable, and they evince no desire for progression. Still, take them all in all, they are an improvement on the Chinese, were it only for their toleration. We fear, too, that the present sanguine hopes of making capital out of the Japanese will not be realised. Owing to the enormous population, this new country will be unable to supply us with any raw produce except camphor, unless they improve the quality of their silk or tea, which will be a work of time. Japan, however, abounds with mineral wealth: the most important is copper, the finest in the world, already exported to China and Java in large quantities. As for the idea of draining Japan to any large extent of gold and silver in exchange for our goods, we do not believe that the country is so rich as has been represented, and it will probably require a large influx of our capital ere the balance can be restored. Another valuable item in Japanese produce is coal, which may possibly be procured for our steam navigation. Altogether, then, we have reason to anticipate a favourable result from opening up trade with Japan,

although it may very likely demand time. Still every new outlet for our manufactures is so much gained. We believe, however, that the Americans have already discovered the fallaciousness of their hopes as to the immediate extension of the trade with Japan, and we cannot do better than conclude our notice with an extract from a valuable paper by Mr. S. W. Williams, interpreter to the American expedition:

There is much exaggeration, doubtless, in the minds of many persons in the United States as to the wealth, population, resources, and civilisation of the Japanese, in all of which points they have been generally rated higher than the Chinese, in proportion to the extent of their country. Further examination will show that the trade with them is to grow slowly, and only after they and their foreign customers have learned each others' wants, and the rates at which they can be supplied. They have yet to acquire a taste for foreign commodities, and ascertain how they are to pay for them; and their rulers may interpose restrictions, until they see what course the trade will take, and how the experiment of opening the country to foreigners is likely to effect their own political position. The intercourse, it is to be hoped, will be conducted amicably, even if the first adventures should not prove to be very profitable.

In conclusion, we are sorry to announce by the latest advices that the cholera has broken out with great severity at Jeddo, and that the superstitious Japanese have ascribed the scourge to the fact of their wells being poisoned. Such a belief may have a most dangerous effect, and lead to terrible consequences. Let us hope, therefore, that the good sense of the Europeans will soon dissipate the foolish belief, as it would be indeed lamentable were this most recent victory of ours to be stained with blood. Hitherto, all has gone on so quietly in Japan that we should much regret were the fanaticism of the natives to compel the Europeans to have recourse to arms, even in self-defence.

TENTS AND TENT-LIFE.*

Captain Rhodes gives a succinct description of almost all the different kinds of tents in use, but he does not, in our opinion, give any adequate idea of the pains and penalties, or, on the other side, of the charms and comforts, which, according to time, season, and place, are attendant upon tent-life. He quotes Niebuhr, Stephens, Lamartine, Clarke, and Burckhardt for descriptions of Arab tents; Morier and Francklin for Persian tents; Tod and Wilks for Hindostan tents; and Gerbillon for Mantchu-Tatar and Bell for Calmuk-Tatar tents. He takes us to the bark and skin-tents of the Samoyedes, Ostyaks, Mongols, Buraets, Khalkas, and Tuski. He endeavours to make us as familiar with the huts of the Hottentot as with the wigwams of the Esquimaux and the American Indians, down to the most wretched of all habitations —the hut of the Fuegian.

But life in the tent can only be contained in the experiences of the traveller, not the descriptions of so many poles, laths, or whalebones, so much goat's-hair, canvas, or skin; and more of the one, with less of the other, would, we think, have made a more pleasing and readable volume.

* Tents and Tent-Life, from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time. To which is added the Practice of Encamping an Army in Ancient and Modern Times. By Godfrey Rhodes, Captain of H.M.'s 94th Regiment. Smith, Elder, and Co.

We have dwelt alike in ordnance-tent and marquee, in Turk travelling-tents of bright coloured hues, and the dark roomy patriarchal tents of goat's-hair, among Arabs, Turkomans, and Kurds; we have lingered in the encampments of the Eeliants, and smoked in the gaudy pavilions of the Tajiks of Persia; we have had to seek refuge in tents pitched on heated marshy spots when the walls were covered with creeping things; and we have slumbered in tents where there was naught but the aromatic flavour of the herbs of the wilderness. Tent-life has many contrasts. We should have liked a page or two of Crimean experiences. All we can say is, that to us the charms so far exceeded the discomforts, that we never quitted tent-life and exchanged a pastoral existence for the life of cities and of social conventions but we regretted it deeply.

Captain Rhodes describes the tents of the Turks from personal observation, having served in that country during the late war. It appears from these descriptions that the tents used by the pashas in the Turco-Egyptian campaigns were far more luxurious—more pavilion-like—than those described by the captain as used by Omar Pasha and his generals. They had not only inner walls, but inner passages going right round, and kept cool by water sprinkled on the earth. Nor were the interior walls lined with dark blue cotton, but with light chintzes or gay-coloured silks and satins. The Turks appear to have been *désorientés*, in the two senses of the word, when in Europe.

The instructions delivered by the great law-giver to the Israelites for setting up the tabernacle, or sacred tent, were to the following effect: "And thou shalt make a covering for the tent of rams'-skins dyed red, and a covering above of badgers'-skins." Upon this, Captain Rhodes remarks that the badger does not inhabit Arabia, and that *tahash* probably meant a fish whose skin is like the wild-goat. This absurd notion is borrowed from Colonel Hamilton Smith, who says that badger is a misinterpretation of *tachash*, since the badger is not found in Southern Asia, and has not as yet been noticed out of Europe. This is, however, a great mistake, and although it by no means shows that the skins of badgers were so common as to be used with other skins (oroth) for the covering of primeval tents, still badgers abound in the wooded and hilly districts of Western Asia, in Taurus, Amanus, Lebanon, and Kurdistan. The writer of this notice kept one alive for many months at Mosul.

Captain Rhodes describes the skin-tents of the Tuski from Hooper's interesting work. We wish he had dwelt more on the simple means by which these people manage to keep up a temperature of from 90 deg. to 100 deg. of Fahr. in an Arctic winter. The fact has long struck us as not having hitherto attracted the attention that it merits.

Captain Rhodes's work is, in reality, one essentially of practical importance. The description of tents and tent-life in various countries may be looked upon as introductory to the descriptions of certain improvements in the construction of tents proposed by the gallant writer. They comprise field-tents, hospital-tents, and "guard-tents," as he calls a newly invented "tente d'abri." All the appliances of modern art and science are brought to bear upon the development of the proposed improvements, and we cannot but most strongly urge the consideration of them upon all military men. Our short-comings were great in the last campaign, and many improvements are still wanting more especially in India.

FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.

A MODERN STORY.

By Dudley Costello.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE TRACK RECOVERED.

The week went by which Monsieur Perrotin had promised to wait, but no tidings came to him of either Rachel or Walter. In their stead, however, appeared Monsieur Vermeil, who brought happiness to his own household in the person of Jules, whom he had discovered at Vernon; not by his own sagacity, but through a letter from the mayor of that place, when the discriminating functionary came to know to whom Jules belonged. It was not, of course, unadulterated happiness, for Walter was dear to them all, and absence had not yet effaced his memory from the mind of the susceptible Cécile, who shed as many tears when her brother came back without him as had fallen from her bright eyes when they took their departure together. Whether or not she became comforted, after the old Ephesian fashion, may, perhaps, be ascertained hereafter. In the mean time this history occupies itself with the more serious purpose of Monsieur Perrotin.

While a mystery still hung over Walter's fate, which even the police of Paris had not yet been able to unravel, the Teacher of Languages felt that he could render little service in attempting to perform their office. He was distracted also by Rachel's silence, and therefore determined to carry out his original intention of following her to England without any further delay. His friend Vermeil promised faithfully to communicate whatever might transpire having relation to Walter, and once more Monsieur Perrotin committed himself to the mercy of the winds and waves. Of the inconvenience—to speak mildly—which they caused him, Monsieur Perrotin heeded little: the Past and the Future so completely filled his thoughts that there was no room in them for the Present. On his first visit to England he had accidentally become acquainted with Walter's father, and since that day the fortunes of the son had been entirely identified with his own; a mere casual encounter, a kind word by chance, had given colour to the events of a whole life! But why wonder at this, Monsieur Perrotin? It is the abiding law of our existence. We prepare many things *de longue main*, and think ourselves wise when they happen to come to pass; but of the wisdom which ordains that unprepared things shall rule our destiny we think very little, though in that concealment lies the principle of all our joys or sorrows.

It was, of course, to "Piccadilly's White Bear"—as Monsieur Perrotin always called his friend's hotel—that the Teacher of Languages proceeded immediately he arrived in London.

"To think of seein' you, of all people!" exclaimed Mr. William Par-

tridge, before the other could open his lips. "What! come to look after your pretty wife? Afraid somebody's run away with her, I dussay! That's about it, musseer, ain't it? Hallo, though, you've somethin' the matter! What's gone wrong, musseer? I hope no harm's happened to none of the family!"

"Ah, my good friend Williamms," replied Monsieur Perrotin, sadly, "I am in a great many troubles."

"Has money anythin' to do with 'em?" asked Mr. Partridge; "if so, never let that worrit you!"

Monsieur Perrotin squeezed his friend's hand as he reassured him on this point. He then entered into the details of his melancholy narrative, with a lingering hope, towards its close, that Mr. Partridge might be able to give him some later news of his wife; but the host of the White Bear shook his head.

"Mrs. P. and me," he said, "was a wonderin' to ourselves only yesterday, how it was that we'd never had no news of madam since she left London, though she kindly promised to write, and would have done it, I'm sure, if not in someways pervented."

"For you must know, musseer," chimed in Mrs. Partridge, "that the object of her journey is no secret to us, and a more painfuller story was never told. I've cried over it in this very parlour till I wasn't fit to show myself at the bar when wanted."

"Alas! madame!" said Monsieur Perrotin, "what the namesake of your good husband, the divine Williamms, observe, is only too true: 'Never can we know when is the worst!' Always I am fearing some still more bad accident shall arrive!"

"Come, come!" said Mr. Partridge, cheerily, "don't look down, musseer. You know what the song says: 'There's a good time comin',' —for everybody, in my opinion. We oughtn't for to go and make ourselves miserable as long as we *don't* know that the worst as can be ain't happened."

"But the poor stabbed boy, and this of my wife's unexplained silence."

"Look here, musseer," returned Mr. Partridge; "I've been a turnin' over all you've said in my mind, and as far as the young gentleman is concerned, I don't believe things is quite so bad as you fancy. The two villians which is took up—leastways one of 'em—owns to having stuck Master Walter, and left him behind in that there forest of what's-his-name, when they carried off the young French chap. Now you say the Johnnydarms, which answers, I suppose, to The Force over here, can't find no traces of the body. Don't it stand to reason, then, that he can't be dead; for if he was, there he'd have laid till they found him. No! Take my word for it he'll turn up again! Then about madam. All I'm afraid of in that quarter is, that she may have took a fever or a illness of some sort, and so have incapaciated herself from writing."

"I fear that," said Monsieur Perrotin, in a husky voice. "To be ill —dying, perhaps! Ah, that is terrible!"

"There you are, musseer, jumpin' off the rails again. Every illness—supposing madam *is* ill, which is quite conjectory—ain't mortal. Why, Mrs. P. can tell you herself what she went through with the Titus—how her very tongue turned as black as a parrit's—they even laid her out, and yet there she is a sitting on her chair as healthy as you are yourself; I'm

sure, to look at her, you'd never think she'd had so much as a pain in her little finger!"

This picture of a possible event was not very consolatory to Monsieur Perrotin, modified as its shadows were by the chance of recovery, and he replied:

"But, whether or not, so it is my desire, equally as my duty, to pursue my poor wife. Never shall I have rest till I bring her at me!"

Mr. Partridge admitted that this anxiety was only reasonable.

"And I'll tell you what," he added, "if you've no objection to my company, I'll go down into Yorkshire with you. It ain't every one in them parts as could make out all you say, musseer, and your chance of making them out would be as bad, or perhaps worse: now I'm not a scholar, though I often think I might have been if I'd kep' up the French you used to teach me, but I've an English tongue in my head and English ears on to it, and a man as has had five-and-twenty years' experience in my line, waiter and master, ain't easily put down; so, as I said before, musseer, you must take me along with you!"

This proposal was too advantageous to be refused, and, on the evening of the following day, Monsieur Perrotin and his friend put up at the Briggate Inn, at Barnard Castle, where Rachel herself had stopped. Being of an eminently social disposition, Mr. Partridge very soon made friends with the landlady and her handsome daughter, and gathered from them all they knew about her whom they called "t' strange lady." But all the information they were able to give stopped short at a point which left matters almost as bad as Monsieur Perrotin had feared—the unaccountable disappearance of Rachel rendering her fate to the full as mysterious as that in which Walter was involved. In the course of conversation, however, the scene in the dark, when Rachel discovered Matthew Yates, was described by Phillis, and at the mention of the Keeper's name, a light broke in on Monsieur Perrotin. To whom but to that man could he ascribe the evil, whatever it really was, that had befallen his wife? He too well remembered her terror, and the threats which Yates had uttered in his own hearing, not to apprehend danger from such a ruffian if opportunity favoured his designs.

While he was earnestly explaining his ideas to Mr. Partridge, before they separated for the night, a loud noise was heard outside as of people quarrelling, and presently the inn door flew open, and a man fell staggering backwards on the floor, closely followed by another, who had apparently given the first a knock-down blow.

Phillis jumped up, screaming. "What's o' thee, Geordy," she cried, recognising her lover in the last comer. "Art fighting, lad?"

"No, lass," replied Geordy Walker, "not that. I was coming up here fro' t' market, and this drunken chap set on me all of a sudden, so just to save mysel' I gave him a topper."

"Put him out again into t' street, lad," said Phillis's mother.

Geordy stooped to lift the fallen man, but it was no easy task, for he was insensible, as well from drink as from the effects of the blow he had received, and in trying to raise him, Phillis, who kept close to her lover, recognised the features of the countryman, Loll, who was a frequent hanger-on at the inn.

"Stay, Geordy," she said, "don't put him out that gate. I'm think-

ing," she added, turning to Monsieur Perrotin, "this chap can tell summut about him you were talking on. The last time yon fellow was here I saw them in company."

With the assistance of Mr. Partridge, Geordy Walker contrived to place the drunken man in a chair, and a copious sprinkling of vinegar brought him at last to his senses.

"More—yall!" he stuttered, "Ise—brass—plenty—to pay for't. Be quick—can't you!"

"Thou'st had yall aneugh," said Phillis; "but where hast gotten t' brass thou talks about?"

"Where?" replied Loll, opening his eyes as wide as he could and staring dreamily—"where there's more o't—when I want it. I'll fight thee for five pund"—this was addressed to his late antagonist—"and Maaster Wood—shall put down—my stake. Wilt do't, l-l-lad? Ise ready."

"Who's o' Maaster Wood?" asked Geordy, taking no notice of the challenge.

"A gen'l'man," returned Loll, "better than ony o' you. Five pund! —yes, he gave me five pund—for drivin' him twenty mile!"

"Ah," said Mr. Partridge, "how long ago was that, my fine fellow?"

Loll looked up at the new speaker and grinned.

"Thou wants to know? Well, then, Ise not gaun to tell."

"But suppose I gave you another five pounds for telling! and a pot of famous ale?"

Mr. Partridge had touched the key-note.

"T' yall," said the drunkard; "coom then."

The liquor seemed to steady the fellow: as soon as he had drained the mug he held out his huge hand: "Gie t' brass!"

"Presently," said Mr. Partridge; and then repeated his former question.

"Can't say how long syne," answered Loll; "Ise been howkin' round t' country a gay while—last week, or t' week afore that—or some time. Twenty mile at night for five pund! I'll lay onybody it's not twenty mile fro' Mickleton-hill to t' Darlington station."

"What dost mean by Mickleton-hill, lad?" asked Geordy Walker.

"Where she got into t' chaise wi' Maaster Wood."

"You hear that!" said Mr. Partridge, turning to Monsieur Perrotin.

"Ah, ma pauvre femme!" exclaimed the excited Frenchman, who had been listening eagerly to what was going on, "le scélérat l'a enlevée. Dis donc, misérable, qu'est-elle devenue?"

As may be imagined, this question was entirely thrown away: even the host of the White Bear was unable to translate it. Though boiling over with rage, Monsieur Perrotin saw he must speak English if he wished to be understood in Yorkshire.

"Rogue of a driver," he cried, menacing Loll with his clenched fists, "what has been done to my wife."

The unknown language first, and Monsieur Perrotin's violence afterwards, roused up the sottish Loll to a clearer knowledge of his situation. He saw he had been talking too much in his cups.

"I know nowt about your wife," he said.

"Perhaps not," interposed Mr. Partridge, "but you know something of the lady that was carried off by this Mr. Wood, as you call him."

Loll stared stupidly at the host of the White Bear, wondering where he could have got his information.

"Come, my lad," said Mr. Partridge, "you had better make a clean breast of it at once. Remember the five pounds!"

"Where be they?" asked Loll.

"In my pocket, now," returned Mr. Partridge; "in yours by-and-by, if you tell the whole truth."

Loll's mind was in a very hazy state: a fancy that it would be dangerous to betray such a man as Matthew Yates strove with his desire to take the money, but after a short struggle avarice prevailed over fear, and he told the whole story: how, at Yates's instigation, he had followed Rachel to her place of refuge at Holwick; how Yates had met him at Bowes with a carriage and horses, which he had agreed to drive; how Rachel had been met with on their way to the cottage where they expected to find her; and how she had been inveigled into the carriage and finally carried off to Darlington, at which place his story ended: he knew nothing more, he said, about the matter. Questioned as to what was done with the carriage and horses, he replied that they had been left at the Bell Inn at Darlington, where he had been sent about his business, with more money in his pocket than he had ever had before. And now for the five pounds!

Monsieur Perrotin was for giving the money directly, but his friend had not been the intimate of Detective Wormwood for nothing.

"He shall have it," he said, "when he has made a deposition of the facts which he has stated before a magistrate. I suppose," he said to Geordy Walker, "you can tell us who to go to in the morning?"

While Loll's confession was being wrung from him, Phillis's lover had more than once evinced a desire to break in upon it with some remarks of his own, and to Mr. Partridge's question he replied that he had been wanting to tell him that Mr. Dalton, the parson at Romaldskirk, and the magistrate there, knew something of the circumstances already, and had offered a reward for further information.

"Well, my lad," said Mr. Partridge, addressing Loll, "I will keep my word; but as the money would be safer with me than you for the present, I shall keep it till to-morrow. Now take another glass of ale and go to bed."

The fellow grumbled, but he had sense enough to see that he was in a minority, so he swallowed another pint of beer, and, conducted by Geordy, allowed himself to be deposited in a hayloft. With the ladder staircase removed, and mastered by heavy sleep, there was no fear of his changing his lodging during the night.

CHAPTER XLIII.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

Mr. Dalton was, according to his daily custom, at work upon the never-ending county history, when Crossthwaite, who played many parts in his household, came to tell him that he was wanted in his magisterial capacity. Proceeding to the room which did duty for a court of justice, Mr. Dalton found assembled there Monsieur Perrotin, Mr. Partridge, and Geordy Walker, with Loll, a conditional prisoner or witness, as events might determine. All were strangers to him except Geordy, and of him Mr. Dalton asked the reason of their appearance. It was soon told: the clue to the abduction of the person in whom he had taken so much inte-

rest was discovered. There is no necessity for recapitulating the facts with which the reader is acquainted. Loll's statement was sworn to, and Mr. Dalton immediately granted a warrant for the apprehension of Matthew Yates. To find him, however, was the difficulty, and when the formal business was over, and Geordy and Loll had been dismissed—the latter in custody for the want of security for his reappearance—Mr. Dalton expressed to Monsieur Perrotin and his friend, who remained, the doubts he entertained of the Keeper's speedy capture.

"It is quite evident," he said, "that this man has left Yorkshire; in all probability he has gone to London; and amidst the multitudes there the chance of discovering him is, I fear, a poor one."

Mr. Partridge smiled at the worthy clergyman's remark, but said nothing. Monsieur Perrotin, however, was eager to speak.

"Sir," he said to Mr. Dalton, "I learn that my dear wife was seen by you before her unhappy disappearance. She was then in good health?"

"Apparently quite well," answered Mr. Dalton, "but, I must not conceal the fact, in very low spirits. Her trouble had reference to a child, and was connected, as I inferred, with her former position in a family of distinction in this part of the country."

"With the family of Madame Scrop," observed Monsieur Perrotin.

"Yes," returned Mr. Dalton. "And what that trouble was, she promised to declare to myself and Lady Tunstall, the youngest daughter of Mrs. Scrope."

"In my wife's absence," said Monsieur Perrotin, with a sigh, "I can relate what she would have said. But I should also wish to see that *miladi.*"

"I am afraid your wish cannot be gratified at present," said Mr. Dalton; "Lady Tunstall is no longer in this neighbourhood, nor, I believe, in England."

Monsieur Perrotin's countenance fell.

"Always are we to be disappointed. Fate is for ever against that dear boy! Where shall miladi be gone, sir?"

"To Paris, as I understood. Her husband, Sir James, took her away, with her daughter, last week."

"In such a case," said Monsieur Perrotin, "my dear Rachel's wish can in part only be accomplished, but if you will do me the honour to listen, I shall tell to you all that I know. I can speak before my friend here, since he was acquainted already of this history."

With deep and serious attention Mr. Dalton gave ear to Monsieur Perrotin's narrative. He was greatly affected by it, and when the speaker—after several interruptions—had finished, he said:

"The interest I take in all that concerns Mrs. Scrope's family has always been paramount over every other feeling—it is of little consequence, now, to say why—I thought that interest could not have been increased, but you, Monsieur Perrotin, have made me think differently. Nor will you be surprised when I say that the young officer of whom you have spoken, the father of the poor boy whom you have so much befriended, was the son of an old and valued friend of my own. Captain Cobham and myself were, in fact, not very distantly related; I remember Walter, as a fine boy of twelve or thirteen years old, before he was sent to the military college; after that time I never saw him, but I well

recollect—I was in Ireland when it occurred—the sad shipwreck in which he lost his life. Ah, how little I imagined that in lamenting his death I mourned for the husband of Edith Scrope! Strange, strange indeed, are the links by which our affections are united!"

Mr. Dalton rose and paced the room, absorbed in thought. After a few turns he resumed his seat, and addressing Monsieur Perrotin, said:

"You know, from your own experience, the character of Mrs. Scrope. Inflexible in all her resolves, and proud as she is determined, her nature is not one to yield to ordinary representations. I do not, therefore, advise *you* to make an appeal, I will not say to her sympathies—who knows, alas! whether she may not have survived them all?—but to her sense of right—for I fear that her pride would cause her to reject it; but what you, monsieur, cannot do, I will not shrink—when a fitting time arrives—from undertaking myself. In the mean while, a good deal remains to be done. Your wife's present abode must be discovered and her release effected; Yates must, if possible, be arrested; and the most important thing of all for accomplishing our views—they are mine, now, as well as yours—is the restoration to his mother of the poor wounded boy, for as your friend here observed while you were speaking, I agree with him in thinking that young Walter is not dead. You have friends in Paris you say?"

"Oh yes, besides Monsieur Clovis and his wife, there are certainly some others."

"I, too, have a friend in the neighbourhood of Paris, an active, energetic man, who will leave nothing undone that can assist our object. Warm-hearted Hercules Kilbryde never yet spared himself when there was a prospect of doing good to another."

"Who have you say, sir?" asked Monsieur Perrotin.

Mr. Dalton repeated the name of his friend.

"I was know him once for a little time, oh, but very well! He was witness to the marriage of Mademoiselle Serop. I could not remember of his name till you mention it. Oh yes, Hercule Kilbryde! *C'est bien ça. Il est un brave garçon!*"

"So far, so good," said Mr. Partridge, rubbing his hands. "Now let me say a word, sir, about the other part of this here affair. You observe—and I make no doubt you're correct—that the fellow who carried off Madam Perrytin is not to be had in Yorkshire, and most probably is gone to London. I am agreeable to the same view, but when you remark—you'll excuse me, sir, the liberty I'm takin'—when you remark that a party as hides hisself in London ain't to be got at nohow, you forget—I ask your pardon once more—but you *really do* forget that the metropolitan force has officers which they call them detectives—gentlemen as can find out anything they've a mind to. Now the first and foremost of the lot is my particular, I may say my very particular friend, John Wormwood, and if you'll allow me, sir, to place the matter in his hands as soon as we get back to town, I don't mind jepperdin'—that is to say, hazzerdizin'—an opinion that in less than a month John Wormwood's gripe will be on Matthew Yates's shoulder!"

"I do not see," said Mr. Dalton, after reflecting for a moment, "that any better plan can be adopted than the one you recommend."

"In course not, sir," returned Mr. Partridge. "They couldn't do no more at head-quarters than employ their best man; but it makes all the difference even with detectives—which they are mortal, sir, like all of us, and has their partialities—whether they does a thing to order or of their own free will, more especially when called upon to oblige—and not speakin' of no reward, which I'm aware it's handsom'."

"I need not hesitate to assure you," said Mr. Dalton, in reply to Mr. Partridge's allusion, "that the reward will be proportionate to the service rendered. The sum already inserted in this handbill which I have had printed is not to be considered the limit. Use your own discretion, therefore, Mr. Partridge, and rely upon it Lady Tunstall will be satisfied."

The interview with Mr. Dalton did not absolutely end here, for the good clergyman insisted that Monsieur Perrotin and Mr. Partridge should not leave Romaldskirk without sharing in the hospitality which the rectory afforded. That evening, however, they took their leave, and returned by the night-train to London.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE MIST CLEARING AWAY.

AUTUMN glided away while Walter was lying on a sick-bed, and by the time he became convalescent winter had set in. During the interval many things had happened to affect his fortunes, which will appear as this history proceeds.

He was still an invalid when the following conversation took place between Sir Hercules Kilbryde and Dr. Kane.

"There are more things, doctor," said Sir Hercules, as he finished reading a letter one morning at breakfast—"there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

"That's not a particularly new idea," observed the doctor.

"I know that," replied Sir Hercules. "Hamlet said it a thousand years ago, or Shakspeare for him, and people have quoted it millions of times, I dare say, but it's as true as the Bible."

"How does it apply at present?" asked Dr. Kane.

"You shall hear. You recollect the fancy I had about the young fellow up-stairs. By-the-by, doctor, how is he to-day?"

"Mending fast. Next week I hope to have him on his legs again."

"That's good news. And I can tell *you* some that won't hurt him!"

"How so?"

"Here's a letter all about him. I was right from the first. There, rade it!"

Dr. Kane did as he was requested. When he had ended, he put down the letter, and looked in the colonel's face with a smile.

"You're a witch!" said he. "Now, tell me, who's Henry Dalton?"

"A clergyman in Yorkshire—an old friend of my father's and of mine too. The first time I ever came to France he was my companion, or, rather, I was his, for he's some fifteen years my senior. We've never altogether lost sight of each other, though I was so long in India."

"And now he writes to ask you to do your best to find out what's become of a boy who is actually under your roof. As odd a thing as ever I heard of! One might make a play of it!"

"As you say, it bates cock-fighting. Only think! Let me read it over again: 'You remember Walter Cobham of your regiment, a cousin of mine two degrees removed? But why should I ask the question'—Why, indeed?—'having just learnt that you were present at his marriage with that beautiful girl, Edith Scrope, whom he ran away with? So much you know, but I feel sure you are ignorant of the fact that there was issue by that marriage; a boy, who, while quite a child, was taken to France and brought up there by a certain Monsieur. and Madame Perrotin, both of whom you must recollect'—Faith I do, entirely—'the former the French master of Mrs. Scrope's daughters, the latter their maid, Rachel. The Perrotins took the boy away from a wretched home in which Mrs. Scrope had placed him, with the view, no doubt, of alienating him from all knowledge of his family, especially of his mother, who believes him to have been still-born. More of her, poor thing, another time; at present, all the interest of the question centres in her child. It appears that while a student in Paris, and living at the house of a Monsieur Clovis, in the Rue Coq-héron, he was one of a party to the great annual fair in the forest of Saint-Germain, where, owing to some cause not yet explained, he was stabbed by a man who is now, with an accomplice, in the prison of Vernon. Whether the boy was killed or not is a subject of the deepest anxiety not only to Monsieur Perrotin, from whom I have the whole account, but to myself. I cannot conceive it possible that a murder should be committed in so frequented a place without discovery of the body, and this, I am assured, has not yet been the case, but how the boy has been preserved, or if he really lives, remains a mystery.'—It won't be a mystery long, my dear fellow!—'The spot where this catastrophe occurred is, if I remember rightly, within a league or two of Maisons, where you wrote me word you were now living. There is no occasion, my dear Kilbryde, for me to appeal to your humanity——' Neither is there any occasion for me to read any more of the letter; we've got the boy safe and sound—that's to say, very nearly so—without bating the bushes ourselves or throubling the police to do so, and what we must set about now, as soon as I've satisfied Dalton, is the restitution of his rights. It's just as well I happened to be to the fore!"

"Well," said Dr. Kane, "as far as one can judge from appearances, the boy deserves to be righted. A manlier young fellow or a better patient never came under my hands! Not a word of complaint have I heard from his lips since the moment we first laid him on the bed! He has been all hope, and that has helped me a good deal, I can tell you."

"We know now who 'Rachel' is," said Sir Hercules, smiling; "I wonder who is Mary?"

"Time will reveal, you may be sure, if he don't; but the owner of so frank a face never kept a secret very long."

"Unless it was a lady's!"

"That, indeed! But what do you say, colonel? Shall we go and see this fortunate youth, for very fortunate I think him, after all his troubles."

"He has had 'em to begin with, like the young bears," philosophically remarked Sir Hercules, as he led the way to Walter's room.

They found him sitting up in bed, reading. He put down his book as they entered, and stretched out both his hands.

"I am getting so strong, sir!" he said to Sir Hercules. "What do you think? the doctor tells me I shall be able to take a walk in a few days!"

"I'm very glad to hear it, Mr. Cobham," said Sir Hercules.

"'Mr. Cobham!'" exclaimed Walter; "good God, sir, how came you to know my name? Has Jules been here, or Rachel,—or Monsieur Perrotin?"

"Neither of them, my boy. A little bird has told us all about you. More than you know yourself."

Walter looked all amazement.

"Is he well enough to bear it, doctor, if I tould him?"

"Let me feel your pulse, young gentleman. Full, but soft and regular. Look at his eye and his mouth! Courage enough, there, for anything."

"You need not mind speaking, sir," said Walter, firmly. "Unless some harm has happened to—to—Rachel, or poor Jules, I shan't flinch, sir."

"Who talked of harm, my boy? It's good I'm maning."

"I might have been sure of that, sir, you and the doctor have never shown me anything but kindness!"

So much, then, of Mr. Dalton's letter as was necessary for his information Sir Hercules read, while Walter listened with breathless attention.

"And you were my father's friend, sir! And I have a mother, after all, besides my dearest Rachel! When shall I see her, sir—can you tell me? I will get up and go anywhere!"

"No, my dear fellow, you must remain quiet here a little while longer. You must have patience, though I dare say it's more than one person you're longing to see again."

Poor Walter's face, pale enough before, became suddenly burning red.

"I—I——" he began stammering——

"There! there!" said Dr. Kane, laughing, "don't press him too hard, colonel; I didn't say he could stand that."

"I know what you mean," said Walter. "There is somebody I want to see who has not yet been mentioned."

"And her Christian name is 'Mary.'"

"That, sir, nobody can have told you. You must have guessed it."

"Dhramers sometimes talk in their slape."

"Have I named her, then, unconsciously? It is no wonder, for she is never absent from my thoughts. You tell me, sir, that my father was a gentleman, and my mother of high family. I have my way to make in the world, but I see no reason why the girl I love should not one day be my wife."

"His heart," said the doctor, "is not only in the right place, but high-placed."

"Well, well, my boy," said Sir Hercules, "all in good time. We must get you out and about, and it shan't be my fault if you don't get a pretty wife as well as a fortune. Now go to slape, if you can, for the doctor and I have business together."

To sleep! Yes, sleep came at last, and again the names of those he loved were on his lips, with that of one he had never breathed before—his mother's!

CHAPTER XLV.

A LOVE CHASE.

Having shot all the grouse on the Grampians, and yearning now for Tuscan wild boar, Sir James Tunstall—his own master when the sports of the field were in question—consented to his wife's desire to turn his face to the south, and accompany her to Italy. Though not an invalid like her sister, Lady Tunstall had been so much accustomed, of late years, to the climate of Southern Europe, that to winter in England was impossible. She had, moreover, a strong presentiment that a protracted stay at Scargill would yield little pleasure—little, perhaps, of comfort—for her mother's waywardness showed itself more every day, and the gloom on her mind became more habitual; even Mary's beauty and winning manners had ceased to be an unfailing charm. Neither did Mrs. Scrope offer any opposition to Lady Tunstall's wishes, and so they parted.

Sir James was a man fond of rapid locomotion; he also was one of those who fancy a thing worth nothing unless you get the very first of it. He had lost a week at the opening of the grouse shooting, and now he feared he should be too late to witness the inauguration of the wild boar season in the marshes of Magliano. He hastened, therefore, on his *route*, intending to remain in Paris only a single day, but, unfortunately, Sir James had a third *penchant*, which was more irresistible than quick travelling or select sporting: he never could withstand the seduction of a good dinner. Now, as there is no place in the world like Paris for dining to your heart's—or appetite's—content, Sir James made one of a party of half a dozen—men he knew, whom he met at Galignani's—and leaving Lady Tunstall and Mary to their simple *côtelette* at the Hôtel Mirabeau, went with his friends to the *Trois Frères*. Neither birds'-nests soup nor *potage aux queues-de-rats* had then become the fashion, though in their stead——but never mind the *menu*, it was first-rate, and Sir James, I am sorry to say, over-ate himself to such an extent, and drank so much Romanée, that he took a surfeit, and instead of passing next day through the "Barrière d'Enfer," on his way to Italy, found himself progressing, with very little barrier to stop him, in a direction which might possibly terminate where his intended journey was to have begun. He was saved, indeed, from that extremity, but only at the expense of a long and dangerous illness, which quite upset all his plans about wild boar, and kept him a prisoner in Paris. In the abstract, when you have good society and apartments that are "confortables," imprisonment in Paris is no such great hardship, and Lady Tunstall reconciled herself to her enforced residence, the more readily because little of the great city was known to her daughter, to whom its treasures of art promised a source of inexhaustible delight. It was not, however, art alone that was destined to interest Mary Tunstall.

One day, after having spent several hours in the galleries of the Louvre, Lady Tunstall and Mary were returning to their hotel, when a casual obstruction in the street brought their carriage to a full stop. It was a crowd that had assembled in the Place du Palais Royal, fascinated by the oratory of the famous Mengin, the peripatetic dealer in black-lead pencils.

"What an extraordinary-looking person that is, mamma," said Mary,

—"do listen to him! He talks about his genius as if he were Raffaelle or Leonardo da Vinci. Oh, it is too good!"

Indeed the man was worth attending to, for he was the prince of street orators, and very few excelled him in the Chamber.

"Messieurs!"—thus ran his speech, to which the public were all ear—"the dream of my existence has been the manufacture of pencils, how to make those objects perfect the end and aim of all my ambition; to induce you, for your own good, to purchase them is for me the summit of earthly happiness! Do I fear competition with such as strive to emulate my sublime discovery? Let my rivals show themselves! I am prepared at once to enter into the lists. But I have no rivals! They who, in my absence, dare to say that they can create pencils to equal mine are only vile and insolent pretenders! My pencils, messieurs, are imprisoned ink! Spring has its roses—the sun its vivifying rays—and Mengin his pencils! Not a day of my life goes by that I do not receive a letter from one or other of the principal artists of France to thank me for my pencils! Even crowned heads have not disdained to send me their acknowledgments!"

"I think, Mary," said Lady Tunstall, laughing, "you ought really to become one of Monsieur Mengin's customers. How he goes on!"

"And look at the people, mamma,—how they stand staring with their mouths wide open. There is a man in a *blouse* who, I am convinced, will never be able to shut his again! He is standing close to that——"

What made Mary Tunstall stop so suddenly? What made her eyes swim and her breath come short? What made her so eagerly grasp her mother's arm?

"Mary, you hurt me!" cried Lady Tunstall, turning round. "Child! child! are you ill?"

"No, mamma, no!" gasped Mary, "but I see him there in the crowd! He is looking this way now. I can't be mistaken!"

"Who is looking? Who do you mean?"

"The—the—the Rouen chorister!" replied Mary—"the handsome boy,—that is to say," she added, blushing deeply, "the young man who—you remember that lovely voice, mamma?"

"To be sure I do, Mary. Where is he?"

"He sees us,—he is coming this way!"

That was Walter's intention without doubt, but the impatience of Lady Tunstall's coachman prevented him. The Jehu, who was an Englishman, thought more about his horses catching cold than of the eloquent phrases of Monsieur Mengin—not a word of which he understood—and, vigorously applying the whip at that moment, he forced a passage through the crowd, and whirling round the corner, dashed into the Rue de Richelieu before Mary could pull the check-string.

"What a stupid person Butler is!" she exclaimed; "I can't make him turn his head!"

No, it was too late, for by the time the coachman felt the pressure of the cord, the carriage was half way up the street.

"It is of no use to stop now," said Lady Tunstall. "Besides, it is a matter of no consequence. Home, Butler!"

Mary sank back in her seat, and did not speak again during the rest of the drive.

As for Walter, he was half frantic with vexation. It was the first

time he had been in Paris since his accident, and he was on his way to the Rue Coq-héron to see Monsieur and Madame Clovis (whom he had already apprised of his safety, as well as his friends at Rouen), when he mingled with the people who were gathered round the car of Monsieur Mengin. Equally amused with the rest, it was only by chance he turned his eyes in the direction of Lady Tunstall's carriage, and there, to his astonishment, he beheld her daughter's beautiful face. He saw, too, that he was recognised, and with a look of welcome that made every fibre in his body thrill with joy. Elbowing those aside who stood near him, Walter might have succeeded in reaching the carriage, if the strong current caused by the crowd as they retreated from the plunging horses had not driven him back and rendered every effort to advance fruitless.

"I will meet it this way," he said, and turned to intercept the carriage by the Rue de Valois, but when he got into the Rue St. Honoré no carriage was there. Which turning had it taken? Instinct led him along the Rue de Richelieu, and he ran as fast as he could. He came in sight of the vehicle as it paused at the corner of the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, but it was only a momentary glimpse; on it went again, and Walter after it, shouldering into the gutter everybody he met, and reaping on his course a plentiful harvest of the choicest Parisian imprecations. At the angle formed with the Rue de la Paix, Walter was only a hundred yards behind. He redoubled his speed—in vain! When he reached the Rue de la Paix, the street was empty.

"They must have driven into some *porte cochère*," he said. "I will walk up and down till midnight! I will never leave the place till I discover where she is gone!"

The afternoon had been creeping on, and it was already dusk, but Walter persevered, and—it is pleasant to record the fact—his perseverance was rewarded. In the very first entrance he stopped at stood the carriage of which he had been in pursuit; he was even in time to see Lady Tunstall and Mary descend from it. But he saw no more. While he hesitated to advance, the doors were closed, and he gazed on a blank.

"What place is this?" said Walter, looking up. "The Hôtel Mirabeau! I shall not forget it. I wonder if she lives here. There can be no harm in asking."

He lifted the heavy knocker, a sharp click loosened the hinges of the wicket, he pushed it open, and proceeded straight to the *loge* of the *concierge.*

"Is there an English family staying here?" he asked.

"Mais oui, monsieur! il y en a plusieurs."

"A lady and her daughter," said Walter; "both tall, both very handsome—particularly the younger one."

The porter looked at him inquisitively, without replying.

"Tell me their names." And as he spoke he put a five-franc piece in the porter's hand.

"Diable!" said the man, "I would tell you with all my heart, if I could only pronounce them! Here, look at the book and read the list yourself."

Walter hastily ran his eye down the page; but to what purpose? He did not know who to ask for. But he bethought himself.

"Whom does that carriage belong to?" he asked, pointing to one in the court-yard, from which the horses were being taken.

"Ça? c'est le Numéro Un, au premier. Ce sont des milords!"

Walter read: "Sir James and Lady Tunstall."

He thanked the porter, and with a beating heart hurried away to the place where he had put up the cabriolet that brought him to Paris that morning.

"What famous spirits you are in, Walter," said Sir Hercules, returning his joyous greeting. "The sight of your old friends has done you good."

"Old friends!" cried Walter. "Ah, you shall know all."

And before he went to bed that night he told the story of his love for Mary Tunstall.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE PROVERB VERIFIED.

INHERITING the quick spirit of his father, Walter could not rest till he had poured out all his thoughts to her who occupied them wholly. His impatience would not allow him to wait till a reasonable hour, and long before Sir Hercules and Dr. Kane were up, he was again on the road to Paris, arriving at the Barrière de l'Etoile with the very first market-carts. As love is subjected to no *octroi*—though the tax might be a productive one—the cabriolet passed through the barrier unprobed, if not unexamined, and leaving Philippe, the groom, to stable his steed and amuse himself how he pleased till dusk, Walter directed his steps towards the Rue de la Paix.

It was so early that he shared the street with a *chiffonnier*, a couple of water-carriers, and the sentinel on duty at the barracks of the *sapeurs-pompiers;* scarcely a window-shutter was thrown back, only here and there a shop opened; and even the postman had not made his appearance. It was decidedly too soon to pay a morning visit; but, indeed, although in the most desperate hurry to reach his destination, Walter had not quite made up his mind what to do when he got there. Looking round, with a kind of comic despair, he perceived that the only café in the street was preparing to receive its earliest *habitués*, and this reminded him that he might as well breakfast there, his chance of obtaining that meal elsewhere being something more than doubtful.

It so happened that the café stood nearly opposite the Hôtel Mirabeau, and, by choosing a table near the door, Walter was able to command the entrance of the house, so that nobody could pass in or out unseen by him. To avoid the appearance of making a mere convenience of the café, he ordered three times as much breakfast as he wanted, and though he sent the greater part away untasted, had no idea that either the waiter or the *dame de comptoir* penetrated his secret, as if such very knowing persons were not in the habit of forming pretty accurate conclusions when handsome young gentlemen sit down to breakfast, eat nothing to speak of, and keep their eyes fixed on the other side of the street. But it did not signify: discretion so much abounds, there is so vast a sympathy in Paris for affairs of the heart, that, except an occasional glance or smile on the part of the aforesaid waiter and *dame de comptoir*, nobody would have

supposed that Walter's preoccupation had in the slightest degree attracted their attention.

Like Rosalind's young maid, between the day of her marriage-contract and its solemnisation, time's pace was a hard one while Walter sat and watched. Nine—ten—eleven—he was as weary of counting the hours as the Hungarian Gabor in Werner's secret passage! During their tedious course he resolved to profit by the first symptom of movement in the apartments opposite, and present himself with the best excuse he could frame; but it seemed as if the opportunity would never offer. It was in vain that he looked at the windows: the closely-drawn curtains proved an impenetrable screen, no one came near to cast them aside—and another hour was added to those which Walter had already wasted.

"Why," he said, "should I wait any longer? Do I expect a message to say when they are ready to receive me? I will take my chance and go at once!"

He rose quickly, paid the bill with a liberality that made the waiter open the eyes of astonishment, and was leaving the café when he saw a carriage coming out of the *porte cochère* of the Hôtel Mirabeau.

"I am too late, after all!" he exclaimed, recognising the horses; "they are going out! Stay! I can't see her! She is sitting back! No! She is not there! It is only her mother! Oh, drive as fast as you like, and stay away as long as you please!"

At these words he hastily crossed over, waited for a few moments till the carriage was quite out of sight, and then, addressing the *concièrge*, asked with a demure face if Lady Tunstall was at home.

"Miladi has this instant gone out," replied the man.

"Is—are—any of the family in?"

"Milord still keeps his bed; he continues very ill——"

"And—and—Miss Tunstall?"

The *concierge* smiled. Perhaps he was fond of five-franc pieces—liked them better in the concrete than apart! At all events, he put Walter's Napoleon in his pocket, and indicated the position of Sir James Tunstall's apartments. Lady Tunstall had carried off the *chasseur*, Sir James's valet was absent on his own affairs, and Walter was admitted by a smart French *femme de chambre*, who, after conducting him through two or three rooms, threw open the last of the suite, and, glad to be spared the trouble of an English name, simply announced "Un Monsieur Anglais!"

Mary Tunstall was alone, practising at a piano, with her back to the door. She had not heard what the *femme de chambre* said, and if the little spaniel had not begun to bark, Walter might have had leisure to gaze on her for some time undisturbed.

"Chorister! Be quiet, Chorister!" she said. "You put me out. Naughty dog, lie still!"

But Chorister refused to obey the voice of his mistress, and she turned to learn the cause.

On a former occasion the barking of her pet spaniel had announced an intruder, when Matthew Yates came stealing through the trees in Scargill Park: it was a link in the same chain, one closely connected by fate with Matthew Yates, an intruder, too, perhaps—no, not in Mary's eyes, though she could scarcely believe what they showed her!

"Mary!" he said. "Have you forgotten me?"

"Oh no, no!" she answered; "your name is Walter. We met last

summer in the cathedral at Rouen. I did not think you could have remembered me."

"You are not changed—your face is the same I always dream of. How could I cease to remember the most beautiful object my eyes have ever dwelt on? How forget her who sent me this precious token?"

He took out the cameo as he spoke.

"It is like you," he said—"very like! Still more so now you turn your eyes away."

"I am afraid it was very wrong in me to give it you."

"You do not want to have it back again?"

"Oh no—I did not mean that! I only meant——" She broke off abruptly—"How came you to know we were here?"

"I followed you home."

"But we returned so quickly. The coachman drove so fast. I thought it impossible for you to overtake us."

"They who pursue what they love, Mary, meet with no impediments."

"Walter," she replied, "you must not speak to me in that manner. We have only seen each other once before."

"And that once, Mary, is the great event of my life. I have been nearly dying—was left for dead—but as long as I had consciousness I thought of that moment."

"Have you been ill?" she asked, with tears quickly gathering in her eyes.

"An attempt was made to kill me——Why do you turn so pale?—it failed, you see! Friends—strangers at that time—rescued me from death: to their kindness I owe my recovery. But they saved me to little purpose, Mary, if I may not tell you what I feel."

"But I ought not to listen, Walter, for your words are not like those I hear from every one else."

"Thank Heaven! Oh, Mary, dearest, if I speak a different language from others, do not hate me for that!"

"Hate you, Walter!"

Her accent said much, but her eyes more, and Walter read in them a love equal to his own. He took her hand—it trembled; he raised it to his lips.

At that moment the door was suddenly opened by the French *femme de chambre*.

"Ah, mademoiselle," she said, "milor vous demande. Il est très souffrant!"

"You must go, Walter," said Mary—"I cannot return. My father is so ill! I must stay by his side."

"When, when shall I see you again?"

"I cannot tell,—I dare not think of it: it must not be here, alone. Mamma must know when next you come. Go, go, dear Walter!"

The appeal was too earnest to be resisted. He followed the *femme de chambre* to the outer door; he found himself in the street; the sun was shining, and the sky was bright above.

"Am I in a dream?" he said; "if so, may it last for ever!"

Did these two young people understand each other too quickly?

What says honest Biondello to enamoured Lucentio?—

"I knew a wench married in an afternoon, as she went into the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit."

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C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.